Unsung

Over
snow-veiled mountains
his only confidantes
still dancers
silent whisperers
careful listeners:
the trees.

Word moonbeams
drip and splash
over graven bark and bone
over needles of green flesh.

A blackbird whistles aria
sweet silver steel
shot
through silken air—

stage, actor
musician in pantomime:
secrets turn anodyne
safe in trees.
Final Veil of Moscow

On 5 December 1931, Bolsheviks destroyed
Russia’s largest cathedral, Christ the Saviour, Moscow

With winter snow her bridal veil
clinging whispers of gauze and lace,
she is rent
asunder
as heaven and earth forsake her.

Marbled shoulders, strong and stoic,
gold-lustred domes
columns her silent Calvary
crosses of fidelity
displayed to a disdainful age:
pillars of faith
in a riven land.

Once Tsars, brought to her altar,
bowed low to the awful grace of God
crown to her miter
scepter to crosier --

Now break, now scatter
crack off columns and prize off gold
defile frescoes and tear her vestments,
yet she lies
still
quiescent, serene, divine.

And as her walls drop, her domes crumble
roaring crescendo of rent marble and turbid splendor
Christ the Saviour
to dust
all
return.
Dolor

Her words
etched a fresco
of candidness and caring, and I,
I painted innocence all over
her face.

I could not bear to show myself the truth:
secret desires
darkened spirits
drawn shades.
Instead I swam in eyes
ice blue
in waterfalls of hair so brazen black.

And when it was over,
and I was the victim
of love’s chain snapped,
I saw that love is chess and checkers and cards.

She is a race, a fight, a jump and a dive.
The girl who has innocence carved in her face
is gargoyle
and gatekeeper,
gives no gift
in love’s disgrace.
Nothing: My Poem

Once in a house on a very tall hill
He wrote a letter
It went on for 3 pages
And he signed his name at the bottom
With the quill his father had got him
For his birthday that year
And sent it to you.

Once in a house on a smaller hill
He wrote a letter
It went on for 2 pages
And he signed his name at the bottom
With his sister’s quill
Because his father had forgotten his birthday that year
And sent it to you.

Once in another house on a very small hill
He wrote a letter
It went on for a page
And he signed his initials at the bottom
With the pen he had stolen from school
Because he thought no one cared about his whole name
And sent it to you.

Once in a house on the bottom of a hill
He wrote a letter
It only had a few words
And he didn’t bother signing his name
Because he didn’t know what his name was now
Or whom he was inside
And sent it to you.

Once in a deserted house on the side of a hill
He wrote a letter
It only had one word
With the bloody wrist that he had slashed
He left it on his bedside table
Because this time he didn’t think
He could reach the post office.
ROUND AND ROUND

Round and round we look
Drawn forth
Our eyes a compass – casting north.

Round and round we dance
Aligned
Our hands like magnets, shape defined.

Round and round we spin
Our path
Elysian beings – half and half.

Round and round we race
No sight
Our steps recede as we take flight.

Round and round we soar
Like stars
Twin hearts in orbit from afar.

Round and round we spiral
Still,
Together, now against our will.

Round and round, we break
Inside
Hand tearing hand, bound souls divide.

Round and round we race
Away,
Escape the pain; the light of day.

Round and round, our hearts
Now broken –
Desolate in words unspoken.
So,

*Round and round we search*

Unveil –

Pursue the end our fates entail.

*Round and round we dance*

And drift

As planets wheel and cosmos shift.

*Round and round,*

Our magnet skin,

Our solar hearts

Now wearing thin.

Our compass eyes,

The stars above,

The spiral of our broken love.