

Poems by Daniel Gillespie

Black Mirror Song

After the emancipation of Jason W. Johnson from the university

Bow as the man is pulled up
like a tree

the asymptote carved out
of the young year

the wetted
rings
of earth
found fitted in a thorn

and the animal turned around

unneded

and still the metaphor is

anonymous

as if midnight called him
before the hymn
of his skin became more

than a thousand visitations

of a dawn-woke theory
of unseemly origin
like the third man of the sun's

graveyard –

a door hinge of unpalatable

life

rubbed with the odor of a single shout –

and the widow's wind of blood

shrapneled

Song from the Marriage of Shadows

The lingering smell of sulfur,
the breath of prayer
when the pursuit of words
comes in smoked gestures

of titanium-teethed gnawing
the cortex like roses
under mist of lip-kissed corn

we asphyxiate

on the nightmare within

a man with beard of tribal city laughs
and our flower-pressed scripture becomes
like father-dreamed coffee on white armor
waiting for bud and thorn

we triumph over our valiant effort
and the prophets
have been driven out

of our voices

behind a thousand masked faces loud
and embodied in the flicker of a match
marked against the animal-priested chords
of man's hidden music, the calla lilies

laid upon new dust,
a metaphor for spring's dark skin
and the hard-lined steel inside the clock

are all waiting
for the evolution to take hold,
the redeeming blade
upon its sacrificed glow of lighting in the brain's gray,
a spark igniting the corpuscles, like when the knife
is sharp against the favorite son, the velvet cry
of our goodness and the ocean's blue
shifting motherly.

Drum Color of the Cloud

Windmill tree and the cricket's higher noise
black shining under grass
where the concrete left its eyes
a thousand years ago, and I have grown
past the nucleus of death, drum color
of the cloud falling
where the swarm is octave, pressing
the garden together in the dark spots
of broken lightening – the years
have merged – and in winter, children hunt
around its edges, dark morning contrasted
in cameo, a frozen mother and the helpless fringes
of nature's grin, the color palette
of drowned feathers like oil
at the brink of a dream illuminating
the embryonic symptom of singular man
clutching the machine at the core
far into the teacher's liquid humanity – smoke
in the snow of these brief fires – animal face
of reductive symbols
isolated here, the center we have built around
and forgotten, like the emergent mouth
of our art revealing the metaphor
as he walks with his own conjured young.

The High Route

An old coma of fog
covers the cypress like white hair
in water

caressed by a school of lunar fish
circling back into their swath.

Cursive Lines of Our Lady

Honeycomb of the sun-womb story
sinew stitched in strings of love
like the flower-legged prey of a wild god
lassoed in the beauty of strangled breath –

this makes babes of the washing water's
untold story, like an angel's voice
in a dream,

the scooped-out throne of the rock
and the rain-gathered prayer
circuit wind-traveled birds, a blind universe
of webbed words working crevices
into canyons until the highway cuts through
the earnestness of man,

the rust that covers old wounds,
the golden calf of flesh and our wood-grained
synapses find comfort
in the teeth-gripped manna of our fears,

they inflame us in the kiln
until her belly is bulged with God,

and the corpse screams for air,
the ivory cameo of a lost soul,
a thing as natural and alien as
the crane's sprawled fingertips sparked
by the filament of our ash,

the ghost is now flesh of my flesh,

and behind the iron gates
the sounds of the temple
take us to where we must swallow
both the dust and the rib
molded into the cursive lines
of our lady's body.

Of Black and White

I am the tangled root of an ancient number;
I stand, holding a drum, struck-marked at the stain of death;
and with flesh still in the echo of our tears, I paint us
to resemble the plot where I cut away the black
of my absorbing you – these are the very last whispers
coming from the clothes that once covered us
earthly and genuine, that corrected our bones
in the river that flowed with blood knowledge
of the wheel and the mundane,
of the sacrificial speech that turns everything to dust
and spills pronouncements of rippled fruit and vegetables
down the occult of every relation.
But I cannot pull back the sweat it took from my skin
nor mirror the lungs of now hidden trees; we are alone
in an infant science of concrete dreams
where everything is born into the nonexistence of white
calling us back from a liquid grave of god-eared voices
to the living callus of the wonderer, the face
of the moon that saves from death.