SOLILOQUY

blizzard driven snow

from the damp dock

of a day’s wandering

three thirty

here and there

dark people

in a dark day

black thoughts of

dawn

impenetrable river

mudsolid as the

banks moved by

and time dropped

behind

winter in hull

far from the white cry

of cheviot

the snowmud

of hull in which

to sink one’s feet

a mournful mist

and beyond the

early morning buses

the lone cry of a

boat on the humber

waking the sleeping

with me not

yet rested

behind the blanket

of night

and when

the early dawn

traffics its noise

out to the corners

of the room

when the mirror

on the wall

throws back the

light to the

sky

I listen for

the birdsong

but not being

in tune with

smoke and

grime

perhaps I

listen in

vain

the slight fall of

rain

dampened the

dusty ground

and lifted the

smell of fish

over the

rooftops of

the house lined

dock

its fins

wrapped around

the glow of

the streetlamps

the scales

captured in

the moist lightrays

falling slowly

to earth

amidst the silence

of dawndamp and

whispers

the roar of the long distance lorry

was heard

to welcome

morning

as it shuddered

its way past

the moon

 black with

 starless

 never wonder

 the moon

 drinks lonely

dawn breaking in

the east

over wet

rooftops

watching woodsmoke

slide down the

tiles into

the streetdamp

greyness

and thinking of my cough when

I wake

But first

thinking of

trees and morning

in the springhill

clover

greendew and

blackcurrants

not fishdock

darkness

floodlight spectres

and cold to

keep you warm

not the red faced

cold of

cheviot

but the stoopbacked

hunchshouldered

rainblown

cold of

dawn

breaking in

the east

when hull smells

the streets bow

down their

heads

and weep

for their lost sons

when hull smells

the fish rise from

the deep

and honour

their death

but when the

wind is in

the north

then there is no smell

a cold wind

of no smell

a cold wind

of no life

yet no sound

is heard

no rain upon the hard stone

no wind against the sky

no wires splitting no sound

no birds

no trees

no shouts

nothing heard above

the oppressive

silence of

hull

nothing but nothing

and

no-one