

## **Genet's Journey**

We climb the dusty stairwells of your cavernous heart  
furnished with outsider art  
like that picture of a man  
tearing the heart out of a soldier boy  
with all the unreachable grace of heron  
this glorious felon  
They said his chains turned to roses  
and he fled in the night  
up to heaven up to eternal delight  
whilst down here we just wonder  
and fall over in the rain  
blush at what makes us most human  
but try to feel everything  
and with my fingers on your pulse  
I find the beat that I need  
to kick off my boots and dance through the wires  
that tangle right through to the light that someday will expire  
but for now it fires up your soul.  
And here we are again travailing the arteries of innocence  
the days lost to romance  
the swallows circling high above the town square  
singing that top-line melody to your songs of despair  
And look up at that clock tower see how it chimes away  
all these obsolete ideas about how we move through the day  
and lay chained to the night frozen in fright  
tearing through the darkness while the moon shines bright.

**Gabi Garbutt**

