



Chris Lawrence, England

Broken sweet and low

breathing long taken breaths
ocean pump heart
has no tired dismay,
brittle sand empties
breaking the vast silence
congealed brightness brought,
tenderness and ambivalence
white day out of mind
nothing seemed apparent,
thought flaps
as tattered curtains
taking no form,
bound by scent of incense
raising valiant blood fires,
almost holy,
freedom is an enduring harvest
that comes with water and prayers,
starlit beneath moaning sea
keep the disturbing flowers
to the edges of the room,
eastern carpets become thin
weave and weft,
show the dazed
feet can be placed assured,
no fear,
out of machines
comes the resonance we do
not want,

need time to look back
as the glass now empty,
by the light of a tremulous candle
all the unwanted scurries
as the shuffle of feet
leaves their exhaustion
clinging to the air,
they could of been
kings of the world

Subtraction from

in the obstinate realm
of flightless thought,
a man may lay down
finding all muscles non compliant,
he had a chance
that possibility to extract
a thought chick from the nest,
without down stark uninteresting
pallid pink nothing
with voracious appetite,
cast away
all limits remain,
lust , love and desire
three traps set for him
all ensnaring,
have caught him
escape an alternative
only accomplished with thought,
yet he could not think,
each entice
her whisper,
a touch upon bare flesh,
the merest smile,
beguiled, her Medusa words
turn flesh to stone,
marble for her own touch
contoured to her own wanting
it was her savor,
not his
a phallic model of molecular degeneration,
reduced to base instincts and constructs,
he was for her
and her alone

Airborne Mechanics

i took her to the roof
to find the sky
that she left behind
last year,
unable to identify
position of the sun
or what color the
clouds where,
i had to let go of
her hand,
so that she could reach
then float onto a backdrop
of blue,
feel and process the sky,
acknowledge it was all
wrong
and that the moment we had,
had then
was different,
my own hand
could not find
her ankle to withdraw her,
bring her down,
she raised higher
and i called,
but those soft shelled ears
included my voice with the
natural sounds,
and i became absorbed,
where was she going,
i was on the edge
teetering brink of infinite
moments,
would i fall
or find flight with her,
too afraid to discover
held back i watched
the darkening sky,
a sun paling to moon
wait till tomorrow

Borders With Snow

a storm brought cold,
an everlasting damp
to those corners you hide in
for warmth only to find them
not so secure,
they had climbed for an hour
back to the checkpoint,
road quiet
having to remain and
be vigilant,
headlights pushed the edges of dark,
the two soldiers moved forward,
bolts in position
rifles held ready,
far from barracks and city,
they could be trapped by the snow
that now fell,
old station wagon slowed,
pointing rifles
elderly man placed arm across the
chest of his wife,
simple protection,
one guard shook his head
nodding to the rear,
inside bundles of cloth husks of corn
simple trade,
snow began to increase
thickening on everything it fell
they could make it difficult for them
to prolong a stress and threat
but no,
cold quickly made them compassionate
and as the pick up left,
felt as though they had done right

Shifting In a Moment

interior dusts
bloom up with
shifted sheets,
exposing furniture,
covered no longer,
bare wood
once stained pale oak,
feet scuffed
arms worn
press fabric to
test springs horsehair
scrunches bug and flea
scatter,
table softly ringed
by whiskey glass
reflective sheen
gone,
drapes pulled aside
one side shown to
the sun,
blushed a paler shade
edges yellowed,
dust motes still

traveled on air,
as I have become
dust that fills
an oaken space
beneath frozen
ground.

RustyNails

rusty nails
kept in a ziploc bag,
revived from outhouse
torn down in summer,
nails that seem
firm enough for purpose
could still be hammered
into soft tissue wood,
securing pieces
in their jigsaw frame
till a new shape
is created,
must be close to a
hundred of them,
would that be enough,
for blueprint
staining your conscious,
ready to evolve
into a rendered
piece of
structure

saxophone of the blissful

smoky auburn hair,
eyes shallow closed
music permeated
the atmosphere
drawn by the
colluding sound
of a saxophone
dew down cleavage
exalted breathing
a rapture
unraveled my conscious
guiding me to
rapture..

eyes perish too

dauntless candles,
burn beneath a spire,
beyond hallowed timber
frame wind picks up
pieces of fall.
cascading them about,
shaking gusted fists
at resolute bough's,
earth reaches to the
garden of the sea
as whispering I feel
tremors uncoil from
within something inside
knows,
that I too will be
absorbed beneath the
verdant green

field and crimson sky

she died,
I wept and tore
myself apart,
trying not to
lose the pieces
of she
to the field and
crimson sky...

I Mammalia

linnaeus said i was of the breast,
mammal,
others said
homunculus being of man,
i am structure labels and description
hominid not pongid,
erect bipedal classified and arranged
my own name of inconsequence
i am myself living with fossil ancestors,
last of a kind,
pan troglodytes and pan paniscus
my shadow shape and form,
pan feeder and fertility
of these as much as well
not so much as a deity
but origin being
vessel of twenty three chromosomes
and passion to extend the lineage,
being morphologically comparable
to those of saggital crest,
linnaeus believed in sex and the line
as with his botanica
sexual with bridal beds
as perfumed and scented as passion be
now a dancing self deity
procreation and self extension,
finding the mate
passion raw astounding the stars
grunts of elemental exhaustion
a galaxy of cellular construction
swirl compete and fertilize,
i am mammal
feeder of the breast natures nurturer
and wonder of flesh

Ignition

a train sounded in the sunrise
as wheat fields folded
like linen under the breeze,
a place close to earth,
to nature,
he had discovered
a man's hungers,
and she a woman's
desires,
flesh tones mingled
entwined waking,
from exhausted slumber,
air caressed skin
prickled in reaction,
a kiss to wake and finish
as last hold lingered,
once dressed
hand in hand,
knowledge
brought them closer.

