



[Hyphen-21 \(supporting community\)](https://hyphen-21.org)
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<https://hyphen-21.org>
<https://poemsforthewall.org>
<https://roganwolf.com>

Director's Report 2017/2018

Introduction

This Annual Report describes the activities of Hyphen-21 during the financial year 2017/2018, ie April 2017 to March 2018. As usual, I have also made reference, where relevant, to events beyond that period ending March 31st, up to and including this Christmas time of writing.

Hyphen-21 web-sites

The latest website for the charity's public poetry project - <https://poemsforthewall.org> - was introduced last year 2017, to mark the project's 20th anniversary. The new title "Poems for...the wall" was introduced at the same time.

The new site has been running for over a year now and is weathering well. During the present year, I have updated the formatting of all the 200+ poems that can be viewed on the site. New registrations have continued, though in slightly desultory fashion, shared between schoolteachers, healthcare professionals and "for own use." Several of those registering did so from places beyond the UK. There have been one or two messages from people who have made time to offer high praise of both site and project.

There is now a gap between, on the one hand, the continuing quality and topical relevance of the material available and the extent to which it is valued by people who discover it and, on the other hand, the relatively small number who register on it these days, with time enough to make appropriate or creative use of it. (in contrast, a few years ago, the demand was extraordinary and intense, mostly from teachers, responding - I assumed - to the publicity the project received on educational bulletins, etc).

I think the gap can be explained chiefly as follows : over time, the project's title and description has fallen off teacher bulletins and newsletters and I haven't yet found ways of getting them back on ; the social climate has greatly changed and "diversity" seems no longer to be a box that needs ticking ; and people are just too frantically stretched and busy meeting deadlines and "targets" to take on "extra" initiatives. I am entirely confident that the material is as valuable and essentially topical as ever, if not ever *more* so.

Let "Poems for...the wall" hang fire, then, if it has to, in a continual state of generous alert and readiness.

The Hyphen-21 site <https://hyphen-21.org> has also been revamped and simplified, but in a sense is a dead star, still orbiting and visible to the interested astronomer, but not active. It is essentially now a directory and reference point and, to a small extent, an archive.

Last year, we officially registered and encrypted the mental health website. It is called "Better Mental Health Working." However, it continues to wait for me to be better organised so that I can upload material onto it and put it to whatever work it might be useful for. I shall make this my new year's resolution for 2019.

The website <https://roganwolf.com> is the most active of the sites in my constellation. I see it more and more as just another face and front and expression of the Hyphen-21 position in general. But the difference is that, in uploading material to it, I know I am just speaking for myself and need refer or defer or account to nothing and no one else except my own judgement and conscience (supported and occasionally challenged by Nicola, though the responsibility and accountability and final decisions are all mine).

Poems for...the wall

Until this year, I would always send this annual report to Companies House, along with the accounts (which are a legal requirement). I did so even after the report ceased to be part of the required package. I enjoyed the sense of “reporting in,” of taking part in this huge annual exercise, in which all those millions of companies large and small have to account for their doings. But this year, for the first time, I sent the accounts in by internet, using a simple online template provided by Company’s House. And no report belonged there and the accounts have been accepted.

Nevertheless, I shall write and send this report to my Trustees in the traditional way and will upload it onto the charity’s website as previously we decided I would. I shall keep doing so each year, so long as I think there is something to report on and this little charity still has a use and part to play, however small, as well as something to say ; and so long as at least some of you are willing to read the things.

The Project’s Funding

And over the years in this report I would always write at the beginning of this section that “the ‘Poems for...the wall’ project is the charity’s only source of income and reason for expenditure.” In other words, this Hyphen-21 business is all very nebulous and difficult to pin down ; and it doesn’t have much of a profile or footprint in this world of whizzing about and counting and meeting targets and exhausting resources and recoiling from pain and crucifying truth, but here with poems we do at least appear in the market place with something tangible which belongs under headings and needs a bank account.

For this “Poems for...the wall” project, and the grant-funding it often attracted for over a decade, was always the only reason we had to speak with Companies House in the first place. There was otherwise no income nor expenditure, no material cost or presence at all. And even with the poem project, it was only a matter of totting up the grant-funding and accounting for what we spent it on - we never actively earned any income, as the poems went out free. Often I had to do two lots of accounts, in fact : one for the funder, most often the Arts Council, and the other annually for Companies House.

