A & D

The Chair squeaked as she sat. A mouse-cry of despair.

The cigarette droppings Seemed a case of deceit

Roped with sweat I said 'Lady, you are illusion.'

In her grey forests She guivered.

Darkened gold and deep-flowing Rivers of champagne

'Might I the honour Of the next Mazurka?'

Insects relieve themselves of wings To nose out the scent

Hot Rigel is light-years distant For life is satin-textured, line-vectored.

Deep calls to deep The ornithologist to the cuckoo

Nsima dropped from Eiffel Floop! into open handbag.

Do I climb on you Or you on me?

I face the intangible tangerine Of life; do not disturb.

Many neat finger-nails Melt down to little

A cello should be Chopped by chisels

Fruit grossly ripe-rots. Seize the moment.

But history is a chain Of smashed granite

A small building near Tanzania. The bride of Christ in earth. In the chapel are mosquitoes And harvest rotting festively.

Love is in negation. The rare congregation is the pad

Of fate's lion-paw, to the priest. The money-box is screwed into place

l am my murder Murmur men internally.

Society sweeps away trash Hates blood from a smashed rat.

A man with a punctured brain Is in harmony with his universe.

The great societies Spew out sick in ceaseless microcosm

The five wounds: Claw marks on man's body

All the threads of pain Now a single garment

Our furniture and trappings Carelessly flung away.

A trellis of roses And flash fire

Suddenly consumes all All is ashes and diamonds

And a woman Weeping in desolation.

For history is ashes and diamonds And parched of water.

From the clouded snow-spring of lightning

True thunder drops syllables

Ripping and singeing The tapestry of wealth

Rends the veil of the temple.

PETER STEWART

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