

NEVERENDING PAUSES

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The lullaby is replaced with helicopter echoes

Hearts *sink* into pillowcases

Fabric draining feeling,
like muslin strained broth

We exhale

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Only when the dewdrops stop pouring
will we stretch open our palms
and embrace,

stand with hands turned up,
weeping ourselves empty,
making new stock from the salt

Tears bind me
They weld to bodies like rust

You there,
dulled to a halt

My selves are dissolving
I existed like grass and wasn't pulled up

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Sleepers backs line white in bloom of Jasmine
Scent caught on sirens
Inhaling sound from the empty
Somewhere
Between always and never
My spine misses you

RESIDUES

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My tears are the tears of the sky revisiting the sea
realigning with the clouds

Branches
like
veins

coming up for air

Blue watched as the ash cloud rained
charcoal

planting trees amongst the mobile

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The skies have never moved so regularly
Given way so carefully
Travelled with my thoughts
From here to find you

Take silence and sorry
And burn them with your hot white tears
Turn sentiment and system to ashes
Banished with breath of the dying
Catch yourself on a fragile breeze
Fill your lungs with knowledge
And scream

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Inside
I'm smiling wild

 contours of joy pressing valves to make the
 blood flow

 tears released to the shore

 Cradled in the wisdom of the sands

This loch tide rides high

SKINS

Fathom Lines

Our limbs burnt umber
Into Heavy Body Acrylic
Collapsed at tide's edges
Singed by cities
We paint shores in residue
Release rushes to find rhythm
Crowd distance with silence
Delivering desire plucked from borders
Unstable and active

Our eyes became sites of resistance
Pressed flat with content
Tactile distinctions forming information streams
Measuring meaning
We set our gaze in flight
Find value in projection
Multiply in the mirror
Revealing heart's recesses beneath the image
Spot lit and bare

Our souls shine iridescent
Lacquered in reflection
Floating on feeling's verges
Hung from interiors
We hide behind decoration
Learn from strokes and touches
Colour ourselves with sunrays
Soaking sentiment in wise naiveté
Arms outstretched

Morning

Open me with gentle hands
to the tune of birdsong

Strip morning slowly
Leaving her impression lit on skin
Your eyes,
my window

I draw open
directed by hazel gaze

dreams bleaching themselves on the morning
coming and going in a breath

sheets flush with heat

I am awake.