

Van Coke Kartel

"A Plague Of Lighthouse-Keepers: S.H.M"

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(Hammill)

"Unreal, unreal" ghost helmsmen scream
And fall in through the sky,
Not breaking, through my seagull shrieks:
No breaks until I die.
The spectres scratch on window-slits
Hollowed faces, and mindless grins
Only intent on destroying what they've lost.

I crawl the wall till steepness ends
In the vertical fall;
My pain has sailed into the sea -
No joking hopes at dawn!
White bone shine in the iron-jaw mask
Lost mastheads pierce the freezing dark
And parallel my isolated tower...
No paraffin for the flame -
No harbour left to gain.

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