DARK AGE

poems by John C. Goodman

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poems on the theme of loss
by John C. Goodman

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a mist of dreams
on waking
tanks and ballerinas
stalking through deserts
“Before you say anything
let me explain…”
myth is stronger
than stone
lay down the burden
of your love

singing
metal against metal
arms locked in arms
breath in night air
a religion of dance
covering the pain
“There’s nothing more we can do”
love does not remember
the striving never ends

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a part moon
lingers
in the dread morning
sky
just because we are related
she said
don't think you know me

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a window left open
rattles against sudden rain
summer winds
wrenchdeadbranchesfrombreathlessfirs
people strewn about the park
stealing moments of enjoyment
cats in shadows
stalking birds
clouds in a gathering sky
foreboding the future

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angst is measured
in heartbeats
no one came
to the party
the darkness of souls
is not dispelled by light
waterfalls can never
run backwards

bindings fall apart
words spilling
from unremembered pages
of thoughts unvoiced
arguments from the past
gaining new life
new hurts and inflections
restraining nothing
nothing

burning blood
soaked clothes
possessed by
the power
of memory
to recoil

get out
the courage
the mocking
lie
the hurts
that rust
in memory
the moments
that last

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bones of locked rooms
resurface in time
restless with pity
from the depths of
dreams
down the dark stairs
wherescreamscome
from

remember
the brown string
tied around the white box
the sensation
of paper
against fingertips
the low rustle
of wrapping
hint of scent
of paste
and stickiness
so many secrets
–thingsun(said)(learned)(heard)(shared)
snip
of scissors
the tearing

now defaced
with red wine
the book
never given
a gift
unreceived
a moment
lost
a love
unloved
now defaced

needles of nouns
puncture verbal moments
screams of frustration
lashing out
an object
of retribution
“Do not forsake
the ones you love…
for only they
can forgive…”
coming home
to a dark house
and the emptiness
of hours

the fascination of
a single sound
played again
and again
throbbing in
a vein
too soft
to hear
too loud
to bear
too too too

controlled
ascent
reckless
descent
things
decay
in time
winding
down
down
falling
behind
willful
blindness
obdurate
obdurate
obdurate

crash
into time
wrench
purpose
from myth
grasp
take
it's never the same
as the first escape
run
in darkness
towards
a bitter death
consumed
consuming
living
denying

sweetly cannot cover
the flavour of death
the sickly sugary
savour of decay
honeyed words
drizzled over rot
lemon scented cleansers
to wash away
years

lips open
parted like clouds
fragility
of life
a trembling
iris
in the eye
a question:
if

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the road is bleeding
last thoughts scattered like
flip-flops on a beach
emergency lights fray
the edges of night
somewheresomeoneisbreathing
in twisted sleep
while futures lean
into pasts

the world is a place
of terror
for many who live
the myths
of the dead
what we once resembled
or wished
torn into
rivers
flooding

it's ok, we can sleep now
the world does not need us
itwillclunkalonginitslonelyway
desiring but not asking
the entropy of dreams
congealing ephemera
objectified feeling

if left were right
and right were left again
if seven and seven and seven
would make the world right
if all the spills
of all the glasses
would make us see
more clearly
here
and only here
then
and only then
now
and only now

White horses
as far as the eye can see
Listening
to the sea
in the depths of curled shells
Finding
a reason in the face
of absurdidity
If the universe is infinite
we are always at the centre
for it is equally infinite
in all directions
Music
is intuitive
Healing
is never complete
or desired

Unexpected,
the fathers arrive,
ghosts dads of the range,
sipping formaldehyde and
dispensing wisdom,
"Drink your whiskey straight.
Never admit you're in pain."
They tie their horses to the rail,
and never leave.

self-evidencies:
if you make something
it is made
if you break something
it is broken
if you eat something
it is eaten
if you kill something
it is dead

if the sun went out
we could not tell night from day
if the moon went out
we would survive
without the tides
and forgotten walks
down lonely roads
hand in hand

Inconsistencies:
Numbers never add up
to the expected total
Trees do not gather stones
or build up walls
Turquoise is sometimes seen
in the evening sky
Lemon is
a taste and a colour
and a fruit
and a problematic mechanism
Tragedy is a means
to an unknown end
The last victim
is always
the last hero

people live their storied lives
episode to episode
forgiving nothing
on the way buildinghistorieslikefastfoodburgers

“bottombun,meatpatty,specialsauce,tomatoslice…

living for nothing is easy
as pie

“bottomcrust,fruitfilling,topcrust,bakeat350for…

live your life as others see it
sitcom,melodrama,tearjerker,musical,documentary…

it’s all performance

Marks of a crumpled pillow on her cheek

Every house must have a door

Breaking out of uniformity
conformity
enormity

Shocking
how ordinary she looked

Words of great beauty
requiretonguesandlipsofrosepetals

Regardless of what you read in the press
they are small by comparison

I should have been
a girl with
moonlit
thighs and
champagne
breasts
Suppose
jealousy was
our most powerful
emotion stronger
than greed
A cutting from
the ancient vine
takes five years to
bloom
and longer
to bear fruit

i don't remember
killing you
or the funeral afterwards
or reading the will
when did you die?
and where were my hands?
i knew you
at the bottom of the ocean
where we drowned together
and the future was a highway
blue as an iris
our hearts were eggs
smouldering with conceptions
things are how
they have to be

helpless
(the beatings continue)
hurt
(the beatings continue)
hopeless
(the beatings continue)
humiliated
(the beatings continue)
bleeding
(the beatings continue)
defeated
(the beatings continue)
worthless
(the beatings never stop

God is only
a death away.
The light that lifts
the lofty leaves lilts.
Tomorrow and tomorrow's tomorrow
and the day after that.
Living in the future gives more
certainty than living in the past.
Comfort is the goal
of the wisest of men.
AndthatGodandthatdeathandthattomorrow
are not coexistent.

unremitting circularity:
they took a road that was a river
a road that was a river
and nailed it to a point of departure
point of departure
so all those who came after cameafter
travelled in circles
travelled in circles
of their own devising

do not be alarmed
we are experiencing
some separation
of the particular
from
the whole
the part is no longer
integral to the parcel
nor the kit
to the caboodle
efforts are underway
to restore harmony
an announcement will be made
when we are ready to
commence our journey

sirens in the mist
        somewhere a world is crumbling
4:30 in the morning
        sun still a thought beyond the horizon
an emptiness of dawns awaits
 repelledbypoolsoflightfrommercuryvapourlamps
the mist curls under the branches
        and sleeps