

INDIGO MAGIC

Blueish grey dawns of winter
Bird flocks trail overhead
Their magic singsong choreography
Pulling the strings
Casting a spell
In the wide empty winter air
The colours are very subtle still
And I can breathe again
On the train I am
Going home

JUNE

The summer plains are glorious
And I wish to write more poetry
The weeks have swallowed me hollow
With their big fat mouth
But now I'm spat out into the fields
Sky high crop
Rushin, rushin, rushin through
I will drip fruit juice from my fingers
Become sticky with it
Pulsing like the sun
Fever rays & lightning strikes
My feet in the naked grass
Bare to my child-soul
Drunk with afternoon & a glass of wine
I shall be as wide as the summer skies
Rippling with its rhythms

A POWER

Arts have always possessed a power
To me – over me
Every new morning
There's nothing I'm as sure of
As the simple weight of beauty
Awe stuck in the back of my throat

Arching over a plain sky
Everything is so wide
Oh, how I worship the monotonous grey
Of every empty November day
Frozen roses, frozen time
It's winter again and I
Lived another year on golden
Light and the echo of love
In the touch-stained loops of the subway
The paint peels in every line that I write
To reveal the humming air of the night
Lanterns crowding the streets under dead starlight
The bookshelf corpse of my old selves
The old piano at my grandparents' place
When all the portraits bear your face
And music filters from the living room
That thing in my chest becomes insatiable
A beacon of light – full moon nights
Nourish my soul like the marrow of bones

EPISTOLARY

Let's post this letter
Seal it with a kiss
Perfume on the paper
Ink stains on my lips

CAT EYES

A carpet of leaves

Yellow

Streetlights glow warm

Against the sluggish blue grey skies

I take the path by the river

And wish my hometown

Was as beautiful inside

As out

MONSTRUM

Cause I'm still the thing of claws
The beast caged in
Pacing endless circles
Sedated on a dream

And I will never shake the violence
That claws me up inside
But I will wear the anguished broken silence
Like it is my birth right

Quite an ugly frown you've got there
Darling, smile with bloodied teeth
Cutting pieces of my sadness
That will fit the rhyming scheme

Shattered mirrors, thousand faces
Embrace the chaos - let it sing
From this angle I can take it
You fascinate me – bittersweet entropy

MOTHER II

Tears drying in my childhood room
Fought with mom, oh the nostalgia
I wish her a good night, and mean it
But I won't let her kiss me, as if nothing happened

Tears down my neck and I guess I'm a woman now
Trying to lessen my mother's sorrow
Unable to ever truly love her, without a padlock
Guarding where I am soft and vulnerable

I swore I would never let this hurt me again
But I've grown indulgent, hopeful that
Maybe she could be a mother and I a daughter
Without the daggers, all the acrid words we wield

It still looks good on me
Red eyes - never felt hard to love
The glistening shards so akin
So familiar

I have made my own sanctuary now
A train ride into my soul
Why do I keep risking it like that?
A piece of my heart buried in this soil evermore

1AM

Sheer endless freightliners