

4 x Lost

Watercolour

Reclined at home,
bathed in water,
you must have watched
mesmerized, as your blood
let out in ribboned rivulets,
warm tendrils of you swirling
until the dissolved dizziness
was mixed monochrome
and you were dead.

Only last week you lay languid
too, this time upon your belly
with sheet-entangled feet,
staring into a morning's coffee,
oblivious to my slick salty trace
mucking along your thigh.
You twiddled a spoon
in lazy dips, hypnotized
by the cream's slow surrender
to black, while a cigarette thread
coiled, then collapsed in the air
behind your head.

Wet on wet, with painter's ease,
my eye captured you then—
my brush, a tongue, traced
the crushing line of your hip.
Watery hues brimmed
at curved edges
along etched boundaries,
until a crimson pool burst
your delicate pecan form,
unrecognizably awash,
as though your bleeding-out
were inevitable.

Generation Snowflake

Each sculpture manifest
by a wavering thermal flux,
presumption at the crux,
entitled and crystalline,
crafted by a million
well-meant imperfections.

Take no offence,
precious little snowflake,
fragile beauty
tumbling cherished
from the sky,
you are no match
for this wet street.

Lost

Just behind the house,
close to home,
is the forest where we got lost,
assuming our snowy steps
would simply usher us back.
The regular rise and falls,
land undulations,
this tree stand, another,
different only for failed light.

Before the rocky outcrop,
we veered sharply left.
I think that's where we went off.
Minds disoriented
by the pull-push
of what I said, you said,
the return ground shifted,
you arguing,
the sun's low angle,
my boots dug-in,
our familiar turn, missed.

awaiting the biopsy

each moment
the river drifts

no part twice
the same

now
and now again

now

what comes
passes

dragon boats
blocked ducts
stuck dams
lumps

water
under the bridge
elusive

this

not captured
as it is

as it is
as it is