



*As if love was not real
that day.*

The clash mood cycle

eight pathetic poems

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The Stream

*So here we are.
Rows and rows of silent trees.
Blinded by the stream of consciousness,
that stream gives us almost
nothing to see.
Bewildered, it should be
the proof of
everything in me
that was pulled out
that night; the wind
wiped away the rain, ultimately.
No rain, there was no
rain; nature did
not exist, at least
not formally.
However, invisible me
for you, the shifted
blooded sea:
suspected to be
essentially flawed ?
merely...
see*

Underhate

Behaving,
weaving the web of
no return;
insomnia catastrophe,
help for the poor,
incredible
me.

In light of the fact that I
don't deserve the privilege of
loving thee, (please)
smoothly resurrect and
bury my limbs, netted,
sub-consciously;
encapsulate the lungs,
frozen, collapsed
for womb's sake;
brave apology.

Simple feelings,
straight intentions;
influential,
from the roots.

Mellow feelings
sad intentions;
doom reflections,
(...) underhate.

If

If,
improbable, but, still,
if
I could succeed in
tasting your
taste again
(sweet honey),
moonlight fleeringly cold
on your grey nature-condemned
lush-precious place,
I would remember
that first benighted fall
into your soft
bodysuburb,
and hesitate / again / plain unrest.

So I step back
and see.
See-beauty
Safe beauty.

Crash

Crash
CRASH
on the steps down;
thought to use them - calm - but
it would have gone
too slow
anyway.

Brains dithering shocking
weak as a oh so weak
substance, a
sound of no return, that impossible return

up

Shut
SHUT this
heart, bigger than the space reserved.
Thought to use it (even) more but
it would have been
too weak
anyway.

Cross

thoughts

space

sleep

argue - you were there yesterday,
I saw you do you did you saw me ?

hell

no

way

out of the street that crossed mine
you crossed me do you did you saw me ?

half

of

a shocking

word - against your word that stopped mine
you stopped me do you did you saw me ?

inside

your

swampy

body - damn lust that damped mine
you damp me do you did you kill me ?

Visit Me

visit me.
to visit me, a
sample of that good intention;

slender obstacle on that
good way (they said),
the good way they
showed to all of them who
believed in the pattern of
dust,

the pattern of slow
and velvet crispy thoughts.
the boundary, that boundary,
too dark to see; too near to hit,
unconscious shuffling, slowly hitting
cracks
on the way to near me;

silence

approaching

too near me, a
cramp in virgin
harmony.

Future Death

In remembrance of
my future
death.
No effort, you know :
it doesn't matter,
the stone is so heavy;
you only look through the glass
and see the water banging
and splashing up, no
trespassing, no humidity, you
don't get wet
in remembrance of
my future death.

As if love was not real

As if love was not real
that day

Love, invaluable by multiplicity ;
condemned to be
wrong at each occasion.
Stooped interaction,
eros erased by
prescript;
destiny

Love, a-raised by you-and-me,
capable to stay
in tune, unnatural but free.
Flavour exchange,
eros enriched by
intelligence;
harmony.

between/against the boundaries ?

Unable to propose ways to
move and feel moved, there
is no word in this language
for the feeling,
beauty damped by
natural
simplicity.

Have you heard about the
drooping gaze in my eyes ?
Bound by delicate skin around, white trembling ;
Remember : (it was) that mirrored fear that
gave you the feeling.
my love was not real
that day.