

New Poems by Joel Hayward, 2004-2005

FROM A SPECTRE

I swallow time
in gulps
and think of you
I blink blue, sore,
and see forever
but in shards
as thick-skinned coffee
and oft thumbed diary
pages within this mind
nail, thrice,
these palms and feet

I mock witch Kronos,
yet suffer sneers
and claws that etch my face
as a postman's
while you
tumble through
and share apple-breath kisses
with children old and new

You kept my trophy
safe and somewhere
aglow with lustre
while I walked on water
and sank
within friends' laughter
as you kept a garden
and plucked hope and purpose
to sate our weak

Voices in the hallway
murmur 'Max'
through a door of lacy
black widows' spinning
and this heart races
to drum a cadence
in concrete as a dance

Tip a cathedral downside up
and watch priests' gowns
fall over surprise
as an owl flies in day's gold
and stares into waters
rippling with an unseen splash
spreading from your hand extended

MINDS ADJOIN

You could
I would

You, common good
Me, Robin Hood

You love
I shove

You, heart of gold
Me, can't be told

You share
I scare

You, candle light
Me, don't invite

You rest
I quest

You, wisdom earned
Me, fingers burned

You trust
I must

A FLYING CARPET YOU

I filled red wine to overflowing
It spilled and pooled without me knowing

Regret upon awareness grew
With hope that rug can stay as new

This mad recluse's clumsy hands
Delight at carpet's ethereal strands

BY WATERS STILL

Les noms francais
and brine wharves
croak aching pretty
from jovial jandals sandals
and padding best friends

Bricks holiday hiding
and weatherboards white
hold ripples of tin
over dwellers and sellers

A cottage a sanctuary
a barn of completeness
open seclusion and
warm breaths by many

Shag over dazzle eyes
vast soul and safety
abandoned guilt
and bar-less menagerie

AKAROA THOUGHTS

Nun and mother wonder lover
Habit squeezes smile teases
Kisses soft sweep bliss aloft
Gentle eyes my nobel prize

Beautiful darling joyful starling
My heart possesses mind obsesses
Laughing voice makes soul rejoice
Lifemate sublime love of all time

THIS

What is true?
What the eyes can see,
the heart can feel or the mind imagine?

With photo old I stretch this heart
a thousand leagues to haul you here with
stalwart sinews of recognition fascination
transcending mislaid decades.

I've tidied your room in castle ruins
and placed flora astounding
in papier-mache urns of grinning fragrance
near umbrella waiting for porcelain touch
and taped Friendship on door closed gently
to a crack from which famished light cascades
and all years wither yet holler happy.

WHAT YOU DO

I flew a kite with a key
so you could light the sky
and flick a bounding bolt
towards my darkened home

You drew a storm from the sea
and rattled window panes
with gusts of supremacy that flung
my back door from its jam

Spiralling allure stings these eyes
which watch through squints while
tempests tear comfort from my chair
and split my mirror into slivers.

GREAT HALL

She smiled and he burned
and died and lived
immediately
and gasped and grasped
and loved
impassionedly

She laughed and he knew
and spoke and choked
impulsively
and rejoiced with no voice
and loved
compulsively

She touched and he soared
and grew and flew
exultantly
and raced to embrace
and loved emphatically

PERFECTION

Perfection sneaks
delicately hushed
on square toes
under doors
and swathes his face
like the nailed one's
muslin shroud
before curling swirling
turning burning
into a reluctantly
frail trail yearning of
smoke from roll - your - owns
and slipping
seeping easing
while he watches
with eyes sighs cries
into his mind
as a whispering
teasing ghost
who finger taps
songs of passion
love destiny
inside his domed bone
while kissing his eyes
crushing his heart
with love's tender clench
to make him groan moan
want not nonchalant
his life's great reward.