

Poetry Series

jane heart
- poems -

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jane heart()

After Storm

Where were you when the wind broke stems and hurled stuff
like no other wind?
Were you standing against the still cliff?
Hiding blind...mixed up, lost?
Here, come here eyes wide
to the lee
and let the ginger flakes of sunset
reveal our undamaged faiths to the coming night.

jane heart

Brittle Prison

mired and alone, with grime and
below the wall
a pit congealed
with a passive past.
Tear the crack apart...
better blown than repaired
better dead than just spared
better moaning silently
than waving the red, bright flare.
Her cocoon is her prison.
Her bubble is a glass cell...
Her poverty binds each arm
into salamied knots
of ire and despair.
Rank tears burn in the falanges
of hurt
Beware this acid trap.

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Celebrity

A search for oblongs
will dispel
the fractal splay of hands and shoots.
A search for manatee
among the roots
Will mythologize.
If I was a celebrity...
then the wind chokes
instead of blows,
the sun is a lens,
and all wisdom trains
on me a beam of
much deliberate
mockery.

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Comet

tailing me I thought so
well, you have a tail
are you a rodent planet sneaking into
the void?
are you my SUN?
give it; the light to the trash
and the shield to the harmed
and the wings to the stranded
and the weave
to the straight line.
well, you have a tail...

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Descending Time

incredibly I watched
the clock,
inaudible to all but reflections,
and grey in the half-light of stairs.
It stopped at three.
It stopped.
And all around a waste of afternoons
stung me.
Who turned the clock?
Too late,
for time to re-appear.

jane heart

Drinks Break

Laughing hands blush against the water,
bubbling green
From ports unseen.
Cupped to my lips,
The taste is moistening glee.
The heat of day relaxes,
a heaviness departs
I clump again through wild grass.

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Elegance

a subtle fragrance - woe and mead
a gregarious inheritance - wishful indeed.
A solitary buckle wraps around me with aromas of pity
for whatever's in need.
Tell the list makers, the elegant crew,
That birth is more cups than truths...
The chink of poison switched
in the candle's light
So that death is swift
But not altogether right.

jane heart

Ice

Obey me, frozen children for I
have the light.
It snaffles in my white like some mongrel dog
That bays and howls
to be released.
yet whine and you will sink...
Faster
Faster
until shards have impaled your tender pleas
for color
and the sea's risen frost exhumes
whatever pale green
my arms have left untangled.
This is the Deep
and this prison is
where angels meet blue Devils in
the wandering pack, parade.

jane heart

Invest In Sugar

There was a cane-ship making landfall
in the mist.

A cargo brimming,
greed and sanctions against Man.
Pitiful the haul of etched mileage
in the face of crew and worker,
torn and bleeding from wrists
on which acres of townsfolk scratched their names,
with disgust.

jane heart

Love And Sheep

this is where we stand, my love
this is the grass re-trod,
this the lambs frisking trail
seedy beneath gums.
this is the yesterday's brave
exhumation of our love...
it's lost heart's quake and shudder.
This gale and moon perfume
is our bottled place of hearth
in the stark desolation
of paddocks
untilled.
I dream of nails and fence
and rust
And how it binds and will ever
bind
whatever comes.

jane heart

Paper Gods

Finally a wage for our trade in open arms,
wishes and fine, handsome eternities.

A book and then God!

A smile then a plush, revealing nod to

tempt and extract our lone appeals

Give us wit and a suit that's cellulose
armour!

A planchette and the plug,

God with tags

or dog

that wags

Before it is taken

and fire licks our paper

dragons.

jane heart

Rain Force

the pock-marked sand explodes,
the wind torn sea grass decomposes
with odours rich in death
and vegetable destitution.
The rain has churned and curled
The hurrying seasons
Ready in their versions
to shine over and uncover
Earth's bones
and leaking underground.
Bright here on the beach
is the plan for coming
sunsets.

jane heart

Reaper

Swashes of bold grain wake me
As I drive.
The plains are mesmerizing.
A greenish and grateful wellspring picks
out shine
And respects the arid hay.
I love this land.
It loves nobody.

