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Apex

Gloaming

Poignant Pointillism

The Hollow Man

Poetry submission for the 2005 Dolphin

Apex

Poised on the verge
 Avoiding the urge
 Of gravity
 An instant of immobility
 Sudden surge of acceleration
 Rushing air – immanent obliteration

It's all relative
 From any perspective
 Infinite moment
then silent
 Cessation
 Of motion

Chaos has been strewn
 Across the newborn moon
 Epochs come and go
 A rockets gentle glow
 A man steps on your face
 Apex of the human race

Gloaming

Low in the distance
 Blood-stained sponge the ev'ning sky
 Light and darkness dance

Poignant pointillism

Every word holds a meaning
 Every look a remembered feeling
 Part and parcel of a whole
 Each holy second plays a role
 Blurry, blending, merging, focus
 Only distance reveals the locus
 The pure-stippled portrait of love

The Hollow Man

I wonder what you see,
Looking back at me as I look up at you.
Hollow, plaster-filled white eyes,
Staring down unseeing into the redness that surrounds me.
Your mouth is frozen in a scream?
A moan?
A gasp of infinite surprise?
I don't know.
No one can know the thoughts
That drift through your
Bounded consciousness.
Are you trying to sing along
With some ghostly song
That only you can hear?
Or maybe you're just asking me my name?
I wonder what your name is.
If you have a mother or father
That decided your name should be Blake,
Or something more dull and ordinary like Bob?
Do you like the flicker of the candle on the wall
Or the sound of orchestral music playing
Softly in the background as I dream?
Are you nothing more than a hollow man
That I made up,
Because you are an oddly face-shaped pattern
In the plaster ceiling above my bed?
But if I imagined you and told you my name
Then don't you have a father?
Don't you exist?
Even as a fleeting thought have I given you life?
Where do thoughts live after they have left our mind?
Hello. My name is Adam.
Is your name God?