

Robert Hogg / THE CREATIVE

No poet spoke
from the balcony of the foreign mind

all voice fell away
and the shattering
silence crashed
the land

what rose
knew no sheets
nor tore from music
kindness meant

But for all that
fans kept turning
electric and heat

rushed back into
the made thing.

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A FALLEN WALL

Is this a little like the end of the world?

Is this a small blip on the screen called life?

Listen to the small pounding of the rain.

It makes of your forehead

a fallen wall

beyond which there is no longer

a boundary to cross

only a damp ground

oozes like a wet wound

aching to be closed.