

APIS DE ESPAGNOLE

I told you that I loved you  
                    You didn't believe it,  
I told you that I cared  
                    You didn't believe it,  
My soul cried out to yours,  
                    Your soul didn't believe it,  
My body yearned for yours,  
                    Your body didn't believe it,

I committed myself to you,  
                    Slowly  
Like a mill grinding flour,  
Increasing my momentum of care  
To meet your increasing carelessness.

I asked you not to hurt me,  
when I needed you - raw and tender,  
And vulnerable to the most opening emotion.

But instead I was faced by the bull  
Fighter - like I was the bull and  
You picaroe'd me with your shafts  
Until I bled..

I staggered, and snorted like "apis de espagnole"  
While you closed in for the kill.

I told you that I loved you  
                    Don't believe me now  
I told you that I cared  
                    Don't believe me now

My soul cried out to yours,  
                    My soul has sphinxed  
My body yearned for yours  
                    My body now repulses

I committed - now - I reject.

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BLACK WIDOW

Black - shadowed  
Black - turbaned  
Black - glassed  
Woman  
Carrying  
Black sandals  
And black clutch bag  
In a perfumed hand ;

Gold bracelet  
Gold earrings

Watching the horizon meeting the sky  
As golden light oozed across the  
Watery landscape  
Like caramel crushed  
From the center of a  
Dark chocolate cup.

What is she watching ?  
Why is she waiting ?

Does she feel the loss within her ?  
Does her life stretch out into infinity  
Waiting  
To be cut into manageable lengths -  
Or does she desire nothing more than  
Chocolate ?

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BLADE AND ONIONS (For Karin R.)

The blade sliced through the  
Onions,  
Like a virgin being forced on her  
Wedding night.  
The blade forced into the tear  
Ducts of the onion ,  
And released  
Vapoured passion.

You were hunched on your doorstep  
With your blade and onions ,  
Like a peasant woman  
From the shores  
Of the inland sea.

The image you created was one of a  
Hot sun  
Blanching the walls of a white  
Plastered hut ,  
While a sea breeze tapped  
The shutters  
In time  
With the wheeled motion  
Of the windmill  
On the hill.

Mediterranean passion  
Earth vibration  
Through fingertips  
To the exultation  
Of the releasing  
Cut.

Onioned aphrodisiac  
Onioned creation .

*(Wonderboom South, Pretoria . April 1985 )*

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BLUE - ORANGE

Blue note paper

Blue ink

Attached to the bedroom

Door handle

Blue emotion experienced early

Flows back strongly with

Mounting fright.

Blue emotion recedes to

Leave feelings of ...

Orange emotion

Orange means

Warmth

Encroaching love

Stealthily stalking me

Through words

On a page.

Blue dissolve , orange resolve

Warmth and love

Surround me

Suffuse me

Infuse me

Content me

Satisfy me

And

Make me whole,

Make us whole,

Make us one.

□□□□□□□□

BLUE NOTE PAPER

Blue note paper , blue ink  
Attached to the bedroom  
Door knob  
Blue emotion experienced early  
Flows back strongly with  
Mounting fright.  
Blue emotion recedes to  
Leave feelings of -  
Orange emotion  
Orange means a feeling of  
Warmth  
Encroaching love  
Stealthily stalking me  
Through words on a page

Blue dissolve , orange resolve  
Warmth and love

Surround me  
Suffuse me  
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Content me  
Satisfy me

And make me whole ,  
And make us whole ,  
And make us one .

□□□□□□□□

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

We all have them at some time...

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## DEPARTURE

No longer earthbound ,  
Binded  
But free - floating , gravitating.  
My inner particles and atoms  
My soul ?  
Gravitates , but defies gravity  
And floats.  
My shackles are broken ,  
The links forced open in order for my  
Soul to depart and start  
On its new road to salvation.

Does one equate salvation to love ?

Love writ large , frees and elevates  
To a higher level of awareness ,  
All my senses feel newly aroused  
Newly aware to sight ,  
Hearing  
And touch.

