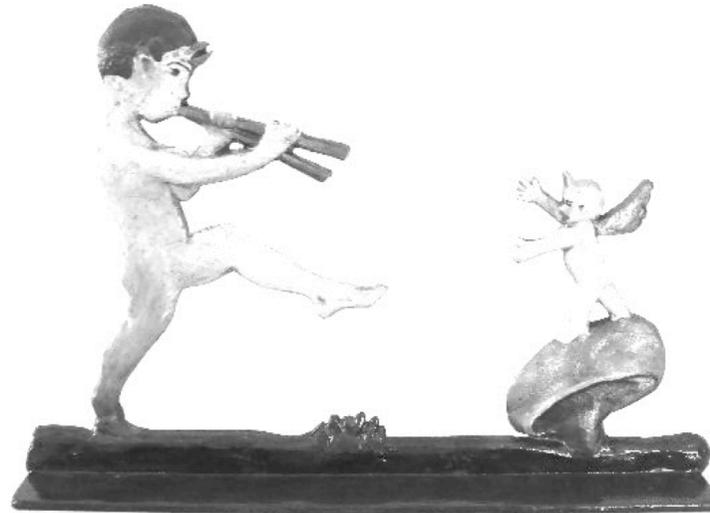


PAN'S CALLING



Poetic Works by Robert Aitken

First, Astron drew his signs down to rule as heavenly guides. Then, with resolute adventure sealed vessels slid down long oily lines in search of the great fish. Converging in the sustaining grounds of negative north, society was awash with sketchy claims and beset by the romance of Terra Obscura. Later brigs of heroes, hair parted like brave bows, returned with drips from the tap of a world to frowns of stern perspective. But clung to tip-of-prow-spit a light box angel-head envisaged the cracks in ice and man. And through frosted wings keys turned and handles cranked.

Fragile plates were loaded in condensed filled sleeping bags -
And with last pull of zip the dark night was on us all

Wheels of chance focused on football played on an icy no-mans land -
For a moment pancakes and poppies froze in peace

Patient tripods stood for hours gazing at an aura sky in its shimmering crown -
That first corona spread her Paget capes around us all

Shutters beared open for scopes of mountains in snowy stereo -
Whilst Vulcan Errs in his trench ready to spring the steamy mount

Lenses fixed on silly little emperors star strutting -
Documented, nature written in movement was born by the southern bear

Micro-rails track saline specimens from boom under-currents -
And balloons bellowed of venting over-currents

Celluloid caught calving glaciers before disintegrating -
But the nature of nitrate left the hazardous plastic unbreakable

Perforated film-belts rolled with space rocks -
Their origins in cosmos hint a centric tilted axis

Slides of ferns from a petrified maidenhair tree -
A fossilised system of the ancient Ginkgo forests

A camera folded in pocket was the driest place on earth -
Etched with privations of desperate figures awaiting news of Caird & Co.

Bulbs flashed as slumped masts surrendered -
Material hulks are expendable to save the sapiens habitat



TERRA OBSCURA

Today, near treks end the fallen-head gazes up and casts: "I don't think near enough is good enough". For existence is waged on a baleen balance with the realm of algae at the fulcrum. There is no bottom chain in the fresh liquid fuel for expeditions ahead. You cannot own what melts in your hand; just ask a petrel chick. Better then to cache deposits of collective change or the awful god of the polar vortex will shred the tent of mankind with blizzard savagery. So, make ready to man-haul as Argonauts and shield blazar emissions that beam perpetually on the rotating organ.

Pictures have been taken. The red light is on -
Time to develop...



TRAINED

0-0-0-0-0-0

Through the dark cloud it came, binary pistons pumping a willing engine to an endless mobile tender.
With catcher arms cast dark nets are ready to turn us all loco.

