

Keith Grossmith - poem 'The anaesthetic'

Their voices, babbles through pale, thin lips  
Scratched words on jaundice sand by needle finger tips  
They might be some footsteps, shuffling at the shore  
Or feeble, silent speakers, come tapping at the doors.

If we talk of wasted walks by shores of hasty seas  
They become a scattering of useless thoughts upon a breeze  
And if our minds-sometimes unkind-occasionally scoff  
They would drown beneath that seas polluted froth.

T.  
"Do you recall December  
And that satsuma sky?  
Its beauty brought such awesome thoughts.  
But then I heard you sigh."

V.  
"Why do you write such profound things?  
What do you think you're giving"?

T.  
Words are wholly the drug of dreams  
Against the pain of living.

(V and T, Vivienne and Tom Eliot )