Does love mean that your soul's heart ,  
The heart soul dissolves into its  
Separate atoms - or  
Does it mean that the particles of  
Soul combine for a greater awareness ,  
As our bodies combine for a greater  
Physicality ?

Love elevates the soul , and makes the  
Body aware of its capabilities.

*(Sunnyside Ave, Benoni, January 1986)*

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FROZEN PANE

My hand against the window pane  
Experiences a touch of ice.

The night air was cold and

Therefore

The window froze leaving a mist

Against its pane and

Against its frame

My hand

Against the window pane

Left a perfect image of a hand.

But the print

Is bare.

No veins

No pores

No tremblings of blood

A feeling of mortality

A fear of flux

A fear of change

Fear ...

Until

Your hand joined mine on the frozen pane

And then

A warmth

A comfort

An enfolding

With the certain knowledge that

Fear dissolves into warmth.

Two different hands will hold the ice

At bay and together

Immortality

Will hold sway.

*(Wonderboom South, Pretoria, April 1985)*

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FRUIT

Your name  
Is like  
A fruit  
Peeled  
To the measure  
Of my hunger

I say  
Your name  
And a taste  
Of fruit  
Lingers  
In my mouth

I turned over  
My past  
My future  
And  
All at once  
My present  
Caught light

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GLOVED GOODBYE

As I left you to drive away  
I saluted you with an open  
Gloved hand.

The glove represented a covering  
For my skin which felt pricked  
Sensationally sore as if I had been  
Grated by a cheese grater.

The hand represented the instrument  
Of love, which uncovered, had  
Caressed your supple skin and  
Tingled its way to orgasm.

The salute represented a structured,  
Disciplined, adieux which severed  
My feeling, my emotion  
Quickly, with the utmost amount  
Of military brutality.

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HEAT IT IS

Heat

Hot...hot...hot...hot

" Bangkok ... Slice Me Nice ... " on the turntable

Heat

Flies circle my head

And circle the four lampshades ,

Like my love encircles your soul " soul flame "

Are we as hot as the weather ?

Heat

But you were not here " soul flame "

When I needed you the most.

Heat

Leads to frustration of my soul ,

Leads to frustration against you ..." beloved soul flame "

Where are you tonight ? What are you doing ?

While my skin is clammy in the night air ,

What is your skin experiencing so far north ?

Clammy or is it cool , or burning ?

Heat

Do we share the flame of intense burning

Wrenched yearning

Unsatisfied craving

Or does my soul burn alone , in its flesh of fire ?

Heat

My soul is spreading out of my pores with my sweat ,

Expanding like latex - durex with desire ,

Melding - merging with the universe ...

But where are you ? " slice me nice in Bangkok "

Soul flame

( Calderwood Farm, Grahamstown, November 1985 )

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I MADE MY CHOICE ...

I made my choice,  
                    And it was you ,  
  
Battling against odds ,  
                    To love you.

I battled human form and action  
                    Aligned against me

In order to press my body  
                    Against yours.

I battled human spirit and action  
                    Maligned by history

In order to mingle the breath of  
My spirit with  
Yours.

I battled you as human form and  
                    Human spirit slipped  
                    Greasily  
                    From my hand and heart

Leaving me drained , loveless and filled with pain .                      (*Alice, 1989*)

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LOVE INTERLOCKED (For Sharon R).

Resembling the low horizon  
Composed of  
Interlocked light and dark  
Land in shadow ,  
Sky in flame ,  
You ,  
My lover ,  
Interlock  
With your past and present .

Your past is pasture plowed  
With the iron tool  
Sharpened ,  
Plowed earth open to receive  
The next spring  
While last year's crop  
Rots  
Slowly beneath the surface.

Your future enflamed ,  
Blazoned with burning insight ,  
Driving ,  
Pursuing ,  
The shadow into the deepest  
Furrows.

The interlock soon breaks  
And tips  
Into shadowed blackness ,  
The land disappears within  
Darkness  
To rest.

While the sun  
Sinks away  
To return again  
With renewed energy  
To dissipate the shadow.

( *Grahamstown , February 1987* )

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MATRIX (For Karin R.)

