Moving Images

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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 and I keep going places unexpected

like a make-believe ghost 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 yault

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 fliting 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 finally follow 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?