

Alexander Wright  
*opening*





**Alexander Wright**  
*opening*

*for Mum and Dad*

## **The days of my youth**

The days of my youth  
lately seem like  
different dreams, all  
strung together  
through the long  
dark night of my soul.

To think there was a time when  
I might never have awoken from  
those happy dreams,  
and might never have lived through  
this fitful, restless,  
dreamless night that never ends.

Memories  
swarm inside my head  
like the rough debris of time;  
time, the ticking clock  
which numbers human days  
and adds them all  
to zero.

Memories  
are the ripples on the water which  
we so easily create,  
never knowing that life is hiding  
right there,  
beneath the surface.

### **The passing of time**

The passing of time heals not.  
Nor does the dawn with  
its nascent glow cure  
the sorrows  
of the dead midnight hour.  
As years pass  
like the fragments of one night's dream I  
find that invisible wounds  
are left untouched  
by the invisible might of time.

All I can feel,  
as my life is hurried forth,  
is the rip-tide of time  
pulling me from shore.

I am changing.

I change apart, away,  
off in the distance where I don't belong;  
under an old name  
I feel new fears  
and fresh joys,  
down in the depths of myself.

I change without knowing why, how,  
or in what way;  
I change as do the dark and light,  
intertwining and splitting  
each to each,  
day by day.

## **Grey**

I watch myself change  
like you watch the day turn a  
pale grey,  
and the crowds of people passing in  
behind the heavy doors  
now that the sun is gone.

These words,  
this face in the glass  
with hollow eyes;  
my skin a crumbling disguise  
as I assimilate and change  
constantly inside.



I am made of every moment  
that lingers in the past;  
all the minutiae of the everyday  
insignificant events  
which pile higher and higher into  
the strange shape of a man.

A spectre of forgotten dust that looms upon  
a pale horizon;  
a ghostly shade  
who flickers in the light  
and vanishes into lengthening shadows.

I am a man.  
These are my eyes, these  
are my hands, scribbling  
out messages written in  
the sand which shifts  
and cracks  
and crumbles into nothing.

I see what I have become  
like the morning sees the bastard night  
retreating into its abyss.

## **My inner demons**

My inner demons  
run rampant in my dreams,  
turning memories to dust  
which crumbles  
at the slightest touch.

My inner demons  
lie waiting in the shadows  
and hide in every smile and  
within every word  
of conversation.

My inner demons  
are cruel and crafty kings  
who prey upon my weakness  
and break down my defences  
when I am lonesome.

My inner demons  
rule in the darkness of my heart,  
and my inner angels burst apart  
like soldiers made of glass  
marching on the kingdom.

Drunk on my own sense of  
loneliness,  
in an exponential silence  
that grows and grows and -

Awake in this hour of the dead,  
breathing the air  
of fleeting midnight;  
cold fingers clutch my throat as  
time palpitates wildly.

Reverberating in the stillness, a  
starting gun I missed  
some time ago;  
and here, now  
I eat the dust  
from the other's heels.

The room seems to shrink around me  
until it's nothing but a tomb  
and I devour silence as  
the worms of regret  
writhe between my bones.

## **Downward**

I move downward  
through the inferno circles  
towards my purgatory of madness,  
dreaming deep of paradise  
lost, found beaten and abused  
and raped on the other side of  
what can be perceived.

The mind of man is bleak  
and without the feminine beauty which  
has always made me weak  
as a worshipper, your gentle soul  
my oasis in the ether of eternal  
struggles with this turbulence of mind,  
my inner demons always finding ways  
to pull the blinds and shut me off.

Who can save the drowning  
cripple cast overboard, heaving seas  
slowly crushing who he was  
while the ship sails far  
down currents made for men  
who cannot see the horizon  
bleeding slowly, ink trails  
flowing over rolling waves  
and into the gaping mouth of  
the drowned.

Who am I going to be  
when all is said and done  
and I have become death;  
destroyer, magnificent overlord  
of what we live our lives by.

Who will I be  
when I am finished  
and my story is set  
in stone, my candle blown  
and the room now cold and black.

## **Without hope**

Without hope,  
the sun is a bitter regret at  
the back of my mind.  
I am exhausted  
and the dreams of youth  
forgotten.

I feel  
restless hands pull me back,  
clawing at my skin,  
pulling me down  
into the deepest depths of shadow. My  
shadows;  
my Kingdom of Rain.

I feel  
impossibly fragile,  
desperately weak  
as the strength of time pulls  
me in.

Too weak to succeed  
against so much sadness;  
so much inevitable pain.

And now  
all the sadness in the world is  
mine.

It seems that after all the desperate effort, I  
cannot live in the light;  
the beautiful light  
I have loved so deeply  
for so long.

Tonight inside my chest  
my heart is cold  
and it is slowing.  
Beat by beat,  
moment by moment,  
slowing

as the hands of the clock  
grind to a halt.

### **This is the silence**

This is the silence that breeds  
in the dead midnight hour, which  
aches in the abyss  
of tomorrow's pestilence.  
This is a darkness  
that collapses upon itself,  
perpetuating nothingness  
while the shadows implode.

I have finally found  
the kingdom that waits  
at the bottom of eternity.  
I have finally seen  
the ancient face of death  
leering at me  
from the corner of my room.

This is the soul  
in the final conflict of existence;  
this is life on the edge  
of the final abyss...

I write in turmoil  
as the hands of the clock  
bludgeon me to death.



## **If love can die**

If love can die  
I want to stand by its tomb  
and know the true silence of  
a broken heart.

Without proof  
my tortured wretch of a heart  
continues to struggle vainly  
through each day,  
as though love could come again.

Let me understand the death of  
what it was to love you;  
I need an idol to mourn through  
these long cold nights which  
pass without hope  
of love's obsession.

The need for closure  
will eat me alive,  
as surely as the worms  
will devour the flesh of our love  
in some dark and distant  
nightmarish crypt  
whose key you've cast away.

## **We lit the fuse**

We lit the fuse  
and ran so hard we might have flown  
through the streets that murmured our names.  
Amidst the howling wind and towering flame we  
chased time  
and space  
and youth  
and life  
and love.

Now I lie here still as stone  
in a black room  
as tears streak my face  
and my eyes burst like dams.  
I got  
left  
behind.

I wish you knew  
that for me  
those nights never ended.  
When we were the only ones alive  
and we chased down the time  
we knew would come.  
Well it was gone too soon and  
I am finished.

This is the cold dawn,  
the morning silence,  
the debris scattered on the floor.  
The walk to the shops,  
the slow recollection,  
the revisiting.

This is piecing together

the dreams we shared and threw away  
in a glorious blaze of light that left us cold and  
afraid  
when it was over.

On those nights we ran so hard I  
could have sworn  
we flew.

### **In dreaming of you**

In dreaming of you  
the night is kept from coldness,  
yet the sun is not permitted to shine;  
only the everlasting light of your soul exists,  
and the sound of my voice  
as I whisper your name endlessly  
into the magical twilight  
I've ceased to belong to.

### **Of all the dreams I ever had**

Of all the dreams I ever had,  
the dream of you and I  
looms largest  
and shines brightest  
in the secret,  
ever-feeling centre  
of my mind.

I would trade anything in the world  
just to understand  
what it would feel like  
to hold you in my arms  
as I have imagined it  
ten thousand times over  
in dreams.

If only you understood  
what my soul screams into the silence  
that goes unbroken  
night after night;  
if only the weight of love had  
never rested on my heart, too  
weak to know you.

## **My heart**

My heart  
is that last lonely cloud  
scuttling across the sky  
before the sun comes out.

My heart  
is the last ripple  
slowly diminishing  
as the water calms and is still again.

My heart  
is the last finger of darkness  
which, when drawn away,  
does not return until the cold night comes and  
the world returns to sleep once more.

My heart is wounded  
and so tired  
that it forgets to love.

### **The fire inside my heart**

The fire inside my heart  
is a disease with no contagion, a  
shot without a warning,  
an emissary with no message to convey.

I want without needing  
and I feel without knowing why as  
my heart burns with the flame of  
a setting sky.

When darkness comes  
I will slip into the night  
where no one searches  
with only my dreams to keep me warm.

## Winter chill

Winter chill  
and I wander lonesome  
through the dawn of myself.  
Where am I now  
if not at the precipice of infinity  
as the expanse of time  
bows its head  
and cowers at my feet.

I seek,  
and with my hungry hands I  
touch the tender earth,  
the biting wind,  
the flickering flame,  
and there I feel soft flesh.  
Tenderly caress  
the immortality of being alone,  
of being human;  
this animal, primal,  
sinful being,  
searching always,  
never finding.

Yet in my darkness I dream new dreams,  
and the bones of my body uphold the earth. I  
close my eyes,  
and as I transcend  
I travel through space  
as the imagination of myself.

Every day I wake  
woven in the fabric of time  
and I am one with everything.



## **Winter winds**

Winter winds  
and the heart is lonesome  
without your love to guide it;  
childhood memories  
chasing their tail  
through my dogmatic mind  
and the frozen world in which  
I find myself.

I miss you  
as the night misses the sunlight  
which fell upon the earth  
like illuminated crystals  
showing me my past,  
present, and future  
aligned and set ablaze  
by your infinite azure eyes.

I want to be there  
when you laugh again.  
My arms are cold and open,  
waiting for you  
to bring the warmth  
I still remember  
on lonesome nights away from home.

You were my centre  
and without you I am a lonely planet  
revolving through a sunless sky, lost  
and without purpose  
as I drift away and wonder  
if I'll ever get to say goodbye.

### **What is her name?**

What is her name?

The woman in my dreams,  
who smiles in the folds  
of white sheets;  
the mother of my children,  
sitting by my side  
as they play by tree-lined streets;  
the soulmate,  
the counterpoint I have  
gone looking for.

So long I have been lonesome  
for the touch of someone  
who wanted more than just a  
brief moment in my life.

Where are the women  
who search as I search,  
who want as I want  
for the ultimate?

I wonder at her name  
or whether she even exists,  
for maybe I am just  
a fool again.

I wonder why  
I seek this love  
so deeply,  
swiftly,  
irreversibly  
soon.

I chose my children's names  
when I was eight years old.  
One girl,

one boy,  
born in that order,  
perfect in their way.  
I picture them  
and their mother lingers in the frame,  
too blurry to make out,  
too uncertain to be sure  
of who she is.

She is a spectre,  
haunting me,  
taunting me from the ideal,  
and she may never  
come to be.  
She may never know me,  
love me,  
or walk this earth  
beside me.

I want her  
as the day wants the night,  
reclining in its inky assurance of  
silence.

I want her  
as lungs want air, as  
trees want leaves, as  
space wants stars,  
as lips want lips want lips. I

kiss.

I kiss the air.

There's no one there.

### **What do you see?**

What do you see  
with eyes that pore over my skin  
like TV screen video feeds  
probing the drama within  
or even lingering on flesh  
and all the corners of my form as  
I was born, as I have lived,  
returning eventually to lie  
down in the damp eternity of the death I  
always thought I'd die.

What do you see  
in my eyes, my smile, my  
broken words between  
the silences I speak with.  
My secrets seep out  
of my pores all of the day  
and there's nothing I can do or say,  
no way to keep my truths within  
hidden. I've been living  
under masks for far too long.

What do you see  
when you study my face,  
my skinny wrists and ankles  
or the way I pull in at the waist;  
they used to say that I looked like a girl.  
My legs and arms and chest and neck  
and back and backside, feet, hands  
clasping fingers holding rosebud  
lanterns in the night, and still I might never  
know how I appear.  
You made me feel handsome  
while you were here.

What do you see  
when you have met me  
for a little while, brief moments  
in an overlong song  
I sing in drunken monosyllabic  
grunts and protestations.  
Eyes like trains  
when they depart  
their stations.

Study my hands, my face  
for all its flaws.  
What are the things  
which you would change?  
Would you rearrange me?  
I want to know whether  
you see inside, my life  
of lies and simple truths  
kept secret in the silent  
cell of myself, as I rebel  
against the way that people use me for  
their own.

Could you adore me?  
Could you learn to love  
the light within my eyes?  
As I have loved a dozen times  
and still I miss you, and still I wish that  
you were mine.  
Whoever you are,  
kind stranger on the horizon  
shimmering before and above me,  
pure as the rising sun  
who may yet love me.

## **I need your love**

I need your love  
like the moon needs a night to brighten,  
laying my head on your hand  
as though bliss can be never-ending. I  
need the red blossom of your lips like  
a dying man in the desert  
needs the water he stumbles to find.

You are my oasis  
and I lie parched  
and prostrate at your door.  
My queen, ultimate kingdom  
made of sinful, lustful  
secret demands  
I immediately obey.

As I worship at your altar,  
thread your fingers through mine  
and pull you closer,  
our eyes connected  
with that electric light of ecstasy I  
want most to feel again.  
You push yourself forward  
until you feel the breath of me,  
and I head toward your kingdom as  
though it were my own, arriving  
home within  
towering walls built from your desire.

Your slender legs  
caressing the back of my neck, your  
hands on my head,  
your hair falling in waves so  
that I'm blinded.

You shudder and shake  
and claw my skin to shreds with  
fingernails painted black  
and sharpened like small daggers  
covered in burning wax.

This bed, a life raft floating  
on a sea of dreams. We do not  
swim,  
we do not dive or sink or  
touch the water once; we  
float and fuck  
and finally move beyond  
mortal bodies to the infinite,  
bold voyagers entwined  
until the clocks stop keeping time.

There is nothing other than this  
when I am whole again,  
lost in your soul again  
with not a sin absolved by now. As  
I share with you my heart, body,  
soul, and mind controlled and set  
free by what you give me. Within  
you, without you  
I give into the urge once more and  
wake up dazed and unsure  
by the oceans of your lustful soul,  
stripped naked, bruised and sore, far  
from home on an empty shore.

## **The way you kissed me**

The way you kissed me  
made me think  
that you would make me cry,  
and I was right.  
I write  
as the shards of our romance  
crumble in my hands.

But don't forget the tender kisses,  
the whispering moments  
and giggles between the sheets  
that fell on your face  
and across your breasts like a shroud.  
I'd never seen  
someone as beautiful as you.

My heart is heavy  
with the knowledge  
that I'll never feel your lips again;  
your skin on my skin,  
your warmth  
or the wetness within.

I remember  
the nights you lingered,  
staying for another hour or three  
as the light of the morning  
birthed itself  
continuously.

After, I would lie for hours in our bed  
and watch the dawn,  
knowing that the sheets  
still carried your scent,



knowing that you were gone,  
and somehow I  
could never bring myself  
to move on.

## **When I kissed your neck**

When I kissed your neck  
you breathed deeply in my ear, and  
when you took my hand  
and placed it on your breast I  
felt your heart beat there.  
Chemicals in my brain  
and all I want  
are your lily-white tender hands  
pawing on my skin,  
knocking from the outside in.

Let me in,  
let me in,  
let me live inside your heart  
until the world ends.  
And let me know that your spirit  
flows to and from my own,  
in endless rays of light  
pouring from your soul so  
that I am never  
cold again.

When you look at me  
I feel like more than I am;  
I feel like a better man.  
I feel like I could die young  
and not regret a thing  
for knowing you,  
for knowing this,  
for endless bliss  
counted in the number of times  
we kissed.

## **She loves me**

Whose hands are these  
which touch me in the night  
while I awake, and there she lies  
half-buried in the depressed sheets  
we've shared while never speaking.  
Who are you, kissing on my eyelids  
as I see the day for the first time  
and feel the rhythm of the earth and  
the energy of space combine.  
Who feels me there, so tenderly  
the night air grows less cold and  
her breath steams up my skin  
and her lips whisper kisses on my chin.  
Whose eyes are those, cast darker  
by the exponential shadows of my room,  
and hidden in the gloomy near field  
I cannot seem to see through.

Whose dreams are these I've shared, whose  
children are these I've fathered, whose  
love I would travel  
to the end of the Earth  
and bear a deadly curse for;  
who I love,  
who touches me so gently  
as though she loves me,  
as though she loves me.

## **Your beauty, my soul**

Your beauty, my soul,  
the widened hole inside  
I feel when you're not with me.

And I miss you.  
And I miss you.  
And I miss those little kisses  
you plant upon my cheeks  
like seedlings that one day grow  
into the flowers I perch beside your window.

Where did those days go,  
of our infant love  
and your watercolour hands  
upon my own,  
and sewn into your skin  
my tapestry.

When you look at me  
I break apart, for you are all  
that I have ever wanted.  
I am that hunter  
in the lonely night.  
You are the light,  
gas lamp hung upon the door  
of the cabin that I climb to  
and the bed upon which I recline as  
you hold me.  
As you hold me.

