

fitzwilliam p. shufflebottom

Preserving Peach Pits

Bodily Functions

The Daily Affirmations of Vertigo Vex

Elizabeth’s Song

When the words will not appear,
type out the letters ,and let them form themselves,
into the shapes they want, the shapes that ellude you
and bind you in the dark

Without a friend in the world,
ask for ink and paper, and all will be good,
for who are you but one dazzled by lights and music that you
couldn't (see &) hear (deep) in the dark.

And while you attend the dances,
pray put in a kind word for me, and ask the master
to forgive my tresspasses on his grounds, for you see.
I was cold out in the dark.

A Monster! O! A Monster (Approaches)!

You told to me to look towards the north
From wence I would find
my only course

I would not look,I was frightened so
Of the beings that sing
from the depts below

'Neath the ice and in the black,
they whisper behind your back
Turn around and you will see,
naught but the cold staring back at thee

So you must never venture forth
into these lands,
For they belong to the
shivering, desolate, sorry man.

Night Terrors (afraid of the water)

The wolves run heavy over my (broken, mortal) body
their claws cut deep as they
run to their cubs, their caves to sleep.
What lovely creatures, I think
as I find my nightly home.
That bless'd, starry bed,
look at how they roam!

Looking down from a slumber

We are clockwork you and I
clockwork until the day we die.

Watch us dance and fly across the room in a uniformed coordination
Ticking so elegantly; arcs of pronounced stand - ard - i - za - tion
We begin and end with a tick and a tock of the clock
on the wall
until
we
fall.

But the (fundamental) difference between you and I
are
our
hands.
The hands that have given us so much pain
the hands that skip and wane
and fall behind tempo
of our perfectly timed tango and oh!
how
that
burns.

Why is this? It is because you are the minute and I am the hour.
We meet in the middle -- O! how sour --
four and twenty times a day
and yet only agree twice (and I say:) (in our way.)
You are so much faster than I, in all walks,
in how you talk to others
and balk at brothers
and galk at lovers.
O! O. O...
A tick and a tock and then we drop.
A tick
and
a
tock.

Let us stop for now, and enjoy what time we have.

Dancing all around

"frek" on a rock -- a nordic warning
of monsters nearby.

When I enter your life, you will know:
recognize me as the alcoholic recently sober, the lover who chose poorly.
I am the addict's realization
the hopeful's resignation.

frek

My last love stepped off the bus and onto the walk
with/among so many (people) I did not know
whom I recognized not

And yet what lives do they lead that I miss out on?
with their own losses and triumphs
are they heroes or not?

The answer should be obvious, last love, like you
like a tempest that freezes the skin
and you remember not

the touch of summer on tender bodies, in the wake
of waves and seabreeze that so solemnly
wash the flesh and not

The mind, the raking of your voice, last love, leads
and beckons to the end, away from all
yet these others know not

The danger of you, last love, nor I their last loves,
shall we keep these secrets to ourselves
forever safe: trust not

the ones who reveal any minuate of your cruelty
and you will walk past, like a tiger
with enough meat for now.

"Beyond your maw"

My love,
I wonder what you would say to me now
after spending a lifetime together
A lifetime of love and belonging.
What would you say to my lonely self.

Say that we loved eachother and cared above all else for eachother
that we were happy and beautiful together.
Whicper to me that all will be well and hold me in your arms, my love,

because I am so afraid that we will never be, that we will never find one
another.
I want so much to be with you for all the years ahead.

What would you say to me now.
Let me know that I loved and was loved by the most wonderful friend I could
ever have.
I love you with all my heart, my love, my love.

You silly boy;
I do not care that you fall short in
your perfections, and I ask:
will you fail (fall) again, as a flower blooms
too late in the season
and wilts at the first frost
never blossoming, closed forever.

You shy boy;
the bees may care if they cannot plunder
your pollen,
buzzing away for the sweater meadows
but I am not a bee, so I may
freely fly
to wherever I choose: and the flowers all beckon
in such lovely ways, their shimmering forms all
multiply when I pass by, held aloft
by the brazen sun; watch as I create
constellations of amber spectrum'd fires, all.
(")Sing a song of rapture and melancholy, my buds,
with the heights of all joy and the depths of all sadness.(")
And yet, do my crowd'd flowers obey?

No, my boy;
they fall so deathly silent,
for they know not the words I speak
the desires I feel
the needs I whisper in so lost and fruitless a manner to the
speckl'd blossoms and their
color'd, flying, strip'd friends
So you find me wandering,

Sly boy,
you who ly alone, blushing by yourself
with every caress of the wind, closed off from

the kiss of the rain and the (embrace) cradle of the
leaf; falling as a memory of grace.
But to you it is just a shameful reminder of all that could have been
of all the affection that you missed
in your years of isolation
and that you think will never come to fruition.

Lovey, lonely boy;
May i be your Spring? May i warm your
blood and blushen your face?
May we revel in the lengthening sunlight and
love eternal in the comforting nights? Sing for me the songs i
so wish to hear,
and watch as we shake the time from the twilight and the light from the dawn.
Let us ly, and watch now for the setting of
the constellations, as they the flowers close their arms, bracing for the coldness
ahead,
observe now the bees
as they return to their nests, satiated and satisfied.
Who are we but the lonesome pair at the edge of the (our) world (Paradise)?
With your embrace and mine
 finding eachother for the warmth
 of
 all
 the
 lifetimes
 ahead. (the other).

