

MOONFELT

There are no reasons, no names and no days,
We are gone and spent in all our ways,
The trees breath language into my head,
When the work days work are said,
Rose flowers the mortal petals of longing,
I lose all sense of having been or ever belonging,
The songs I sing are all the songs of singing,
The empty floods of language flow,
On futile bushes the words do grow,
The moon laughs in the bath,
The sun screams in naked wrath,
A poet of sorts, self-taught,
Wrangling, twisted, demented, wrought,
To create my fate before it's too late,
Because I know that time won't wait.

Fergus Hilton
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