

Andrew Cyril Macdonald

Nonet

i.

Tilled echoes of dreams
stoke the foraged devotions
of their high noon
overlight forgoes with.
Discoloured if drab,
the moods stained
glass as pure light proposes
so that charred
lines of taut manuscripts
and a theatre of spaces
is what we chant in, discordant.

ii.

Bold aspect of noontime lifts us,
grants the stilled nets their ceased beats
for hearts to step in
momentary devotions entwined of.

It galls now
the shadow of work aside
while prophets form a high noon
to lay down on
their words of wisdom for ponder.

They're cited,
plague abundant over ghostlings
windows permeate with
and we shout them enchanting
to never make but
some new life give-to
in strident play tongues collide on
pronouncing such malaise
sudden flight combines in.

iii.

Vitrines churn the news
to those who would welcome
and unbind fluid visions
of inner movements according.
They depend them
their subtle denouncements
shadowed on squared floors
adjacent to doorways
one choir subtly makes exits
such our ruckled bones
should have recourse to
but do not,
staying to give better listen
a staked tale
the heartfelt, if muted,
shape choral.

Vesprae

i.

Time gathers for the strained floods
of feet their fretful descending
and down corridors of dreams
arced bells enchant them
and pull-out on
their semblance an accord of things
long walks bind with,
illustrative the pause
all our eventides promise
smelting in the never obligated
but sweetly inviting
tonal lessons to chant in
under origins fulgorant
community indulges.

ii.

Scansion lays claim
what threads the broadside.
They're notes off-page
and between them
our voices colliding
on the crowded breaths we cast of
shadowing the smiles impassive
blackness makes mute
by renditions their crossings
flesh still mentions
in fragments before Nothing
and the humbled hearts that incur them
for a mustering call
devotion opposes.

iii.

Vocal bodies fold
in chase of dreams what matters them.
Machine reft and torn,
their truths mere feelings entice with
that a subtle muse of sprinkled growth
could be beguile them, dragging towards
the quarried mouth of God-head
deep enquired along
the frenzied sheets annotated
if built for dreams end-of-days
retort in, those over-emptied norms
of certain listless hunger
protruding. It weathers
what storm these minds
their vacant-yet stomachs cause them.