

ANOTHER FREEDOM

After breakfast, what umbrage is
taken, when free beneath hollow
skies I walk outside! Blue is
a bruising look when you have to
search there for some answer.

I am
the kept-on guest of my ageing
parents. Feel with me this Freedom.
Read about it in the leader
caption of the newspaper which
I may scan now father's gone to
work. (Jefferson was a monster!
but don't believe me; travel with
father. I have over-read and
over-listened).

I am left with
hollow heaven after breakfast.
I wait for evening and the
early stars when Dad comes home and
we may sit down to 'tea', or to
'dinner' if he brings home guests. Then
I am a student!

I am
always studying (he doesn't
know) how to crack the blue eggshell;
emerge with my young plumage dry,
ready to take flight and descend
with talons tearing, destroying.
I shall scan earth for flesh, for gore;
not think red such a frightening
colour.

Oh, yes! yes! malcontent!
the unemployable who should
be clothed in tunic to re-heat
our defences (but I have flat
feet and can never march in step
- Lout!)

Yes, I have been so described.
One of the unemployables
without public conception
of manhood or the R.S.L.