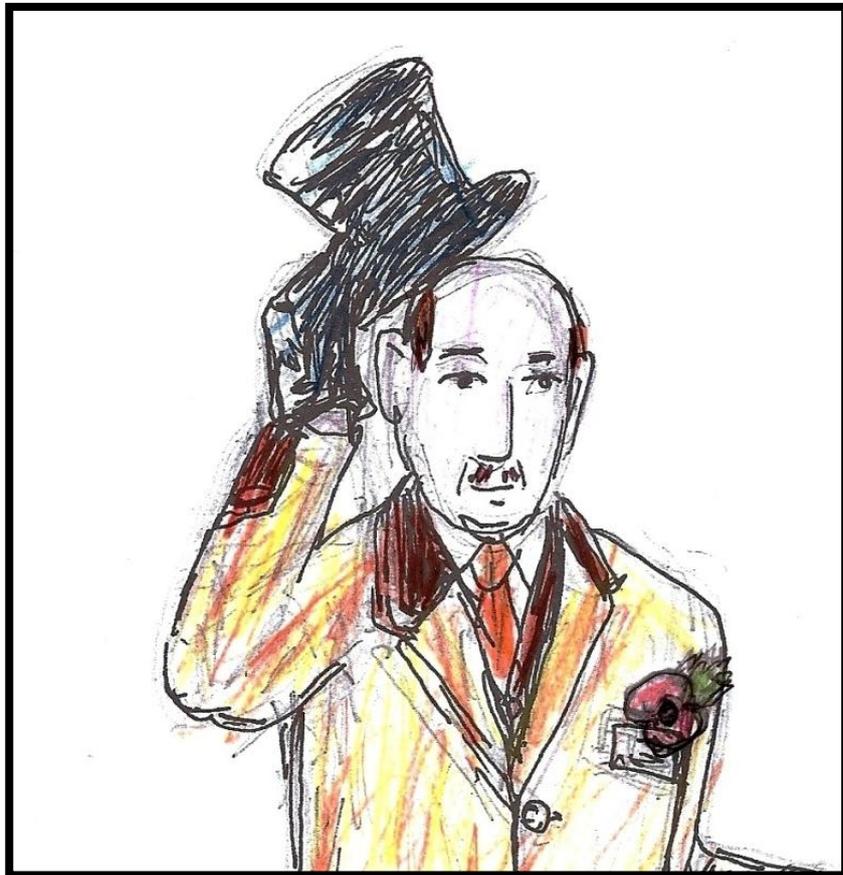


Four From The Doorkeeper



REACHING FOR THE SUN

You know that I'd offer to you anything that I had to give:
As Gouldman wrote for Clapton to play, "Give the Moon, Sun, stars as I live",
Think on reality, think on Seven Wonders, thinking upon "What if ...?"

Oh, Loved One,
I would reach out and touch the Sun
Just for you ...
Just for you ...

Thinking on rare and precious metals or singing about stardust,
I'd switch from human to cyborg, become a starship, so far out, circling Centaurus;
Rip out every atom of astatine, maybe one fiftieth of an ounce in all the Earth's crust ...

Oh, Loved One,
I would reach out and touch the Sun
Just for you ...
Just for you ...

But I've looked at the sky on a Saturday night and seen fusion reactors in curved space/time
And I've sat quietly in academic cloisters and known the peace of libraries
And I've stood at the altar on Christmas Day morning as Christ entered into the Host ...

And I *have* reached out, *have* touched the Sun ...

And what I have to give is my poetry.

FIREBALL X33

I got in the car ... I hadn't had a good day at work:
I'd told the whole office I thought the boss was a flaming jerk.
I always get my kicks on the M606
But it was closed for repairs, and as I reached the pile of bricks ...

I saw the X33!
Fireball X33!
It's a harbinger of doom each time I see
The ubiquitous weapon of the transport company:
FIREBALL X33!!!

I heard the Police on the radio – I punched the air and gave thanks,
While something crawled through the slime at the bottom of my petrol tank.
Broke down on a roundabout – **CRUNCH!** – some daft person
Had driven his bus as if completely plastered ...

It was the X33!
Fireball X33!
It's a harbinger of doom each time I see
The ubiquitous weapon of the transport company:
FIREBALL X33!!!

I had a day off, I love classic rock, so I thought
I'd watch the Strolling Bones ... they had Sheryl Crow on support!
Head for the Hallam Arena, get away from it all,
But I flew into a road rage when I got near Meadowhall ...

It was the X33!
Fireball X33!
It's a harbinger of doom each time I see
The ubiquitous weapon of the transport company:
FIREBALL X33!!!

V-J DAY

Old men on the way to the Minster on Sunday
In faded reminders of military glory.
As one of the indigenous population,
I greet the brave men who once fought for our nation.
They're joking about their advancing years
And I'm fighting to keep back the tears ...

This is remembrance of glory and pain:
Please don't let the same thing happen again.

With Christ in the Worship Space we are in union
And many of them go up for Communion:
The Last Post is blown, the notes ring through the air
While traffic goes past ... the world doesn't care.
Then back to more years of a military pension
And memories of horrors that they never mention ...

This is remembrance of glory and pain:
Please don't let the same thing happen again.

AND FINALLY ...

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon:
The little dog laughed
To see such fun,
And the cow burned up on re-entry.