

Poetry Series

**michael oliver**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## michael oliver(13-4-1948)

I started as a painter but a book of chinese poems brought when I was seventeen opened up a new world of ed writing.I go through phases am writing again at the moment, also taking photographs.It's a way of finding out what is s looking for the most concise way of saying and yet suggesting something bigger.

# 15th February 1997 - 15th February 2014

Winter casts remains - in February's chill  
A shiver - tremors of dad's leaving  
Assumpta est - bating his final delirium  
Trapped reminiscent in a Palestrina Motet

all the moulding and the holding  
His life of a certainty lived  
A freedom captive in everyday duty  
A world open - his world closed

At my looking and my asking  
Our lives celebrant in this passage  
Inspiration - my pencil - his final mask  
Now - to each his own - breath

'Johnny' ' Johnny ' about the cliché critiques  
A pictured field - real or lost  
A drama - plays ownership - whose possession?  
A call for a a final survival

' I will see you tomorrow - Goodbye '  
A kiss - soon - his dead hand  
Death warm - my words - unheard - unshared  
In tomorrow with his forever presence

michael oliver

# 1st Spring Four Liner

Now green now yellow  
The buds undecided rehearsal  
A rhythmic spring dance  
Into the summer performance

michael oliver

# A Homage To Knoxville

eau de nil room of dreams  
the open sash of summer's evening  
fragrant clematis climbs the sweetening air  
laziness seduced drifted into drugged breath

enchanted with a music of discovery  
youth swoons naked simple - unread eyes  
a white ceiling stares - thinks back  
clock ticking passes ticking time ticking

muses the time of future plenty  
peering from the doorsteps steep seat  
parents talk over the evening quiet  
the dogs at part time mischief

tall pine tree beside the water  
solitary beyond a climbing but friendly  
reflects with the water is watched  
as life swims it through the clarity

in silent night unknown frost  
a sky of points of stars sharp  
the moon full - spaces rooms bright  
ducks whisper the water on landing

a dye process from the past  
a bright of unreal - a Kodachrome  
of fugitive recall carefully metered out  
framed clicked onto a contemporary film

much used brige - I stand - watch  
cream white flowers hanging float suspended  
bright blue sky flowing with clouds  
water spread years around the Nymphae

michael oliver

## A Sonnet (What Garden?)

There in front of me unripe hardly formed  
Emerging from the fallen blossom  
By the early season sun just warmed  
Some apples round and yet to come  
green and small instants so becalmed  
Between being and not being one

My father stands along my side  
So lost and now being so alive  
Memories crowd and here reside  
All is and was cogent and live  
The apples to my mind confide  
Time is so made so to be with

The heart yearns with too much aching  
To live forever here, the now, the making

michael oliver

# After The Solstice

Branches play the veil of focus  
The ever blue is ever undecided  
After punctuation is a part parted  
A thrown definition in unwrapped flight

Look - a spread of flat expectancy  
Not the echoed space of the past  
Safe in a constant of speculation  
Yellow light equivocates from brick - works

Sudden rainfall and startled thunder clap  
Has no image nor musing fancy  
Sunshine elsewhere - against dark - deep blue  
Promises from the seasoned rain drop

The future is in memory mirrored  
Unproven but proved by its reflection  
Birdsong has not aroused it - yet  
In a swaddled certainty - it is.

michael oliver

# Alban

After prayer  
A single flame  
A silent note  
In infinity

michael oliver



# Autumn Morning

wind blown branches  
write in the air  
this the extent  
with our freedom

michael oliver

# Aware

wind ruffles the leaves  
the clock ticks the time away  
a white flower hides

michael oliver

# Axes

The dropped coins -silver -bright - shine  
Pondered at my feet - platform curated  
After thinking - I bend, pick them up  
Wait: get on the train - travel

A prosthetic revelation waits in embryo  
A chimera screamed for it's liberation  
Chipped, napped, laboured to uniqueness  
Until held high - the idea incarnate

Arranged as totem in a terrain  
Prettied by the multi shadowed pools  
This formal liturgy of lithic henges  
Remembers those hands those comfortable hollows

The quartz gleams as intended - pink  
A fulcrum to a new augment  
The stone larynx clears its throat  
A voice of deity and mortality

The landscape flows as - trees - fields  
Void of the Erectus foot prints  
Now a Gracile presence of - landscape  
All this - this - from one blow

michael oliver

# Bar Talk 1

unless you snuggle up to me

no

placing a stool

no

as she sits and sits again

michael oliver

# Bar Zen

Kkchink  
a fallen mug  
A grimace

michael oliver

# Barman

Bar man walks up  
Chews  
puts something behind the bar  
a pen -still- behind his ear

walks back

He bends down  
comes up with a bottle  
flips it  
walks round a corner

michael oliver

# Bored Fates

Sitting - two lone fates robbed of attention  
Beside a table of an empty usage  
Espied without fear of a single eye  
A couple balanced in a mutual isolation

Awe is melted for this huddled pair  
Ennui hunched, ennui blank and ennui sad  
Their task tucked away from our charity  
No words or correction or next 'friend'

Hair dyed to conceal times passed frailty  
Staring through the empty door of loneliness  
Hair picked with a lost repeated neurosis  
Eyes where a world of cliché sees

Glanced stripped of a part to play  
Unrehearsed in their role before the lines  
Drink their coffee drink their tea - lost  
Sidelined these women by themselves in themselves

michael oliver

# Brass Bowl- A Wedge With Six Variations

## The Wedge

The bronze bowl  
-once a concubine's  
Was later lifted  
- a queens basin  
The same nude  
-a different reverence

## Variation 1

Into bright yellow  
-the water runs  
Over asset white  
-of creature preening  
As smiles bloom  
-an evenings outcome

## Variation 2

As water splashes  
-from her flesh  
Its natural sound  
enchants the evening  
The giggled tense  
- of serious seduction

## Variation 3

Her slender arm  
-a white question  
An achieved unguent  
-of demure perfection  
The downcast eyes  
-ponder the expectation

## Variation 4



Emerging so private  
-meaning is applied  
Lips painted red  
-silk hush draped  
Bright jewels chime  
-innocence is removed

#### Variation 5

Red candles fade  
-yellow bowl removed  
Bright the rim  
-the sky colours  
Night poured away  
- morning a sigh

#### Variation 6

Water busy again  
-cascades and ripples  
A smile inflected  
-and thought refracted  
Her manner assures  
- a thought reflected

michael oliver

# Cat

Sharp the ear point of concentration  
- blue fur - turned and silhouette tuned

On wet grass - drip laden- posed  
- a shape - the task - silence fixes

This infinitesimal rain - a quiet -waits  
Now gone - bright green - no cat

michael oliver

# Celadon

Musing on the remains  
Some sweet yellow crumbs  
A drunk cappuccino clinging  
A stain of consumption  
This random of entropy  
Decorating the not noticed  
Everyday mess everyday pottery  
Another snack past deserted

