

Killing Joy

by Iain James Robb

In certain sense most fractured in each part, the whole
Resolves itself more central, but I sense no calm
In the cyclone's eye, the forest of the soul,
Where plants this eidolon of poisoned charm.
This is the secret of the hurricanes, reaping
Out from self the whirl of white distances-
Resolving pain's percipience, to unwanted stances
Myself have harboured from this treason's wing.
If I could be the clown behind the door-
Who laughs at last at paradox, both part and central-
Ceiling-straitened out upon the floor,
I might know lowness plays its song on chosen lower tall...
But I halt frozen, silenced — Heap no praise on lateness,
Raising eyes for farcic comedies as those inclined-
But feel my weight as course for your retreat from greyness;
 This is the grave bird's crest that gulls my mind.

