

COMING & GOING

Selection of poems; 'people-ish':

- You marked me
- Calm Seizure, two parts (of three)
- Christmas Shopping Brings Them All Out
- Rest in Love

You marked me

slipped a piece
of yourself
into my folds—
the place
you wanted
to return to
later.

Calm Seizure

A two-hour walk, lunch, sex
and the day is gone.

And you saying
that there's more to want.

And me here wondering
are you doing more now?

Not revisiting with intent, it's just
the mind's nature to think.

Like it's man's job not to
sink.

Not such a challenge buoyancy
since I sussed it:

most pain is a projection
of things which are not happening.

I learned that
from you.

Calm Seizure on Holiday

Each day comes with a shape
it wants to take and
we let it

because this
here now
is right

the irreparable redundance
of the blue abandoned boat

furthest from the harbour mouth.

Southlight, spring 2013

Christmas Shopping Brings Them All Out

The train moves into December, into
December, into December
while my mind keeps returning
to the Saturday dad and son
trying to kick up some fun or
some chance at relationship
in the artificial snowflakes and feeble puff
of the giant, inflatable snow-globe
on Buchanan Street
with shoppers stopping to watch and
many more shoppers
not bothering.

Rest in Love

do not seek to sew love
to a single source, nor several
love isn't happening to you
only through you
rest in it – know
it can never be taken
and yes, it's always safe
to love again
there's nothing safer
unlike sunshine, unlike rainfall
love's supply is not conditional
love *is* source *is* love
lovers mere reflections
sit, sink in
love holds no risk –
love denied is more than risky –
feel love and life to be the same
love is not life's greatest source of pain
but its unifying constant
(forget what you'd decided;
no-one left and took love with them)
love isn't losable
only refuse-able
admit love
submit forever
die in it
again and now
and now, for love is all
and always found
this moment:
same as you