Dialectics Against Silence

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I: Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, May
Ducks silhouette the glittering foil, dogs lap silver mirrors, girls throw bread and scream at the hunger they feed, shivering legs licked by white wet shadows. Dialect's voluble stream forever runs under the dark arch of mind, black ice-cream scooped in lungfuls of tender bruised vowels, cold silver consonants biting the frosted tongue, heart’s wet fingertips stretched to read the cuneiform braille patiently cracking the gritty Millstone crust of silence, so that enlightenment might flow like blood again, so truth might shine like dew.

II: Denmark, Western Australia, December
In the wake of great violence, the inlet is an escalator descending, molten steps folding into sand’s sleeve. A few last leaves highlighted by moon, car, kitchen light, then they too are snuffed out, the wooded hill pared to a point by the censoring grey-blue blade of a tempered sky. Karris, shaken by parrots, play the old mad war melodies brutally, wordlessly on skylight’s black piano, still febrile
with the glamour of stars, symphonies sadder
than centuries, and all the time we hear
the sea’s great engine room falling, falling...