

Ric Adamson

ROUND MIDNIGHT

Night again today there wasn't any poetry written
nor any of it read or browsed or bumped into none
no gold was mined no gold was mine no sound no
depth of splash my pockets empty my hands spot
less angels misguided? no no poetry I said!
not a line or even a shopping list no names
of fishing boats did i walk past today i
did not steal nor did I drink gamble dru
g no battles lost and won no argument
today no love unwrapped nor did dirge
or tragicomedy or a mail order gun
today no friends stopped in what's
more I did not want them to and
in that sense i did not need
beauty or truth humour or
conviction today has been
without a lie although
I'm writing this after
saying two times to
day there was no po
etry so now have
lied? maybe it's
yes and maybe
it's no I can
never tell
you decide
I think
I'll go
to be
dnow
zzz
zzz
z

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LINQ