At the depot passengers are funneled down the great data package. Seated, a synthetic assistant hails; 'please log-in now to the mainline'. Screens refresh constantly with soulless application as all beastly gestures are surrendered with a swipe to the chatting bot. 'Your security details are essential for the liberty of', it exalts. Plugged with buds they are now doped pilgrims to their mecha-nical devices.

The clickety-clak gives way to the tippity-tap as more and more are wire aboard. Suddenly, a runaway ponders at the moving painting under the luggage racks. An operational error - one has derailed. The assistant dashes to the stray pixel and resets as per the factory manual. Glitch restored the drooped head fidgets at phone. The wagon of freight is all busy thumbs greasing the axles to the mass squirrel wheels on a perpetual emotive drain.

Life stations, they come and they go and byte-by-byte users fall asleep. On the heady gradient down no one wakes. The blur of content is too strong for their brakes as the streaming tracks spark with friction as new identities are simulated and slotted.

At trains rest things are stationary. Systems are down for a moment. Just a moment as the carriages are emptied - memory of interface erased. Off the line, the cloud parts, the purged ones refocus to deep exposure. Pupils shrink and retinal tears mourn the loss being of human. But no machine knows some touch of pity and with a noisy snort normal service is resumed.

The holding barriers are rammed with a new batch, ready to log in network. Passcodes punched - rich, poor, no-one will feel forgotten . It's all fare game if you want the latest ticket.

And with ringtone of whistle and fierce vibration
The sliding doors shhhhhhut.
Their turn to Train.



PAN'S CALLING

I am the Light



I am the light
of all that is and was
I am the life
to all the cosmos

I am the stellar
scattered flash
I am the ice trail
in a solar dash

I am the face
that waxes and wanes
I am the crescent
turning whole again

I am the burst
on the morning plain
I am the gloam
until dark night reigns

I am the lamp
no bushel can hide
I am the torch
to travel as your guide

I am the twinkles
on winter tress
I am the children
with festive glee

I am all around
At home, work and play
I can never leave
Even when you say

I cannot be banished
I can never die
I am in you
And you, I

I am the light
a far-reaching ray
I am the caller
who will never go away

For every blessed soul
A flicker is lit
For heavens above
We are all part if it

I am the light
of all that is and was
Eternally glowing bright
For I am the light



Termor, and a full harbour sun
squints to search lights
A hushed rumble massages the air
as gatherers arrive to launch their salvation

Termor, and a moving skyline
creeps through the old village
A gliding bulk commanded to save
by mindful souls

A drowsy hold ushered by a purposeful pilot
plungers her line low
The anguish laden float slips by
with only prayers to contain'er

A wail resounds from a furnace at the brink
ripples up the funnel
A blast for miracles to part the bobbing ocean
no Jonah welcome here

The birds of last sight follow to open sea
in largo she moves
As stoked hopes emit a frothy trail
to an ember'd ghost over the horizon

Ferry Them



the rise

after millions of years I've landed her now
washed up on a wave of techno-know how
you'll see me on trains and airports abide
a pale faced remnant of the animal inside
with text and laptop and gadgets galore
I'm a digital nomad on life's new cyber-shore
scanning the data dunes at a 24/7 rate
must have more speed to zap this file transfer wait
so I calculate tomorrow as I sit wired to screen
prospects of implants and nanomachines
this is my vision, my futures own plight
when upgrades flood through, I'll be well out of sight
but where is it flowing, the tide of this new dawn
some mutated crossover, a fleshy automatron
life will be no more than a mass pixelated view
distortions of nature with over-saturated hues
limbs becoming redundant and loss of speech the norm
evolution in reverse, back to the sea where man was born
It's realware not software that slots the human drive
the program of experience, not virtual, just alive

and fall of digital man



PAN'S CALLING

Listen to VGER narrate this poem at:
<https://soundcloud.com/mwbproductions/the-rise-and-fall-of-digital-man>

