

GRAVE NOTES

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JAMES WALLER

A selection of 30 one-line poems

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The Palace is silent.

Corridors tremble and grow still.

You were born for this.

The secrets of the cave are touching close.

The magic lines are thirsting for the wall.

Chain me to the wall of silence.

The Great Peace rustling in his robes

Even monks fall in love

I am growing. I can feel it.

Can you climb out of yourself?

I am struck by symbols

Secrets sheathed in letters of gold

They hear the sun as it steps on the soles of its rays

I see the Palace. It is beyond imagining.

Ancient ladders crumbling to dust

I have shouldered the shadows.

Alone I ghost towards the dawn.

Humanity's ceaseless engine

Stop the cars. Stop them forever.

Traces of fear in the feather

Grave notes. Shadow wreathes.

One line forms. And then another.

I have fallen on the ground of insomnia.

Sleep abandoned her child on insomnia's mountain.

Where can I find peace?

Prayer drew me to itself like a chair drawn towards a fire.

My heart is beating under your gaze

The bells are ringing in the ear of silence

The night-hand opens.

Softly you dream of death; the ashen wing of life