

## Sketches for a Film, Possibly Documentary

Enter to a graveyard, a small boy-hero,  
a child superstar.  
The crowd divides like a sea in his path.  
He is dressed in a tailor-made suit,  
fashionable-bright turquoise,  
but with an air of mourning.  
One lock of hair hangs out of place  
as he performs a tear-jerking scene  
at the grave of some big producer  
and leaves with a lily planted.

He then walks away through the press of cameras  
to a long car complaining,  
"Like they said they had me under contract to do this thing.  
I'm getting my lawyers into this."

## Clay Pedestals

Softer than the gray sky they turn upon,  
two pigeons flow following their beaks;  
-yellow nibs releasing their stately shapes,  
slate-flecked, true dove-relatives  
above the statue staring into space.  
Moving higher on mauve wings  
and higher on their necks,  
a green sheen like beetles' backs  
that flashes twice.  
Beyond, the charcoal limbs of rising pines  
rise into the air like ribs of fish.

Joking yokels, hands jiggling, talk  
and whistle at her: walking form  
until her vision's aura is veneer,  
only air, lines not there,  
hollowly ocular.

She returns, ascending the staircase,  
a corner of light rising  
beyond her almond eyes.  
Her open almond eyes move,  
reflecting the softer shadows of her room,  
the cool wells of her coloured inks.



## Chrysalis

The rose on its stem  
within your room  
unlooses its petals, one by one.  
Crystal particles of dust pencil the air,  
collect on an unopened letter  
on the sill.  
Our tongues move in duets elusive,  
difficult tones, all songs  
of di-resonance.

As red scorches the sky  
and the moon calls moths through the dusk,  
flame finds you.  
You smile your thin smile  
echoed in the shy mouth  
of a vase behind you.  
You step out of your dress,  
unclasp leaves, leave scattered paper  
of gifts.  
My mind remains calm  
as hard buds form on our bodies;  
this calm learnt from you.

No longer the dark-browed boy  
throwing stones into the river.

## Before Fables

"An atheist", she said with certainty.  
A hint of pride in the way she formed the letters.  
The way she arched her back in stretching.

Hours later, when a sun-dazed grass snake  
Wandered onto the porch-  
she screamed.

## Days with the Evergray

After noon is nurse's works,  
a needle dripping estrogen  
to beach his foaming hands.  
Or sojourns along the needle-strewn  
to his shack among the pines;  
crowded with odd furniture, and  
stacked newspapers full of fading print.  
Lines of kings dying,  
and long live the queens.

Night's moons rise like stair landings.  
His thin body, bowled over,  
sits like a door in the doorway.  
Others, even colourful she,  
only furry noise about him.  
His eyes swimming in the green branches above  
fighting the words 'jack pine' on his tongue  
until the weak retreat to sleep.  
And mornings, rising eyes all-gone  
to roar like a lion  
in the ringing telephone.

## Artemis Meets Arithmetic

Sweeping across rooms  
stopping aware of walls  
of thin paper sheets,  
the uncovered sky yawning beyond;  
she would throw back the party's curtains.  
But stung by the talk's become buzzing  
she flies from the hive.

She scolds herself in the kitchen  
for these "empty visions wrought of moon rock".  
And prunes her picture in the glass  
scurrying back to the gathered faces.  
She finds magic in the fact of kissed glass,  
a singing in the ringing of struck tines.

It's so easy  
to look into the mirror and forget.

