

Yucca Filamentosa

*Spiky madam of a certain age,
drought tolerant, low maintenance,
August Queen of the garden, but
sadly unproductive the last two years –
perhaps you have seen your day.*



*Just been resting you tell me now,
to bloom in flamboyant abundance –
gold-edged sword leaves guarding
thick clusters of bell-shaped flowers –
silky cream-white with purple-pink tinges,
rampantly blossoming indeed.*

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English Gothic – Might this be The End?

From the Imaginography of a Would-be

**Prefecting – performing the duties of a prefect..*

*Ever since you moved on
My hand no longer finds my pocket in just one move
Your face, once so easily drawn is losing by degree its previous clarity
My Isolation has occupied your vacancy
A strange negated presence
As welcome as a washing bowl wet cuff*

*Every day requires a Mobius trip through our spaces
Drawing old laughter from the walls
The outer diversions have morphed inward
Black holes form in hollowed out places
I sit and watch my vision closing down
Chasing slow retreating memories
Like a dream deconstructing on my tongue in the telling
For the want of a coherent image and one more forgotten noun*

*There's someone in the attic, I hear them talking – moving things around
Night spirits whispering ancient languages fight for space in my ear
I see their words but I am no longer the writer*

*Are you sitting comfortably?
Every old bone was a new bone once
Screw the furniture to the floor
Stand on the right, walk on the left
Clap on the two and the four*

*I've lived with this mania many a long year
The decay – incremental now
I've grown accustomed to its ordinances and strange ways
Prefecting me through the days
Though I'll be relieved when the home bell sounds
And there I'll be, a genetic end-of-line model
No more than a pile of stones and a wishing tree
Dressed in leaves of faded trivialities*

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I had a dream

*That I would climb a mountain
that my heart would be counting
That I would build that mountain.*

but

*Now my dream has changed for life
and so has the world that is full of strife
That the world is a better place.*

I had a dream

*That the street will be clean
The war will be thrown away
forever and a day.*

*That children will not run away
That life could run on a nice wish
with food upon a dish*

*When I lay down in my bed
A strange thought comes into my head
What if I was a star
Driving round in a sporty car.*

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Does the Cosmos even know me?

From the Imaginography of a Would-be

Just yesterday, no more than eighteen hours ago, though it seems longer now, I was occupied with some of those mindless chores you do to keep a house ticking over, one of which took me into the garden on a warm summer's evening.... coincidental with a golden spacecraft landing there.

An alien type, exquisitely formed, exited and moved towards me, flexing and reflexing their lower limbs in what appeared to be a tightly choreographed dance of synchrony. For a moment I was distracted by their tremendous beauty, but alas, in a typically prosaic flash, my next thought was: 'At last, all my questions will be answered.' Then, in a clear, polyphonic voice, embedded with something of the harmonies of Allegri's Miserere, the alien said: "Tom, you've really got to stop worrying so much. Ok?"

Hearing my name uttered, or rather, recited in such a melodious manner, and in such bizarre circumstances, rendered my cultured critical thinking redundant; I opened my mouth to speak but found i had nothing to say.

They turned, with more grace than a desert snake, to reboard their craft, stopping at the entrance to turn once more, effortlessly it seemed, and, looking straight at me with dark- defined, ellipsoid, aqua marine eyes, chimed: "Oh, and, yes it does - so long." And with that, they re-entered the spacecraft, which immediately rose silently from the garden, leaving the faintest impression on my camomile lawn, and continued to rise to the heavens with exponential increases of speed.

The alien's beauty had ignited an archaic portion of my mind; the gamma waves crashed across my right hemisphere as the epiphany reset the thresholds of my hyperbole.

"Wowee," I managed.

My feet shifted slightly in place.

"So long?" I thought - "they even watch American movies....."

And what did they mean, 'yes, it does.'?"

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