However, I can report that this year, for the first time, the project went out into the market place to try to earn a crust. It did so in the form of a book of poems I have produced called “Of Animals and Other Meetings.” I was enormously helped in the production of it by Jill Bryan and her colleagues at Portugal Prints, an arts and work project run by Camden, Westminster and Wandsworth Mind. I have known them for years. They formatted the book and came up with the illustrations. The deal is that *if* the book makes any profit at all, Hyphen-21 and Mind will share it 50/50. I will plough the Hyphen half straight back into “Poems for...the wall.” I say *if*, of course. Poetry doesn’t usually rock in the market place. But the illustrations do help. I did a launch/reading in the local branch of Waterstones this Autumn and there was quite a brisk trade at the counter, after the reading. Both hardback and paperback versions are attractive, the hardback even beautiful, in my opinion. Not a bad Christmas present, in fact. There doesn’t have to be a single launch. The book faces a range of different prospective “markets.” We shall launch it again in London next year, on Portugal Prints and mental health territory. In the meantime you can find (and turn its pages and even buy) it here : <http://www.blurb.co.uk/b/8976400-of-animal-and-other-meetings>

Still on funding, I shall refer to last year’s report here, in which I said there was still £3,384.52 in the charity’s account. In the year since, I spent a total of just under £1,000 on : setting up a digital rotation of bilingual poems in the waiting room of a London multi-ethnic counselling service called Nafsiyat ; briefly covering expenses for a quarterly social event for psychiatric in-patients in Pimlico, London, which had had its funding withdrawn ; as part of my reformatting of the poster-poems referred to above, I paid a translation service for the original south Asian texts of two of the poems - (my own versions had disappeared amongst software “updatings”) ; as part of an exhibition of the bilingual poems in a café run by Bristol university, I paid for some of the poems to be enlarged onto paperboard material. Our present balance is £2,689.23.

This amount is - comparatively - very little, of course. It constitutes underspend from previous projects, chiefly the collection on learning disability. It is therefore not attached to any expenditure previously identified, or expected, or required. Do we want to hold any of it back as a reserve ? Yes, I think so, in a spirit of readiness on a small scale, or so that I can try something out with a view to seeking more substantive funding for that, later, if it works. Do we keep spending from it, in a small way, in the meantime ? Yes, I think so, where there is something appropriate it can be spent on. I shall refer to some examples below.

Activities in 2018

Much of my activity doesn't bear reporting on. I have images for it : it is a constant probing of a vast and ever-present defensive curtain wall, often consisting of a kind of blur of hyper-activity, in case some little opening might unpredictably appear, allowing for access, so long as one is quick and undead enough ; (most of the time the wall stays intact and I move on) ; or, I am a salesman, drearily progressing along an endless road or corridor, knocking on front doors ; (most stay closed) ; or, I am a fly fisherman standing mid-stream, up to the thigh in wellies, casting the brightly coloured dry fly with as much joy and present-ness as is in me to muster ; (most of the time, of course, no fish rises, so I cast again, the stream racing).

But I can report some positive developments for this year just past. A few cracks and small doors opening, the odd fish rising.

Towards the end of March, a rather lovely Italian arts website called Margutte, which has often published poems of mine, published a good piece on the "Poems for...the wall" project. The people who maintain the site are based in northern Italy. There have been cut-backs, so fewer people are involved in it now, and it is therefore less active than it was. But it has a following and is online both in English and Italian. So Silvia who now runs the site effectively on her own has also translated the piece into Italian. This is the project's title in that language : "Poesie da Appendere al Muro." Those words somehow wander around and in and out of the bald English ones, purring. Here is a link to the original English article :

<http://www.margutte.com/?p=26369&lang=en>

Later in the Spring, I was introduced to two local schools. This followed a relationship I have formed with the Bristol Poetry Institute, based in the university. It also followed the Institute's appointment of an energetic young American academic as their co-Director. Her name is Rebecca. I think a third element in this has been the requirement now laid upon universities to contribute to their local communities. A new tick-box, in other words. I grow old...I grow old... I wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled. And I bounce creakily from tick-box to tick-box, like a surfer... Rebecca got me a bit of funding from the university to mount exhibitions of the mental health poems in two local comprehensives. She also introduced me to a young woman recently appointed by the university to work with local schools, building bridges with the world outside. The young woman's name was Hannah. Hannah is nice and (to prove it) liked the poetry project. She also liked and was liked by two very good heads of English in local schools. She thought they would go for the poetry idea and introduced me to both of them. She was right.

