

“fan fan, rub rub”

notes of sunset blow bugler...blow!
da de da, da de da, da de da, da de da
scrambled egg numberless
their duty like the wind has swept
our history seaward
duty dieth
arms and playing fields of freezing colours
mighty swaying chapel singing
branded us like calves
power was the walk on the terrace
interminable days beneath lids
home another false dawn
da de da, da de da, da de, da da da da da
still pealing psalm twenty-three
luftwaffe wheeling
only now thirty years later
I understand
the horror of my authenticity