

## **Hammill Peter**

### **"Mr X Gets Tense"**

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The current affair gets to be my business  
I heard the news on the radio  
The sun on earth... what is this?  
Is that the way that the crazy goes?  
Attention tuned to the satellites,  
looking down for an overview.  
In the chapel of space we are acolytes.  
In the battle of time we're all soldiers too  
and the relative choir  
push the energy higher  
Under fire.  
The sliding show in the macroscopic  
finger on the button pointing to progress.  
The apparatus roll, no-one here can stop it,  
too bus learning more - always knowing less.  
Soon turkey - wrapped in the spaceman blanket  
we'll offer up lame duck apologies  
and settle down for the final banquet,  
the gourmet dish of technology,  
cryogenic device  
catches all human life

Under ice.

The current affair gets to be all out business.

It's filtered in through the T.V. screen.

The norm, the average... what is this,

when it goes blank what does that all mean?

And what's the drive of each individual?

And what's the way that the story ends?

Is it Mr. X left as the last residual

holder of the flame, causer of all men?

But he's so tense to expire

he throws himself on the wire

Under fire.

Is this the way the world ends?

Under ice

Under fire

Has there been some mistaken design?

Under ice

Got to find the human voice.

Lord, deliver us from Babel

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