

Dave Migman

Blue Star Naxos Fading

they have given me a view through an alley to the ocean
a chinese maid watering plants below rooftop ariels
strapped to upturned tables, tumbled nature
barnacle architecture; part venetian, part modern, part ancient

from the waterfront - souvlaki and oil, rich red sauces, thyme and sage
the evening sun picks every facet of detail from plant and building
balcony, ariel, wire, skipping birds across rooftops, waves, coils on coils
the big ropes that bind the ferries firm against the quay

this is a kind of paradise, right now, here, at this moment,
palm fingers bowing by night gathered at the temple awaiting a pagan dusk

Psychopathy

the night yielded images
of demons without faces
a whole chorus of old friends
grown with age singing out
a cloud of flies. a scent like
rotting fish, a crowded dream
of saffron stained alleyways
tiny grottoes of skeleton eyes
chattering of teeth like claws
scrabbling up walls. The mortar
oozed the black pus of history
every sewer choked every gutter
flowing and the smell, that rancid
smell, fish going off, left in the sun
by the side of the road. The glaring
poisoned heat, the utter wash
of the despaired painted into frescoes
while the living groped in frenzy
ouzo drunk gorged on the kill
caring not what they had done

They are marching

the spider crawled like a crab,
over ripples of shadows,
towards the pillbox of my eye.

in each black pearl I swear
your face reflected there,

scuttled off melting into the dark

to the night
to the cloud
to the revellers
like the spirits

the war dead chant rising
through each puppet mouth
bent back involuntarily

wo-ah woe wo-ah woe

a song that prickles hairs like
parting a cunt to find a face

a cat's nightmare
groan of bags

Fever

the great world night keeps swirling
round this lonely globe
passes with a cold flush
some beast eyes open with a flash
others close, fitful
for all the great night brings is fears
early am panic attacks
breathless tombs
sighting
that last gasp
night noise, night owl, feverish
dream your other worlds
conjure your gods
seek escape
those opiate faiths
that assuage the great world night
for you

Re-interpretation

the threads that
weave the helix of our time, the
webs of memory, fractal branches
of our great genetic tree
blooming like the neural network
housed in each reflection of
ourselves; in mangled limb on
a field that sings
a fresh crimson rain, or
the long arm, cupped
caressing, long around
the waist to lead a dance
long around the gut

how they rise, they perish
they articulate our dreams
and hours passing
in wondrous fronds, over, under
flowing round borders, binding
tree, beast, friendship, future
past into ever changing
loops of evolutionary reality.
Bind the sun – a word
the moon – the beast
the war within the lust
for peace, civility is such

Nature's vice, a clutch
of spirals spinning
dual shades of creative
oscillations
machinations
calculations
our finest equations
describe a single facet
of a rough hewn gem
that multi-versal
thread that gleams
up at us from vellum
anoints the temple, has been
forced upon the rock
by unsigned matriculation

once their fingers traced
then sang in unison
at trembling emblems bespoken
above them