

BAYDALA

Large Sun Death

Blessèd be the straps to hold down
the roses, melting putrid brown.

Red for the memory of defeat,
blessèd wavelets and water drops.

For blessèd be the neighbours,
blessèd be their borders.

Blessèd be the least-blessèd,
blessèd ladies shorn of canvas.

For blessèd be the unbiased
and blessèd be the too true.

Blessèd be good judgement
full of salt where crows crow.

Cards folded, no hand bad,
every job the same,
grinding gold down to cusp of leather,
fanned by flames driven deeper.

Dust is made to drink that pile,
the mind broken on the wheel
screaming anguish of rapture in total chaos.

I must have a look at all the myths
laying down for us who must see your face
weeping in the alcove,
candles dripping in the hall.

Stretched out on bottle neck
chugging demons
with no answer to despair
when everything was so good.

It's everywhere you go,
something to hinge upon.
Gulls sailing out too far,
bad faith laid out in bloody scrip
stretched past the cycle in circles
not contained in the orbit of observation.

Razed from the banks,
frozen over the sky
manifested by anticipation
through the skulls of dead warriors
fingering the cavities where their
eyes once admired the world.

Resting on my table
the dregs moulding over fruit flies
living among piles of pumpkins,
if men cannot rule we shall be ladies.

They wept upon the shoreline a tear
then sank,
dirty shorts in the honest world
driving the ox-cart over the pebbles.

Head twined in shroud
passing out tokens of gravitas.

We must not exert ourselves nor relax
our efforts too much or too little.

Slated against snow
no culture must forswear
what they live for and be simple.

Rattling under one rooftop
where peasants mourn no remembrance
to differentiate deaths.

The sheet covering the
motor left to decay among daffodils.

The teacher shows no interest,
falling for each symbol.

Each one sparks a remembrance,
calling upon each era
to finish without change.

Shreds fray into salt
lifting over spring,
dithering
on the edge of the waterhouse.

Hands moving, fingers.
Grip swallowing mountain peaks.

Flesh buckled under lavender
when shawls spread ohms for us
to next be over with.

Seeped through an alm
entering the cadmium crust
past stations on eighteen wheels
jacket-flap to buttonhole.

Exit slipped into merge lane,
no insurance in combustion
sifting oil and salt.

Road hot with chalk,
riding pistons sheer chrome
arrowing a mad reckoning.

Flares past living room wall,
no meat to avail thy will be done.

Roses
strangle
each
chimney
aslant the lawns.
No fear yet the mouth talks,
the door of destiny
whittled to wheat on the altar seat.

Blue face with the blinds drawn
moving away from the door.

Never tried the cards to play or dice to roll.
Descent like glass
feeding sky depth
curving along lay lines and chalk marks.

Unloading through sanctuary window
over dry gulch.

Engine idles in the grove.

Magpie skims the yard
bare ass blue sweet sweat sunk eye new.

Down past crouched peaks
billowing into dawn of day
as the herald sings
all rise pour ca sweety.

Gate under the greens.
Moss dead under peat bog,
a great supper,
a crumbled willow cluster.

Life swings out further.
Locker door swings open
and sinner crawls out
with red eye in need of tobacco.

Smoke in the canyon,
squirm ur creased glove.
Mine torpor stoved in by ram,
remodelling thine shame.

Numbered among the living
yet scarred by the nuke of abeyance
invested in permanent dunes.

Blossoms rain down among the wreckage
where seasons call to that bear
that squinted out inside me.

Living with spiritual dementia,
noose roped to
saddlebag for new town hangings.

Saddle horse trots for trollops
scanning the seabed, a needle
through its own eye passing.

The gatekeeper smoked a stub
and lit out down the firmament,
dust falling in the motor
pouring on thy willow-drum
pitted against squalor of taphouse
where baby hit the bricks.

Storm moving past harbour,
spilt sugar in yards of boxwood
tuning gearbox to the hour
engine bent in bust of feldspar.

Drawn back from mourning
falling through parting fog
peeling grapes of vengeance
flowing upon bendy willows
moon scarred with slivers.

Angels with weary loads,
wings bent to mop the floor,
swinging between their breasts.

Joy of fortune weak,
tugging roots out
where embers fade red black silver.

Beauty made nimble by despair,
no sour to soften the sponge.

Alms must cease through prayer,
lapses of justice with Hell in tow.

Shovelling bricks,
bells ringing,
ropes swinging,
curvature of moon in doubt.

No time to end with minute left,
no quiet while schoolyard has
wide rift over dry gulch.

Knock it down, put up my face,
sky sipping powder at last breath.

Ploughshares beak the furrows
to be planted with seeds.

Eyes closed under rubble,
machines rolling over the mulch.

Witness box crowded with one face
steady when growth breaks.

No answer borne through the shutters
that cloud death in squalor.

Earth willing peace in poison tally
tortured by the tick tock clock.

Washed with pride in retreat,
handling the shovel,
swinging land atop the sand.

