Clasp

Quoit

We travellers on the endless wastes in single orbits, gliding
Cold-eyed march towards the dawn behind hard-weather hoods a-hiding.
Meeting as the tall ships do, passing in the channel
Afraid to chance a gentle touch, afraid to make the clasp.

In high-rise city canyons dwells the discontent of ages.
On ring roads, nose to bumper crawl
Commuters in their cages.
Cryptic signals flash across
From pilots in the fast lane.
Double-locked and belted in too late to make the clasp.

Let's break the journey now on some lonely road.
Sit down as strangers will, let the stress unload.
Talk in confidential terms, share a dark unspoken fear.
Refill the cup and drink it up.
Say goodnight and wish good luck.

Synthetic chiefs with frozen smiles holding unsteady courses.
Grip the reins of history, high on their battle horses.
And meeting as good statesmen do before the T.V. eyes of millions,
Hand to hand exchange the lie pretend to make the clasp.

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