



Clive Gresswell

Essence

from gripping eyes

calculation in shards

demons play on lids and ice

to borrow from the stars

a research into diamond pliability

daggers' drawn soft glimpse and wheel

throttled in the humid morning a glint

of subtle burn to where the sun explodes

ingesting days and delicate ruptures into night

its dismal black-pitch whine

a rattle of the mirthful collage

deep into the density of the city

and recounting slaughter tales a drum-roll from the blacksmith

time its essence seeps.

Innocence

a filter thru this lens of antipathy
cast upon the soulful enhancement
the beating heart where histories in semaphore
implode and collapse among the perfect stars
the hollow glacier timed to melt in
harmony among those platitudes of grace
those simmering images which so embrace
the gently rocking shelter in tumult time & space
beyond reminiscence of such howling laughter
where the dagger plunges in knives of despair
the rotting flesh corpse charmed in violin times
in violence time shook and shocked this coda ripped to
ribbons in surmising innocence upon a child's face.