‘’ TOMMY ROCK ‘’

My heart melts at the sound of your voice,

On the far distanced telephone

And at the sight of your words

On the blue screened E-Mail.

Our evolving history of love

Engendered on small scraps of paper,

Created on unseen sound waves through

Satellite space.

We cross the road and then

In the atrium beyond,

Prepare for the next stage,

Sipping our orange juice -

Eyes glancing together

Go straight or even,

Our bodies still tingling with desire.

And later

As though lost in the innards

Of a pinball machine, wizards, queens of acid and

Catatonia

With rolling prosceniums of flashing tv images

And the decibels of Rock and Roll beyond.

How did we get here ? we ask ourselves

Too hot to cling to each other for safety

And instead, dazed,

Seem to wander in circles.

No wise words, only a vague hope and trust

That sound waves like a mirage,

Falters

With the light breeze

At evening time

I can talk of your

Nakedness

Or your

Fire

But I won't.

What is the thin line of thought between love and passion ?

A boy dressed in white - autistic - but still diddled

By ‘’ uncle ernie ‘’ until the psyche breaks through

The revolving mirror of life ?

The arched ceiling of the theater ,

Needs painting

Too much emotion ?

The flashing light

And sound

Bearing down.

‘’ CHARLIE ‘’

1996

Isn't that the name of a bottled essence that is now

Distributed in Red, White and Regular fragrance ?

Isn’t that the jolly nickname for the randy heir

To the British throne as his lady gets a leg over ?

Isn't that the name for some idiot who has been

A ‘’ right royal … ‘’ and who is subjected to irony ?

Isn't that the long white dangling path

To the ultimate tower on the hill ?

Isn't that the single eye like Lord Nelson

Complete with a leather eye patch commanding me into battle ?

Isn't that the way to pleasure and pain

With every thrust into the next moment of bliss ?

Isn't that the leader of the way of the world

And we faithful followers ?

Isn't that the controller of the tides

Along the fleshy shore ?

Isn't that the control lock of the water channels

Opening up to foreign ships ?

Isn't that the windmill drawing up the

Sustenance from below ?

Isn't that the rain cloud shattering with

A burst of thunder and a flash of lightning ?

Isn't that the sprinkler spraying me with

Liquid protein , my mouth eager to receive ?

Yes , it is all these things …

And I want more …

CABIN CRUISER

JUNE 1996

At the turn of the river the feelings change ,

A different surge , even a different name

For the same passion . Water crosses the border ,

Translates itself , but desire stumbles , falls back ,

And there , at the ancient tower mill , is proof .

A sign

In a new language as you pee against a tree.

A bird not seen before , singing on a branch.

A woman on the path by the river ,

Repeating a strange sound

To clue the bird’s song and ask for its name, after.

She kneels for a red flower , picks it , later

Will press it carefully between the pages of a book .

What does it mean to you to be there

With me , dangling your own hands in the water

Where blue and silver fish dart away over stone ,

Stoon , stein , like the meanings of things , vanish ?

I feel that I am somewhere else , intensely ,

Simply because of your words ;

Birds sing loudly in nonsense , smiling ,

Smiling .

How would you describe being there

With me ?

What would you write on a postcard ?

Or on the sandbank ?

Near where the river runs into the broad ?

FIVE PAINTINGS BY HOWARD HODGKIN

Red round

Restaurant ronde.

French flag.

Bottle of wine on slanted table.

Points me ‘’ to a lover ‘’.

Green garden.

Squared boxes.

Moore statue.

Bottle of wine on stone seat.

Points me ‘’ closer to a lover ‘’.

Black border.

Waves breaking.

Open shutters.

Bottle of wine on wooden ledge.

Points me ‘’ beside my lover ‘’.

Saffron sands.

Palm tree.

Shimmering heat.

Bottle wine on camel saddle.

Points me ‘’ to the heat of my lover ‘’.

Pink peonies.

Discarded sheets.

Entangled limbs.

Bottle of wine beside the bed.

Points me ‘’ to the soul of my lover ‘’.

FOR CHARLES IN THE MOUNTAINS

HOGSBACK 1996

In a mountain sun

Pursued by my own phantoms

Monsters of the past

Lurking in the forest

In my head

An innocent forest out there

Mountain flowers and streams

The swirl of grass and

Pines hissing in the breeze.

At each open bush

A terror

Behind me a dark rock

Darker than your eyes

Dark rock

In which some flowers

Can grow into me

A night when your river

Could have left our bed

A desert awakening .

A maniac pyramid

Settle into a newness

Your kiss and touch

Holds such peaks .

MARSH WALK FROM MORSTON

In the distance the marsh walk

Decorated boats now antique you step away

The ocean is so vast someday

I am coming is your patience enough ?

Such love goes far beyond

Ghosts haunt the sites of our present

White dolphin skeleton geese returning

I someday soon

Across the ocean coming

Such love goes far beyond

Green seas look soft and turn gray

The white marsh a cap of dark woods

Is it a matter of wonder

And what comes with time ?

Such love goes far beyond

Such faces silhouetted in the window

Of The Red Lion a rabbit bleeding

With a sea coast stretching off into the distance

Then maybe it falters the window in a white glow

Such love goes far beyond

The marsh walk turning from side to side

And soft winds brushing ghosts

Distance of the sea sea town

You lead through the churned fields there you …

Such love goes far beyond

Keys hanging in a car door lock

The entrance to a future ghosts laid

Such a new sky in all this

Such a combination of lives

Such love goes far beyond

ON THE BROADS

June 1996

How do I tell you

How I feel so that

You can believe me ?

Know me ?

Love me ?

How do I tell you

That my feelings

For you are as high

And in constant motion

Like the windmills we

Saw along the river bank .

How do I tell you

That my love

For you is as constant

As the serried waves

Flaring around our cruiser

As we chugged along the river bank.

SAINT GEORGE , BLOOMSBURY

I think of you

I think of our last walk through the streets

To the church.

I think of the questions of affection,

Of those that were dear to me

And

Those that are dear to me .

And at this point the quiet and glories

Of a

Deserted church nave

Overlooked by the

Tongue of a grinning gargoyle …

Winter sun streams through a window

Onto the altar.

There is fruit in the bowl on the table

And flowers in the vase.

The bare white walls with god coping

Gleams with all that reflected sunlight.

The towers of pagan Halicarnassus is

Reenacted in bloomsbury and Hogarth

Recreated it carnally in his GIN LANE.

You stare upward at the baptist window,

The pleasure of together days slides by

Unnoticed

Sliding like the loin cloth

As though timeless

The days mingling …

I touch your shoulder

With my shoulder

And then with my lips

And you then turn to me

Smiling …

Yes ! here in the Hawksmoor paradox

We enact the combination -

Of sacred containing profane ,

Of angelic glory

Raising carnal passion.

We are in our love this same

Hall of extravagant design,

Massive , almost slave - built strength.

A strength that is not crafted or elegant,

Not easy on the eye and one which

Does not enforce images of grace.

The mind is not led upwards to

Any starry nest ,

but shocks

With its erect

Lone tower.