The exhibits are serene  
Shown in silent display  
Encased in self perfection  
Ignoring themselves and us  
Peerless in the isolation  
Their sole reflection themselves  
A whispered Celadon presence  
Perfect diction in being

Levitating from the shelves  
The air is questioned  
Should you mould us?  
Should we mould you?  
A response is needless  
The shape is all  
The abstract of dialogue  
A fiction of ideals

The white cafe wear  
Subject to different display  
Stacked then a performance  
A humdrum of movement  
No critique in using  
The vernacular white anonymity  
As it chats away  
Through its fashioned life

The wan Korean aristocrats  
Disdaining the protecting glass  
What do they mean

With those delicate extras  
The necks stretching out  
To perfect the ratio  
As knowing lips kiss  
The self serving space

The space is seductive  
The vernacular is sidelined  
The synthetics of debate  
A few written lines  
But made is made  
Wrought into a form  
Brought into a life  
Our background as commentary

michael oliver

# Chells 1957

One sided off centre  
    we sit as family  
In two tone past  
    Being then being memory  
Dad yes self image  
    Mum the illness there  
And me-Half stated  
    in the space between

A family group photo  
    Attended by two dogs  
Candy the light one  
    Duke the black one  
Each mastering their space  
    Sitting and panting adoration  
We are shadows posing  
    A triptych of heirarchy

Where are we looking  
    Posing into the lens  
Issuing a mission statement  
    As we sit waiting  
For the shutters of time  
    To instruct our future  
The light of events  
    To cast the position

michael oliver

# Chells Memory

The metal black stove  
Cooled by nights decay  
Forever dads first task  
This cottage day renaissance  
He rakes away yesterday  
Now dust as detritus  
Quickens the new hearth  
Momentum for the wheel

I remembered the room  
With its sloping floor  
The table the chairs  
In place watching listening  
By lifes narrative tide  
Positioned scraped moved wove  
The present silly child  
Growing then naming chaos

Where is my mum  
Not here in memory  
Handing me a plate  
Walking through the gate  
A flash of material  
A face calling me  
To order my sense  
In making this formality

I laid and listened  
My mind quite inert  
daylight is about again  
The day is finite  
The green papered wall  
Stared at thought on  
From here there now  
Alive in my Eden

michael oliver

## Chells Memory 2

Wrapped in settling snow from the warm pink  
Flakes upon flakes upon patterns and soft geometry  
My dad pulls me and sled snow silent  
Him the single shape through flake and flake

On getting in home the breath is extinguished  
Warmth of different vapours the seer of hot aches  
The weight of wet clothes but a discomfort  
Sitting and steaming hands in the fire glow

Stars through my window danced upon by rime  
Somewhere the full moon shine eases the dark  
Covered I lay furtive with an unknown fear  
The cold of the space whispered to this hero

The last few nights when through another window  
An autumn wind turns midnight into a sanctuary  
This turning season places a summons upon chemistry  
And accompany its solo even with my ageing

michael oliver

## Chells Memory 4

Sunlight on oak leaves  
Reveals the windows open  
through this clear morning  
The barn warming speaks  
My mind on tiptoe  
The brightnes beckons  
Bacon singing sizzling upward  
Fixes all the moment

michael oliver



# Chells Memory 5

Mornings on my swing  
    In the apple shadow  
Riding for the theme  
    To call the dismount  
Then at the gate  
    Watching the aching fields  
As the bus stops  
    To rob my mind

michael oliver

# Coda

The smoke rises - the saxophone wanders  
The garden of orchestration - gently perfumed  
Autumn brushed - all is low sunlight  
The cat walks the green - idles  
The procession - Sundays next to Advent  
Turning and thinking upon the position  
The hold on the fruit - relaxes

michael oliver

## Coffe Shop No2

Not some shadows but random ripples  
The sunlight flow of my understanding  
Ideas over the river's forded bed  
The imposition of the water's watching

Last week in conversation buds decorated  
Forgotten conflicts and the day passaging  
Pastel flowers today become triumph's fade  
Leaves turn curl against the peach

White a flick amongst rosemary bloom  
Time touched in a present silence  
The world behind eases a grip  
Fresh soil primed into an instance

michael oliver

## Coffee Shop No2

Not some shadows but random ripples  
The sunlight flow of my understanding  
Ideas over the river's forded bed  
The imposition of the water's watching

Last week in conversation buds decorated  
Forgotten conflicts and the day passaging  
Pastel flowers today become triumph's fade  
Leaves turn curl against the peach

White a flick amongst rosemary bloom  
Time touched in a present silence  
The world behind eases a grip  
Fresh soil primed into an instance

michael oliver

## Definition

Poise with the pose  
'No no its "lartez" '  
That is the way  
It has to be said  
'No no its "lartez" '

His black eyes  
escape the debate  
Clout me out  
A fresh argument  
Forgetting "lartez"

michael oliver

# Departure

He goes

Not walking away

- yawning -

Content as purity

- a ritual possession -

- not letting go -

spring afternoon

- sunshine -

Days unseasoned in his checked jacket

The yellow Palace

- pool-

- fallen petals -

- pink -

Dropped soft

-as trees reflection -

Lay on grass

Drift on ripples

Clouds on the surface blue sky

michael oliver

# Down There

The ageing church fades  
Stone pales with centuries  
nature senses it's sorrow  
wrapping it in autumn

michael oliver

# Duck

A still is silent  
shape suspended - between  
Pebble - Water - Air  
sunshine and shade  
The drake - parades  
grey - dark purple  
round - oval - Is  
a drake asleep  
Sheen of water  
flows broken past  
Reflections - Light - Thought  
never the same  
Is silent as still  
The mind inquires  
A shape resolved  
between  
Pebble - Water - Air

michael oliver



# Evening Haiku

a town's evening  
a black dragonfly wings by  
the brickwork eats it

michael oliver

# Fall

As the autumn tosses  
The rustle bustle chills  
The leaf so alone  
At the approaching goodbye

michael oliver

# First Spring Haiku

people miss the tale  
walking in the spring  
of sun and trees  
published by the shadows

michael oliver

# Flags

The three red flags  
Their announcement is ignored  
Survival is their concern  
Crackling in the air

michael oliver

## Four Line Haiku

passing colour  
a dead pheasant  
on the grass  
beside the road

michael oliver

## Fourteen Lines

Smoking in the door  
Smoking from the rain  
Loud at night experts  
Hellow Geezer through traffic  
I remember explaining anatomy  
On his ripped torso  
While my mate prattled  
His prophetic religion spiel  
Prognostication flowing from him  
Albinus and Vesallius quietude  
My certainties soft bloom  
Now in this passing  
I am recognized 'Geezer'

michael oliver

# From The Black Book February 17th 2014

Above the roofs - the dormers - bright - white  
clouds then walls and now red bricks

