

Arnold long ago
knew God useless as the sea:
shrewd functionary,

up before the servants to gentle the bourgeois,
he died chasing after History's tramcar.

WITHOUT BARBARIANS

*"And now, what will become of us without barbarians?
They were a kind of solution."
C. P. Cavafy*

The succubus moon slides
cocks ejaculate prematurely
stars wink at the lyric
freedom of mass dreaming

and the planet's surface pits
minutely under electronic
impacts from incessant satellites
tenderising brains with

dogs' ideals of liberty
maintenance of order so
men love their fists women
caress lovers powerful as

new cars graspable gearsticks
full of revs glossy with
glamour romanticism
is believing there is some

corner of a private psyche
that is forever impenetrable by
market forces daylight
birds singing plangent as

poets in wartime.

WASHING UP

In green garden's shade
wind pushes my grandsons' swings:
they are far away.

Flowers fallen, lawns
long, his garden bolted: my
Dad died in dismay.

Secretly I watched
my Grandpa dying, lying
in sun slants alone.

Before him? Nameless
shadows flying like seasons
on tumbled Welsh stone.