

Solitude

Peter Hammill

Silently I rest in the tall green grass
and look steadily upwards.
Birds sing ceaselessly around me,
and the blue of the sky surrounds me strangely.
Out here, life is at its essence,
and watches the world with innocent eyes;
far from grime, far from rushing people
it seems that I have found a tiny peace.
On the blue backdrop of the unknown
water droplets trace their paths;
on the sky, mortals hang on metal -
but who is to know how long either will last?
The lovely white clouds glide
across the sky and into my dreams...
I feel as though I had died some time ago:
now I'll wander with the clouds through eternal space.