

This dark place (2012)

in this dark place
a merry go round
edging up
then down
silver undersides of diving fish
diving the long way down
that sweet sallow side of your face
i loved to stroke
and your diamond smile
soon filled with smoke
a funnel isolation and
sullen misery at your
southern chin

Stillness (2011)

there is a pause in this room
a place of arrival
no becoming to greet
bone idle
a cessation of need
a ceasura
mere survival
the mo jo ends here
no revival
give over
fallen idol

Wisteria (2012)

i wonder can I trust you and
what you say about
deal-breaking
i think I could
you seem to accept yourself
without yearning
for the tortured cycles
of clinging to the elegant frame of
a woman
and the craving for a beautiful mind

Edward (2004)

And there you sleep,
silent and nodding night-flower.
Shall I call you 'Endymion'?
With purple petals
shining in moonlit bower?

No, I'd like to give you more than that,
more than stories scripted.
I'll paint instead, a small portrait,
with true colours
you have gifted.

Yours is the colour of the Apothecary's Rose,
Budding in northern rain.
Nightly emollient
warming fragrance,
nourishing a steady flame.

Yours is the colour of the Sessile Oak
Dappled strong and resolute.
Cradling spires
furrow through time,
flourishing rivulets to your root.

And there you rise
unfurling wings, opening aperture.
Spanning measureless,
reflecting light
iridescent as the forest floor.

Time expands in the moment.
We occupy never the same spot twice.
We are without marks,
without script
and on time's thermals we lift.

No, not Endymion, or Celene,
though united in nocturnal embrace.
I'll call you Edward
the beautiful,
of colour, of light, of place.

Patterns of the Day (2005)

With eyes that dance a rhythm of life
Which carry years of (secrets)
Dark vibrant molten rich & ancient

Too rich to maintain that glare

Sets a rhythm of patterns to colour my soul

Tapestry of strange knitwear kisses

You are present like fire within your eyes

glowing molten

Lines - let me kiss your lines like delicate stitches

of cotton – for they show me, what you can show – what you are able too

I declare

Like a fire lit at the end of the day

Your image dances in the flames

I want to show you my erratic stitching through spontaneous prose – my vulnerability of the past is dying, dying – I was alive whilst you called to it, it sought you like a

wounded animal – the soft animal, who is afraid of being bad. is afraid of the light, who cowers + simpers in the lonely darkness of its lair.

I cannot look back and wish it away – may I present it to you now, in discord and disarray, folded form, which denies presentation, I am

feeling freer & accepted.

And which thread do I choose at the close of the day, which one tugs and ties & which

one unravels? Aridane, oh Goddess of the night, enchantress & intoxicifier, how I wish

to ascend your fortress, to pour oil in frenzy, to deny marauders, to take you & weave a pattern out of the maze.

Minotaur of the howl, twisted catacombs of the long deserted mines, Ginsberg we trust

in you & the tune – the melody that whistles the pathway & takes the route – the unexpected route.

Alleyway, portal of the night, cobbled back yards of the north, stutter a kiss & move in syncopated time

You followed + what now? Dear princess of ivory saturated light.

Our kiss was in darkness, undercover & in the light are we to shrivel?

Arachne, web weaver & spinner, what tales to chase, what words to limit the unpolluted purity of your mind.

I want to show you what I couldn't in the glare, at the source, by the furnace.

Our steps, like heartbeats, walking to rhythms of the distant cities, citadels & oceans, the primeval oceans, with exotic & delicate strangeness & beauty.

Do these lines utter any truths – or do they disguise my ordered sequences

The fury subsides & I know restfulness & silence, little pockets, little fluff balls of the day remain.

The conversations I didn't hear, I replay, like embers, softly fading + settling with white ash – over spent fuel.

The awful potential – the twisted reality & nagging birth of destruction.

The pains of labour of ancient movements of settled steel, warped into fixed stasis.

The Agonized stretch + lurch to embattled liberty to the happiness which is mine.

And you – what of your toil, I need to hear your earthly movements – am I to twist alone?

Sweet saviour, needed prophet, what divine orgy have you conjured, what sadistic needs have you implanted, what abstract terrors await the fertile mind.

And dip, needles dip & clack & gossip,

and weave & form, mighty textured

fabric – a safety net to springboard onto,
to smoother & soothe & bounce.

Let this not drive you away dear friend,
For friend you are – sweet honeydew you have fed on – not exhausted ramblings.

To chaos to chaos to oblivion
The charge is up – we must ride,
ride against the raging tide.

And clarity – constructed form,
I see the River, weaving like the steps
we dance around it,
it continues + drifts & carries our voices to the sea
and into another life and time – to mermaids & the
places where people drown & drowned

Like radio waves, the patterns of our voices & laughs + suppressed thoughts, leave us & at least they
fly my dear, they soar, they escape the orbit – believe me they do, I have heard them. They drift into
planetary transit – to places of the star-born, the dust it gathers & our voices it seeds & we give to
them – it is written fair princess.

And you know what else...?... I can swim, swim in the muddy salt silt of the pond, it kicks up the
squid-like ink & the far bank is still the far bank.

And nothing is erasable, we continue the stitch, add to the pattern & watch it grow.

And in your eyes, I see the light dancing, but I always did, as it always was

Nothingness once upset you, nihilating clearing of scary potential – the hum of your eyes, I join to
embrace the vibration.

May I contribute & unify deep earthly tone of eye, the ground, the lightening, the course coarse jolt
of terrifying flood

And pluck this delicate flower & squeeze to ownership, for its beauty is deathly intoxication

Portentous mass of history, don't wobble over & threaten the fragile beauty

Shut up and let the fool play on – for the fool speaks the truth & we know it.

The fool lightly dances on & over the hellish craters of fury. His tune chimes an ephemeral aria.

Sweet, sickly sour of bilious bile of projection, unable to contain within, it spills & tells – it's pain
personified, accruing putrefying, burning exorcism.

And what of your religious faith, your internalized power, it feeds & coils

And to you we reveal a part unknown, lines unrehearsed, stabbing, debilitating wounds, and you
don't flinch. Your healing eye wanders and soothes.

Wanderer, searcher, explorer of the void,

Maroon on black, take us to ourselves,

revert to the pattern I cannot undo. Show me the design, the entrapment.

Sweet survivor, knitting formulator, rhythm setter

Outreacher, Dadaist what have you found

And I reply, you – I have found you.

