**Extract from Out Of the Blue**

You have picked me out. Through a distant shot of a building burning you have noticed now that a white cotton shirt is twirling, turning.

In fact I am waving, waving. Small in the clouds, but waving, waving. Does anyone see a soul worth saving?

So when will you come? Do you think you are watching, watching a man shaking crumbs or pegging out washing?

I am trying and trying. The heat behind me is bullying, driving, but the white of surrender is not yet flying. I am not at the point of leaving, diving.

A bird goes by. The depth is appalling. Appalling that others like me should be wind-milling, wheeling, spiralling, falling.

Are your eyes believing, believing Here in the gills I am still breathing.

But tiring, tiring. Sirens below me are wailing, firing. My arm is numb and my nerves are sagging. Do you see me, my love. I am failing. Flagging.