

## **THIS IS ME**

By Luke Jones

They fly in and then they're gone  
Thoughts on broad white wings,  
Infinite lands and oceans  
Populated only by shadows  
And lit only by a single dimming bulb,  
The home of a thousand plundered names  
That will never have a face.  
The shields of other lords  
Consigned to their prisons of ink and neuron  
Stare like self-blinded eyes.

Mayflies of the brain:  
Creeping up on cat's paws,  
Linger for a brief time  
(An hour or a month -  
all blended up the same)  
Then dance away with the wind  
Some return, some won't.  
Even still, two decades on  
(Or near enough)  
The laughter of a blank page  
Is the cruellest in the world.  
There in the cobwebbed corner  
A blue screen crouches like a toad.

The curtain is falling,  
The world lies before me  
And the sphere shatters forever  
From thoughts like hammers.  
Painted with blue light  
I fall asleep, eyes open  
So easy, sedated, secure  
Swimming, gracefully drowning,  
In the sea of fractured lights and colours  
Breaststroke soft as a lover's whisper  
From my effort not to exist.

He is there in text and word,  
He does not walk with me.  
If he did, what would I say?  
Perhaps just one question:  
Me or the world?  
Thought or edict?

Turn your face to the sun

And hold your hand up,  
Stack the stones, raise the ladders,  
Take the coin when it comes to you,  
Bend your back, wipe sweat from your brow,  
Shoes on one at a time.  
Clouds of nothing come with it  
They are not the end;  
They will not leave even so  
(Though they visit less;  
"You should call me more!")  
But they are mine.

The wire must come loose  
And the wind flows around my head,  
Avoid it, or try -  
You never will -  
Live inside it as you can.