

Moving Images

Christian Rinderknecht

`rinderknecht@free.fr`

15th September 2022

Like a cup of tea
overflowing

she keeps going places
unexpected
beyond will and power

drawing silhouettes
of sweet fragrance
on the white morning

and I can't help but clutch
at the burning tablecloth

again and again

I drape this tainted love
over my broken heart
like a make-believe ghost
and I keep going places
unexpected

haunting every cup of tea
with a trembling face

Without a thought
you hand me a second jar

Without a thought
I open it and you smile
in profile
at this intimacy
like a wife

I wish we were them
hidden in plain sight

secret delights
that can touch
and be open
without a thought

Late among the guests
beaming and laughing
at brilliant jokes

we share one last drink
with two ice cubes

Side by side
complicit and beautiful
reflecting the moonlight

fatal icebergs
always
float in a world of silence

always
shortchange the stars
ninety percent

below the surface

Her dangling arms
abandoned to the wind
like lianas

gently beat to the rhythm
of her footsteps

oblivious to the choir
of the forest around us
whispering

staring
at the divine pendulums

waiting for a sign

as I do

know the wild deer
invisible yet so close

Hear its deep chest
darkly drumming
an untamed song

about you

What a waste
I tell myself

this whole bread
stale
which you forgot
at the back of the cupboard

I remember the loaf
warm and tender
like a promise
of young love

and

— Let's make French toasts!
you say

When you go through my lines
with me

sometimes
I slip in my own words
and you want to slip too

with me

a blank page

Away

birch trees
bathed
in warm sunlight

Close

your white fingers
combing
your golden hair

Blinded

you guide my hands
to the clear waters
of the fountain

Thirsty

from your lips
the gulp
eclipses the sun

You used to hide in my books
like in crannies and nooks

I would find you in Neruda
sieving my favourite pages
for a nugget of my soul

But metaphors whispered
in ways I could not
in ways I dared not

until I found a curl of hair
you left in a margin

Suddenly

a prod to the brass spring
sends my heart palpitating
like a broken watch

Bent over those pages
on the corner of a table
the words fade to white
like a film overexposed
to the halo of your blond hair

only leaving behind
the offbeat heart
of a blind man

Tonight
you open for me
an alchemy book

By the oil lamp
flickering
the mute book speaks
in crucibles and symbols

of wild roses blooming
on a lover's grave

of a split pomegranate
under two half moons

of bellows sighing
over furnace anew

of the mystical kiss
of water and fire

of the geography
of beauty spots

a secret zodiac for all senses
on your body of soft amber
where I die and am reborn

Do you remember
how we used to play
winter in summer?

You would furrow my hair
with the tip of your tongue
and the field would shiver
under the plough

I would sit behind you
and embrace you like a coat
my breath sending a frisson
down your spine

I would pretend to sled
my hands on your waist
and your nervous laughter
would melt my heart

As exhausted as the day
you fall back on me
and our breaths like geysers
ascend to the starry night

slowly spinning
around our cold noses
against each other
in the equator of my arms
around you

Once
through a window
of the log cabin
at dawn

we caught
the shivering world
transfixed
watching its reflection
in the dew

In a blink
the round mirrors
of iridescent water
had formed
a boundless kaleidoscope
and showed each other

your dreamy eyes
and vision wide

and wondered

Already the avid hour
swallows
the shores of the world

Towards the horizon
shadows pursue whispers
lost amongst the graves
along the walls

From his skull
the poet sees everywhere
ink flooding him

Yet you arise
in the still second
illuminating the doorway
of the vault

your bright face
smiling down on me
simple and elegant
like a blade

In a sarabande
you seem to say
come outside
in the fields of blue

and let your heart
slowly beat the drum
of another day

let this long night
surprise you
with a blue moon

The dying day shrinks
between the clouds
and the rain starts drawing
mirrors in the mud

until darkness drowns
the match of eloquence
and needles start piercing
the firmament
in suns uncountable

They blink leagues away
like you used to

when you stretched over me
like a constellation
and kissed me distantly

Now on my knees
my lips still reach for the stars
but the gulp is dirty water

Quietly set against the light
you are perfectly framed

I don't care what they think
about the optics of love
about the perfect shot
at wild happiness

Like a forest
leaning against the twilight

you harbour within yourself
a multitude of lives
that murmur darkly like one
and suddenly go quiet
whenever someone laughs

Slowly I dare a hand
to your black hair
shadow amongst shadows

But you are startled by my eyes
like those of a silent film actor
in a close-up

Caught in my headlights
this magnificent soul of yours
hesitates before flitting away

leaving me in awe

pupils dilated
quietly peering into your night

The hinterland
suddenly
met a rising tide

in my brimming eyes

a painting by Turner
of ripped curtains of mist
behind an old boat
tugged to her last berth

to be broken up

Flowing waters
also washed beams
and lashes across

your overcast eyelines

wrecked by promises
lying eerily at the bottom
of some Black Sea

magnificent and haunting

you could finally hear
the wind moaning
in faraway sails

In your secret garden
when the early light
accounts for the world
you prune the rosebushes

like the many queer lives
within you that ask
something always refused

You keep saying to them

*If I listened to you
we would grow wild
and who would love us then
You can only feel and I see
Go to your places and sleep*

But sometimes
a whisper quivers
and blooms under the sun

transfiguring you
and making you divine
inspite of yourself

before fliting away
like a dream cut short

Will you ever be
like that always
for any one being?