

POEMS

from

SONGS OF THE INNER WORLDS

A Microscopic Eternity.

Ebullient fountains gush forth soliloquies
Ecstatically dripping prismatic parables
Deep wells erupt like protracted spasms
Rippling sighs in the echoing stillness

Vibrating jewels in hypnotic tapestries
Slumber as leaves chromatically quiver
Spiralling vacuums in iridescent gardens
Converge like obliquities stirring forever

Kaleidoscopic serpents in spherical dreams
Sonically glisten in spatial displacements
Microscopic awarenesses search for the All
Reverberating alone in the wind of Eternity.

Of Jictalopes and Jictology.

Primeval figures
Transparent and odd
Elusively delicate
Shimmering and right
Dancing and prancing
In a paradise of mirth

Adepts of quaintness
Flashing and meek
Clowners and mimers
Of mildness so wild
Wriggling and Juggling
In a universe of fun

Mercurial fools
Serenading and shrieking
Like pristine joys
Agile and free
Planning and weaving
In the morn of forever

Elliptical effigies
Entertainers of skill
Timeless yet changing
For those who can see
Jictalopes and Jictology
In a pageant of delight

Thoughts in a Vacuum.

I ponder life
like frantic molecules
magnified beyond
man's comprehension

Thoughts of genius
twisted and macabre
hills and valleys
no ultimate linear

Like burning labyrinths
clutching at the mind
nowhere an answer
a vortex of pain

An Electric Sacrafice.

while shining coffins jive convexly
 spiralling earthwards
 magnetic craniums gurgle dirges
 wreaths echoing always throughout
 remembrances flickering to spastic sparks
 within a mentality askew and gaping
 nothing reminds of electric presences
 somehow reeling within and forever
 resonant tombstones masonically converging
 as graves witness nothing but all
 hearses laugh a chromium shadow
 like dead mourners absent of meaning.

Zinging Wires.

Zinging in darkness electric wires
 stillness upheld by pylons wide-spread
 telling all if one only knew

Gaps between atoms to infinity
 placed over all norms
 for those who vibrate

The silent sizzling roaring
 irrespective of deafness indifference
 homo sapiens sleep unaware

A certain tingling grips
 one billionth of all
 and nothing stirs

The one made all
 while man only assembles
 not understanding he leers sheer delight

Transient his ways
 oblivious to their futility
 as dust ever waits

Electric wires zinging in darkness
 a somber silent accompaniment
 to man's long moment 'till light.

GRAHAM NEWCATER