jane heart

Rushing Bird

Glimmers and washes and brave speeds
Wheeling to the earth in exultant
craze...
Plunging with sound towards cherried woods,
aboard grace
aboard sun
aboard the terminal wind.
A howl like 'Geronimo' and tucked
tuck into bill
into breast
the feast of seven days.
To feed
a patter of chicks.

jane heart

Signaller

Three walls tower between us
like lead.
I cannot see you...it's as if you were dead.
Wave to me and the breeze might take it,
fly it beyond walls
Give it sudden turns
Signaller.
You have messed up the plan
Cry it right.
You have deepened the quagmire of
forgotten delight
and pain.
Shout down the barriers and break
the silence...
before each rebel might contain
his open mind
Before it
shrivels.

jane heart

Sleep Song

Aches and bitters, tongues of dream
react in frothing rancid streams
If a bubble spluts and pops...the time
of irritation stops.
the bubble is a scented wish
Colorful as clear reef fish
Giving off a drug called sleep
Where angels peep and demons weep
And palaces of blue and gold
Speak silently of old.
Rest.
While beside a fluffed, cavorting mess of
silly scent
Smiling faces weave content.
Clutch
at delft,
Adore citrine
These pearls of elegance,
of art and swirls
Watch
those inner scenes where cars have eyes
And eyes have lobsters
wringing red
When dead.
The taste is sweet.
The night is dark.
The game is on
The storm is done.

jane heart

Talisman

this is what I give you -
the sweet fade of faces remembered,
the called fragments of a name once loved,
the peaches and plums we hauled together
and the russet hand of works as one.
But this is not for you, comrade...
You will take from OUR time
only
tilth pliant with worms,
debris and rotten roots.
Don't look!
I might be looking back.

jane heart

The Cheery Christmas Song

Where the light burns
A candy cane congeals into a wad of peppermint
hatred that bends the holiday...
Where stress turns
Coconut chocolate into wet muck,
A tree saddled with sundry birds drops its
Scent.
Where a fading clean amassed
with tiny mice
Lends legacy to what is gone
and what shone,
Levity comes.
Fun lands on the pulverized roof
Fun drinks, Fun laughs
Fun snores
Fun leaves
And Fun decides
to never
ever
visit again.

jane heart

The Little Things

sing alot of traces,
silences and faint places
little things that breathe in bursts
of wasps and fledgling birds.

hear alot of frowning,
envy speeds enormous,
reds enormously red
see graves-
deeply and soddenly
dead.

tell alot of handstands
over words and minions,
wish the world would take
out
teeth from this
opinion.

jane heart

The Pain Of Love

you know it burns the very light out of you
steals the show
makes away time seem pointless
and conversations nothing but
fingertaps
on the table.
we know it hurts like a grimace
when it's gone...
too painful to bear
too piercing to forget
too many 'whys' as
we do it
again and again
and again.

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The Question

Why is the light bathing in furniture?
Why is the temper low?
Why do vultures feast and feed on the wrecks
of souls?
Why can I not amplify a dawn
until it requests twilight?

Why does dishwater creep?
Why do sharks emerge in wave crevices
like children freed from school?
Why did I find you?

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This Dream

all fine and decidedly sunny near the secret dream.
Taken to extreme lengths and pulverized into smoke -
this dream.
refracting lenses of livid light-
this dream
delaying the return of reason
and response-
this dream.
Sorry that it is emblazoned with laughter
this dream
and red-faced and souless as a whip
this dream across the backs of hopes
wings that won't fly
blindness
where were eyes
calmly watching
this dream,
this dream that now lies
crusty.
sore,
like a shining night-worn mist
unshed at dawn.

jane heart

Tidal

Abundant tides distract and mow
the sands inside each One.
Each mooring has sway
Each victory of fish against fished
is slave
to tides and stored light.

jane heart

Untethered

little soul weak but wild,
scrabbling in the murky ether
How do you feel
When I shudder
and murmur
'No, not here.'
Cornered and mouse-like
Shivering but free
You wish for the bridle,
You wish for me.

jane heart

What Fable?

Haunting still my flavour
and repose -
a remembered story of the shackle
and rose.

It sticks and frustrates
The end is replete but the body is
uncomposed.
Only the flower
shows promise as the marvellous chains
deliver faint pain.

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