The leaves burst from the trees  
like the fireworks in your eyes  
when we're together.

I have strolled upon the avenues  
in waking dreams of you;  
this waking life, this precious time  
in which your tangible form  
is mine and only mine.  
And these rhymes echo,  
constantly until I see your image blur into  
the world, into my mind,  
into the void behind the veil of  
my desire.

You are the fire of my life.  
You are the passion  
which I have always failed to describe.

## **My mirage**

Across the desolate landscape of myself  
you are the desert wind, pale mirage  
shimmering gently through the heat haze.  
You are the cool lakes of water  
and sheltering trees which break apart  
my lonely vanity and shameless self-deceit.  
You are the healing light  
which both saves and scorches my skin,  
gently surrounding me with warm  
tenderness and glowing passion  
in the absent-minded tyranny of day  
turning to night as abstract stars burn meekly.

Observe my heart  
in all its cracks and ridges  
and soft mountainous crests made out of sand  
and clay, and dirt, and crumbling stone  
so weathered down it's barely there.  
Observe how you come to me  
like tender salvation in the night to  
make me cool, and calm,  
and devoid of the bare terror of yesterday.

I feel you descend upon me  
like the shadows of the withered trees casting  
flickering shapes in the dying light filtered  
across the expanse of myself, borne of  
nothing,  
steeped in sadness.

## **Your embrace**

I have loved you  
as an exiled man has loved his home,  
so long you are a vision and idea  
of dreams and peace through this penumbra  
more than you are a woman,  
more than that you live still,  
more than that you are out there  
across the seas which heave  
and breathe life as you  
give life to me.

That lonesome moon which hovers,  
hung so perfectly in that shroud of  
infinite night I gaze through.

I see you.  
I see the innocence of youth and  
how I began to love  
with such force, those seas  
crashing onto the rocks of my shore,  
your waves, my stone hands  
which cease to hold you  
and only break  
as you erode me,  
as the memory of you  
fades, and I decay as  
all those shores  
one day crumble to the sea,  
and finally you have me  
for your own.

Your embrace  
my home.

## Overflow

Your fingers part the fabric  
which whispers across your pink skin,  
your legs trembling while you push deeper in.  
The contours there of perfect legs  
pulled high, and I see all  
your secret landscapes, ridges, valleys, folds  
of flesh and your portals  
which bridge your ecstasy to mine. Your  
heaving breasts, your heavy sighs, your  
frenzied hands as you unclasp me,  
grasp me, wordlessly take me for your own. A  
moan or two and we are in this,  
eye on eye on skin on lips,  
on your pleasure, on mine,  
on sweat and spit and the lines our  
bodies draw over these sheets, the  
floor, the walls, the semaphore of  
your head as it moves,  
of my head as it moves,  
of our bodies as we pull, push,  
and all as you stare through me  
like you see what you can do  
and how it reduces me to something  
you can own, claim your own, bring  
me to my knees  
or you on yours,  
or you beg me for more  
while we're entangled.  
I feel you gripping me with hips at  
tilted angles.  
I feel you shake, I feel you tremble, I  
control you king to queen,  
queen to king, you control me  
and I lose everything.



I hear you whisper  
and I see eternity  
briefly.

You simply smile as you release me,  
smile as you know,  
smile as you  
overflow.

## **Your skin on mine**

Your skin on mine  
as the morning light peeks through  
the whitewashed blinds  
and I taste your lips,  
pulling you close  
as though it were the last time.

Tenderly  
I caress you,  
undress you and  
worship you in the half-light  
dawn breaking over us  
and this hangover of lust.

Inside you,  
let me be everything you need.  
Let me sing the songs that  
make you swoon, lover in  
my tangled limbs and  
hungry hands.

Let the light of our love  
shine brighter than the sun,  
silhouetted forms  
that push and shove  
and combine to one  
writhing eternity.

Wherever you end,  
I begin.  
I kiss your eyelids,  
caress your face, and  
grasp your flesh as I  
enter in.

Give in to wanting.  
Open the gates  
and let me swim  
in hot oceans  
that melt the heart  
of many a man.

I want you again and again,  
whenever I can,  
with your hand in mine  
from dawn to dusk and starlight,  
shining over your skin  
as we begin to love  
and share our souls  
until we are one in sin.  
Young and full of youthful  
wants and whims.

I want nothing else.  
Only the sweat and spit  
and pure longing  
that belong in this bed,  
your hands upon my head  
as you come closer.  
I only want to exist  
with you, with this,  
these kisses  
and the tenderness  
of your lips as they devour me.  
I want you to  
overpower me.

## **Your tender eyes**

Your tender eyes  
and I recline upon the bed,  
you in my head like fever dreams  
and I am feverish, fecund male  
devoted follower of flesh,  
and I undress, and you undress,  
and I lay my head between your breasts  
and kiss you. I haven't slept  
in days, and oh  
how I have missed you.

Your tender eyes  
and I am grasping at your flesh  
as you caress the notches in my spine, and  
I kiss a line slowly down your torso until  
you push your legs  
so forcefully that we combine,  
and I feel the thoughts within my head go  
out into the space beyond our frames  
and into night skies lit with little stars and  
all their flames  
look like they were lit for us.

Your tender eyes  
and you are mine in this  
and every other moment,  
you grab each inch  
of my body as you own it,  
and when I kiss your neck  
I hear your heartbeat climbing  
and your moaning  
makes me feel like there's no  
living left for dying.

I wake and hear  
the open window sighing.

## **Tonight I sleep**

Tonight I sleep  
where I cannot dream,  
in a quiet chemical stillness,  
lost in rooms of madness  
I cannot bear.

Skin and bone,  
eyes that gaze into the ether  
as I silently crumble in despair.  
I look into halogen glass  
and know there's no one there.

Under observation,  
I bet you couldn't picture this  
pale flesh caressed  
by needle marks  
beneath the doctor's gaze.

Madness and my acid brain  
moving further into the abyss as  
little by little,  
bit by bit,  
I waste away.

Time stretches on,  
but I won't let it stretch a  
moment longer.  
I wish I were stronger.

## **I am lost**

I am lost  
within myself;  
I am wandering  
through the ether of my soul,  
torn and tattered  
during the closing sequence of  
my childhood.

I sleep at night  
and dream as the day is born,  
carrying these visions  
of the sweet surreality of life, of  
these people who pass me by with  
their own reflection  
in their numb eyes.

Too strange to live,  
too rare to die, too  
blind to see  
I belong on the outside,  
far from the happy lives  
you lead without me.

## I **fade away**

I fade away.  
As surely as the day grows darker,  
I push farther and farther out from shore.  
Mindless and afraid,  
I look into the face of death  
and draw nearer.

The weight of time,  
the burden of expectation,  
the unbearable temptation  
to lose it all.  
As surely as I live,  
as surely as I die  
by the choices I have made,  
I wake up and the world is strange.

I look into my eyes  
crying pale tears in the hollow glass and  
see them fade.  
Little by little  
I am erased.

## **White linoleum**

White linoleum counter,  
and I sign the form  
and then they strip me.  
Sleepless night  
behind the glass,  
halogen ceiling lights  
and hospital gowns  
turned inside-out  
to try and hide my body.

Doctor's orders  
and I am whisked away, wheelchair  
and the empty stares make me tear  
apart inside.  
Vaguely aware, they sign me in  
and begin to heal me.  
They touch my skin, it's bare  
but can they feel me?

Five men, darkened room, pencil  
and paper in my fist as I  
resist the urge to scream as  
others do, my little bed  
a long blue sheet drawn closed obliquely.  
The guards routinely peek and  
check my wrists and neck for  
any marks. It's dark, but I  
can see the future  
and it is bleak as the past.

Slow malaise, painful days  
spent watching drool pouring down chins  
and all the patients taking in  
the pills they give you, and all I did  
was write and pace the halls in slipper shoes



and scream about abuse, pleading  
that I did not belong there, down  
where time forgets you.

I felt a lifetime pass me by  
before they let me lie and say I learnt all  
of my lessons.

The paperwork,  
and I was let into the light.

All those nights

I thought of life  
and never slept, and sometimes wept,  
and thought of mum and dad  
and happy lives I never had  
and I can't help but think I  
may really be mad.

It seems sad now that I  
live among the living.

## **Forever**

I floated down the stream  
of time which ends in nothing  
and currents swept me to the sunlight  
pouring through every cell  
and molecule of what I am.  
I ate leaves from the earth  
heaving with the rhythm of life and  
energy flowed through us  
so that I dreamt and slept as one  
dying particle in space.  
Never forget that I showed you this  
life as nothing becoming death, and  
then the walls cave in  
and the fields of grass  
flow on forever.

## **Vision quests**

Vision quests of landscapes  
I have never seen, nor ever will,  
my road-worn heart the stuff of faded  
still photographs in attic drawers and  
frames on dusty hallway walls built to  
last but never seen,  
my life a dream and shuddering  
terrified silent scream  
for the sake of noise,  
for the sake of toil  
against myself, my hollow heart sworn  
enemy of the dusty purple belt of  
stars which span my sight  
when I gaze skyward lonely nights  
and see all life unravel before my eyes,  
and I could dream this dream a hundred  
thousand times or more, and lord  
how I adored the friends I made,  
and all those loves I had along the way,  
and I will live forever, or at least  
another day of madness and blind  
dismay as I think about cells  
and windowless, sunless,  
godless prison hells made sterile  
shells for broken men,  
and then I think I broke myself  
and then I sink into the sheets  
and tremble through my awful dreams of  
ending up alone and old,  
mad and with a manic soul  
which feasts upon itself  
and I can't tell what's really real.

### **Three red lights**

My head is full of dreams and  
the blue sky beckons  
pale pink stripes across my eyes as  
I peer through yesterday  
into tomorrow, past wrapped  
in future, three red lights  
flashing warning signs  
above the exit ramp of my mind.

My head is full of dreams  
and though I spend the day among you I  
walk the periphery of life  
at night, my mind expanding  
outward into hazy skies and  
midnight joyrides, taking  
every lucid pathway and the  
psychedelic byway  
past experience and into space  
where I soar by nebula edges into  
visions past my reality.

I have consumed  
the night,  
the day,  
infant spaces breathing death  
into infinity; blinding light  
pouring from my eyes  
beneath fractured eyelids  
shielding daydream  
borderline ghosts which are not there.

Hear me in my abyss shouting  
prophecy ramblings  
into the unhearing, unfeeling night stretching  
through the edges of the map.

Hear me run  
across the expansive trails of clouds which  
populate the liquid sky  
and shield my eyes from hallucination  
worlds below my feet,  
too strange to believe.

## Unafraid

I drift from place to place,  
scene to scene,  
as one man among  
the many faces of myself.  
I move from land to land,  
sea to sea,  
moment to moment  
in the dream of identity.  
I have unravelled the fabric of time  
like a heavy blanket,  
covering my shaking shoulders through  
this dark night of the soul.

I lose touch  
as surely as my fingers slip from yours,  
I lose my grasp on permanence  
and the ability to hide.  
I am alive,  
true colours in full bloom  
as I explore the chemical landscape,  
the altered headspace  
dreamland beyond the ether.  
Awake at last,  
slowly realising my tetralogy of self,  
selfish in my ceaseless need for  
exploration.

I have seen  
the pyramids of Egypt burning, as  
the triumphs of man  
become fickle, trivial things.  
I have seen  
the rings of Saturn divide and fall,  
crumbling as the stars

turn fretfully inward.  
I have seen  
fields of grass grow into forests  
and the smallest tides  
become thunderous tidal forces.

I have seen  
space and time holding hands  
in a dance which made me lustful  
and lost in madness.

I have seen  
the endless eyes of God  
and the hand of fate  
around my pale throat.

I have walked  
upon the surface of the moon  
as it cracked and fell away  
into infinite space beneath me.

I have held  
the centre of the earth  
in my hands  
like a tiny grain of sand.  
I have caressed  
the tenderness of my flaws,  
stripped naked and explored  
in all their complication.  
I have seen  
myself without my skin;  
I have looked within  
and made amends with darkness.

I am uncovered,  
stripped to the core  
as the image of a man  
torn into fragmented pieces.

Piece me together  
in the chemical fog of discovery I  
have pursued,  
searching in the light of this journey.  
I move into the unknown  
with the pure eyes of a child  
waking for the first time, new  
dawn glow slowly rising.

I drift from place to place,  
scene to scene,  
as one self  
among the many selfish men I've been.  
I have dreamt  
impossible dreams,  
seen impossible things,  
known impossible truths too early.  
I was not ready  
for this long strange trip  
which laid out my heart  
naked and bare,  
unafraid of what is out there.



## **Time**

Time.

The inseparable weight  
as the dates on the calendar page  
fly by.

I have fallen high  
to low, and in letting go  
have found new crests  
which I have climbed to.

It slips by you  
as few things ever do.  
It turns grey to blue,  
brown to green,  
and fields into frozen winter scenes.  
I have seen things  
which no one else has ever seen,  
as though built for me,  
as though I am living in the wormhole out  
of time, out of space,  
out of my changing face and mind,  
out of the past  
and everything I left behind.

We move with time,  
as the waves of the ocean  
or the ripples of the lake sigh slowly  
spreading currents outward.  
I doubted if I would make it very far,  
but there are ways in which we all move  
onward.

## **My head is full of dreams**

My head is full of dreams and  
the blue sky beckons  
pale pink stripes across my eyes as  
I peer through yesterday  
into tomorrow, past wrapped  
in future, three red lights  
flashing warning signs  
above the exit ramp of my mind.

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and though I spend the day among you I  
walk the periphery of life  
at night, my mind expanding  
outward into hazy skies and  
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every lucid pathway and the  
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visions past my reality.

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borderline ghosts which are not there.

Hear me in my abyss shouting  
prophecy ramblings  
into the unhearing, unfeeling night stretching  
through the edges of the map.

Hear me run  
across the expansive trails of clouds which  
populate the liquid sky  
and shield my eyes from hallucination  
worlds below my feet,  
too strange to believe.

### **When I am tall I tower**

When I am tall I tower,  
but when I am small I am weak  
and unable to stand.  
High upon the edge of myself,  
I see that I am bold  
and brash and  
wildly conflicting.

(Lost in the dream  
from which you have awoken).

When I am tall  
I feel as though the world  
rotates only for me.  
Inevitably  
I forget how to be,  
and the power to feel eludes  
as I grow dizzy,  
weary through my journeys  
aboard this spinning rock.

(The day opens  
already old).

I can be many men  
within this skin,  
projecting everything I feel  
until I'm left alone again.  
I only make sense  
when I write,  
when I speak and find  
the words I wanted  
without the others.

(Do you ever write about me?)

At my best,  
I am made of glass  
which shatters at the smallest touch, and  
through which  
any eyes can see.  
I am oblique, pale  
and clear  
in the morning light.  
Look at me.

(As the cradle of the sky  
nurses my infant spirit).

See me here, see  
my soul bare  
and naked before you.  
Watch the cracks appear  
and let me crumble  
endlessly without you -  
always apart,  
forever falling  
faithless and strange,  
made for you to feel.

(Deep, dark  
and as impossibly blue as  
the ocean's Aryan eyes  
sparkling in their abyss.  
Blue as the hydrangeas  
my mother used to plant  
and place by the window  
while I wrote  
and dreamt of flying away)

## Solitude

Pick one of  
the men I've tried to be, and  
tell me why he's missing  
from the other side of your bed.  
Alone in this  
loneliness of the hunter,  
searching endlessly  
for the reflection of myself  
in another.

La nuit est froide et  
vieux comme eons,  
waking in pitch darkness  
to hear the echoes  
of my dreams.  
Why do I dwell  
on solitude?

In my heart  
I see every man and woman  
I have loved,  
in all their pure beauty  
and immeasurable pain.  
In the purity of infatuation,  
why do I dwell  
on solitude?

Live within my heart  
eternally, infernally  
lost to the abyss of time.  
All you men and women,  
loved too fast and lost too soon,  
who were never destined to be mine. I  
cannot help but fixate,  
comme je me cache à l'interieur de moi,

and am destined to be forever lonesome in  
this desolation of romance.

Every person I have loved  
lives far beyond this door.  
I am exiled within this paradox,  
long past the time in which they loved me, a  
different man than they had known.  
Why do I dwell  
on solitude  
when I don't want to be alone?

## **Obscured by the glass**

Obscured by the glass,  
an image of my future  
drawn out of my past,  
as my present grows  
slowly stranger.

I remember the sun glow as  
it set over the beach by  
which our home rose, those  
long years I dreamt and  
planned on leaving.

