

Crutch

Vincent Hesehwood

His pale face,
Snowflake apparition.
In dark wood blur of pews.
Cords of sinews stiffening,
I sighed. Never cried.
And knew.

What he had said
With just a nod.
I would get through it.
'Do'.

He said I would not fumble,
Falter,
Shatter,
Break.
'Neath this Atlas burden.
Under this.

Dead weight.

Later though and drunker,
I fled out to the gents.
Private, quiet.
I heard the door,
Open

Openly,
Wept.

Felt that alabaster carved,
Starched,
Stiff upper lip,

Crack on cushioned
Shoulder. Moulded
Crutch,
Of him.

I pulled
From that damp
Cloister. Thanked,
Him?
God's empty throne?
The stars?

That he'd even bothered,
To be here
At all.

That more than the ground
Catches me
When I fall.

When We Speak

Vincent Heseblood

When we speak,
Nothing close to often,
At first, I see you blinkered.

Confined in lines,
Of steep walled canals,
A channel, back and forth
With either ends of us.

When we speak,
Wade through melting time,
Walls dissolve, spring leaks.
Like levies bursting through.

Tributaries, spreading,
Searching like roots,
In networks of novelty,
Visions and views.

When we speak,
My flow is interrupted.

Straight lines
Forced by eddies
To

Splinter, fracture,

Seek out

Explore.

The unmapped rivers

That I never knew,

I needed,

To see.

All

Ever

New.