

HOME WEXELBLATT, "HSI-WEI AT THE MOON FESTIVAL" TEDESCO, THREE POEMS
BUFO, THREE POEMS PATRINOS, "AN ORDINARY NIGHT" MIER, "OSTEOMANCY"
MARTIN, FIVE ART POEMS BALLARD, TWO POEMS LONGMIRE, THREE POEMS
SEARS, FOUR POEMS CONDZAL, "TWO TOURISTS" CONTRIBUTORS
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Stephanie V Sears Four Poems

"Dying a Motorcyclist"

You had already died
when we met,
already dense like granite,
a statue shadowed by the froth of leaves.
Unable to reach beyond youth
-I guessed it-
an epic carving
profiled in the bronze cladding
of a palatial staircase, though
still you lived in the wildest places,
chiseled down
to few words and
a hot, reverberating sadness
that was your dignity.
You wore campfire clothes
color of thatch and mud
crannied with pockets.
In your *mordoré* eyes,
gilded raptors,
a feathering of fronds
induced by warm seas,
that last rush of enticement.
After that your tires traced a Z
in the mud, and off the caldera's cliff
into the waterfall you went.

“Eclipse”

Summer stars revolve clock-wise
In empires of certainty
For eyes that are full of breeze
Tranquillized in foiled darkness.

Clear, the universal cave.

Intuitive, the cricket radars.
Seraphic the breathing,
Seductive the pathos
Of distance crossed over by proximity
On night's tablet
Of all calculations.
Enlightened promise
Of coinciding minions
Drumming the tattoo of oneness.
The sky exuberates with shortcuts.
The moon butters up the sea.
A complacency all the way
To infinity's fault-line.

At the eleventh hour, a quiet
Rebellion heaves at the core
Of peace.
The moon becomes
Half a rogue.
Night loses its bearings --
Four hundred Incandescent
Wings tumble --
Collapses onto itself,
Sulfuric with recantation.
Night forages through perdition
Siding with
Unabridged truth.

“In the Silence After the Bird's Call”

Island mountain on an intemperate sea,
in a tapestry of fog
hollowed by silence: an armored safe
locking in enchantment.

Mystery guards the code,
prudence hides the beast,
mist fills my eyes.
How not to recognize
disguise in such torpor?

Inland from ocean's recitations,
just after the Barbet's overture
to my hopes beside a pond
as quiet as a dormitory,
I wonder: 'is it so?'

Waffling through intuition,
my instant hangs on,
suspects a rainbow of skins.
Rafts of vapor lift me
to hyphenated parapets of insight.

Nature draws clouds on itself,
paints in a youth
of mischief and coyness.
A careening in the branches,
a long tail act,
a mottled gymnast.
'You're still here', sighs relief.

"Laurent"

Of that cool blaze between trident and chariot
beyond the frayed edges of purpose
and the inflexible timing of beauty

red boy with shoal green eyes
is forever maker and master.

Sun freckled, salamander slim,
woody beneath the *Mape* trees,
streamlined with island solitude

begotten by a Polish girl in need of time
a Frenchman failed to give her,

lost to them, elsewhere
in the mind of a dreamer
unburdened by age.

Converted to ecclesiastical ferns,
baptized in leaf fountains,

with a child's limbs taking to
the black armored peaks,
fastening orchids to combed falls,

amphibian at sunset
when fish hop like hares,

at night sizing stellar carats
strung between sand-bottomed trees,
spellbound by the fey likeness of himself.

HOME