

Campfires

Is love enough?
Can it warm these stones?
With thought I reconstruct the world
Inside my head,
In every nook and cranny of the universe,
I am.

Pituri Landscape

It never began
And it never ends
These dreamings reveal
A true country
A hidden country,
The more looked at
The more impenetrable
Under this imperial canopy
A high azure
A slow erosion
Of the savage and bizarre;
A beauty dying.
Though in each remaining species
Survives the ritual imperative:
The rut and strut,
And gaudy extravagance
The panoply of courtship:
Vestigial hint of a strange, remorseless
But familiar spirit.

The Girl Who Ran So Swiftly

Along the beach
The girl who ran so swiftly,
That evening, so swiftly;
And slightly splay—legged
In a curiously elegant way.
A small miracle of movement,
Over the ground
She covered so quickly:
It was as if she had been born
Just to run so beautifully
Along that shore,
So fulfilled in her flying self,
So joyous in her speed
Along the edge of the sea
In the fading light.

It Happens Like This

I will think of just those faces
I know I could love;
And dream of pleasant places;
Just lock away my spirit
In daydreams.
So in the morning
Sitting by a window
The lively tinkle of breakfast
things;
While outside, a level sparkle
Spreads across the lake.
Then later, in the afternoon
Tea under a sloping roof
In an upstairs room
With a child's view of the
harbour
You kissed me unaware
Agasp!
The naked ape.

Between Winter and Spring

Between Winter and Spring
Renewal of hope exists
To the otherwise
A chill, dank savage beauty:
A copper bleed diffuses the Western sky;
And grey snow
Lies frozen in the mountains.
An icy wind sharpens the senses.
I dream another place.
I browse in the light
Where hot days march through summer,
Time blurred
Like the simmering horizon.
The sure sun marks
The casual, distant happenings:
I walk in twisting, narrow streets,
Where bronze reflected light
Lies deep in purple shadow:
A gentle breeze
Ruffles the sea offshore.
Each evening I see the sun dance
Slowly caressing
Moving toward the West;
And watch the darkening mountain,
My heart content,
The sun was always within
Long after it had gone

Enclosed in Some Grand Design

I heard it also in the heart,
That boom, like distant cannon.
Or perhaps in a clearing
In some remote temple
A chant boomed
There on that vast sea
I remembered you:
I recalled the gardens,
With purple shadows
That lay across the lawns.
Cool, in white silk
You were remote but courteous:
You smiled, your destiny apart;
You were carried on some other current.
I said goodbye, bleakly,
Wondering, like other lovers
If I was worthy.
What did I know of your thoughts?
Enclosed in some grand design,
Impeccable and remote?
Under the sea, the sea bed shuddered
The boom is heard again
Your voice moves over me in my sleep,
Mutters of this mysterious purpose.
On deck we chattered
And said it was far off thunder;
While over the ocean,
The current slowly moved.

Your Name Survived

I stumbled on a mound
Half hidden in the long grass:
Like an outlying tomb,
Near a slate-grey church.
To the east an impenetrable dark mass
A tightly crowded group of trees;
Habitation yet for fairies,
Half hidden there
Multi coloured and secretive;
And looking outwards
Like minor figures
In a stained glass window,
Trapped in a decadent creed.
In a corner, near a hawthorn tree,
Of earth and air a presence;
An aura of some heart destroying misery:
Irreparable inheritance
Carried like a loaded sack.
By one who chose to lie there
With rats and mice,
Eyes to the drifting clouds;
Who stared at birds
And craved deliverance
From a cage of blood and bone
Over these fields
Back to halcyon days
When Innocence was forged
Against the red-brick wall.

A Lover's Dance

In their perfection,
Like temple dancers,
Glazed and blind
With the knowledge of being loved.
They hardly noticed as I read
Half hidden between two drawn up boats
Sitting quietly at the edge of a tide-less sea,
Content to be warm in the sun.
And thought of the frailty of life
The gamble of passion given
And wondered about life
In another country
Deeply in love.

Like a Chosen One

A bell clangs,
In flat tones announcing,
A matter-of-fact miracle
The power love
That came across the water
A local auspicious event
A babble of cultures
Brimmed these shores;
Earth's tide-less centre
Towards the East
Carried Diaspora and Roman rule;
On the quay in oilskins
A bearded fisherman
Looks like a chosen one's disciple.
And, now, from down this narrow cobble street.

