

Ticking

He'd seen it first from the sky

Textbook stuff

Viewed from high

Its blue-white ice

Stained with brown and grey

He'd strained to catch the flow (glacial, of course)

Towards its distant rocky grave...

And then the taxi speeding on

All gleaming paint, the smell of leather seats, and idle talk

Of cuckoo clocks and chocolate

This land of precision

Decisions made and gauged

Not in years or days

But in atomic ticks

The flick of a switch

Or the beat of an ageing heart...

And so, to the walk

And more idle talk:

Pleasantly warm, for the time of year

Yes, a fine, autumnal day

And the flight?

No complaints - despite the short delay

Some tea, perhaps?

So kind... with milk.

Ah, yes... the British way.

And after tea: the room – first impressions good

Comfortable, airy, bright

It could be home

If not for the beeps, and the slowly flashing lights

And now

Forms read, box ticked, signed here, and here, and here

Warm, last words, exchanged

He lies

Not on the ledge above a void

Frightening, dark, and deep

But - perhaps

At the edge

Of a welcome

Endless

Sleep