

Clive Gresswell

Dance

Halt. Stretch. And smell the scent of the battlefield. You could have said the army marched. You could have said. Yes. Or no. now I am too weary and infirm. Filling in the endless forms. Which way. Left or right or perhaps still straight on. For what purpose do I dissect this monologue. Is it true it could be any more pleasing to me than a more or less. Halt. stretch and sniff for the direction. Like some near formed brother who hastens to plot my shadow the very marrow of me. Sucked and exploited to merit what? Inches? Quiet now as the sun the son dressed in the rags. And ambition? What of its shadow. Its dreamy spires. Halt. Stretch. I am not liquid. Not rushing headlong out of the water. I am passed filling out the endless forms. None of them have ever held any meaning. No, it has always been her and her alone. and alone. I dabble in society. my feet tire. I am weary and would but rest. Singing softly to myself with the mouth that knew you and then danced and then danced

Images

I wondered if I ever knew where that first movement came from the tip of the skin or further down at the cut-off knee where I dragged myself as I spilled the last consonant thru the book of walks in the forest or the book of walks of death a new chapter in the factor which flung us from the blood of the industrial revolution to the age of disintegration of purpose where they never knew who we were or where we were going or why let alone ask us to teach it in our schools on the tip of our tongues clicking in the dryness at the roof of our mouths when we cannot find the words to pity you or your departure from the path where once it was your brother and I out walking and sharing secrets of the dead in an unlikely tongue that no human could understand although she would not leave it and at blew knot and then a hole in her stomach which he expected one day to twitch and give out because of the unexplained epilepsy taken quickly by the neurons who would not let her chase the wretched images languishing inside his mind

Creatures

Crawling into. The mush of inevitability where I drew ego and whispered the fleeting id of my desire we all crawl into dressed in the flesh of my nightmares or the sister a shadow towards the light but then crawling into the darkness of inevitability we spoke yes and no wound at the cellular level and where we fell into the mud pushed by ma and d not nourished with movement to come but spat out immediately into the husk of an afterlife the trials and tribulations of those forever flogged me finishing the practice and growing among the way from a to b across skies that make no sense the whirring of the dog curse carried in my arms and crawling into to say reinforce the inevitability of the hung drunk molecule and the writhing of the extras who slip and slide across your vision and the bloody stranger welcomes you in into your own torn gypsy heart. Fed on the rebel the stinking stoat and now you no longer move in any circles. Your flailing arms and legs fail you. Creatures torn from this solitary lagoon fail you

He wants to tell her more

He wants to tell her more outtalk her with his split tongue to wash the blood of their love from say limped pools and harsh stones of tears reflected in her mouth dreams of split tongue wet and warm and its challenge to a of his immense being and washing the blood of their unity at times afraid yet pressing on in the rock huddled together as at first they had swapped an intimacy of gestures two or maybe more shadows etc and etc into the mouth dreams and nostalgic split tongue of the fury of their love the sacred journey of their split tongue and its weary protest across the blazing hilltops so all can see the category of their love as it leaps and twists in a moment following the torture of immense being and the black and white memory shackles of all who would come and join in the aspiration of mouth as it sears towards the flesh of the self and sealed inside the whispers of his core come to me the spoiled tongue of our blood.