A Precious Gleam of Light

A precious gleam of light
In that decaying place
In the dim light held in the heart,
A steady presence,
Level, transcendent.
Out in the yard all day long
Rain tippled down
Evenly, hour after hour:
Sitting in the window
In the curtained alcove,
I watched the pools form
In the soft ground
And around the small, cobbled stones:
Against the far wall
A dirty white
Beyond the green pump
With the long, curved handle,
A pile of sodden straw.
Inside, in the muffled light,
On the marble mantelpiece
A stuffed bird,
Remote and glassy eyed
Immortal in a case,
Nearby, a shiny metal clock
Enthroned in a dome of glass.
But presently in that place
I had a sense of total bliss,
A vital, indwelling span of sweetness.

Dwelling Inside Her Scene

She shifts in her chair
And turns a page,
She pushes back her braided hair.
The window frame is cadmium yellow,
The kettle sooty black upon the hob,
The oil cloth on the table
Is chequered white and red.
An oil lamp gently burns
And the black cat in the corner
With the sea green eyes,
Invokes Satan.
Outside, a crimson flare remains
Along the western edge,
The day is slowly, slowly going.
Another day consumed by night!
This western air,
Conjures life and time away:
We are absorbed by sea and stone and sky.
In the cabin in the oil lamp's glare
She sits and stares and notes the abstract shapes
Of light and dark
Define the living present.
Stirs, and turns another page,
And remembers how that day
With sudden passion
While moving through the scene
She turned to him and said
"I want this to go on forever".

Karma

Karma, she follows
The sun warm on my skin,
I drowse in perfect quiet,
And notice, out towards
A wave, enormous;
In eerie silence
It crawls across the vastness;
And explodes
Shovelling white foam;
While here I sit
And hold the sail firm.
Committed to weather
This from now onwards.

It Catches My Eye

My eye skims across
This grey, northern sea,
Towards the cold steel ruled horizon
A hint of light beyond:
Skims this primordial span,
Immutable, infinite:
And I am a child of it
How it catches my heart!

Incantations

Before I went to bed
There was jewelled sea-glitter
Surging under a big moon:
But the gale had withered in the night.
I lie awake in the early morning hours
High up under the roof beams:
The tide out;
Cries of gull and sandpiper
Come up faintly from the seashore
And gently populate the morning.
As I lie I dream the shore
Stretching away into the mist,
Towards the endless dream.

Like A Thirst for Rain

The ancient pagoda;
The scent of broken mud and grass,
The imperious call of prayers;
And out of the hermitage
The cry of the wind
The sound of a bell,
An endless drizzle
And the thump of thunder,
Confirming love within her
Like a thirst for rain.

As She Rolls Up Her Eyes

As she rolls up he eyes
As they zoom down over me
Slowly like a canopy of cloud lowering to rain
Or a wing touching a far sky
Shedding the slightest, most fragile tear
The shape of wave, the breaker;
Unbreaking across the sea,
Somewhere off shore,
Where I am?
Standing and hastening to find you
My reflection gives
Unmistakably, cognition
Of everything left unsaid
As in your paper-weight feelings
Sinking mine in the process
Feel its long tentacles reaching
To open my world again.

New Found Courage

Clutching her hands,
To her breasts,
On the ocean
A smudge of sail,
A tiny feather
Gorging space:
Between pale violet haze
And a pink sea suspended.
On shore, an awkward
Naked white—fleshed bather.
Lifts each ponderous leg
Over the stones,
Tentatively enters the sea.

A Pagan Grace

Seaward above the landscape
The long flat line:
An infinite repose.
In this place,
Are endless walks
Into the very silence of life.
Here is some age old
Primeval blessing,
The vast flank
From close in
Rises towards the blue:
I sensed an emanation,
A humming, almost silent engine
Buried in the vast, magnetic core.
Palpable, a physical thing:
Fit place for a dead king,
A pagan grace.

Fragments of His Own Shadow

A ghost, I swear
Stood on the hill above
Like a mediaeval fragment
With a low, broad crouch,
An overweening stance
Pride and mockery incarnate.
In the ruins,
Lodged below in a green hollow,
A bizarre, anomalous
Most dubious search proceeded,
Remains hardly charred
I should never have touched;
A cradle of wretched guilt:
Strewn remnants of a damned house,
Which once caged
An ill-suited breed.

