Small is the history, and dark

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Its purplish valleys are unfurled
As the militant trees clash over it together.

I'd long in its steep descent
To slip between fuss and toughness, and escape
Both well-oiled grief and an escaper's
Cheery whistling. Tidious. This

Representing yourself, desperate to get it right
As if you could, is that the aim of the writing?
"I haven't got off lightly, but I got off" -
That won't
Deflect your eyes that track you through the dark.

There is the traveller, there the decline
And his sex that the journey strips from him. A
Perfectly democratic loneliness sets out
Down the mined routes of speaking to its life.

So massively, gently should it go
That it might overtake
Even the neatest professor of speed.
Bombs tend to go off