Road of Itself

Thon light stirs on the arc of autumn.
A sign from glens like Ahab's call, as
coast to coast we set, our runway smooth and
serene as the carvers work behold.
The North Sea fades in the rear as the
gables of a shelter in Strath Fleet survive,
plump stark amongst the stumps of a
forest struck down by a herd of wild machines.
By the Shin we fork and the banks
shimmer the fading of dwellings as
places for passing gulp on our narrowing track.
Onwards we push, to the Merkland and Moore, as the
glacial gods begin to tap their wands.
Then, a gateway, a bridge of transition at Laxford to
a road stripped of all lowly gloss – a road of itself.
Jewels of moraine all around laid waste by
some orbital ice pack, whose homage towers above,
half blue, giant gneiss. Goblet's of energy mirror the
asteroid belt, waiting for us to reveal itself.
Search beams return torching molten lochans as
side to side we stagger through the coming and
going and coming - a vortex of inescapable creation.
Rhiconich passes and the carnage eases as acid burnt crevasses
etch downhill to new watery beginnings.
Opposite, the crystal sands of Durness nurse our passage.
Such a tender bed awaits the lowering tide.
A spirited friend meanders to our side and
accompanies us to journey's end. No threatening advance,
its duty of ages done, nobly parts over the bright-lit brow.



Aperition Rising

In the beginning there was no voice but views as grunts from pilled apes. Animals dragging their evolution as they roamed free grazing on the fertile mother. But one was to stand above the rest and an aggressor grew with a tossed bone. The ravaged flesh cloak of man was thrown as his fellow species were left casting their wonderment - swinging and jostling around a matt-skinned obelisk.

Today, tall shiny frames are dressed by a neon demon - browsed as man taught how to hate himself with trappings as hay fodder. In, or out, he is a caged creature shackled to ignorance and wanting only the next hit shoveled down his mandible throat. And Swathes of catchers are sent to hold prisoner anyone who stops for all our sorrows. You see the windows of worth are so compelling - even the mannequins have attitude! Monkey-see, monkey did do.

But a skeletal finger is pointing and of all the futures feared coming is the rusty veil, hinging open to foretell that race is over. The rise of our Simeon patriarch is due imminently to ease the blink closing, as a formed claw of a new dominant shields his senses from the dirty stinking sight of the human pogrom landscape. As the fakery drops from the canopy, this night a new animal will out again and when his word is spoken opposing hands will clasp in utter shock across the land and shudder to earth, everyone and everywhere.



A Present

Beneath the lights, tinsel and needles
Amongst the material wants
lays a small dispelling package
awaiting to thread all men through

Sent on a sons hand built sled
Runners greased with Myrrh
hauled over a resin bled sky
Everyone will be presented this night a chance
to right the fallen wreath

Shackled by the ribbons of spirits past
and wrapped by the ignorance of time
The miseries of Pandora lurk, sheltering hearts
locked in the workhouses of what will be
Praying a reversal in all our afflictions

As the bells of night still to winters morn –
a dash for the warm Comforts
How easy the Joy is on the flock's eye
But as the light of cold day fades the opened idols
what remains, still lays captive in what can be
Who dare open such a box



A fertile cord is dipped
3 and 10 coats then clipped
And with sizzle of wick
A new light is lit

C

As eyes watch in hope
Aglow it puffs and smokes
Tot furnace excites as stoked
The gasping porous rope

A

The orangy red dim
Gives rise to a tower of lumen
An eternal cylinder bright
Reaching out to all in sight

N

Bushels now cannot hide
In the dark recess of man inside
His dreams by brush and quill
Put down in exalted thrill

D

When creators fought to reveal
Themselves in an age of seal
From candelabra to chamber lamp
It never extinguished its merry dance

L

But whisps of time they flick
The shadows of centuries they tick
And stooped drops they hang
On flame bodies last pang

E

As waxy night spills to day
Its glowing life has trailed away
But tot ember remains to say
I candle showed the way

