

## Anxious Age: Hamish Swanson

Ceiling gazing,  
as lightening tries to make a breach  
but only shock-light rumble can;

its democratically decided not to be the rapture:  
that would be better planned, thought out,  
whereas this is more random in nature.

Re-creating important junctures,  
by the school, and lanes, the sports centre;  
crystallised moments, totems,

past sacred places are never quite the same.  
But pedestal toppers must fall, leaving only impressions:  
*maybe that's why yours is an anxious age?*

Or is it the averages among data points?  
Assuaged into the palm of tomorrows uncertainty.  
Undeniable trends trend.

To bullshit and later, conversation drifts. Misidentified constellations,  
shooting stars with tight schedules, that render sightings doubtful:  
*and forget satellites, there are ice caps too.*

The dead ancient starlight is too much after a while.  
Headspace can only hold celestial discs for so long,  
inside again, life's angst is draped over the sofas back:  
*Please, resume what you were saying.*

Before daybreak we commemorate,  
all the things, we burn with leaves in autumn,  
especially those half not fully formed ideas,  
forfeit in the quest to maintain conversation.

From the Verge: Hamish Swanson

Lawnmower sweet and sickly  
drone and rope and dope  
convergence not consternation  
beating nostalgic rhythm  
and over-hyped meetings  
indeed twee, tawny, and soft  
never quite a story

At 3 am I am an island  
and by 4 I am submerged in  
formaldehyde: confused memories  
fear mixed vitriol over dinner  
waists getting thinner  
hot cross Easter in the oven  
now its June and I lie and wait

Pregnant promise still born  
mayfly-sun deciduous evening:  
blind, solemn, and solitary  
cloistering not nestling  
where feelings coalesce  
into a condensing dew  
too heavy for the sober still air

Oh, crisp packet verge  
texting is not touching  
oh, silent angst  
dirge to lost life  
and confident talk  
in this binary communication  
in this listless and static rite

Hamish Swanson is a poet, lyricist and prose writer based in Glasgow. He is involved in the music scene with recording projects including *The Vignettes* and more recently *Blush Club*. His inspirations include time, place, technology and how these relate to climate change and mankind's impact on ecological systems.

Favourite Poem: Paterson by Allen Ginsberg