

Along the track the wires are humming  
in bursts of code like far-off drums....  
Fathering the message:  
further up the line  
someone's shouting  
down the passage of time.  
The corridor restrains the window,  
no view without the eye within....  
bold upon the threshold  
but holding on the line  
we're shouting  
down the passage of time.  
Relatives speak on the phone, on the train,  
talking before they have thought to explain;  
Voices pitched wildly on tracks in the night  
can't pick the pace up -  
Oh let there be light!  
How light becomes the soul!  
You know yourself the centre of attention,  
You see yourself the locus of event...  
I'm sorry if it's painful quarrying the line,  
stage centre, shouting down the passage of time.  
The corridor retains it's shadows,  
it's secrets compartmentalised....  
damping down on ambience,  
damp the teeth and grind,  
shouting down the passage of time!  
What's there to see or make clear?  
What's there to know  
when the voice is right here?  
What's there to promise or vow?  
What's to believe when the time is right now?  
Relatives spoke on the phone, on the train,  
talking before they had sought to retain;  
Voices projected, spears in mid-flight,  
frozen forever...  
Oh let there be light!