

Peter Hammill, Planet Coventry

You find you're standing alone not so splendid, isolation.
In the Green Room the talk is all of righteous indignation
and you might as well have landed in some strange and distant galaxy.
The rules are unspoken on the Planet Coventry.

What reaction can you gauge, naked on the stage?

The gravity's not so great, but the atmosphere's chilling;
you made some serious mistakes the day you pushed yourself for the grilling;
and the jigsaw pieces take a look a jumble of asymmetry.
All the corners are cut on the Planet Coventry.

Out of order, out of reach, briefless on the beach;
no reaction you can gauge,
only silence from the front row,
silence from the back row,
silence and you're naked on the stage...
wake up, wake up.

You dreamed you'd no need of dreams: that's an alien situation.
In the Glasshouse the mimers mill in dangerous mutation
and you might as well have landed in a different reality.
The rules are all broken on the Planet Coventry.

Out of order, out of reach, briefless on the beach;
one more punter for the chop, dried up in the dock;
headless chicken, total block, tongue a Gordian knot;
no reaction on this page,
only silence from the front row, silence from the back row,
silence from the prompter, silence all the rage
only silence and you're naked on the stage.

You wake up, and you're naked on the stage.