I shall briefly list below what resulted, in the schools. But first I shall recount what has happened with my freshly discovered little energy cell formed by Rebecca and Hannah. It turned out that Hannah was pregnant and about to disappear on Maternity Leave. Her replacement told me that her job description didn't quite cover making introductions with a view to offering poetry to schools, so she put me in touch with someone else who she thought would be better placed. But that busy person politely shut the door on me with an explanation remarkably similar. In the meantime, Rebecca has been told that the university has less money this coming year, so will not be able to fund anything. So this crack in the wall, having suddenly opened, has shrunk again rather quickly !

The names of the two schools are : Clevedon School and St Katherine's, Pils. Both are comprehensives serving communities on the south western outskirts of Bristol.

I worked with both schools to mount exhibitions of the mental health poems to coincide with Mental Health Awareness Week (in May). It was fun and the exhibitions in both places were mounted imaginatively, attractively and to striking effect and the poems themselves, helped by the teachers, acted as enablers and guides into and through this difficult but very pressing subject.

The originals of the poems are produced at A4 size, of course, but will stand being greatly enlarged. I have found a good firm in Basingstoke that does this quickly and well, onto a kind of paperboard material called foamex, light, weather-proof and easy to hang. We enlarged some to A2 and a few up to A1. In a school auditorium, the bigger size looked best of all (and next time I'll try AO). One of the schools mixed the display with pupils' paintings - I thought effectively.

A teacher in the same school also chose excerpts that struck her as particularly vivid and made a power-point rotation of those, which then went up on all the school's plasma display screens. The Head used the poems to talk mental health to all his staff that week and various teachers actually took their classes up to the exhibition to use the poems as a focus for discussion in class.

I have attached some of the teacher/pupil feedback. (See appendix one)

Clevedon and St Katherine's - Spin-offs and Further Plans

Following and adopting the power-point idea, I have formatted a selection of the shortest bilingual poems and made a rotation of them. I have sent the slideshow to the St Katherine's librarian who was planning to show it on her library display screen. It is now available here on the "Poems for the wall" website as well : <https://poemsforthewall.org/bilingual-poems-for-digital-display/>

A young Clevedon teacher called John has volunteered to continue as my link to his school. We are planning to make an audio of a succession of pupils, staff and parents each reading one of the mental health poems. That range of people would make an obvious point about mental health. The school is quite well equipped and has all the necessary equipment and expertise. The result might be good and might belong beyond just one school. It could be offered to others.

I was invited by St Katherine's to be their "poet in residence" for National Poetry day in October (its theme this year was "change" ; next year it will be "truth" !). On the day, I ran two creative workshops with pupils from different years, and then, during the lunch hour, did a reading of my own work to pupils and staff. Hugely satisfying. I felt, this is what I am for. Let's do it again.

At Clevedon, John has come up with an idea of his own. He is one of the few people who actually make time to read the poems which are available on the "Poems for...the wall" site. Not only has he read through them he has often picked up resonances in them which I had not noticed before. His idea is that every Wednesday he sends round a poem as an email attachment, selected from the project's collection, to each member of the school's staff team (not just the English teachers) ; his accompanying message suggests they might use the poem in class, with their tutees, or just for themselves. It is the last possibility that has really taken hold, it seems. Odd members of the team send messages to John, unsolicited, expressing their gratitude. Here are a couple which John has passed on : "I'm really enjoying these poems, John. I especially like this one! Many thanks" - R, Inclusion Consultant. "Thanks - the poems are an oasis of calm within the madness!! S, Modern Languages. And here's John himself : "Each week I'm getting more and more responses from staff sharing their appreciation which is very encouraging." For me, this exemplifies what Hyphen-21 is for. To offer succour and affirmation to those who open and offer themselves up at society's fault-lines and growth-points, where binding is needed.

Still at Clevedon, John is working on a way of formatting some of the poems for display on plasma screens. I know he'll get there, but I find it shocking to witness how someone of this calibre and creativity can nevertheless only engage in non-prescribed activity in stolen snatches of time. So, having achieved a few snatches, he has made a bit of progress. But he is not quite there yet. It is exciting to work with him.