Home and Hearth

Why do I rember you
and the evenings we shared
in so many years of happness?

Along the coastlines rushed the clouds
that we escaped, and the
simple rain we enjoyed
for those few weeks we had to eachother.
The rocks in the ocean grew collasol
over our heads, smoothed and shimmering (sheer)
How then did we last for as long as
we did, when so much forced us apart
again and again.

Why then do I remember you,
the face that you stole from my hands, my marble?

The nape I desired in such a fashion as to fit you exactly.
Tell me of the movemnets you danced
along the surf, wirh you and the mist as
partners, and footprints as the only record
of our Love, You were dressed, I recall, in
a dress of cotton, so close in
shade to the colness ofthe sea
with the feel of you so close to my skin.

How then did we end, you and I?
FOr we were all the same, you and I.
As an echo of one another reverberates and
magnifis the sweat and dust/sweat dust surrounding us
on our pale, light, sweet blue Earth.

My Galatea (castles)

What do you see when you see
a child

a woman

a man?

I see a library millenia in the making,
written by a series of artists who crafted
the most beautiful works in the Universe.

As they wrote symphonies to last as the stars fade and beckon:
As Authors spilling ink across the seas;
as painters throwing dyes through the lands;
as musicians weaving chords and notes among the skies;
as dancers spinning shadows towards the heavens...

Flames of craftsmanship tearing apart,
breaking the Earthen plates underfoot
realeasing pain among the fractured shards of olympian
sculptures, as it forms and reforms the image of it's desire:
it's consuming and frenzy'd wickedness to last--to be remebered,
for no other reason but that it can,
that it molds and shakes the eternal bars of granite/abiotic stillness
summoning and seperating life and death, the lovers who
wish to be together for the eons of all,
forcing all who choose to live, to lie again in the arms
of darkness, asleep until the time comes,
that these two titans may lie as one, when the galaxies spin
no more, it will be the time of the breathless, in an
age of silence.

Hello tree , what a lovely gown you are wearing, let us dance across the room

(poem series)

It begins to snow in the classroom
and I turn to go

Passing students taking no notice
of the
crystalline webs
falling
from
the
sky.

Outside, the tall pines blossom like flowers
from the icy foundations below

On my command, the winds race and curve/curl above
as a warmth slithers through my limbs
And the wide sleep approaches again
as a tall man with gentle arms

unconditional
unanswerable

He strikes a fire while the trembling clouds dance
and the treetops hide in the mist

I lament and confess to him my fears and guilts
Under the day's gathering/multivariate greyness
(with shades) of industrial steel
and laundered linen
Meeting thundercloud fierceness
and springtime meekness.

The sky's brightness burns into darkness
and the fire leaps and traipses
in a thousand symmetrical flowers centered on the man and me
While he sings forgiveness and the
stars descend and caress, surrounding
as wild fireflies standing eternal
in the equinox of my creation.

Tell me about the times
when we would stay up late to watch
the stars
and we'd feel special for having found eachother
when the lights above were so separate
and the air so cold and distant
Yet here we lay, in eachother's tiredness and embrace
making time for one another
because we enjoyed our company
above all else.

Tell me about the places
we would go
visiting towns and lights entirely foreign
just to feel the sameness we'd grown
the familiar, the lasting and unchanging.
And when we grew old and tired, that's what
you remained to me--though all the fears and nights
and troubles and stars
strewn over the changing skies

You were my home
You were my lasting.

"Time and Space"

What does it sound like to you
when you brush your hair
behind your ear?
The forgiving wing on warm leaves?
The whisper of whiskers wishing only
to please?
The sigh of linen bearing the fullness
of a body?
What does it sound like?

Let it remain a world of grains, sand and wheat
and all things (pleasant and lasting) lasting and pleasant
falling across, curving beyond an eclipse

For one of the things you are to me--
a heart of eden
an amber radiance
a forgotten world.

"Shy Behaviors"

Good evening cherry tree,
how lovely you dance/play in the light of our summer moon.
as/with your wind-touched blossoms enchant/(ing) all
Bringing that O! So lustful shade to the faces
of your admirers
and how, (may I say,) you transfix their blood with desire
suits you quite well.
For are you not such a lover, in the springtimes of May,
as in the snowfalls of December.
And yet are you not afraid of losing your color when the cold and night arrive?
Such would petrify me, as it must surely petrify all who live so long.
But with you, such fear is not elicited. Why, may I ask.
Why are you so calm on the eve of
the
fall
of grace?

Who are you?
I am the one man battlefield
the hunter and hunted
together at last
till Dusk we part
and Dawn we meet.
While the siege I seek
for the harrowed soldier
comes at last
in the hallowed smolder
of a time begotten
and a people forgotten.
And so all that is left
all that may be found
is the sole and weary'd
beaten
beathen
down.

