

DIVERGING STREETS AGREE

EQUILIBRIUM

The most perfect loves
Are on one side lacking,
Less cavernous, less total,
Require less unpacking

Loves suited and stabled
for a sizeable sum
Loves left bedded in straw,
Growing suitably numb.
Suitably for one,
but not for the other;
Equally good,
but not equally lovers.

The secret from which
no one recovers.

The profound imbalance
where real favours rather,
the timeline of two
that stretches no farther.

The concealed imparity
will torture much further,
an unwelcome light
that leaves all uncovered,
the secret of love
where no one recovers.

DIVERGING STREETS AGREE

And diverging streets agree
On the night of the long nightingale song.
Cambridge cobblestones worn smooth with evening dew.
Each reflecting streetlight stains
the colour of Champagne.

In the cobbles he vaunts, rambling, Triumphant
Strung weightless to the tip of the All Saints Spire.
Nativities of vacant bakeries and workshops.
A vaudeville of steamy laughs.
You couldn't pay for nights this quiet
—a blue ribbon hush.
Swap tinny earphoned songs,
—sing a whole new world on the lawn
While winterdew creeps through back pockets.

Draw great circles in tire tracks
Building a geometry of futures.
And Glossy marbled museums of a winter spent ambling.
Tonight factor her into his menagerie of glass shapes.
Circling
For the win, for the trifecta.
Suck in bullets of each second
and stave off morning with white knuckles
around handlebars,
and jacketed waists.

I grew up in a red brick holy sanctuary of Scottish must.
The oak door creaks protest
Before my jeans have time to dry.
The cornerstone set around my ankles.
Return with a severance package
And let the halcyon soak indefinite detention
Prostrate by a dream.

BREAK IT WITH OUR VOICES

From your cubicle you can see a window corner
over a boxpile of A4 laserprint.
the AC unit on the back wall hushes
and whispers stale sea breezes.

From your desk, you're two closed eyes away
from dawns on the beach,
when the sand was aching cold
grandmother leading broods of us
away from the sleeping house and its creaking halls.
the bay was cut glass.
polished & firm enough to skate on.
shoreline footprints were half shade.
Those hours, a cold sun
would ask our permission.

Our arm hairs needed.
A lone fishing boat, was a shadow
under a sky of blueing pink.
and the water was clear all the way to the bottom.
each shell, with its own ridges and valleys.
and everything was so quiet.
we could break it with our voices
and our joy filled the morning.

There was no wind – until – there!
Measuring contour lines over the water,
The day's first breath.
Like the AC you feel now bristling your neck.
And each pair of feet on that beach
Now a name on a Christmas card.

OUR REVOLUTION

Heartache's not an event
it's a habit with you
we dream our Revolution
voice our Amen
Set our partnership to rest
and then
and then ...
I raked some leaves in my head
swept the path
where you led
to find aging concrete walkways

a forgotten coffee here and there, a forgotten drive,
forgotten stare
forgotten pulled from precise air
now naked from all my memory's care

And then another voice to hear
I bend inwards my craven ear...

you said a prayer
I heard it fast,
held it strong
the first will be last
but if, but if... but if it's wrong...
oh. but once, you sung a song

You sung a song of praise,
I filtered all the words away

And stapled the new
melodious you
to the back of my hand to never forget
and clutched at the chords that rattled my air
in towns I've forgotten where

In the beginning the light was in you
glowing from a creation new
you were separated from night
with a darkening hood
and in the end it was spoken
that you were good.

The art of bleeding's a fine one
with a strength that too soon grows pale
you stem your mind's tide from what was lost
with the voice of an angel
choking on a nightingale.

FIRESIDE

And I wonder how much
of your ghost is still here,
still kneeling in some timeless prayer
in the coals' glow where it's warm
and night winds
play the chimney like a pipe organ.

Those red bricks never changed
and you touched them once.
I can poke the fire
and nothing can evoke you.

I'd like to say:
Come meet me here by the fire,
I'll make you tea if you like
And have it be real,
As the carpet where you knelt,
Beneath my fingers.