

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.