

## A Flock Of Seagulls

### "Microcosm"

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Nothing now but cages and railings  
All topped with barbs  
Even the weather's apologetic  
Sees no rhyme or reason  
All exits barred now  
Love left lonely, gave way to the grave  
Left my smile somewhere on the journey between that  
and loss

The walls of another god's house encrusted in mould  
Sewage poured from ceiling, damp liquefied floor  
A building devoid of use, now  
A weather beaten grave  
Untended, no longer remembered  
By those who left the queue  
For mourning

Merrily kicking the skulls of ex-deities  
Through the ex-halo hoops of toes up ex-angels  
More trophy heads for my walls  
No more crying about heaven or a lack of it  
No more to be found wanting  
Hoping for a safety net

My lake of passion still edged with rust  
Her waters fouled by the corpse of lust  
So, I dug the last few feet of the six myself  
All too eager to taste the dust  
I laughed as I threw the first handful of earth  
I smiled as I watched the topsoil spread

Autumn she sprang over summer into winter  
All was lost.  
All is lost.  
So much more snow than sunbeams these days  
What once was?  
What once was.  
The cold she marched through the rain  
Past the corpse of rebirth  
Blacked out the sun's last refrain  
Endless cycle ended

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