I remember the hyacinth scent  
which wafted through the yard  
those sleepy summers spent wasting time,  
my unfulfilled young heart lustful.

I remember the smell  
of the Australian night,  
dusky blue and serene as it fell  
over the country I called home a  
lifetime ago.

Yes, I have changed  
into a version of myself  
broken apart and rearranged so  
that I resemble  
the man I wanted to be.

Obscured by self-worth,  
I want the true design  
of the man my mother birthed  
that moonlit night  
so long past it seems an aeon.



I have moved beyond  
the sand, the sun and the stars; I  
am forever gone,  
lost with winds which blow  
far and wide,  
deep and loud,  
and much too fast  
for me to ever catch them.

I still hear the sound  
of the raindrops as they fell on the ground and  
the flowers planted  
by the window of my boyhood room.  
I still feel the sadness  
of the nights I spent watching  
the water drawing portraits on the glass,  
only for me, and my eyes  
which stared so sadly out  
of my incubator cell  
and into the vastness of the world around me.

Here I am,  
awakening anew  
as a stranger in strange lands far  
beyond that glass,  
my past a hidden vault  
of light and sound which I no longer see.

I left that room,  
those sandy beaches,  
those half-forgotten dreams  
of what might come to be.  
Day by day  
I swim as fast as I can,  
chasing the horizon while it lingers  
way out above the ancient sea.

## **I change**

I change.

As surely as the memory fades, second  
by second,

day by day

I change.

Like a picture in a frame,

torn and frayed,

decaying with age

and hidden away.

Like a bird housed in a cage

or a mouse lost in a maze,

moment by moment I adapt

and change.

Like a dream you kept contained -

surreal and strange,

which you can't quite explain - I

change.

Like a rolling wave

arriving at the shore,

every moment different

than the one which came before.

Like a half-remembered dream

I half-remember the people I've been, the

faces, places, and lovers I've seen,

hearts I have known

and the years

in which I have grown and altered.

Despite what I have wanted

I never cease

to change, in

every way

and through every stage and

circle of the descent.

I change,  
and in place of the past I  
rearrange and mediate the  
message of myself.  
I change as you draw breath  
and wake up every morning  
older, wiser,  
stranger,  
in the ill-advised torment  
of the traveller.  
I am the shifter,  
the drifter,  
the strange poem writer,  
renegade spirit lover  
without a home.

I am the changeling,  
mad, caged, free-spirit thing  
let loose on winds  
which blow across oceans deep and  
blue as the span of my soul.

## Clawing

Clawing tendril arms  
from desert sands spilling  
blood red diamonds,  
blue prismatic light  
pale glow fluorescent  
dream eyes with no reality. Fire  
red, I see nightfall, shifting  
sand and neon radiation death  
and slow decay, atomic clouds  
and ash grey crowds of people  
crowding in,  
buildings crumbling like tin cans crushed  
now that we're older.

Worms, dirt, the mother bee  
stung queen devoured freely,  
mutiny of self and rainfall  
tastes like acid and I see  
purple sidewalks waking up  
with silver sheen and I feel  
vibrant green shades  
tinting eye patterns  
and shapes beyond my sight.

Islands in the sea  
and castles made of sand which fall  
into shifting tides made brilliant  
by reflected light like little stars  
or perhaps time is simple, standing  
still and lilting waters while the  
sky dips down to violent  
colours like it's always bound to do.  
Strobe lights and blinding  
images of cinder block  
buildings with heavy doors I  
enter through.

My ignis fatuus heart  
conquers the dark  
strong arms of night  
pulling inward,  
the stars are purple shining  
brilliant light on me  
and now you see  
why I'm alone,  
dead of night poem writer  
and still you sleep.  
Sleep well and long  
and hear no secret song  
I sing to the black night  
while others rest their minds.  
Tomorrow we will meet  
and then of course you  
will be mine.

## **A blind desert skull**

A blind desert skull  
with eyes gouged out by dust  
as I peer into the face of death  
leering above my bed,  
in visions that infect me  
as moments pass and I grow less.

I see towers fall,  
crumbling into ash like nothing else, as  
the shadows fade  
to a pale grey malaise that  
drags my neck downward and  
pulls me to my knees.

I see myself  
grown strange, lone stranger, lost  
amidst the dreams and dismay  
of the youthful fool's first mistake,  
bound by fate to lose  
this game I never learnt to play.

I see the moon leave,  
her journey calling onward,  
as I scream and reach  
but cannot find the strength to touch the  
heights of heaven  
which must surely lie before her.

I see your eyes  
in the darkest dreams I ever dream,  
their emerald green hue  
the shade of my next nightmare.  
I see the tears  
you shed for me so many nights over.

I see us in our embrace  
which felt like forever,  
forever ago when we were lovers  
and the hand of fate  
had not yet struck,  
though it was hovering above us.

I see you die  
the slow death of a drowning woman too  
unwise to know  
she should fear the depth of water,  
and I see the light of your eyes  
extinguished by the veil of time.

I see sadness everywhere I go  
and I feel my happiness float  
out there into the distance,  
far away from me  
and my hands which clasp at nothing  
without someone else to save.

I see people passing by  
living lives I'll never understand, as  
they see a simple man  
with simple cares and secrets, his  
face a mask he keeps up  
so that they won't be afraid.

I see our future  
grown heavy in the distant haze,  
as a tortured woman waits  
for a broken man  
who runs and repents  
for all his cruel mistakes.

I see love  
and everything I am afraid of

follows next,  
as the gruesome hand of death  
fastens its terrible grip  
tight around my neck.

I see every dream I've ever had  
become an outline of itself,  
white chalk on the tarmac  
of my mind and my ambitious soul  
which was always destined  
to collapse like it was never whole.

I see the skyline of a city  
I never thought I'd see, and  
I feel demons at rest  
deep within the heart of me,  
myself and I, these eyes  
and the tears they cannot help but cry. Goodbye.



## **My eyes change shade**

My eyes change shade  
from blue to green to grey  
and I wonder  
if I'm changing too,  
never knowing  
how the shades of my soul  
spread their light  
within my skin.

My eyes change shade  
and sometimes I dream  
that inside I'm never the same;  
that day by day  
I wake and rearrange  
the form of myself.

My eyes change shade  
and in the colours they become  
I see the world through different lenses;  
I am defenseless  
against the might of time to move me,  
pull me as it will into tomorrow.

My eyes change shade  
and nothing stays the same,  
yet I still wonder  
if your world looks like mine,  
or if everything is strange.

My eyes change shade  
and there's no telling  
what tomorrow's hue will be. Sometimes  
I can't help but wonder what you see  
when you look at me.

Every day I see the rain pass - ash  
grey steel, cold glass  
and the train speeds onward -  
homeward, wherever's next;  
I pass the time by feeling less and less.  
The stress constricts my chest;  
I think I'll just smoke and do my best to  
find the time,  
the rhyme, the syllable to  
express myself.  
I undress myself with everything I say,  
every note I play,  
and day by day  
I feel naked and exposed.  
I'm in the throes  
but there's a way out, I know. I  
haven't found it yet,  
but it'll come any day now.  
Just keep the faith somehow.

## **Naked in the dark**

Naked in the dark,  
the patterns of my mind  
displace these fragmented musings of mine,  
and I feel space unveil  
like black star distillations  
of pure truth, and I feel you echoing  
from tooth to tooth  
as I try to explain  
how I have gone elsewhere,  
to a place you cannot visit  
in the ordinary light of life,  
but must arrive by substantive seas  
made of blue and green jazz trumpeter  
love supreme rambler, gospel  
poet, spirit lover doctrine  
delivered to us in the amber  
light of dawn,  
and I have torn myself in two  
trying to push myself out to sea  
with only chemical waves by which to drift, wilful  
abandon roads to walk,  
and you know me; some of it's talk or  
verse, but most of it hurts, swiftly  
worsens  
and quickly leads to glossy black hearses  
rolling down the avenues  
they warned you of in school -  
birth of the cool.

People  
are  
strange.  
I don't know  
how I  
can learn  
to live  
among  
them.  
Among men  
among women.  
Among the children  
of god and oppression,  
forgotten alien lifeforms  
born strange within a brilliant truth.  
I don't have any use for this  
bizarre juxtaposition  
of love and death  
or hateful mess,  
lies, and cruel  
tenderness  
which I  
reject.  
I am  
the man  
who falls apart.  
Heart by heart,  
I am the man who can  
never cease to look upon  
the world in which I find myself  
with constant disbelief and apprehension.

### **The dying sky**

The dying sky is lit conceptually, vague  
dreams and memories of yesterday turned  
strange realities  
and fractured sentences  
spoken into the night.

I breathe light into the vacant air  
and feel the ghosts of lovers and loved ones  
and forgotten mothers and fathers  
and brothers.  
I had no sisters.  
I had no reason to lie here and write this poem  
thinking of home.

I dreamt  
of a child born to light,  
blinking in the halo  
of a blissful glowing dream by  
the sea.

I dreamt  
of days spent with love,  
and laughter in the ageless race of  
innocence and youth.

I dreamt  
of towers crumbling into dust  
as the purity of a child  
became a dark belief  
in the atrocity of man.

I dreamt  
of isolation, loneliness  
in the shadow of a  
child's heart facing  
demons.

I dreamt  
of darkness  
and the proliferation of fear  
as it swept across a small boy's soul.

I dreamt  
of brief happiness,  
fleeting pleasures  
in the dawn of youthful naivete.

I dreamt  
of drugs,  
flames, sirens,  
tears, and the allure  
of death.

I dreamt  
of illness

taking over the body,  
crushing the mind,  
blocking out the world.  
I dreamt  
of passive years spent  
in commiseration and  
convalescence,  
ageing into the ether.  
I dreamt  
of nothingness,  
blank space slowly  
consuming all memories of joy.  
I dreamt  
of strength slowly returning,  
building in the body  
and rising in the mind  
of a newly woken man.  
I dreamt  
of courage  
and the will to risk  
with the brilliance  
of an awoken soul.  
I dreamt  
of laughter, light, sex, tears,  
friends, music, lust, love, drugs,  
drink, travel,  
and possibility.  
I dreamt  
of the promise of tomorrow and  
the happiness of knowing not  
every challenge is doomed to  
fail.  
I dreamt  
of a morning  
when I woke to find the  
tears of yesterday had  
dried.

## **I have held you**

I have held you,  
I have given you my soul  
and you have whispered  
words that made me shiver  
with the thought that we could be  
something worthy of forever.  
I don't know how I fall in love  
so inevitably, easily soon,  
but I saw you clear as summer rain  
before the clouds came,  
your misty eyes turned white and  
unreadable during the day, only  
at night when you  
turned yourself away  
onto your side.

Remember feeling like  
we may just fall in love?  
Remember how it felt  
like we had given up or  
had given too much,  
the fire of lust now dim  
and burning to the ember?  
Do you remember?

I have held you,  
I have felt you cold throughout the night  
and made you warm.  
You said you had never felt safer  
than you did between my arms,  
in the gloom where demons lurk  
behind the curtains of the dark and  
I gave you my heart  
and you trusted me to hold you, and  
I felt like you were whole



and our two souls were one and all.  
You were a riddle  
and I thought that I had solved you,  
but I ran into a wall  
which I can't climb.

You once were mine.

## **The dead of night**

The dead of night.

My breath is slow, my chest  
rising naked in the half-light  
of a full moon, snow-filled sky  
beyond the glass.

I feel the will of sleep  
pulling me down  
but I defend myself  
against the chill  
call echoes in my soul.  
My tired limbs  
are heavy burdens as I sink  
into the sheets and folds  
of tattered dreams I dreamt up yesterday and  
soon absorbed,  
assimilating life into rebirth  
and I, Anubis of the day  
spilling outward.

Don't let me lie  
here too long.

I have dreamt  
of days beyond these faltering  
steps in wrong directions,  
and I thought I had learnt my lessons.

I lie  
in dreamy vacant air,  
vague guesses as time  
ticks slowly away  
and the latent image of my face  
peels slowly from your memory  
until I am erased.

I cannot sleep until  
the chase is over  
and I hold what I wanted. Your  
eyes, I am still haunted.

## **Mystery girl**

Whose eyes are these  
that haunt my dreams so  
tenderly, so softly  
fixed steadily on mine?  
Who is this woman  
in my mind, my third eye  
centre with all these shades  
and symbols in her gaze  
so that I cannot turn away?

Of whom have I been dreaming  
when I lay upon my side  
and try to picture nothing?  
Why can I never see her iris  
in the day, but only when  
I lay myself upon the bed in silence  
and wake up with her face inside my head,  
so deadly, so unavoidably,  
seductively assured that I will love her?

She turns to me  
and I can't see anything but this, the  
colours and the complex  
hints of wickedness  
and want within her look,  
and I am shaken to the core  
forevermore, until I abhor her  
who makes me wake in pitch black air  
while she who shook me  
hovers above me sleeping there  
and turns my thoughts to love,  
so that I cannot help but call  
her name into unhearing night.  
She never hears it in time.

Mystery girl, you are not mine;  
where do you linger in the light?

## Runaway girl

Runaway girl, lost  
in my heart like winter  
freeze on tilting leaves  
as it blows into the evening  
closing shades of night  
turning blue against the finite  
falling sky I see and strive  
to touch or become one with.  
I fall in love with  
stars and the dying burst  
of colour into which they disappear  
and light up nights as dark as this,  
or how you made me  
feel when I was so lonesome I  
could have died  
a hundred times or more on  
the altar of your lips  
when beyond every kiss, an  
offering.

Rise, rise  
out of the fitful sleep of a temptress  
lover lost in wilful tears  
shed for undeserving men,  
your beauty lost on them  
like light beams beyond the crest of the sea  
turning blue-green when the sun sets  
and for one moment peeks  
behind the water's edge,  
a coloured flash and then the glow is dead when  
Earth has gone a little darker,  
my sweet abider, lovestruck angel  
of the cosmic decay I face when aeons  
clash behind my eyes,

ignite the colours I hide from  
when I lie and say that I don't want you to  
read my mind.

Hide from love, runaway  
charlatan lost  
in sudden excesses of lust, a  
mad rush outward blowing  
gusts that propel me to you  
no matter what I try to find  
and seek within the stars  
that shine upon me,  
no denying you will delight me  
no matter where I hide  
and lie down amongst the ocean sands  
and shifting coastal cloud banks  
blowing crescent shapes across the islands  
on the archipelago of myself,  
made for sailing to and  
far away from, arm in arm  
with your one and only lover,  
never another person to be seen as  
I look back into the sun  
and not a day goes by when I don't wonder  
if you are just another dream.

## **What if**

What if my heart expands until  
it takes me over,  
my mind a slave to love's design,  
free falling into blind romances with  
the world around me,  
the sun, the moon, and the stars  
which shine upon the soulmates  
I see in those I find  
and in your eyes which fixate  
so tenderly on mine  
when the gentle day is young and endless.

What if my heart expands  
and I am drowned by love  
as I have been when I wake at night,  
shaken from thoughts of you yet I still wonder if  
my hopeless heart can stand to break  
once again, when I heave a foolish sigh and say  
love could ever be so simple  
as a feeling I am overwhelmed by  
or the way my hands shake, heart  
rate ascending  
when I'm with you,  
on the days I feel complete  
and the ripples of time cease their spreading.

Love can be  
blue as the oceans of my eyes  
brimming with tender tears  
on the 9,000 days I've been alone, my  
fear of isolation growing vicious, far  
from home on a tidal wave  
of wishes made to be answered,

pleading whispers in the dark  
while traced by fingertips on wrinkled sheets when  
I've begged the silence  
for the happiness of a hand to hold,  
my faith in answers growing old  
as I look for love and never find it.

Yet still I remind myself of  
blind trust by believing  
some love must be deeper than the heaving seas,  
deeper than I've ever dreamt,  
down to the depths I saw when my parents wept and  
held each other at my  
grandparent's funerals;  
the kind of love in books and films,  
in the stories I was read  
filled with fairytale thrills,  
and TV reels made for tissue maker's payrolls,  
the kind of love we base our romantic ways on,  
two blue souls singing a secret song;  
the kind of Casablanca romance  
I've wanted for so long:  
picturesque kisses in the rain,  
the kind of lovestruck link  
which feels eternal,  
meant to be, pre-ordained,  
hopeless, hopeful,  
brilliant supernova burning brightly  
for the lengths of our lives and beyond,  
tied together by indivisible bonds  
we cannot breach and never try;  
perfect unison octavic notes which  
ring and ring, and sing and sing  
sweet lilting lullaby things, like  
the small birds do  
when I hear them in the morning as  
I wake from dreams of you.