So, let a crack just appear, and much can follow, before it closes again. And elements can outlast the closing. Do these developments belong only in those two schools ? No, of course not, they could (and should ?)

belong in any or every school. But they depend on self-motivated instigators from within each community - in relationship with me but having their own excitement and enthusiasm. And enough time. And they need someone who will link me through to those instigators.

Poems for...the wall - Other Bristol Developments Pending

In previous reports, I have mentioned links and possibilities relating to Bristol City Hall and Clifton Cathedral, respectively. Both projects are actually creeping forwards, in one case changing as it goes.

This last is the idea associated with Clifton Cathedral. Once the idea was a bilingual reading which was to have involved the multi-lingual and multi-ethnic congregation of this Catholic community. The idea has not (yet) come to anything. Instead I shall mount an exhibition of some of the bilingual poems in a rather special place within this beautiful cathedral. The poems will be greatly enlarged and we are planning the exhibition to open in March. I shall select languages which I believe are spoken among the congregation. I am holding open the possibility that a reading might yet emerge as a kind of spin-off.

The planned City Hall exhibition will also involve enlargements of the bilingual poems (and some use of the charity's remaining finances) and should come to fruition early in 2019. This too has taken ages in the planning, but there is now a picture rail installed, from which the poems can hang, and a prominent and much used corridor within the building has been allocated for the display.

Finally, Bristol Grammar School is expressing interest in exploring what scope there might be for this school too to adopt "Poems for...the wall," either the mental health aspect, or the diversity, or both.

In Conclusion : Two Brief Anecdotes and Openings

Both items I want to cover in this last section of the report derive from my activities in a private capacity. However, they bear out a pretty obvious point I made near the beginning of the report : that sometimes the accountable individual and the accountable charity come close to eliding, to disappearing into one another and becoming the same entity.

"Reaching for Mercy"

A few weeks ago, Tom who, as one of the charity's Trustees, will soon be reading this report and these words in it, invited Nicola and me to a poetry reading in a café in a local Bristol church (St Stephen's). He was to be part of a small group who would be reciting there. We went and it was the usual kind of scene, the usual smallish number, the usual kind of gathering place.

But the poetry itself wasn't usual. It varied greatly from reader to reader, in terms of style, subject matter and address. And to a small extent it varied in quality of poetry. But where it did not vary, so that every reader was a privilege and an excitement to listen to, was in its spiritual and emotional honesty in each case. So one felt less that one was listening to "poetry" as "art" and/or pretension and/or as an ego needing to be fed (the three so often go together) than simply to a soul's life lived and communicated with integrity and sensitivity. Good company - free of the selfie, either amateur or professional. The poetry aspect - forms or techniques - somehow didn't feature that much. It is actually quite hard to find the words for what I am trying to say, here.

What these people had in common was that they (including Tom) had all been published in an anthology called "Reaching for Mercy." One of the readers, perhaps the most emotionally robust and politically indignant of them, was a priest, I eventually realised. I warmed to him. None of the poems read out that evening was necessarily religious in any doctrinal sense, or sounded "pious" as such. But all had open windows and you could see the stars through them, if only momentarily.

And so with the book. It is perhaps the most exciting anthology I have ever read. It has 96 contributors, mostly from the UK but by no means in every case. It is an international gathering of voices of integrity.

Many of them are of a faith of some sort or verging on the edges of one. (I once read a book by a Benedictine monk whose title was “God is a New Language” – and I suspect I am discerning a similar yearning and discovery going on here, among these people).

For the same applies to the book as to the St Stephen’s reading – that even where the “poetry” features less, or seems less in the words, the human truthfulness comes through and there is something redemptive about it, something of renewal. If poetry is one language, or way of speaking, and prose is another, here was a third way, vital in its own right, in some cases using poetry like someone getting on a bus. And it really didn’t matter.

But I haven’t quite got there yet, on this topic. Many of the book’s contributors do not necessarily see themselves as poets as such, I suspect. They just need to get on the bus sometimes, in order to travel somewhere. But almost all are active in their communities, quite a few involved in one or another kind of church, quite a few in a caring profession, or as lone helper or activist. Politics are included in their language and activism.

How much is this a community I’ve stumbled on here, or “movement” of like-minded individuals brought together in this anthology, all in their different places and activities? I somehow want to feel part of it and believe in a sense that this little Hyphen constellation is *already* part of it, though none knows it yet. I suspect it isn’t really a community, even less a movement, in any organised way. But one can explore.

