In Pale Blue Futures

In pale blue futures, no one can connect;
No one can communicate. There’s only
The vague shrieking of nothingness. There are
Only fragmented voices, coming through
The airwaves, like spectres of dreadful night.
There is no redeeming light there. There is
A profound absence at the heart of things.
It’s as solitary as distant stars.

Dominic Windram is a performance poet from Hartlepool in the North East of England with a strong interest in literature, art history, philosophy, comparative religions, politics and psychology. Highly qualified, he has had a number of poems published in the Northern Cross (a monthly Catholic newspaper serving the diocese of North East England) and New Poetry 2018 (edited by Aria Ligi.). He is now a resident poet on P.N.N (Progressive News Network) hosted by the ebullient Rick Spisak.

The Pangolin Review, Issue 13, November 2019