

“Linked Circles”

by

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This digital chapbook is available at:

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Made in Boston

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Thanks to all who've been there, and all who will.

These poems are studies in eternal cycles and eternal repetition.

into a truly
curving form
enters my
soul

- ee cummings

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Circles

(All thoughts are in circles)

I

Churning whitewater,
transparent rough instructions.
Glow oil painting imploding,
sewing itself inside another time.

Body is told
that tonight we are creating fictional works
cramped inside the small details of a map.

II

Our bones
ride through
precedents of limbs
that were shot
across the desert sky.

We are written, the words are not.

III

realms with another logic
trickle inside our skin

soon
a
machine
requires us passionately

it never wants peace

IV

Time is
a
floating body

where we invent with detail
a work with
small income;
a singular attitude.

In idleness
there's duality

there's
one hour of ecstatic
&
one hour of flat

and they're both
tied to each other

V

Clouds
 carry above us
the content of our thoughts

They can be such a beautiful shape
when melting away

VI

I look upon
 married skeletons

&

the sensitivity
 of another century

&

there under a seaside of eyes
I lie and wait for sleep

VII

Body is told that tonight we're creating
a series of fictional works inside our skin

This is the night where we create and
disappoint immediacy

where we
want our experiences to admit
a word
to us in private.

VIII

The anxiety of must
The necessity of passion

The search
for that elasticity
of being:

This is where we invent in rich detail
a small ecstatic income;
a singular attitude
whose fragments
will soon be separated

but *will*
sew itself inside another time.

Linked Travels

(A silent retreat in the woods)

Spilling empty,
dissolving
action

This cabin
becomes
my sound

Barefoot
my thoughts
begin

Ripening
silence
stretched

At noon
a small nothing
in flight

Midnight
a vast fog
in repose

Singing.

There was
no reason
for answers.

My breath
is scratched on
this silence

Unbroken pulse
patting

Lost inside
the intermezzo
of my thoughts

A moment ends
then begins.
Sharpness.

'Time
simmering
'til sleep

'Time
slow
to start

Painting silence
is folly.

Chase
me out

A map of
slow footsteps
appearing

I hear
a hermit
spill upon the air

austerity pleasures

In sleep
there are
only fragments

I sit here
and study pennies.

Circles are quick.

No taste in the distance

nothing but moonlight
in a hollow place

Yes
I am sleeping
where I want.

Silence:
a river for my eyes
to glide aloft

What Follows On Between Us

(and what will continue on...)

just like mine

I

What

What are you

What are you that follows on through me

II

Every touch is a shape

a series of lines

connecting where they started.

V

All these ornaments of my body
need to be thrown on the bonfire.

I slam my throat down.

VIII

What is that extraphysical touch?

I will hold a root vegetable in my hand.

IX

my first look
inside your heart
and it's vacant

XIV

a cavity

to make sure the present
has unfilled space

XIX

the
excess of precipitations
in us all

XX

we arrive deep
in the small clutch

,
the system of
illumination

.

XXIII

All this is a token of a place that will soon melt.
All this will soon be covered in mud.
Art in mud will soon be me.

XXVI

so much
so quickly spread across a smile
like fools
gladly rushed

XXVIII

a gaze of silent magnitudes

sunken desire trickled down from the ages

an anguished fragment raised up on high

XXX

Sultry lightning,

a wave of someone's voice from a different millennium

XXXIII

There is always

static electricity

me running through

XXXV

Under the house

sinks

metaphysical angst

XXXVIII

Do we touch, ever

Are we not two outgrowths from the same sibilance

Have we ever been separate?

XXXIX

So pristine

the liquor of our sun

withholding

the bestial intoxication

of our past lives

XXXX

Who can see us

only planets

future and past

an eternity

dropped

on a collision of skin