

Exit Song

Thunder in the ambient mix
and gulls crash landing
on the studio roof for bread.

Hard to know what to say,
better to say nothing at all.
Everyone's private despair

gets in the way of conversation.
Synthesizers swell as sun arrives
and the idea of home disappears.

Sacred Song

I am totally caught up in the music on my radio:
songs sung by a choir, mesmeric and ghostly,
hallowed even, this close to midnight.

The announcer says it is Holy Week,
but my daughter complains it is 'not very nice'.
It is time to surrender, turn off and go to sleep.