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Delphine

Edric Mesmer

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EDRIC MESMER

Delphine

...and seamen invoked her blessing on long voyages...

i

conch chaise—
the seminal lain upon upon

face—
on long voyages

as on millipedic oars
hangs defeat

dominion wide or
docent deep
fat kid in a fig
leaf, outgrows

leaden kid-
gloves gripping premature-

ly the glissandi
on bastard wings

—he seeks porn-
ography to sublimate

via voyeuristic help-
mate—the distaste-

ful otology of
his mother’s spate

for war, rot-
ting his fug palette…
...for this
an oracle was slain?

sluttish
logorrhea knows

better than to best
the messenger who reads for

Psyche, when
she took to fan-

cy landscape
and drowned in gaseous fracture

all too inky:
a whole well
—morn
finds the pimp out—

the shit the
seagulls speak upon

a spit of pier
where overripe ambrosia

adumbrates the
damask lass unasked

to prove her salt
in civic tasks:

the sorting from seed the
husk; rasp

from
memory,

from shampoo,

a dram;
and from flagon, as

for Proserpine,
something blue…
sing me not
—sing not

Psychology’s lyres
are tortoise shelled,

the coxcombs
scrambling in to livery—

all lullabies are but song,
and if a gossamer

of egress
should tether to my wayward

ego
let it go, let go

Hermes,
your handheld helix:

suave eloquence; as
Millet’s night, turned Van Gogh’s…
spheres,
vaguer fancies, love;

trumpet for
a pond—

taken for a sonnet,
lest—les-

ser divinities—
more hearth
in t-shirts concert minstrelsy a
heavenfull's syringe—

for even the simplest reed
proves often

the very flute—
glimpsing
great acts of contrition
gone down with

gravitas,
razor's-edged—not the only face an

ass has—
wherever supple reeds

gasp
as capillary

the cloven chasm where—
in an anemone moans—
o, canal of man-made

necromancy,
triangulate

this water-way!

where young tritons pull

with glass-cut
pelvises the

constellatory against
the very sirens

who descry
like their anti-orphic
cousins,
banshees,

fangled dangers of
choral tyranny—
ix

…no choral tyranny
however
in oaring
awhile a shore
—and what say you to heroes?
gone in to tides

like thunder, their
thighs spanked mercury

— the gorgon’s comb
a trove to each—

finding a deity in every minute,
all the mute

suppositions of material
come back from

Poseidon, for a swim,
still unkissed