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Tenderly we make a silence

I hold you close
In melting mood

Touch me
Soft silver skin

Here, among Sorrel and
CowParsley

Your flesh is cream and warm
Your mouth ripens onto mine.

The tender paths
Are wrapped and sleeping.

There are several ways of
counting
Days or hours

In nakedness
We are all we are

Touch me,
Fire and ice,

This time has no numerals

Passion always hurries
To form the singularity.

We cannot live with damage.

On its broad face

Open yourself to what we are
In these famished seconds

Touch me,
Here and now,

Eternity beats
As the City dreams.

I am awake
And in your keeping.

Tidal, we flow among the ripple
edges
Bitter salt in subtle veins.

Wind stroking your hair
Lighter than breath on your
cheek

A roaring winter in the dark,
Sighing for distance.

As fire burns, we burn:
flames we rise
to purify and leap with sudden
jaws

Now you are earth,
Deep as dreaming
Fertile with futures:
The pulse of everything.

The birth of love
Is an extraordinary fault

Closer to the angels
Love's ears hum with light

Melodies race
Capillaries open

Tenderness flowed outwards
And we were in flames

A risen sun
Hanging in the blue air

We are the tip of longing
Sweetness at the core

The end of wishing more

This possession leaves no
space

Between embraces

This seems to be the way of it-
in free fall
Love-in -a-mist, Summer bloom
Humming through me

We seem more parted than ever
Stretched between worlds like
rope

Tinny phones
Do nothing for us

We can only hold on
And hope.

We two live a singularity:
Nothing escapes,

Nothing but black heat like
animal breath.

Our event horizons crackle with
burnt years,
Like moths imploding to
magnetic flame.

We hammer heavy metal,
Glowing cherry,
Twin Vulcans
Forging angel armour.

Down in the deep earth
Roots stir the clammy soil.

Spring prepares
Catching us all unawares.

Bright reluctant Spring appears
Shyly blushing,
Clutching her new bouquet.

Mocking Spring,
Cold Winter gives away
All dressed in snow
and frozen smiles

I see the way it is-
In the frozen green of your eyes

The clumsiness of declarations
Jars in the shell of hearing

Here we are dancing at arms'
length
Regaining our strength

We are not the warm synthesis
we once were
When all the talk was breathless

Words runs sideways
Smear the windscreen

A quality you seem to prize
In making love with just the eyes.

A river flows to the utmost land
And loses its sinuous past in the
sea's roaring

Impossible to decipher your look
The smart of desperation

All the lights, bar one, turn dim
I whisper, but my words are lies

We have so little in common

Sets the hollows of your face
In harder lines

We try to nurse a spark
And light the damp of her and
him

Our ordinary selves
Are scarcely damp with melting.

I am a perfect fool
Letting my tender slam against
granite

We're swaying to the jive,

I should be harder, crushing the
words to the floor
Like an accelerator

Survivors without protection,
Lacking direction,
Barely alive

Once we talked in synch,
following passion's thread,
Winding love into a tighter
skein.

I am just a voice on the line,
Breaking signal.

Black night streams past
In endless waves.

On the phone your pauses
breathed a steady desire

You hear the hiss of endings

I miss your touch,
The softness of your cheek,

I could smell you down the line.

Sibilant between the words.

The warmth of kisses:
All the old clichés, all

It was poetry,
Now our prose desert grows
with a slow drawl

This is no way to speak of love,
down the wire
Across an abyss of raw desire.

We are as separate now
As any strangers,

Our pauses halt before the truth
of what we have become

The coin drops and we are
ending
in a desperate rush

As the long track
Between us widens

Our lost phrases tired as a
book's slow crawl.

And then the tone,
And then the hush.

The silvery lines of desire
Thread us like beads.

I hang up early,
Before the penny drops.

Sometimes in the sprawl of
midnight's milk-
I recall your face.

We visit this place most nights
now
A long tunnel of sweat and
rolling;

Souls persist
as feeble spirits

Heavily crowned by cider,
I throw off the covers
And yelp for your skin.

Not love, no these are the
horrors
I imagine the alcoholic drinks,

Unfleshed we are
Unhoused

Sometimes when the dogs
have died
And cars spin fewer tales,
I blink off dreams
And wake, pressed to the
ceiling.

