

Festival Overture

What will be broken?

Many lovely things.

And what will we conserve?

The most we can –
some breath of beauty in the greying green,
some dead seeds, some notes, and a few recordings
of unnatural gentleness.

But not that much?

Expecting hope, we've wasted precious years.

We were appalled, and sat transfixed by shame.

We were appalled, and acted without proper aim.

*We were appalled, and sacrificed our pleasures
far too late.*

And so we ordered what was sent
and with it came this great diminishment
of everything not us, but us as well.

But isn't it too soon to tell?

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Toby Litt, 2nd June 2024