

*Shattered*

*Glass*

~ *Turning Point* ~

Took a walk in my own shadow recently.  
Shrouded in lights, each flashing clean electric blue;  
night cool on my brow, crisp as a blade.

And there I sat, in the shade, bathed in bright light,  
whilst the questions came and my numb lips danced –  
ever a water nymph, that tongue, streaking silver through the pink,  
black.

Time lost its meaning in that place.  
Peeled away like ripe skin  
but the fruit underneath was young and soft and sweet.  
And what could I think, but how, when an eagle blinks,  
a mouse drowns beneath, a bird flies its nest, a lioness, guarding her cubs,  
might snatch it from the sky.

Sobered then, by those blunted word-swords as they struck one by one,  
again and again,  
until only the kindness kissed my raw face,  
I knew, then, what was best:

To dance with that silver-streaked tongue myself,  
lie a while in the sun, and rest,  
collect my thoughts and draw the shades,  
then spread them wide and bare my chest,  
then holler, howl, roar at the moon -  
grinning, out of tune, a crazy man,  
but a man nonetheless,  
with a friend by his side sworn to his life:  
a lover, a grinner, a good man and goon,  
who fell so to learn how to stand on his own.

*~ Gone is the Good, with a Word and a Book ~*

When the good in man has withered and fled,  
when his greed and his lust kill that small, bright spark,  
his wisdom will bleed from his thick, stubborn head,  
and he shall be but a worm in the hot, dreamless dark:  
free from his sin, condemned to his sorrow,  
today is a man, but a low beast tomorrow.

And his obelisks tall, of grey glass and stone,  
will fall when the good in man has all gone.  
his empire of ghosts that he grew 'neath the sun –  
bought with his brothers' innocent blood –  
will fall to its knees where its cruel masters stood,  
razed to the dust when the creeping night comes.

Then witless, his love turns to loathing instead,  
when his heart turns to ice in a cage of white bone,  
his books will be burned, and the stories he read  
will be useless to the beast that he swift will become:  
free from his art, condemned to his sorrow,  
today is a poet, but a cruel beast tomorrow.

and his temples and prayers, all his steeples and domes,  
will fall when the good in man has all gone.  
His gods and his demons who he cherished and damned –  
with a word from a book that he himself penned –  
will speak from his ashes with tongues of grey smoke,  
and steal all he had with a gilded black hand.

~ *The Weeping Streets* ~

Progress wanders down the haunted road,  
its godly death-mask rusted, etched with shame,  
its trembling hands outstretched to catch the snow  
of pallid ash that spirals down,  
far from the maddening clouds.

Endless rows of high-rise gravestones,  
whose arachnid eyes gleam without a smile,  
whose groans and sighs lament the sinking sun,  
whose cracked and broken skin is grey as widow's eyes,  
squat in parks on dying grass  
and lay their murdered children down in broken glass  
and frozen mud.

Progress sheds a sparkling tear;  
it slowly slides along the jagged fork of angry lightning  
scarred into its mask by the sharpened edge  
of a stick, sword, spear, gun, bomb –

or a gentle winter breeze that mourns the city's failing heart,  
makes the falling ash tumble and swirl  
like a young girl  
who dances in the diamonds of a fire hydrant  
as it sprays, wastes, aches for the shine of tarmac in the sun.

The sewers retch at their own fetid stench;  
fat, sleek rats chew at human fingers  
inch by bloody inch,  
and the water, thick with lies and broken promises,  
drags its heaving, rotting mass through the subterranean veins

as Progress stands at the crossroads,  
looking at the hollow ladybird shells of cars  
and the ghostly chalk-lines of planes  
and the golden shells of the slugs of war  
that eat away at the pavement  
and the holes in the slides and the skeleton on the swings  
and the ribs of a dog as it laps at a bowl  
and the shallow, ragged breaths of a cancerous city  
as it eats itself to bones.

Progress falls to its knees and moans.

Then it curls itself up like a child,  
becomes a heap of cloth and dull metal in the road,  
and waits for the jangle of bloated toads and the  
scuttling, spineless insects of the swamp  
who gorge on coins and notes,

who lazily swat their webbed hands at motes of winking dust,  
who ravaged Beauty and slit her throat while she slept,  
who burned her innocence and laughed as it wept,  
to creep from the periphery of guilt  
and feed, feed, feed  
as Progress softly weeps.

~ *Untitled* ~

In the fractured light of our dreaming mind,  
do we truly believe?

Do we crawl on our knees to the edge of reason and gaze down, shivering,  
a breath of free wind in our smoke-filled lungs as black as the heart of darkness;  
do we believe our purpose inexplicable, irrepressible, nightmarish and glorious as  
every road we have ever walked, or run, or trampled?

Or are we just the fractured dreams, hopes, children of dust  
in the mind of a restless, vacant god?  
On his tongue, are we but a word?

Are we Love, if such a thing exists as to soothe these aching bones,  
illusory or fragile as feathers on a great glass boat,  
that great visage of journey, life spiralling through death?  
Are we Love, if such a thing exists to lull us into believing we are something more  
than skeletons, rotting and damp and pale, hiding behind walls and doors and floors  
from the unseen, terrifying truth that we are but dust in a great glass hall?

Dance, we may, in this hall of Love and Hate and Life and Death,  
of coke, pot, heroin and crystal meth,  
each of us walking the high wall but with nowhere to go, nothing to do,  
each of us the answer to an ancient question,  
each a mis-spelled word in some long equation,  
Lost, looking for hope in the shadows we grow for a coin or two.

I see a white dove, dead on the ground in a churchyard with  
flowers for bombs, foxholes for tombs,  
splattered with red felt and bones, books unread,  
burned where they lay.

Are we Love? Do we truly believe?

Or do we weave that illusory thread over our eyes and around our heads  
where nothing remains but a shout in that dizzying, endless dark,  
a plea, an animal cry, of *why*?  
Why do we remain, trapped in the cycles of our animal brains,  
grounded on broken raven wings,  
strings tied to our wrists,  
Christian brides and dead men strolling down aisles,  
their hideous smiles as false as the suit on his back, his back,  
as false as the suit on his back, and the cat  
is out of the black bag with a dollar sign and a bill on his collar and a grin as wide  
as the void 'tween her legs as she howls at the moon, the moon, the moon;  
as she prays for the end to be soon.

So beware.

Love is such a thing as dreams are broken by,  
and nothing breaks better than a black veiled bride,  
nothing as cold as the love in her eyes.

And who, what slimy, arrogant man with a dice on a ring,  
A taste for the finer, filigree things,  
Said that romance was dead?