

A rank of neighbourly webs
strung taut between railings,
their fine lines laced with glossy dew,
luring stray vapours of morning mist
into spun vectors.
The seamstresses are not content
with this suffusion alone:
despite glorious craft, nets lie bare,
no captive quivering prey.
Cast still by a vision,
the fugitives are bonded only in sight
to this factory line of looms,
endlessly multiplied by kaleidoscopic lens.

unds

Exhibit

Tourist flashes snarl,
puncturing layers of dust and age.
Fragments blaze into life for half a breath
then sink back through rigid years.

Before the light fades there's a hum:
excited cries and feet, a wayward procession
dangling clipboards and shoelaces,
clambering over stone and clutching at rock.

Their frantic giggles drift upwards,
encircling cornices from centuries gone by.

Nature In Exile

From within,
 eyes follow a banishee
 whose howl cannot cease.

Saddling the wind
 as it rages through leaves
 and surfs rooftop,
 dipping and rising,
 trailing debris
 to torment feeble frames of glass.

A torrential trade,
 pounding grey slabs,
 choking gutters,
 seating the faces of cold and weary.

Onslaught

The deluge siphons through lofty branches,
 giving birth to gushing rivulets
 in slalom down leaf canyons,
 gaining fresh tenacity with each hurdle.

They land at the feet of huddled masses,
 carving sluice tracks across clothes
 and leaping into scornful faces,
 eyes wizened against the onslaught.

Mouths pucker,
 funneling cursive mutters
 that latch onto the wind
 and are whisked away.

Dry words that are soon drenched.

Downpour

*Nature abhors a vacuum.
 It shall seek out the barren spaces.*

Nature In Exile

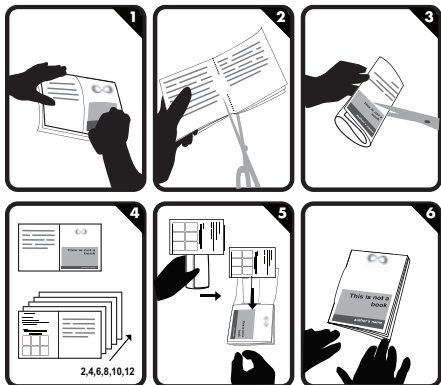
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2,4,6,8,10,12

Drops carve across the glow,
 seem to hover when lit.
 Ripples, faltering,
 plummeting suddenly,
 lashing below in great sheets.
 Mastheads of flaring winds,
 bearing the swells
 as they rise from the cobbles.

Lamplight

Underside

Shadows cast against concrete,
 washing over cracks and bumps,
 drawing the tortured surface
 into the underside.

In turn,
 the surrounding light is kindled,
 startling the eyes of passers-by,
 rushing ever forth.

Fingers scabble idly at pocket seams,
 forage between teeth,
 sturdily grasp tepid cups,
 patter a drumbeat on knees.
 They tense and retract
 as their owners fixate on flickering digits;
 pinpoints of light
 radiating promises of home.

Departures

Labradorite

Hewn from shimmering stone,
 it lays atop scrawled notebooks;
 an earthly crust to the ink core within.

A prism of thoughts,
 channelling feverish jots from their realm,
 casting shades of cerulean over form.

The aurora borealis ensnared in mineral,
 rich imagery surging from its woven fissures.

A fountain of tangled limbs,
 trembling in the breeze.
 Old timber murmuring,
 new branches yearning
 to lay fresh bark upon earth,
 amidst the pleasant sighs of travellers,
 their vision flooded by dazzling rays.
 Grooves vein through its trunk,
 splitting tree from downy moss;
 trenches courting into the tree's womb,
 a vestibule above outstretched roots.
 Roots that writhe towards brethren
 nestled deep in soil,
 together lapping gently at the water
 that seeps down from above.

Willow

Respite

Filthy wings flutter overhead,
 cutting through the stale air.
 Swift rustlings streak
 a hectic flow of commuters.

Ribbed claws come to rest
 on rafters and parapets,
 plodding around spikes
 littered with shreds of feathers;
 obelisks in miniature,
 trophies fastened to their points.

Whilst eyes flit to and fro,
 seeking abandoned scraps
 and havens of respite.

Towering over the throng below,
 brother sentries adorned with snide eyes,
 scythe beaks, crumbling teeth
 entrenched in rictus grins.
 Splits and cracks run the length,
 hollow weeds which race through
 curled talons and folded wings,
 poised to wrench free.
 Yet, these perch upon more docile figures;
 hands clasped over chests,
 benign faces at peace,
 content in their placing.
 There is no hierarchy here.

Totems

Plume

Gossamer wisps
 bloom in the barren air.

Tendrils vainly clutch for earth
 as they twirl and drift skywards.

Dissipating into the beyond,
 leaving only faint spectres of scent.

“Nearby lie the remains of William Blake”
 who beheld wild visions,
 snaring prophetic
 with paint and brush.
 His bones now harbour new growth,
 entwined with stone teeth
 which chitter arcane inscriptions;
 telling of those who have spent their stay.

Bunhill

Ritual

A solitary feather is staked
 in the perfect centre of the garden.

Did its owner shrug it off lazily,
 a chance bullseye?

A warning to be weary
 of prowlers in the bushes?

Perhaps even a landing marker,
 welcoming fellow kin?

It stands like the initiate in a ritual circle;
 shuddering slightly, but still rooted firm,
 as incantations from the crowd stream past.

What beast's crown did it stem from?
 This gnarled growth,
 striving to pierce the sky.
 This whirling gust,
 stagnated in horn.
 Now, enclosed by a brass cap,
 only powder traces of a lost skull
 still race across plains
 Ushered by whistling gales,
 sheltering in the recesses
 of ancient mud tracks.

Trophy

Emulsion

A diffused rainbow slick
 slathered over crater-ridden tarmac,
 the tide drooping towards the kerb
 like cool, iridescent lava.

It engulfs minute gorges and pits,
 forming celestial hued bodies of water
 tempered by the embrace of crude oil.

Voids for small creatures to wade through
 and emerge under reeling rubber,
 as it skims the leaked lifeblood of cars
 strewn diluted across the road.