

In lovely blueness.....( Holderlin )

These Norfolk days of gilded sunshine  
Break through the loss of oxygen  
As one hears of growth,houses,roads ad nauseam  
Walk down the lane littered with detritus  
Those who throw and those who pick,  
Does not take much to murder,steal or rape  
Redacted by these souls to nothingness  
Well they are out of it,cooped up,away,  
And even there they see the blueness of these days  
Months go by and still the godly orb  
Displays its patronage,the corn wilts  
And prays for rain,now holy and a gift,  
But it is ending these blisses  
The young multiculturalured and misinformed  
Poor dears must soldier on,  
How lovely is this blueness as we fade to it  
The barbarians of progress at the gate  
We are diminished pace Popper  
Amis was right,more does mean worse.