

Forefather meditation

Last night still lingers
In the smears across the wood
The smell distinct
To it comes this great unwashed
Propped up by the stick and the hops
From tangled mattered wax crown
Beneath wool creeping
Down through donkey jacket
To boots carbon dated to the pre-aging era
Home from home
From out of dust-coated ceramic
Words caught up in whiskers and stubble
Makes for beardy flavours
Foetal beckons

Slow shuffle
Seat a decade away
Spillage can't be helped
Lowering mechanism rusting up
Loud exhale signifies
The greatest achievement of the day

Leans forward with creaks
Aging cushion padding and cracked knots
Amber descends a mouthful at a time
– when it opens
Hands push on
Runs over minutes to hours
Descend ascend descend ascend
Level drops
Descend descend
A slow puncture
Air escaping
Word allocation dwindling
Discordant and mumbled jumbled
Mind and mouth like ships in the night

Except

The eyes
Still bright when raised
Conduits that must have seen comings and goings
Days of history
Imagine a wolf of experience
Laid amongst frightened animals

As present today as the small round table
On which rest his crumpled hands
Familiar with the painful ways of hindsight
Fears like deadwood
No more a ghost than the demolished people he has known
As present as a picture of dead buildings
Memory holds infancies
No hero this old man
Words mean less
Walking precarious on edges
With the smell of overcooking processing
In poky little back kitchen
Where truth lived hangs in the air
In a molecular moment
In a colossus of existence
Ascend descend
Arrived post-foetal in a world
Of seventy years before now