Between Two Worlds

The hallway full of flowers:
Always this welcome
In that crumbling place
Set like a toy:
A white rectangle
In the fold of a hill.
And I recall in the early hours,
Quiet servants gathered glasses
from the lawns,
In the midst of excitement,
laughter and doors banging.
Cars moved away over crackling gravel:
With gathering speed diminished,
Disappeared into the mist and silence
Taking memories into scattered lives.
Occasionally, some couples remained
And were discreetly discovered,
Spread like dreaming children
Asleep in the oak woods
From where she stood
He saw abandonment
This eternal aloneness
Between two worlds

The Nightmare

A distant call,
There beyond the edge of sleep:
Through insulation
Like broken—paper wadding
Her voice struggled
Reaching into nightmare.
The dream stopped,
Lopped like a truncated cone;
Waking, I clambered out,
As through a man—hole,
And grappled with completion,
Groped for meaning.
But awake it all unravelled,
Running amok
Keeping out of view
Like a scolded dog.

A Gracious Time

We're prudent
Keeping account
Of the soul's economy;
There are limits to selflessness:
Do not harass
Like those with old bodies
And angular, thick veined hands
Craving and relentless;
With querulous voices
Straining, at the brink of oblivion
For some minor kudos,
For position or power:
In the later stages
He hoped to be discreet;
Growing frail, in my arms
While imperceptibly shrinking
To the size of a modest coffin.

A Hinterland of the Heart

For a time
Longing feelings echoed,
Even in the groves and Blackboy trees
At the end of some avenue,
In the country of my youth,
Were danger lurked unnerving:
Somewhere beneath the bushes
One sensed the silence of self
Embrace; held in readiness
A focused wanting
Concentrated approval
Reserving its hunger
For the days never ending
We'll walk again
This open pathway
A hinterland of the heart.

A Kindred Voice

Sometimes in the distance,
On the radio,
Just out of tune
Voices remote and happy
Some revelry from afar:
One feels one knows them
Kindred (more than one's own)
The sweetness comes and goes
Behind the local, daily voice
Communicating the usual horrors.

Far-drift is the Captain

Far-drift is the Captain
In photo somnolent pose
A helmsman
All in white,
Leans on an elegant vanished deck:
Coming close
The canvas breathes a private wind
That touches a flank of light
The waiting sail.
For a moment
He calls my name
The bowsprit moves
And the delicate cutter stirs.
My gaze shifts
A little to the right
Toward a stone quay, towards him
And two pillars crowned with yellow light,
And an iron red gate
That hangs free
Bronze evening light
And a smooth sea
I beckon for a new life
He beckons for me.

Shipwrecked

Half buried in slime
Ticking in the heat
A thick black weed; drying out
Far from the trucking tides.
In the pools small eruptions of silt;
And invertebrates are cradled
In brine and ooze:
On the buckled pier
A broken bollard is split open,
Like an earthquake.
A stench, and debris
A mass of shapes shrouded in mud;
In slack water
The weathered hulls
Open along the seams;
On the keels
A juicy skin of sea weed,
Brown as shit.
Languid in the summer heat
I browse on shadows,
Feed on light
And the affirmation of warmth;
On the slipway a clinker hull
Is hot to touch;
A distant foghorn drones:
And perversely I sanction,
In this abandoned place
A halt to progress.

Admitting We're Lost At Sea

For days we drifted in sea mist,
Wallowed in hateful swell,
And amorphous dark:
The great deck pitched and heaved
The sea was sullen
A grey pewter:
Our progress void.
Then a patch of light bled through
The sea-mist shifted,
A curtain drawn,
We entered a timeless scene
A sea by Claude:
A sun tempered morning
The strolling waves blue and kind.
And over the ship a vault of gold
From horizon to zenith:
The light stretched;
And glory lay in waiting
There on the high ramparts
Of a city shape
Sleeping on the water,
Of stone softened
In the morning light.

The New Deep

Through moving fingers
Of sea mist,
The fog horn blasts
A corridor of sound.
On land the trees are ghosts
That rise into fog:
Above this voyage
Are crouched and still.
Slowly, slowly
The year is going,
Curling on itself like a cat:
And the tiny light
Of the harbour reappears.
As one we and earth move,
As the dying year moves,
Towards that Nadir
Remote, desolate as a pole;
Move silently like fish
In secret transition,
Entering a new sea,
Sliding on out into
A new deep.

Here and Now

In fastidious times
I would have made obeisance .
In the woods that make love
And spring into green:
In manner and action
Court you carefully,
With due ceremony
Delighted in your simple presence.
But here and now
A small enclosure
My love:
Just this stone quay
My arm around you;
And you as safe
As a straggle of boats
Tilted at low tide.

