

# Peter Hammill, What's It Worth

What's it worth to be safe?  
What's the way to be sane?  
I can throw myself at the garden  
on my hands,  
prune the lawn and mow the roses,  
but I never understand  
how to go  
to be free;  
in the end I only want to be me.

Winter days here are mine;  
still, no bites...what's my line?  
I could hurl myself to the bonfire  
with all verve,  
clear the path and weed the dead leaves,  
but I really just don't have the nerve  
to be part  
of that scene...  
is this just some kind of strange dream?

Think I'll walk to the steeple, where the people  
are so inquisitive.  
I could make it to the corner store and buy  
a hoard of derivatives  
now.

Which way now...climb or coast?  
Will my eggs ever poach?  
I could throw myself in the frying pan  
for my name;  
hit the road or smile hermetically,  
but it's really never quite the same:  
every time a subtle twist.  
I think I'll grab my plot  
and simply exist.

Or would that be  
a subtle slash at my wrists?