

THIS MORNING - 30 YEARS LATER – AT FINDHORN (not Liverpool)

*Having recently re-read Brian Patten poems in my bath,
I offer this contribution for National Poetry Day 1997.*

This morning
After an all-night session in the sauna with a bottle of Glenmoray
And in the tradition of the RAF base next door,
I went out and (perhaps rather foolishly)
And strafed a number of small unsocial enemies with
multiple psychic (and not so psychic) blasts.

This morning
Fuelled by the sight of their dead moggies
Swarms of Pineridge cat-owners are after my blood.
They just ignore the regularly desecrated dustbin bags
The midnight screeching & caterwauling
And the absence of baby birds and field mice.

This morning
There are some lonely cars on the runway
Waiting disconsolately for their owners to come
And drive them up and down at excessive speeds
Missing child cyclists and heavily laden shoppers by inches.
I am hiding underneath one
– booby-trapping it with a WW2 land-mine that I found on the beach.

This morning
Purveyors of veggie burgers, and those who enjoy eating rice crackers,
Wearers of Birkenstock sandals, macro-biotic kitchen focalisers, and
People who write 3-page articles in the Rainbow Bridge
Are all reporting in sick with crippling headaches.
I have extended my activities with a ‘Cloud-buster’ (in reverse)
– using DOR to clear my “Little (Bullet) List”.

This morning
Core Group are attuning to these phenomena; S&PD want to interview me (again);
Someone has consulted a medium; others do the Tarot or I-Ching,
Yet more are dowsing for my whereabouts with their pendulums;
And Basinjé is being given a scent of my Safety Officer's hard hat.
Since then, I have not been able to find my way to the Sanctuary.