

## Poetry Series

# Andrew David Dalby

- 45 poems -

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### **Andrew David Dalby (17th Of March 1967)**

I am a happily married 46 year old father of four: the son of a father who is a retired police officer and a mother who worked as a shop manager. I grew up in a very politically active household, where the ideals of socialism were passionately discussed; this has effected my view of the world considerably, and does have an impact upon my work.

I began writing poetry in my early twenties, however, it is only recently with the development of the internet, and the opportunities given by the Open University have I been able to work solidly.

I have one collection of poetry completed that I will post here in e-book form.

Works:

I have not found a publisher, but I am looking for one.

## **A psalm of love**

Love is more than a collection of random words...  
Love is more than a mirrored reflection of emotion...  
Love, charged directly at the heart, changes lives;  
That, when touched by Love, are made new...whole... entire.  
Love shimmer's with delicate tender kisses.  
Love glows, with the pumping of a knight's desire.  
All who are touched by love are tuned to light.  
For Love's iridescent glory is like a warm rapturous musk.  
Enrapt and so entwined, are those who know the reality of love.  
For they chime, in moist excitement.  
and move in a slow purpousful dance of beautiful synchronicity.  
with tenderness, they stroke, stoke and enrich each other.  
In the near silent breeze, caught by the shade of a butterfly's wing,  
Shines forth Love's eternal kiss.  
And so Love stands strong, with a smile of total triumph;  
That then frees the chains of we the lost, the poor and broken hearted;  
To become... so much more...than we dare think ourselves to be.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Absolom**

Rusted curled,  
Yet not forgotten.  
A part of God's Eternal plan.  
Here, now and forever;  
Not misbegotten  
A shard of beauty,  
From a delicate hand.  
Golden yellow,  
Rustic red,  
Veined rich  
in Bulbous form;  
To be buried deep,  
In warm soft yielding earth,  
Now...almost ready to transform.

Andrew David Dalby

## **All women are her**

The cruelty of men placed her within a barbed wire cage  
But oh how strong she stood, so bold and so very brave  
For she guards her spirit from the black hooked talon's,  
And a dark murder that longs to scythe the night apart.

The men bitterly mocked her, as they cruelly fought her,  
They placed a gnarled rope around her proud noble neck,  
And she took what they gave her, and faced her monster,  
As the cruel brothers she knew just stole her spirit away.

But... oh... Christ how bloody brightly she still now sings,  
With such open blossoming spring that from shining tiers  
Which wrestles here so beautiful so eternal and so bright,  
That slowly glisten as they rise with an ever diamond hew.

For the cruelty of men spat and simply called her a harlot,  
But they did not know of the power that she had within,  
For she was honest and proud and defiant and so loud,  
And the man that she dearly loved gave himself for her.

Who is she? She is the light, she is the stain; she is the song,  
She is the refrain, she is the humble the woken the proud.  
She is the beauty, she is the duty, she is the body so strong.  
And she is all woman, and in all women... for all women are her.

Andrew David Dalby

## Autumn Reflections

This season is full of secret hints: of mustard spiced tints,  
Which wrestle between the steps of rusted slow-dancing.  
It is a secret, sacred space, where the night fingers of crows,  
Stretch out in slowly expanding, ever circling swirling curls;  
-Their murderous chatter, so lively and so violently explodes-  
Upon this: the finite and ever dwindling fingers of the dusk.

Here, I'm tripping, while blood is slowly dripping, from heavily  
Veined trees, whose pulsing green, of a laced summer scene,  
Is now near almost lost to a fragile -near forgotten- dream...  
So, I'm given to an earth that's rich, moist and very welcoming;  
While the wailing cast's violent shudders against a steel grey rain,  
That mocks... in blistering cuts, and chisels against the grain.

It's from these tossed -near green- tormented bitter scenes,  
That so savagely builds a heavy salted stain upon the whipped air;  
I almost hear screamed out from a cavernous mouth: - beware...  
To note, that despite numb hands, tightly shut from each other,  
How a single rose...slight... fleshy, pink and brightly new born;  
Simply shines, in crystal clarity...forever against the storm.

Life is special.

Andrew David Dalby

## Bottom Knockers

Here we were, just us bottom knocker's all;  
Young, flinted, bevelled steel, still strong.  
Oh how glad, how proud, and in such fine fettle;  
As we leaned, upon our plumping mawls... long.  
For we were ready, throbbing giddy and sweaty;  
As the saggar slowly filled his ever blistered frame.  
And with no humility the marl we happily shared;  
For we dare not fight against the maker s name.

we were a naked witness to the bottles outer hovel;  
Its wicket, stained and cracked but resisted fire well.  
So with our placer's raised in high position shovelled;  
We made our mark...within the clammin we stood.  
Oh, our saggars were so tall; they nearly went to fall,  
As unfired guns want for more, screamed in battle-cry!  
While within, our biscuits pinned, with saddled, spur;  
Those thimble few, did safely rest with the interred.

With firemouth's bagged, and battet out and well;  
We witnessed the blistering heat start to swell.  
Our burnished bodies frenzied bucked and baked.  
With toiled rags chopped, we near burst with hate.  
Yet deep within our hearts, oh... how our bungs shone;  
For they were neither caught taught or made in vain  
For we fought the heat with dampers on the crown;  
And dared not set a crack against the makers name.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Butterfly eyes**

She has these lovely butterfly eyes,  
that lustre in their sweet fragility.  
They look at me, so bold and unafraid;  
despite her twenty three years of age,  
they are untamed by life's hard lessons;  
of heavy bitterness and ice cold cruelty.  
They lift me up, and hold me very close,  
And wrap about my shattered legs.  
and with a sweet secret, aching 'shhh',  
She slowly settles all my needy debts.  
With a slender raised winked finger,  
placed on her lush and tender lips;  
I slowly sense a growing needy ache,  
that fills me with her heady sips.  
and as we touch...our breath is stilled...  
yet not filled... with any sad regrets.

Andrew David Dalby

## **carpe viam carpe diem**

Come on! seize that hard fought road!  
That steady stained and chiselled path,  
Scratched out from our chalk filled thoughts  
Which touches on our naked dreams.  
For it is the here, and that ever now  
That desperately pleads to be run upon.  
So Let us run!  
Run with all our bloody heart's desire  
and all our open worth;  
Before times iron scythe slips  
and casts its cold lot against us.  
For the day is not as young,  
with an ever eager pumping breast,  
It tends to wander without rest.

