

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.