

The Hatchback In The Fog

Alone in the teaming crowd,
Trees floating in the fog,
Bowing most politely
Tigers' eyes blink and watch,
The nanny state's eye observes.

Do birds seem to mock our flying
Free? Are we there yet? The road
Less travelled still paved with tar.
Take a break to seal your fate,
Trapped within our manmade prison,

Arriving to see the earth dug deep,
Filling with bones. Dip holy water, a chalice
On a silver chain, burning incense for the holy road.
Precious things signify wealth,
A Bishop sends you, it should be no less.

Did the years of being trapped within that metal
Enrich the life now scattered with gravel? No
Vision flat captures taste. First strawberries' taste lasts forever
But image of the statuesque, now crooked, will,
With the tolling of time, sleep and be forgot.

The bells toll, lovers hide behind your name,
Birds feed from worms. You sleep.
She stood alone, caressed flowers passed by
Throughout life, here plucked and twisted,
Dying to celebrate life which always meant to stop
To touch the last whisper of your touch.

So let the innocent romp wild amongst
The silver birch. Laugh without mockery,
Live without pause, hatchback beckons
While the lush green flourishes, away from
Eyes that will only see, tips that will only touch,
When voices cannot speak.

Back to hatch, till the lights change.
No more rushing, no more need.
Grow with the seeds and flourish until
The bell tolls and we shall run free at last.

Anne Denise Greaves Bristol