Come on! let us seize this day!  
For destiny is on the horizon,  
And the shades are very close  
I can sense their bated breath,  
That hints of rare design upon the line.  
With her flag raised,  
Fate reaches out and begs for us  
To reach for the that sacred open door.  
So finally let us note,  
that a pen stands,  
where a sacred sword once stood,  
Yet it renders and cleaves better,  
than any solid weapon ever could.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Caught between the whisper and the muse**

"The other half of half afraid opens many a door." Brendan Kellery

If I am roughly ripped and cleaved from a rocky heart  
And then thrown out, from a callous rough muscled tongue;  
Oh, how desperately I wish to be brought into pure life.  
To be so shaped, into a powerful sword of burnished steel  
That would glisten when touched by the golden light of dawn.

If I am hotly wrestled from the furnace of the soul too late  
Then I have already lost my fight for life and begin to crack apart.  
I shatter like a stack of brittle bones left to rot in the hot light of day,  
To finally turn to shards and then just become just dry dust...  
Tasteless, and useless to all who try to touch my beauty and my worth.

If I am far too easily thrown up and out of the heat of the heart  
I am simply far too young, and unaware of my form to function.  
How simple it is for me to bubble and blister happily in the souls of men;  
and have unthinking consequence of form or strained pertaining action.  
For I am blown out, far too quickly upon the winds of lost selection.

If I am too cool I sadly rest upon the dusted floor, just useless  
Unfettered and unguarded, a twisted lump of unwanted form.  
There's nothing here worth saving... nothing here at all,  
So I am left to left to be trampled underfoot, broken and rejected;  
To everyone who sees me trying to boldly walk so tall.

But... if I am just right, and I am caught in the whisper of the muse;  
Then like a golden butterfly I awake, transformed, cut, shaped, hewed.  
I hold... strong tall and bold; captured...whole.  
leaving truly nowhere upon these spheres that cannot dare to go!  
So no God below! or twisted fear within!  
can keep me from the gentle tender you.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Dead weight.**

We nearly met...leaving mere hints  
of subtle reflected connections,  
that longed to delicately linger.  
She smiled, with no conditions;  
nor hiding her near raw hunger.  
Dared I admit, how I truly felt,  
and torn my heart upon her alter?

For everything was in her eyes.  
From the heady intoned desire,  
to a distant time etched echo  
that was just longing to be free.  
She was complete in her radiance...  
While I...I in agony, ached to burn;  
Yet not plead for my forgiveness.

We so very nearly drifted together.  
Our bodies, enticed, near entwined;  
I felt our heart pulses, sweat leather.  
and as our tender lips, slipped long sips,  
In passionate and needy expectation;  
I saw his nailed hard, wrapped hands,  
rest about her, in cold determination.

It was with a whisper and hand gesture  
that made me pause, stall then hesitate.  
Then with a subtle sigh and sad blush,  
she hinted this could be her checkmate.  
so, with night, shining in her naked eye,  
I watched her go... and let her die...  
feeling her bullet...then sensing her dead-weight.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Fingerhooks**

finger hooks  
wrapped strapped and tied...  
threads hanging  
By whisper's  
of a dark hinted appetite;  
yet to kindle a burning fire...  
all resting in the sound  
of a slowly zipping fly...

Andrew David Dalby

## Fledgling

Alight here, sweet neophyte,  
and lay my heady heart to rest!  
For though it is hard to hear,  
the patter of your tenderness;  
I vow to never dare a push,  
or break, or force a nasty thrust,  
As I make single statement,  
that in me you can truly trust.  
For you are nearly so complete,  
and almost ready now to sing,  
But, I sense a nervous reflection,  
that slowly starts to rise within.  
For in the stretching  
and the beating of your powerful wings,  
There rests a tousled shake,  
within the gossamer nest you're in.  
And though a heavy door,  
longs to close upon this part of your life,  
I wonder... are you ready,  
for the step that leads to constant flight...  
That so slow, eternal wander,  
into the gentle rise of ever-evening,  
Which begins with tempting delight  
of such soft sensual releasing,  
Yet ends in shadows that fall,  
to flakes of cold ashes in patches of dull grey;  
As I beg with open heart  
and plead for you kind spirit here to stay.  
For it is in the night, dear pupil,  
I hope that you come to understand;  
Where senses are matched and mingled,  
entwined in my soft hand.  
Then I in whispering sighing hints,  
will succumb as you so gently sing  
With the sublime taste upon your breath,  
of sweet honey rose and jasmine.

Andrew David Dalby

## Freshwater bay

i

I stand by the cold stone cross,  
to then breathe in in the view;  
While my mind slowly wander's,  
towards visions of you...  
Yet, this bitter east wind,  
with its steel coloured hues,  
forces your image to fade and unglue.  
The wind whips the tufts of soft grass,  
and the gnarled hunched stunted trees,  
Shaping their tawny fingered limbs,  
with such terrible ease.  
while to my left,  
and below at my feet;  
I see the craggy, grey cliffs,  
and the wind ridden seas;  
That, with such terrible thunder,  
bellow as they meet.  
So I shut my eyes tight,  
and long for you here;  
To catch just a small glimpse,  
Of the mere ghost of tear.  
But time... like our lives...  
slips to a loud smash  
and echoes within me to say:  
damn these storm tossed green seas,  
around Freshwater Bay!

ii

The painful words within  
never seem to want to have an end.  
For I thought that you  
were my forever friend.  
I thought that meant here,  
I thought that meant now,  
But now is all but ashes;  
and leaves me riddled with doubt.  
I long to reach out,  
I beg you to hear,  
But my words fade away  
With a cold winter tear.  
Im left all alone,  
With my thoughts and my fears;  
Oh how I wish to Christ  
That you would appear.  
but without me all is muted,  
and my slated tongue is clay;  
my voice drowned by the roaring  
of the wind in grass and the trees!  
and these damned storm tossed green seas,  
around Freshwater bay!

iii

To a mother and a son,  
To a brother and a sister  
To a loving dear father  
The old and the young...  
to the wars and the cost,  
to the the terror and the pain!  
To the joy and the laughter  
that we do over and over and over again.  
We reach out... we touch...  
we embrace and then we are gone...  
To leave nothing but memories  
Of our tender love song.  
I think of our years  
The laughter, the joy,  
And then come the tears  
from your 'dear sweet boy'.  
I then turn open the urn  
To the cold bitter breeze  
to watch you take form  
and see you dance free.  
For moment your there,  
Then you whisper away,  
above the storm tossed green seas  
of Freshwater Bay.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Giddy wonder of a near slumber**

I recall with such vivid giddy wonder,  
The way she so loved to gently play.  
And how she slowly stroked my soul,  
With her tender misdirected sway.  
Yet she left me with a hint of rose,  
That whispered to my aching heart;  
And through her open gooseberry eyes;  
I felt our worlds slide... then slowly fall apart.

