

Feeling the Forty Thousand

This sea moves beneath my standing
Rolling to the rhythms of my tapping foot.
Faces, each with vision and visage singular
Enmassed to ocean: undignified, moot.
I see the lips that stammer my soul
And feel the roaring voices chanting
My laboured choruses, born in angrier
Moments, then nurtured to tenderer rantings
Suitable for crossover release. It is here
The distance widens in my viewing;
Not touching, knowing or harbouring these lives
unnoticed, where the darkest of storms are brewing.

Each new root pulses, pushing
Rough air into my rib cage.
He turns smiling as bottom
Drops in deftly, stages
Its long-awaited musical coup
And fleshes out his dream
Skeletons. Muscle, tendon and nerve
Gather and dance to themes
Pounded on skin by one dark,
Brooding and distant. And we
Together set the body politic reeling,
Moving with beauty, and momentarily free.

Tim Ayers