Dream #39 A Call to Arms:

Eros sings:

Make nice!
Heal the rift!
Build bridges over hellhole’s
width, failsafe and muscular.
Drape its rails
with triumphant lilies
and orchids erect
with levetiness. Stalwart,

come, kiss iceberg’s tip.
Chilled lips an inch above
arctic waters call to you,
hot-blooded ship. Intrepid
friend, our hold must keep
in order that embrace might seal.
Come, span death’s abyss and caulk
that horrid glory hole.

Forgive then —
mouth meet mouth. We two
buffing cloths, chamois cheeks,
are Brasso to a quarrel’s rust.

Dream #40 The Sting:

When Eros talks in her sleep,
I hear muck, exquisitely tooled;
jewels and gold, blender-puréed.

This self-willed deafmute desires
quiet but the bed’s burbling half,
Eros as Motor Mouth, badgers yet:

‘Face it, Deathie,
you, King of the Tied Tongue,
Dullest of the Dull, are the only
match in town left unstruck.
You possess no talents and no
imagination. Like a gerbil
nervous in the crypt, you crave
the cage’s relative liberties.

I am landlady to its shell pink key! 
Sinuous custodian to all that breathes!
Your recreations however, are cheap —
claws repetitious on the wheel;
senseless shredding of Kleenex
and tissues otherwise human.’

The diatribe stings for I know
she won’t acknowledge that the sweet
perversity from which she rails
is sleep, a minute sleight-of-hand
performed by myself. A dose of Death,
immunization against and final
invitation to, I am subtle
with the batten that accumulates.

P. FLECK

Summer Thoughts (for Margaret Laurence)

An uneven day —
little clouds, sun and shadow
and sudden sun.

The sky is breathing for us
— long draughts of light and the shadow
is sadness breathing in — and blowing
cloud-puffs at the snow-cool
peaks of mountains. A cloud island
atoll turns into a harp,
unstrung, a swan rampant, a white
hound high-tailing across an azure field,
— a child-smiling kite-flying
innoncence of sky.
Deck-chaired, hat over face, head
full of fractals, geometry of natural
repetitions, endless interweavings,

— Gaelic cross in the Book of Kells —
I am lost in that maze
looking for,
finding,
defining, divining
real words for things,
sous-text of the universe.
It begins to come true.

World is shifting into word, poets
into priests or prophets, or
diviners.
No,
Shadow plumb-lines to the heart
The sky stops breathing,
and shows what
sunlight
is.