

Sussex Poets Competition 2015: Commended

The Reason

by

Heather Johnstone, Bognor Regis

Why do I write still in this antique style,
Marooned in history, isolate in age?
Cobwebs obscure it, dithering and senile,
As spiderlike it creeps across the page.
But once it lived, bled suffering, laughed with wit,
Shone fire, cracked ice, with hate and love and light.
Did it die meek? Who could have murdered it?
Now, in secure obscurity, I write
In academic verse, no more progress
Is possible. Today, who's set on fire,
Whose beacon lit with hard-fought words, useless
When love's just fancy-talking for desire.
But you, my love, and I, are out of time,
And so for you, I make this ancient rhyme.