



The
shortening
of
the
days

James M Hazard

Jeune Fille Noire

The sun shone in full splendour as she smiled,
it was a smile of innocence only children
could have equalled, a vivaciousness I
had never seen before soared from
each and every pore of her skin,
rich colours, tribal and primeval,
marked her sullen cheeks and forehead,
vivid and garish, but somehow perfect
in those surroundings, blues and
greens and violet streams trickled
like sweat upon her face, a
face of such beauty I have
never known, and with a graceful
wave of a sculpted arm she
bade farewell of that fleeting
second and I saw the soft warm
breeze blow her robes in slow
ripple patterns matching the heartbeat
of the season and my two-minded
notion of leaving my world behind
for just another glimpse of her.

Fragrance

I still smell her on me
a day has gone by
I still feel her lips
telling me to stay by her
smell on me a fragrance
of lips telling stay
I hold her lips on me
soft with fragrance
a stay day gone
hold the soft lips
telling still don't leave
I must day gone by
with lips moist I hold
the fragrance on me
leave the moist day
her smell is fragrance
telling the day to leave
soft lips on me.

Poem for Sylvia

Open wounds never heal,
the maggots eat the dead
flesh, the face I wear
today, a lipless smile,
a toothless cave erupts
and swells the fatted
tongue, my idle hands
as dormant as my addled
brain, another year
spins by the wombs
first day, the spinning top
stops the clot in my heart,
bypass an option overlooked,
overworked, out of date,
my ill-advised fate is
thrown in my face,
the sucking is unbearable
under the mound, under the
oak bark sodden pulp,
my name is my name is
my name, stop taking
my name, stop blaming
my name, I was only
ever me, can't you see,
you can't see, I only
wanted you to see, I
only wanted to be me,
in my baking days I was
supreme, in my hiding ways
I was sublime, in my
thunderous brays I was

alive, in my shadowless
haze I was a void,
a great chasm to reason
spread before me, I, with
no legs to speak of, no
words to speak, why speak
anyway, when no ears can
hear my shallow breathing,
my milk teeth have long gone
and I'm all I'll ever be
right now, right here,
when the worms maws have
had their way the dust
will settle and the truth
will never matter to me,
for I have the truth,
I am the truth.

I know a secret

I know a secret,
I'm sure I'll never tell,
a fragment of a memory,
like a coin in a wishing well.

I have a secret,
bursting to be free,
like a faded favourite photograph,
you always want to see.

I keep a secret,
hidden deep inside,
lost among the treasures,
the thoughts I'm sure had died.

I protect a secret,
no one will ever know,
it's locked within a suitcase,
packed ready when I must go.

You are my secret,
no one knows your name,
when we meet in some blue yonder,
our secrets will be the same.

Secret Garden

My old boots lie in the closet
dreaming of mud and fresh cut grass,
my sad gloves long to grip a spade,
a hoe, a fork, some weeds stuck fast,
my faded cap, once black, now grey,
would love to feel the sun and rain,
my ageing bones and withered muscle
wish to open that closet again.

Old Grey

The owl sees all, but does not say,
beware the fox, beware the hawk,
it sits and stares only to mock
the hidden snares, but will not talk
of flitting bats, of scurrying rats
that swoop and dart through
hedgerows dark, abandoned
nests, foreboding barns of
steaming hay, just flexes its
wings in a lazy way, while
moles sniff to the stars uneasy
and aware, unlike the caught-
in-the-headlight stance of the hare,
the owl sees all, but does not say,
beware the night, beware the day.