In shadow - a man - blue - stands - smokes  
Salutes his mouth with quick quick precision

So into the barbers - another soon follows  
Sunlight - empty - white the shop's window bars

The street frames  
- everyday -  
figures occupied  
- under -  
Recognition of a red white spiral

2

The conversation of a betrayed Pavane  
Coffee to those lined gossip lips  
Heads nod with broken unison - rhythm  
elegant a finger supports a neck  
Open hands express - deliver and  
as pose - the statements comment on

michael oliver

## From The Bridge Revised Version

The white blossom suspends  
A spring sharp impermanence  
An uneven surface script  
River water flows away  
It floats and takes  
As in the wiltng  
As in the dropping  
The remains upon the film  
The narrative support queries  
And reflective light replies  
With the ever word  
A water attached quality

michael oliver



# From The Notices

3

Two squirrels - stop their retreat - test danger  
A claw - the whole tensions suspends - about  
A single eye - about - a single eye  
The point of the poised body - looks

I cannot see you - I am invisible  
With my clinging - I am the hiding  
The tree is all I need - see  
My green bark - it's rough provision - suffices

4

Image idled through the work place window  
Bright green - hop and hop - a Magpie  
Sunshine glare sleekly flicked from its tail  
Reflects - occupations - tied - by a flashing ray

5

A clatter of sparrows shout in conflict  
Flying hormones - woven -rattle in the branches  
Stop! - Stop! Just stop! - tangled in screams  
The chaos of creation - continues in thorns

michael oliver

# From This Bridge

From this bridge of time's shadow  
The white blossoms suspend the machinery  
Its impermanence withheld spring bright sharp

The stream flows an uneven script  
A revel of light rolling soliloquy

As after the wilting and dropping  
Petal white absolves with inert narrative

Upon reflection what is the change?  
The ever quality the water word  
Has a permanence bright spring clear

michael oliver

# Giving It Large A Homage To S.D.

Under the lamp  
under the sodium  
a yellow quick clasp  
Well mate how does  
-release not release  
greeted then gone  
-old wisdom - we wont-

round the corner

Who's giving it large  
I was not giving it large  
I was not giving it large  
I was not giving it large

- a kids pleadom -  
- ham fisted ham acted-  
- loud voiced -  
- rough voiced -  
- scream shout woman -  
- betrayed - undelayed - displayed -  
- as expected -  
- the black cardigan breasts -  
- of gestured jabs -  
- from fat shoulders -  
- arms round open -  
- flat hands -  
- soap opera -  
- learning -  
- soap opera -  
- questions -

He thin  
- a puppet -  
- thin cigarette held -  
Spoke smoke  
- into -  
- leant to -

- into -
- a fractious haze -
- with friction -

Of social housing intensity  
A street blood sport

I was not giving it large  
I was not giving it large  
Who said giving it large  
I did not say you were giving it large  
I did not say you were giving it large

The frenetic of forgetting  
To smoke  
To breathe  
I was not giving it large  
I did not say you were giving it large  
-etc - by etc -etc - by etc...

michael oliver

# Hellenic Rewrite

We eat in this Hellenic pseudo sphere  
The salt day seasoned bacon baguette  
Particular Greek blonde with dark streaks  
And shadpwed 'Eh' a glissando darkens

Trim performance in black and white  
As diheveilled forks arrange endless talk  
English adequacy not our mysterious understanding  
Their laughter their business their world

Lost black eyes he still limps  
To troubled hips white shirt tapers  
Undone collar medallion weaves silver glints  
Fine chest hair made a modesty

At the corner table actors snugged  
Fabric rehearses thigh curve promise  
V necked theme chest hair mist  
Chips and ketchup hear a confession

Reclining, relieved, critical, ginger hair thinning  
Spoonng her latte giving audience  
Her mute husband her mute grandson  
A domain stated under blue influence

Their formal youth accepted, ties shirts  
A statement loud of large buttocks  
A table presented and menus introduced  
Immediate the satisfaction of wishes, orders

Hellenic the connection of the air  
The seeking service of these exiles  
An orchestra of a lost drama  
Their world their laughter their business

Entrapment stalks white in this premise  
Large light lost abounds wall imprisoned  
A single standing a single staring  
Passing the longing of the street

michael oliver

# Hmph 1

I've missed summer again  
Already apples are ripening  
And autumns bird song  
From where? So soon?

michael oliver

## Hmph 2

So idyllic  
My innocence  
Now dissonance  
reveals its pain

michael oliver



## Hmph 3

Two white pigeons tumbling  
The streets clear space  
Today their circling playground  
Tomorrow another market day

michael oliver

# Ink

Against the sky  
The leaves and seeds  
Await my brush  
And betrayal

michael oliver

# It's Winter

Hanging in the stillness  
The memory of birdsong  
And nudity of trees  
Pleading with the sun

michael oliver

# Jade Immortality

Red silk link tablets

-jade by jade

Mark a once space

- of mortal wish

Now a private immortal

-cased in silence

Her inclined features

-through the stare

How close am I

-the ache apparent

Her inquiring look yearns

-at the response

The dream is made

-of endless life

The solitary plaques unanimous

-declaim the reality

The shape is itself

-its own reply

michael oliver

# July Again

Solid sunlight while leaves hold stillness  
Somewhere blooms fragrant cloud the air  
The open window allows a density  
Eternal day motionless and breath thick

Such days I once had a family  
Such days I once had clarity  
Such days I once was deluded  
such this day touched my mortality

michael oliver

# Just Outside

Sunlight on the leaves  
A seductive tale yet  
Movement murmurs some doubt  
With the cooling shadows

michael oliver

# Lady Chapel

in the stone forest  
silver cannot but reflect  
passions silent scream

michael oliver

## Lady Chapel 2

Surviving crude above the greenery  
A wooden Virgin a wooden Child  
With blank stares of answering Divinity  
Three flames offered from mute candles

michael oliver



# Latin 'Arrival'

Before a prophet comes  
- things look different  
They dress in apology  
- and an uncertainty  
touched by their time  
of static days  
And silent trees watching  
- the waiting stars

The spring of entirety  
- the garden's delight  
Of green names grown  
- flowered with creation  
Until a fruit encountered  
- from another garden  
Set the cycle afresh  
- though waiting stars

An infinity pushed aside  
- by the rational  
And passion's necessary eclipse  
- the remains eternal  
A world so muddled  
- by never being  
Moving round the augury  
- of waiting stars

