

City 5:00am

Rob Harle

Eerily empty, the city at five am
a "still life" of despair,
the edge of a blue-cold mirage
suspended, like purgatory
between false-dawn and dawn.
Greys change to black
then back to grey again,
pushed downwards by the damp draught,
drawn past drab facades
and steely mirror-black glass
reflecting itself reflecting itself,
in the sickly yellow lighting.

The scent of the underground
warm metallic, dusty
stale electric,
rises from the gutter grates
testing the memories of tramps,
those who rode the rail-road
in suits of silk
and careless confidence,
from warm home
to office obsession and back again,
and then - redundancy.

A faint hum, hum, hum
permeates the sacred silence
mysterious and alien
not wholly human,
not merely machine,
the ghost of the city moans,
a disembodied chant
surrounds the monuments,
marvels of human madness.
Silent street sweepers,
caretakers of this shadow world
sweep slowly, the sins
from last night's sacrifice,
sacrifices to love
to lust and longing.

Even the hard-core whores

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desperate for a last trick,
leave this monstrous mausoleum
when the last neon flickers.
A black stiletto heel, scarred
wrenched free in hustle
in bondage in a footpath crevice
remains as testimony.
A siren far across the city
screams,
slashing the silence,
in a second all is dead again.

Looking Towards Infinity

Rob Harle

Draped in confusion I look towards infinity
listening I suffer the inevitability of isolation,
the whiteness of sacred flesh
mocks my feeble efforts
as the tired pages fall back to sleep.

Lost in the righteousness of abstraction
I charge mercilessly into the music,
the blackness of unanswered questions
mocks my feeble efforts
as the fools sing the Laws of Karma.

Drowned in the discord of smouldering wine
I court the winged messenger of fate,
the emptiness of unattended dreams
mocks my feeble efforts
as my mind drifts slowly away from its hinge.

And then a flash of hope ascends
I've foiled the arrows of the Philistines
the clarity of inspiration
mocks my feeble efforts
as I realise the answer lies beyond infinity
in a realm that few minds dare imagine.

ROB HARLE

Rob Harle is an artist & writer. His academic work involves research into the philosophy of Transhumanism, Artificial Intelligence and the nature of Embodiment. His art practice now consists solely in digital-computer generated images - both for the web and print. Writing work includes: reviews, academic essays and experimental poetry and short fiction - some co-authored with computer programs. These are published in numerous journals, magazines, anthologies and two volumes of poetry. Rob's main concern has been to explore and document the radical changes that technology is bringing about. He has coined the term *technoMetamorphosis* to describe this.
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