# Dark ages

it is not new, the dark ages

when a window opens, a wind blows through

when closed, the wind rattles the pane

disturbs our painless sleep

I am twenty at forty

as pink and unlearned as any man

I am tempted to tell you

that I am yours, but a step

is not a journey, and many steps

is also not a journey

a journey must have a first step, passage

and destination

I have the beginning, I claim

the middle

but I am unsure of my end

save that I know it is night

and that you wait there for me

rain on the window, of which we spoke

what is there to say?  
the branch that scrapes,

fingernails on a blackboard

against the chill pane

has said it already

get out and find love

do greatness, do honour

but I am warm here, and not wanting

and there is nothing to converse with

save the inanimate,

the droplets that descend,

one moment/distance at a time

seeking the centre of this branded earth

can we not all heed this call?

go down and down, finding

a level, equilibrium like a bedspring

holding one

deep in place, without pressure

without complaint

be a raindrop, says my goofy inner voice

love gravity, find a place in living cells

there is always further down to go, but not for you

the earth is greedy, but needs you not

will let you rest, finally

where your density is matched

by the soil beneath you

welcome to the dark ages

get out and vote!

in a time of a million lights

we must look under rocks for inspiration

this earth is heavy with us

if we all jumped together

the sun would move

we have such power, we individuated souls

I never take off my hat

never let the light into my eyes

never let god see my bald spot

I reach, stupid

into a pocket of nothing

looking for my keys, finding lint and foolishness

let your voice be heard!

says the one who will ignore you

I am so lonely

I have places that have never been caressed

how can this be? I followed

all the instructions

inserted knob a into slot b

attached lever c to the great red wedge

I can move the whole earth now

and not reach the one thing I desire

don’t read the news

don’t heed the radio

I bury my head in speed and silence

dream of you, surrounded by haze and indifference

and only you, why not?

the sun is gone now,

the coffee is drunk or cold

I could play checkers on the floor

or dance to dead Sinatra

but I choose instead to watch steam rising

bubbles bursting in boiling water

it’s too late to see clouds

and I know that there are no stars,

have never been stars

have never been moon or comets or flaking rock

my hands are so sore

I’ve been using them too much

time to rest now (why,

I’ve been resting all day?

because doing nothing is hard work,

and you have to take it easy

when nothing is done.)

ok, I lied

I don’t welcome you

and these aren’t the dark ages

they are simply a time of fog

when we navigate by radar

blips on a monitor

and only touch what has the courage

to touch us first