## **My oasis**

My oasis,  
your dusky light on my wayward  
wandering dreams.  
Made of forged, pale, luminous fire,  
I come to you  
out of the soft light of other worlds,  
across other plains,  
through other women's hearts  
so full of dreams and desolation,  
their wasted mouths  
gaping in the fog of my lost past.

You open to me, your heart an  
unblemished white rose  
which radiates the essence of you,  
a night light in the dark corners of my mind,  
absent thoughts of us  
and your beautiful face  
drifting through the surreal, absurdist  
tapestries of my twilit thoughts.

And I feel you there,  
out in the infinite air  
I breathe, and sigh.  
And because I know that you are somewhere I  
smile sweetly, sadly; bittersweetly because  
you are not here.  
And I miss you  
as the dark side of the moon misses the light  
or as parched riverbeds miss the river's ebb,  
or as burnt and barren trees miss the songbirds  
and their nests  
chirping early into the rising sun,  
now gone, now forgotten  
alongside all of those trees  
which had once held them.



With all of those boughs which bent to them,  
kissed them,  
gave them life.

Yet  
I  
have  
never  
held  
you.

Still I miss you like that.  
Like I have known you my whole life,  
like you remind me of a love I left behind,  
like I am a burnt and barren branch in whose  
arms you once nested,  
who held you against  
the cruelest winter storms,  
held you until I burnt apart and  
crumbled into ash  
and the crash  
and the broken nest  
so that only you are left

and you fly away  
into the infinite, omnipotent, tainted  
beauty of the sightless sky.

## Again

I am pink and blue  
with the echoes of you,  
rattling around my soul  
like the electricity of light  
through my cocaine brain, left  
dazed and alienated  
by the subliminal shards  
of hope which you can give me  
when the world seems less dark  
and you descend upon my eyes  
like the hand of god or fate  
lifting me skyward, homeward,  
star-bound and star-crossed  
lover in the night borne frenetic  
into the unearthing light  
we save for simple stars, pretty  
distractions from the celestial void,  
and all this time the dark currents of  
life and matter crystallised  
and my soul died when you left me  
and my heart has never felt more empty  
and devoid of any love  
and broken by the violent  
temperament you have  
when you look into my eyes  
and see that my weakness is you,  
and you abuse me  
and I confuse you  
for someone I will end up with, and  
somewhere along the way something  
slipped and now  
I'm lifted in my bed,  
alone at night again.

## **The sorrow of my life**

My heart is open wide  
as infinite chasms between love and loss or  
the black hole of your eyes,  
so infinitely absorbing to my foolish heart beside  
my vain and lovestruck pride.

I want a woman to love me  
as the night wants rain to fall so  
that when the sun wakes up  
the leaves of grass which coat the ground  
hold up little dewdrops  
and we can see their quiet beauty  
as we move around.

I want a woman to love me as  
the neglected goldfish you  
prop up in the corner wants  
food and clean water, and  
wants and wants  
until it floats up to the surface  
and no ones knows quite what went wrong.  
Or how orphan, forgotten heart  
lonely men have walked into the night  
without love to keep them warm,  
and the rain, and the snow,  
and the ice, and the deep thaw,  
and the sorrow of my  
life.

## **Turquoise**

Turquoise.

I saw turquoise light  
over my eyes  
the night I nearly  
died.

I saw turquoise light  
over my eyes  
so many times  
in dreams, those tears,  
the life I nearly lost.  
The cost of my disguise.

I called you from the ward,  
my hands shaking by the cord  
as I hunched into the corner  
of the little booth  
with scratched-in names and violent curses  
patterned in the wood.  
The greasy black handle  
and I hyperventilated.

So small.  
I used the words  
so uselessly,  
ineffectively small.  
What did they do?  
I couldn't read you. I  
could never read you in  
the end.  
I tried  
and pretended that I did.  
But you were hidden  
and you wouldn't let me in.

Your skin  
not mine to stroke.  
Your hand  
not mine to hold.  
The secrets  
you would never have shown me.

I heard your voice over the phone. I  
had never felt more alone.

## **Fragile**

Fragile.  
My glass  
heart,  
my radio  
head.

I was almost  
dead.

I remember everything  
fast, then glacial slow  
but nothing else.  
I don't remember  
calling for help.

Fragile.  
Made of glass,  
my heart.

I am thin,  
pale, clear  
as opalescent light through  
mullioned windows.

I break.

I have broken.

Small and feeble  
and desperate and alone  
and wanting only  
to believe that I am loved. My  
feeble flesh is not enough.

Fragile.

I break apart  
like paper-thin glass blown  
into abstract statue  
shapes you take the axe to. I  
couldn't feel you sleeping  
anymore.

I couldn't feel you close those  
eyes which lingered long on  
mine.

With time  
I broke in two.  
And into a thousand shards  
of dismal shattered glass  
as I am destined to.

I missed you.

### **The kisses that never were**

The kisses that never were  
over her bare skin,  
her eyes deep within my own,  
her soul with wicked whisper,  
the black hole  
of my addict's embrace,  
sick and yet I linger  
in the disintegrating silence  
of my haunted heart  
which tears apart and settles in disgrace.

The kisses that never were  
given to her,  
now mine forever.  
Down in the depth of myself  
and in the separating sides  
of dualistic mind states and  
the mental health tightrope  
timeline of fate,  
kaleidoscope never-ending moonbeam,  
meandering daydream getaway headspace I  
navigate.

The kisses that never were on  
lightly closed lids,  
on secrets given and received  
and taken in, hidden  
so that I breathe them,  
so that I make them my own,  
so that I, lonesome voyager,  
lonely traveller, alone methadone amateur,  
heave sighs into the infant night  
where it was silent; embryonic saboteur,  
debonair Byronic hero sighing  
the slowly dying spell of her,



and in the broken silence  
of my hateful heartache  
I find escape.

Within my unravelling mind,  
this unkind unraveller,  
the bond that bends and ties  
my heart beyond a blur;  
its violence,  
the nihilist leviathan lakes,  
the oracular spectacular sunshine state, and  
the violent force by which it unwinds,  
panics and  
breaks.

## **I have been so close**

I have been so close  
as to touch the face of death.  
My mother and father wept over  
the phone.

I leapt  
and fell through abstract portholes.  
The hospital beds  
had heavy sheets.

Demon rising razor teeth  
through the centre of myself.  
They asked me  
if I had wanted to die.

Flying darkness,  
escapist phantom mind.  
I can't remember  
the IV tubes in the first hospital.

Depth of this ocean  
wayward blind free-dive.  
I don't even remember  
anything after the coke.

Grief-laden vapour trails  
through smeared cold windows.  
What did I  
want?

Imaginary bottomless tomb closet  
bones in haunted homes.  
There I sat  
as the woman on the phone picked at her arms.

Digital, barren, temporal, sterile  
world of twisted labyrinth paths.  
Who are you there  
reflected in the asylum floor?

Harsh fluorescent Orwellian light on  
fragile arms in sunken sockets.  
The worst of the regulars  
were no longer shocked  
of the demons in their dead bone sight they  
saw but didn't jump anymore.

Flying angelic vanilla sky  
moments of truth.  
They asked me why  
I said I'd choose to jump from a roof.

Earthen, ancient, valley cradle mountain top  
and lakes of reflected bloodline light.  
I had tears in my eyes  
as he looked in mine and I swore on every bond.

So close, the distance  
so nearly crossed behind.  
My life was saved  
by every friend who moved to the room  
when they knew I nearly died.

Loving, kind, different eyes, different hues  
and the laughter I have heard.  
It was absurd to think  
I had nothing to lose.

## Alexander Wonderland

I leapt through the portal of myself  
and touched death, and met his eyes  
too awful to describe.

I drifted off into the space  
you see before you die  
but when I woke I was alive and  
changed forever.

Hospital gowns, and I have crawled  
into the rabbit hole  
with wounded, tired hands.  
Alexander Wonderland.

I jumped the cliff over the sea  
and it swallowed me, my misery,  
my LSD discoveries  
and the lessons I ignored.  
There is nothing left to explore;  
I have hit the ceiling, fallen to the floor,  
and I swam deep under the water  
before crawling onto shore;  
the tangible touch of dampened sand.  
Alexander Wonderland.

I pushed through the black hole hidden there  
and was peeled bare, my essence  
and my dwindling grasp on  
all the blessings I've received. I  
felt the expanse of time  
swallowing me,  
stretched out; the blood I bleed  
pouring infinities out of the mouth  
of space's darkest cell.  
My soul, in suspended falls  
through a gate of pitch black stars  
far beyond the world of man.  
Alexander Wonderland.

I have lived, lost, loved, and given all I  
had to make it through;  
I have abused and been abused,  
found truths in hidden places  
and seen the face of the ultimate light,  
the unforgettable eyes of oblivion,  
and a path which leads me  
high and out of pain.  
I have been ashamed to fall  
and proud that despite all I  
stand. Because I can.  
Because I have seen the darkness  
which I am better than.  
Alexander Wonderland.

## **I love the light**

I love the light  
so much I feel like I explode inside  
when I am happy, and when the colours  
of my mind make pastel lullaby melodies  
shuddering like heat haze wafting over  
desert plains,  
my cool blue dream oasis lingering, and  
you are my Isis of the dusky night  
descending purple midnight shades  
on closing eyes and trembling hands  
covering skin.  
I let you within  
and now I live without you.

I love the light  
as I love the new day's glare  
coming over treetops,  
fanning electric shades of peacock  
blue and green, red, white,  
vibrant lights that wake my mind up,  
and I am tired but the day is young,  
just begun and I am blessed  
to be alive.  
Still I strive for something more  
and I adored you.

I love the light  
and I have been happy as the sun  
breaking the night, shattering  
black shadows with bright  
rays crafting life and colour,  
and I sang lullabies to you  
and broke in two when you forgot me.  
I looked but you never knew  
that you had lost me.

## Deserted

I move through changes,  
lone silhouette lost in the skyline  
haze and departure of yesterday  
as opalescent grey as the ash tray  
full of spent cigarettes  
upon the glistening silver glow.  
I exhale vortex curls  
and feel my panic go  
into the air, beyond there,  
that glass so seemingly  
clear as the present  
or really murky as the past,  
and I blew trees into the alleyway breeze  
yet barely had a dream last night.

I often fight the urge to lie  
down in the sheets with my demons, my  
hidden heart, disbelieving self, my  
painful, ecstatic urge  
to move far into the hurtful light of  
an illuminated ego death dissociative  
midnight soul.  
That K-hole nightmare  
darkness down there,  
so romantic to me,  
my self-destructive inner peace  
disturbed.

The silent room  
deserted.

## Missing

The grim mask of this reaper,  
my pale flesh caressed by the whispering wind  
and the dead secrets sheltered  
in a barren voice  
hidden in the space between her.  
My skin alive with vague threat,  
omnipresent nastiness  
and bitter fear with every breath.  
I am the emptiness of Earth in  
its regret,  
this devout and utterly devoid  
follower of fatalistic  
pleasures of the flesh.

The sunless sky has lost this ploy for  
subtle madness in the mask of joy well  
kept, well secreted-away  
in the forbidden hole  
I hid in.  
I slid into the hollow between  
dreams, day, death,  
and infinite space.  
These micro-expressions of my face  
are no mistake.  
I shrink away.

This is not permanent, it  
is only by design.  
It is only by the mechanical  
dictatorship wiring  
and the silent sirens blaring boy band jingle cartoon  
violence in your ears.  
Only by the way I do not feel  
like I belong here.



Earth.

I wish I hadn't seen you first  
but I know you won't be my  
last.

Perhaps I clung to ground too soon, too  
fast to fit and sit with the past, an  
intergalactic space ship  
fifth dan fighter  
six shooter paragliding  
lightning storm trooper.

The past  
bears nothing on my future.

## **Lovelorn**

Out of the corner of the room  
an epiphany, a silent truth  
splitting the infinity of myself.  
Out of the shadows of my sleep the  
apartment sighs  
and the floorboards speak their  
creaky soliloquy reading this  
dramatic monologue lovelorn  
love song.  
It won't be long before I  
am gone again.

The whitewashed walls,  
the refrigerator buzzing by the side  
as I dissolve inside the cocoon shell,  
this infant light  
mortal hell;  
all hope abandon,  
while I fall  
into temporal holes  
bored by my failings.  
No self-control,  
no release.  
No peace.

No hesitancy  
as I climb ivory towers  
and plunge a hundred floors or  
more, like May showers  
birthing the April flowers  
with which you adorn your hair.  
I can taste the air  
and I can fall and fall and fall  
and fall  
and fall

and fall  
and fall into my darkness  
as though there's nothing there.

The dirty window  
whispers.

## **The forgetting**

Cut me down  
until only the cocaine remains,  
and the remains of the day  
die slowly within my withdrawn heart. The  
artist,  
the art,  
the starvation mode  
fast I slowly disintegrate through  
until I am flesh,  
until I am one with you.

My lysergic life,  
my changing eyes  
no shade or design but mine.  
The sunlight tries,  
but in my cocoon  
I blossom like the death's-head  
moth and it cannot find me.

Let me fall  
and I will drop every dose I find.  
Let me lie in silence  
until I stop this back and forth  
diatribe within my mind.  
Me, myself, and I,  
and who of these decided that  
I would destroy myself?

I starve in this half-lit room,  
this comfortable tomb,  
this womb of my design  
for rebirth, and I unearth  
every demon I have known. I  
grow thinner,  
weaker,

stranger.

I take my anger  
and turn it on myself.

I think about

everything that I have done  
as I have lived, and loved,  
and died a thousand deaths;  
the phoenix I've become.

These drugs, this mind,  
this abstract, impressionistic life, the  
Van Gogh skies of my lucid dreams, the  
pain and the forgetting.

## **Smoke rises**

My liver, my lungs have had enough.  
Enough of these pills, powders,  
pieces of my mind made acid showers  
and ecstatic circles moving  
round beneath my lids,  
the caplets, capsules, and frenzied scrambles through  
the draw for something small  
to mainline into a mind made spectral,  
this spectrum span of things I have been told to  
think, feel, do, without truth  
there is no way to overcome.

Alcohol ambiance in the room at night,  
cigarette ashes piling by the tremulant hand,  
pencil scratch and crumpled paper piles,  
my liver, my lungs, enough for me to say I  
can drift into the night sometimes  
a new man, a frail friend to myself,  
stormy weather doubt as I persevere.

The mouth, the eyes widen,  
the lights turn into spiral patterns, the  
sky becomes a canvas filled with  
watercolour shades  
of blue and whatever all this means  
it hasn't hit me, maybe partly, maybe  
lesson learned, maybe  
a road to tread I haven't found yet.

The omnipresent threat,  
omnipotent hand of death around me,  
the caress so gentle,  
so resoundingly assuring  
that reality is only half the scene,

and you can flip that coin  
so easily it is a maddening temptation  
to reject the days which pass me by just how  
they are.  
I am not of this life,  
I do not use these eyes  
to witness the same things you do, the  
world does not compel me  
as it compels those who surround me  
and the happiness of the real has become barely  
attainable  
against the weight of heavy flesh.

Smoke rises  
out of this small unsteady fire, lifted  
as the light I am revealed by.  
I wonder if you have seen  
the death within my eyes  
the countless moments, constant time  
it spends there, and it is real  
enough for you to witness turning grey then  
black,  
then nothing after that.

## **These days**

These days  
the snow looks like cocaine  
and the sunlight looks like mushroom  
clouds over my sight,  
vapour trails bleeding left to right  
across the psychedelic sky.

These days  
the rain tastes like bad acid  
running down my back  
and bursting through my brain,  
halcyon journeys twisting  
through the electric light of ecstasy.

These days  
the smoke rings come in loops  
encircling the joyless evening air, as  
I force my heart to rest  
and capsule currents wash away  
this fervid slave without a master.

The riverbeds are parched,  
those days of wine and roses wilted  
and neatly put into the past,  
as I reminisce about the times I hit the mark or  
missed it, or swam until I nearly  
drowned and slipped aside;  
all the dim way down  
inside this hellish hole I had to hide in.



## **Disintegration**

Disintegration.

As the coffee cups grow stained in the sink,  
as the floor gathers dust and detritus,  
as the ceiling fan shudders and gives up  
alongside I, alongside the familiar waking  
life I wake and sleep  
and dread by every day.

Disintegration.

As the lightbulb gives up the ghost,  
as the dishes pile high like a mass grave,  
as the arms, the legs, the head  
lose their energy  
and I collapse in this cacophony  
of silence.

Disintegration.

