

Friends:

Dark nights incite me to dream above all of sight, spectre and presence on my wall.

Embracing starved forms for the star birth morrow, I flirt with each hydra-headed shadow.

Each hydra head a promise a fool made to tend a love-burst's riven shell.

Each promise veils a dream too bright to fade each dream an illusion too poor to sell.

Dreams 'tween hook, camber, ruin. A libertine clings madly to a clear song rationed

Sparse between friends Codeine, Nicotine and wine, wary of the final inflection.

Marking breaks where the tune has stopped or strayed, Fate counting each beat, one, two, three,
and four.

Each count denotes a fall, once in the day, twice at night, one more for the final score.

Why play the sober notes that on faint lines tread? Trilled one before the other, played and read,

Who will notice if they break from chore or trend? Do joyful notes start where the wistful end?

Eager for good to be spent for the bye, my lips quiver, yearn, then rage. I oft displayed

To sway when people preferred me to sigh, I lay at feet of one more farewell today.

Here I will that ebb and flow impels to wane for the merry ember of each eye fades,

Dear is the love that was made in vain 'Neath the umbra of card, ace and spade.

Reality exhausted, corners now hide, memories tost while the brightest threads cry

For well-trodden beds bare of fine plait dreams, the swell of pride for joy of world-old themes.

I've walked before earthly gates, I've fallen solemn-hearted amidst the spurned;

I stood benumbed, as wavering hearts spalled, I mourned springtide as each piece fell in turn

I've walked on streets beset with lighter souls; I've watched floating hearts that have passed me
flown.

The birth of each heart's care wrapped round me whole, each day I'm reborn, though I'm born,
alone.

Were I to falsely lull time from consoling and yield, silent-footed amongst the sane.

I would stand bare, sans shoes and clothing, then rest for little while in darkness again.

I beseech you for a love sprung while hoping to breach a forgotten heart decomposing

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In lieu of placing faith in strings above, had I troth silence in a empty sky

Nor I bought into thy providence, I, without lute nor chorus would pass even love.

By pith of ecstasy to barren passion kneeling at the feet of thy love's altar,

Bitterness to the edge of compassion, the ringing of Sanctus bells when I falter.

The starved thirst for heaven devours and the silent pilot of my heart pursues

The blessed secret of each passing hour and everlasting arms of heaven's view.

A tittered laugh, the Universe blinking and the shattering my mind's nadir.

Looking skyward, I see the heavens singing. Fuck. There is no happy ending here.

Tiresome:

The wind whispers, "I'm an aloof creature" asking my head to return from the clouds,
querulously the rain seems the greater of the demanding fellows of the crowd.

It is frightening to watch forever, the apathy that rages in nature.

Quietus of love, hope and endeavour the grave beauty of a soul in rapture.

Impatient, onerous and critical, I'm wary of all false dichotomies

Of the black guard's endeared and lyrical, exigent solace and autonomy.

It is difficult for me to find rest from the bonds of anger, silence, shyness.

Could it be, goodly actions manifest as a chaperon for my dolour crest?

My cheap soul can't abide without anger. Everything that is evil hides, then blooms.

A simple boy's heart is now in danger of resting within a corner of your room.

A room that's filled with lofty ideals that starve the day content with sorrow.

A room whose austere corners make me feel I'll be someone else when we meet tomorrow.

A rather beautiful, afraid person. Carmudgenous, Miserable, Morose,

Always turning inward without reason selling my ambition as common prose.

Day-to-day I sang for you, bagatelles that were not sung, or known to you before.

I walked hand-in-hand with the riven shell of your celestial aureole.

The outpouring of my love energised the sacred space which you kept hidden.

Through the grieving beauty of the sunrise rose sadness from a story left unwritten.

Surely a story, like the day must end, I don't want to obscure, the clear
and lasting fear of having to pretend that you're someone else and I'm still right here.

The halcyon days of me crossing oceans, for people who won't jump puddles for me
continues, traipsing the streets of emotion with the melancholy souls of the free.

Wistfully wandering upon this path anxiously marking the spots where malady
And your empyreal pulchritude hath bedevilled my rationality

Like rain drops brought together from afar who fall surreptitiously from mountain height,
Like flowers yearning for the nearest star the warm glow of my blood tressed for your sight.

Had I listened to sweet reason, as true as my submissive heart knew that I should.

Had I entertained that treason would do as much as I wanted but never could.

Were it my will to ask you how and why, you can tread the uncommon road and feign
standing in the rain and coming out dry, while the rest of us stand wet yet again.

Had I known reason and love were unknown and could not survive in a quenchless soul,

Where servitude eternally bemoaned that your soul was enfettered by it all.

I would have promised to hold out both my hands, I would have promised to stand in the rain

And change our paths for while before we land on fallowed ground where passion was left to wane.

On an island bereft of gold:

In the fields where no names grow old

Ravaged by post-coital sadness

On an island bereft of gold

The past names of those I extolled

Seem beautiful in my madness

In the fields where no names grow old

The spire of her love, withholds

Eternally, at her behest

On an island bereft of gold

I hewed, "I want to be adored"

Underneath the hem of her dress

In the fields where no names grow old

Fields unrequited by love, scold

A subtle thesis I caress,

On an island bereft of gold

The treatise of love takes hold

Between the graves of those I bless

In the fields where no names grow old

On an island bereft of gold

Under a Tree Wet with Balsam Dew.

If you see me praying some day
Where the tall trees line the river
Sitting alone on an autumn brae

Under a tree wet with balsam dew
Where the birds sing while angels plume
For whom they sing? They sing for you.

Would you come, sit with me here, pray?
Where the birds sing and angels shiver
If you see me praying some day

I'll pick you the prettiest two
From where the prettiest flowers bloom
Under a tree wet with balsam dew

If the birds and angels fly away
My hand shall not turn or quiver
Sitting alone on an autumn brae

I shall not ask for why or who
The lily whites sing a mallow tune

For whom they sing? They sing for you.

Tell me softly that you will stay

And relieve my aching, hither

If you see me praying some day

Your face glistens with a golden hue

And removes from mine a lilac gloom

Under a tree wet with balsam dew

Tell me how the heavens may

Bless me this moment to savour

Sitting alone on an autumn brae

If you see me praying some day

Sitting alone on an autumn brae

Where the birds sing while angels plume

For whom they sing? They sing for you.

Under a tree wet with balsam dew

Persephone

Dear, Persephone. Your little leaves are falling

No, I would not blame you for what I failed to see

While we walked through the crimson winter pretending

The Pomegranate's sweet scent is slowly fading

The smitten bees have stopped producing honey

Dear Persephone, your little leaves are falling

Two young lovers, in the orchard, lay still, dying

Underneath the leaves a pomegranate tree

While we walked through the crimson winter pretending

A grain robe hides your quivering, I, murmuring,

Dear Persephone, what cursed harvest befalls me?

Dear Persephone, your little leaves are falling

Persephone, you never owed me anything.

Duly, paid a poets wage, I would sing for free

While we walked through the crimson winter pretending

The birth of spring could not write another ending.

Fated to part, I don't blame you, Persephone.

While we walked through the crimson winter pretending,

Dear Persephone, your little leaves were falling