

# The Great Experiment

Peter Hammill

"Is that all there is to it," he asks, "no more conjecture or controversy? Don't think I could go through it, I couldn't live with the memory. Now is the hour, it comes eventually; how great the power as it falls on me!"

He's raising his sense of occasion to the limit - (The big moment is coming up.) Practised, his sense of evasion... or is it? (No sidestep or dummy run.) Craving a certain indulgence - would you give it? Would you give it in time?

Treading water, making waves from the cradle to the grave; home by a whisker - close shaves! I'm waiting, what I said I meant: no faking The Great Experiment.

Near the end of the reel now, he's hanging on by his fingertips. He knows how it feels; at last the kiss of unearthly lips. Now is the hour to get a tighter grip. How great the power as the tide begins to rip!

I'm waiting - no faking The Great Experiment.