I recall the azure crystal constant sky...  
It was hinted with a whispered kiss;  
That melted milk like upon the horizon,  
Close upon those long legged Grecian cliffs.  
Lashed they were... cut quick... near stiff...  
Plunged with a sweated rusty ochre sword;  
Yet... seemed to me to breathe so deeply;  
As she touched my heart upon the salted shore.

I recall how we faced each other silently;  
Amid this dreamy cream filled atmosphere.  
I felt we were separate, yet linked together;  
Entwined, within a delicate crystal sphere.  
And like a desert -dry curled- snake like soul;  
Forever intertwined upon this ancient land.  
Oh I yearned to burst with words not spoken;  
Yet fear of those daemon furies frothing,  
Nearly kept me, from her very gentle hand.

But as our tender lips... damp and plump,  
Full of vibrant deep ruddy needy longing;  
Almost touched and longed to linger still,  
There reached full chorus of morning song;  
I felt my soul was torn from of light and night  
And bodily thrown from this radiant place,  
Then awake and so tragically dourly return;  
To the sad mad bad cracked world of the day.

for Louise

Andrew David Dalby

## **Her delicate kiss**

As I slowly lift my head to face the sky,  
I feel the warmth of the summer rain,  
Slowly kiss open my swollen eyes;  
And in the midst of their fall,  
A sound... delicate...  
Made from the curl of an angels wing,  
Gently echo's within my soul.  
Slowly, it strokes the back of my neck,  
To bring alive a shudder,  
Like stone ice down my spine.  
Now... I know that I am truly alive!

Andrew David Dalby

## **Her eyes**

Her eyes reflect her gentle beauty  
As she sways in sublime sighs.  
Her auburn hair, weak curled, is rolling;  
About her glistening pearl like eyes.  
Everything about her's golden.  
It rests within her very form;  
While I sit and stare with wonder;  
As she slowly walks along.

Andrew David Dalby

## His perfect kiss

Based on an idea by Deseree x

With a surging swirling deep within;  
I rest myself upon his luscious lips so red.  
It is a tryst that melts away the hints of sin,  
With this sweet life, so well sustained;  
From the heaving of my beating heart,  
To the pulsing of my throbbing veins.

Yet, his is not so much a sweet kiss  
That brings warmth and tender bliss  
Instead it brings forth lust and pain:  
But his voice is such a sweet refrain,  
And he drinks so deep my death is near  
Oh will my soul still weep a bitter tear?

Eden, is the promise now vainly made,  
As a light from my eyes now start to fade;  
So mesmerized, I am, of this my lovers kiss  
I wrestle in the dark with ghosts and mist  
Now I start to sense his so rotting flesh,  
But his golden gaze leaves I enmeshed.

A brief moment of ecstasy can be felt,  
He ends his kiss and deaths been dealt.  
Am I now forced to suffer an eternal curse,  
Of hundreds years of night and life perverse?  
Will I now stalk the Earth forever in pain;  
With a lust for blood that will never wane?

Will the full yellow sun now slowly cracked  
Upon the horizon lift turn my skin to black?  
For through his promise and his bitter kiss  
I have built a wall against my soul to bath,  
So, now I curl among the waiting dead  
And here I kneel to my masters lower path.

Andrew David Dalby

## **how I hate to say this, I leave here very well**

As I hear the hollow clanking of the heavy Iron bell,  
With woods surround, all grey fibrous and as dark as night;  
Oh how I hate to say this, I leave here very well.

Those school rooms echo calls and foe reside;  
Their mockery calls down to make my eyes alight,  
As I hear the hollow clanking of the heavy iron bell.

For now their voices turn the tide,  
And make this soul grab turn for the fight;  
Oh how I hate to say this, I leave here very well.

And in this growing ember I shall not hide,  
Or turn my may face and flee in fright;  
As I hear the hollow clanging of the heavy Iron bell.

For within my soul, a new hope resides,  
Fending off the demons blight,  
Oh how I hate to say this I leave here very well.

And with their echo's in my mind,  
I now rest my heart my soul is bright;  
As I hear the hollow clanking of the Iron bell...  
Oh I hate to say this... I leave here very well.

Andrew David Dalby

## **I stand here and go no further**

'rise like lions after slumber  
In unvanquished number-  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
for ye are many and they are few' P. B Shelley

Brick after blood soaked brick,  
Line after gnarled racked line;  
I will make this world my own.  
I stand upon this wind-swept beach,  
My skin chiseled and spat ruddy;  
Scythed by time, wind and rough salt.  
My mottled hair is weathered wiry,  
My glistening eyes are very wide,  
Taught hard by the gods of the sea.  
Upon this heavy heartfelt reflection,  
I see myself, a soldier-incarnate;  
Born for the taste of a bitter war  
So it's here...with my red wet sword,  
I scrape a long deep scar-line,  
Upon this wild and writhing shore  
To boldly shout out my proclamation!

How I hear death's vengeful scream,  
And see its claw-like monstrous wings,  
Gleaming with the sheen of wet leather.  
But oh, how heartily I earnestly laugh,  
At the feel of the drawing of its clasp;  
And the cracking crunch of its feathers.  
For in the hideous unrelenting iced hiss,  
Of its truly terrible sour midnight kiss;  
I mock and slice Its cold three lobed eye.  
And while it screams with blistering rage,  
I will hold-fast to face this foul beast;  
With bold defiance I take my place to stand.  
Proclaiming to every single child and man,  
With phlegm flying in arcs from my mouth;  
I scream I stand here and go no further!

