BLOOD MYTH

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JAMES WALLER

A sample of five poems from the collection

A Chalice

A chalice of red stars flare
Through silver sequences of sound

A birth-field of diamonds glint
Through the fog of war

Coarse-haired bodies bleed
Quietly upon the grass

Their festival of broken bones
Strewn across the earth

Like lost ribs of lightening
Fallen from soft thunder

Or relics of the ancient gods
Abandoned upon the plain

Shadow-Heads

Shadow-heads graze through fields of silent fog
Like a fury of full-stops poised upon the page

They dance with the mute certainty of the lost
Their stories hidden within beds of infinite ink.

A quiet explosion of unheralded punctuation
Births a radiant dream of diamonds

Which fall like stars stolen
From the river of the war-torn night

Spears Of Thunder

Stolen stars ache in the devil's hands
A ring of burning silver trembles in the sky

Figures fill the bright agora,
Shadows streaming through their teeth.

A wounded bull stumbles through the square
Its back a quiver of feathered shafts;

Diamond-tipped spears of thunder
Thrown in nights of rage and wonder.

Viridian Dreams

Viridian dreams. Smelted wisps of fog
Float through a night of soft-winged fury

Dream-shadows dance upon the mythic ground,
Whipped by the glint of the seething sun

Dogs, driven by the blood of the red aorta
Chase the shadow-hounds of hell

Through caverns of untold heat
With the raging flow and the crimson beat

Of a pulse driven mad by a murderous song
Rising through the diamonds of the devil's hands

Radiant Wind

Radiant wind pulsing through storms of sound
War-torn nights torn from pages of dying books

Shattered stars lying upon the concrete square
A devil's dance of crimson tears staining the sheets

Of murdered lovers caught in the act of loving.
Shadow-heart, carrying the silver sheath of a diamond dagger

Poised in the alley of love's despair, cuts out a rib
Of its mythical body and offers it to the air

Take this rib Jehova, this tusk of silent sound
Burn it in the ether, scatter it upon the wind.