

BLINDED BULLS

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JAMES WALLER

A sample of five poems from the collection

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Warning

The book is an experience
Of meteoric flares
Joining hands of passion
In gesticulating arcs
Which fired Jackson Pollock's limbs
In dances frayed and dangerous
As loose wires in the rain
Be careful hands of passion
Take heed of his warning
Row deep and soundless
With a head of solid bronze
And eyes which vanish
In splendours undefined
By the sniffing of hounds
Around the dead

Monstrous Wire

It's raining

A child is born

A hidden light

Is glowing in my hands

Distant thunder trundles

With the trolleys down below

The screeching Banshee's pitch

Has hit a trembling line

Of nerves

Throughout the tower

Dogs in the mythic square

Pace with new found life

And Balthus' rolling ball

Of wool has changed into monstrous wire

Flaying In a wild wind

Of hidden suicide

Shield

Shales of human forgetting
Have arrived on the window-pane
Deep rain is floating
Through my heart
Mother, brother
Tales combined
To lift a shining shield
From my astonished hands

Blinded Lethe

I am breathless with discovery
And wounded by the glare
Of the gored and shrapnelled child
Bronze fists of anger immeasurable
A wing of leaden death
You make me transparent
With your pain
Now I understand Christ
Whose limbs flared and shone
Like mirrors
Like glass
Which shattered and fell
In a rain of transcending passion
Upon the fields
Of blinded Lethe
Who, feeling glass soft as snow
Looked up in astonishment
At the son of man

Ships

Wings of shadow move

At a mysterious bequest

A cloak has fallen to the floor

Naked

Exposed

Feel the pain

In my voice

A voice of searing spears

Thrown at the raging bulls

In one momentous hour of rain –

With hands of bronze

Discovery holds out its cup

For the journey

Of distant

Ships

Chained

On humanity's horizon