

Peter Hammill

"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 owning 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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