

ALAN ANNAND POEMS

SHE WILL NOT DANCE

Her feet are shadows that belie
the dream that now is surely past
and though she knows that she must die
she will not dance for silvered glass

Her hips are drawn with space-time curves
her breasts are moons that flash
beyond vast nebulae of nerves
she will not dance for silvered glass

Her eyes are pools of sacred wine
her lips are dreams made flesh
she knows there is no end of time
she will not dance for silvered glass

Her hair is silk that will not wind
itself in roots of time gone past
because she knows the world grows blind
she will not dance for silvered glass.

BEYOND THE WASHED TREES

Beyond the washed trees we wander,
across the starved beach of the headland,
to gaze upon the tenebrous sea;
my love, cloaked in sultry confusion:
a gleam of some lost innocence in her eye
questioning my reluctance to turn
a pretty phrase, to take her here
upon the sand, under the stars.

Surely my parents walked this beach
some forgotten night ago and saw
the same shadowed form take wing, scything in
from the antechamber of the night,
the heavy encompassing wings: soft
as an eyelash fluttered on the proffered cheek,
as the inevitable kiss that ushered in
more roseate dawns than this,

here on the placid rim of the sea
where the purple lips of the dead
kiss the sand between my toes.

A SELFISH LOVE

A selfish love is ours

She wants me for a lover
and a confidant at night

I want her for her beauty
and the poems she makes me write.

A TRIPSYCHCLE BUILT FOR TWO

When I was just a gentle jungster
primal monsters in my dreams
clawed me with their naked terrors,
slit Reality up the seams.

Because i was afreud of Father
I ran blind to Mother's breast,
mouthed the warm and nipped milkskins,
starved that other man to death.

But now i've been alaing too long:
there's more of me than meets the eye:
when moonlight cracks the framing glass
into darkness two souls fly.

YOUR DEAD SISTER

Your sister is cruel:
she writes these letters
and signs your cherished name.

She is an artiste,
votre soeur:
she builds card castles,
burns napkins and
never drops the penny.

This trick is her best:
she is sucking me dry
through the eggshell
prick in my heart.

But the joke is on her:
like a kernel of phlegm
my bad faith waits
on her retching.

MEAN WOMAN BLUES

She sent back all my songs
all the ones I wrote so well
She tore another piece off my heart
when she said they wouldn't sell
She's a mean woman

She sent back all my poems
with a face on every page
of a little girl who laughed and said
why don't you act your age
She's a mean woman

She sent back all my dreams
all the ones I didn't try
She pulled the plug and drained the sea
then she hung me out to dry
She's a mean woman

She sent back all my love
all the love I spent in vain
She ran away with another man
and I'm gonna go insane
She's a mean woman

A CHEQUE FOR LEONARD

Tell her [with your eyes on her breasts]
that you know me
You will see memories heave there
beneath sultry sheets of ennui

Tell her [with your eyes on her throat]
that I miss her
You will see time arrested there
on the verge of total surrender

Tell her [with your eyes on her lips]
that I need her
You will see passion shimmer there
in the dark red wine of her mouth

Tell her [with your eyes on hers]
that I sent you
You will see knowledge quicken there
in the glistening maw of her womb

I'm writing this for you alone
It's a cheque for a piece of ass