

Surrender

The end came
And we were still breathing. O it was strange:
The radio crackled and stuttered to silence.
The worst thing had happened.

The sun and moon
Did not disappear. We did not float from the Earth
In a howling vortex of fear.

Next day was a Friday:
So think of us then, swallowing terror and rage,
Clearing the breakfast things, cycling to work in the rain.

A walk in the park, a supper with friends:
To mock us with hope that nothing has changed.
Not really. Not yet. Not for us.

First we must learn
Not to say what we mean
And then not to mean what we say.

So think of us now, willing our eyes not to meet
By chance, in the street.