

The Death of a Talk Show Host

night after night from gravelled cannon rasping
words delivered large and loud in living rooms, cars and kitchenettes
hung heavy in the air
freezing
conspiring, contrasting, triggering, teasing
never caressing never appeasing
never
quite
what you were expecting
and the world carried on turning.
one night
while in tenement blocks mothers were mourning
brothers were scorning
soldiers in far off fields were warring
red 'On Air' light was extinguished
and the phones stopped ringing
for Alan Berg.
silence