

## Six Fold Poetry 2015 | And I if I

### *And I if I:*

And I if I see darkness  
Stir and sway in a paint-  
Stricken sea. Ignite the day  
Blown black beneath its burning  
Ocean, watch its vision draw  
Its acrid breath and blazing;  
Blaze the starry stroke and embower  
The arms of arbor. Brighten the burnt  
Cipher, sweeten the soft flower, fall  
Before the raging rook, yet drub  
Its lidded bones within an artist's eye,  
Sheltered abound a boundless brook

And it shall be done.  
Shroud the night and knave  
Alight in the leaden sun,  
Spurn the minstrel copse  
And splay the sight begun  
Or coo your foolish lover.  
Your rambunctious other,  
Your matron and mother,  
Your cherished brother,  
Yet swear to the stars  
And the evening skies  
That she will be there  
When you close your eyes,  
And it shall be done.

And I if I see darkness,  
If into the face of light I shun,  
Ignite the eternal flame  
And it shall be done.

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### *Life is Kind but Unwell:*

Life is kind  
But unwell.  
It sits naked  
In its bed  
And harvests rain  
In sunken fields.  
When we hang  
Each hangman  
Our world shall  
Be emptied,  
So sleep peacefully.

Life is short  
And so sweet,  
Like a child's cry  
By midnight's street;  
She knows it's  
Raining and my  
Room is dry.  
Sleep peacefully,  
You are the world,  
Sleep peacefully,  
The world is dark.

I sleep, I dream,  
I sleep, I wake,  
I sleep, I dream.

The truth will sit  
Where natures lie.

### *Hands:*

Hands, unlocking love's locks  
Gently, her hands hanging  
Still, like rain upon my window-sill;  
Effortlessly gliding and drifting  
Away.

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### *Message to Maiden*

Oh, Love is free  
Yet free Love not,  
Able to calm  
The raging willow  
And haunted woods,  
Able to walk and  
Dream of Love whilst  
Crying under the dust  
Path and sullen pillow,  
Able to strike  
Itself and bleed  
Black ink burning  
In the western  
Fires of the  
Radiant Heart,  
Turning softly, and  
Able to dream  
Alone in the tired  
Beginnings of Bliss,  
Taking by the hand  
The Golden chariot,  
Allowing a Love  
Its start.

Oh l'amour est libre!  
Oh l'amour est la vie!  
Oh tonight by  
Twilight we sing  
Entwined, leaving our  
Whispers and sighs  
Amongst the pines,  
Riddles and ribbons  
No one will find  
And enchanted Love;  
In the woods  
Behind.

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*The Japanese Star, In a Dead Leaf:*

The Japanese star  
In a dead leaf,  
On a single branch,  
Green, maple.  
A shadow away  
From the Sun's light,  
Underneath the green arch  
And the wooden piers.  
On a hook in the  
Distance I see  
A struggling fish  
Whispering its moans  
Into this turbulent  
Surf. In one glorious  
Arc backward the  
Fisherman's line pulls,  
The Fisherman's line  
Passes its shadow  
From the sun onto  
The rocks of  
Infinity.

In my hand rushes  
Through fast a  
Silver and red spear  
From the Earth  
Up into the Sky.  
Long grasses shoot  
Up the trunks  
Like a spine in  
The Ashman's turf.  
As I roll  
On this wide  
Ribbioned road over  
The crest-fallen  
Winged roads beyond  
This hill, beyond  
The next, and even

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Beyond that. And  
So too the sky;  
Its color stretched  
Into its own distance  
Rolls over that hill,  
Even the next, and  
Even after that.

The cool surface  
Reflections of these  
Shadowed spires  
Calms my towering blood.  
I pull the clouds  
Down over this land  
Like I reach my  
Hand and tug on  
The window drapes,  
And the curtain  
Falls like rain over  
The land. And as  
The light exits  
These eyes, the  
Grey deluge streams  
Onward down the  
Hills and into  
The valleys, flooding  
Them, and roaring  
Gloriously down into  
The ocean waves.  
It seems the  
Earth could go on  
Without us.