



POEMS

POWER

By Luke Wright

Some days I'm sick of words
they turn my guts:
the carpet bomb of advert speak
from every surface area;
the gum-crack wink of fingers guns;
the puff-piece pearly whites
they form a pixellated noose of newsprint
tight around my throat
my tongue gone black.

We drown in words
and Him in Power speaks the loudest.
Oh he's a shouty bastard that one
him with all the power
gabbing on until the drunks come home.
Big Brother isn't watching us
he's screaming down the house
a speaker rigged in every room
till tinnitus gives birth to apathy.

So switch it off.
Take refuge in the silence of the page.
I read this poem once
it pulled apart the kevlar lies of Power
it shattered all my window panes
and lodged a steel shard inside my heart
it made me a dissenter
and so I think of that on days like these
how words give us power of our own.