

IN MEMORY

Adrian Hall

In the night they can find you. In the night - I will reach you.

In the night I ferry memories across the mud and lay with the elders as they shift and sift the truths. I will watch and I will see your words in the wind.

A whirl.

With no less meaning than they had – no more,

than when your ordered envy laid your tidy plots and built your paper towers. Your sham and shameful power: Just fragile as the bones of long dead labourers. And serfs , my people.

Sidekicks, button pushers, keyboard queens and other charlatans who played your fleeting game, will find - I found - in truth you could not hurt me. Then or now. For never did I bite, never swallow your slime, your filth, your bile. Your dreams of shoddy things or the bogus admiration of your Fools.

In the night they will also find you.

In the night, I too will reach you.

In the night . . .

Cold.

Smiling.