

# Peter Hammill, Gone Ahead

We bite off our tongues  
while chewing the fat;  
though the fire in our lungs is celestial  
our delivery falls flat.  
Would a time come to be silent?  
Oh, we never spoke of that.

We talked out of turn  
in the school of hard knocks;  
although willing to learn from experience  
it still comes as a shock  
when the time comes to be silent...  
one by one the jaws all drop.

The voice is still clear in my head;  
it's the last word in monologue...  
close-up, interior, night.

Mmm...

The voices alive in my head  
are all tongue-tied to silence now.

It's the darkest of moods,  
it's the cruellest of jokes  
that this facility I used, once so fluent,  
is cut out at a stroke.  
And the time came to be silent  
as the core connection broke...  
absurd ineloquence,  
my own words on which I choke.

Swallowing deep on the thread,  
so much I'm losing now,  
so many things left unsaid  
and the voice I've been using is  
gone ahead.