As the days blur by,  
the second hand barks loudly  
from the peeling wall, my breaking soul  
breaks down, the sheets are scrambled and  
you can find me in the heavy,  
sleepy, poisoned air that permeates this day  
and the malicious timeline of my life.

It passes me, I  
disintegrate,  
eternity waiting  
always  
waiting  
I won't  
make it.

## **Dogma**

Day decreases to day  
dogmatically, this dry pace crawling like  
a slouching beast across the plain.  
Why does my heart suspend itself in solitude  
amid a cloud of self-deceit?

I am deceived  
and shackled to the pillars of my past.

I feel hollow  
like a crystal vase in thin air  
just above the ground,  
moments from impact  
without movement,  
without consciousness.

## **Always waiting**

As expansive as the amber expanse of cloud  
which sinks before me now,  
your eyes and the reflection of myself  
haunting day dreams  
and dazed falls through ideational portholes  
into lustful, loveless realities  
in which I shudder.  
My horizon eyes slowly fade  
into an unfocused gaze upon the dying sun  
mirroring my soul as it sinks to hibernation,  
always waiting

always  
waiting.

## **Diazepam**

A diazepam pentagram  
drawn out of the lightning in the air, as  
the drunken men throw bottles  
and senseless shouts down there, the  
alleyway below my heaving breath  
gasping out this window.

I feel the night in its embrace  
clutching through this shrouded darkness,  
and the sense of time as it is erased shows  
me nothing in the vacant flashes.

This city scene  
bleeds water like feeble rivers burst  
through scorched ravines.

I sleep in the mellow glowing light  
in which I cocoon my mortal frame, my  
eyes awake and perceiving  
the vivid shapes on dim display  
through this vastness,  
through this permanence  
of both the future and the past  
at last.

What is this strangeness  
that follows me from place to place, this  
weird closeness  
to the echoes of immoral, immortal,  
disemboweled  
disgrace?

I re-arrange  
and take what I can find in  
darkness.

Everything changes regardless.

## Dear life

I keep on slipping on the same rope as ever as  
I fall down the same holes,  
my hands tired, aching from the day I  
grasp, hold, hope against hope  
I learn from, heal in,  
do not descend with  
into darkness.

The kettle purrs from across the room and  
I look to find myself alone.  
Once more the silence of the apartment,  
once more the void of the hallway, once  
more the echoes of man  
from behind the sealed, closed glass.

The third button undone,  
the sleeves haphazardly rolled,  
the eyes black and grey;  
an inverted bas-relief of my face  
drawn exhausted by the broken light  
in which the computer screen bathes me  
while the day grows darker  
and disappears as I decline here.

Strength, weakness, strength,  
weakness.

I mitigate my mind  
in rows of numbing,  
nebulous white.  
My eyes shine,  
dim,  
recede into their sockets  
and close, another day for  
living, another day to  
fight, survive,  
cling to  
dear life.

## Dances

Dances through the smoke curls while  
the basement lights are dim, you my  
everything in present tense now  
passed.

At last I think I learnt my lessons. And  
the raindrops glisten like shattered glass  
on the sidewalks we meander,  
the city twilight we enter with loud voices and  
the fire of our faithless hearts.

Cigarette ash scattered underfoot  
while we gather aimlessly  
in pointless corners made of cinder block.  
We linger a little longer in the dark before  
the crowds come,  
before my heart crumbles  
again and I head home too early.

Rays permeate the Western air  
while we move in the suspension  
of youth to care, of adulthood  
lingering there beyond us.  
Not to know this time, ingrained hazy  
memories shared without a word. The  
coast unfurls my soul.

Snow drifts down the alleyway stone,  
faces muffled for the arctic freeze,  
grey fumes lifted by our eyelids  
and the fire-lit brick walls shimmer.  
Footprints on the melting ice  
while we huddle as though there's nothing  
beyond this tundra,  
this barren land we wander.

Forgetting, sarcastic subletting  
of my consciousness for days  
I spent on end, on everything  
I should have known to run from.  
Distant mistakes I never meant to see  
coming from me.

City street, blind light,  
Snow White.  
Mad rush, mad days, hazy  
hospital getaways.

Here, stand where we can see.  
Heal upon command  
and tell me that the smoke curls  
open into the air and fade, those  
days neatly packed away  
now that you have learnt your lesson.  
Do not tell me that you lessen.  
Do not rely upon a hand to hold you while  
you turn crystal under pressure  
and still the shattering is some surprise.

I cannot battle without hope. I  
cannot hang with a rope which  
I refuse to tie.  
These days slip by  
though still I grin  
and ask how you have been  
as though I have not seen myself  
exploding.

## Still

Still rolling in the bathroom mirror,  
still writhing on the floor beside reality, still  
sitting in dark rooms with dark thoughts and Bic  
lighters  
throwing shadows on the tiled walls.

Still rereading fault lines  
in the construct of myself,  
still the cut up straws in the cutlery drawer,  
still the scattered white powder,  
still the hospital wards and thin plastic gowns  
gently rippling in the cold evening air  
through a barred window who knows who has  
looked through.

Still the weightlessness  
as I fall onto the couch unconscious,  
still the tubes of glass  
opaque with thick grey smoke,  
still the vomit, still the dazed stumbling,  
still the hash burning, the ash smouldering,  
the plastic bag deflating as my brain fogs.

Still the piece of card  
dissolving on my tongue,  
still the bitter, dirty taste of mushrooms  
lingering in my mouth  
behind the cheap prosecco.  
Still the half-broken tablets  
and the sight of myself  
nervously clicking my jaw in the mirror,  
licking the benchtop,  
scratching the bottoms of heavy jars  
covered in rolls of tape and nicknames  
scratched in Sharpie ink.



Still the butane.  
Still the codeine.  
Still the cocaine.  
Still the MDMA.  
Still the clonazepam.  
Still the diazepam.  
Still the temazepam.  
Still the alprazolam.  
Still the zolpidem.  
Still the psilocybin.  
Still the salvia.  
Still the LSD.

Still the healing.  
Still the relapse.  
Still the visions  
still the thoughts  
still the silence I break  
still wandering.

## I **fall**

Private life. These  
private eyes;  
this private soul of mine you  
do not see.

The dead of night  
poetry, the Xanax dust  
and whiskey shots poured over me. The  
suffering.

The way I walk  
into a crowd  
and wear a mask  
and shout the loudest,  
brightest,  
happiest I can.  
You demand it.

Yet when you leave  
and I have only memories  
and fantasies  
and alternate realities to  
explore,  
I fall.

Then I run my hands through  
cutlery drawers.

The man in the light  
who smiles widely. The  
black, pungent,  
Kristallnacht smoke  
which covers his soul.  
This purge,  
this absurd unearthing

of the hidden side,  
the tiny little hint  
of which is buried in his eyes.

I pull the blinds  
during the day.  
Sunlight cascades  
and stops before it enters  
and before I turn away.

A single tear.  
You'll never see me  
in here.

## Defenestration

I glance out of the glass  
at a treeless jungle,  
leafless haven for the lost, the  
abused, the down-and-outers of  
the lunatic fringe.  
There is a way the air grows heavy  
while the night creeps on,  
and I linger by the half-light sunset  
I forget;  
this vain forgetting,  
the struggle and the fight and  
the moving on.

The streets are heavy  
with the memories of men  
and the vague delusions  
flocking to surround them.  
The sun swings low  
in her seat, seeming to breathe  
through the rays of light  
she emanates.

I watch the mouths move  
like grotesque openings  
in the faces of the damned;  
I see fleeting eyes make fleeting summaries of  
me, and the occasional obscenity thrown.  
I am tired of the way the light falters  
and withdraws, and our lives grow dim. No  
light from within.

And yet the air is still  
and in the morning  
I will wake  
to begin again.

I had to force myself to lift this pen  
and write this poem;  
loveless, passionless writer whose  
spark has left him  
for the moment, alone  
and I am slowly coming to see  
the mixed-state, shallow-breathing  
lithium daze they leave me in.

They leave me little  
to believe in.

## **My madness**

My madness comes in waves,  
reaching for the Xanax or the Stilnox  
sling I slip my neck in.  
Falling into the undertow  
riptide out to sea.  
This depraved insanity.

How else can I  
destroy myself?  
As I look out into the heavy air  
and breathe tangents of twisted flame and  
ash, and it falls  
and I wonder what the feeling is when  
movement stops  
and you are resting  
on the concrete pillow pavement which  
I was kept from,  
which I have dreamt of,  
which I have seen waking  
as though a premonition,  
this Jacob's ladder leading  
skyward, downward;  
an invisible height I have clambered high to  
and the divine truths  
revealed on the way down.  
What sound?

I wake to the rhythmic tick  
of the cheap quartz clock I taped to the wall.  
Time does not absolve me.

## Hunger

How you look into my eyes  
is not of hunger, is not of thirst, is  
not of want or affirmation.  
Is not of greed, is not of lust,  
is not of need or trust  
or anticipation.  
Is not of power, is not of control,  
  
is not of capitulation, protestation, joy,  
pleasure, or sadness.  
Is not of sanity or madness.  
Is not of Earth or sun or stars,  
is not of Venus or of Mars. this  
Is not of moment,  
is not of future or of past.

Is not of encouragement,  
judgment, statement,  
or disdain.  
Is not of your life, or  
mine, or humankind.  
Is not of pain or of design.

It is the look of the tigress to  
her unsuspecting prey  
out across the plains  
she traverses in her hunger.

It  
quickly  
pulls  
me  
under.

## Invested

The apex of your legs  
where I am lost,  
which is my wilderness.  
That contour of your skin  
trembling underneath my hands.  
Your whispered demands.  
The rhythm of your breath,  
your breasts,  
your tenderness  
as you acquiesce  
to my kisses  
tracing up your thigh.

You and I.  
No infant light of dawn,  
the shutters drawn,  
the light bulbs dim  
as we are writhing  
with our bodies  
and our sins  
intertwined.  
Parched,  
I lay prostrate before you.  
How I adore you.

I lift you,  
fold you, kiss  
you.  
I have told you  
what I become when drapes are closed and  
you remove your clothes before me.  
This is the dance  
we dance til morning.  
I will be yawning through the day all  
of tomorrow.



You are my light,  
my sorrow when we part,  
and I will carry you  
out of the turbulence of my heart onto  
my bed,  
and you'll be glad  
that you are there instead.  
It is better when I am not invested.

Crawl to my embrace  
and I will satisfy you. Your  
eyes say I am bound to.

## Mine

The skin which lines your inner thigh  
is mine for this night, dim in light  
of lust while I devour every inch of you until  
it is mine, until other men  
have no claim and will not find  
the crevices of you I've climbed in.

Your body is my body,  
your pleasure is mine,  
your lips part into a smile  
I quickly cover, I quickly smother  
you myself, and until I tell you to stop you  
will not.

You are as lost in this as I  
and soon we will align  
in unison, in perfect visions  
mankind has dreamt for traceable time.

I take you like Odysseus conquered Troy  
and took the kingdom,  
and you my Helen, and  
you my gyrating,  
pulsating, sweating,  
swearing, heaving,  
ferocious, quickly moving lover  
for tonight, for the morning  
comes and you are spent,  
and you have come  
to and fro, my window  
is open, and now you hear the songbirds  
singing as though you didn't just escape and  
fly to places others only dream of.

We dress and say goodbye.  
Other men will give you their love as  
you think of mine.

## **My demands**

Your lips upon my skin emit  
the brilliant radiance and  
the perfect cadence  
of your awestruck eyes  
as they flicker shut and open,  
your clothes halfway slipped  
down the length of your torso  
as you are choking,  
and the straps of your bra broken from  
the hunger of my hands.

I whisper my demands  
as the wind seizes the leaves of  
the unsuspecting  
verdant, blossoming trees,  
demanding their obedience  
and bending them  
insistently  
toward the ground.

You moan aloud. Your  
hair a shroud  
which, swept aside,  
reveals your open eyes  
wide as you devour me.

We are one as we are bound to be.

## Phantom

I asked my mother  
if she thought most women  
would see a handsome man in me.  
She told me that they would, and  
that I needn't worry  
when I deserved to feel confident,  
assured in myself  
as all those photogenic men must be. A  
couple of female friends  
I dared to ask had said the same  
but I remained skeptical  
as a girl in school told me I had nice lips and  
I was flattered but too shy  
and bashful to speak.  
Another girl told me that my legs  
and the butt to which they led  
were beautiful -  
I couldn't tell if she was serious.  
A few women noticed  
my dimpled cheeks  
and said that they were cute,  
or that my smile was a sweet one;  
mostly I felt I was ignored,  
though my accent sometimes worked  
to make me more attractive than I am,  
that strange inclination  
to exotic lands manifest in me.  
My broad shoulders,  
my tucked in waist,  
my bony wrists and ankles,  
and my shaved head  
with short stubble  
and the lines of bald absence  
traced upon my countered edges.  
My eyes, not beautiful  
but somewhat strange

and shifting colours in the light  
always a little grey, then blue and  
green and brown;  
my unremarkable nose and brow.  
My reasonably large hands and feet and  
the parts of my body  
we don't write about in poems,  
told that it's wrong and that  
no one wants to hear about such  
vulgar things.  
My voice, often deep,  
sometimes effete and usually  
strained by social stress  
and mumbled whenever I feel shy;  
my undefined and effeminate  
abdominal expanse  
of which I have felt so conscious; my  
moderately tall height,  
my pale skin,  
the stubble upon my chin;  
my nervously trimmed body hair and  
naturally near-bare  
arms and legs and back.  
My genetic predisposition to heart attacks.

I don't know the man  
I see in the mirror, who shimmers  
in the glass before me.  
He doesn't look like me.  
He doesn't look like anything  
which I have ever seen, or ever felt  
or ever known to be real;  
he is a phantom facade and  
I am a beam of light  
energy floating through space.  
I cannot feel your hands placed  
around my waist.  
Are they there?

## Strawberry

It was how you tasted,  
strawberry blossom lips  
with the hint of lavender air  
as I explored you,  
and that frigid wind  
through half-cracked windows never  
sent a shiver down my spine  
because you radiated light  
and warmth in the cocoon of my sheets.

It was how you stared at me,  
and how I would turn to find you curled with  
your eyes over me like a dark shroud among  
the clear glass bottles,  
crumpled clothes that smelt like cigarettes,  
drunken memories and burn marks  
dotting the pale skin  
along the back of my thin hand.

It was how those days of lucky light  
seemed longer when you touched me  
and stillborn when you left before the sun. It  
was how your hair fell, your skin felt, your  
lips brushed shyly across my own.  
It was how I held you as though I would hold a  
rose without a thorn.  
It was how I let my hopeful  
hopeless heart get caught up in the magic of  
your hands  
once more.

Now the mirror reflects sadness  
and I taste cigarettes and empty bottles which  
your lips have never touched.

Now the air is cold sometimes,  
the night is dark, the day doesn't start on  
time, and I can't remember  
the way it felt to love you because  
I can't remember your eyes and that  
is when you really know someone has  
left you.

## **Imperfect**

You said you'd never be  
one of the pretty girls.  
With your cellulite, your acne scars,  
your beauty marks  
or the body you told me you couldn't bear.

Heavy silence in the air.  
Your hot breath in my ear.  
I miss you.

To love you until you would love yourself a  
losing game, and in your smile  
a thousand lies you masqueraded.

You didn't need to change.

Passing you the towel, your thighs now wet, my  
back a mess of scratch marks, sweat,  
and bruises I asked you to give me.

Your hard, small, happy breasts  
pressing against my kneecaps.  
Your stubborn innocence.

The lily white fingers of your little hands entangled  
in mine as we made love.  
Your curling toes,  
the stubble underneath your arms  
and on your pubis  
you kept apologising for while I ignored you.

Imperfect sex,  
impermanence.  
Those things which you never let go, I  
couldn't have cared less.



## **Come close**

Come close until I taste you,  
my irreplaceable.  
The silence breaks as you moan.

Your broken silence my design,  
these lips of mine.  
Bring your cruel hungry eyes hither  
as you shiver, shake, and push me down.  
Paradise lost, found, and I am surrounded.

Pull me in  
your embrace.  
Your face, my face, the  
taste of you.  
Our sticky skin sticking  
to another,  
the sheets they shudder.

These feverish arms,  
octopus-like writhing surge  
and the neighbours might have heard us.  
This lust,  
this madness,  
lost  
in the dreams of past futures, the  
future's past  
and I'm alone again.

## **Rose gold**

Rose gold patterns on the wall,  
this life in air  
and immaterial barren doorways  
through which I see myself.

