

Goldtops

by teal *Sunday, Jan 3 2016, 9:16am*

international / poetry / post

dancing on the keys
the moon draws nearer
so close now one could kiss it
it's daylight still
yet the huge moon
trespasses in the late afternoon

the sky solarises
into mauves, indigo blue
and bleeding ochres
the sun now displaced by the
overwhelming size of the moon
the horizon screams
the death of the sun

something is coo'ing the silver coolness
of the moon -- i realise it's me
i turn ignoring the sun's flames
mimicking the fires of hell
as it drops beneath the horizon

cross-legged on the shoreline
i thought, but the warm sea laps
around my waist
and moves around my groin

i coo like a dove at the moon
love-sick and loveless
as time slides unnoticed
into the night

the tide now
measured by my chest
and drowned phallus

it seems a few goldtops found their way
into lunch

i hum, incant with the rhythms
of the night and emit strange articulations
which make perfect sense to me and the universe
now riding in on the incoming tide

the easy sea is now lapping
around my brain as little fish nibble
the edges of its pulsing orb
and swim in liquid pearl emissions

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2055.html>