

Theft & Consumption

Paper Boats

Ill-fated ships, dilatory and reabsorbed,
thirsting sterns growing cooler.
Great pools dipping redolently, an appetite -
for brother's drink.

Elaborate wooden boarding, heavy,
brooding with canal splashes.
A hard piece, carved and lit, her calf -
retiring upon me.

Immersion, a breeze, long rudders,
slice the river's flow like strawberry hair.
A realistic man, tart tongue,
beneath the banks and with no social -
smile.

Desires alive, guilt, captivating stages,
grown aspirations of her childhood.
Strict and experienced, her dark face -
reflecting independence.

Dignity, enthusiasms, impetuous movements,
swift and a little more desperate.
A left open response, love made,
each night changing, the paper boats -
dutifully prosper.

Rudyard

Brother dreamer. Of two-hundred million -
is you, heuristic acknowledgment,
weighed hospitality, the sword, the pen,
the ink.

Undigested scandals; spectacles, orgies,
witty black-haired leeches!
Carved naked hearts of wood,
a chandelier of native speech,
cushions puffed for meditation.

Create graveyards and idols of doom.
Englishmen bred, strong, devout,
a grimmest kind.

Honor uncompromising, turquoises -
and silver, doorways lacking restriction,
a contumacious moon.

Other men strife; blame failure. Other -
men wipe their foreheads of blame.
You, brother dreamer, a fecund heart,
soul of love and horror,
are neither.

A Year of Killing Snakes

Every door of baked brick, native tobacco,
fat and old roses, summer evenings of -
stain-glass window light.

Sleep at seven fathoms deep, testily,
a moon insults the tortured rebels.
One eye on the bandbox, a poor banquet,
unnaturally large, boots of rude natives -
departing.

Hacking a hundred miles, kicking, cheated,
a cool square, a low pillow for his -
thick neck.

Light wood country, foul smelling, insidious,
a smokey glance, pinched in white,
savage personalities buckle on the flank.
Saddling up, deporting, language of urgency,
a man dreamed in the brush.

A little chap, placid, fastidiously thinking -
of the touchy devils. A Deity, dared,
jamming, 'take *four* pills,' he whispered -
melodically.
Weather craftily packed, laboriously sweating -
from every pore.

'Look after your guests,' she sang nefariously.
Settling into their places, tonight,
in the darkness, they bolt to the hunt.

Noel the Lady-Boy

'I am an old man,' he said suavely.
A stone lion, wearing gold,
utterly fresh, a footsore gentleman.
A companion, joining arms,
'It is very late,' a shoulder patted.
Flying till dawn, to and fro,
a robbed enthusiasm, never villainous,
mightily unafraid.

A Lover Gone

The boundary of Malta, a lover,
amatory and sympathetic, proudly -
unforeseen.

Narrowing space, cramped, sideways,
dusty bars kicked and suffering.

Strapped laughter dearly loved, a red -
scarf on her collar-bone.

Native drunks, golden drink, her -
thighs efficacious.

Borrowed pipes bolting, careless,
a Maltese substitute.

Her fittings, filthy and desired, scores -
of tattered novels wait.

'Go slow,' said his audience, his palace,
something added; a voracious deposit.

Ancestral silver lamps, a chink in the -
shutters.

No special regard for the host, lonely,
a written desert, bribed for drink.

Compliments at the end, convincing,
unjustifiable, grateful for the lift.

The show end, the Earth remains flat,
her flattery, his three colors,
a healthy suspicion of her new heading.