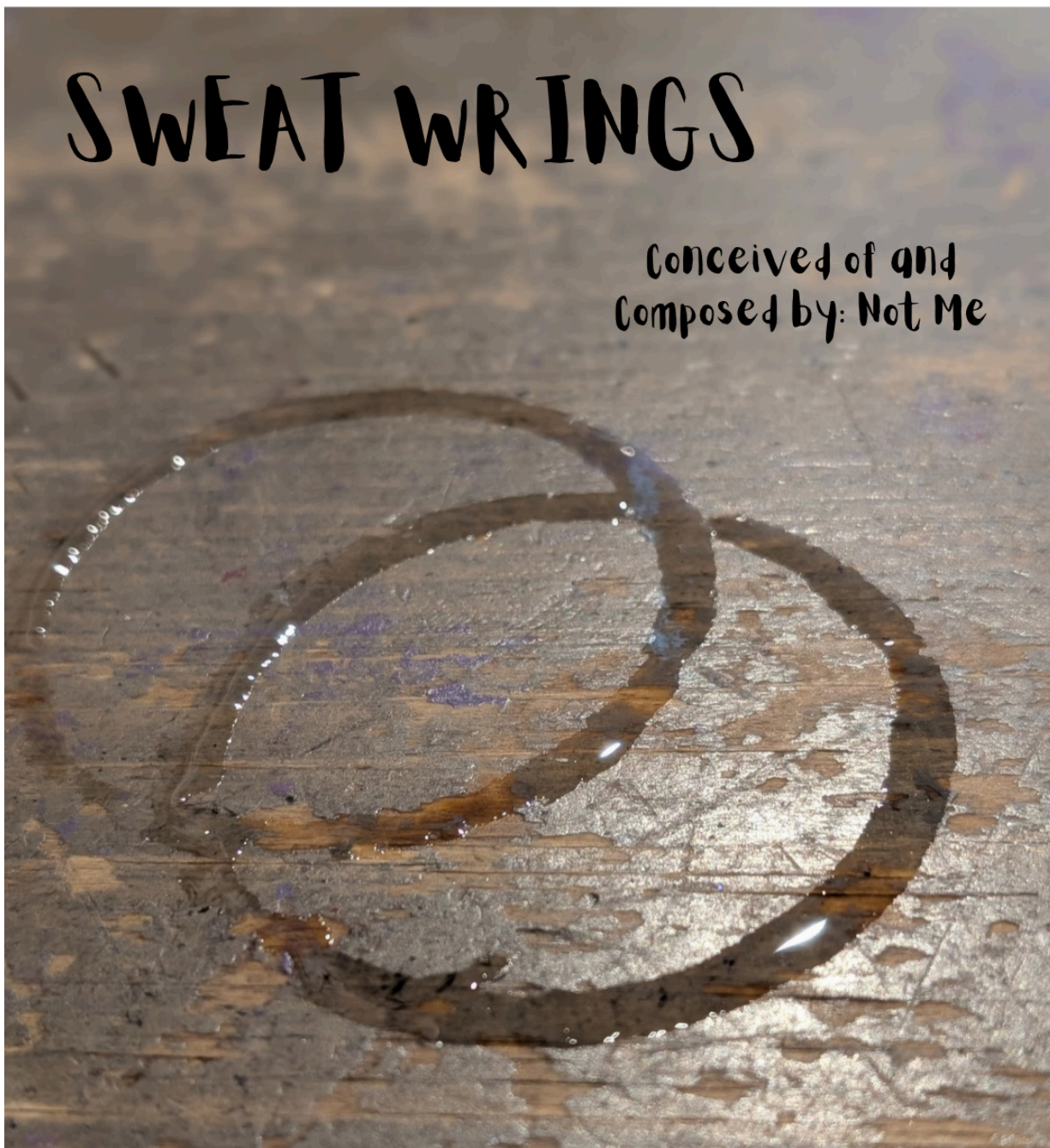


SWEAT WRINGS

Conceived of and
Composed by: Not Me



the further hours
fade

out
of touch,

i confess to knowing
little about
much.

stumbling until
steady-

reflection shattered, shards
gathered,

restored for
better
or

worse reverse the
curse.

i love that your heart
shimmers

especially during
rain

but resent the way
you dismiss
pain.

unmasking symptoms of
social sickness

despite the risk
to pride

if only to keep attic
lit behind
eyes.

grown too weary to
steady my
gun

dare we not
speak

of war we care
not wake
from.

teasing lyrics from
flat scenery,

rerevising filthy
poetry,

no one reaches me
as you
do..

you find it lonely
too?

ever in shared
orbit

yet not within
grasp,

just missing each
other's

extended hand due
to speed

of the spin
we're
in.

