

The Torment of Freedom

by

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Flickering low

A reception

Stairs, tunnel, dim lit lair

In the corner, a cloak

A steely hand

A rocking chair

A full circle

In the sand, in the sky

An umbilical chord

A tear, a weighted heart

Nothing any more

– For Noel, R.I.P.

7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> of January, 2007