

Stranger among the tombstones

Gareth Alun Roberts

Am I – I, the one man left awake -
the stranger? And stranger yet
than all these left to dissipate
in moonlight. Listen,
you sappers of the unkempt grasses,
to the silence leant on these grey eyes,
bent on the broken turret of time;
champ on your bitter fast:
the bit that is biting more
than iron can bite on stone.

Lie here, phantom travellers
of silent houses: still dust
fills your listening
for foot-steps on night paths
where branch-woven skies
and these grey eyes go earthing
in the hollow hall;
may it perplex you in your strangeness
as you throng heart-darkened stair-ways
where moonbeams oblong the night
and stillness

hearkening, not hearing
I; am I, in shadows, alone,
awake.