Andrew David Dalby

## **It**

padding silently,  
so dark brown its almost black as night;  
with its feelers outstretched,  
every step is cautious careful delicate.  
Then it waits...  
before moving rhythmically once more.  
Everything it does has purpose,  
the wait, the tapping as it tenderly traps.  
Its my voice that gives it movement.  
while reading and pondering Lawrence's 'snake',  
I sense a subtle similarity;  
as I feel it looking down,  
and sense it crawling through my hair,  
leaving icy ripples down my back;  
I can feel it waiting  
for me to conclude...  
and so carefully... leave the room.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Its now: nevermore**

I see our world churning,  
just bleeding its guts out;  
from this blackened door,  
to far a off golden shore.  
With flaming pyres lighting,  
the furies stare brightly;  
with grit-blistered eyes,  
so bloody, torrid and sore.  
As I stand here just sweating,  
my mind is just screaming;  
with tender dear thoughts,  
Which silently echo your's.  
While the cities are burning,  
and the masses are yearning,  
As we all scream and shout out: -  
'it's now's nevermore! '

From my tatty bench corner,  
Upon a splintered wall I percieve,  
some grim, and green-glowing  
letters, that were not there  
a mere moment before.  
While the screaming increases,  
and value in money deceases;  
I see poor bodies broken:  
they lie, scattered bloody and torn.  
And the bells are now pealing;  
as the greedy are scything,  
Turning burning cash into glittering gold.  
while the poverty's rising,  
the growing fear, is obliging;  
As we poor starving bastards  
Scream 'It's now's nevermore! '

Oh, those hard bell's now echo  
a cold heartless memory!  
A sad recollection of something  
That I'm responsible for.  
but I can't seem to see it,  
or don't want to face it,  
I just simply slam  
the near broken charred door.  
while The earthquakes are cracking,  
As the volcano's are spurting,  
and huge waves are bursting,  
upon blood ridden shores;  
while we all stand and shake,  
and we all crack and quake,  
as we, with a hearty bellow, yell  
'it's now... its now's nevermore! '

Andrew David Dalby

## **Mistletoe Wishes**

a secret longing,  
A wish fulfilled;  
a tender touch,  
a silence, stilled.  
here...  
under mistletoe.

Andrew David Dalby

## Ode to Venus

1

In the glint of your clear crystal eyes,  
I am witness to the birth of deep desire,  
For they shine with an unfettered resonance.  
And in the glisten of your tender parted lips,  
So sensual and bountiful with honeyed sips;  
My soul rests, with heavy permanence.  
For you raise me upon pealed parted wings,  
Only To set me down, with shuddered swirls,  
Of iced cyclones where thudding shattered air explodes.  
To then caress me, with such sighs, so sweet sublime,  
Yet with a knowing smile of roasted plum delight;  
You cleave my sin heavy, bloated, crimson soul in two.

2

With my nerves ridden raw by heated thoughts,  
I long to feel the touch of your tender hands,  
So I can rest, with dreams free from barbed-wire;  
Then gladly dwell upon your trembling, sacred lands.  
Oh how I loathe that shy, inner, well paged self,  
Who guards, with shards, the reality of who I am...  
For, it's with gentle relish that I recall,  
Your coy smile upon that heated summer night.  
And how gladly we wrapped ourselves so small,  
Yet ever gladder, so still, so tender not so very slight.  
Here... we wrestled, for a moment... lost amid a thrall;  
Then hidden we lost ourselves once more, in such delight.

3

And I recall shaded fragrant cinnamon threads;  
That arose, full upon that glowing golden dawn, .  
While you slowly choose to allow my hands, drawn,  
To the rest upon your tender-scented, well-dressed nest;  
That, with my slender keys I gladly then unlocked,  
To then digest your heady sacred dampness...  
I see myself slowly begin to rise... redefined...  
Tender, yet eager, to reach within your sanctum;  
Where ever sated souls do very seldom rest,  
Yet still manage to find contentment's castle.  
And I, a mere commander to your glorious Cleopatra;  
Feel near enthroned by your vibrant laughter.

4

For in your gentle caress, heaven is revealed;  
And in your kiss I know how the dove is freed.  
For your love is high above my weighted shield  
That has been splintered by your ruddy joyful sigh...  
And... as rippled waves, from within you are released;  
They free this soul from chains that binds, and blind...  
But now as we meet on these aged steady streets,  
Our eyes slowly wrestle yet never seem to nestle;  
And our words wanly fall from our now, near silent lips.  
Yet... there rests -perhaps- the hint of a ready hope...  
Could -possibly- just as easily... be broke?

Andrew David Dalby

## Poem written on a bus

A shuddering start...  
Tattered scraps upon the floor  
A busted light and sweet laces  
Couples in close company  
Turquoise smiles  
with long lashes  
from hoodies  
with goodies  
Brilliant brollies  
and tree petals  
curb crawling  
amber headed needs scream  
just linking loneliness  
with pain.  
Blonde love roaches sign  
shakes snakes  
Burgundy wrapped in orange  
peeling through receipts  
while sons and doting mums,  
Sing with their arms stretched for protection.  
The Muslim in prayer silent meditation  
next to the punk psycho  
with blood filled eyes  
and booze soaked breath  
with every start and stop  
flat caps crease on silent faces  
while outside wombs of cars surround  
And the sign says welcome,  
I wonder what it meant,  
while this bloody seat benumbs.  
Hangletons hangman  
is grinning from glistening nails,  
then echoes remain of a football ground now lost  
then Chewing gum gives a wink and subtle wiggle  
from a nice pert bum  
as she slides up the rail to the top deck  
and pushchairs bags and rattles roll  
people mass gain and slowly writhe  
and monkeys chatter from phones held high  
and all the while no one speaks...  
not one single word...

Andrew David Dalby

## **reborn**

The golden echoes of the rising sun  
erupts though the stain glass pane;  
eclipsing my now new exhumed form.  
so, from where cold cruel death  
had left its ever always ice blown kiss;  
Life's light,  
now forever reigns  
... reborn.

Andrew David Dalby

## **Serpentine**

I sense her as she gently slips between the sheets;  
While I slide along those sacred lines of near sleep,  
To then rest within twilight's gossamer tainted dream.  
And here I smile, for in her arms, I am so self-defined,  
Free from the curses of blind, foolish and cruel guides;  
Who hide within the corners of my closing muddled mind.  
In silent places, she comes and goes in slow staged days;  
To beg a whisper from a plump heart so dear and aged.  
And while we walk in secret scented high landscapes,  
Made of honey milk and red blossom, counter-changed  
Where I beg a gentle touch, or the merest taste of grape,  
And laugh heavily at this our so secret place out of time,  
Here, along the honoured banks of the golden serpentine.

Andrew David Dalby

## Shard

This is how the heart of the universe  
can be revealed:

Resting, in shards of a budding flower's blossom;  
Rising slowly in pulses, upon a warm gentle breeze.  
Lifting, within the warmth of a rich golden sunrise;  
Flowing lazily along in an incandescent, warm dream.  
Writhing, with your candescent slow tremors;  
That shudder so tender... so delicately.  
These are the forces that tremble within me,  
For this is what you really mean to me.

Feeling your warmth rise up with your passion;  
Sensing your breath quicken, so suddenly.  
Noting the stars that rise in the heavens,  
Watching them fall in reflections of three.  
Wanting to know if you feel the way I do,  
Fearing the worst I stand by the door.  
Hoping that this time you won't leave me standing,  
As tears fall like glass upon bitter cold shores.  
In don't want know what you think about me.

