

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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luna. you be

moon large
in a quiet blue
tease
off the shoulder
hung
well
as any lover
born as beautiful
found within white dust
the sugar heart
rush
waiting to come to ours
wanting the Earth
gave to inlet pulses
prayed for by a moon swept
as ancient to comet vandals
left thanking the stars
to the fire, gentle for us
from tangent torn through space
as though there were nothing
but sunlight
and fresh air
to the opening
sight given angle
to what the man
might ever stand for
between lovers
we are the offering
she the dance
the Earth seers

tears that wash forever
wash the clearest eyes raw
don't hate this same ever
let her with the love
paint white confession
make love ours
extended, delicate, foreverlong

anodyne

I am rainbow
simply beauty
curved to see the sun

have seen love follow
this, in colour code
and catch misfired rounds

has danced beneath me
believes so far
as colour
all is struck as close
but hardly sees me

ever the more my contour
rapes you
of fantasy, or light
I am so taken to return

coeur

there is no courage
there is the bird
being fed

there is buying
courtesy in fresh packed packets
for the bird feed

to stand next to
leaning slight against the cages
open by the courage

no one bird is freed to summer
flowers brought to show
the day bright

the lover born in free space
keeps birds to
know the flight will

leap from aching
breast
be flown on top beak

has wingspun spanning
the breadth of

the cage is shown for fires
white feathers
the care of a full gathering

too lightened weights
of stoop cold
facing put off fears

can catch the bird stunned
in cages
that hold
all as more caress

to have love
knowing touches are its free
canary gold, yellowing
in the lights come down

letting go
the want to courage
what feeds free love for love to all the
inside will fly the drop out from mind
or the bird

that gave life, swore life
restored the cages,
gave heart
who from all to choose love
as the space in blackness
and all certain as change
and the freest of hands
holding close
the heart
whose change is theirs

gold

blood for gold
of a would not cut for nowt
for cups or gold, to chalice
in a classless lot
the less is kept plentied, full
presented to the many
the very hand can lend
surrendered never
for less to hearts
what blood of vanity
has tricks for cash sweats
would blacklist peril
where leads the sleeve to risk
where instinct would hold, but dread
was death to fold
to no winner, is game nor loss
then losers clutch
must leave fools come of hypocrite
blood and pot luck
of a white gold crown
and crooked doubt for others hands
of clueless men, down to chips
of moon spook
and blood let by the pint
for type in line with his run
with him invincible
sings of excesses as a silent king
lies, where found with them
the ace to be primal
of love as all
to convince us of one
to commit with blood he swears he must
in doubled, of wins been stripped to show first
the war with fate, the good fight, set aside
born one foot step from this love
with blood on pretty clean tiled, mosaic
made for the magic eye
broke on births spit and final setting
would ace come next to slip.

foreground, sweating ice lakes and images of
king down, for blood, for gold
where love comes down to this
of old and legless,
heads the only make of sense, in skill
took to serve, what wonder lead by citizen
top inch, shoulder and staff
of white gold, the crown of promises
and a coin to go on spinning
coloured by weft of a roulette, wheeled
in by a jack, that billed the pot
will pull the queen, bottom
plucked from the pack
a table on whack with tops to face up
of a single stacking
is luck as killer
and a loser wins over for shuffle
open next to hand whose is fortune, to snap
the real deal, royal ceilings and their plaster in
cast that has the eyes looking up
only to pause for the set that has all the cards
faced up for just that twist.

to isolate the ace
slide as smooth from the pack
as the activated instincts filled the pot
with killer picks
what has been popular
in the tightest terms of royalty
is forgone on looks to the one with sword
cups or broke and sneaking peeks
to the next, cos who knows
who would, when even you could win
as to given by god's touch
shocked by the switchers
long cast shadowy speech
to you, what of gold, of limits that break
of blood that floods the same leaking walls.

who moves into the light
where the recognition only goes as far

as the two shades and no further.