And who’s behind all this? Is anyone? Yes it seems that someone called Chris Goan is behind all this. And he has a similar background to me, an ex-psychiatric social worker and counsellor and he now lives in Scotland....

I’ve written to Chris and he’s written back and let’s see what follows. Maybe nothing, but even if nothing, this is a good meeting and thank you, Tom, for facilitating it. And if something does happen, I shall perhaps be reporting on it here next year.

The Fishmonger Rich in Youth

This is an anecdote with Brexit as its starting-point.

Both as a “decision” and as a process and national obsession and preoccupation, Brexit seems more of an untreated symptom of malaise than a coherent decision. A horribly uncomfortable comfort zone and diversion of delusion. Nor, as it progresses day by day, is it good for mental health. It is doing serious harm to mine.

I am trying to stay sane by writing snarky little poems, a bit frantically. Not long ago I belted out four in a single day. I think that was when May withdrew her proposal from the Commons as she knew it wouldn’t win – such is her passionate loyalty to democratic decision making.

I am modelling my effusions on a long satirical poem called “Speak Parrot” by John Skelton. He was alive in the reign of Henry 8th. The verse form he used is called “Rhyme Royal” - a seven line rhyming stanza. It had been introduced to the English literary canon by Geoffrey Chaucer, a century earlier. I have adopted the same form for this running commentary on the frenzied and utterly self-destructive progress of Brexit, lurching about in its search for Englishness.

Skelton’s caged Parrot is a bird of paradise who, as the poem progresses, becomes a symbol of the heart and soul, protected by its rib-cage but also imprisoned there by the fear of speaking out, the voice of truth at risk of reprisal. I gas on about Brexit but no one even listens, let alone silences me! They’re too busy gassing on themselves. A friend said, that my rhyme royal stanzas are a lot snappier than my rants in prose. Much easier to read, much sharper. Why not restrict what you have to say to stanzas in rhyme royal? Good

advice, I thought. But now I've put together so many of these wretched stanzas that the combination of them is just as daunting as one of the prose pieces. Up they go on facebook and my blog, one after the other. I send them to my MP ! (who says she likes them). Here's a link to most of them, with dates :

<https://roganwolf.com/wp-content/uploads/Parrot-Addenda-27.pdf>

And I recently discovered a fishmonger quite near the flat and the person who serves there is called Liam. Liam can't be much more than 25 or so. And I had read that there had been some TV programme recently about global warming (we don't have TV so I hadn't seen it) and it had not offered good news.

And I had a close and truthful and disturbing conversation with Liam, among his fish displayed so beautifully on the shop counter, in which he personalised the facts that he had been given on that TV programme. He explained in articulate detail what "catastrophic event" might mean, ie it might extend over hundreds of years, not all at once." So what happened to the dinosaurs, perhaps very slowly, has already started to happen to us. And Liam is a quiet and gentle young chap and he said quite quietly, though energetically : "What was described in that programme will happen in my life, and will fill it, and could well result in me dying young," he said. And Liam calls me "Dude" and lays out his fish almost lovingly on the slab and the news he passed on was particularly unbearable, coming from him.

So I went home and wrote, not just one of these wretched rhyme royal stanzas, but two – each on the subject of fish. And printed them out on a side of A4 card and dropped them by for Liam to read. For some reason, I didn't return for a while.

Last Friday was the day. And then I saw what Liam has done. The poems are now displayed at the end of his work surface, among his sharp knives and cutting boards. They are behind glass and beautifully and professionally framed in dark wood, the whole thing leaning against an inner wall facing the street outside.

Here were these poems of lament and shame and celebration proudly and carefully published in a fish shop, for any passing customer to read. I couldn't have been more pleased. I far prefer being published in this fashion, than in any book on any book shelf. Where does poetry best belong ? It belongs here, where Liam plies his trade and hopes to live.

And was this publication a Wolf publication, or a Hyphen one ? I think that - at least by implication - it was a Hyphen one. For a reproduction of Liam's poems, see Appendix Two.

signed



*J.R. Wolf
Director Hyphen-21
as at 31st December 2018*

Hyphen-21 Trustees

*Jane Thorp
Graham Thorp
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Appendix One

Poetry Mental Health Exhibitions Feedback



Feedback from Poetry Exhibitions for Mental Health Week May 2018

Clevedon School and St Katherine's School

Teacher One

"Just wanted to say how great I thought the exhibition of poetry about mental health was. The students engaged really well with them and some interesting discussions came out of them. I think they were challenged to look at things in a slightly different way. Thanks for arranging it!"

