



Picture by Alexander Chudovick

The Terrible Novelty of Light

*....A barnacle goose
Far up in the stretches of night ; night splits and the dawn breaks loose ;
I, through the terrible novelty of light, stalk on, stalk on ;
Those great sea-horses bare their teeth and laugh at the dawn.*

WB Yeats

In London this calm and beautiful evening
I wish for barnacle geese that break open the dawn.
Let them scatter the crimson clouds with their drama
as the swifts wheel and make exstastic
their race for the last of the day's nutrition.
Let arrows of barnacle geese
shred the blood-flushed clouds this evening
sure and at peace in their breasting of first light.
Let them remind us how, life-long,
each breath is gifted.
We are lined in red.
Let barnacle geese
scatter the blood-rich clouds this evening
with furious beat and eternal laughter.

*Rogan Wolf
July 10th 05*

The Nazi camp guards
took position overhead
and shot
anyone
who looked up at them.

The moral was clear.
Keep your head down
in slave position
and you might live
until tomorrow -
for more of this.

But raise your eyes
to the man behind
that vengeful god on high
and *kaput*
you're free, having spoken.

In London now
at the start of the 3rd Millenium
no one faces choices of that kind.

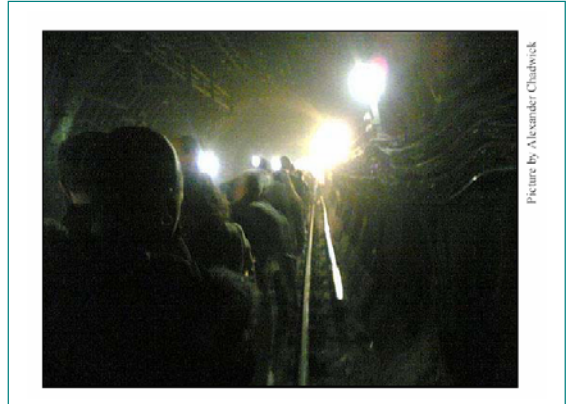
Instead :

above ground -
or below ground ?

bicycle -
or foot ?

neighbour -
or gobbets of flesh
and soot ?

community -
or death ?



A young bomber
of sound mind
but given over
to a murderous god

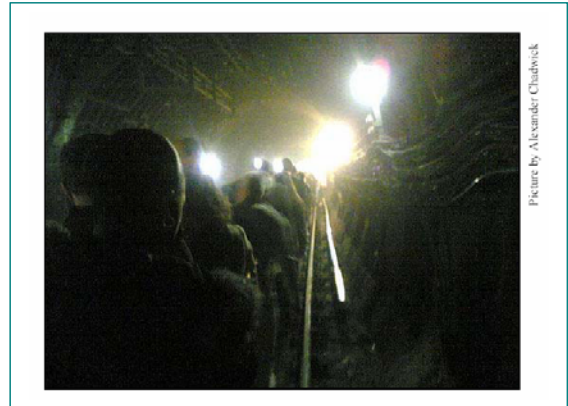
detonates his body
where crowds
congregate.

The urge to community
thereby encounters
an opposing force
that favours fragments.

Coagulation vs diaspora.

On all sides
there are hospitals
guarding the arteries
of the city.

They harbour
a developed expertise -
to rush with repair kits
to where blood erupts.

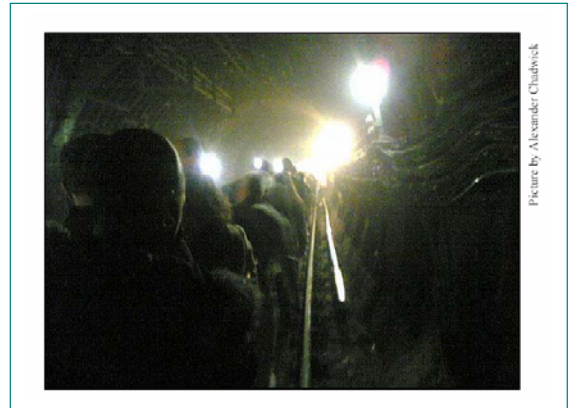


In the frenzied
tunnel of the day :
hide-outs

moments of space
stations
of recovery.

The momentary touch
the reminder of some good
some valuing.

I take back from desolation
my inward shape.
I locate light.



We imitate Orpheus
treading the hot currents
of the underworld.

Shoulder, ear-lobe
scream, sob -
lead us forward.

An orderly
queue of sobs
is returning

from the dead.
It shuffles towards the ruins
of yesterday -

the crowds the shops
the hospitals -
our community overhead.

Rogan Wolf
August 05