Here in mid winter  
- as grey days  
Accents the solstice stillness  
- I walk home  
The limited self consoled  
- lighting a candle  
A night sky explained  
- of waiting stars

michael oliver

# Leaves

Sighing with their colour  
The leaves are lost  
Drifting here and there  
Abandoned by the year

michael oliver

## Leaves 2

White the first frost  
Melted farewells  
Glide with shed tears  
Leaves to the ground

michael oliver

# Long Day

lowering the blinds  
the waning moon  
surprises me  
from privacy

michael oliver

## Long Day 2

on closing the blinds  
the waning moon startles  
a fading voyeur  
on my privacy

michael oliver

# Looking At The 'Hepworth'

The unflowed marble becomes introspective  
A gastrulation of its whiteness  
To draw a spacial nourishment  
From the occassional placed context

Recognizing of the black hair  
Chinese cut curved then gone  
To Moore's sketches in bronze  
Intimations concatenations of passed relations

The opening through sn object  
The material through the subject  
This single of two minds  
Now a probabilitiy seen realized

Amongst the yellow and white  
Talked once and again downstairs  
She is still my memory  
I another person gallery passing

michael oliver

# Moonlight

under the pascal moon  
the leaves are starting  
in the night light  
they continue their blooming

michael oliver

# My Holy

While at Christian tea over the desk  
Asked the white collared guru  
So what is Holy?  
The gentle claptrap of church speak  
Orbiting about praise and acknowledgement  
So God is a celestqal numb nuts?  
OK. Yeah. But what is Holy?

About this parrotted litany  
Could you survive Rilke's angel?  
Lust for Michealangelo's cosmic erato?  
Has the horse tossed you off on the way to Damascus?  
Is the knife ready to cut the throat?  
Heard the hurricane blast as infinitesimal whisper?  
Shouted at the pain Lemi Lemi Sabacthani?  
Where is the kick of Zen?  
Where the shock of resonance?

As dusk approached - simply - drawing  
a BB on white paper  
Focus - an early spring bud  
So before me this trial  
Observed - and mystery - Holy  
This prosaic becomes an infinity  
And yesterday just a tangerine  
Some Chinese ink, a brush, movement  
A Shaman danced on rice paper

michael oliver



# My Holy (Revised Version)

The Christian cup of tea - handed and asking  
Asking the stiff white collared guru  
Askig the collar - So what is Holy?  
The clap trap of church speak delivered - Squawk!  
Flapping the orbit of praise and acknowledgement  
Defining God as a celestial numb nuts  
OK-Yeah - BUT - What is Holy

Can you wrestle Rilke's angel  
Emerging with a crippled reverence

Lust after Michaelangelos cosmic Erato  
Daring to touch beauty with a pink finger

Will the knife new realized at the precious throat  
Confirm the exile and the instinct Holy

Hidden by the cave -frightened of the imagined Holy  
That echo whisper darking the volcano and the wind

Thrown down petrified in a sunlit courtyard  
While the comforter quickens the Lapiz Lazuli womb

At the extremis of pain memory rebels  
Shouting at the closing sky Lemi Lemi Sabacthani

Ok - Yeah - BUT- 'What is Holy'  
Is all this Holy? so what - or

the spring buds confident and green  
a BB pencil leaves its dust  
an evening so transformed - Holy

ink ground, brush wiped, movements  
the lines, the washes and omissions  
the shaman dances Holy on rice paper

michael oliver

## Notices 8 The Shrine

Gods become - etched from the pale sandstone  
A formal walk of Deities in procession  
A wheaten cone - a supplication - is considered  
Accepted - the offered bread - confirms this presence

See my bestowed silence in this timely cloak  
See me revealed - as your beliefs revelation  
Questioned - understood - the articulate - The 'I was'  
My unfathomed - 'Am' - in this perpetual frame

michael oliver

# Observation

A tall bloke talks  
A short bloke listens  
And on his face  
A question

A smudge  
A blue tear  
Below his eye  
Tattooed

michael oliver

# Observing

The land low wet  
The clouds are bored  
Making far off hills  
Cushions for their ennui

michael oliver

# On Coffee Shop No 1

The head turns - the space burrowed  
Black eyes - wedged in the eye corner  
Across the bridge of annoyed connection  
meets the critical look of intrusion

A white blouse - a cream bag  
A tied headscarf - an aura of self  
The assumption skims - but locked away  
Against the duck egg blue wall

The latte stirred with closed clinks  
Above the froth - the jaw moves  
A habit - food - past events chewed  
Her privacy is her own battle

michael oliver

# On Entering

Dementia gone  
A widow now  
A hand extends  
To lose her tears

michael oliver

# On Spring

Buildings stretch their colours  
The winter inertia  
Sheds at the blossoms call  
And birds gentle airs

I sit. look - wondering  
Situating my green tea  
In sunlit grass passed by  
With pious ritual

The rosemary flowers  
Then the sheening trunk  
To plum bloom metaphors  
The mind future wanders

Colour makes us lazy  
A redundant appreciation  
Moments are soon forgot  
We see - know- all without thought

michael oliver

# Outside

the wind and branches  
one helps the other  
write their own fate  
as moving chit chat

michael oliver



# Painting Virgil

Glancing out the window - Arcades Ambo Wham Whoa  
Immediate. Those perfect dreams - Of failed painted boughs  
Fallen their leaves. Unrealized - Dry under times foot  
Withered as disappointed thoughts - Closeted by the shade  
Of a shriven humility - At imaginations uneasy negation

The yew bower arch - Green dark against grey  
As cartoon youths play - their flat shepherd game  
Limned with correct compliments - A compleat pastiche attempted  
The pastoral enacted with - Dialogue mute and endless  
Imagined entire to itself - My deluded path peoples

michael oliver

# Quatrain On The Cusp

Somewhere - birdsong - somewhere  
The grey air is pining  
cold -speaking - proclaiming  
the gloom of elegy

michael oliver

# Rain Haiku

Through the evening  
The scent of the lime blossom  
Weighed down by raindrops

michael oliver

# She Walks Away

She walks away receding  
A framed hardship  
Once she chased boys  
A child's different corridor  
A mind alive then  
The moment is grasped  
As step by step  
Today is no more

Today a gloved hand  
Blue against the softness  
Caressed her breast flesh  
As the pink yielded  
This way that way  
To a palpable neutrality  
Until there just there  
A lump has appeared

Today is already yesterday  
As step by step  
To tomorrow ah tomorrow  
The grip loses moment  
Revelations will stream on  
Chasing a lost appearance  
Still walking away receding  
With her own spectre

michael oliver

## So On

full moon rises  
along the street  
even lamposts  
bow their heads

michael oliver

## Something About Dawn

Out there sky unfurls into daytime  
Recalls a sunrise of youths first touching  
As abstraction whorled into a sensation presented  
A dawn on fire with its proof

