

1.

The morning is foetal

The morning is foetal,

Frozen in frost,

Waiting to unfurl

Stretch in the sun,

Of a horizon

Waiting to pour

Fire into this day

And melt all the ice away.

2.

I hear a dog

I hear a dog

Barking at the stars

About things that spill,

The hard facts of gravity.

I am wearing

A crown of thorns

In the black

That like a wand

Conducts an orchestra

Of lost seasons.

Songs start as a chant,

A war cry, a howl of rage.

I can sense, but not see

Bats spreading their wings

What is left of the world

Is exhaled breath,

Evanescent mist.

Tomorrow the moon's gaze

Will fade in the morning's cold

There will be a spring morning.

3.

I want to be wind

I want to be wind,

To be simple as sand,

Hear the orchestra of waves.

I want to be unanswered sound,

A void filled with fire,

Flow like a naked river.

I want to be soft chimed music.

I want to live and forget

The world, an ordinary life.

I shall pour a glass of red wine.

I shall not answer questions.

I will not weep at the words.

I will make my life a poem

That none shall read or understand.

I thought I was faster than you,

But ignored the fact of gravity.

When the dust settles

The sky will be blue again

4.

Water seeking water

Made of blood and entrails

With thin skin thrown over,

The whole barely holding together;

If you think about it

That way, what is there to love?

Even if the devil is cast out

It still knows you better than you do.

The sin is never sexual.

That is only an attempt at immortality.

You cannot know, what you do not know.

You just project what you are feeling

Onto others. If you never stand still,

You cannot end up anywhere.

Even if you control your breathing,

Hold every note, the flood

Will still find you, water seeking water.

5.

Stars in an endless sky

Discarded colours drift in the dry

Air, emotions are fragments like my

Oldest memories. Why

Is the first and last question

At birth, through life, when we die.

Between touching and feeling

Between sound and hearing

Between image and seeing

Between sensation and response

Is what we cannot know.

Is where we are lost.

Perhaps an answer lies, where words

Are empty, where all stories have been told

Where light intersects, merges with cold

Where it is dark, all movements stops

Where infinity merges with void.

There is no love, compassion, passion

Pathos, empathy, outside ourselves.

Anger, envy, greed and hate

Will be with us, despite our attempts

To escape. We choose, our choice

Takes on shape, determines path and fate.

It is so early, it is so late

Stars in an endless sky

I want to hurry, I can wait.

My heart is full, my breath has left

Lies all round me, I am in this world

I am the world, the world is me.