

## ***Part ii: Soft Collisions***

I'm thinking of a night full of birds  
A confusion of wingbeats and soft collisions  
that feels like heartbreak

Crowds gathering on the hill  
In their pink masks  
To watch the sky which dwarfs us all  
It's the colour of the desert

Steals our shadows  
In funnels of dust

There to see a poem unfold  
Where words have not arrived  
A small underscoring of half-slept moments  
Of forgetting weakness

Here we are here again  
Away from them  
And your hands, in my hair  
My face is in your chest  
The scent of cigarettes and solitude  
Your voice close in a form  
I don't understand  
Not in bare-knuckled braille  
A narrative that I can not follow  
Back to your mouth  
To your voice

This is the easy eye of beauty  
Silence of planets, falling starlings  
Cosmic tailspin of absurdity

Steals our shadows  
In funnels of dust

Here we are here again  
Away from them  
And your hands, in my hair  
My face is in your chest  
The scent of cigarettes and solitude  
I feel the black stones under my feet  
Still warm from when the sun burnt them  
In the middle of the day  
I wonder where I left my shoes

## ***Part iii: The Bridge***

Naked of meanings your face eludes me  
Still the words do not come  
Patterns are there  
Light then dark  
The sounds amplify  
Bird cries swell  
Higher now  
With throats full of clouds  
Caught as they rise  
No truth we have  
Corresponds to this

## ***Part iii: The Bridge (cont.)***

I remember  
These are my dreams  
They bring it all closer  
These are feats of imagination  
To feathered applause and closed eyes

Sink it in

Crawl up from under my sheets  
From under a blanket of memory  
Warp and weft of surfaces  
Woven threads of signs received  
From every cell touched, held, imagined  
Hold it, touch it again to remember  
Like a bridge from some place not in me  
Whisper into the scars

Or write it and I'll read it to my hands  
with my fingertips in a soft slow scrawl

## ***Part iv: I Write***

My fingers can't grasp everything  
So I balance things on the end of this pencil  
I skewer them with it  
Turn them around to get another view

I encase them in graphite  
So no one else can really see them  
But we know they're there  
In the shadows

I can capture a bird, tame it  
I can visit all the houses you've ever lived in  
Or did not

I can resurrect the 2am ardour of room 203  
Pinjarra Motel  
And make it resemble the tv static  
That lit it  
It dissipates

I encase them in graphite  
So no one else can really see them  
But we know they're there  
In the shadows

I can capture a bird, tame it  
Teach it to say your name or recite a poem  
I can make my father a kind man  
I can catch a bullet between my teeth, and hold it  
I can swallow broken glass or swords