Sensing our sweat mingles and suddenly quench-en;  
Feeling your touch rest upon my hard breast.  
I want you to know that this is forever,  
That my soul is yours and is forever blest.  
Should these words now be forever spoken?  
Should I dare to say what I truly do feel?  
What if I did would you think me so churlish?  
Or would you simply just laugh back at me?

Love is forever, these words sacred are spoken.  
but they lift us all up and tie us all blind.  
Because we don't understand the hearts  
we have broken, just own desperate needs.  
Perhaps I am wrong and have spoken too harshly,  
Perhaps you think I speak bitterly.  
But I know than in an act of selfless kindness  
A person's tired and worn out soul can be healed...

Andrew David Dalby

## **Sitting on my fathers shoulders**

Sitting on my father's shoulders;  
Smiling oh so secretly,  
Watching leaves curl up the roadside,  
feeling the soothing southern breeze.

I felt content upon those shoulders,  
I felt so safe so confident,  
For I was safe and so sure of all things,  
That this was time so well spent.

My father, a man so rugged,  
With crystal eyes he shone at me.  
And he would smile and I would blossom,  
For on his shoulders I would be.

Yet time is cold, Its pathways hardened,  
And age has left its bitter stain.  
The man I knew has left me standing,  
By an open dampened grave.

He left me yet he's with me still;  
Those memories they never die;  
I take them all and wrap them round me,  
Even though they make me cry.

And now I am a father myself,  
And on my shoulders my daughter sits,  
I hear her laugh with fruity candor;  
And I know just what she thinks.

For sitting on my father's shoulders,  
I thought that I could see the world,  
That I could see more than he could wonder;  
I did not know that he did know.

Because its not the view that matters,  
It's the person that hold you up.  
And as my father stopped me falling,  
I stop her falling just as much.

We need each other on this journey,  
We cannot do it all alone.  
And the view we see is shared in glory,  
Held up by others...we're not alone.

Andrew David Dalby

## spent

We spent many warm summer nights,  
simply twisting threads of echoes;  
Into clustering meadows of starlight.  
While throwing our tender passions,  
Upon the little gods of this world.  
Oh how we sought each other's heart;  
Hoping that this too brief a time,  
Would never set us so far apart;  
On a new sad day of reckoning.  
Walking barefoot, I felt so naked.  
Just raw...like dragged ice within.  
and, as my numbed tingling feet,  
graced this sand climbed shoreline;  
I earnestly, desperately prayed  
that this night would never end.

I recall In looking ever outward,  
with wonder in our now opened eyes;  
How we stared with sheer delight,  
onto the twilight of the night.  
And witness the stars play a melody,  
To the delicate tempest of our love.  
We grasped... our hands held tight...  
And...in sheer awe resplendent...  
We saw the moon slowly begin to wane  
into the silver boiling of the sea.  
But with sadness, I noted the line...  
the glowing light of the golden dawn,  
that marks the ever constant change  
of tender night to sun kissed day...  
And how...your whispered kiss  
left its gentle mark upon my cheek,  
As your spirit gently carried you from me..

for Blessing... wherever you may be.

Andrew David Dalby

## **spirit dream erupts**

How your spirit achingly dreams  
of unashamed and uplifted flight.  
For you curl upon petalled wings;  
That Lift you heavenwards from this  
blackened empty and encrusted shore.  
To where a distant crystalline ship;  
beckons you onward, onward, onward evermore...

To simply touch you... there...  
To swan with you in sinless symmetry,  
to ponder on your tender beating  
Honey scented, thrumming heart,  
that thumps in blessed union with mine.  
Beyond these crawling scheming masses,  
Of lime tasting, tortured sorrows;  
That always wish to wake me from this  
heavenly place of bliss.

To sense that growing blessed union  
a torrid seas rich and a salty shore;  
As flaccid muscles, weak with flight,  
Slowly curl and thus become tight,  
fuelling me with intense delight;  
as your sweet and tender heaving breasts,  
Make play where my aching pleasure rests.

Oh, to touch, to stroke, to feel;  
To push onward, onward ever onward...  
To curl, to twist to deeply Plum  
To plunge upon those fuelled depths  
That are buried heavenly deep,  
Yet shine... so beautiful, so bright,  
so full of delicious purposeful light;  
to taste of the sweet warmth of your delight,  
And then rest... tired spent...Content...  
Stroking your hair, with the tip of my golden wing;  
Oh for that, for that my love...  
I would give you anything...

Andrew David Dalby

## **The Bobtail**

My fine-spun self is shrouded;  
Shielded from approaching storms,  
By guilders shade now tainted;  
Upon my gentle dancing form.

The dark-ground is my comfort,  
Cupping my cavorting feet;  
While drumming beats of my tender-heart,  
Harks' my strumming bobbing beat.

Innocence is the name upon my heart,  
And my delicate ways are seen by all;  
Enthroned are the souls' who see me standing;  
For my body given, is given whole.

I beckon out to all who notice,  
I tap my beat to all whom fear;  
I beg to reach those lost forgotten,  
I long to make the listening hear...

Andrew David Dalby

## The Deer

The Deer

I

A heavy musk of pine, oak, birch and hyssop;  
Hang like sacred garlands upon the blue breeze.  
They twist high amongst the trees' stretched tentacles,  
To turn amongst the cassis and the Celeste;  
Then thrust with plum pleasure into dark wonder.

II

With new delicate deliberation  
She deftly pads through twilights last embrace.  
Her feet penetrating rich, deep-damp soil,  
That is full of the heavy scent of re-birth,  
Time and spirits spent in wrestling with desire.

III

Her heavy mottled undulating flank,  
Slowly begins to reflect a golden hue.  
As the ciara sun encroaches from beyond,  
The growing, glowing, summer shaded trees.  
Its in their shade she rests her panting breath.

IV

Then she's off, lost amongst the forest's dream.  
Now an echo of a pause of a thought,  
Her pounding limbs thrust down, her muscles stretch,  
She graces the air with pure desire.  
Is it any wonder that I love her so?

Andrew David Dalby

## The Eye of Zeus

He stares:  
Swirling,  
Unfurling,  
Unleashing,  
Pure cosmic furies  
Within ceaseless  
Eternal spirals,  
That roar with thunder;  
Within an alien  
Broiling sky.  
And with  
Preter-natural strength  
There slowly turns to form,  
A hideous thing;  
Huge,  
Powerful,  
Recognizable,  
Eternally unborn.  
A single blistering  
Haunted eye!  
Blazing red  
Yet with the innocence  
of a child.  
And he simply stares  
Never blindly,  
Onward and outward,  
Upon mere earth  
And her mortality.  
Yet, from the corner  
where there might be seen,  
A likeness of a tear-duct,  
There slowly fills and falls,  
With a fragility unknown,  
A small single pale tear...