You tell me it's time to go, and I couldn't agree more.
For you see,

I was young once, wasn't i?
I was beautiful and naive and free to
roam this world, untethered and unfearing,
With those lovers that stole my kisses.
Will they remember me still, after all this time?
Would they recognize my face? My heart that
lusted and comforted in equal measure.

I remember them all, as I remember yesterday slip away from my grasp
as I cry for it to stay, because I
cannot live without my yesterdays
for I have no tomorrows left. I am old. I am older still.

And all those moments of a life, so little and O! so perfect,
that collected on my windowsill
for me to gaze at and remember,
portraits of a life lived and a time shared.

They will leave me too, and so I say (to you)(,):
How I leave now,
is not for you to decide,
but for me to tell:

I leave with a world of woe behind me and the stars of sorrow ahead.

Kevin for God's sakes, your sister's recital starts at 5 and it's 4:56. Turn off your video game and get in the car!

"The Age of Angst"
-Kevin, Age 6

For the Days Ahead...

Listening to my boy play
like the sons of our past, our yesterdays that last

As we conquer'd and lost
As we broke and fought
among foreign lands and crimson sands

Having you by my side in those stranger times
when we marched and charg'd and sang our call
into the wind-stripp'd night for the death of all.

We were never meant to see the end of those days

And still we stayed.
In the forests and in the fires we reigned.

Yet without you, where would I be
frozen among the mud, under the stars supreme
crying for home lost
for the lights were gone, and I could not see my way.

But you were where to see us through

you kept us warm and steadied our blood

Under the exploding sky I took shelter by you.

And there I will stay,
for all seasons to march us by.
With you I will stay.

Watch us, brother:
Young and breathless, laughing at the falling sun
and calling for the girls we will meet when we find our way back home.

...and Every Day Since

"When you have nothing, /that's/ when you're rich! You have nothing they can take away from you, everything you have is your and yours alone. When the lights fall on you, and the eyes start watching you, /then/. Then you are in their debt. And the only day you stop being in their debt is the day you die. The best day of your life, unless you're poor, in which case you're rich."

"Thanks, Peter. That's quite...special."

"No problem kid. You just remember all that while you do whatever you do down there. It's a long way to Fresno, so don't expect no visits or nothin'."

"That's alright. You take care of yourself though."

"Take care of myself? Whatta mean? You tryin' to kick me out? I'm staying here now, seein' that you're movin' out and leavin' 'n all."

"You're staying in my room? With my mom and dad?"

"Well, I expect I'll be spending most of the week at work, doing what I do best..."

"What is that exactly?"

"...and so I'll just be sleeping here every now and then."

raindrops fall in the autumn air
to the beat of one who may well fare
to send the earthen message a tome
"Cast me off and warm my home"

"Bring me the crown" I say to you,
my servant

"With her head attached!"
as you rush out.

I sit back and worry,
that I've toppled a kingdom,
by letting her rise
in the land of death.

From the one alone in a forgotten land,
to the master, commander, lord of us all.
I loved her as a brother, (as only one can) as a friend,
this lonely, wicked, tooth'd maul.

The world is dying, and yet still I must sing
for to cry out into the dark is a wonderful thing
To scream, to yell, to teem and tell the dark you still stand
For while I can, for all who won't, I will hold this promised land.

You told to me to look towards the north
From whence I would find
my only course

I would not look, I was frightened so
Of the beings that sing
from the depths below

'Neath the ice and in the black,
they whisper behind your back
Turn around and you will see,
naught but the cold staring back at thee

So you must never venture forth
into these lands,
For they belong to the
shivering, desolate, sorry man.

Night Terrors (afraid of the water)

The wolves run heavy over my (broken, mortal) body
their claws cut deep as they
run to their cubs, their caves to sleep.
What lovely creatures, I think
as I find my nightly home.
That bless'd, starry bed,

look at how they roam!

Looking down from a slumber

What does regret do to one's soul,
But to make him wail and cry
Tearing and digging a coffin hole
As he asks "Why didn't I?"

While it be too little too late (to change much)
I do hereby promise, gladly
to write my listing of actions fate
So I, as old as I may be,

He holds the list close to him
for the next time around

Run to me and I'll hold you close
ye wicked soul of malice
Tho your heart be
iced,
sliced, &
calloused, from thee I'll never part
until days be dark
and nights be light, shall I harken unto thee
as thy turpid (turbid),
turged, (flight) growth

1 I like to number my lines
2 to keep track of where I am
3 for if I did not,
4 I would surely be a sham

| I like to keep my writing contained |
| in simple boxes for me to see |
| for if I did not, |
they might overthrow me!

Sometimes my letters are ժռաբարձ
sometimes ՌԵՂԳԹ-ԳՕՄԱ
and whenever I try to ask them something

they never seem to be
a r o u n d.....

Once in a while, I feel like a king
when my words remain orderly
serving me in my tasks
doing what I ask in
a manner so very lov'e'ly

But other times a jester am I,
ences

sent in
ling the
jugg air
hoping care
they a
land out
with

So whether by choice or whether by chance
whether by sway or whether by dance
either a ruler or fool I may be
whichever it is is fine with me