Air orange with the flags burnished ascendance  
The night wept tears kissing the mist  
As cattle continued grazing on familiarity  
While, golden, Asavins leap from the page

The sun heraldic, tips the poised balance  
Sheet of waking shone across the stillness  
The land open - its bird song arms  
Embrace - the union promised by day's temptation

michael oliver

# Spring Moon

In the star field  
The moon shining  
A bright token  
Calling on life

michael oliver

# Squirrel

after a freeze frame flight  
a squirrel's black eye watches  
the returned question

michael oliver



# Streetlife

1

In spring four months dusk  
Lighting my homeward evening walk  
the stars with deliberate ascendancy  
Adjust the horizon's cloud line

2

In pub through glass interiors  
The fragments of ignored sound  
No - some one sips entertainment  
The raucous of a seduction  
All teeth and outcome eyes

3

Calm at the idle memorial  
Girls humble to their mobiles  
Fashion bears a naive stomach  
A gentle curve predicting gravidity  
Beyond masks of innocent chatter

4

Marcus passes - over the road  
Loose with alcohols ambled asymmetry  
A pleasant of unco-ordination  
Bemused smiling within his world

5

On the other pavement discerned  
Arms and legs oscillate silhouettes  
Beneath the yellow light fall  
A tangle of fecund expletives  
Resolve about some resolving route

michael oliver

## Subodh's Haiku

Flutter of bright green  
A bird sings an Autumn song  
To corrupt the spring

michael oliver

# Summer 1

Blue shirt with badge  
Neat dress, neat hair  
Announcing God  
As an excuse?

michael oliver

## Summer 2

A blemished head  
Flesh to the waist  
Hair on belly  
Why again why

michael oliver

## Summer 3

loosely loping  
the morning asked  
this hot sunlight  
is it hard work?

michael oliver

# Summer Haiku /13

1

hiding from the heat  
in shadows lime blossom scent  
fanning the coolness

2

a night in stasis  
the soundless storm prediction  
each leaf is counting

3

the butterfly thoughts  
a boy attempts a capture  
among the yellow

4

with autumns first taste  
the cobwebs moving question  
a cool draft inspires

5

as the river flows  
sunlight touches in passing  
a memory's pool

6

the sky announces  
the clouds part as deference  
August perfect moon

michael oliver

# Sunlight On Her Face

Sunlight on her face  
Her neutral form passes  
A lit measured passage  
White hair and shoes

Her growing age illuminated  
The restrained gait spirals  
Into steps or shuffles  
Age's sly stubborn onset

Each meant step loose  
Converses with the cobbles  
Eloquent the gripped white  
Her time in plastic

Sat on the bench  
Peace with her space  
She looks inwards smiles  
Smiles in the sunlight

michael oliver



# Tea Bowl

tea bowl in hand  
all reflection  
green tea surface  
my idle mind

michael oliver

# The Brighton Poem - Work In Progress

I live a prophecy  
As homage to Mann  
And Bogarde's smug smile

Same draped  
The white shirt  
The yellow tie  
The sea blue  
The white paper  
Coloured pencil  
Uncovered definition

Sea striped some light some dark  
Sky stripes of cloud muddle perception  
No Tazio just man and sea  
No Tazio just sea and me  
I lean on the green rail  
My tailored jacket on my arm  
Unsure of that water or land  
The world stretched of free perplexity

The cool anatomy past and effortless  
The memory of craft's man days  
A single page on an opening  
We both stand with eye contact

The image remains sure on recall  
Fixed on the page by time  
The place fixed by today's freedom  
The sea by line advances recedes

The thin enticement of the strand  
A strip of realism sans understanding  
A cool texture of light  
It is where to be sometime

The Brighton Poem - the second opening

My single pen lets it's ink  
flow by my arm's forced ideas  
the moment ad - libbed into words  
From mute the roaring imperative writes

Standing facing the slip of ocean  
Here we abide mute and shining  
Once drawn once written once spoken  
Nodded to as this day's genesis

A single figure descends the ramp  
Pebbles and sea ascend to greet  
The core the life even ageing's  
Beckoned line lies ahead with looks

Watched from this green rail above  
I walk the short line undecided  
The mouth dry a slight hunger  
Unsated of some beckoned present realism

My simple figure climbs the ramp  
remember pebbles and sea fall away  
Arriving elsewhere with wished lost friends  
clouds breeze sun mine to share

michael oliver

# The Autumn Sonata

-the flower is turning - this is today's game  
memory along with hedges - prove to be obscured  
the Te Deum of desire is confounded by leaves  
as slumber creeps upon the sense shaped

locked in its abuse - the quiet soul - existential  
- a question - a relief - beckoned by fading lanes  
frames - now painted village walls - some score partridge  
- a hobbled discretion - intent - on feeding - random graze

- branched touch the earth - each one a genuflection  
the world found again - a course is closing  
the infinite - now a warm space - a single room  
a song robin defined - final in compass

my bell - treble precise - sounds - a bloomed mark  
well repeated vows - a wedding - alternate investment  
- loops of festooned ropes - mystery hung - cast shadows  
'Look to - the trebles going - she is away'

- luck lays by a form - a four-leafed clover  
the topic dropped - discarded - the wan sunlight forgets  
below - a congregation's chorale - a patriotic Holst gusto  
seasons this marriage day - as the veil dissolves

michael oliver

# The Autumn Sonata - Second Movement - Metaphor

Bus terminal - there muse pastel trees - medieval haunted  
The tenor sings -drunken - dischord intense - days mellow  
Breath - a single contentment - a once opulence - sigh  
Civic lined - high arched the mute white quoins

Parliament square - tilts the architecture echo - haze murmured  
A time once strode - importance worn -acknowledged nods  
Abeyances articulated from the shadows of pedestrian lives  
Personal harvest - now -outside - diners continue discourse

The hair just set - and jewels wrist poised  
At lunch - a blues - ennui of sybarites posture  
A woman waits - the smiling waiter - peak hair  
Black and white and efficient and briskly gliding

David takes our order -confit du canard - 'Cheeps'  
White - shirt leaning forward - notepad - presence beside me  
'Pardon' - 'with cheeps' - 'Yes please' - I think  
Watch him walk away - watch him walk away

A spring blossom - the turning flower - wisdom plays  
- now - a Tanist's time - the oak leaves passed  
- as leaves begin to turn -burnish - and fall  
David's in 'Spanish' performance - hopes on a Paris trip

michael oliver

# The Benin Head

Not looking fixed on no somewhere  
Somewhere in the viewers invaded psyche  
The eyes hover around an incommunicado  
Ideal cheeks, ideal skin, lips inviting  
They speak, mystery, our untouched mystery

