

## **Hammill Peter**

### **"Dropping The Torch"**

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We play games and every move  
is noted down as a subsequent cause  
and effectively chains our freedom and will to live:  
we settle in to simple survival,  
hanging on our pleasures grimly...  
we must never let them go...  
Our prison walls are slowly built,  
stone by stone and day by day  
no provision for escape,  
entombed alive in safety  
and decay.  
Time sets around us in killing frames,  
black border round our names.  
Our fingers lose their grip  
and the torch slips.  
The enemy for everyone  
is everyone, inside -  
I feel the hand of security  
creep on me with ice-cold fingers  
and crush my flower of freedom;  
I've lost the course of my adventure,

all things I'm meant to do are lost.

There is only one flame each

to keep alive in the wind.

but finally we snuff them out

all by ourselves.

We set traps and, in the end,

fall into our own snares

and have nowhere to go.

Time ever moves more slowly:

life gets more lonely

and less real

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