

## Revival

What now draws us to this scape  
Of local's turns at throwing-shapes  
Scrambling up, these scree filled hills?  
(Whispered) 'Barefoot pilgrims seeking thrills'.

Heels and toes in rhythmic tap  
incantations, through the cracks,  
systemic rap choirs on song  
In-unison - must we belong?

But this is a flimsy affair, skirting, flirting as it must  
Among institutional dust and debris spent before,  
re-mined re-fashioned in gabby workshops full of blah blah blah  
cutting diamonds made-out-of-us, like open hearts before we stop.  
So, we cannot be sure what brought us to this shore  
Maybe some promise or other of complete ness, obligatory what nots  
Not wanting to miss out, The shout of a distant voice - your NAME OUT LOUD Mr Byrne  
Cacophonous discordant, contra-motional, diminished chorus uplifting crowd.

2

I cannot bare the world alone  
My silence echoes. Empty holes  
And hollows fill my smartish phone  
And other 'digi-screen'-like knolls,  
Snatch my time like thieves  
And I conspire with my own fall  
And let them in beneath the eaves  
Of my own roofs to nest and stream and call.

I delve too, the deeper wells  
And feel their downward pull  
Chime accusing mission bells  
Which know my belly's full  
Of too much food and wine  
And other fruits divine  
I bare ambivalent tears  
Night terrors, sweats and mares.

But I keep on, despite being torn  
Digging now and then with you

Among the scraps of our own thought  
Towards a later heartfelt harvest, fraught  
With doubt about its worth  
To anyone but me, not even me.  
Instead a swell, or bulge, or wave  
Appears and goes somehow again unsaved.

3

This charabang of longing  
this handing something on  
Might beg the elder question  
Do we ever know the song  
That we are singing most,  
Until we hear the lyrics in our sleep?  
Or on the bed laid out for death  
What breathes within we're meant to keep?

So, you and me what brings us here  
Now, with others to this drink?  
What do you tell yourself you want,  
If not to think awhile beyond  
what you have not yet done?  
To be inspired? or harnessed to a wheel?  
To keep your youth, and in so much  
awake, in loop in touch?

What might you do, if given half a chance?  
Are you captive to your own or other's drums?  
Can you escape the doldrum fears  
The 'Sluggish' beat of dragging years?  
Might you build instead your paradise  
Of Quirky ways with others too  
of practices much richer, thicker than before  
Towards communal days of 'vibrancy' and more?

In the end there is no end that we will ever know  
We might all just keep the beat, then walk each other home

KVB

