

## **These New Puritans "White Chords"**

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Frames of colour litter the bracken, regal and strange.

Through the broken plastic a canal;  
The platform heaves like a human body, divide by two.  
'X' marks the spot or it sometimes means 'No'  
Frames of colour flicker between ancient and brand  
new.

I've got white cords running through my body  
And the fur of a white cat on my back  
But you see you gave him black wool and we have a  
black cat.

Beneath the peering dead trees I walked back.  
"Respect the invisible",  
"I can't respect what's not there"; I avoided you.  
Sloping concrete becomes a shoulder (words inscribed  
in the air).  
Frames of colour litter the bracken, regal and strange.  
Tectonic riddle, your eyes as terminals.

Words enshrined in air, words enshrined in air.  
You are in the stars / sky, I will meet you there.

Your name becomes cosmic in my mind  
Rangeless, endless and my blood explodes.

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