

**The Heart of America**

I am the eagle, crossing the endless wetness,  
wet desert - not for me, I see the fish in the drift,  
I am going up and down with the air stream,  
going West, West, hard to find a place for rest.

So many did before. My little heart beating.  
Excitement? Fear? Hope? Wish me luck ...  
Seeking for its beat, its nature and state,  
going West, West, I need to follow this trek.

What a sight! May has passed,  
no flowers here. No grass, no trees.  
Longing for the sun beyond this sea of grief,  
going West, West, staying below the deck.

Same destination. Different destiny.  
Land of milk and honey. Whose perspective?  
From North, from East, from South, routes  
going West, West, this becomes a major quest.

God's own land. That's what they say.  
What a journey. My white head feels insane.  
Circling over the Big Apple, its fingers to the sky,  
going West, West, needing food and needing rest.

A sea of tea. A flood of whiskey.  
Such a great nation. Patches of culture scraped up.  
Culture corroded by their own IRA\*, forgot Dies Irae,  
going West, West, in their own land only guests.

How exhausting. My brown plumage is tousled.  
Mirrored on coins, the olives do not grow here.  
I am white and brown - and everything between,

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going West, West, maybe it's my final quest.

The heart of this land. Cardiac dysrhythmia.  
I feel it, I hear it in the drums - I need to find it.

This is my calling. I am the eagle.

\*IRA >> Indian Removal Act of 1830

### **Toothpaste Smile**

You came to this town  
your heart full of hope,  
the light in your eyes  
like the stars in the sky  
you are reaching for.

You play your guitar  
in the pubs and the bars,  
alone in the crowd  
the music is you and your  
soul is screaming out.

You put on your toothpaste smile,  
you hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
you don't need anyone,  
you just keep going on.

They came to this town  
with some papers to sign,  
behind the curtain  
they don't really care  
what you're reaching for.

They play your guitar  
in the pubs and the cars,  
they say where to go,  
music without soul and  
every night another show.

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They put on their toothpaste smile,  
they hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
they don't need anyone,  
they just keep you going on.

You came to this town  
your heart without hope,  
the light in your eyes  
like the glass of despair  
you are reaching for.

You play your guitar  
on a stage in a park,  
alone in the crowd,  
the music's not you and your  
soul is screaming out loud.

You're mugging a toothpaste smile,  
no hope it keeps you warm  
for a while,  
you don't have anyone,  
you can't keep going on.

## Sleepwalking

The mumbling twilight is restricted area

where concrete walls bleed out  
their light through blinded eyes,

where flashlights cut the night  
competing with the falling stars,

where tarred veins and plastered skins  
furiously affront the darkness,

where the hazy evaporations  
take away breath and sight,

where sleepwalking corpses  
maintain the stream in the streets,

where one's mind becomes the colour  
of that in which one swims.

Head thrown back I stand and stare,  
dreaming enough dark for the whole world,  
I know there is no heaven --  
and it's cold like hell on earth.

## Mermaid

When he saw her for the first time  
sitting there on a pedestal  
in the center of a fountain,  
sun shining upon white marble,  
the reflection burned his eyes.

Waterdrops sparkled like diamonds,  
dizzy halos all around her,  
perls were covering her body,  
as her nakedness was hidden  
by long hair around her shoulders.

He went back late after midnight,  
scenting basil in a soft breeze,  
all the stars above were twinkling,  
saw her face illuminated  
by the lights placed in the water.

The day's business was gone now  
and all chattiness replaced by  
constant murmur of the fountain,  
left her wrapped into the silence  
of a lonesome summernight.

Closing in he saw the mossy  
fine gauze covering her fishtail,  
as the stone still warmth was breathing,  
on her eyes the water felt like  
tears under his gentle fingers.

Every night he went to see her,  
telling her his dreams and feelings,  
while she patiently would listen,  
all his anger, all his grief he threw

against the beloved figure.

