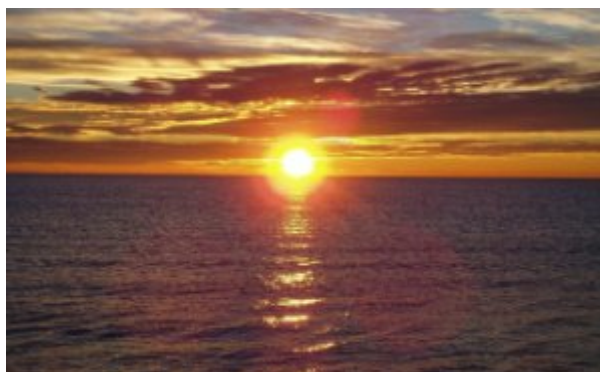


From beyond the grave

by josh Friday, Feb 5 2010, 7:05am

international / poetry / post

(for emica)



Fitzroy Crossing (Over)

the sun,
shines its light on me today
warmer than morning sex

daffodil yellow
breaking through the grey clouds
that hover at the back of my brain

today,
something is cooking...
salty porridge brings a smile
to the hardest faces in Fitzroy
they crack with a glint, like half-set clay

today,
at the gates of sacred heart
"fill our cups with joy"
and i will lick my plate clean,
smiling rays of golden sunshine
after months of 'black Alaskan snow'

colours pop out of shadows
like jack-in-the-box clowns,
smiling grotesquely
with running makeup,
stripped bare of their shackles...

the sun
shines on me today

and all that pass shall feel/see me beaming
daffodil yellow and the smell
of fresh baby skin...

my breathing now long and deep
like smiles that seep slowly out,
as long as Brunswick St

and if this is to be the last poem i ever write
it was worth every soggy page
and every dead body i've stepped over

i hadn't noticed before today
the sky
had ever bled this blue ..

the sun...
this morning...
She shines exquisite daffodil yellow...

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1819.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-54.html>