Urbem Fuga

flecked metallic spittle sheen
parapet nudge huddle and watch,
rain sends it's showers,
as flying down
eager beak finds burger morsel,
meat chewed,
bun dissolving already trodden on,
wrapper wind-borne into gutter edge,
calling to others in noisy clamor,
scatter and land,
snatching quick ,eyes unblinking,
intense gaze deeper than human,
nothing evades,
human debris , human construction
home and territory,
under foot whirl of wings
flap and scatter,
in a beaters retreat,
rising above puddled pavements
and stores blowing out heat,

perched wherever pink scaled feet grab,
wait again cooing pushing each other,
as if competition is needed,
in this land of plenty,
still one eye will watch,
a wild remnant,
for that diamond form in the sky
of a predator

All Seeing

the city saw you
first through unblinking
windows stained
by the breath of factories
settled aside the river,
each reflective blankness
caught you as you
moved so purposefully,
hair lain straight
down your back,
over that beige coat
you said you would
never wear,
insolent sidewalks
echoed the clatter
of heels,
forming a rhythm for
your hips to sway,
I was not lost in my
loneliness,
for if the city saw
you then it was
ok

Where Did She Go

the whiskey on your breath
a warm malted remembrance
as you took her hand
and led her to the garden,
a child's restlessness
and knowing created
the chatter,
you need another cigarette
as the whys come in
verbal clouds,
darkening with each
sentence to explain mortality
loss and pain,
to a child with eager
expectant eyes was hard,
by the bushes that grow
out into yellow flower,
explaining that her mother
had walked a different
path and was in other
hands.

Moth Circles

night began to fall
I sat patiently in the room
and waited
night stowed the day away
lamps lit
took a red pencil
settled in my chair

a moth appeared

flirtatious banging on the window
muffled lovebeats to the light
found open pane, entered
weaving its nuptial dance
about the room

wherever it stopped I went
and with the pencil drew circles
about its presence

each circle a ghost of movement
a motion
or desire past

and as morning woke
the moth departed
with sadness turned off the
lamp
before going to bed
took a last look at
the scarlet moth circles
and knew what they
meant.....

Weavers Tale

the weaver sat alone,
glasses pinching his nose,
brought from Tabriz,
to create a rug, a farsh,
one that Shah Jahan would
admire, with his peacock ,
throne.
a design of love with weft
and weave .
instructions clear
161 knots per inch
in finest wool, purest dyes
to create the tones.
he began and worked with
deft fidelity,
as the face appeared the
beauty apparent, the weaver
fell in love,
a female profile so beautiful
he wept, locking himself in
the room, unable to surrender,
guards pounded the door,
there was nothing more,
cast them open and
flung himself on the spears
of the sparabara.

Gallery

apartment door slam
that picture you
never liked rocks
on the wall,
revealing slightly
the hole it covers,
from the armchair,
not moving
thoughts crossed his
mind as whether
he should put the
picture in the
trashcan
but she would be
back and would not
forgive

NEKOPRATI

The Occupants

light a match to see the day,
clouds have darkened us now
pages from an idle press
avoid the subject of our lives
tender kiss an infants hand
and look into its eyes,
beyond the womb
we are still occupants
figuring out where we stand,
they tell us in a filtered way
we listen, then realize
the answer will be no
bread mops up gravy
but is no good for pain
TV shows give us reality
but that is idle noise,
we have seen as clouds
stripped back
the ugly beast created
by greed and negligence,
now raise your hands
and raise your voice
the light is upon us

NEKOPRATI

Giving

she put her hand upon his chest,
felt the movement
something inside,
beneath flesh wrapping
and bone protection,
a beating heart
gift wrapped in his warmth
love and security,
it was for her,
tattooed hallmark
her name imprinted
seared as a lasting impression,
to her touch
it revealed a long and
future life,
of happiness and
everyday happenings,
lost socks and incidental kisses,
that was all she needed
an aortic ruby,
wrapped in the one gift
she loved
life

NEKOPRATI

Trees and Nature Say

your breath six lungs away
golden sunflower held close today,
rain leaves spiritual mark
close to tree i write on bark

on crack smoked trains
ice melted elongated veins
from forest to urban swing park
skin fragile age peels like bark

would jesus see citizens the same
as they shout shoot and maim,
but with words i can hark
back to moss strewn branches and bark.

bitter subsides and no deride
from greasy window see outside
there awaits a sweet lark
and find salvation clutching bark

NEKOPRATI

Somnambulist

depth of darkness
measured by fear
rolled tight as a scroll
in my gut,
no reflective light
guiding footfalls
taken across carpeted halls,
my mind once a languid
harbor ,
now storm tossed
each night a lesion
to my conscious
breath came in stuttering
pauses from which
condensation lifted,
never reassured,
for every night i walk
the dream of the night before

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