

## Jon Storm

### "On the wall"

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Waking on the half-rays of  
A pilgrim-written dawn  
Wondering at signs of fire  
And words upon the wall

Crossing Southern latitudes  
In burning heat of day  
Wondering at land rovers  
And mindless things like pay

Call rebellion onto all  
The other things you hate  
Watch the ripples  
Flowing through a gate  
Half-remembered from your youth

Watch the platitudes a-falling  
Under silken bays  
Dream of flawed reality  
And hay  
And all those summer lovelies

As the neighbours fertilise  
The land you have forgot  
Drinking of the golden ale  
And dreaming what is not

Upon your head the silvered crown  
Of fallen lifetimes near  
Look ye here  
To the end of the story.

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