

# Souls' Quench

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Wait. Stall your thoughts to call mine home.  
My loyalty lies. Tight.  
Flesh. On. Bone.  
That frays at the edges ; let sleepings dogs lie.  
Shifting sediments of the seas, paw print ever embedded.  
Drown in the black depth of these and thine eye.  
Howl at the moon. O'er the foam.  
Hand over your heart - new tricks ripped and sewn...  
To aged tapestries of happily tame prole prose and poem.  
Quadraped legged, steadied 'til dead, smell trouble, Necropolis is your bed.  
Pulling of heart strings to draw it tight closed.  
Imposing black magic, Macbeth tablature morose.  
Fall to rise and falter wise. Holy fidelity is your guise.  
Worn with ribbon, lover so long, forlorn love unhidden, melody-less song.  
So long. So long.      So long.

She puts on old runners, wipes clown-white off face. Admires the grime hard work's collected,  
thanks Our Lady for Gods' Grace.  
Samples a taste of colour to otherwise bland folk, Her practical scheme, part of the wise crack,  
grand joke.  
Stands beneath the sky for cover, can't understand anything less complex than love thee as thy  
brother.  
Rubbernecks at the road-kill and scoffs not to cry, believes in all and in nothing, the local Catcher  
In The Rye.  
Sensible and still rolls her foot from ball to heal. Posture stiff structure with voluptuous appeal.  
Curtains drawn, but your imagination is bare. Concrete caress, mutual meditative stare.  
Girl next door, nick-nack, faceless boy ; I draw you to life.  
Wishing on nebulae, praying to galaxies that I'll never be your type.

She won't accomodate feelings of shame upon tilting her soup bowl.  
"Beg your pardon" is Her fashion, wears it loosely when it's cold.  
Watching laboureres collect rubbel of the heart and spit the flavour off their palettes while spilling  
souls' quench and bad words like odes to their enemies.  
Sisters' worries as scarves and nephews do the puppet march  
Tripping and falling and tripping and falling  
For the sake of their own spoiling others' fun because Daddys' promises were undone.  
Blameless son, shadow's catching up.  
You run, you run,      you run.

Trickeries of the trade, "citizen" 's polite lingo for slave.  
Too controversial for a knave. Her life's no story but a stave.  
So tick-tock, linear clock, just beacause I don't believe in you, doesn't make you stop.  
Toe toe toe the line, destiny's your dream, verily, verily, verily, verily - life's not what it seems.  
My heroes are blind, they pluck the log out of their eyes and surrender their tearducts to deserts  
of desolation that they witness from behind their own retinas.  
Scrolled far and wide, tatoood across the surface of their minds. Inward reflection.  
Naval gazers. Painfully thorough introspection. The most faithful believers.

Scrolls and swallows, flights and gloves, pushes and shoves, rough and tumble,  
succumbing to comradery born of fear,

suburban wood pigeons and rock doves are not  
exempt, though no Children Of Lir