

## 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

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