

poem and ending

do we not owe ourselves reward
those coins of happiness
rare and delicate exchange
we try so unsuccessfully to send
instead of turning inward
can we gaze unclouded
unrepentant
can we become ourselves only
when the moment of realisation
of complete growth
is overtaken by the awareness
of death
his unseeing eyes
leering towards you
but behold the blue sky
of another bank holiday
is it possible
yet ones stock is failing
the little signs grow
and the world the world
spins on, murder and mayhem
on one hand
new organs new life on the other

pure contradiction
and so for oneself
as life stretches you out further
the elastic breaks
is this the moment of insight
the reversal of time
beyond memory
for we must account for the world
beyond memory
the forgotten world
of people and places
the endless photograph albums
the attic of life
father on the yangtze of all places
black-haired and beautiful
the excitement of life
so soon extinguished
ashes in golders green
(why golders green?)
and from that point I know
all my life is subject
poem without ending