Feeling the bomb of hunger,
heaped stones fallen in the shaft.

Take the icon's wooden head
filling in a crème of empires
as the train speeds on to where
ladies shop on rolling wheels.

Lady in backpack covering
acres of demon bones.

They die, dished out at
the season of ripe fruits.

The moon was gasping too much,
taking too many breaths,
blunted through nail in open toe shoe.

Pressed through dim nimbus,
drumming through ill-wind,
shadow in reverse grace foretold.

The house under a blanket in snow,
fire burning, smoke in the starlight.

Barley fields with dandelion heads
sweltering at the door in rivers of ice.

Distant rumblings of shattered shells
skimming the belly of the beast.

Mountain pines pale in layered peaks,
woods like a soft key to a soft lock.

The shadow-caster is going inside
one of those fucked sleeping bags,
foam choked under the dumpster.

Pigeon hobbling under the bridge,
melting shudders, blinds drawn,
light papered over with newsprint.

Dogs becoming insane at the bells
stooped in portals of venting gas,
death nailed to palm, bleeding ass.

Wrapped in cobweb,
rosebush tugging red berries fixed to a twig.

Bitten with gold along the edge,
cut inland to pause a lithe figure
strolling in flowering grasses.

Weep you no more sad fountains,
funerals of sadness
taking bowls of berries to the mountaintop.

We must build a tomb to bury our god,
rubber bubbling,
bells jangling,
roses approaching the shaft
where another country begins.

The needles shatter as the sky rises,
waves frozen and lake abandoned.

Mountains crumbling down the rockface,
the itch of worldliness a wunderkind.

Pursued to the mountainside,
vanished upon contact with air,
rapture impossible to conjure,
a clump of treetops near a cloud.

Joy is reaching out to nature,
knees on the wood, fire flashing
against the cold ruins,
in communication with angels.

Sun returning with more light
to kindle the solstice.
Set a foot down and breathe,
striding up to the summit,
scent of heather in clumps.

Deaf through bombed autometry
hood pulled back beside lavender.

Wheeze sucked off churlish slime,
barred from the wheelhouse.

Entrance open, roused for greenery,
walls round chest laying wide at rest.

Banners flapping in the corridor,
the substance returning no matter
what has risen through the blood.

The laughter of dying worlds,
soil growing with hopeful tillage
where no sprouts have risen.

Each farmer is the same,
the gods prefer it that way.
Shall they resign from life
or suffer and feel joyous,
curling fingers of blue wool?

The *METAL* and the *DROSS*
pouring into endless moulds,
forming fence-posts, searchlights,
bloodbaths and betting booths
and ships bombed with shells.

Soldiers bending the chicken wire
streaming out muddy boots,
ducking under train bridges.

Ditches, frogs, and a hand-bag
hanging from a lamp-post.
Reality interwoven with the
memory of war never lived,
hard grey snow and car tires.

Spell cast through feather bed
on a last wish before the fog shrinks.

Drink away the footsteps and
still the world aches,
the cupboard's bare,
the misery of wealth
falling back to view the steeple
but not go inside.

The history we share
squinting at the sun
with wild roses underfoot.

The bell shakes the rafters.
The moon is full.
The child can't name it.
Piled with rusting domes,
under each a living world.

Drying upon the weeds
leaning forth to look at the field.

Sky moving past a crow
bright with gold ropes
hanging
down,
capped in brass.

Ship leaves port,
stone wet at quayside
pouring down fog bell and horn press.

The window reflects through each rock,
through nature's canopy
our gem is red with ill wind.

Coming like a freight train
crashing and falling into the sun.

Slipping out the room and
walking home through the park.

Tangled in the treetops the
moon struck with pine needles
resting on a cold bench and
looking at some buildings with lit windows.

Always on the look-out for more,
taking in substance, breathing out,
taking, giving back,
changing things with a breath.

PATHOS and *CATHARSIS*
are things that our hero
who thinks sadness disappears
when happiness ceases to exist
has stopped celebrating.

A living death kills hope and
destroys progress and tests faith
like Job who was too perfect
and Icarus who flew too high.

Iron pouring down the window,
rosy life in brown earth holes.

Light splashed over the wall
beckoning men with service to our churches.

Brittle vines like grapes rolling into pots
bound up in shrivelled flowers.

The spire must be high
beckoning the leap of death.

Corrupted in translation and original lost,
new version wiped clean when
all bright lies at the bottom of the vase.

Two opposing monuments
breath atop the shrine.

Past monumental heads,
fixed brows, old deeds,
to the throne room.

Floating up to the plateau,
sunlight jammed through stained-glass windows
slathered on temple heights.

Now we're supposed to eclipse the sun
and look pure dense in our shroud.

That should destroy the father-imago
and create a real deity.

Collecting gems as big as acorns, pockets bulging,
piecing together new tower blocks,
nobody on the streets
except a few beggars with malformed paper cups.

Wings spread over the world
making the past ludicrous
as all becomes mine only.

