

Poem: Grey Men (For Greta Thunberg)

Graeme Smith

She was too black and white, so the grey men said,
As they numbed themselves, the numbers men.
It suits them.
Weigh it up and pull it down,
Seesaw
 Seesaw
Quickly now the snow thaws,
Running to its darkened end
Lapping at the cold feet of the old men.
Amen.

Poem: Little One

Graeme Smith

Eyes like sky, outside in,
My clammy, culpable hands
Like two branches of a dormant tree,
Holding her, more in awe than love...

Look! I am the observer and yet the subject of her gaze,
See how she looks into me! not like others' mirrors.
The still waters at Bethesda are stirred and see, the angel has come!
She asks by looking, who am I?
Why the fig leaves?
Why do I race to red lights?
Why am I here every day, joining dots?
What happened to my spaces?
No wonder - looking down...
She looks up.

She will join us soon. The hands will grab,

Grey Men and Little One

Hundreds and thousands will get stuck in her throat,
Rivulets will scar the sacred lucent skin
as pain and promises beat her into shape.
Her credentials and dreams will weigh her down
as she builds her road, looking backward and forward constantly,
Noise will consume her spaces too.

Age wearies us as the crust forms, almost imperceptibly,
And before we know it, the past swells and presses the fulcrum down.
Our dreams are bubbles of air.

I cast a coin from my near spent life
to her, wishing well.