Teacher Two (an English Lit Teacher)

"I just wanted to say how fantastic I thought the poetry display was for the mental health awareness week. It was a hugely worthwhile experience for students to read and reflect on a part of our lives which rarely gets talked about and which deserves so much more thought and time. My year 9 group enjoyed discussing the poems and making the connections to mental health. Despite there being, undoubtedly, an English link in terms of language, structure and form, the value of the poetry was actually the content and messages behind it. I hope we can do it again."

Teacher Three

"Thanks for all your hard work that went into preparing and delivering an excellent experience for my (and our) KS3 students.

Each class thoroughly engaged with the topic largely as a result of the fantastic resources that you sourced from Rogan. Rogan's poetry display, combined with the focus of the lessons and activities that you put together, provided a rare and valuable opportunity to expose the students to such important and current issues.

What was so fantastic about this was that it enabled questions and conversations around this topic to take place. I was therefore able to dispel myths, allay concerns and tackle the stigma surrounding mental health. Again, this is a rare and valuable opportunity for that to happen amongst peers and within the safe community of a school.

If I can provide any support aiding you with this next year please do let me know."

Teacher Four

"Many of my Y7 have spoken to me about how much they enjoyed the poetry and mental health activities. It has prompted conversations about mental health that we wouldn't have otherwise had. The poetry was beautifully displayed and of a high calibre. I think it's so important for the students to explore mental health. It has definitely led to a greater understanding of mental health for the students, but also helped me get to know how some of the students' families have been affected by mental health issues too.

Thank you so much to you and Rogan for organising this."

Teacher Five

"I just wanted to say that the poetry sessions and display that you organised for Mental Health awareness week were fantastic. The sessions where students engaged with the poetry really provoked some great discussions and, I felt, really helped the students to open up about mental health issues. The week also made it a lot easier for them to talk about their own mental health and to understand that there shouldn't be a stigma attached to mental health.

I too found it very positive to see poetry around the site which encouraged conversations between staff as well as with students. Please can we do this again next year ?”

Teacher Six (plus comments from two of her pupils)

“This was such a worthy and relevant project for our young people to engage with.

I have asked a few of my year 8 English class to email me how they found it and have copied and pasted two responses below. “

- *‘I liked how the poems were from different perspectives. One poem I read was from someone with schizophrenia and another was by a nurse. It helps you understand everyone who is affected.’*
- *‘One of the poems about an Elephant and piano stayed with me as it was short and simple and helped me understand how confusing it must be when you brain is unwell.’*

From a Pupil :

“The poems were a great success and I cannot thank you enough for your cooperation and great generosity in the lead up to our mental health week.

I hope you liked the set-up of the poems [the writer hung the poems herself] and they pleased you as much as I hoped they would.

There was a mostly positive response from the poems, I saw many people reading them while waiting to go into lessons or just in passing which was lovely.

I mentioned in my assembly to go and check them out and many people had said they’d already had a little look at some of them.

The teachers in particular really appreciated them and I think it was beneficial for them to have that moment of mindfulness and peace amongst the chaos of a school day.

The only somewhat negative response was that the poems were said to be rather dismal and sad. However, I don’t think these students understood the purpose of them and once it was explained they could see the meaning behind them with more clarity- they just needed to give them a real chance.

I would love it if we could work with you again and create more projects for the school as there are many things I would like to address and poetry is a great creative outlet to do so.

Thank you so much, and any more questions let me know!”



Parrot Counts the Cost of Youth

(i)

The parrot heard a fishmonger rich in youth
 rejoice in the glory of the ocean's yield
 which daily slithered silvery beneath
 his hand. And yet these riches also told
 of change, extinctions, a real chance he'll not grow old.
 A "catastrophic event" did for the dinosaurs.
 A second has now started, we the cause.

(ii)

The young fishmonger enlarged upon his theme.
 "The event of life's extinction is a wave
 already breaking – to flood my dreams, my home,
 and all my days. Yet the nations rush to "save"
 themselves by enthroning rogue leaders, who rave
 and strut, or ape the robot, acting the part
 of our worst nature. The minotaur is out."

Rogan Wolf
October 2018