

POEM

Torn fabric

John Victor Roy

Smoke as fires of broken wood is slightly warming refugees across a continent.
Small green shoe on its edge a child lost on a street of ashes
Apartments and shops gape open like cracked bones all emptied of marrow
Brick against brick heaped
Breaking the waves finally turned
The surf was dropping cans and boats where flies clustered
The beaches were littered to infinity
Who have we left?
I play a part of the poet too consciously here
You will rightly question the similes and metaphors as inhuman of me
But the damage to all we loved and met in Botton, in Camphill
Seems to me as important as these massive death tolls
In Sri-Lanka. At Nagasaki. Near Alexandria. In the forecourt of Palmyra.
The best are being shucked off by the worst
The precious seeds have been killed before sprouting.
We awoke in unnecessary tragedies and have witnessed an event
Ones who met us with open faces and welcomed us are distressed and puzzled
Legitimate questions internal and external were incorrectly answered
The unpaid work of three generations has been squandered
And I worry for those two souls who touched my soul for ever
The young man I met in Aberdeen in 1982, official greeter for the day
Walking my road uphill, entering Newton Dee,
The woman at Botton who did not speak but perfectly cleaned the pots for cheese-
making
Spotless
Where are they this morning?

John Victor Roy
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