

## Seabird

An autumn zephyr blows into the sun  
as twilight brings it to the ground.  
The sea lies still; a second sky,  
the shearwater comes to and takes its flight.

And all the birds begin their voyage  
when the sun has died.  
One by one the stars appear  
each the beacon for one of the swarm.

The shearwater turns to either side,  
all the birds speed to their beacons.  
Each flight path has been set.  
Every north has been found.

And it flaps its wings with fury.  
It climbs further in angst.  
None of these stars belong to it.  
None of these norths lures it.

And a shearwater can only fly so long  
without a certain landing place.

It begins with a tingling of terror  
as the wings falter and stop.  
No other bird will notice the fall.  
No star will be left alone.

The sea is too vast to notice  
a shearwater plunging in.  
It doesn't feel the desperate convulsing.  
Of the drowning bird within.

**A Homage to *Stupid Dream***

I met you when you were possible,  
when I didn't have to think.  
I stared dumbfounded into your eyes,  
took you by the hand into my head,  
to all the hideaways inside my mind.  
And you showed me places I didn't know existed  
a yearning I haven't yet deciphered.

You made a sweet syrup of my ears,  
warm melodies made of birch and maple.  
You whispered secrets of possible worlds,  
of coloured lights,  
of celophane seas,  
of solid mirages.

You deceived me.  
I abandoned you.  
Are you drowned?

## Telepath

You've come to dissipate your silence,  
to remove the icicle you stabbed into my chest.  
And all the while I was convinced  
that time and my own blood  
had melted it away.  
But the frozen twinges have returned,  
there's a crystal pierced in me still.

Now you come to uncover  
this reticent scar.

I made of your silence  
a blank set of staves,  
a work by John Cage.  
I made of it  
rocks breaking up waves  
the sea spray salting the air.

I turned a sunset into myriad melodies,  
one note for each colour in the sky,  
as I danced a slow waltz with millenary maples  
that wafted achingly to the glacial wind.

But I no longer recognise your voice  
your whisper doesn't move me.  
For I waited so long to hear you,  
that I ended up preferring the quiet.

**A Book**

I bring you the fragments of my life;  
all these dreams half-dreamt.  
The unfinished embers of purpose,  
their glow that withers in the cold.

Here are things that make me restless  
and paralyse me all the same.  
The treacherous things I live for,  
and bleed me slowly to death.

I bring you the day I lost my oars  
and saw a tired shearwater stalling into the sea  
having flown for days on end  
but failing to steer towards the north.

And over there is the painful memory  
of a hundred boats passing by  
as I struggled and despaired  
with a sail made out of nets.

I bring you the vision of moonlight  
rippling tranquil on an ocean.  
The refraction of the sea spray  
and all the things I couldn't say.

All the ways I've found to be vulnerable  
and some more I hope to find;  
Thoroughly listed and recorded  
codified and explained.

All the times I've exhausted pain,  
every broken thing I have loved  
And every reason I could think of  
to convince myself it was okay.

Here are things I wasn't alive for  
whose death I've come to mourn.  
Greyscale photographs in countrysides  
that men have disfigured and scarred.

I offer you this history of lighthouses  
all the beacons that lighted the shores

and the beaches of my mind.  
Can you tell me how to make them shine?