Electric

They brought poles
they brought wires
they brought diggers

they stretched their lines across the hills
along the valleys
up and down the slopes

And the lamps we no longer had to fill
trim the wicks
carry flickering candles along the corridor
light the logs in the fireplace
with dry twigs
sometimes paper
in the cooking oven even

And in tune with night and day
with the turn of the sun,
with the warm breath and the cold blast of the wind,
and the angle of the growing or the slendering moon -
that's how it was before, and still can be of course, yes, but it's harder

The hills, the valleys, the slopes
we knew well
as paths to our companions,
as solitary comforts,
as sheep-rounding with our fellows

And whose are they now,
now, of course, of course,
long since

We can see the world,
link up with anyone,
speak face to face even

At the click of a switch and the touch of a button
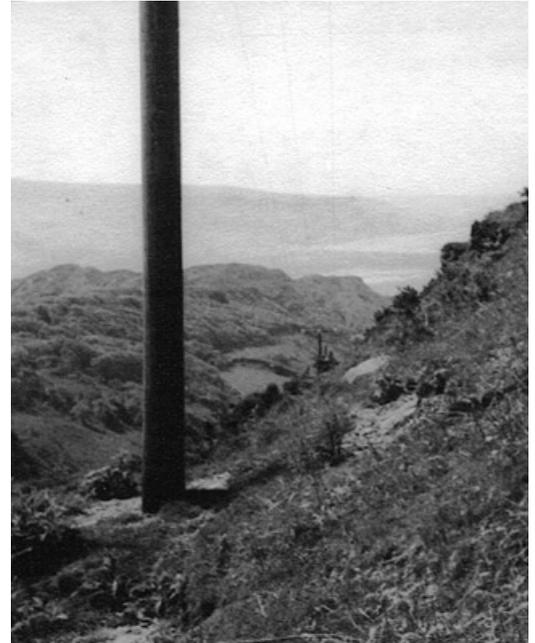
What have we gained?
What have we lost?

In such thoughts there is so much to be loaded,
what do we own, what will we share,
who shall we see as neighbours, who as thieves?

The march of wires across the land -
will they be ours or will we be their slaves?

There is no arbitrary or inevitable answer
it lies with us
to be in charge,
to build
as firmly as those poles and wires,
as soundly dug in the earth of the fabric
of our companionship

In such a way, but only, will we gain more than we have lost.
Only in such a way, but only, will we come to know
that we have gained more than we have lost.

May that day come soon.

Me

That was me
before I knew
what Me is

Do I know now?
No.

What do I know?

The chair I sit on
The air I breathe
The light I see
that comes through the window
and goes all around
When I look out around

I am here
inside ME

I am there
in my field of vision

imagined

my field of thought
my field of space

Space expands
I shrink
I am a speck in space
a fleck in time

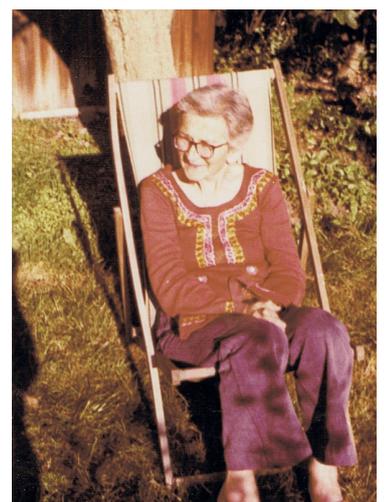Yet here I am
Me
and You
and Us

Changes

I was a baby
so many pictures
lying on my back
propped up on my hands
peering at the pattern on the blanket

I am with my mother
I stand by this water tub
leaning just that little bit towards
her
she is smiling, proud, in a long
flowing dress
gazing at me

I am a man
I kneel by her
gazing at her
she is smiling
I am serious
I have been away
she has been ill
she is better
I am back

So Simple

Kissy lickies kissy lickies kissy lickies

Distinguished man

Down to kiss
his little flock of beloved little dogs
letting them lick his face
repeating 'kissy-lickies, kissy-lickies'

On his knees
on arrival
from his busy life
before even greeting his beloved family

Who is more beloved?

Dogs or humans?

Sometimes the simplest wins.

A couple of months ago (Feb 2013) I wrote these two:

Puzzles Are Easy

Puzzles are easy
there is one answer
no complicated ambiguities
no complex shades of right or wrong

One word, one number, fits

You may not get it right
you may not solve it
but then you know
it's wrong
or
I know I don't know

So easy
not like what we face
what we need to embrace
with friends, with families
with neighbours, with colleagues
with our enemies even
when we move to understand
to feel for
to care
to love
to dispute with also
to hate even

That is not clear or simple
no - but so engaging
so invigorating
so life-giving

That is what it's all about
- Being human -

Noch Da

Wir werden sehen
Wie soll das gehen
Ach Ja!
Ich bin noch da

Which, with the vagaries of
translation, could be:

We shall see
What will be
And - Yeah!
I'm really here.

Wir werden sehen

Wie soll das gehen

Ach Ja!

Ich bin noch da