

POETMS



In The Third Person Vol. 2

February '25

poems

in

the

third

person

volume

two

Into the Gossamer Palace

i

Thread through, daughter of dust, past shifted door,
glass blade of ancient's frame parting hung space
like whetston'd ice cutting gold dappled oil,
land with split skin, gather light, move in grace.
Rusted artillery stationed at the
Breach; machines jamming as much as firing.
Lift sparkling blade, untangled in your bloom
twisted lace, and rush with watered bearing.
Ears open to the caustic song scattered
from metal struck metal, caught in the glow
of shaved fire spilling out as falling stars.
Pierce the veil ripped from bridegroom to widow.

ii

Her feet fell still, rocking from ball to heel,
A dance interrupted by searching spins.
Once more into the Gossamer Palace,
The place bled in the periphery of hymns.
Lighted panels threw gestures at the walls,
She stood a sundial for a dying sun,
All light soon settled in a midday rut
Shifting sterile time in a stagnant flood.
Loop the wings, from the green to the curtain
It seems the overture is going long,
Edge drops to dark beneath the pool of light
Her empty breath catching voice into song.

iii

You stalk a land abundant with new death
With echoes that are caught up by their source,
Recall the last encounter with the beast
And the fear that strained to turn the tongue coarse.
The eye watches it seems without intent
Stick the thing. An impact forced dark. You're through.
A corpse unrecognisable by parts.
Old scars burn in the absence of any new.
In the night air leaves rustle blinking the stars
Must remember now to take out the bins
What is mended when memory comes mundane?
You'll soon resent the time that heals all things.

Side B

After the storm but before the next,
This night bathed in black and white,
Blue blood aberration of stained light,
Stars at switchboard's call and beck.

Crystal and glass stone pulled out of the wreck
Of what they saw of strangers in the night,
Of what wasn't felt of the lovers' rite,
One of us sees that which never filled the deck.

Mirrors part the crowd
Enough I can't avoid my own gaze
Closed in an embrace you feel yesterday and I felt tomorrow.
Curtains shape the shroud
Torrents collapsed at the eye of the maze
At the end, as often as it comes, nobody is saved from sorrow.