One night then when luna was back  
in the same spot as the first night,  
suddenly he saw her winking,  
lifting arms, then yawning, stretching  
like awaking from deep sleep.

Then she looked at him intensely,  
while the surface started crackling,  
crunching, breaking into pieces,  
but her voice, nearly a whisper,  
lovingly caressed his name.

"For love's sake", she said, " please help me  
to get down from this pedestal,  
tell me if you truly love me,  
then with legs like every human  
I will walk with you forever."

"I am scared", his voice was trembling,  
"but be sure I truly love you",  
and vigorously started scraping,  
wiping down the stony pieces  
his bare hands began to bleed.

Red drops fell down on white marble,  
rosy petals formed all over,  
and the fishtail faded slowly,  
vanished back into the black night  
while two human legs appeared.

"Come with me", he calmly whispered,  
took her hands and pulled her slightly  
off, away from the pedestal,  
"quick, away, before some other

people see your naked body".

"What does naked mean?" she asked him.

"Is it bad to look like I do?

I don't know of any evil,  
nor intended neither random,  
is it bad to be like me?"

"you are wonderful", he answered,  
"but you're no longer a mermaid,  
humans use to hide and cover  
skins and minds and souls with fabric,  
never trusting one another."

"What is love then?" she spoke sadly.

"Not accepting, not respecting  
the uniqueness of each other,  
never learning, teaching, growing,  
fearing new things to discover?"

"That's the curse of human being,  
love ignored and war is ruling",  
sighed and dragged her to the doorstep,  
"you forgot what I have told you  
about death a glimpse away?"

"I remember all you told me,  
lovers, soulmates, friends we are,  
happy that we found each other,  
we're connected now forever,  
seize with love and hope each day."

"Maybe", he replied uncertain,  
"but I have some trade to manage,  
I'll be back to bring you clothing,  
we can then go on with talking,

please stay here and wait for me."

Kissed her, turned and left the home;  
she walked each and every room,  
found his shirts and put one on,  
thought and walked and sat and slept,  
waking up he still was gone.

Two more days and nights she waited,  
pondered all they had been speaking,  
wandered crying, hoping, praying.  
On the third day she decided  
to go out and search for him.

Oh what pain was now approaching,  
left her trembling, shaking, shouting  
angrily that it could not be,  
when the neighbours told her sadly  
he had died 2 miles away.

She ran down the street with anger,  
found the place of green and flowers,  
and between the roses' petals  
lay a red and shimmery crystal  
whispering with love her name.

Falling on her knees and crying  
about death without a meaning  
she picked up the shiny crystal,  
pressed it to her heart so tightly  
that her shirt turned red from blood.

"I will leave this world of sorrow,  
back into the waters for me,  
see my sisters and my brothers,  
but his love will stay forever

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with me in this shiny crystal."

So she walked on to the seaside,  
slowly went into the water,  
swimming farer from the bayline,  
diving deep and always deeper  
towards the darkness on the ground.

Pain she felt all of a sudden,  
ears were aching under pressure,  
Breathe! her lungs were screaming at her -  
but too late, she now was sure:  
she no longer was a mermaid.

## Horizons

There is a fine line ...  
where the sky meets the earth,  
like lovers kissing,  
smooth and tender,  
blurred when the sun flickers  
in the air and the water  
tries to reach out,  
extending to infinity;  
sharp and clear,  
closer when the wind blows  
away all evaporations and I  
try to reach out,  
touching infinity.

Sitting on top of a mountain -  
I can see it.  
Lying on the beach -  
I can see it.  
Walking in the fields -  
I can see it.

My eyes lie.  
I could walk forever  
and arrive nowhere.  
Those lovers never meet nor kiss.  
Long ago we feared to travel,  
afraid to fall over the edge;  
now we fall over the edge  
if we fear to travel,  
finding infinite horizons  
to feed our minds and souls -  
there is a fine line ...

