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# Without Barbarians

Selwyn Pritchard

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Arnold long ago  
knew God useless as the sea:  
shrewd functionary,

up before the servants to gentle the bourgeois,  
he died chasing after History's tramcar.

### WITHOUT BARBARIANS

*"And now, what will become of us without barbarians?  
They were a kind of solution."  
C. P. Cavafy*

The succubus moon slides  
cocks ejaculate prematurely  
stars wink at the lyric  
freedom of mass dreaming

and the planet's surface pits  
minutely under electronic  
impacts from incessant satellites  
tenderising brains with

dogs' ideals of liberty  
maintenance of order so  
men love their fists women  
caress lovers powerful as

new cars graspable gearsticks  
full of revs glossy with  
glamour romanticism  
is believing there is some

corner of a private psyche  
that is forever impenetrable by  
market forces daylight  
birds singing plangent as

poets in wartime.

### WASHING UP

In green garden's shade  
wind pushes my grandsons' swings:  
they are far away.

Flowers fallen, lawns  
long, his garden bolted: my  
Dad died in dismay.

Secretly I watched  
my Grandpa dying, lying  
in sun slants alone.

Before him? Nameless  
shadows flying like seasons  
on tumbled Welsh stone.