

Mains Drone Song

The house-song carries on.

Boiler pump shuts off. Pipes

tick tick syncopated
to the tocking clock, the wifi

hub hums and approximately
50Hz in everything

on standby.

There's little evidence

you believed in afterlife, that fib

someone picked to be religion's
USP: surges in the mass
imagination every war
or slaughter notwithstanding.

Accommodated to the sounds

the Geiger of the dust, counts out, counts out....

What is needed now? Interpret
wishes – take a stab at throw-back
decorum – pick a hymn.

Little evidence as the mild fly

ting-ting-tings the double glazing.

But once you told me just as plain as this
that one month after he'd died your father
sang to you in the garden.

There is a difference between a song
existing somewhere and the act

of singing or the song
from my mouth.

A trickle in the fridge.

All the little

sounds.

Life may be stupid
but unlike death it
is not dumb.

Sing it now,
if you can.