## Ashes

And what does ashes to ashes mean?  
We enter this world and all starts with a scream,  
the loss of one homestead, a change to another  
place we don't know yet, a life to discover  
this house built of dead, we are dancing on  
graves, ignoring that all life is carbon-  
ized in our heads only skulls grinning back  
from the mirror the last sunlight reflects  
nightmares as our daydreams don't know  
we already live in Dante's inferno.

**Autumn**

Night sent the first chills,  
a cover of dusty dew on the meadows,  
I put on my hiking shoes to walk  
out into a damp and sunny morning.

The dog at the fireplace eyes me,  
head on his forelegs,  
and as I reach out for my jacket  
he jumps up and starts  
dancing around me.

Ignoring his craziness I open the door.  
He rockets out,  
ears and legs flying,  
then suddenly stops,  
turns around,  
tilts his head in a question.

I step out and close the door,  
move towards him as he waits.  
While we walk this short way  
I shake my head, smiling.  
Though it's the same every day,  
the dog never stops acting like this.

The trees changed clothes.  
Some prefer to wear red,  
some brown or yellow,  
or more indecisively:  
green and yellow at the same time.

This forest is old.  
Every tree looks unique,  
trunks covered with moss or ivy,

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ragged oaks and beeches,  
smooth ashes and lindens,  
the druids worshipped them.

The wind combs the crowns.  
Leaves are sailing on a close reach,  
silently stranding to my left and right.  
Such thinned out,  
sunbeams get their way through  
between the branches,  
bathing all in diffuse light.

Someone cares.  
The way is free of the brushwood  
- into which my dog just disappeared  
tracking scents only he knows.  
I stand still to inhale  
the scents of the soil,  
the mold of the leaves,  
the essentials of the spruces.

I am the invader.  
The foliage rustling as I walk through,  
I feel the crackling and crunching noise  
while stamping over acorns,  
beech-nuts and fir cones -  
what else... ?

This is a graveyard.  
Dreams of life  
bedded on mossy pillows,  
covered with a colourful quilt,  
the trees memorials of the burial.  
Only my dog is alive.  
I feel guilty.

## Xocoatl

This drink of bitterness -  
bitter water the Maya called it;  
no spoonful of sugar,  
but vanilla and chili,  
burning in the mouth,  
fire on the tongue,  
flames down the throat,  
warmth in the body,  
while hearts are torn out,  
sacrificed to a higher entity  
who had never asked for it -  
you gave this drink to me  
and I stir it,  
stare at the whirl,  
as it drags my heart in,  
more than a spoonful;  
I give you to drink  
and you cannot swallow it,  
chew and choke,  
spit it out,  
my heart,  
in pieces.

And they began to build, and in the fourth week they made brick with fire, and the bricks served them for stone, and the clay which cemented them together was asphalt which comes out of the sea, and out of the fountains of water in the land of Shinar. [Book of Jubilees]

## **Babel**

Our towers are getting huge again.

What are we looking for  
on the observation decks,  
with our telescopes and antennae,  
while  
we marvel at the universe  
in outer space,  
reasoning infinity with finiteness,  
in our earthy brains,  
in dualism, like waves and particles;  
confusing uniqueness with individualism;  
seperating rich from poor, our hearts:  
poisoned - like our bodies and our world;  
our desires and hunger for more:  
endless - like our envy;  
while  
we pile up money,  
we pile up power,  
we pile up insurance;  
we save money,  
we save time;  
we do not feed the hungry,  
we give pills to our children;  
we proudly present:  
our design of a world  
we do not own,  
a devastated landscape  
also of ourselves;

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designated to BE the gardeners  
and guards of the park,  
we ARE the sorcerer's apprentice?

The Great Designer has been discredited.

We will cry by the rivers again,  
but this time the rivers  
will be dry.