Lying together on the single bed  
We create our own universe.  
The mattress beneath  
The quilt above,  
Imbues us with god - like power.  
The mattress is sturdy  
Like mother earth,  
While the pink quilt  
Generates heat like a primeval sun.  
Was it  
From such humble  
Beginnings  
    That man created  
                Procreated  
                Delineated  
And                survived ?  
Was it from such humble  
Beginnings that god decided to break the firmament  
To create  
Sky and Earth ?  
One pink quilt , one sturdy mattress  
Encapsulates and creates  
The womb of time.

*(Pretoria, Wonderboom South. April 1985)*

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SECOND ANNIVERSARY (Sharon [Hamburg] 21 November, 1987)

Liquid mercury  
Heated silver

Stagnantly  
Shimmering  
In movement

Through russet tinged leaves,  
Just as my inner mercury  
Dams behind its  
Banks burns me,  
Burns me , hurts me  
So that no tears will flow  
Or need to  
Or allowed to  
While I break apart  
To search myself,  
Break myself,  
Hate myself  
Find myself.

The heat of the day does not touch  
My skin but prickles continually  
Around it  
Outlining my body  
Within spatial reality  
Leaving the inner unclaimed  
Unloved  
Feared and hated.

What exists within that heat frame ?

The river is outlined by reeds and its own  
Substantial moving existence,  
I am outlined by heated atoms  
Shimmering vacuously within  
Waiting to define  
My own centre.

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SOUL CRUST OF ME

Beneath the soul crust of me  
Anguish strikes the heart  
Leaving  
Bitter gall.

My throat constricts  
Like ice freezing  
While my head  
Burns  
Forest fire.

This is me  
Internal contradiction of being  
  
I exist between me and me ,  
Which is me ?

I am the total contradiction of being

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TEIRESIAS BLINDING (Dedicated to Riana).

Blinded blackness

Restores my vision.

Darkness reclaims orbs

Of light.

Light exists still ,

Beyond encircled shadow .

Without the vision of the

Inland sea,

Foaming and struggling

Against the rocky rim

Below

The marbled mountain.

I see all as

Water eating rock

Replays

Birthing creation , birthing self

While the edifice above

Crumbles downwards to

Basic eternal tension .

Inner light attacks,

Bites ,

Reduces

Outer darkness

While

Outer light insinuates ,

Strokes ,

Illuminates

Inner darkness.

(Alice March 1988)

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THE ROCK AND THE VINE

The tendriled vine  
Crawled slowly up the rock  
Seeking security and support.  
At first the rock rejected  
And told it to crawl up  
Its own pole , which  
The vine tried but failed.  
The rock decided to love  
The vine , and said  
" return to me -  
All is forgiven "  
" use my strength - I  
Give to you freely "  
So the vine crawled  
Slowly upward around  
The rock murmuring  
Unpleasantly ,  
Unfeeling ,  
How she had been  
Used , abused , manipulated  
But covering the rock  
Entirely in bloodless ,  
Soulless suckers.  
The rock became angry  
At this bloodless , unfeeling  
Dead but alive vine -  
And decided to just  
Roll  
Away  
Crushing the vine  
As he left.

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TOUCH ME , DAMN YOU !

Who do you think you are ?  
Stealing my caresses like a thief  
And giving me nothing in return -  
Damn you

Touch me , touch me  
Feel me , stroke me,  
Pet me , caress me

Take me away from myself,  
From my agony, from myself  
Comfort me - if you can -  
But can you ?  
Do you know what  
Comfort is ?  
What comfort means to love ?

You do not !!!

Bitch goddess , queen of the untouchables  
With me to touch you,  
And you not to touch  
At whim.  
Whim ? of what ? what ?  
What does your touch mean  
Mean to me ?

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YOU...

You...

Saluted by me ,  
Gloved hand.

Glove of leather  
Covering  
Skin  
Grated to despair  
Like raped cheese.

Hand of skin  
Instrument of love  
Caressed to  
Orgasm.

Salute ...  
Disciplined adieux  
Militarily acknowledging  
Violent conquest.

Emotion of pain  
Forcing ...  
Brutality ...  
Severing ...  
finished.

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