

### **Group 2505D Trip #3**

#### **# 1. Thinking about it.**

I'll look at the world  
differently, after this.  
It was always supposed  
to be, the blue planet  
wasn't it. Our Garden of Eden!  
That is planet Earth.  
A planet full of life,  
that is, when, we're not  
around the world  
extending our domains  
and killing one another.  
Not to mention,  
heating up the planet  
by the burning of fossil fuels.  
Feeling warm are we.  
Mars, the red planet,  
has strong winds  
To blow the redness,  
this way and that  
all around the place!  
Jupiter, the Gas Giant.  
Colour wise, I don't know.  
Do gases have colours?  
I guess they do!  
Some of them anyway.  
Mercury, is very hot  
and is surrounded by clouds.

So, I don't know what colour  
it is below the clouds.  
How about Saturn?  
I think it's, kinda, within  
the yellow spectrum  
or thereabouts.  
Due to Ammonia in its Atmosphere.  
Couldn't live there, could I?  
So I'll have to look around  
the heavens much more  
inquisitively, next time.  
That's experience, that is.  
Leaves you asking more  
about the universe and  
everything, else, there is.

## **#2. The listener.**

The Listener.  
eats away the silences  
that are so in abundance  
all around him

He consumes the papers  
for breakfast.  
He has an appetite for growth  
and well-being. But what to eat?  
Pesticides and additives in food!  
How difficult they are to avoid.  
So much research is needed.

So consuming it is.  
Micro-plastics, in the brains  
of people.  
How did they get there?  
He peels a banana. and thinks,  
Thank goodness for its thick skin.  
After which, he eats it.  
He pats, his belly.  
He's satisfied alright!  
But needs to be aware!  
And he has other worries, too.  
He carries on his fingers  
a knuckle duster,  
just in case he meets  
a stranger on the prowl.

He wants to change  
the way he's thinking.

He is thinking, of the waterways  
in Norfolk. After a storm, that is.  
How they keep on rising.

He hasn't anyone around  
him to think about.  
He remembers his school friends  
diving off the cliff into the sea.  
Somewhere along the Yorkshire  
coast. The tide was on the turn.

There was shingle in the shallows,  
too much of it. Has a southern drift, it has.  
And his two closest friends weren't seen again.  
They said, there was a back-wash and  
a strong under-current.  
And diving in wasn't a great idea.

### **# 3. Wanting to know.**

Wanted for certain they did.  
Just to know his intentions.  
Would he change his mind again?  
Or say something new.  
Can they keep up with them?  
And does it matter?  
He's their boss, after all!  
Later on,  
after everyone had gone to bed?  
And before he has a rethink.  
He goes on the internet  
to clarify his thinking,  
what ever it is at that, unholy hour.

### **# 4. Something else.**

Or was it something else.  
you have now forgotten  
When the birds scattered,  
here and there and in all directions.  
Or was it the way the clown  
gathered the leaves, to scatter

to signal the beginning of Autumn.  
Or was it the pressure, or just a memory  
that made you change your mind.  
Or an encounter with a stranger,  
all dripping in blood, that Sunday night?

## **# 5. I held it.**

I held my breath  
for some reason.

Was it something I wanted to say  
but couldn't?  
Or was it the shock of you  
entering my life again?

I tried to work it out but couldn't.  
Was I beginning to forget, the very things  
I was trying to remember? I don't know.  
I can't remember, there is just a full stop  
all lit up, to signify the end of everything.  
except, that is, for a universe of energy  
that might again provide the void  
with what we call a range of  
physical substances.

Energy and absolute Zero  
was all there was.  
How so much, out of it  
did appear from nowhere.

## **# 6. Trip.**

The trip should have begun  
one step after another  
until one makes  
the decision to stop,  
But where?  
think of something, a reason,  
or a sight to behold.  
You say there isn't one around.  
Stop around the land, looking.

You have a few other senses.  
Use them! Stop and listen.  
Listen to the countryside.  
A singing bird perhaps?  
On the wing. A sky lark! No.  
They must be busy doing other things.  
Is there, something less awesome,  
in the sounds of nature? Silence is rare.  
Listen.  
You can hear it all around you, can't you?  
Not quite, what nature intended  
but there we are. Life is what it is!  
The crackling of wheat, too ripe to harvest.  
The field is large.  
Almost at shoulder height the wheat is.  
There is crackling all around you.  
Bursting seed pods, galore!

Halfway across the field you are.  
On a wavy foot path, too. A right of way.  
The farmer had it cleared, he did.  
Kept clear of weeds and crops it is.  
There isn't anyone except you  
and your rambler friend.

It is a beautiful day to go a rambling.

And so many years, later, it's still there,  
the crackling in your ears. Remember!

### **# 7. After so many years.**

You wanted to see  
To speak again to me, you said.  
After, so long a silence, too.  
Is it revenge, you're after?  
After all, it was you who declined  
to call on me.  
I didn't know where on earth  
you'd gone. I was at home,  
tending to the exotic garden I have.  
How I love the changing seasons.  
You loved to dress up.  
I know that.  
Expensive taste you had, too.  
But you had to be around  
the right people.  
People who liked expensive taste.

Oh! so you have a Vlaminck and a Picasso.

Some other pieces of art, too.

And you haven't long to live?

Why me?

Because your friends, or should I say,  
acquaintances

no longer want to see you.

And why is that? Yes, I get it,  
you remind them of the end of life  
that comes to all of us.

Well, I too, so many years after  
you said those unforgivable things.

So embittered was your tone of voice  
and what have you returned for?

I haven't any cash to speak of.

No, that's the truth.

The End.

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