

Morgan Bazilian

**Love goes downhill**

He runs  
And I alight  
The corner of his mouth turns serious  
And I laugh

The clichés used as a foundation  
Building a perspective  
Of how a child grows  
More quickly than expected, etc.

My father calls  
Expecting something  
Not unreasonable things  
Thanks or devotion

And I realise:  
Love goes downhill  
Towards the child  
As sure as gravity

Like any other river  
Or material flow  
Or quantum of energy or heat  
It takes the easiest path

## Conjuring

Not even the matriarchal nature of a bluebird  
Goes unnoticed

In a day stilted towards evening,  
Leaning towards hope.

The bird watchers witnessing ceremony,  
Impervious to suggestion or iteration.

The slightest whisper of the trees  
Informing their perspective of the world.

Reformed in an instant  
Of echoes and negative space

Their blindness without border  
Conjuring only emptiness.

The sunlight evasive,  
Yet intent on bearing weight

My mind disassembling memory  
Holding onto things not appropriate

A vision of the future in overalls,  
A mindset of luminous perfection

Creating a frightening present  
Uninspired, thin, nervous, and antiquated

The imagination of a beggar  
Looking at a life nearly half over

An inference about the solubility of dreams,  
The placement of hardening resolve

About tomorrow  
And the day after

## Peat

The peat recently revealed to the sun  
Cut and drying  
Exposed on the sides

The sheep creating dust from water.  
A floating lake  
Above old weakened stone

The bog captures my shoe  
Its softness  
A partial solution for old knees

A hill steeped with yellow flowers  
And heather  
And autumn

Detail and color  
A landscape of low skies and gray  
Immersion and resistance

Planted regret  
Diffused doubt

Dreams infused with age  
Frayed and rusting

Children with no memory  
Unable to cite person, place or date.

Small contributions  
Amounting to copacetic smiles

Mediated ideals  
Negotiated interests

Within the confines of a planet  
Wobbling and changing magnetism

The day wholly unimpressed  
By the human condition

Unable to even survive  
Without an atmosphere

## **Puddles**

Silence  
in my head  
pondering decisions  
stumbling onto faults

Areas of slow growth  
or fragile moss  
(alive for decades or centuries  
or minutes)

Clearing away  
brown and green memories  
revealing hard stone  
unassailable and alive

We all carry these boulders  
some are just less camouflaged  
and now in a place carved out of forest  
and sand and dirt; mangoes and palms

Claiming a life  
on a road made of puddles and rock

It is a gentle sound I hear  
and then again like a heartbeat  
a snare drum or a rhythm  
rain and wind

And then it is gone  
moving over the small lake  
its reeds and bogs  
and evaporating

Aging upwards  
to be caught in the atmosphere  
deposited in a new place  
without memory

## **Coda**

It is like a coda,  
a repeating section of a life  
a day revealing itself  
to a child

A tiresome parade of fears  
guilt  
pride  
god

Discoveries of the mind  
reflected (nearly identically)  
in stories from another century  
or just a myth

Not following,  
but mooing  
without decay  
or fragility

A space beyond moisture  
cracked, parched  
it is beyond touch  
nothing can adhere to its surface

A topsy-turvy space  
unable to reflect  
unable to store energy  
and yet continually

Returning

## Shared

It is not easy  
not after years  
not after days of laughing  
days of fear  
or sleep or sex

Different perceptions  
of space,  
varying illusions,  
references,  
definitions of words

A universe unique,  
seen only from one set of eyes  
bounded,  
parochial,  
and not entirely shared

She flows and tumbles  
like a creek  
loud and then hushed  
sparkling at some angles  
small eddies holding old feelings

She floats downstream  
feet first  
caught by old sticks  
or rocks  
too tired to move

Despite this  
she and the waves  
remain standing  
immobile  
against the rains

## **Acquisition**

The world made smaller  
By time, acquisition, paychecks  
The weight of acceptance.

Acquiescence without analysis  
Logic used without restraint  
Tolerance allowed too often.

More ordinary than expected  
Day dreams of change  
Real dreams unrecalled.

The simple spinning  
Producing nostalgia  
An easy path to regret.

On an otherwise somnolent evening:

The same fear I saw years ago  
The laugh tainted slightly  
Shaking hands and bravado.

A propensity for images  
As allegory  
And then belief.

The eyes dampen  
Laughter falls from the lips  
The darkness replaced by pills.

Directed by denial and religion  
(utterly wasteful  
And petrifying to witness).

## Chords

Inventing a song with no firm utterance.  
Words displaced among images flying.  
Chord shapes renamed to suit a style.

It goes on and grows,  
Higher frets  
And accompaniment.

Opportunities for intuition,  
Formed as solos  
Rhythms on the pick guard.

They are communicating  
Through cameras,  
Through semi-closed eyes.

Feeling the other in off-beats,  
In innuendo,  
In conjecture of elbows.

Retreating out of sight  
The pair join palms.  
The stage lights mimic emotion.

Languages intertwine  
With gestures like branches  
People speak slowly.

Pointing  
Hesitant  
Spreading their arms.

The dialogue stutters  
Interrupted  
Stochastic.

The words creating alternatives  
Other scenes  
A story unending.

Meandering  
Repeating itself  
And un-translated.