

***NUNC DIMITTIS***

**By Louis Kasatkin**

When you get up tomorrow  
tomorrow will not be there for you,  
Its aspirations for you discarded  
into a forgetting forgetful forever forgotten;  
Tomorrow will unfurl its plans and stratagems  
from which you somehow have been omitted,  
there will be applause for the Victors  
but you won't be on that stage,  
nor be found anywhere in the audience;  
And on that photograph that will be taken  
the faces will in retrospect seem familiar  
to those who were and shall be there,  
but there will be one whose very absence  
will itself shall go unremarked;  
Your shadow will not trouble the dust under the midday sun  
nor shall your evening be alive with promises,  
for all those now are part of the detritus discarded  
into the forgetting,

forgetful forever,

forgotten.

Whatever Happened To That Novel I Was Writing ?

What did happen to that novel

that I was supposed to be writing?

You know earnestly like Vargas Llosa

or maybe Orwell or even CJ Sansom;

Where has it gone and what shall

ever become of it?

That novel of mine that child

of my intellectual loins?

The one due to be set in South America,

that mystery centred around the enigma

of a photograph?

a cast of characters waiting forever

in a quasi-existential limbo for

a completion, an ending of the narrative

which now no longer appears capable

of dramatic resolution?

A coup d'état based on the

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catastrophic events of a precursor 9/11,  
the eleventh of September in Chile 1973;  
an amalgam of malignant conspiracies  
involving foreign corporate interests  
and venal power seeking indigenous demagogues;  
the torture the suffering the chaos,  
pretence ,lies ,bloodshed and betrayals,  
and here am I their author,  
Progenitor in Excelsis  
who has abandoned that particular project;  
it is all now nothing more  
than a boarded up store front  
over which a faded sign swings in the breeze  
like a prisoner on the gallows.

***MEMORIAL AT OSTEND***

The Seagull swoops theatrically,  
alighting onto the supporting stanchion;  
"Canada Remembers" is affixed to

that railing where the Seagull now  
stares off into the middle distance,  
perhaps at the Ferry from Dover inching  
its way toward the harbour;  
calmer waters to-day unlike then,  
when they caused Canada to remember;  
“Banleda, Bond, Brown, Brush, Byrne, Cathcart...”  
twenty-six in all alphabetically tabulated,  
their five Motor Torpedo Boats numerically so,  
459, 461, 462, 465, 466;  
We remember them now  
amid all the firestorms that year  
lost in the accidental fire and explosions  
on Fourteenth February, Nineteen-Forty Five  
here in Ostend harbour;  
back then too a seagull swooped  
theatrically alighting on the same stanchion,  
and had stared out to sea unaware  
that Canada would be given cause  
to remember and remember still.

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