

## The Side Mind

Sunday

strange streets are saviors  
to sunken ships sailing, soundly swerving  
sad sidewalk sarcophagi  
speckled by sinners  
seeking salvation  
in sun and shadow of some  
supreme sabbath  
sobering up and soaping hands

social mores are sinking  
sizeable situations  
the sixties sat here,  
selling six-packs and self-worship  
semantically

semesters end suddenly  
students search in semidarkness for  
seminal sonnets  
a sane sensation in seraphim and Shakespeare  
standing strong in satiated  
silence

## Montparnasse

it ate at me  
tugging limp limbs  
that gritty morning

puppet girl! painted  
cheeks  
chestnut curls  
a perfect marionette,  
concoction  
of what I was  
not

the clown understands  
how it is  
to live  
as a grandfather clock

swinging  
on a pendulum  
of finite  
ticks  
before the hour is  
up

the crowd applauds  
throwing roses  
dust blush petals  
slicing thorns

they do not know!  
they do not know!

I am left with  
the memory  
of nights I stormed  
the streets

dragging my glass  
dreams  
on even cement

desperately seeking  
a rogue  
incongruity  
to annihilate  
a perfect  
vision

Remember

crushed velvet slips  
like sands  
serpent of time  
harbinger  
of sined retrospect

gliding through hands  
of generations  
descending  
on terra cotta tiles

like warriors  
nine thousand kilometres  
away

stoic  
standing tall  
in earthen graves

immune to the rocking  
of the world  
outfitted  
in the glamour  
of her ruby slippers

such shades of  
life and death  
wine and wax  
sealed and stamped

a crest of allegiance  
to heirlooms  
chipped china in  
mildew attics

memory, is fleeting  
illustrious  
as one wants  
to recall it

figs lacquered  
glossed until gleaming  
as a polished boot is  
to a fine gentleman

news dies quickly  
yellow paperfly wings

crushed under  
damning letters

tumbling  
as a cold gust  
passes through

lacklustre lives are easy  
to find

brilliant ones  
even easier  
to create.

Twenty

my writer drips  
honey tongued blues

verses for the pyre  
where no fire could ever melt  
my flesh faster  
than unctuous butter  
spread thin  
on burnt daily bread

ancient ash bones  
beg  
to be stirred

I yearn  
for violent orange whispers  
writhing  
in the echo  
of hers

sonorous silence expands  
acetylene  
buzzing  
betwixt the confines  
of scarlet ears

a modicum  
of comfort  
found on a soft stomach  
rising and setting  
with each warm breath  
tickling souls  
taunting  
me

as briny seas waltz  
in naked toes

one and the  
same  
but never  
alike

fingers sear my  
spine  
fuse my atoms to  
their sisters

the stars

*ash to ash and dust to dust*

fluttering  
veined eyelids flicker  
glimpse  
a dimmed universe  
in vain

shrunk cities burn  
bright  
on satin skies

until  
the kind sun  
permits  
recovery

morning reclamation  
is a bitter  
pass

indeed  
one I am well trained  
to swallow.

## Contempt

can canaries calibrate  
consistencies?  
caught in caged  
cuckoo clocks  
the cuffed confessors  
calling out  
centuries

cookie cutter clouds  
clear contest from clean cigarettes

candid company of creatives  
conjuring class and  
concept  
critically acclaiming, cursing  
the crawlers creeping out from canteens

crowds condemn contemporaries  
and crown charlatans  
cracking down cerulean  
conventions