The coned hair launched this journey  
Eyes glided as an awed affection  
Cheek brushed a regal metal skin  
Note the ears quick sketched arabesques  
All resolve the caste of homage

Within the bronze dark her hauteur  
Ideas are repulsed as disrespects  
We faun around this deep gravitas  
A life encased in assured statuary  
Lost to our ignorance of passing

michael oliver

# The Birds Of A Winter Evenings

The unmoving of the air sings the midwinter sigh  
Trees being unheard veils of the summer memory  
Their thin rhythm hold the alighted evening notes  
A suggested whisper in the dusk sky emptiness

These bird placed improvisations lilt with some aria  
In the fabric of the turning seasons slumber  
A winter air lullaby a roosted moments harmony  
To the wan sun and the year's setting

michael oliver

# The Blush Of Apples

Those eleven apples  
A seasons festoon  
Green slowly defeated  
And blush triumphant  
So apples ripen  
An aide existential

Innocent they'll fall  
Picked or blown  
The natural way  
As things go  
The Autumn conclusion  
Sung in unison

michael oliver



# The Blush Passed

the apples lay fallen  
Waiting in the grass  
The branch so relieved  
Sprung back into shape

michael oliver

# The Brighton Poem - Third Opening

the sea all sea

- a lit bright boundary
- proscribes my lasting now
- here and past colluding
- with innocence long caught
- now called in contemplation
- a constant inquiry prescribed
- for minds touched ease

not it's own answer

- but its own inquiry
- it is in telling
- a psalm told belief
- known from it's being
- within the movements name
- and being unkown questions
- the universal kept sense

and present rooms distraction

- the talk talks on
- and half eaten burgher
- with this fascinated cheese
- and scenes smooth sequence
- and my mind invests
- and raked eye lives
- with tales unfathomed now

this tale now turns

- discerned on a quiff
- and his fixed eye
- forever lost in him
- the gestures speak covert
- into an ochre back
- about the room people
- their transient orbit continue

I read my Popper

- sip perry an aftethought
- easy with this singular

- behind me the sea  
here an open page  
- Tiepolo draws attention  
and Inigo Jones acknowledges  
- from his front cover

up from the sea  
-down to the sea  
rust dyed hair laughing  
- pale skin in boots  
a chattering of unco-ordination  
- there a sheltered arm  
guides to a car park  
- and into soft shadow

the ochred attention rises  
- pauses to the quiff  
watched caresses his arm  
- a question tube formed  
a silent rush is  
- then is not no  
an eternal moment known  
a transitory permission granted

the triple discourse cool  
- the epee at Eton  
the queens house Greenwich  
- Tiepolo's washed brushed drawings  
the passing traffic passes  
- managers curved grey belly  
James's clean white trousers  
-my unsure knee twinges

the quick texts sent  
- the quick texts incoming  
the smile the noticing  
- the introduction the talk  
is this me me  
- out of the hermitage  
to become the priory  
- and amour of cloisters

the sea bright sea  
- the flecked band sea  
the unsure sea seen  
- but not known knowing  
a chance of remembering  
- being sea flecked seduction  
the object of this  
- the oscillation of pilgrimage

verify this sea today  
- here the justification is  
as luton church cedes  
- to the other minarets  
as the Shard chills  
- as the wheels scream  
as the sun sets  
- a comfortable landscape approaches

michael oliver

# The Hitchin Poem No1

.....On a mobile

A walked meander listening -with his world  
This way that way - a maze path  
Of an absorbed conversation - and confused shadow  
A passing shape inclined - to unaddressed anatomy  
Where the untraced torso - or buttock curve  
To attempt the punctuation - or state singularity  
this public monologue passes - a failed assay  
Doodled by his phone - one summer afternoon  
Breeze touched by sunlight.....

michael oliver

# The Horse's Nose (Final Version)

Rearing up a remnant from disasters unchaste chatter  
Their heads blown away they breathe new thoughts  
A reformation's gasp unnoticed alive in a corner  
As soft noses sniff the air of survival  
Saved by the bi - millenia of tucked shadow  
The delicate scent nascent with demos and self

That soft muzzle tells the lie of our image  
It's classic - intransigence melted by the cream marble  
The dream is smashed - replaced by this reality  
A once Athenian flesh a rare incident translated  
Reassured a lasting - enacted under the blue skies  
Reruns this acclaimed drama plays for today's seduction

michael oliver

# The Lark Ascending. Some Thoughts From An English Churchyard -12th September 2012

1

Through autumns slow warmth  
    zephyrs mild dialogue  
The theme birds improvise  
    the shadows capture  
All this platonic talk  
    defies the telling  
A butterfly settles drinks  
    the reflective sunlight

2

Flowers colour the grave  
    ashimmer with breeze  
Catch shards of light  
    tremble at nature  
As prayer and remembering  
    blown to where  
The shadows of community  
    precede an infinity

3

A life a tracery  
    spur the speculation  
A few light lines  
    an articulate history  
Fading as the recall  
    a past halo  
And this unclear letter  
    is todays certainty

michael oliver

# The Music Poem

We had finished lunch - the routine properly followed

a sunlit southern window  
    opposite the cool other  
outside a summer afternoon  
    so lunch so finished  
in some corner playing  
    the radio goes unheard  
into the carpets infinity  
    I lay flat peering  
flicking the occasional pile  
    nosing its dry dust  
sprawling and wasting just  
    just passing and just

trying to be good  
    conjuring an instructed rest  
but the sun falls  
    upon the carpet maze  
but the sun falls  
    sliding over the paintwork  
but the sun falls  
    warming the bare shutters  
but the sun falls  
    mindful through the glass  
falling on dad's chair  
    leaning watching aware unaware  
the green leatherette cool  
    in a short while

in a proto lotus  
    and a proto ennui  
my childhood simple reverie  
    with my single orbit  
sunlit by the room  
    the house paces memory  
moves with all stillness  
    the architecture being laid  
to now known familiar



where am I here  
made from it's time  
on the outside lane  
shaped its enclosed mood  
searching it's unknown rooms

but no pose satisfies  
the stifled inner motion  
as daily rhythm is  
the daily rhythm is  
'Listen with Mother' sometime  
I listen alone though  
I waste what though  
solitary but not alone  
no attempts to question  
these formalities of love  
alone in this room  
alone with my obedience  
my mind looks inwards  
there the music plays

tears are my response  
to maybe some Mozart  
called from a somewhere  
a transient maybe sadness  
that Mozart tells me  
he also had known  
and mutual tears fell  
the music is so sad  
the music is so sad  
and order was disrupted  
I run to mum  
the music is so sad  
does she understand understanding  
her arms hold me  
is this the comfort  
to equal the music

it is still alive  
so much for me  
an old deep happening  
forged into my psyche

now dressed to suit  
    or displayed in decoration  
this so private nudity  
    at a central nucleus  
beset by its enchantment  
    with finding calm congress  
for the sunlit room  
    the unaffected afternoon peace  
of unworded mood thoughtful  
    at play with me  
as I become inevitable  
    by the real music

a discontent soft formed  
    drawn by that circumstance  
formed from the finiteness  
    of its disappointed schism  
a realized music impelling  
    a free born excuse  
to run and search  
    the music is so sad  
this music is so sad  
    so tracing this locus  
tears helpless still well  
    ripped from the meself  
by that lone reality  
    a life's melodic imperative  
the music is so sad