I am infinite as the sky is endless  
and I am complete in this beauty  
of space, and light  
as it filters through the eyes of  
those I love  
and above me  
the sword of Damocles hangs low  
so that I rise  
and fall  
and am made whole  
through my survival;  
this piercing blow my  
resolution.

I hold my head above these clouds  
of destitution and decay  
and I will not accept the fate of  
lonely men, crumbling  
as mountains one day fall  
onto the plains of sadness,  
indulgent despair  
and the darkness hidden there  
in my potential.

See these summer leaves  
waltz along the streets outside my window, and  
see my open eyes  
gaze into the future light  
that shines in the chambers of the dreams which  
I have always had.

See my hands grasp tightly on  
and the strength with which I hold  
this Earth which I have held  
and loved  
and fought so long.

## Woman

In my veins, you run the undertow through  
boiling blood and my dark sorrow born of  
woman, son of man,  
stranger in the hollow of this planet  
and the lonely wasteland from which I have run.

My fix, you are my ailment and medicine,  
surgeon and executioner.  
You are my temptress, godless face  
shining between bottomless eyes.

In my heart you are the hole,  
in my dreams my one companion,  
in the night, death waits  
breathing kisses in my soul.

## **I lay broken**

I lay broken on the bed as evening falters,  
stalling her last careful glance over the snow.  
There is an emptiness to dreaming  
I didn't know yet, and yet this slow  
and painful ego death just will not end.  
There were tears in both my eyes  
as I crumbled into the dust under the boards and  
among the wet tiles of the bathroom floor,  
pleading for mercy with this curse  
that still absorbs me.

I considered all the ways  
in which I felt that I had died before  
and there were more than I could say.  
It is enough to have the present  
and the distant fog  
of a yesterday I barely know  
because tomorrow there are ways in which  
the echoes of these lines will fill my mouth

I shout -  
the world burns and it is beautiful.  
My cosmos will return before tomorrow  
and first light's just a few more rays away;  
the sea is green  
as yesterday was pink and black;  
the night will keep your secret for you and  
then torture you with that.

## **Rain falls**

Rain falls on the uneven alley stone.  
Boarded doorways leading home.  
My loneliness in chloroform gauze  
over my barely parted lips  
outstretched to kiss you,  
outstretched to seize what I have  
only in dreams, only in the seeming  
belief that I will make it through.

Thunder splits the twilight sky.  
Months since I nearly died and  
I'm still crying sometimes,  
in the silence of a room I've spread  
myself into; the peeling walls  
and the dirty windows  
I have taught myself to speak  
my thoughts through  
when you're not here,  
when you're not anywhere  
the hopelessness is near  
again.

Again, the bitter end  
comes threatening above the rooftops,  
above the half-hid treetops,  
above the lonely pit stops  
drunken men drink in  
and I have seen my reflection in  
those glasses a little often for  
my liking,  
for the way I think my life ends.

Summer heaviness in the air.  
The window seems to breathe

a sigh as though someone is there, the  
air

the air  
this breath,  
only death.

## **I wake**

I wake to the cinder grey of the walls  
filtered heavily through blinds half-pulled  
from their perch, my window laughing  
in the morning air that dies  
with the absence of sunlight.

How cold I grow  
while I stagnate in this insulator,  
this incubator I detach, and claw,  
and break through into dawns  
I didn't see waiting.  
Breaking into lifetimes I don't want  
or see some coming back from.  
I see my dawn grow black upon horizons  
spread through the smeared glass.

Nothing ever lasts.



## **The maniac**

The old road whispers things  
like the dead men in my dreams  
who cannot hear me.  
Forgetful days  
as the lines on my hands redraw themselves  
as abstract angles torn both forward and back, I  
fade to black.

The maniac,  
I find the colour in the centre of the sun  
and fade to that.  
Beyond both you and I  
there is a code within your eyes I  
seek to codify,  
those starlight signs I'd light a vigil to  
or swore some oath or other by,  
this unbroken lullaby  
goes undimmed in the headspace of my dreams.

Perhaps there is a wish that goes unwanted  
all throughout these half-dreamt days.  
Perhaps eternity bowed her heavy head  
as though to gaze right through me,  
assimilate the mind and body,  
bend the twisted heart abjectly,  
lingering in the light behind the eyes  
there is a galaxy of stars that go stillborn  
each wasted morning,  
that yawning sky I looked into and  
swore on no returning  
while three stars spread the dead light of the  
fallen far before me.

## Seasons

As seasons drift  
I drift  
away,  
as if there were some other way to live this life  
I've led thus far,  
so far beyond what I expected.

There is a message in the fallen sun,  
the snowflakes heaven sent spinning  
that spun and now they're slush beneath  
our feet,  
these old stone alleys  
and the frowning streets  
already littered with my stolen memories.

There are pitches in the halo of the day,  
familiar melodies I've sung softly to myself as  
I have watched each passing ray,  
the shadows forming murky visions  
while the old sun bowed her head  
as though she listened sadly  
to the song etched in the keystone of my soul.

## **Incarnation**

Shifting spectral shades of virgin light  
gone unbroken through my child eyes  
I am eternal,  
I am impermanence in this suspended air  
which shimmers in the space before you.

Incarnate, reverberations through the dead  
spaces of my recollection,  
protracted silences and half-unearthed  
skeletons I shiver at the thought of, my  
haunting  
echoes gently through a darkly-lighted house  
I move within, without the strength to lose it and  
so I'll sit within these walls  
a little longer  
as the pale sills gather dust each passing day.

I am distant energy by now,  
beyond the parted clouds and among stars or  
even demons, infinite joy  
and sadness for the roughly trodden ground I  
cannot tread on;  
this mortal shell, this disconnection,  
disassociated misperception of the self  
or perhaps of everybody else,  
though on that count I have to say I'm  
undecided.

## **Fear**

The warmth of your skin is electric  
beneath my hands  
while the cold air loiters by  
the open windowpane.

Your kneecaps on my shoulders  
while I look into your eyes  
and you describe the way you haven't felt  
quite this way before,  
and I recite a poem I tapped into my phone when  
I got home last night  
drunk, stoned, and alone in the bed which  
still carried the scent of you.

Your fear is my fear  
when you run your hot hands through your hair  
and tell me that you're scared of falling in  
again, I read your eyes again  
and see that you feel time stand still  
when we're together  
yet there is a risk to every lust,  
there is a danger in my trust, there  
is a shadow on your heart  
I can't cast off for you,  
there is a question on your part I  
cannot solve for you,  
there is the chance that real as this is  
it exists only in the dark abyss  
between your past heartbreak  
and some bright future  
in which I do not feature,  
because tonight is not the night to want me,  
these months are not the months to hold me,  
this waning gibbous moon is dead in the dark  
above me

and the stars shed stillborn light on  
upward eyes  
in cynical skies I plead you realise  
you should not fear to love me.

## Breaking

The sunlight on my ceiling is abstract through the  
curtain of your hair,  
as you trace a line of kisses down my neck and I  
believe for once that I exist  
beyond temporal and fleeting bliss and into life  
beyond my dreams,  
where you have waited in the dark for  
far too many years.

The way you hold me  
as though I can never break,  
or how it feels to pull your fingers  
between mine and kiss you on the lips,  
that dimpled smile  
splitting wide enough to show me this is real. I  
hold you closer and I feel you,  
your moans and little squeals  
as I kiss every inch of skin which you possess.

The back of my hand,  
your planted kiss as we embrace  
and our sunlight is split by daytime rain  
so that the leaves on each tree dance and sway  
with bonds which seem never to break  
as long as they hold tightly I  
hold you tightly.

## **Because of the way**

Because of the way you look into my eyes.  
Because of the way your delicate fingers fit  
through mine  
and hold on very tightly,  
as though the floor could disappear  
and I am your anchor in overturning seas  
set sail on this bed,  
suspended by thin air while we make love.

Because of your radiant smile  
which brightens up my room whenever I kiss you.  
Because I can spend a day lost in your light and  
scarcely notice time  
as it flies past the open windowpanes,  
as billions of lives start and end and carry on I  
need only this, infinity in your face  
and your lips on mine are planted lightly.

Because of the way you laugh and hold me and  
I feel my darkness slink away with its  
dismal tail tucked behind.  
Because in you I found a life  
I searched for years to love  
yet never thought I'd find.  
Because when I wake in the morning you are mine  
and I don't want anybody else  
and you don't want anybody else  
and the sunlight holds us as two halves  
while I kiss your neck, you sigh,  
coming alive with me as the soft blue sky  
splits open.

## **Abstraction**

Small coloured lights spread friendly patterns on  
the ceiling  
in my abstraction,  
daydreaming of tomorrow yet again.  
The snow has settled now,  
its frigid fingers tempered down  
and warming with the first light of the day.

The barren branches stand so stiff on  
these sentinel trees,  
the watchmen gone uncovered  
through the heavy freeze.  
But there's tomorrow  
peeking through the twigs now bare  
in the form of all the beautiful,  
colourful, temporal spring leaves I  
soon expect to see there,  
as I expect to one day bow my knee  
and ask the woman of my dreams  
if every secret wish I've ever dared to dream  
came true.

As surely as I've lived to dream of love I  
love you,  
my infinity in a thousand other lives than  
simply this  
to touch you feels like coming home; the  
trees will clothe their skinny bones in  
robes of emerald green and gold  
and I will hold you to me all the while.

Small coloured lights  
dance in tandem shapes across the walls  
in my abstraction,  
daydreaming of your dark magic eyes.



The sun comes through my window  
every morning now,  
my tears are drier now  
that you make me believe in karma.  
My dharma bum, my lover in spirit  
and an embrace that encircles seven suns,  
you are the one for whom I waited  
before I even knew that you were there,  
and now I cannot help but see you everywhere, out  
in new worlds far more beautiful than this.

## **Do Not Disturb**

I put my phone on Do Not Disturb  
while you are with me  
because the world can wait as I cannot, to  
hold you and embrace all of your sighs as  
though they come from my own lungs, as  
though your lips were made to fit here on  
my lips,  
my hands cradling yours while night falls.

Behind the plain apartment door you  
are my everything,  
and when the daylight breaks I  
feel my heartbeat  
climb because I know that you are with me, and  
you press lightly into me  
while we hold hands  
and occupy the paradise between our dreams  
and waking life; as you were once in sleep  
you are now here beside me.

As you were once a hope you are a light  
brightening darknesses I swore would never end,  
and as our eyes meet  
for the first time of the day  
I am as vulnerable as the snowflakes  
which will fall  
on the next months of this romance,  
coating these windowpanes  
while we share in our hibernation.

I am naked,  
fragile,  
open before you.  
I am afraid until I see you smile once again

and the heaviness in my chest expands,  
explodes, and my fear bows its head before  
the kingdom of your endless arms I would  
gladly fall into a thousand times  
because your eyes on mine are fragile as my own  
and you remind me of a woman I have known but  
never met,  
slowly advancing through the shadows of my past  
until I cannot help but let you into the shelter  
of my heart.

## **Only in my dreams**

Only in my dreams,  
but there you are naked before me  
in the half-dark room where we collide.

There is the whisper of a fingertip  
across the light skin of my chest  
as I inhale you, as I breathe you like air  
grown thin now we are high  
and lifted in the sheets of my bed again.

The pale gold of your skin glows amber in  
this light  
while the music intermingles with our open  
window laughter  
and the agitated traffic on the road outside,  
busily humming with life I do not need when you  
are with me.

Smoke contracts and releases itself  
through the open pane  
while you are nestled  
in the harbour of my arms,  
and your eyes are bottomless in this dark room  
like you are infinite,  
like you are everything,  
as though in you I see my heart unfold  
and all its deepest wishes surfacing.

## **Moonlight**

Moonlight over us as we made love,  
you said those words I'd only dreamt of  
however many thousand nights  
alone in however many beds with  
however many unfulfilled,  
unrequited romances I'd forget by morning.

A pregnant pause in midnight air  
and then we kissed while our eyes met and  
I told you the same.  
I'd spent the day in fear of ever giving up the  
little secret which had built  
and slowly risen in my chest,  
but midnight struck with your lips  
pressed and held  
still for an eternity while I embraced you.

Our minds occupied by one another  
we lay adjacent on the heavy sheets as I tried not  
to rush to write this poem.  
The true poet stays in the moment, I said.  
The true poet knows when he has felt  
one of those feelings he'll never forget, and  
even if the lines to this poem don't last and  
even if a year goes past  
and everything I have falls through  
I'll never forget the way it felt to be allowed to  
love you  
as I held you  
and I truly felt your heart beating within me.

### **The night we didn't go to the party**

The night we didn't go to the party we  
stayed in our bed, your eyes stayed  
fixed on mine  
while we both cried, the unspoken words,  
the feeling of belonging, the lowered lights.

Holding you in my arms  
feels like embracing my deepest happiness,  
my infinite wonderess  
with all those playful kisses and  
piercing looks into my soul.

My elusive love at last,  
where are your lips if not on mine, where  
are your arms if not surrounding me as the  
evening descends,  
as each caress feels like the push  
which sends me over  
the edge of what I ever expected to know.

You are not the center of my world  
but every particle of dust,  
every little flower bud,  
every drop of water in the sea. I  
myself am like the air,  
and if it looks as though there's nothing there  
breathe one breath in,  
reach your hands into the sky  
and as I draw life from you  
you draw life from me.  
The sunlight dies but she returns for us,  
within your gentle touch  
where infinity is never long enough  
and winter paints her dazzling portraits  
on the ground.

## **I touch you**

I touch you  
as I would touch a soft thing,  
a fragile thing made by divine truth and  
with the beauty of a rose unspoilt.  
I touch you like the air touches my face on  
tender mornings when I wake  
and walk into the world with hopeful heart,  
and by your touch I am blinded,  
by your touch I am complete,  
by your soul and your lips and  
your eyes I am made whole  
while I adore you.

I touch you  
with the caress of the moon upon  
the Earth with pale light;  
you are my sun, my beacon in darkness  
and the brightness which I can only reflect.  
I touch you as I would touch  
the strands of spider webs in  
which you've caught me, and  
so tenderly  
you wrap me in your silk tresses,  
those moments we have spent  
among the infinite, among the legions  
of lovers past and painted of, written  
of, never forgotten,  
and the joy which only you can give me.

You alone,  
my queen on royal throne  
in darkest night,  
your radiance under my touch  
an epiphany.

### **If I had not held you**

If I had not held you  
I would not believe that you are real,  
or that your small feet could just walk the earth  
beside me.

If I had not kissed you,  
lip to lip and eye to eye to  
my infinities  
splitting slowly as the day dies.

If I had not heard your breath in my left ear  
late nights as the window crack yawned,  
your hands around my waist,  
your leg wrapped over mine,  
the silence between whispered goodnights and  
small kisses on smiling cheeks  
to wake with.

If I had not read your soul  
line by line in every aspect of your eyes I  
would not believe that you exist,  
like this, perfectly mine;  
the clock strikes out at midnight  
and the blue light of the frigid evening  
darkens.



## **Never forget**

Never forget  
that my love for you is unconditional,  
automatically exploding from within.

When you feel so close  
it is as though we share a lung, this  
breathless closeness we designed  
like little outlines round the both of us.

When you make me feel  
every single heartstring bow at once  
you are my orchestra,  
you are the final movement  
in a symphony of dreams long without closure.

When I look at you  
I feel my shadows slink away  
because the day is young, the  
cold has gone,  
the night can wait a while longer.

## Dark eyes

Dark eyes,  
like the darkness in my poems  
which comes and goes each passing evening  
moving dully into morning,  
I move dully in the brilliance of your sight  
and all the majesty of you.  
My majesty,  
I concede myself to your dominion.

Your hair, which falls in wild lines  
across the light parchment of your face,  
over your pitch black eyes  
and to your infant mouth, your child's joy  
bursting out in secret smiles  
meant for me.  
You are meant for me.

Hands light as two pale feathers  
in my beast's paws, I claw you and  
pull you deep into the lair.

I will keep you there,  
my fragile thing, beyond words  
and understanding, take my rough touch  
and my brutal hunger  
for what they've always been.

I have always been searching,  
that coarse blood thick in my itching veins  
running onward to you, through me,  
like brilliant light in old stained windows,  
once closed, curtained, boarded-up,  
now open, I see clearly  
how the hunger, the utter passion of my love is  
far more dangerous than death  
or any other fate from which I'd save you.

### **The beast in me**

Untamed, uncaged,  
I am a beast loose in the night,  
down the next street,  
under the candlelight in a small room where  
I absorb you.

My prey falls like a doe beneath my claws,  
my razor teeth and fire eyes  
spell quiet death, these final moments  
when I will leave you heaving your last breath  
undressed below the arbor of my love.

