

The Last Cannibal

You observe there are fewer characters
in what I write. A matter of taste.
Movement withers inwards. I'm seeing
fewer people. What can I draw on?
So many I've known are gone.

I have descended a long and knotted line
to the bottom of the cliff, and will never
try to scale back. Down here
the ovens are black and cold. Stones
you cannot count. No welcome

and no applause. I do not wish
to talk about it. One thing I confess.
What was once high and solitary becomes
simply lonely. I do not like the new
people. They are without qualities.

Perhaps, earlier, I was too eager
embracing precepts of the consumer age.
There is no-one left I can talk to:
none with qualities: well, it was for these
that I ate them. Memory is rich as gravy.

LOUIS JOHNSON