

## Autumn

Is it possible another autumn  
Wind and leaves messing the tidiness  
Clouds racing to nowhere,  
Here my Brodsky and Ahmatova  
Keep me sane,  
Is it worth the candle doing more....  
In the end it was psychic disintegration  
Held back, thwarted, despised  
But now is the time to let go, to realise  
That ancient monotony time's song  
Must be put to bed once and for all.

Will the sacred come up trumps at last?  
Will the seraphic order finally make itself clear?  
Surely it must do so to spite the horror  
Seventy years patiently waiting for wonders  
And now a "downpour of light".

Are the stars stares of the father  
as you so adroitly put it  
They can't just be light years away  
Its so pointless.  
Whatever, you come again to the rescue  
Open the stone-like neurones  
To new visitations...  
And will it be fading chords  
Moerendo, morendo ,morendo  
No its a last time, a point of no return  
Now that you've reached it.