Beneath the fury of the assault  
there is passion,  
a burning in my blood that goes unmatched, unseen,  
unfulfilled until I drain you  
and watch the sun set in blood red lines  
down your spine.

You are mine,  
your every sigh a symphony  
made from the white noise of my thoughts  
mixed with hypnotic colours  
I could not describe.  
You will collapse at my command as  
I dismantle you.

Hungry for flesh in fallen darkness, I  
am the shadow in a dream,  
the light which does not reach below the bed, the  
skeletons kept,  
the silence between breaths.  
Sacrosanct, my love,  
I pull you from the night  
like tearing a rose with my teeth,  
petal by petal, thorn by thorn, until  
it passes.

## **Absolution**

Unlatch me  
from the aching in my limbs,  
the old dumb want which lingers on  
beneath my skin forever.  
This cold foreboding terror  
turned iridescent lust  
erupts in vicious bursts from day to day,  
night to night when I am wild,  
mad and angry, sad and dangerous.

Untie the chains;  
break the cycle or I will hunt you endlessly,  
only to bite again and again,  
only to win again and again, my  
countess, white as an orchid  
stained beneath the blood above your flesh.  
Through dark woods I'll walk behind you.

Through this madness I will have you  
captive as a slave,  
my light kisses down your navel  
and your eyelashes fluttering with pleasure,  
tender gestures as you climax forever  
and ever as my doll, my lolita I will hold you in  
my cold marble arms while you're asleep,  
porcelain skin and little breaths, my feather.

End it for me, or for you  
there waits only madness in  
the constancy of this,  
these debased urges, my raw and primal kiss, the  
erotic turbulence built into my body's will will  
have you naked, prepared before me  
like a feast I eat again and again,  
your shaking gasps my absolution, darling.

## Centre

The hinges on the door creaked lightly  
between the dead echoes of our kisses in  
this dim apartment,  
nudging the front door closed with a blind foot as  
I assailed you with the burden of my love; the  
totality of it,  
the ferociousness of it,  
the responsibility of feeling it  
without shying away.

This morning I had to check -  
half-awake -  
I wasn't dreaming,  
as within your forever auburn eyes I saw the  
burning constellations  
which light the distant worlds of your  
universe,  
just as bright now as they were then  
when you looked back at me and lit up every valley  
of my darkness,  
a light that's lasted since that moment and  
which falls on me still  
as both my eyes grow damp with thoughts of you.

I wish that I could bring your body into mine;  
your heart and mind could have a home and be the  
two best parts of me,  
my eternity  
I feel you shining in the centre of my soul.

## **Believe in us**

I have felt infinity  
in the deep heat of your arms  
extending outward and around my captive waist. I  
have seen the moon cast its last light beyond  
the outline of your face,  
your hands in mine  
while we share permanence.

I have known love as your dark hair, your  
earthen eyes, your tender smile.  
I have been to paradise between your kisses and  
the careful whispers which I know  
more than I hear,  
more than I need you to explain I  
read your radiant eyes  
and see the sun which sets and  
rises just for us,  
my love, my universe,  
my best friend and my angel  
both of the morning and the dusk I'll  
love you until the ashes fall from  
both my hands  
and all my bones are dust,  
believe in us.

**I do not write poetry**

I do not write poetry  
because I love you.  
Because you occupy the space in myself  
which those words once filled  
I do not need them.  
That wanting expanse of laughter which I let  
ring out as silence cloaked in sonnet lines is  
broken now by the corners of your smile  
curving inwardly, the way which only your  
smiles seem to  
and as I read you, your galaxy eyes,  
I see the vastness of the infinite spread  
far beyond black words over light as  
though there's meaning once again  
and that's enough for me.

## **How I love you**

How I love you  
is not of breaking hearts in fall upon fall,  
or bitter springtime in the nadir of myself  
where you gave birth to light  
my path has been set forth,  
and there my eternity comes beaming  
rainbows through the bright core of my sight.

How I love you  
as I am falling, as I am fleeting  
chance upon chance, like fast asylum  
dashed against the rocks of a false homeland  
while I cling to you, this bed  
a life raft upon seas I can't contend.

How I love you  
beyond self or selfishness or  
blind obsession  
clashing with the surges of my soul,  
battering ram bursts into the hard light  
of your transcendental heart  
I have sung, and sing  
and wish the night would fall sooner than  
ever it has seemed,  
the same old dreams  
die in the last pause before I wake,  
the same old shakes,  
the same old nervous itch and  
terrible tick  
second by second,  
slowly erased to nothing.

How I love you  
more than myself,  
more than is healthy,



more than I could have known  
before I set eyes on you  
I did not have eyes,  
I did not have life,  
I was not born before I met you my  
irreplaceable, infinite angel  
let's live our lives  
as though they've just begun.

## Keystone

The keystone of our love is here  
within our vulnerable eyes, yours  
on mine  
and on the waning afternoon light  
darkening gently as the day slips by.

Here, in your playful lips and  
their recurrent tenderness  
as I float onto the bed and you cling to me just  
as the strongest autumn leaves will hold, fall,  
and revolve once  
through the centre of my soul  
or by my window.  
I'll let you go when the old sun breaks  
or when she decides not to rise  
but simply glow behind your eyes forever, so  
tenderly, your radiant light  
falls like a feather from the tail of my dream as  
I grow wings and your heart guides me.

Here, in this moment  
and the next,  
and the next;  
in each day that we share  
and every one that we have left.

I **fell**

I fell in love with your eyes first.  
The way that I was able to see you  
and all of you in just a glance, your  
honest irises so beyond doubt  
I could not help but know you  
and then I loved you  
beyond what that word meant,  
beyond what I had strengthened myself for.

My old defences made easy ruin  
as the autumn fell,  
those early laughs and movie screenings while the  
weather was still warm.  
In just a blink we both fell under as  
the year died, as the snow came,  
as the sunsets counted themselves up.

I held you closer with each morning  
as you became the object of my dreams,  
setting aside little corners in my mind and  
in my heart  
to keep you there, and have you with me,  
and let your beautiful soul inside me, my  
thoughts ceaselessly of you.

Every smile we have shared is its own universe my  
everything, my light,  
I love you  
more than I have language to describe.  
The spell of you, the happiness of you,  
my changed life, the infinity  
of us, our embraces, those endless gazes  
into the depths of your eyes  
and every detail there I've memorised.

## **Maya**

When there are no other words I  
whisper your name to myself,  
half-dreamt at the threshold of my lips  
my breath escapes  
and forms itself into the shape of you.

I would not be the first  
to capture love in words without success,  
but I do not need language when you're with me or  
even anything except your smile  
playing at the corners of your lips  
and in your kiss  
where I am everything.

## Doorway

Loving you has been like opening a doorway  
into life,  
out of my bedroom into the sky,  
out of the clouds down to your doorstep,  
I descend and you occupy me with  
your tenderness.  
Unrelenting tenderness  
hidden in every kiss we've shared  
and kept forever.

I hold you in my arms, my dove,  
my feather light as I lift you like a thief,  
claw you, my razor teeth gnawing  
the fury from you, your moans  
which only I have known  
and pleasure you never knew existed  
before I existed with you  
neither of us reached this nirvana far  
beyond you  
out into the night which exists only for us.  
The night belongs to us.

Dimples in the corners of your smile,  
my heart is open as you unlatch every bolt  
and we step into the world as lovers.  
Until the end we share each other.

## Apologies

Slipping into rhyming poetry;  
it happens naturally  
but can feel a little twee  
and I've noticed people like it less than  
blank expanses.

With that in mind,  
midnight approaches and your sleeping arm is  
still resting on mine.

It feels like diamonds against the dirt from  
which they're dug,  
like a pure white dove  
(or some other blank bird)  
flying into air that's filled with poison.  
It feels like you're too good for me  
or far too clean, or far too loving,  
or misunderstanding of my stupid,  
self-destructive time bomb of a heart.  
It feels like I'm the frame  
and you're the work of art.  
(My apologies.)

It feels like I am finally whole.  
It feels like all the pain can be let go now. It  
feels like all the air drops from my lungs - I  
draw for breath that doesn't come,  
I pace the room in nervous circles,  
make up lies or false excuses,  
blame myself or anyone else I have in mind, lie  
in bed and smoke and whine,  
all because it terrifies me to my core to  
love you.

And now,  
even now perhaps in your dreams you are afraid

because the truth is  
I was not prepared to meet you  
and immediately know that I am with you  
always,  
completely,  
wherever you go,  
indivisible as one whole.  
My angel, my saviour and my entire soul,  
I would spend five thousand years alone if I could  
live to be with you.

## **I'd say**

I'd say  
stay away from people who will fuck you up,  
stay away from the big bad drugs,  
stop looking for love because it will find you.  
Your potential is your strength  
and your weakness when not met.  
There are things you don't know yet which will change  
everything,  
and people in your life you don't owe anything.

Smile when you can, but only when you want to because  
putting on a brave face  
is a coward's choice.  
When you can't speak,  
your art can be your voice.  
When you can't breathe, when  
you have seizures,  
when you crave knives or needles,  
put yourself inside your mother's arms  
and slap yourself;  
you're doing well  
and all this noise, these people  
can't help or do this for you.

I'd say  
don't mess this up;  
you have some sense but no idea of  
how lucky you are.  
Keep your word,  
don't pretend,  
and let friendships end  
if they had no good reason to begin.

Your greatest sin is your selfishness,  
but there will come a moment -



at a time you least expect it -  
when you will meet someone who shows you  
who you are.

I'd say  
she is not far away,  
so don't give up Alex  
you have a lot to live for,  
a lot to give her,  
and she deserves a man who  
isn't torn to pieces.

She deserves a man who knows these truths  
and writes them down,  
cuts them out with ink and re-absorbs them.  
You can have everything  
if only you have strength.

I'd say  
take your own advice  
and go to bed.

## Winter

Crumbled green clusters  
in the small ceramic bowl,  
my mind is normal now,  
my spirit immortal in this never-ending  
cataclysm of self,  
unrest, unruliness, and unhealthy decay  
as little by little I change  
and again and again  
I have the same small doubts  
rearrange and fade into another.

You saw me then  
now you see something other.  
When friends let their best efforts  
die under the same porch where that old dog  
once hid;  
dogmatic silence  
as the sound of the last exhale sighs and  
the room rises into smoke curls, dying  
embers half-reflected.

Dead grey glass as winter lives new  
lives not remembered.

## **Lie**

My heart holds secrets  
of which I wish that I could speak;  
these depressive tendencies  
and barely living memories which cloud my day.  
The panic attacks  
and the cold, brutal thoughts I harbour;  
my shattered armour at my feet retreating  
from the daylight yet again.

Send help,  
I am not well.  
I sit in rooms and wonder how in hell I  
got there,  
this heavy atmosphere which chokes me,  
the waves of sickness over me  
as I smile and say again that I'm alright.

The coming night will cloak me,  
far from putting on a mask  
I spew these thoughts onto the page  
and burn it.  
You meet my eyes but don't discern it, this  
pain  
which I will keep inside myself forever.

## **Beyond darkness**

The pace of the past, reversed  
second hand movements  
counterclockwise round the pale mask  
which hides the dismal days  
I've lived and plead to leave behind.

What is so hard about forgetting  
or reliving, or antagonising my own life  
to oblique magic.  
That which is lost  
will linger, that which is found will  
detonate singularities  
at the centre of my soul.

Let me not be the man you saw  
but who you would see, beneath  
the awkward eyes  
the shy, hurt heart  
I am a man.  
Looking for light  
out of loneliness,  
I am a man.

Yet the day has collapsed  
so that I see only ruin in the second hand bent  
this way and that,  
cracked and soon to meet its end in silence.

Night-time lapses of the heart  
pull feeble pranks against my soul,  
but there I go  
being sentimental over again when  
the end has all but met us  
and the friendships that have left us  
burnt tenderly to ash.

This catch-22 of loss  
is like a solemn premonition beneath the waves,  
this undertow and its incision  
shows the lifeline of my soul run outward  
through bright waves and silver shoots of  
water in blue air beyond darkness.

Beyond darkness there is light.  
Beyond darkness there is light.

## Depression

I couldn't go outside today,  
I was crying too much.  
Heaving heavy tears like they were corpses for  
the mass grave of my face  
which I fill slowly.  
There is a darkness coming on  
with every morning  
and I feel its shadow in the fibre of my skin, so  
deep within I cannot help but heed it.

Crying so much that my eyes burn  
two red scorches in my cracked desert landscape  
with no periphery, no iris and no pupil,  
dull welts which close then  
open with reluctance.  
Dull pain which fades  
then builds to something else,  
the echoes of my voice  
which slowly grow dimmer,  
this prison which they call my mental health  
dissolving round the ghost within the shell.

It feels like I am dying slowly,  
this modicum of light left in my heart  
barely illuminating  
the fading scars of panic passed.  
I asked for what I felt I could achieve  
now I'm defeated, the sunrise is white noise, I  
wake shaking in the late hours of the night and  
wait impatiently  
with thoughts of abject suicide  
writhing between my bones  
like the worms which soon will rest there.

I am so scared I choke on fear and  
gasp for air  
where no one else can hear me,  
the struggles of my soul pervading the  
atmosphere I breathe  
while time just leaves me  
alone in this last hour of the dead,  
the world viewed through the shadows of my  
head and deathly sorrow.

## **Anxiety**

Tears in my eyes at evening's end,  
I'm feeling older lately.  
Sworn to secrecy by secret pride,  
I wither slowly in a violent light escaping  
past the blinds I draw at midday.

Convalescent in my shame,  
my final heartache  
and its dreadful resting place.  
My eyes red, my teeth chattering no less I  
wipe my face and step out of the door  
stripped naked.

Heavy pressure on my eyes, my hands are shaking  
uselessly at either side, my breathing heavy  
in the morning as I meet your wide blank stare.  
Shadows warping in the light,  
the day unfolds itself like statues that I pass  
with muffled mouths that seem to shout,  
I am alone in this cacophony of light and  
random sound.

As in my soul, as in my secret, this  
hissing vaguely in my silence,  
split two ways between the evening's song  
the day is done, and I am home forever here,  
in the abscess of your arms  
I find a shelter.

There is a darkness in my blood  
thicker than sorrow, thicker than sadness,  
thicker than bickering madness  
plaguing me from day to day  
and yet the song remains the same and  
I fall deeper into shadow.



I gather noise  
like a hurricane pulls debris to the centre and  
revolve slowly through the smoke, smouldering  
embers as you choke  
and fall madly underneath my spell forever.

My heart is sick of this, tormented antagonist  
falling prey to my own tricks.  
Deeper down wells of forlorn shadows I  
breathe the emptiness,  
I am the hollow pressure  
pounding at the gateway to your chest.  
Anxiety, I'm sick,  
terrified beyond my wits  
and deeper than you'd ever think to look.  
Beyond the obvious, the ominous  
innocent man you took and made a symbol,  
I am the hatred in your heart  
and beyond every mirror  
you slowly see clearer.

I pause,  
wonder again when I lost  
the ability to do it well.  
This pretence bids me ill at evening's end,  
this ladder of the mind I still descend deeper  
into the blue heart of the night  
I long have lived through.  
The darkness really wants you.

## Drowning

People move so quickly that they blur,  
going in and out of lives  
in ways which still grow clearer as I age. And  
I have felt time pass but not like this, where  
history is a giant scary beast  
ready to hunt me, catching my scent,  
chasing down my lazy steps  
as I lose sight of shelter.

The past is now a vicious thing, a  
dark and dirty thing  
I've locked my trauma in and left to fester.

But the day wakes.  
The people wake.  
Some of them call me,  
text me, reach their hands out to me, and  
it's like the past is round my neck  
choking me to death as I reply.

They say:  
leave it behind, leave it right there  
where you left it long ago.  
You don't need it anymore.

And I reply:  
but if I don't need the past  
why did I do it  
in the first place?  
Why do we do things in the first place?  
Why do we all share blame and guilt  
and other things  
we'll soon be asking to forget?

Fighting to make memories  
we'll soon want to erase,

I wonder what the attraction is  
and why it still persists  
when I've learnt better.

I wonder why I lie like this  
at 6am,  
my woman fast asleep  
on the far side of the bed,  
thoughts of birth and death  
and the shitstorm in-between,  
thoughts of passing life  
and the bucket lists I laugh at  
while the corners of my mouth stay still.

Sometimes I feel my life grow still,  
like I am standing in a rising flood  
and I can see the debris coming up,  
the helicopters, the shouts, the screams,  
the people saving people saving themselves  
while every sound's on mute.  
And I am standing, staring,  
still as a totem on the outskirts of town  
as though I'm waiting for something to happen.  
As though the water isn't rising  
but I am falling into earth, bit  
by bit, limb by limb,  
still as death while no one's watching.

