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collaborative poems

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it starts with silence, and
a likeness to whiteness, passed-out
blank noise, all excessive spaces,
sallow faces that placed me
in a make-shift cradle
in the shallow wading water,

I had to shake the grasp,
set myself free
in a most unusual way.

still I'm clouds of dust, swirling after
your steps in the lake, the wingbeats,
faster, facing mountains and ebbing air,
a flapped-out sign of s-oh-s slips
on the chasing rocks, tips me in,
quick as blinking.

- - -

it will take some time
to learn to speak again.

the soles of my aching shoes
kiss pavements,

I want to see
the way I used to

but light has fallen away
and this new thing,

this other,

this disrobed darkness
leaves me faltering.

- - -

to sit and be gently overwhelmed
isn't always the worst.

like going to sleep,
soft, heavy air, spread over

your eyes and mouth
beating closed

like a dying wing.

- - -

in front and behind
the world is filling up
with brightly-coloured

rainbow things,
a flickering dream
that bites and won't let go

shaken out, the life of me
can't be found
in any other place.

- - -

we don't have to stay long
because after all
the music plays

the speed of night
falling, clingy night,

night wrapped around
as a curtain in the rain,
and the music

draws to a close
the continuing of us
and the rest of the world.

- - -

gravel spits up the car
from a wet-worn road,

when I turn back
silence speaks to the air,

it's lonely and late,
a break
in the contingency plan.

my head is spinning with
the lights
(the lights go out

when I walk beneath).

- - -

a name in my mouth
restless, intent on escape,
could've been a prayer

birds were singing
brightly, brightly

born from trees
in wilting light.

some kind of solace,
crushed and defective

came out of sadness,
and between the blinds

- - -

the past is laid already
flat broke, open palmed

sweeping up table crumbs
can't stop the shaking,

or the impulse to throw
all over the walls

an unforgiving quest
to get them off my scent

hunter or hunted,
but I am the animal.