

Let There Be More Darkness

Robyn Hitchcock

And on the eighth day, when he had rested, he created
darkness.

And for all around him he needed a cloak to hide
himself from his tired labours.

And the antelope and the deer and the ostrich and the
zebra hid

Their faces and ran like tiny children
Into the shrivelling blackness around them.

And the trees grew hoods and the cows winced.

And all the crops began to droop.

Even the coal rattled in terror for, lo, there was no
light anywhere.

And he was well pleased with his labours and he smiled
and was unable to find his way out of the room.

Consequently, he blundered around his new creations;
stamping helplessly left and right upon the new buds of
his endeavour.

Octopuses, caterpillars, tendons and worms were
squashed like buds.

Easter bunnies ruptured like eggs.

At length he found the door, and, fumbling with the
handle,

He chanced to knock the key on to the ground.

As he lowered his nose to rummage around that vast
appendage where he might see something on the floor,
Beheld a ray of light coming in from the hall.

Kevin? Supper's ready.

Mom, I'm locked in!

Kevin... Supper's ready!

Mom!