Andrew David Dalby

## **The Kiss**

With the heavy, steady, drumbeat;  
The light dance, resonates resilient,  
To leave an aching, longing, wanting.  
There's no fragile fresco waiting here;  
Instead within hints of a toile tease,  
There wrestles wrapped up desire  
Entwined with a passion to be free.

Within this swirling, whirling room  
I sense the rise of my belated breath,  
It comes so close to bloody taught.  
I hear the heady unsteady heart strings,  
That echoes out a sure chorded chime  
And from my pulled and burnished bow;  
My well-aimed arrow is now free to go.

Within the moisture of this midnight place  
I see my tender dart, take to stable flight,  
To gladly note my aim is tight and true.  
Then smile, as it selectively slides through  
This sweaty, gently writhing crowd to you.  
I hear the sigh of you're gently beating heart,  
Then I smile at the sealing of the mark.

I see the moon shine upon your lovely face,  
I note the sweetest smile, the gentle grace,  
The growing love that leaves a fragrant trace.  
Oh how I long to sing of your sacred space,  
then reach for the merest tender scent of touch;  
That leaves me nervous, naked in my raw humility,  
As our two lips brush with tender vulnerability.

Andrew David Dalby

## **The Lake**

I close my eyes and the lake comes to mind:

Its silver hue, flat expanse extends onward,  
Into what seems an eternal; yet is refined,  
By thick mists sweeping, rolling now forward,  
That is made by soft energy, simply defined.

And through the cold, crystal clear water,  
Are -hard seen- large orbs of mitered stones;  
That seem as eyes beholding life's curiosity,  
mere musings of the gods upon their thrones.

While, out of this still and solid open water  
Fingers, slow cracked open with naked honesty;  
Rise rust dusted, thickly veined squatters  
grow these grey aged forms of twisted trees.

Their murmur's rest in whispers along the beach,  
And in winked hints beside the slow curling shore  
These lusty ghosts that cling to life reach out  
then slowly thrust deep in a rich ruddy rapport.

And how they mingle with your near sweet salt,  
which tingle's a tease to blister out a shear.  
I feel it rest upon the wet crimson, soft silk,  
Of my now slowly blushing, blossoming spear.

Then, as this thus begins to slowly ebb away,  
I try to stay with these steady heady pulses,  
And achingly long to rest nowhere else but here,  
For your raw warmth is healing all my bruises.

C-ADD,2013

Andrew David Dalby

## The Muses

i

I met the fair-voiced Calliope  
whilst waiting For a bus: -  
" You must go to Clapham! "  
She bellowed  
yet so sweetly I might add.  
while I noticed she  
-with vain indifference-  
scratched her arse,  
then flicked at her auburn hair  
with torpid introspection,  
with her busy right fingers  
upon her bilious tableaux  
resting within her left palm.  
Though for what reason,  
I could never guess.

ii

"Clapham? " Asked Clio;  
her crystal violet eyes bemused;  
as she suddenly appeared  
close to my right side  
catching me totally off guard.  
'why there? '  
I then jumped as I noticed  
times winds were blowing  
through her long gold hair.  
and paused to thus consider  
whether Clapham was the place  
where finally Odysseus could  
finally lay his head at peace.  
or Heracles had been overcome  
with madness within his heart;  
To slay those he loved so dear.  
"Err... no.. but I might just-"  
Calliope began, but never finished  
with her subtle hint of night,  
and her usual delicate sense of timing.

iii

"Clapham...why there? " asked Erato;  
who tapped gently upon Calliope's  
shoulder, before allowing Her fingers  
to gently strum upon her lyre;  
then distracted she wildly span  
Towards two gentle lovers  
whose hands, gladly embraced  
in the open sense of nakedness.  
only to return a moment later to say  
"Is that the place where  
fair Paris and Helen exchanged

glances before the age  
of brutal war broke forth  
once more upon the land? '  
"Well-" Calliope began,  
her plum mouth ready  
for sharing elegance.

iv  
But she was again interrupted.  
This time by the wonderful Eurterpe  
whose golden eyes shone stones,  
as her gentle strident Form  
screamed as she fell  
from a great cloud down,  
and with a resounding clumping Thump,  
to crash upon the curved ridges  
of the bus-stop awning;  
Before falling,  
once again and then bouncing  
to the grimy floor.  
I thought that then she would speak,  
but instead She arose,  
wiped her long, elegant  
pure white robes,  
and then began to play  
an elegant sounding melody.  
Upon her sliver flute

v  
"Very nice..."  
applauded Calliope,  
as she stared towards her sister  
with tired but good humored eyes.  
But as Eurterpe played,  
Melopomene, appeared in a plume  
of black swirling spiraling smoke  
Whose sad mask filled the air with gloom,  
and Began to recall with vivid disdain  
the tragic tale of Hector, the brave  
who's heart was bitterly broken  
by the horses that tore  
his body to pieces around  
the walls of Troy.  
I have to admit,  
she did go one somewhat,  
Bringing the crowded bus-stop  
almost heavily down upon us.  
"Now now, don't go on Mel..."  
Calliope began,  
getting tired Of her sisters

interrupting her thinking...

vi

But just then Polyhemia arrived  
and spoke with a pensive look.  
"We have to be Prepared!  
for Zeus is on the warpath again! '  
And this time nothing  
is going to keep him quiet! "  
Then the sisters all, looked above  
and in their many faces  
Masked and unmasked  
beautiful or plain  
and spoke now with a slow  
Growing sense of trembling awe  
with one heavy and distraught voice,  
that made the very shelter Quake  
with a deep and trembling state:  
"Not Zeus! NO! "

vii

"Oh I'm getting fed up of this! "  
Said Calliope sounding  
furious and frustrated;  
A growing sense of annoyance  
spreading upon her oval face  
"I think I'll walk home instead."  
But as she spoke,  
the traffic began to increase  
just as she three of her sisters  
All arrived at once,  
dancing with capricious comedy,  
they jovially pointed  
at the wonders of the universe.  
as I saw new and distant Planets  
formed upon heavens shores,  
and spirals of gates displaced  
revealing huge fantastic Star ships  
made of crystalline cubed lavender;  
whose engines rocked above my head  
as all of London's buildings fell about me.

viii

I felt my mind inwardly start to melt  
and screamed in spectacular agony,  
as Calliope slowly took my hand.  
"It's alright." I heard her whisper,  
as all her sisters many faces  
Slowly began to blur into one.  
Each being a reflection of the next.  
And as the bus finally arrived  
the weary bearded tatty fat grey face

of the driver slowly appeared,  
I said the words word...  
"Clapham, return please...."  
Afraid of what she might do,  
if I said something else instead.  
And, As I took my rat eaten seat,  
a gorgeous woman with raven hair  
distant yet wanton desire  
Written in her eyes told me this: -  
'The stars about the lovely moon,  
Fade back and vanish all too soon,  
When round and full her silver face,  
Swings into sight and lights all of space.'  
And with that,  
she winked at the woman to her left...Then vanished in thin air.

