



POEMS IN THE THIRD PERSON
VOLUME 3



February 2025

Poems in the Third Person Vol. 3

Written between February and November 2024.

The Sincerest Form of Flattery

The sun seeps in
But turns soluble in the fire
Fractional tolerance creates holy light
Well that's something to admire

Mecha Foot

The Painting's up on the wall
Blood medium, off the canvas, over all
Another lamb tested on the altar
The manifest weights a crooked ship
How big a boot to make you feel so small.

A Few Feet From Base Camp

Children gathered with their cheeks on the ledge and hands hung off the edge and the
reinforced concrete reflects a temple
You knew that sound would trouble sleep you just thought this old house would settle
Spit's a reprieve for eventually for an ankle plunged in nettle
Sickness for the fox is the scream of death though for now it will pass with the
rainfall.
At the peak, well as high as you could manage, there is only fog.

Bootleg Paul Simon Hook

The boy is up to here darling
The boy is up to here
Tell me again won't you
Tell me again it wasn't clear

Dirty Water for the Seed

You notice only now but the animals left long before the perpetual rain
Sharp knife blunt force all of it blood down the drain
From the strangling of the lead glove cast
In your hand against your own blood to trade a cry to abstain
From the shallows of the new lake the first or the last out flies the crane

Prism

Ever more shades of orange wherever my eyes rest
The slow noise of dust breaks the line at the crest
Cool gold over pitched bone out the myriad thread
Burrowed in the belly, a place to make a bed
Soft resistance to every touch drawing fog upon the mirror
Surface water dripping down off blooms far from the river
Saturated in the warmth of the cover of glittering sand
Fingers interlinked drawing psalms hand to hand

Targets

Hand scorching on the bark
Theres greater reasons to work in the dark
Too much time to think not enough to rehearse
Actions taken because they can't be reversed

Rain in a Scorching Sun

The shape of a sandal in mud on the tile
Drying quick, ridges on the bark in a ceramic pan
No yeah well it's been a while
One hand to wash the floor before another if you can

Once Denied Lessons of the Shoulders On Which You Stand

Lamp posts indicate the night before the afterimage
of a sky of shining sun.

A sickening faith leads another pilgrimage

The only power that matched their description

Was when you held the gun

It will Get Dark

How long can you sustain your anger?
Before it wears out with the road
Maybe we're ready for the good table soon
We decide which old shirts get sewn
Someday out west in the white city with soldered shards above
With blood pooling at your mouth again and at your wrists more blood.
spit out on the floor and thrust the dirty knife for love

Low Background Steel

Detuned strings on the aelion harp in a brittle wind
Metal scavenged from the South China Sea
All Carcasses pre-bomb
Deep blue layered as the ocean loomed through rebar and thin
Screws caught up in the budding canopy of the tree
The room, still, is warm

Rushes

A look of light that only comes with the dark
A soft border at a crossing without state
Blue veins to the surface before a wine dark crease
From muddied scraps of clay, what will you make?
Ceramic out the kiln into the charred edges of the bushes of
Blackberry embroidered in dyed thread by three needles and twice as many hands

Noise

Staccato flutter an echo an echo
Unsure vibration, hot asphalt, the pillow
Electric patterned dark all around the toes
A deep crawling history for everything not known

Joy

Blood of the dead melting the snow
A muted crackle tracks the steam rising from the floor
She said there's something wrong with you you know
And yeah everything you thought but fucking
Christ there's so much more

When The Flames Die Down

She struggled to ever hold a sincere yearning
For knowledge of a dream fulfilled through the pain on her skin of a terrible burning
And everything still seen in the ashes of a burning
And, you hope, all that can be heard with only a little burning

Until Next Time

Sun shine down
Crack the rain peppered pavement
Come back to this now
Consider what the parting meant
A syllable trilled to a thousand more
Come away weeping come away bored

Levy

I'm looking at the sea but thinking of the river
Only to the waist the blanket wove of silver
An unsighted wall of shaped glass and compensated depth
Head above water still not drawing breath

Roomful

The axe will survive the master
Only in absence will the water clear faster
Rain off the corrugated roof
twists like strands
Don't think too hard how you stand

Heaven's Ladder

Rest your eyes

The rabbit steps across the knoll

Awake again as soon as they close

Attune to feedback

When voice comes too coherent

Spill and spread,

Warmth lifts the migrant bird

Hear more

When you hear the breath between each sentence louder than any word

Poison

Swan Lake on the radio
And every screen
Press ocean blue past sieve on creased black
What can you say is more brittle than a dream
Amongst these vampires
Hold fast to seem

Harare

Hung off the shoulder
Push back the foglight
Unswallowed
A good dark.
Eyes sculpted by absent sleep

Undrawn

Frustrate the sun
Feet slipping beneath the sheets
Eat the sticky bun
Needs must, most is not neat.

Levy

I'm looking at the sea but thinking of the river
Only to the waist the blanket wove of silver
An unsighted wall of shaped glass and compensated depth
Head above water still not drawing breath

Roomful

The axe will survive the master
Only in absence will the water clear faster
Rain off the corrugated roof
twists like strands
Don't think too hard how you stand

A Minute Where the Seconds are Felt

Leaves up! migrating flock
Higher and ever higher
Light flooding the transition
from windows cut to the routines of heavenly bodies
The noise isn't too much to forgive
Enough for a lifetime one more to live

A note on the original Presentation of these poems.

These poems were originally written on my website, the place, dear reader, I imagine you are finding them now. They were written in lines; one per day, wrapping up in a week. If you follow the maths, you'll find it probably doesn't work out so cleanly but that was the intent and the practice for the most part.

Each line was displayed on the homepage before being replaced by the next and moved to the sub-page 'Memories.' Here they were presented in an unbroken string, without punctuation or editing, only occasionally broken up by still that had been stored from the home page. The remnants of which, should hopefully still be viewable now.

The relating of this process is perhaps more interesting than the experience of it, even if only accounting for tiny number of people who knew it was happening at the time; It is every possibility it was just myself. It was a meaningfully different reading though; one situated directly in time and its movements. Perhaps it will inspire something else down the line.

The archivist part of my brain thought it best to record all this here, in Volume 3, the closest thing in form to that original presentation. Hopefully it is interesting to you.