.....

michael oliver

# The Olney Poems

1

So through the dark  
A recalled reality touched  
With the unsteady ease  
Found in the debris  
OF some lost self  
Stood there and waiting  
A look of accusation  
That stroked our conscience

2

The space of slavery  
Carried the forelocks acceptance  
Dip the guilty finger  
in times Holy stoop  
Congratulate our present freedom  
of these presented blessings  
A forelock touched again  
The game plays on

3

And make the lace  
To continue a life  
Intricate Fragments of desperation  
Provide an incidental decoration  
A price so agreed  
To enjoy a flower  
And share the light  
Of the communal bounty

4

Cowper brushed his teeth  
Daily we passed by  
Newton climbed his pulpit  
We preached the land  
They wrote their hymns  
We escaped with drink  
Today the forelock touched  
Respecting their entwined lives

5

God roams his garden  
With dances of creation  
Proclaiming the ever paradise  
With an outstretched hand  
Inviting our forelocks touch  
The fruit still entrances  
Our obsessed nudity declines  
From its cultured slavery

michael oliver

# The Robin

The cut grass thrown random allows  
Single askance stalks - mind jerk blades  
Sprung from mowing - a scattered rebellion  
Lone claims - defiant - against neat imposition

Nowhere - now - a fluttered surprise  
Thrill of wings - crisp - red breasted  
In this dewshine sun morning  
Not the round ' Ah ' of Christmas

A Robins eye - a Robins beak  
Purposes action - hunts - by entrechat ripples  
Slick quick - gleans the structure - finds  
Then - 'Hello mate'- something to eat

michael oliver

# The Shillington Strophes

Twilight, a mute textile  
Eye wandered fabric  
Ripens the golden dust  
Wefting with the present

Graves mark the known now gone  
Scythed the seasons cut grass  
Whose hay feeds somewhere  
Singing of reflection

As all thing make focus  
Lensed with a pilgrimage  
The distance is passing  
Beneath the sun's setting

michael oliver

# The Six Wet Summer Haiku

1.

the uncontrolled hedge  
the garden roses define  
summers attraction

2

the river passing by  
rain informing its progress  
with rippled whispers

3

with the summer rain  
romance of honeysuckle  
sadly washed away

4

through the evening  
the scent of the lime blossom  
weighed down by raindrops

5

wind ruffles the leaves  
the clock ticks time away  
a white flower hides

6

waiting darkness  
window open  
rainfalls rhythm  
closes the day

michael oliver

# The Stream Unstopped

The thought was to play  
A play of times conundrum  
A plastic of some infinity  
A simple moment of glimpse  
A grasp of living thought

The lean of the morning tree  
Invites a climb to view  
Apples autumnal with the sun

On summer oak leaves sunlight  
It's warmth on the barn  
Coaxes movement from it's aches

Hedges ripe with cool mist  
A webbed harvest bush gathered  
On a loop of twig

A flash across clear blue  
The quick red glider launched  
Private as Morley's meadow's green

Their impact a temporary mark  
A small and moment limited  
As the abrupt cycle traced  
The circle onward kept moving  
Unspoiling in a determined orbit

Sounds at mornings long light  
Words notng the words inexpert  
The sparrow chicks day greeting

An Aubade laid by hens  
Dew skimmed fleck grass mused  
My tea bowls doorstep acoustic

Looking over the dew drench  
Whose rainbow always follows us  
Me Charlie up the hill



The lime trees scent seduces  
Bee sung with its sweetness  
Madrigals at the morning sun

The thought is at play  
Times conundrum plays itself out  
This plastic of still infinity  
The simple of finite touch  
Grasped and then is - no!

michael oliver

# The Third Hitchin Poem

over there the game unravels  
a hormone dance on cobbles

there is laughter  
-laughter at bud breasts  
-laughter at play attraction  
-laughter that bends double  
-laughter that screened image  
-laughter knowing at unknowing

Where unknowing  
-at an arm bent  
-at some bronze flesh  
-as language mirrors  
-as a measure danced  
-as unknown and unknown

as pose posited  
and invested with disinterest

careless projected  
air tossed detected  
game taut  
play caught

pocket thrust  
-watched and  
-head turned  
-and watched  
-head turned  
-pocket thrust

Shoulder back  
-back glance  
-back arched  
-play on  
-pout lips  
-his pink  
-his mustard

and watched  
-acting that game  
-actuating that game  
- a dialogue discourse  
-as affectation  
-as effected  
-as reflected  
-and reacted

watched and

There the white clouds  
There clear space and  
Blue beyond clouds and  
A game weaves and

michael oliver

# The Verger

the verger

-amiable

wears a white top

rights the lady chapel

The Catholic priest

- ingenué

Smiles at his flock

Clutches the Silver

michael oliver

# Them Winter Branches

And here I am again  
Enigma seasoning  
Feeling and eluding  
As words fail the abstract  
Lines dissecting the sky

confronted by fine twigs  
A criss-cross confusion  
Naked on the light sky  
Of blue, or grey, or fog  
And this and that and but

Surviving the until  
Ignored - look - look - ignored  
Light's splinter hanging - there  
The thinnest crescent moon  
Untouched - Perfect- Complete

Hope in embryo buds  
This their searching finding  
In this one cold instant  
Limits of comprehension  
In lights obliteration

Snow will fall and soften  
The statements intention  
Birds will be supported  
They will wave in the wind  
Drip rain - but continue

michael oliver

# Three Cambridge Haiku

1

college is over  
miasma along the streets  
the well known beer breath

2

and window passing  
the blossom of walking men  
hiding just held hands

3

passing through their shade  
willows are caught in a dream  
a white veil billowed

michael oliver

# Three More Homage To 'Jj'

1 to be a maitre d'

leaning on the bar  
with a white shirt  
with bored black eyes

walking to the window  
walking with a limp  
walking with a shrug

staring at the street  
nothing is with passing  
nothing is with daylight

past the diners returns  
past the with coffees  
past the with talk

resumes with his leaning  
still white shirt with  
those solitary black eyes

2 the clinical interior

- the clinical interior  
the eating postures - the smooth fork  
hold the subject - I remember you  
You had two - yes he had  
another had three - bits of tomato  
the analysis continues -

