

## A Million Suns

They've bulbed a million suns  
in the grass of Sefton Park,  
assembled, primed, and classified  
a weapon of mass construction,  
an army of the heart.

Hear then this call to alms,  
let it trigger just one spark,  
one flicker of hope or foolish pride,  
this solar-powered beacon  
this natural work of art.

For here is no artificial invention; here is  
a flotilla of sou'westered volunteers  
in a sea of green, a procession of torches  
fisting defiance at unwelcome invaders,  
a legion of heroes on the march;  
a flash-flood of hazard warning lights,  
an exaltation of church bells ringing,  
a fanfare of golden trumpets singing,  
loud as smiles.

Rank after rank of New York cabs,  
canaries fluttering and dancing,  
ballerinas en pas de valse,  
Easter bonnets tipping at the trees,  
the periscopes of children's submarines  
swan-necks basking in the breeze;  
the swaying flags of the Brazilian nation,  
a golden wave of Beatlemania inspiring the fab generation,  
they are the windmills of your imagination,  
they are the fur of yellow cats.

For these are not just stems of flowers to be picked  
by passing girls chewing gum and junking pills, who chide  
*What difference does it make, eh mister ?*  
We should ask old Billy sitting beside the lake,  
how easily we hide,  
how we can all become lost in the crowd,  
amongst the ghosts of stolen daffodils.