

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Ozymandias</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • My name is Ozymandias king of kings • Cold command • A shattered visage lies • Boundless and bare • Trunkless legs of stone • I met a traveller from an antique land who said • Desert 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Kamikaze</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Little fishing boats strung out like bunting • On a green-blue translucent sea • Figure of eight • Journey into history • Father's boat & grandfather's boat • They treated him as though he no longer existed
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Storm on the island</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • We are prepared • We build our houses squat • Good slate • Spits like a tame cat • It is a huge nothing we fear 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Exposure</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Our brains ache • In the merciless iced east winds that knife us • We hear the mad gusts • Slowly our ghosts drag home • Half-known faces
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Prelude – Stealing the boat</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • One summer evening • I unloosed her chain, and stepping in pushed from the shore • A huge peak, black and huge • Trembling oars • A trouble to my dreams 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Checking out me history</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dem tell me • Wha dem want to tell me • Blind me to me own identity • Never tell me bout dat • Now I checking out me own history • I carving out me identity

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>London</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • I wander through each chartered street • Marks of weakness, marks of woe • In every cry of every man • Black'ning church • Blood down palace walls 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>My Last Duchess</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • That's my last Duchess painted on the wall looking as if alive. • My object • I gave commands; then all smiles stopped.
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Tissue</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Paper that lets the light shine through • Paper thinned by age • The sun shines through the borderlines 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Remains</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • All three of us open fire • I see every round as it rips through his life • The drink and drugs won't flush him out • Blood-shadow stays on the street • He's here in my head when I close my eyes • Probably armed, possibly not • Legs it, tosses his guts, looter
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>War Photographer</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Spools of suffering • Running children in a nightmare heat • His editor will pick out five or six • The reader's eyeballs prick with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers • They do not care 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Emigree</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • But I am branded by an impression of sunlight • It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants • Cannot break my original view • There once was a country • I have no passport • There is no way back at all

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Poppies</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Steeled the softening of my face • I traced the inscription on the war memorial • The world overflowing like a treasure chest • I went to your bedroom, released a song bird from its cage • Play at Eskimos like we did when you were little 	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Bayonet Charge</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Suddenly he awoke • Stumbling across a field • Hearing bullets smacking the belly out of the air • The patriotic tear that brimmed in his eye • His terror's touchy dynamite
<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Charge of the Light Brigade</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Some one had blunder'd • Theirs not to reason why • Canon to the right of them, canon to the left, canon in front of them • Stormed at with shot and shell • Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell • When can their glory fade? • Honour the Light Brigade 	