

Circular Breathing

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Pick up my wings and fly
into a Constable sky.
Look down on the world and try
to make you out on the distant ground.
Lonely toy in a lost toy-town.
Suspended in spiral sounds -
Sounds of circular breathing.

I'm a kite on a silver thread.
Daring lightning to strike me dead.
Harsh echoes of things you said
banished me to a thinner space
with unholy ghosts of your bedroom face.
Hands cupped to my ears to place
the sound of circular breathing.

Matchbox cityscape below -
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go.
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence.