

## Peter Green

### "Modern"

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Jericho's strange, throbbing with life at its heart :  
people are drawn together, simultaneously torn apart...  
Foundations are shattered in the city  
inside the barricaded doors -----  
hiding behind their walls, lonely as night falls,  
maybe the people are waiting for trumpets....  
Babylon's strange, seventh wonder of the earth :  
gardens ablaze in colour, slowly rotting in the dirt  
and, with your head on fire, you can't really see.  
The hanging gardens sing,  
but with a hollow ring :  
the life is false, its killing me....  
Don't look back, or you'll turn to stone;  
look around before your life is overgrown  
with concrete slabs!  
On your back the searching eyes that stab  
between chintz curtains, glinting,  
but never owing to a name -----  
like the inmates of asylums  
all the citizens are contagiously  
insane....  
Atlantis is strange, the explosion of an age :  
no-one really knows what to do, and the city  
is a cage.  
It traps in ashen hours and concrete towers,  
imprisons in the social order :  
the city's lost its way,  
madness takes hold today...  
I can't live under water

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