

Ghosts of Planes

Peter Hammill

The air is thin, the air is thin,
the Top of the World Club's what we're in.
How thin the air, how thin the air,
the Top of the World Club isn't there.

With easy grace they crawl
across the shadow-shifting city sky,
an aerial flotilla,
the ghosts of planes pass by.

Their gravid bellies bursting,
gravity distended out of shape;
from the consequence of action
history offers no escape.

Arrival and departure,
all points in between now coincide.
Here's a ticket to oblivion.
Onward passage is denied.

The air is thin, the air is thin,
the Top of the World Club's what we're in.
How thin the air, how thin the air,
the Top of the World Club isn't there any more.