

Amber Heart

Each time I return I'm saying goodbye now
To so many things buried in amber
And the carapace of those days and long nights seems hauntingly similar
But the spirit has flown away
The streets are still here and the solitary drive
cicadas crickets frogs and birds in the overgrowth
wet pavement and air thick with memories that echo
When we tried to outrun the heat
Our highest made light of heaviness
humid shroud for tears unshed
lusting to dream This little insect
escaped the loneliness of eternal summer
In dizzying nothings ahead nor behind
We danced alone in the headlights of the swamp
laughter sounded like forever then
But in the dusk our faces were long as shadows
Now I stand on these same street corners and you are not here
Nor you nor you dear friend
nothing but the quiet buzz of stillness now
And though we plant our feet in the same places
time slipped by in the midst
Under the shade of tall grasses
Our spirits have flown away
So when I return here I cry

sticky drops of amber that collect over my heart -

Then Something long moulting breaks free

Clinging to all that's left behind

A shell remains

It looks just the same

Like all those cicadas singing

And though something always remains -

Fly, little thing

Fly

Fly

Kaleidoscope

Maybe God is dreaming us

light streaming through the window

upset the gauze of darkness

sent dust spiralling into far reaches of the room

Mother was ironing but stopped to catch her breath

And in my being something clicked like a kaleidoscope of gears

This was not the first time

Nor will it be the last -

yourself refracted innumably.

But there's no remembering a face never met

- So I knew I was different

But didn't know who, which one
Couldn't name rainbows split spilt from whirries of dust
So hid them all away
He saw it too and they tortured him for it
Threw eggs at our house
Broke in and stole his money
Left flaming bags of dog shit on our front step
Because he saw what I saw and didn't hide it
so they took his light, stomped it out, smeared the ashes in his face
and when he took his life away I swore I'd never let anything touch me
didn't know who, which one
before his light was so bright it took up the whole room
imploding into nothing he took the whole room with him
Suddenly there's no space to dream in
So if I took their masks and wore them
Now I fashion them and became them
A pilgrim without Stars
Stumbling blind, in darkness

Le Main

It was like a little island in a thinning sea of people
Drifting home to their beds their cars their loved ones
The thump of the clubs beating desperately against the night and the inevitable winter
Though the summer has yet to begin
Those plastic picnic tablecloths are draped over white plastic chairs and white plastic tables

On a little wooden terrace under a yawning white tent

Warm little garden lights

Red flowers you would know the name of

And people laughing, yelling, spinning by -

- Music escapes isolation

Music in the streets

Twirling and bouncing off shop windows and sidewalks

Music bumping into music and no one seems to mind

Today tonight and tomorrow are a celebration

the thawing of our hearts and spirits

Yet Under there it's quiet somehow

and lights seem to glow from some far off place

In the noise it reminds me of home -

Though I wonder where that might be

For a time we thought we'd found it

Wherever we were

Even back in that childhood place

He an immigrant of immigrants

Reeling from ultimate loss on foreign soil

She who retraces steps back farther than memory

to remember when it all went wrong.

And the mustards and ketchups on these plastic picnic tablecloths look so happy together

And the empty space in front of me looks an awful lot like you

And Did I love you cause you loved me back

Cause you loved me back when I couldn't

When We're all Drops in the sea still adrift

stars we panted above our bed grow dimmer
Not so much a glimmer as a smudge in the semi-dark
Not so black any more when the lights won't go out
so colours begin to run together
And for the life of me I can't tell you if we're here or now
Or somewhere quite far away

Salvation

White wings broke the trance
For a moment
Shook the Dark Passenger from its seat of power
The maw of the Jaguar
Bore a lost warrior
Born to suffer
Born to die
Quaking against the wind
Falling and flashing like bared teeth
Delicate ancient grace
Condemned to filth in the streets
No one stopped to listen
No one made a sound
Its struggle was silent
And the streets blared out warning
I stared for a while
Because no one else would

Nothing would save it
Nor me
If it fought in the final moments
Or if the wind pulled
And tugged
Like marionette strings on its wings
I do not know
I could have stayed longer
To witness the passing of some -
Unspeakably beautiful thing
Would it be minutes or hours
Or eternities to wait
I do not know
I did not wait to find out
To stay with beauty - and be with it -
But the streets blare warning
So I turn my back away.
The Dark Passenger pirouettes
quickly as it lost its footing
In an instant it is back and laughing
Grabbing clawing
Gnawing clinging
I don't look back
At white wings on the ground

The Boy I Drew in Charcoal

And I think - I think,
All those years
He was looking for a way out, you know.
the melancholy rustles in whispers
through sunkissed boughs of childhood,
Must have lingered and grown in that sacred forest,
Risen to a dull roar
Seemed better to cast all to the storm
Than to cling desperately to the shore
How beautiful that all beauty crumbles and is forgotten,
Yet how terrible to know
mementos could not remember
To be then and there
When all's mundane,
you could wait forever
And some do.
As the walls of now chip and fade, repainted, blown away,
Built anew
I think he knew
.you can't take it with you,
and all rise to fall,
Incontrovertibly
To the storm
Like clockwork machinations
On insect wings

To be found and unfound

Forever more.

I know it too

And when I pause to wonder

At the depth in little things

I think of you

We draw our lives in charcoal

So with charcoal stained hands

I turn the page

And begin the day