It's worst strain of
weather

to wave this
feather

like all's
fine-

shirking smirks from
strangers

over scars don't
feel like
mine.

tasked in haste
to hatch

though baby sparrow's
shell won't
crack

while under threat
of attack.

from bed of dried
up sea

heart opens to
feelings
folded

under mattress
soiled

from tears run
cold.

in hellfire and
affection

may i extend
a kiss

for each time you've
been made
to feel..

powerless

she welcomes release
with tears
sheen

like shoreline
of stars

not seen as bright
through
bars.

Promise..

that despite the
late reply

i'm getting
on

though not
by..

much to try before
i forget
why.

a kiss in blindness
kindles
bliss

on surface bare
to urges
flared

in darkest of
the pit
we

shamelessly
submit.

a hope childly
sincere

bears petals
flush

as daybreak
drizzles
dew

on crop kissed
blush and
blue.

vaguely human
shape

behind branch
creeps
in,

no stranger to
shivers-

sobered by the
glow
of

madman's cabin
caved in
snow.

in the shade of
last heat
wave

you taught
me

ponies may
bite

even when all is calm
in stable,

unable to inspire
or play
fair,

don't flinch come
dusk

our past now
vapor,

pass your brush
with care

through hair like
paper.

so why don't
I read?

is it a paper
allergy?

are my cracks gorged
with weeds?

a star shaped seed
between
teeth,

faith's best tales
are make
belief.

fading people
shapes

at golden point
of day

mistaken for
reprieve,

in grass with teeth
upon bare
knees

chafed by the hiss
beneath.

midst tire fire
nights

in bloodshot
dread-

arrows through
feathers-

a sickly skyline
glimmers

as if to prove
she's still
there.

grown fond of
the ebb
and

glow felt through
graveyard
snow,

no tear a waste in
eyes turned
stone

to face what's
gone by
dawn

alone.

she's weepy wax on
skin erotic,

if she knows this,
its seldom
flaunted

and the less we
speak of
us

the more we
feel.

no lone word has
meaning

this late
into rekindling

pledges wrought
with back
turned
to

timelines burn
away

despite all we do
or won't
say.

was promised then
dismissed

what giving in
undid,

welts flowered
wings-

battling wall of
winds,

sealed the lid on jar
of screams

just to have hope
shatter,

would we lament
what grief
hid?

in maze like mind
rest won't
find.

hourglass eyes on
campfire
nights,

will winter fever
repeat?

details
under fingernails

each flicker face fades
like waxen
flakes

disappear on
tongue,

feel the crunch of boots
on diamonds

left not as i found
them
a

fool's star buried by
squall of
worry

paints farewell faint
and blurry.

No Clean Landing

runaway ride
stalled at first red
grass sprouts from skull
weighed down by
clouds-
too close to ground
to veil the
bright,
reminds me just how small
i sigh when throat
grows tight,
should we
'face to face' again
before our end writes self
off the ledge,
we'll still
leap
in
both feet
wet.

i'm vampire
bat

wings doming fur
and face,

cozy
and contained

at rest. one of many
pitted knots

on wooden wall
in musty
hut,

murmurs of
dread

of fangs and
disease

feared in we that
light can't
reach.