The Gist of Perfection

There the gist of perfection
Was engraved in one special hour;
The occasion suited
Worn like a bejewelled glove:
Memory gratefully sheaths
The duration of her brightness,
Witnessing the lustful fever
That lives in the concentration
Of all she did and said.

Our Honeymoon Period

In the bedroom
A damp and naked mattress
And a cavernous
Dark brown wardrobe full of hangers:
Then all the bare and unfamiliar rooms.
But in the windows
The buttercup fields of summer;
On fine days the open door
Sand on the tiled floor
Casts a sundial shadow.
Our silent butterfly steps were innocent
On the warm sand:
In that beginning the future beckoned
Like the sparkling sea,
Our challenge the breaking wave
And all life called; when I saw her face
One day in the tiny built on bathroom
In the mosaic mirror brushing her hair
With superfluous bliss
In those rooms in that brief time,
Our love forever at the flood;
Now, glimpses from the past
Like snapshots disclosed
In casual conversation,
Bring bright recollection
Maintaining the heart
And our abiding gladness.

How Could I Tell Him

How could I tell him
How content I was to be alone,
Walking the sands at night
In a driving mist
On a Eastern shore?
Or anonymous in a city street,
Walking back to the flat
The gas fire and my bed?
I liked the job
The others did not know me;
I observed the courtesies
But evaded personal probing,
Dispelled enquiries,
Concealing my deadly hurt
With sudden charm
And a negligent smile.
I was impregnable and desolate,
Felt no great need for others;
Strange and a-sexual
I was lonely,
Would die alone.
He was from another place:
Said he fell in love with me
All those years ago:
I did not really want him.
He was from a different place
On the honeymoon,
I slept in the single bed;
I could not explain,
And loathed his concern:
He was like a bewildered animal.
I could only offer it up
That nightly scrabble in the dark:
It hurt me anyway.
I was afraid and sorry
When my violence upset him;

The more confused, the more afraid
I could not explain my coldness
I was never to let him in.
In time I made him believe
I was content to be alone,
Easy in my solitude
Walking the sands at night,
Or dissolving into a esoteric mist
On a road from the flood of tears;
In love with the shrouded mountain
And the cry of the curlew,
The thin rain soaking my face.

An Ancient Bedstead

Nearby, we noticed
Through keener breezes
In a far off corner
Lying at a sunken angle.
In a ditch, pitched in
It was soft underfoot
Laying gently downwards,
We settled up
We caressed slowly
In a daze of grass
Belonging only
To the field
That engulfed us
Holding your hand
Beyond the kissing gate,
In a blue, paint-box sky
With foaming cumulus overhead
In the sunken lane-way,
In the high hedges,
Remote as the birds
We sauntered aimlessly,
At the edge of eternity
Alongside a small forest
An ancient bedstead.

A Brief Encounter

The wanton dance
Of attention or intention?
All time (and love) is mocked
In this 'brief encounter':
My thoughts are held
By your unhappy consequence
This zigzag over the golden grasses
In sweet summer's meadows.
Light pattering in your hair
Of waves beckons my fingers
A sudden lash of passion
And a momentary unease
Pausing to look around
An interval of wandering feelings
Though putting aside our senses
This intimate announcement
Of changing forecast
Inside the woman
And the man.

Under The Shaman's Gaze

The accusation,
when I am angry
Is that I loved you
But now in a strange
Barely imagined corner
Of the psyche
A remote feeling of drowning
I feel it might be all over,
I am passive and forgiving.
And your memory
Is a nameless shadow
On a psychiatric ward.

For Dawn

I wake in the early morning hours
And think of my daughter
High in the night-sky
Heading east
Towards Dawn,
Towards home.
What is this weight of tears?

Under the Sun Hot Wall

Under the sun hot wall,
My passivity spreads
While he shares me with a friend;
My cheek is low on the gorgeous carpet,
My wrists and arms are thickened with his jewels,
A thin gold chain is round my waist
He forecasts warmth and pleasure for tomorrow
And possibly forever;
With so much unknowing
Some pain,
But so much pleasure:
But whose tongue parts my lips?

A Sickening Disillusion

A sickening disillusion
 Into his life
 This darkness came,
Where nothing was sacred anymore;
 Like an incipient illness
 The blind worm
Sought the hackneyed lover,
 Like some worn-out truth;
He knew that nothing (but nothing)
 Was valued as before
 Paralysed with choice
 To be or not to be?

