

Andrew Cyril Macdonald

*Indochine*

Water flits before storm. Its crimson-set  
numbers skies portals lend  
to instants hoped for

of dark clouds permitting  
seconds we count them.

In flaunt devotion their folds  
our glasses fret,

upstage the moments erupting

when churlish conditions  
laugh beneath

surface safe haven affords.

This bends summer hymns protecting  
the curls, dream-fuelled and  
combative

a stringent sun's despising  
ambitious collectives  
strode towards:

lost souls here presenting what

thunder rolls to cower through  
veins preferring our  
imprints at best.

They ascend the drink's chore.

A dry-spell hangs now  
on fields redemptive

while the god's throne embellishes  
their blighted lines

all over dead-calming.

*Mass grave*

There is a quell the brain  
itself only shell  
knows of.

It's a quiet break notions delve  
when thought is prin—  
cipal fields rip open

to rummage pain kept rational  
while sun leaps and  
shares a light

time warps in so that shadow dwindles.  
Its sad touch of meet particulars  
spares us who carry

nine truths assembled  
kinder things meadows  
their swans turn out of scandal

if havoc strikes and demeans them  
their ritual finds

under beams pricked of twenty bodies  
the bank that could not reach us.

Now sunk-in through the fowled preacher  
dissuades us our allocations of death  
mirrored causes grievance burrows.

*Memorial*

Outlay spreads farther than heart can see.  
Sentiment rarely surveys  
to the limit of a thing.

Nomenclature and melodrama set their stage  
and the thought that spurs us  
impediment performs.

It mothers in the graves the lines  
once aimed at our truths foretold

as flow and clinch combine to press  
sad motives reach bothers.

Retracing steps, there  
are pathways to dreams  
preference fosters

of each crevice we comb dark  
and nimble their faces

uncollected in those rough distances  
windows refract through maze of years  
lives hold to in loss of purpose.

Wrong to not feel anguish, what comes next  
spurns us the moment we record it,

strong in the pull lies thrill with  
if hiding truths deep incorporated.

There tears along each  
traits these wrongs we inhabit.