Window Seat

knees drawn
into locked position

glance out glass
through paint on sneer,

partially digesting
sighs-

latching eyes with every
passing
deer

in disgust of my
disguise.

i'd have posed wiser
questions

knowing all
we see
now,

do you still read
clouds out
loud
or

draw doves to
dreams,

and if so,
how?

hollowness
in being crowded
at taped-off time of day
doorbell screams
i crank up screen
to shrink behind those
hard not to see,
true, i'm no better
growing rude and petty,
palms pressed to skull moon
cold and sweaty.

chatter plucks on nerves
then becomes the chirp of birds
shunning words and fenced in meanings
embracing the beauty of being
and freedom to
scream.

closing in on
being true
in light of collapse,
taking up less space
on clock's spinning face,
no desire to blame,
drapes parting-
no rain.

is the freezing
done?

midst promise
of sun
shed

like seconds upon
tongue

knows
no resolution

or relief
from.

fright feathers window

into safe room

no longer breathes

no longer knows

it's here to shield you

while roots

grow.

the tang of silver
dipped in
wine-

forked tongue
slithers

up arched
spine.

in a minute of
panic

there weren't
winners,

just backs into
corners

where flames
couldn't
thaw

our icicled
claws.

i shun mercy's
kiss

in favour
of touchlessness,

whether upon
skin,

or
within,

i feel nothing
but sky,

no guilt, no shame,
just quiet
rain

in far off
eyes.

might there be an
end

in which we
stay?

are you too shy
to say?

no plea would ever
chain

last night to
day.

a limp punch through
glass

to evade time's
clasp,

cleansing gashes on
my hands
as

life gushes through
busted
dam.

ash breath snakes
though teeth,

i watch it rise just
beyond
reach

and won't speak just to
be heard
for

i've no use for
words.

don't slacken
stance
to

humor dance to
mend

this bridge in
privacy,

face me, and you
may find

i'm no longer here
in heart or
mind.

with no clear
purpose

the drowned
resurface

to cast a fading
gaze

at pond dragging
strangers

mouthed every
name.

learner knows that
quiet holds

the keys to
bliss

closer than once
taught

through rigged
deal

left the child no
space to
feel

paint splits
in sun

bleeds into
today

in a way that
denies
time

like we're not
here

and i'm not
real

as
i appear.

same prayer
of pity

tracks me
back

to regrets fed to
my head-

dare i reinvest to
reinvent-

all to crawl back
into bed.

i've left a
hole

where no hole
should
be,

lost to where
it goes,

for it's too dark
within to
know.

what summons
tears

while holding
back?

shall we resurrect
the past

or let history
rest?

as if we gave
our best.

it was music for
reflection

on a drift back
home

that guided me
to trees,

watched them slope
a little

closer to hear me
breathe

then felt both held
and seen,

dragged by my feet
down misty
street.

overtimes clawed
back..

of the line with
the other
rats

round each other in
cage shaped
brain

numbed
by weakness-

in fear of love
may end
pain.

last first aid
kit,

on dusty cellar
shelf,

in hook lined
nook-

hot for next
drop

to open
up.

stupified in headlights
on high

slumped in feeble
state

as farewells
flash

then fade to
grey.

the rush of
clouds

over
our house,

a crown of birds, fresh
from the
south,

an oak that wears
its age

in sun that hides
but never
fades.

i pause and turn
my head

to distort
view

and notice your neck
twisting too.

my voice demands
little space

when breath's
sucked
out

of rooms so
vast

no whisper wetting
neck nor
back.

what to make
of scars

that rinse off in
the bath

where body shelters
warmth-

absolved of any
shame

left from shushing
one's own
name.

no path back to
where time
went,

each step etched
in cement,

breath like ash on
fortune's
page,

a sigh that can't
mask its
age.

grey matted
wings

graze water, cracks
skitter

winter pond pale
as sky
in

veins run
dry.

mothered by
tears
we

bleed selves
tender

and unchain
combat

in its many
masks

and rattling
fists,

as if harmed
by none
of it.

with wings like
shields

he veils polar
eyes

from sludge caking
plumes

like threats that
settle

over tomb like
womb.

fear of faith coils
my throat

cinching with each
gasp

picture moon bleached
beach-

quicksand writhing
under
feet.

in
shaking
off

we've shed
debris

and returned
home

despite the cold as
walls bloom
mold

and undead
roam.

has finer dining lost
appeal?

tonight i'll be whose
brown bag
meal?

in pressure cooker
caged by
steam

holding breath till
sweat wrings
clean.

THANK YOU