when we trade in the hooves of our horses

for the inevitable claws of the sloth

we know…this is us.

are we not defined

by the angular silence?

the sharpness of vision?

the subduction of colour?

we are smothered in greys

that will never retreat, jealous

of their place in our psyche

but they are not ubiquitous!

browns and greens sustain us

we can laugh, given liberty

by the crackling blue of a crystalline sky

sadly, cling to the sinking raft of the living world

unwilling to give ground, but finally, defeated

our horizons shrink to the squareness of our walls

prepare our sacrifices, burnt offerings and candlewax

close our doors quickly,

polish our eyes

yet we do not hate, not yet

as a child, I would stare

through the windows of Eaton’s

the automata dancing, telling their tales

for me, it was not a fairytale world

it was a vision into another life

a place I could only visit

with the slight discomfort of the forever outside

that pane, that sheet of glass

was a border, with all the space

a thin line can hold

for me, there is no shining star

save that which I carry in my pocket

this is my licence

and this is what I see:

we celebrate

because we can never surrender