

# *Shimmer*

by

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Cascading down off the ranges of my mind now and forever once and lost the rings of my life the water driplets by my toes only light is straight and naturally unnatural walking with an illness you know the focus is gone but the truth remains moving lines encircle the balance is known dry bristly we are of a different urge and it is killing us but we see and don't feel so don't know the heavy metered breaths the iridescent shadows muted by the light do I have to forget what I was to be what I always was flying straight and high no genius just honesty save the humanity in the dusky light on the estuary giggles and warmth and the sea floor revealed between our toes and the ripples in the sand a truth we can't afford to not afford and recording isn't being says the shimmer through it all that is being as the giggles warm me and say I'll save you unified in their innocence they have a purpose which teaches us us but only if we hear because the ascernine indifference of a life boxed in hot and cold can never grow itself till it outgrows itself recollecting the sea above and the tumult below silence is steady and in it I hear all I need to know the red flows through but the green connects a human affront to the callous isolationists who are connected too to all but themselves the web is within and without jewelled in the early morning dew gently blowing between the trees round drops strung moisture air fresh a new life in this slanted on the desk centuries old am I seeing shadows or light scrawled in blue the dull ache in the shoulder reminds sweet sweet voices husky and honey control is lost in a sun dappled youth that never was lived the boy became a man and found everything is a double edged sword and then he finally understood his life melodies are forgetting until they weave into your soul becoming tin plate discs driven over in dreams and signs can't direct the birds flying in incandescent show light magic before the digital divide humped dross to the masses and this elegant like the pine trees in Russia is humanity under their boughs or just an argument on structure my corseted mistress is a figment of desire beneath whisps and curves I can't find her till nothing is smooth and soft and all there is and she looks at me with strength by my diaphanous pond of sensuary analysis the old is eaten by the new I struggle to remember what's new before the flood comes and takes it too ask the deaf for words and see what they thought overblown green and arms so long they reach for the sun and write a new song fallen and angles indistinct touch touch and gone framed in plastic we drain ourselves to find the organic squelch lest we adapt to something unknown not wanted but present under dusty chests forgotten for years we drag out a truth to recreate what was there scratches on the picture rippled in red it doesn't matter in the eons you are what you are till you are and all bands on the horizon dark blue and black one hundred and eighty degrees behind the buildings and parks an obscenity to nature and freedom in hunger is liberating or destroying a truth untouched by profit sheets a different language of love you'll find me under the leaves and in the blades of grass a whistle you'll never see a Night Parrot smarter than thee by the bunny rabbit thumb print hiding till you touch sprunged in the air and camouflaged once more I had no power but I had fire to keep the cold at bay and the carpet ran by my hire purchase TV freedom is pissing off a balcony till you kill the grass and rain one day through the dry creek bed a double dress and something wrong eating without seeing leads astray by the quiet tin sky and the empty house because the heart was lost where does it begin where does it end where you take control is yours fears are desires not care and loss beyond her control who I never knew a gift for a baptism in a church now resurrected a baby not forgotten a love to be a life to honour by honouring your life hot humid deep gutters giant rats borders revolution planes force a bridge

to the island a dog a sister a memory on return the desire to communicate but no ability to palm trees snakes adventures bullets beaches bush heat humidity Aborigines no shoes didgeridoos love happiness contentment experiments parents cold parkas bricks bikes unhappiness does it help to remember the relics of the years all that goes on is kindness greed can effect but only love can change you written in black and white Socrates was right for it requires no words to know the symbolism you attach the waves the dress it's relaxation under a long beach with a longer sun falling in reds and purples reflected in pools where we caught fish by hand and let them be smiling in the shimmering azulilver reflection worth more than gold the wonder in the children's eyes how do you recompense this be happy good and gone and let it carry on tresses curls salt on the lips stings in the eyes feels so good under the rumble overhead cold and fresh currents this way and that the dry towel the porous help behind the glare and sky divers wheeling down a thrill a second a rush to kill the numb that creeps back up in bed at night softens the hormones and beseeches sleep before the dreams in the waves carry you off again to a monochrome truth that feels so right so there so prescient like a self fulfilling prophecy that never comes true wearing down rocks on the waterfalls we can only be custodians and not scared if we know ourself we know after our death instead of this screaming silence behind our every thought deep rooted deep seated dictating our fears we are going to die lets love it instead and love life now and share like a dance that goes on and on and on and on spiralling through dimensions till we find ourselves in each others arms by ourselves not prayed upon facilitated cared helped but be ourself regardless like the grass the trees the cockatoos at afternoon's fall it's all fun and then fun some more citrus lemon feathers erect intelligence from far away just is and is all racing the sunset in square box kite wings raucously celebrating it takes a keen mind to see the beauty in it's pain and make it well again not a life I'd recommend but a joy that never ends and this science will never answer because you can't quantify love and if everything were free so too would our motivations be I want the unification of desire and action only sublime whilst maggot toothed Greenpeace saleswomen sell the ocean's salvation but he isn't buying because he wants something for himself and this interaction isn't giving it to him as he sips on his coke and waits for it to haunt him in fours beneath the guise of contentment lay a grisly end but not for us or we or the world we blindly say wherefore salvation and sip another in this dead green crisp hope of forever that can't dies in itself grunting in exhaustion beauty for itself is the only beauty but even if I look on I can feel it and that's as close as possession can ever be or need be and laugh as the jaw locks and decays a cruel blood running clear and cool through the holes of unlinked understanding and mortality as if all the synapses could ever be one and I'm not going insane it's just a burgeoning encapsulation that knows itself and likes what it sees I'm not followed by a black dog but a speckledy pooch that likes to play in the face of the silence and fear throwing it's bones and sticks in the air of those who think they can rape the future to answer their now scared and hollow they drag the sleeping alive but I live by a green understanding if you could distil a lifetime of surviving into a separate sense that's what dreams are made of and my life but the fervent echoes through our organisation jumped up dumbled down what kind of man claims another's land and calls it his own and its in all of us but we are only imprisoned by walls thinner than ourselves it's not God you are seeking but something inbetween greater than ourselves and less than that the masters of strings because there is nothing else despite the electric flash shock through the mind of my

asynchronous life and I recall back when we were a family before life got it's claws in and I'd love to love Kim Kardashian for her mind but have you ever seen lycra stretched so well its her and my private hell and it's not that dimension gives this meaning but I'm going somewhere you've never been or me for that matter too as long as I go where I'm meant to go all is there star strewn on the grass like the poems of a life that kept me afloat waiting for life to happen while it was happening all around me but a raft is a raft till you out grow its moorings moored all the time the heart atrophies in to a shell of what could be don't ever die wondering even if it's pain everyone wants to be famous but there's no meaning there