

## TEMPUS FUGITIVE 1

Disguised as a human being and on the run from time,  
I metamorphosed into an observer.

I witnessed time's flight, watched life as flotsam in the torrents of time's wild current, observed how, in time, time flows, through calm meanders, slows towards distant mirage deltas, elusive estuaries and unknowable futures. I saw how time, paradoxically, sometimes runs against its own current in spiralling eddies. Or was it all an illusion?

The first few poems record early years where I had little control over my life but was emphatically a victim of it. Bombed out in London during World War II, evacuated to Staffordshire, returned to a council house in London and a peer group of mainly war-damaged children and youths. I didn't fit in but pretended that I did.