

One More Mile

One. More. Mile.
One more mile to go.

I know this gang, their stapled song
they come like felons led along
the sunlit hall in dressing gowns,
with zombie steps, arms hanging down.

Carpet-bombed or zero-filled,
it's one more turn of the hamster's wheel,
past the tick of the doomsday clock,
the deadweight stasis, then the tock.

One. More. Step.

Déjà vu or glitch in time?
The manacles are in your mind!
Time advances, time retreats,
the Double Helix is underneath.

Once for the father, once for the son:
How many times round do we go till we're done?

One. More. Time.

The Doctor will see you now.



***Aidan Casey** was born in Dublin in 1962 and did a B.A. in English and Philosophy at UCD. Since then he has been mostly teaching English in Spain, where he lives, Germany and Ireland as well as writing code for websites and apps for mobile devices. He has recently returned to writing after a long lay-off*

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