

This Story

Sometimes as I sit in the dark
chained to my word-processor,
I think it has all been a dream –
that I have only to say

Let there be light

and it would
all start over – better.

But the words that sputter like fuses
from under my fingers
are too damnably graphic
for any god to imagine.

People think that I sleep,
treat me like a dead stick –
not knowing that each night
I blossom into phrases –
condemned by my own existence
to write this story.

Though words are still dangerous
I have done with creation.

True, I set it in motion,
now all I can do is keep
up with events – a mere
chronicler of destruction.

Some sun or other lights
the horizon and a clock
strikes seven.

It is time
for resting.

Paddy Webb