Long Awaited Hope

Come to it minutely
And settle in along the seams
Of an altered, much lived in face,
Now almost a visage, masked;
Run the appreciative gaze
On the speaking lip
And the frail, thin upper eyelid,
Slightly hooding a kindly perceptive eye
Now telling her something
Crossing the intervening space
With the structured fabric
Of his delicately
Put together thoughts.
He charmed her, actually
Even in frailty, slightly stooped,
That intelligent forehead
And the communicated warmth,
Combined with a conspiracy
Of a shared intelligence,
Always brightened her consciousness,
Pushed aside instability,
The imbalance of doubt:
She wished he was younger
She could have loved him.

A Radical Woman

A pilgrim to honesty
Stripped and bare
She is more naked
Than all the rest.
This radical sister
Outlines lust
Her mute flesh
An awkward message
In a blinkered world
Communicates wisdom
With eloquence

Come Alive Inside

A cavern
And a vast grey sea of sleep
Stretching away
Under a lowering sky
Inexorable accumulation,
Year after year;
That in time
Teaches us slowly
How to die
Resigned to imperfect knowledge,
To the half light
And each day consumed
By each succeeding night.

Kissing Tongues

A hanging drape of purple sea,
Darkening towards the horizon
And the narrowing slit of orange light
Spoils of a summer night.
Turning home
In the pursuing gloom
In the moving car,
A darkening room,
Her smell of musk
The spoils of dusk.
In night's exclusion we dared
The tangled postures of love,
Over and over.
And stranded like starfish
Purged of a rampant sea
We lay in vacancy
Our floating souls remote
Suspended and spread
Over warm, flickering edges
Of sensual delight
The spoils of night.

Perennial Longing

Who ever lay beside
Such featureless skin?
A narrow buttocked woman
A Virgin perhaps,
Stands in her crowded kitchen
Venting her slant on this and that,
In a poised and high pitched
Upper-class drawl.
She has careful ways
Her well-endured, chic manners,
And a list of diet encumbered days:
Will she live forever
Terribly discreet
In ever lasting, low toned smile.
Her completeness walls me out
I want to reach out and into her
Might she temporarily enclose
Some magnitude of warmth,
Before dimensionless
Eternity resumes?

A Summer Afternoon

A creature of the afternoon
White as a bleached shell,
Set against Wedgwood blue.
A stately cumulus cloud,
In the distance the muted,
Tiny cries of seagulls,
Resonating my mind
Circling the edge of dream.
A halcyon day of awnings,
And hot sand underfoot,
Of multi-coloured stripes;
And on the tilted table of the sea,
Barely moving flecks of sail.

On The Edge

He looks at me
And I am flayed
Skinned alive;
I pray
He loves me:
Slowly I move
Through subterranean .
Delicacies of passion,
Nuance to nuance,
Potential needs unspoken
Not dared.
I, the passive woman
Must wait;
Get hold of me
And I will eat you alive!

The Natural Artisan

She is a natural Artisan
Though feeling down
Eager for shore lights;
Steady, festive candles
That gently weave
Down below
On dark night water.
In a navy blue sweater
She steps ashore;
Fore-gathers with friends
In the bustle and warmth
Of the seafood place,
Dines with tanned and grubby
Rope handling hands,
Says 'fuck' – meaning it
In a matter of fact way.
Enjoys the seething,
Eager faces ready
The frenzy of feeding
And scans the dusky skins
And eyes of blue
And glittering emerald,
Reflecting days at sea.
Later at the Discotheque
In the heaving darkness
She dances the beat Nirvana
One of an insect tribe
at ceremonial.
And drives her body
Towards Dawn.
Morning water laps the hull
All is cool renewal
In the sacred sun's return.
Down below
In the varnished cabin
She hugs warm cocoa in a mug,

Then later climbs into the cabin
And makes love with a friend.
And afterwards she sleeps
The sleep Nirvana
Soothed by moving water
That taps against
The sleek white hulls.
She will awaken
To find solace
Breast to breast
In simpler ideals.

With the Loss of Innocence

More precious
Under the earth
Our historical rubbish,
Layer after layer.
Towards the centre
A molten core
Deeper than penetration;
The Medieval hell.
We live on the shallow, outer edge
Infinitesimal residue;
Our short story
A question of identity
In the brittle crust
With the loss of innocence .

