

More is Less

Scales of brick go flowing
Up the spine of commercial
Vitality. Upon the topmost scale
The balance teeters on a nail
Of steel and wire magnetised
To storms and microwaves from the
Sky. A thousand eyes of sandy
Ties to rocks raised on the coast of
Life, dwindling in their mortality—
Now spread across the serpentine
Cord, the light of fading dawn
Reflected in every shining pupil
Of individual imprisoned cells,
Cast in walls of porous plywood,
Selectively permeable membranes
Letting in callous figures disguised
As beads of life. So works the spire
Of industry, from the innermost
Sanctums of muscled factory,
To the scales of brick and mortar,
Clinging tightly to bones of rebar
Grounded in a city so full of buzz
That all the life is cast
Away, like the sloughed skins
Of a capital reptile.

The Lengthening

None count the dawns that break
Until they break no more.
For some, when missing day,
Are missed today.

None track the sun in its flight,
Until it's neglected by someone else.
When the shadow falls,
And to follow—folly—

The day dims,
Night, unbearable, lengthens—
And dawns are brittle to see.

Then the counting begins,

Where it ended before,
Tracked now, the path is worn
By weary, loyal feet,

Cold where they stand,
Where now once stood,
Now lain—
All through the miserable day.

Conversations

Good day—
Is that the time?
By Jove, I do believe it is.
So sorry,
Don't bother,
It's me, that's all there is.
Not you, oh no,
Just me.

Goodbye—
Indeed?
Why, now, of course, I'll stay.
But please,
Oh thank you,
I do believe I will.
So kind,
Of you
To say.

Oh dear—
Hello.
What's that?
I'm afraid so.
There was nothing
We could
Do.
So sad.
So brief.
So, how are you?

I see. Of course.
But why?
Oh yes.
You don't say!

How interesting!
What a thing!
Please, do tell me all.
What's that?

I know—
It's true, of course.
You can never
Really
Tell,
After all.
What's that?
Oh, no.
Oh no.
Okay.

I heard you right
The first time.
You said 'hello'
And I 'goodbye'
And then, we danced.

My apologies
Excuse me.
Of course,
These things happen,
After all.
But—

They all seem
So normal.
So quick.
So easy.
And yet, when you
Say 'hello'
And 'how are you'
I say
'Fine'
Even though
It's not.
I'm not.

Good day—
Is that so?
I'm afraid
That I have to go.

Let us talk again,
Sometime.
Of course.
What's that?

No. I don't believe
I know a thing
About you.
Or us.
Just 'hello'
And 'how are you',
Because we both know
That you are 'fine'
And I am 'good'.
How could we be
Anything else?
So no, I don't
Believe that's so.
In fact,
I don't believe
That I know
Just anything
At all.

Happy Ending

Every life is a story,
Each day but a page.
Every hour one single sentence,
Each minute a carefully crafted word.
One second is a breath,
Filled with countless possibilities.
Some that soar high,
Some that fall far.
There is depth, and darkness.
Height and light.
Sometimes, we tire.
We don't wish to go on.
The day ends, and we falter.
Steps shudder to a halt.
Would that time would stop as well.

We forget who we are, in that moment of unrest.
Within the minute of our dismay.
We forget that we are writing a story,

One that has a beginning and an end.
One that has chapters, and action.
Conflict, and calamity.
A story without hardship is none at all—
Merely exposition, a snippet.
In medias res.

Our story is neither prologue nor epilogue,
Though it may have both.
It is whole, it is complete.
It has its demons, but so do we all.
It may be difficult at times,
Hard to pick up again.
But within that climax is a budding resolution.
A falling action and dénouement.
Perhaps, there is a sequel growing.
More tales to tell,
More lives to follow.
Only time can bring them to light.

Do not curse the marching of time.
Do not stop and wonder—why?
Just keep walking, keep writing.
Keep the words forming,
The sentences jumbling together in their eagerness.
Weave a story of the has-beens, the yet-to-comes.
Talk of the present, of life, of beauty.
Ugliness, pain and allergies.
Remember the chapters that came before,
And follow this story to the end,
Never forgetting its roots,
And always keeping watch
For that happy ending.

Helicopter Affair

Sparkle like crystal,
Fall like a wave
Crashing all over
The misty sea cave.

Fly like the raven,
Purr like a dove
Curling fur fingers,
Velveteen glove.

Turn like the time
And click to a key
Open all over
Whisper to me.

Fill up the world
Stepping and shy,
Doubting you'll ever
Be able to fly.

Jump like a cricket
Spin, double samara—
Alighting again
Sweet, curving amphora.

Hold like a buttress,
Warm like the breeze
After spring's dawning
Just over the trees.

Stay like a mountain,
Support—fine wire,
Attend me again
On the road of desire.