Andrew David Dalby

## The Rain

I love the near silent sound of rain;  
Its delicate intricacy overwhelms.  
Yet it never tickles, as it trickles,  
Forever failing to touch my -near parted- lips,  
That rest, warm, plump and heavy;  
Close to the cold crystal of the window pane.

I love the radiant light of rain;  
I love its fracturing geometry.  
For it glimmers, as it glisten's,  
Kaleidoscopically slicing in heavy pulsing throws,  
To build within, the image of a liquid train  
That rails to free my quake-ridden mind  
From the sad, the empty and the mundane.

I love the frosted benumbing touch of rain;  
I love its clear sharpened ability.  
For it reverberates, as it replicates,  
In perfect symmetry,  
With torrid, vibrant ice bone finger's  
That caresses the twisted depths that rest,  
As yet unburdened from my heaving breast.

I love the fragrant recollection the rain;  
Its rounded scent is rich in pre-possessing.  
Recalling images of desires needy entwine,  
Around -and upon- that heavy purple vine,  
And then -once sated- simply sigh,  
To finally and so very snugly rest,  
To warmly feel you upon my chest  
Amongst the gentle pattering;  
That echoes from this thundering sky.  
Oh how I wish to God that you were mine.

Andrew David Dalby

## The song of Trees

I pause to ponder on these changes,  
And face this bitter winter chill.  
that clamps on me like lime greased pages,  
and longs to twist and turn me still.  
Yet, to see these tree trunks grinding,  
as they turn about on windswept days;  
They seems to me to long reach out,  
Then embrace me like a crinkled sage.  
I close my eyes and see them shine;  
then pull their tendrils from the earth.  
to then watch them slowly start to smile;  
and wrap around each other's girth.  
And as they walk slowly together,  
a single part, yet still complete;  
I see them gathered free from tethers;  
yet still need others of itself to greet.

Their single parts are of the whole,  
As they gather for a sweet chorale;  
in colours of the dawning times,  
That echoes of a beautiful madrigal.  
From pale citrus to the budding flower,  
that remind me of my innocence;  
and times now red with rusting roots;  
that bring fears of inner subsidence.  
So are these golden fiery tears,  
to be shelled now on the floor;  
Just whispered hints of ecstatic stints;  
spent knocking on my autumn door?  
No... for now I am not afraid to face it;  
For I see change as the eternal plan,  
that brings forth life, to all things living,  
and proves that death is just a sham.

For Autumn is a part of a circle,  
and not just a terminal line;  
and we are a part of this cycle,  
on this universal palace, divine.  
Now to some our home might seem small,  
and perhaps tired and a little drab;  
But its up to us to keep it special,  
because it's our home and all we have.  
So let's sing the song of trees together,  
and understand their precious song;  
otherwise we have a house of lies,  
and of cold and ruthless oppression.  
It's up to us to make the changes,  
To fight and hold to what is true;  
And sing the song of Trees together,  
to thus finally defeat the wormwood crew.

Andrew David Dalby

## The Swan

In the white of the winter sun  
Her pure feather's deftly shine;  
And like finely sharpened knives  
They weave and carve the sky divine.  
Beneath them rests a wise heart  
And fibrous muscles... tender yet taught,  
That twist and curl in a gentle rotation.  
Pivoted upon the river she turns tense,  
and begins her slow surge forward.  
She is prepared and ready for the fight,  
Her weight balancing as she glides,  
She stretches herself out,  
As she raises herself up for flight.  
While there, beneath her feet,  
The finality of those iced river fingers,  
Now descend scratching the air  
Failing, to keep their hold,  
Of this oh so beautiful and fragile soul.  
So there she goes,  
she floats above it all,  
Iridescent and totally free,  
Far from the rough tough  
Gnarled shanks of stone,  
That were ploughed brutally down,  
By the giant's heavy shoes.  
And while the flaming flutes,  
Of times brutal arrows,  
Bounce off her, she sighs  
With a glorious glint  
Resting in her testing eyes.  
So damned defiant she rises!  
So strong and bloody proud!  
So she should...  
For she is my beloved swan,  
And I love her intimately.

Andrew David Dalby

## The Vamps song

The Vamp's song.

Darling, let's detonate and render obsolete this day;  
To bring about the triumphant mistress of the night.  
So we can walk upon the hiss shingle of twilight's bay;  
And bathe in glory amongst the starry skies so bright.  
To then allow our brush and bosom a chance to play;  
And give our heightened senses pleasure and delight.

My dear, resonate an echo my pure heartfelt delight;  
To burn off the torrent shadows of this too bitter day.  
Come into me, with relish sweaty joy, and fervent play;  
And let's live in the joy of the darkness of a new night.  
To then sing with a melody sweet so clear and bright;  
And with desire let's leave these fears at twilight's bay.

My love, hesitate and you'll drown in twilight's bay;  
And forever slowly burn the hope of our new delight.  
So hold-fast to those who shine with clarity so bright;  
Until Sol stands upon the beach at the lark-rise of day.  
Then we can kiss away the passion of this tender night;  
To gladly sup and bring an end of new loves sweet play.

Oh my love, desolated my heart rests when not at play;  
And all alone I wander along the stones of twilight's bay.  
For I, my love, live by drinking blood in an endless night;  
From those who ring the makers sweet song of delight.  
While avoiding the sun that brings forth the light of day;  
In case my form broils in flames that burn so very bright.

For my love is desecrated: this soul's light is never bright;  
While I tease others with thoughts of tender sensual play.  
Oh so carefully, I avoid the hideous presence of the day;  
For my flesh is far from the sacred realms of twilight's bay.  
And I am empty, while tempting you with sensuous delight;  
In fact I'm nothing. Flawed flesh made real by eternal night.

