

## *FOLLY WOOD LAND*

I won't touch, you won't touch, they won't touch

We will only look

Fall madly in love with it

We can smother it with love

Tear at it with spades and picks and love

Our desire might flatten it

I dig, you dig, they dig

The possessed in a procession wanting more possessions

Then, as there is always, a Then

We redress in retrospective guilt

We remodel like a re-enactment

A nostalgic folly hobby post daylight robbery

I Like, you like, they like...

A chain of likes

And at the end a weight

More heavy than any heartache

Heavy enough to drag us all back to our black hole beginnings.

Iain Cheesman, 2026.