

Ho and Hum

It cometh forth – like boiled cabbage,
Raging fire, bright and new.
It seareth sky with sly repentance.
Dawn is white, the night is blue.

*Ho and hum, ho and hum.
I wait in morbid isolation.
Come what may, and may it come.
Lost in pondering contemplation.*

Out and from, and through and through,
Something hot as icy steels.
Slicing through the last defences.
Sleepless nights and tasteless meals.

*Ho and hum, ho and hum.
To tread a path along a blade.
Come what may, and may it come.
Carnal bruises soon to fade.*

Many eyes, but not one seeing.
Each one whole, each one deceased.
Putrid roots lie deep as silence.
Starving, yet before a feast.

*Ho and hum, ho and hum,
Detached as rhubarb on the moon.
Come what may, and may it come.
The time is short, it shall be soon.*

W. M. R. Simpson