

HELEN MOORE

Time-out, Black-out

For Earth Hour

Sitting quietly as if no one were at home,
in candlelight our faces morph, shadows fly,
we breathe in the silence and our pulses slow,

unplug, disengaging from the charge that throws
the box, the red-eyed Cyclops off stand-by.
You and I are quiet, as if we were alone –

no phone, no gadgets, no kinetic motion
humming, whirring all the time –
and breathe in the silence till our pulses slow

the treadmill, at a standstill the revolving doors
so nothing moves, shut down all production lines.
We sit quietly, the ending unknown,

while across the land steely rows of scaffolds
no longer hold the buzz that plies our wires;
breathing in the silence our pulses slow,

the lights go out across the globe
as all the Earth respire.
We wait quietly, now very much at home;
breathing in the silence, our faces glow.