

This Is the Way the World Ends

What am I,
Why am I,
What am I **for**?
What use now – if ever?
But...**was** I,
Who was I,
Was there even a '**Me**'?

Stories – memories? – fill my head,
Of things I did? - or books I read,
Or something, someone, somewhere said?
Tangling, jangling, intertwined,
Are any among them really mine?

Did **I** get all that stuff by heart,
Preparing change from role to role?
And did the sum of every part
Then played, prove greater than the whole?
Or was it but a passing show;
Words, scattered for chance winds to blow
Away?

That smallholding at One Court Farm
Might well be real; I've got some phot-
-ographs of me with sheep and goat
And pigs – Sage, Onion, Ann and Sam.

I remember heavy digging and winters not fantastic, as
The only thing still growing was a healthy crop of brassicas.
And I think of You, Horse, working harder and harder,
Determined at least to put food in the larder,
When those pigs' revolution turned out wrong,
With the usual Weak under different Strong.

And.....I.....tell.....You
Fiction, fact, four legs or two,
What it comes to in the end is.....
For me – it looks like
'compos(t) mentis'
And - for You
Everything
All boils down to
Glue.