

TEMPUS FUGITIVE 2

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

Left school at sixteen with few qualifications and worked for a company of insurance brokers at Lloyds in London in the menial role of filing clerk. I was unemployable and marking time until at eighteen I would be called up for National Service.

When the time came, and vacuous about my future, I signed on in the RAF. I was taught to calibrate radar sets and posted to a nuclear trials squadron in Australia where I witnessed an atomic bomb detonation.

25 years later, after another visit to Australia, the poems in this section, which had lain hidden and dormant for so long, germinated without warning and demanded to be written.