

Poem by Jon Glover

SAFETY

Writing again in
a safe place or for
a safe place. Making
it to order as
Hughes did the lily
pad precisely lit
and green above the
mess. Nice and green though
unreliable.
Who would dare? Morals
of visualised
history. Drinking
the metaphors,
ecstatic bio-
ethics living it.
Old battlefields topped
with green, old skulls cracked
below well down and
invisible. Scots
bludgeoned into clean
fat metaphors or
bright Towton on the
desk. Study the fruit,
the flies, the meat blown
in the wind. Language
just goes on faster
than light through mountains,
quickest neutrinos
loving safety's home.
So no excuses,
it'll find you out.

Citation *Arts of War and Peace* 1.1. (March 2013) **The Fallen & the Unfallen** <http://www.awpreview.univ-paris-diderot.fr>

Originally submitted for publication in *Arts of War and Peace Review* prior to publication in *Glass is Elastic* (Carcenet 2012).

Jon Glover's first published poetry dates to 1965. He co-organized a Leeds Student Arts Festival in 1966 called "Violence in the Arts." Today, he is the editor of *Stand* magazine, and also has contributed an article for *Arts of War and Peace* 1.1.: "Truth, Introspection and Extrospection."