

## **Saved**

Save a ladder against the wall,

A candle perched upon a rung,

Save a distant magpie's squall,

The room was empty,

It held no one.

Save three drawers, three doors,

The radiator pipes that sing.

Save some time - a gentle pause,

The room was empty,

It held nothing.

Save six panes along one edge,

And myself with memories some,

Save my secret, vital pledge,

The room was empty,

It held no one.

Save these things that I have said

- and some paint around the rim.

Save the wooden double bed,

The room was empty,

Yet held something.

## **A Moment**

The wood let out a gentle sigh of smoke,

Which inched out and into the air.

It's tail still held by the log's blackened maw,

Flanked by white, chipped teeth.

The sigh began to twist and twirl and snake,

Ever rising upwards, until it wriggled free.

It knotted up - vermicular,

And teased apart, again and again,

Until its form flattened, spread and withered,

And faded completely,

Dispersed upon the winds,

As a dwindling grey zephyr.

A gasp.

A sigh.

## **First Impressions**

Still

I remember that night

You stood there, glassy-eyed

Wearing a look I've not seen before

Or since

A look of curiosity, of intrigue

And one of delight

Like I was a puzzle

You couldn't wait to solve

Turning on your heels

You headed back to the crowd

And disappeared in the throng

Leaving me puzzled

About you

### **The Middle Place**

I find myself on a beach.

Behind me, last night's full moon hangs festive,

Bathing the buildings and trees,

In faint, gentle memory.

The future lies before me,

Concealed by shadows cast by tomorrow's sun,

As it rises from behind the hill,

Obscuring any sense of what lies ahead.

I urge to turn around and start towards,

That other side, with the familiar moon,

Which, now, is quickly dimming into obscurity,  
and vagueness.

But the long glasses are blown over like abatisses,  
As if to discourage any retreat into nostalgia,  
While large expanses of salty water restrict,  
Any deviation from the route.

The path is only linear, onwards, forwards.  
I hear the rasp of wet sand beneath my feet,  
As I weave between the crack'd, bakelite husks,  
Of horseshoe crabs that litter the sandy shore.

I can see tomorrow clearer now;  
I can make out some features on the bank,  
Illuminated by tomorrow's sun as I approach,  
And it becomes now.

### **You are the Sun**

You are the Sun,  
Whom everybody loves,  
Bringing joy and warmth and light.  
I, too, love your rays on my skin,  
And am sad to watch you go, each night.

I hear how others enjoy your presence.

How they cherish your gifts,

Are grateful to have you present. But,

I never expected the great Sun,

To be so fragile.

Sometimes, it gets too much for You.

For, although you're the biggest thing to me,

The Universe exerts even bigger forces on you,

Invisible and ominous,

Beyond my comprehension.

Cosmic pressures tear away your skin,

And I see Your truth.

A rush of unbearable heat,

Causes my skin to burn and blister.

Too hot to bear.

I plead for you to stop,

To zip up that delicate suit once more,

And shield me from the radiation,

That pours from Your core.

Like bullets, no, cannonballs.

And when I show others,  
My damaged skin, barely healing,  
They only remark how,  
You bring them warmth, not pain,  
Nothing nuclear.

And, although I try to pull away,  
Your gravity drags me back,  
Trapped, again, in perilous orbit.  
Not understanding why,  
Only I suffer that side of You.

I know, someday,  
Your fire will consume me,  
Because, some days,  
The worlds don't revolve,  
Around You.