Cold turkey to the opiated brain.
This is the sharp boned moon,

Without heat
Dwarf stars

Sometimes at hallowed dawn
I regret each forgetting

Not the dark velvet slide of
passion,
The ride towards morning

Congregated leaves
Fallen

Imagining traveller's tales
Where poor nothings

But lids glued wide
And the tired brain churning and
churning

In the dark spaces of god's mind
Packed and vigilant

Gazed helpless
through the glass at Plenty.

Finding answer only in the
First witless chirpings of the
birds.

Awaiting matter

In this deep we make strange
companions
walking behind, in front

This is the best or the worst:
Who dream against Nature,
Leaving a jagged edge.
No answer, but must serve

Busy, particulate darkness
Swirls and reforms

Past gibbering ghosts:
Dead underground music

For those who try to dodge and
swerve
Inevitable loss

Fed from its vast
Below the visible plateau of days

When I turned and slipped
and saw the deep shadow of all
that beauty

The space we are in reminds me
of a long
Ride across a lake

In this flux of negatives
We are a constant

Was Love's complexity its own
occlusion
Unsettling futures with dark
prophecy?

Neither shore grew nearer, or
further
The propeller beat and churned
We hung in the middle
And the day lengthened.
The fibrous twilight
Is rhizomous

Lambent,
Consumed and consuming

Unconsumed

We live with monsters
 Who raw the edge of sleeping
 With rough tongues

Do not confuse their cries:
 Precise and beautiful.
 They speak of lost years: locked
 in cages.
 Hidden futures: flying in flocks.

Give them way
 They are uncompromised

But never, never look into
 The green flame of their eyes

If you were lost
 In the shadows

I would find you

I would find you
 By your sweet voice
 The warm
 grace of your walk

The long looks you give
 And the short temper you
 conceal

But such looks
 Such looks
 Can heal

Say nothing when
 Words shred the air

There are better ways to talk,
 touching
 We can leave
 But not together
 We can stay
 But not together

Cruelty is a pattern
 Etched on your skin

A permission
 In your eyes

And the long empty hours

A cold song
Is in the stones and rain

It tangles on the wire
Where shards of paper
Flutter their blank histories

Hills raise frozen, heads hung
with cloud
Above the green and
congregated fields

I can't locate our past,
Atomised in hovering mist.

Losing it all in pale aftermaths
In carrying distance like a weight
With no connection

It would be better to have anger
Than this poor miasma.

A small mistake
Reveals a huge betrayal

The turn of a head is more fatal
Than the great speeches

A glass crashes and cannot be
remade
The water is spilt and runs to
earth

The world is large
and filled with noise

There is only one song
In a true singer

No one spoke about drift

How we are
Suddenly far out at sea

With generations of
smoothheaded youths
On quite different vessels,

The sleek yachts,
And us still rowing

And the tide racing
And the wind blowing.

I picked up my bed
And walked across shadows

Gradually the days grew longer
And trees showed signs of life

I came to a broad square
Filled with laughing children
Waving flags

I pressed on- the air grew soft,
Until one day
I stood in sunshine, blinking.

"This is the place",
I whispered

And so it seemed to be

They
Talk very loud
And prohibit song

I met them in a car park
And their eyes spoke volumes

Later they came by and
elucidated
With a long stare

This is the moment to be going
But I cannot leave

I turn and see you waiting on
that long slope

And my feet won't move

That is the cost
And we are lost

This is the cold minute
The rain birth
The crag above the crag

The line we shouldn't take
The turning where the brakes fail

The solitary stranger
with the broad smile

The complete works,
Except a book is missing
And the name escapes you

The simple complications

Of a loving tongue

The shore is a strange world.
 Leavings and margins
 Convince that dislocation is a
 real choice

Down the green backed waters
 Roll all the lost and weary
 pieces of the world

The seeds and
 The disasters
 Find equality

In a cold democracy of silt

Water is a testimony
 To our past:
 Sinuous and richly fleshed

I breathe slowly
 In the cool woodland,
 Lit so precisely this afternoon

There are no places
 Alike on the Earth
 Each difference resurrects your
 face

The workings
 Of a hungry heart
 Are minute and monstrous

Recalling your face
 I am as ravelled as these
 budding branches
 Turning into leaf

We are as invisible as atoms
 but pressed closer

Breath in your breath
 Airy fingers in your hair

Your long looks in the teeming
 stars
 Your anger in a drumming wind

Our words
 Written in the grain of trees

And in the muscular waters
 Of the seas