Yes my love, unabated, we suckle out the marrow of the night;  
Avoiding Sol's world that's so clean so pure...and so very bright.  
And taking titillation in eyes sheer sweet hinted sexual delight;  
We use our time, making tender prey out of our tempting play;  
Along the shining shoreline of this place, called twilight's bay;  
While loathing those who safely rest, in the passion of the day.

While hating the light of the day with its sun so hideous and so bright.  
We spirits wander twilight's bay forever upon this aching braking night;  
For as we play we feed upon our prey...those loved less in sheer delight...  
In sheer delight...  
In sheer delight...  
We feed upon those loved less ones in sweet and sheer delight...

Andrew David Dalby

## **This Entreaty is mine**

Entreaties mine  
Through faults line dominion  
she mocks;  
and  
Like a mad fool king,  
With deep aching rage I stand;  
Fighting for the right to be loved.  
Is it so unfair a thing that I ask?  
Is love... love... pure selfless love,  
Nothing more than an aching  
need within me?  
Or am I like the delicate angel,  
Who sings of the sweet and gentle  
Lord's caress,  
Yet is nothing other than an echo,  
From a dry and dusty hymnal,  
Thrown to the floor,  
On a mid september morn...

No I say!  
And No again!  
For I am more than that...  
I am created,  
Born out of desire,  
need,  
longing....  
Thrust into life,  
I scream my own precious melody  
for all the world to hear...  
and  
In doing so,  
Feel deep satisfaction,  
in her tender loving kiss.

Andrew David Dalby

## **This room is filled with you**

his room is filled with you:  
whose tender tremors  
are still felt within  
these jasmine scented sheets.  
Your heady scent is here....  
Its not a dim remembered echo,  
from a distant beating heart;  
but present...  
alive...

The golden candle light  
from behind the open doorway  
shines across your calf, your thigh:  
and reflects in a glint from your eye,  
and then down to where the musk  
of your being soothes  
my eager soul.

and as you rest back upon the bed,  
your near sleeping form,  
so gently sigh's...  
and in the glimpse of the cup  
that curls  
from where I long to sup,  
I... now... with eager muscles  
beg for your return  
longing to keep sleep  
so very far away away from you  
Tonight. x

Andrew David Dalby

## Thoughts on a train ride

The lush folds of land  
arose in heavy sweaty lines  
As the fawning trees nakedly  
thrust their brittle fingers  
Up towards the steel grey sky;  
I feel them seek fresh damp soil beneath.  
as She rests her head upon my shoulder;  
and curls her oval eyes upward  
towards mine.  
A welcome smile rests upon her blushed lips  
As we pass the man of staves.  
He leaves with me an impression  
of a vast giant opening a door....  
I feel her whispered sigh,  
its stirs the weight of stars,  
as the warm wheels of Iron  
Roll upon heavy lines of steel.  
its grinding echo rises  
to meet mine.  
Polegate...  
and then the wheels roll on...

Andrew David Dalby

## thoughts upon the shore

The sun shimmers upon her gossamer skin,  
to shine ever onward now and for evermore.  
it glimmers with hints of radiant rippling;  
giving an illusion of a starlight's lord.  
This place is full of so much tender love,  
As it lifts me upon such warm sensual sighs.  
Which in their form hide from me nothing;  
and also lack fear and loathings bitter flies.  
Oh how I sense the longing waiting strain,  
within the throbbing of her rising veins.  
As the ever rolling constant tides of time;  
so slowly thrust then just gently slide,  
along the length of this her golden shoreline.

but oh how I fear his plump veined spear,  
that thrusts into her tender damp sand.  
For she heavily pierces down deep;  
to bring upon me a cold brutal shudder,  
which weaves in swirls as she sweeps,  
into liquid crystalline whorls,  
as wild yet soft as her so raven hair.  
Yet, are these spears images of seem?  
a basket of tangled half conceived dreams,  
That are soon lost amid the flowing wash  
that come from salt blister cracked fingers  
from gnarled aged hands of the riven fleshed?

Or are these just gentle sublime waves  
that so slowly stoke her tender beach,  
with long yet subtle tender strokes,  
other layers of a pure hidden reality  
lost from us by lies of this sour time;  
which slowly spread in weaving arcs  
that are then like gossamer threads  
so woven out, to then blissfully end  
where ancient heaving worlds divide,  
as they so nearly tenderly collide,  
To free the soul from the ties  
that are so near and so very long,  
yet always fail in their way to bind  
I stand by the water's edge,  
and with heavy anticipation in my heart  
I scream with triumph as I cry... then dive.

Andrew David Dalby

## To see her fly

I would give my all to see her fly.  
Her beautiful, unhindered spirit;  
is fueled with longing dreams.  
of total free, unfettered flight;  
Of whispered sighs,  
from gentle sprites;  
who warm the growing twilight;  
and its ever bitter breeze.  
I glimpse her slowly spiral;  
It lifts her from the coming storm.  
and upbraids her fibrous petal wing;  
to keep herself free,  
from the Ice-wraiths glee.  
And those heavy nightmare bells  
that seem to ring for evermore.

oh...To reach out and to touch her;  
To free myself from this aching form.  
To rise high with her pure divinity;  
then to fall, to gently rest,  
Near foetal on her chest.  
To touch to stroke to stoke to feel;  
To curl to twist to thrum.  
to float amongst the crystal spires,  
and then so deftly plunge.  
To fly upon those pure fuelled fires;  
That shine... so beautiful, so bright,  
so full of delicious purposeful light.  
And then to rest, tired, spent, content  
Rested... upon a settled earth.  
Oh Christ... to see her fly, divine!

Andrew David Dalby

## **wolfsbane**

I drink her in and then I spit to spout her out... entirely.  
I thrust long, deep, with a sigh of plumped rich precision;  
But I pace my bleeding aching urges to a gentle glow.  
Oh... to sup this real bitter blistered free communion,  
And to touch with revelry, her sweat ridden body slow.  
For she beckons me from the pitch of this twilight night,  
I know she's waiting... yet I dare not dare I, choose to go.  
Because. I know the cost of loss and total empty dislocation;  
I feel it shudder through my soul to the point of screaming no!  
And I hear insane rhyming chords echo the lunacy now within.  
So I try not to let them guide my new found hidden instincts.  
And as the sublime moonlight drive within me starts to flow;  
I reach out with claw-ridden hands, its talons beyond myself..  
I twist I turn I turn I tryst I twist I turn I tryst and turn;  
To finally throw myself upon this, my new found purpose;  
And then lay to rest the beast that lies within... completely.

Andrew David Dalby