

*KYRIE ELEISON*

*By Louis Kasatkin*

Lead me into  
that gentle soft morning,  
to that place  
where men once stood  
commanding the Sun,  
to that place  
where a half forgotten  
long ago adagio  
whispers through the air,  
across the broken ground  
and its sleeping grass,  
to that place  
moistened by the dew  
of half remembered  
valiant deeds;  
Lead me then into  
that gentle soft morning  
of a going,  
of a never coming back later;  
Later the grand parade  
halted, obedient, waiting  
waiting at that place  
where men once stood  
commanding the Sun;  
themselves cocooned in rapture  
for the final salute,

one last acknowledgement  
that this,  
that all this,  
is later.

### *SPARROW'S SONG*

Quietly the Sparrow sings  
sings his songs amid the ruins ,  
ruins that once were home to society  
their laughter ,their joy ,their tears  
their greatness ,  
now counted as dust of  
the balance ,found wanting ;  
The Sparrow hops intermittently  
his contralto cadences lending  
their grace to a day deep in its grayness  
wreathed in fond farewells unspoken ,  
caught out too soon  
in a hasty cataclysm  
leaving no-one there to tell the tale ,  
or recount the hubris that  
led to such a squall ;  
Except the Sparrow and others like him ,  
their diffident reflective paeans  
of muted praise adorning the  
cosmic vision that no longer is  
burdened by what it has chosen  
no longer to see ;  
Quietly the Sparrow sings ,

sings his songs amid the ruins  
even without knowing that he alone  
is now King.

### ***METROPOLIS***

Stark geometric lines  
intersecting clean marble  
and steel;  
horizonless concourses  
deserted entrance halls,  
empty corridors  
vacant escalators  
ascending,  
descending  
in relentless  
progress;  
Walls hyphenated  
with reminders  
to purchase,  
to consume  
bellowing mutely  
into the void;  
shimmering platform mirrors,  
clipped automated announcements,  
data screens streaming  
their silent prophecies;  
Inexorable arrivals  
whooshing  
and rumbling,

debouching into  
the gleaming Now  
of a glasstowered  
morning amid its  
awakening rage  
there on  
the bench  
face down,  
his skin again  
punctured,  
no-one .

**Bio:**

Louis is editorial administrator at [www.DestinyPoets.co.uk](http://www.DestinyPoets.co.uk) and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time was producer of “Wakefield Wireless Mysteries - Part 1” Which successfully premiered at the Wakefield Lit Fest 2014.