

## WHAT WE KNOW

We know and everybody knows that  
the energy of wheels is unguided -  
the juggernaut, the driverless car,  
the aeroplane that cannot leave the ground,  
(wings and legs heavy as lead) -  
and in the hands of the unhinged or the absent.  
It will be OK in the end, we say.  
We will run through the green wood  
legs like water, feet light as air.  
It will be OK.  
The wheel will be well tended  
and steered.

We know and everybody knows  
that somewhere between the inside and the outside,  
somewhere underground, somewhere there is  
a lagoon of azure sentiment,  
indigo spirits that want to shout and shake  
but cannot be shouted.  
The pool must stay hidden.  
Those who discover it will destroy what we hold close,  
what gives us roots in this earth, this moss,  
these walls and surfaces.  
The house on the hill, the chandeliers  
the patterned carpets, the cheerful  
buzz of conversation in yellow light  
caught through windows from outside.  
We cannot stop, we must run uphill,  
we must reach the summit, ahead, we say.  
Or away from fear.

We know the crimson brain and the meat  
torn and roasted on the Klein Blue barbecue  
(the immeasurable existence of colour),

at the picnic on the grass,  
with red soup and a tartan rug.  
Everybody knows the knowledge of science, of institute  
and the poison behind the glass, the vial  
of wonder, of danger, and melting flesh.

Everybody knows the inside and the out  
and those that hang on the wall to sleep.  
We know the emerald path where  
lambs are packed in paper bags to bleed in the dead  
white air in Yorkshire,  
dissicated air that is not snow and never will be.

“Thousands upon thousands”. We know.  
Everybody knows.