

Author Name Here

Searching

I watch the blossoming trams narrowing
down laddered tracks, stingray tails sucking
sustenance, winter-wrapt parcels alighting
with blunt hydraulic bursts. Around me

cars cough and buses belch as
pained pedal-pushers point
pessimistically into steamy gouts of gas
staccatoing along the sheen

of flickering neon. Pale faces form and fade,
hands-pocketed, feet following a familiar force,
eager to leave each new-formed space
before a tangential touch. A siren howls

warily. I see so much and yet beneath I feel
and taste scores of pressured purposes, a hundred
hurried hatchings, myriads of missed moments. While
huddled in heated haunts,

eyes abeam with dreamy needs fulfilled, lost latte
lovers linger over little lies and proud promises
soon to be left in the scramblings of early
morning madness.

And yet I watch.

Out of Africa

I came upon a child in Africa
while on my way to climb.

So smooth and young and thin,
across his face a sad yet honest grin
etched on cheeks and brows leathered, torn
eyes with depths which buried sights well worn
and weathered deep into a raw, receptive soul,
sights such as only seasoned men
have any right to know.

His teeth were chiselled flints sun-clipped
to match that dangling from his ear.
Where once free laughter danced, a scar
turned most attempts at glee into a sneer.

He'd never seen the patterning of autumn leaves
because in his domain there were no trees.
No fresh-flowered fragrances had ever stung
nor rap songs clattered off that tender tongue.
His eyes won't catch the light of starry skies
they flash with pride as one more feeling dies.

An AK47, sleek-oiled, back-strapped,
fingered skywards fiercely
in accusation over childhood stolen.
Fatigues hung tattered cov'ring boots too big
for feet best saved for plying soccer's touch,
and yet I saw him kick a ball with friends
and hoped a moment's innocence until I saw
it was a human head, grotesque and swollen.

We wander ruthless roads in doing good,
“Suffer little children to come unto me.”
And how the children suffer in the struggle to be free,
Where we look on as others separate the child from hood.

I've climbed, traversed wide swards of green and grey
across a dozen continents I've learned a hundred wisdoms;
why then when challenged thus, have I so little left to say?

The Bishop's Gift

The monks
boiled
the bishop's bones
then
ladled out
the rich soup
to
fill the need
of the faithful
who wanted
a blessing.