This Cosmos

This Cosmos
This clotted universe
Jammed with stars
Debris of ages
Strung in one
Vast magnetic grip
Born to blink
Into the dark
Of nothingness

Lazarus Heart

I am back in my father's shed:
Cold-edged cut of broken glass,
 The broken pane
 Like ice lodged in the frame;
 A bearded cobweb
 Trembled in the sun:
Oil smell, and overlapping board,
 A pandemonium of off—cuts
Nuts, bolts and bits of angle—iron:
 And things that hang from nails.
 Sunlight and frost,
 And in the corner
In the walled garden
 Out of the blue sun
 An icicle, a feeling
 Unrelenting
Those acts of kindness
Those artefacts of love
 A good man with a
 Lazarus heart

The New Light

The new light
Now in the evenings
The hardly hoped for
(The barely dreamed of)
My heart expands
Against this sky,
Glad for this space
Now newly tender
With colours and clouds.
Emergence of Eros
While Romanticists
Counts their loses
Eros she counts
On her fingers
All her lovers
And sweet orgasms
That pass in-between
Her entangled bodies

A Lover's Imperative

In an empty,
Abandoned room
Flooding silence
I lay naked alone.
I know I must never fail
In knowing
That I should always
Love for life
With you inside
Bursting through
Semi conscious urges
To be whole

You Shall Cry Out With Ecstasy

This is teasing cruel
But just to be tender love;
Perhaps I shall torture you
With tenderness
Though this teasing you
Is a gentle persecution;
You shall cry out with ecstasy

I Lay In Long Grass

I lay in long grass
Unseen at the garden's end:
And heard the cries of bathers
And the sound of waves
Coming from the shore.
Toward the house
A warm, fitful wind
Flapped the sheets
Slowly and lazily
On the clothes line.
As if from under the ground
I heard a dog bark,
And in a nearby field
A tractor engine throbbed.
In that remote afternoon
Within sound of the sea
I grasped all the sun—filled days
And witnessed an image of time
Of time like light

The Burden Measured

The burden measured
From solstice to solstice
A bleak conjunction with the sea,
A grey entrance
At the flood the river
Invited exploration,
The first fingerings of Stone-age man
In these uncultivated parts:
In the fertile hinterland,
Renewal and death
Marked with passage graves,
The narrow, focused entrance
Confirmed the resurrection of a dying winter sun.
Mid—winter expectation
Hung between knowledge and doubt;
The glimmering of rebirth
A shared anxiety,
Concentrated in the narrowing light
In each succeeding year.

His Mission

He brandishes Truth like a weapon!
Like some calculating Missionary,
Recently he acquired certainty
In the guise of Absolute Truth.
Transcending the Relative
She isn't a convert
She disregards the debate;
Transcending (even) most terrible,
Vile corruption of human souls
Within his redemptive church.

Her Memory of Exile

These people are not my people,
My people have lived already.
Such peace in that time,
In my life a brief respite
Between two terrible wars;
Peace I can hardly remember,
But now and then in quieter moments
Discreetly smuggle across a defining frontier,
Into a hostile present:
The quietness of evening spreads,
Native fires smoke on the plains,
The mountains are fading shadows.
The people now are not my people,
My people have lived and died already.

A Companion of Childhood

Lodged and gently floating
Forever in the mind's eye,
The welcoming flash of colour,
Nightly on the laundered pillow:
A once exotic bird,
A playroom favourite,
This beaked and gaudy thing
Now scuffed and torn,
With button eyes
Bright, uncomprehending,
Passive recipient of impatience and love,
A protesting sibling,
Intimate yet remote
From the smell of sweat and sheets,
And the taste of tears.

The Death of a Lover

He went anonymously,
Dying suddenly in a narrow garden,
Lying still between unkempt hedges;
With his dream and an image of the sun
Exploding in his head;
The sun expanding
And the end of the world.

In Final Moments

With a mind unshackled
A reappearance he made
A spirited voyage he took
The helm with precision.
He noticed a shadow
But not his own
Changing shape and contour
Beyond definition.
Above him seagulls
Unrelenting cries
A warning maybe
Of the dangers ahead.
And how it became
Altered and exulted
These final moments
That echoed his own.

The End of Another Era

A tiny shrug
Of the shoulders
The curtain stirs in the heat:
Rising above the red tiled roofs
The banana trees mark intervals of stillness.
Down below, walking in the stone street
People went by
Moving upwards to view the memorial
Their voices paced the day
And created a dimension
There beyond the window.
And somewhere in that dense heat,
I imagined an exhalation:
As afternoon expired
And evening breathed in.
Later, in the going light
A hint of home.
Out of the past
A moment focused,
Almost unwelcome
An unlikely visitation
It came to break though
Day's end in the rainforest.
And someone — now gone — reflecting:
'The slow days are the best'.
As those fingers gently
Slipped away from mine.

