

Divine Comedy

"Motorway To Damascus"

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Daybreak on the motorway to Damascus
A heavenly angel flagged me down and asked for a
ride into town
For God's sake, on the motorway to Damascus
This heavenly angel, wise and pure, proceeded with a
guided tour:
"Behold! A shining city of silver grey and white,
Of solar-panelled rooftops glinting in the light
And wind-power generators turning soundlessly
through the night"
Mid-day on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel flapped its wings and told me
more exciting things
Like how one day this motorway to Damascus
Would disappear without trace, the unsustainable
replaced
"Behold! The new New Forest in four hundred shades
of green
Stretching out before us where it always should have
been

A botanical thesaurus for as far as the eye can see"
Nightfall on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel looked at me and said "Well,
what's it gonna be?
The long haul, or the shorter way to Damascus?
Choose with care and you will find that one day there
will come a time
When the silhouetted ruins of the crumbling cooling
towers
Are but ivy-clad reminders of a long-forgotten power"
Must the monkeys leave Gibraltar's rock and ravens
flee the Tower
Before we look and see ourselves for what we really
are?

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