

Poems by Natalie Crick

Hush Hush

Again the storm is waving, and concealed
Between these waxen nets
We look on. I can see no cordon,
But the brittle fence and shushing stalks

By which morsels of bush and neighbourly gusts
Strained on fresh waste, can be absorbed.
So for an hour I have sat and thought
Swelling in a pool of electricity.

I have sat and thought about this novel fury for an hour.
I have heard the gale roar above my head
And whip through the bricks and lick
It seems, around this house alone. I am content in

Painting in trance
The knowledge that this performance
Of dancing drums and stabbing ribbons
Is happening outside my window.

Gold Fiction

Ring:

Flower in my fist.

By moonshine

She glows

With

Tentative sparkle.

A night-light, for me.

Petals, wet lips,

Crowded

So small

And bright.

Take a look inside.

I spin her around

Ballerina, broken.

Red on red,

Prisoner in my hands.

You shine

With a shimmer

That says:

Hold me

On your finger forever.

Sleepwalkers In Love

I keep thinking of you,
Making love to you.
She still had those dreams,
Stricken with night tremors
Like a child shaking in nightmare.

He did not come home last night.
Where were you?
He would go off into the woods,
Melting away into the black dark.
But, promise me, you cannot tell anyone else.

A friend of her died only yesterday.
She was so emotional with every breath.
Her thoughts lurched around inside her skull.
Oh Christ! It is her again,
Drowning in the fields outside her window.

She was chalk white as a ghost girl.
A pale moth stared down from the roof
Like an enormous bird
Risen from the dead.
Where did you go last night?

Insomniac. The moth had the face of her husband.
They woke in a forest of black pine,
Naked as beautiful animals,
Waking in a daze as if it were years later,
All of the villagers old and grey and gone.

She was blank-brained as a doll or some birthday gift.
He would guard her like his heart.
They were in love.
But, you know what lies can do.
She turned to him in his sleep.

Fever Floats

Throw it away,
Syrup to somersaults.
Nothing has changed. Night hangs
So low my eyes sing:
Tell me what you see in it.

I am a gift
Of teeth and blood and hair.
And now, crawling
Through shit,
I am begging you.

We could trick the tightrope,
And be swallowed whole,
Letting the stars mould and peel.
Or lick the cylinders, tears fall white.
The final act.

Falling Off The Summit

The last day of my life.
With pebbly arcs of origins orbbed,
Ruptured in iced wisps,
Here we are fused to the sky,
Teetering on the sharpest crown
And drawing blood.

Red clots bob around my feet and
We are walking on broken glass.
My notes run with the same gush
Cracking that black hood and
Opening one thousand stings.
I will never come back with the same face.

Dear Sister

It is Winter here.
Snow has fallen.
“I am afraid”, said the moon.
She is beautiful tonight.

Now it is darker than December.
What is dead is a different colour.
My dead sister is neither a man nor a woman.
She is a ghost.

We do not speak of her
Anymore.
I turn away from mirrors
When I see her reflection.

The dead can no longer see
I no longer care.
O Lord of darkness,
I want my innocence.

Out There, On The Hill Somewhere

The grey skies are
Fathomless.
A strange chill
Rushed across the moors
Spreading panic.
It is her, she is trying to tell us.

She is out there,
On the hill somewhere
Left all alone in the cold and dark.
I imagine it and rock.
Memories
Coming in the middle of the night.

Wanting to remember
Made her try to die
All night long.
Longing to bleed it out.
Crying for yesterday
With eyes like black holes.

A mirror breaks.
Something is not right.
I swear
I saw her standing there.
Bells tinkled in the wind
And I gaze all around and up to heaven.

Drowning in emptiness
In the thick, still air.
My darling, she is voiceless now.
I dream and dream

Of asking she:
“Are you the Queen of Death?”

Each day we drift into nowhere.
Life will end at the end.

Goodbye

The snowfield
Is still and quiet
In slumber.
Frosted blue in grief.

Remembering your eyes
Is what hurts the most.
Your eyes, your lips, your hair
Falling into a black amnesia.

I breathe in your air.
One kiss to thaw your bones.
You are frozen dead beneath the ground.
Now there is no sound.

Your little voice
Whispers in the dust
With white hair
Like Granddad.

The sky rolls
In depression.
And I am screaming your name
In the dark.

No one believes
That you are there.
You are following me around
Everywhere.

To tell me I am
Not alone.
When another day
Is done.

An angel is crying in heaven.
How far away
Is that star in the sky.
Goodbye, Goodbye.

Secret Life of Life

I am a child
Thrust open and disregarded,
Trashing through corridors unchained.
The sound poured into me then,
Like birdsong,
Sweet and softly tapping
At my heels.

Short bursts
Of stigma
Are attached to this threshold.
I wandered out, caught
Between the lines of cars.
Such activity frightened me
So I died with leaves.

Journey Into Afterlife

I wanted to go
Like "this is a last chance".
To see you at nightfall
And see my shining star.
Brown rain streaks down my face.

And we
Stir passed stooped cottages
Of witchery.
What are you doing in there?
I feel drugged.

A dull throb above
My left eye.
I wish I could hold
Your hand,
Pressing your nails

Into your palm.
I wish
I could meet you
And find out
And drown in thick filth.