

White Chords

These New Puritans

Frames of colour litter the bracken,
regal and strange.

I've got white chords running through my body
and a fur of a white cat on my back.
But you see you gave him black wool
and we have a black cat.

Through the broken plastic a canal;
The platform heaves like a human body,
divide by two.
'X' marks the spot or it sometimes means 'No'.
Frames of colour flicker between ancient
and brand new.

Beneath the peering dead trees I walked back.
"Respect the invisible",
"I can't respect what's not there"; I avoided you.
Sloping concrete becomes a shoulder
(words inscribed in the air).
Frames of colour litter the bracken,
regal and strange.
Tectonic riddle, your eyes as terminals.

Words enshrined in air, words enshrined in air.
You are in the stars / sky, I will meet you there.

Your name becomes cosmic in my mind;
rangeless, endless and my blood explodes.