

Confession

Sometimes it seems one does not exist at all. Certainly it is harder to take seriously the world around one. I feel just as Keats "I live under an everlasting restraint". I have lived nearly three times as long as he and hardly a day passes when he does not cross my mind such is the poignancy of his life. Strange but the poets have this effect Radnoti, Mandelstam, Celan, Lorca are just a few. Their "Christ-like visions" strike at the heart of Being. Perhaps Time cannot exist without us and billions of years are just a day. For Time then worships Language (Auden) and in the beginning was the word..... our great purpose would exist. Even so in human terms we struggle to complete our turn and more and more I drift toward the unknown more unhinged. Outwardly all seems well but the shrivelling core darkens as we succumb to Time.

Let us not be confounded. Let chance be overthrown and necessity a human face. And if we are wrong how happy to join that throng of poets who kept us alive and sane--wherever they may be.