

Midnight Light

by Lao Friday, Mar 31 2006, 1:01pm

international / poetry / post



artwork, Sarah Howell

MIDNIGHT LIGHT

Midnight light
clear
in its absence
of things
is warm
bouyant with nuances
like foetal growth (and apparent death)
is soft
like cormorant's wing
and safe
as spinal cords

Somewhere in its shiny
darkness
forms and dreams are born/e
delivering
Options

LION CITY

With total disregard
for Lee
I nestled back into
the acidity
of an old colonial terrace

full of asian match-men
and received a discourse
on the bamboo
(only available in China)
hand painted porcelain bowl
treble refined opium
(that came in red cellophane packets)
wick trimming
and height/orientation of
flame to bowl.

I produced the compulsory
smile of the neophyte
and reclined.

It was miraculous to see
thin peals of smoke carry
tragedy
through the ceiling.

ELEPHANTS

Elephants shit like ten-pin bowls
scoring a strike with every roll.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-198.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-5.html>