## Revelation

There is a solitude  
in knowing yourself too well;  
there is a silence  
like a shroud over my secrets.  
These long days kept in my darkness  
feel like missed grasps at holding on  
to the cold bitter end I have been dreading.

Where was I when my friends grew old?  
Locked in dark rooms or lost and stateless,  
letting music cloud my senses  
while I watched my features age,  
the vase's flowers slowly fade  
as they suffocate in shallow water.

Long days spent with no response,  
no second wind, no better chance  
but I lay numbed out on the bed  
while the snowflake feathers drift  
like the halo round some angel  
passing sadly by my window.

This new silence is within me,  
so deep it seems unbreakable  
and my screams into the night  
just do not reach it,  
pleading with myself, this never-ending  
attempt to keep my demons hidden.

"How do you  
feel?n Sad,  
today.  
Like the dog has died,  
the ghost gave up,  
the smiles faded,  
and the little things were all too much.

The time ticks down  
while I'm in thought again, alone for  
the hundred thousandth lifetime I'll  
dream away my daylight,  
drink away my sunshine  
as though darkness has some sympathy for me.

There's no sympathy for men like me  
so I crawl beneath the dust and lie there  
where only eyeless shadows fester  
and the blackness blindly lengthens  
until everything is gone.  
It's pure emptiness inside,  
pure chaos for us now  
the seventh trumpet sounds yet I stay silent.

I can feel myself in the past, the  
past in myself,  
the huge weight of the future hung above me as  
I scream out amidst sirens,  
throw punches against a brigade of defense  
and lose battles in dead silence,  
home alone, stoned, sadly with my thoughts a  
brash catastrophe  
which can only end in death.

There's nothing left. The  
passion of the past, the  
ease of knowing less,  
the comfort of conformity,  
normality, now gone  
as I am headed nowhere.

Headed homeward drunk as hell.  
I'll get there next.  
Better or worse  
we all burn sometime.

## **Making love**

Finding my love  
took more years, more life  
than I have language to describe. The  
endless longing,  
the needless suffering  
when somewhere in the world  
the treetops rustled  
and she nestled in her bed  
waiting for my soul.

Making love  
in your childhood bed,  
the shutters drawn,  
the lamps extinguished.

Love, as the bedhead rumbles, the  
silence holding us in place,  
cheek to cheek, lip to lip,  
my irrepressible.

I hold you with such tenderness  
you could break at the smallest touch,  
you could leave at the smallest whim and  
I would be gone with you,  
lost without you like a shadow without light. Without  
you there's only darkness.

I place you above life itself  
with the angels and their endless radiance.

## Beast

Like a rough beast I have walked the night  
with hunger  
because I remember how it feels to love you, I  
remember how it feels to hold you, kiss you, and  
compel you with the power of my heart.

I am starving for your voice in my ear,  
your hand upon my arm,  
your eyes which will meet mine  
harden, and become diamonds.  
I want to consume the essence of you  
and never leave you, and be one with you  
until the sun dies in the sky  
and we are nothing.

I am hungry for you  
in a way that I have never known,  
my lioness, my conquest  
I will assail you with a force beyond control and  
you will know that I adore you  
through the kisses which I plant  
and the roses that bloom from your burnt skin,  
turning red and white before my eyes as you  
flourish forever.

## **Yours**

I do not know how others fall in love or  
how they feel when their eyes meet,  
parting lips to plant a kiss upon the other. All  
I know is what I feel when you are here, as  
before my eyes my every dream is manifested and  
I know that yours is the last hand that I will  
hold,  
yours is the last word that I will hear, yours  
is the last mark upon my heart and it will  
always stay there.

Inevitably you have become a part of my soul,  
where I have kept the little things,  
the secrets that go beyond my reach; your  
scent in the air,  
the sunlight on the ceiling  
making quiet patterns,  
the songs we sing together,  
the jokes we make  
and your laugh that fills me up,  
our walks along the tree-lined avenues,  
my arms around your waist,  
cupping your breasts with my hands,  
sharing your breath while we are closer than  
it's possible to be,  
in days both past and yet to come  
hand in hand, lip to lip  
I break at the mere mention of your name  
as all my love comes bursting from me,  
straight to you, to every future waiting  
where my heart is yours forever.

I do not know how else to love you.  
I do not know how else to live than  
to live by you,  
with you,



surrounded by you  
like a cloak against the cold,  
a shield  
against cruel arrows that would mark me, a  
warmth within my blood  
which gives strength to me.

I see the echoes of my eyes in your eyes,  
the imprint of your heart on my heart, the  
all-consuming power of my love bursting  
from my chest with violent light you do not  
shy away from,  
and you do not let me down  
except to whisper in my ear  
things which I had never dreamt would happen  
have come from your bright soul  
like bold sun rays which end the night  
leaving only us and endless daylight.

## **Darling**

Darling,  
I have poured myself into you like raindrops  
over glass  
obscuring the dark and dangerous night,  
where beyond the candle glow  
there is only darkness.  
Your hands in mine,  
the burnt sienna of your skin  
wrinkling as your eyes absorb me,  
your smile overthrows me  
and I am lost within your light.

You have taught me how to get through life  
without pretending,  
opened my heart to dreams  
I'd never dreamt of having  
long years I doubted I would meet you. Heavy  
tears for every time I've hurt you, my love I  
would die to keep the shadows from your  
doorstep  
and fight every demon with my teeth and fists  
and fury until I defeat them.  
It makes my blood so hot, like fire runs  
in vicious rivers through my body  
alight at the thought of you, the threat of you  
vanishing as if you had just been a dream.

After all.  
After all the pain there is now light, to  
my surprise and my unending gratitude  
there is a star to guide me,  
there is a future for me  
and she is brighter than the sun,  
larger than the galaxy  
even as she rests at my side,

my blessed life  
which continues without ceasing would  
have no meaning without Maya.

I have pinched myself and woken from my  
sleep to find you  
and I cannot believe that you are there,  
your slender arms beneath your head resting  
on the sheets we bought  
and share together  
these long days I forget to appreciate  
and hate myself for ever losing.

There is something inside you  
which can't be found  
anywhere else I've ever looked,  
and I have searched beyond the stars and  
into blackness and then back.  
I can't define it  
or make sense of how it feels,  
this radiance you emanate so meekly,  
this tenderness you have  
which goes outside me,  
expanding far into the air around us.  
I share your breath as we kiss words into  
the other's heart,  
I love you darling  
as no poem could ever tell  
beyond myself or any other,  
there is only you, under your spell  
where I will gladly live forever.

## **The world**

All the women in the world  
and my tunnel vision circles round you  
like a halo,  
my angel there is light in you  
and it is brighter than a thousand suns,  
a thousand supernovas bursting in your eyes,  
beyond my life, beyond our lives together  
there is something eternal in this love, going  
far beyond either of us,  
far beyond the pale glass I stare through long  
flights to meet you,  
long days without you,  
feeling incomplete without my soul.

No one else would understand the language in  
your eyes;  
it is mine, it is for me, you are for me and  
I will be yours forever  
in this embrace we hold across continents  
and oceans deeper than dark thoughts dreamt  
before I met you.  
Now I am better, stronger, in  
a mad dash  
for the straightest pathway to you,  
and I will get there  
beyond our kisses into the rest of time  
where together we will never die.

Finding you, my lily, my rose,  
my amethyst lighting up the room around us,  
you glow and I lift you from the earth  
like treasure.  
I kiss along your navel,  
your neck,  
your collarbones like marble etched

into the shape of a dream I had for years  
before I believed in you.

Before I met you I knew nothing. I  
felt nothing.

You took my hand and led me into my own heart,  
into my own soul  
where you are queen, beyond  
myself or anything. There  
is so much light now  
I squint and fear the shade but cannot find it,  
though I fall beyond forever  
you are blinding, guiding my way as  
we navigate the world together.

## Joy

So sweet,  
so innocent  
as I came into your life like a thief  
wanting your heart for my own, coveting  
your love for myself  
when I saw what you could give me.

Suspended in the whirlwind of my thoughts  
you've lived weightless for so long, taken  
through the storm right to my centre where  
the stillness stops revolving,  
the noise quits all its moaning and  
it's you and I at last,  
hand in hand while the air moves past.

My little dove, my flower blossoming  
into a woman day by day  
I see your smile and your eyes both change  
in subtle ways, turning sadder yet again as  
all the pain comes pouring in  
and I can't stop it.  
I can't heal it, or feel it for you  
so you don't have to,  
and I collapse under the weight of wanting  
things to change,  
to have you smiling and laughing as we laughed on  
better days.

You will laugh like that again.

You have not lost me  
for while you breathe I have reason to breathe, while  
you hurt I cannot help but hurt,  
where you walk I will follow,  
and while you struggle

I will carry you through darkness  
to the light side of the globe,  
the patch of sun which burns on just for us  
where there is trust, a deep connection  
built in both our eyes to tell me this is fate.

Tell me what could replace  
the intuition in my heart  
which says I've found the one who waited,  
the one who knew someday I'd make it  
dragging my last strength along the road.  
The one who gives me joy for days  
as I attempt to memorise her face while staring  
deep into those eyes with hidden depths which no  
one could dive into  
and no one ever tried to,  
for no one else had loved you when we met. I  
turned around and had no chance,  
a single glance, some little words were said  
and that was that,  
now I cannot turn back because I love you.

The joy leaps to my mouth and from both eyes  
as I caress the little rings I bought on the  
best day of our lives  
and hold visions in my head of wedding dresses,  
better days, warm Los Angeles,  
children's toys and big adventures  
across the world, through our lives  
and to the threshold of the end where  
we'll both step forward  
in peace together,  
lip to lip, hand in hand, you and I like this  
forever.

## **All of my heart**

All of my heart.

All of the sadness and mad dashes  
through the darkest parts of my soul.

All of the strained strength  
and battered down defences against the  
starkness of my life  
and the richness of what you offer to me,  
just there  
frustratingly within my reach  
there is a dream I dreamt so long it's blurry  
hidden in tormented fury  
taking all of my heart,  
I love you.  
I love you.

I love you so much  
I cannot breathe without you.  
That any doubt which others cast upon you  
seems laughable,  
improbable,  
simply wrong when I look at you  
and see a woman with my future in her eyes and  
endless demons in her life  
which I would fight forever if  
only they'd strike me.

So much I give all of my heart.  
I forsake all love that passed  
and which goes now into my darkness,  
the years which I spent blinded  
and cloaked in armour made of lies,  
rivers of filthy poison wine  
I drank and died and then you found me.



And you hold tightly  
in the cold winter night when I am tear-soaked  
you are so close your breath will warm me during  
dreams I'll see your face and smile  
my face pressed into the pillow, your  
arms tightened all the while round my  
heart which bursts with life and  
purpose just for you.

## Strength

Halfway across the country  
here, to you  
yet I am alone in this bed  
while you sleep over there  
a dazed and unkempt mess  
I attempt to console  
as my pillowcase grows wet  
and the darkness rears its head.

You are not well  
my little angel,  
my crippled animal in a cardboard box  
with holes punched in and some water in a cup, I  
don't know how to heal this cut or stitch this  
wound for you.

I don't know how to take my love and send its  
strength through you.  
In deep commiseration  
and consoling convalescing  
I hold your hand with tender gestures and  
brush my lips on you,  
my frail feather  
plucked from the tail of a flightless bird.  
Confined to this small bed you  
are my everything.

Take my love and use it as best you can.  
Your strength will come  
and bring the smiles I remember  
lightning the apartment  
like the sun belonged to me,  
flooding every moment  
with emotions I had dreamed

but would never have believed  
without first seeing  
and I have seen infinity  
through the gateway of your eyes.

## **Saturday morning**

The sun is out,  
a cold Saturday morning  
showing her feathers  
like a peacock in deep heat.

One or two birds have braved the snow  
and landed gently on the twigs which replaced  
branches stripped of leaves,  
long limbs that could be dead  
if not for springtime.

Sparse traffic on the roads  
and spare snippets from the sidewalk  
while the world slowly wakes up.  
The day will grow momentum  
and soon we'll all be spinning with each other,  
dancing the same ritual dance that each new light  
affords us.

I drank a little too much last night. Met  
a friend, talked about time, stumbled  
home in squiggly lines,  
made love and then lost consciousness as  
my woman held my hand.  
Now I write poetry in the dark  
while I wait for her to wake to  
another long, strange day  
with all the struggles, ups and downs which  
somehow always find me.

Time will do that to you,  
and the past will happen again and again.  
It's like the game is rigged,  
the record skipped  
and you are static  
while your illusion crumbles.

Don't forget the sun will rise  
whether you're ready or not.  
Whether you've made plans or not  
something else will make them for you.

Time is like a pervert catching us sitting  
on the john,  
watching  
while we struggle with our pants and slam  
the door.

## **Just keep writing**

Just keep writing  
I say to myself  
as all the cheques from books I haven't sold  
and heights I've never reached are cashed.

Just keep writing  
though only a handful will ever read you and  
there is no poetry on printing presses  
anymore.

Just keep writing  
against the pretensions and expectations and  
pseudo-intellectual connotations  
of the thing which makes your heart  
break open most.

Just keep writing  
because it is as easy as speaking,  
because without it you would scream  
nonsense into the silence  
and quickening madness.

Just keep writing  
because it is the only thing  
which you can't help but do,  
which you can't fail to feel,  
staying awake that ten minutes longer.  
Long enough to jot down another one of these  
little pieces of yourself,  
and in the morning you read them  
and remember that at least there's always this.

## Thoughts

No space for thoughts  
on these streets, cloaked with memories  
like a crash where there is blood  
and glass and all the glistening.  
Timid thoughts, angry thoughts,  
thoughts which make me want to cut them out I  
hate them so much.

The phone rings and I don't answer,  
the door knocks but I don't rise.  
My head full of small bits of life  
torn apart and pieced together  
bit by bit, the sellotape catching in the sun.

No time, no time to face this  
fire without some ash within my blood.  
The smoke, the liquor,  
the disconnected dreamer who can't sleep,  
who can't eat, who can't see.

No space for thoughts but space for poetry.  
Bad poetry, old poetry,  
written a thousand times and where's it got me if  
not the same direction.

If not the same journey  
what's the difference  
anyway?

## Stars

The light has that early morning clarity  
shining pale blue over the snow.

The treetop twigs,  
the river of ice that's partly melted,  
the roads empty as a gym behind a bar.

Empty as a crowd when every song's the same, every  
sentiment's the same.

The same girl,  
the best girl,  
the missing girl  
we are all waiting on.

It feels like waiting on the future.  
It feels like waiting for myself to change  
while knowing better.

Knowing sense without believing,  
knowing shame without remorse,  
hatred without anger,  
anger without violence,  
sadness without dying.

But I have cried my share of tears  
and done my share of lying in the dark,  
my back to the cold mattress as I stare  
up at the ceiling  
and pretend that I can see all of the stars.



## Closer

Fingers of light slowly lose grasp  
on the cliff-edge horizon looming vaguely  
through the distant blur  
as day by day the clouds move into  
time-lapse waltzes,  
dancing through a sky I struck with gold  
and red flames burning, dying warmth  
I feel fading after long days dead  
in hazy spaces shared with all those dreamers I've  
dreamt of living, dying,  
breathing  
the same fire that they breathed  
until it burns me  
into embers.

Night clutches at my neck as I crawl inward,  
cold little lashes from the air above my skin as  
all these days end  
before they seem to start,  
this dying art of poetry,  
this feeble-minded lottery  
I've counted losses for so long.  
Midnight's kiss lingers like  
a lover playing games,  
the heavy air, the pregnant pause  
which mothers nothing,  
the violence in my core while others speak because  
I burn like few men burn,  
as in my heart,  
as in my heartache,  
as in the desperate want I have for life  
and death,  
and all the unspeakable frustrations I  
can see will never find resolve.

There is something in my soul  
the words won't ever reach,  
the explanations won't amount to much,  
which can't be touched.  
There is something I can't name  
behind my mask of feeble bone  
whose torment is the gift I'm given,  
as long as the poem is written  
sadly as the evening holds me closer.

**Alexander Wright** is a poet and mixing/mastering engineer from Australia. Born in 1993, he spent the majority of his childhood in Melbourne with a couple of significant periods spent living in France and Fiji. After leaving high school at 16, Alexander underwent a long period of treatment for mental illness. This culminated in his successful application to Berklee College of Music (Boston, MA) in 2016. Alexander currently lives in the United States with his partner Maya.

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