3by a window

though together they seem apart  
in cool grey in cool light  
a silent prayer of distracted pose  
and some finesse removed from acknowledgement

the cup cupped in feminine hands  
nor speaking not looking but rapport  
he stands she arranges their food  
she then speaks he sitting listens

michael oliver



# Through Glass

Summer sun  
Beside the river  
Every one dressed  
In what they think  
Their best fantasy

michael oliver

# Tick Tock

tick tock tick tock  
now here now gone  
the clock marks much  
so much too much

michael oliver

# To A Style

Through the broken hedges  
A style is realised  
And a word alone  
And a gap noticed  
And leaves left by leaves  
And a field beyond  
And not without style  
And choice of image  
And with a wood style  
A photo if captured  
Invaded by the past  
Can now never quicken

michael oliver

# To Cambridge

and beside me  
and travelling

Studying notes  
Grasping the fact  
The fraught features  
Looks again reads

and so beyond  
and travelling

After hedges  
The so blue sky  
Lets planes and clouds  
Each one some space

and so onward  
and travelling

michael oliver

## To Li Po

Leave holding frantic against the fury  
The moon hangs attraction - a bight  
Isolation - the shine of eternity - hung  
Untouched - aloof from the Autumn winds

- a night black pool - treasure floats  
Rippled danced - a harvest allure - easy  
Eludes a capture - eludes the peace  
Drunk - drowned in the desires reaping

michael oliver

# Trying To Be There

There at the end the virgin counsels us  
If we ask if she chooses

This is a black this is a white  
A world simple a world chosen

Not the now knowing not knowing the then  
A world dreamt of worlds undreaming

Here we doubt there was no never doubting  
In the stripes of these shadows

The haunting gives no unhaunted time to reflect  
A time passant a world unmoved

There at the end the virgin still counsels  
In kneeling admitting that we admit

That time was it's own that time truth  
An innocence flavour within these shadows

In the dark being of the intended focus  
Become my unique my hermit usual

Trapped in habits imagined reality this my drape  
Enchanted by failure of chantless cloisters

michael oliver

## Two 'Mill' Poems

1

Outside water slowly flows  
    -and here just time  
Standing at the bar  
    -or leaning or waiting  
And sat - blurred talk  
    -easy and - chinked glasses  
Or a leg flexed  
    -thank you oh thanks  
For idle time wanders  
    -as the water passes

2

Some classic pose  
    -of self knowledge  
A preened admiration  
    -red striped shirt  
As Adam posed  
    -on Adam attracted  
Her hair falls  
    -her head rests

michael oliver

# Upon The Stream - A Quiet Day

Not some shadows but random ripples  
The sunlight flow of my understanding  
Ideas over the river's forded bed  
The imposition of the water's watching

Last week in conversation buds decorated  
Forgotten conflicts and the day passaging  
Pastel flowers today become triumph's fade  
Leaves turn curl against the peach

White a flick amongst rosemary bloom  
Time touched in a present silence  
The world behind eases a grip  
Fresh soil primed into an instance

michael oliver



# Votive

as word fall soft  
as stone clatters on  
votives clink - clink - clink  
sharp in the halo

michael oliver

# What Happened On Retreat

Over the churchyard a pastel of grass  
Inquires from my past about the future

Hear - the wind has a different voice  
As leaves chatter gentle mention its progress

Clarity of brown trunks, red fruit incidentals  
The receding grass, flat spreading, wordless recedes

Autumn touches, green ochre's, through the whisper  
White walls; silence stark, halt my thinking

The green gentle present, the unstated here  
There is no ignoring this quiet asking

There was a depth to the air  
No - only a now unchanged passing through

From afar a church bell through rain  
Over fields, trees unseen, a single rock

The wood painted unfinished as when started  
Here time so conjoined does not go

My feeling is here; becomes my knowledge  
Stretches away, out there, by remembrance bounded

All that now will purchase - now proved  
Second hand - from a bit of grass

michael oliver

## Work In Progress - Fragment 4

in the autumn sunshine  
    we found it empty  
the answer we knew  
    was not then discovered  
picking through the debris  
    the day confounded us  
until footsteps of memory  
    reared an opinion

we all entrap pilgrimage  
    but Bunyan was out  
the scenery of passing  
    caused illusions to falter  
the moot hall erupted  
    the market green stretched  
the journey became unsure  
    the shrine was lost

while groping for themes  
    a swollen oak bole  
a grey moustache appeared  
    to him a love  
interred under a wall  
    earth and sacrificed flowers  
but forever a presence  
    together on the bench

as the voice ages  
    the grasp becomes faded  
together a moments stillness  
    sitting with their love  
the lowering sun seasons  
    the reminiscence of ardour  
highlighting a true state  
    her ash his loss

there is no freedom  
    from the inbred pain  
the gravestones are reminding

that day of grief  
as the hole consumed  
the life of happiness  
the remainder of hope  
lowered in the dirt

our memories are fragments  
used as infill trouve  
haphazardly in time's wall  
mere odd surface anomalies  
meaningless in their structure  
their role made essential  
as life' conceited metaphor  
takes it's imagined shape

the windows are shut  
the blinds are down  
the shadows on show  
a glimpse of shades  
objects of their history  
labelled roles in memory  
the things here presented  
a not here presence

so walled gardens sunlight  
the fruit is ripening  
and discourse of sparrows  
drives an autumn idea  
our moments not past  
but we believe passed  
but some 'manufactory' place  
opens the locked limit

an outhouse with glass  
a wooden door ajar  
a few glazing bars  
yet beyond the door  
a shadowed through space  
and besides the door  
the window the opening  
the shadow and beyond

Chris standing there outside  
    I watch him unobserved  
after the shadowed space  
    the grey tailored raincoat  
the instants subtle framing  
    the window, interior, door  
the quanta's chosen punch  
    the moments inexplicable moment

all three lens passed  
    then imagined here forever  
an object after discussion  
    a life has blossomed  
constructed by the directions  
    of a few groupies  
worshipping what they imagine  
    to be past glories

and is that it?  
    a moment is fixed  
an object hand held  
    passed to and fro  
hurled into time's melee  
    to grasp for breath  
alone in its stillness  
    as we career away

michael oliver

# Yet And Yet

A score of years my truth for you  
A life without contact captured forever now here  
This fact silent absorbed fed by my illusion  
Filling the raw reality of moods silent eruption

As I watch myself ailing aging and fading  
The flow approaches denouement this layer cake life  
Never any release - no -nor any single word  
Until death bed lips mouth your conjoured name

michael oliver