### **Boxes**

Don't rack your brains to find a box for me  
nor try to put a box into my head;  
the only box in life I'll have to see  
will be a coffin when I'm dead.

**The first word**

The first word was purely sound,  
sent around the world, creating  
a universe so perfectly dancing we  
cannot perceive the strings that  
bound all and everything together.

The first word was purely sound,  
spoken to the child, waiting  
in the womb so perfectly fitting we  
cannot perceive the spirit that  
bound all and everything together.

The first word was purely sound,  
blown to the lover, feeling  
oneself with the other completing we  
cannot perceive the soul that  
bound all and everything together.

The first word was purely sound,  
born into music, sounding  
in words of poets and prophets we  
cannot perceive the power that  
bound all and everything together.

**Just Be**

Be a woman, be a mother,  
Be a man, be a father;  
Be a doctor, be a lawyer,  
Be a builder, an employer;  
Be a priest, a believer,  
Be a prof and high achiever;  
Be a baker, a storekeeper,  
Be a clerk and no street sweeper;  
Be a soldier, be a ranger,  
and beware of any stranger;  
Be a banker, be a chartist,  
Be a manager, not an artist;  
Be the sheep, not the shepherd,  
Be the prey, not the leopard;  
Be a kiss-ass, not a fighter,  
Be illiterate, not a writer;  
But foremost pretend to be free.  
Fuck them all and just be!

**Alif Laam Meem**

Late it was, long after midnight,  
from the fire a mere glow  
left enough light to keep reading,  
saw the trees outside conceding  
to a load of cold white snow.

Was I sleeping? Was I waking?  
I'm not sure, I do not know!  
Yet I felt the sun so gentle,  
heard the whispered oriental  
words like sand with warm winds blow.

Standing lonesome in the desert,  
all my fears began to grow,  
"Alif Laam Meem" - my mind was bending,  
hearing words, not comprehending,  
surely from too much Bordeaux.

Squinting at the far horizon,  
cogitating where to go,  
all around me started swirling,  
crushed me down into the whirling  
red dust of the sirocco.

"Alif Laam Meem" the wind was roaring,  
pricking me with words of woe,  
"if mankind's heart further hardens,  
you will not enter the gardens  
beneath which the rivers flow."

**I hate children**

I hate children -  
I got a cat instead:  
sitting on the window sill,  
watching me with hypnotic eyes,  
playing with the beads.

I hate children -  
I got a dog instead:  
dozing on the blanket,  
tracking me with hypnotic eyes,  
following my lead.

I hate children -  
I got a parakeet instead:  
sitting in the cage,  
gazing at me with hypnotic eyes,  
picking up the seeds.

I hate children -  
I got a goldfish instead:  
swimming in the bowl,  
staring at me with hypnotic eyes,  
snapping at the feed.

At night the cat curls at my feet,  
the dog under my bed retreats;  
the goldfish and the parakeet  
I've covered with some sheets -  
I hate children.

**The Answer**

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Your question struck me and I must admit:  
to think about your: "Wanna fuck?" -  
I wondered if I even had to ponder it.

To think that I would even contemplate  
your bluntness and your capability to talk  
should lead inevitably to a date.

Do you think I should feel cajoled and flattered?  
At least you ask and leave me to decide  
about your words utterly stupid scattered ...

My brain is cringing while you look expectant;  
for this amoeba entering my privacy,  
I really need some kick-ass disinfectant.

I thought neanderthals died 30,000 years ago;  
now that you taught me otherwise  
my honest answer only can be: NO!

## Disintegration

There's nothing important  
about me to be said,  
nor have I treasures to be passed on.

I was the odd one, first born,  
an accident,  
sold down the river  
for opinions,  
for thousands of beers,  
for expectations,  
for assumptions:  
Not a family person,  
not into household,  
unreasonable,  
unbearable,  
unrealistic,  
a smartass -  
yet - nothing.

Now you tear your hair  
because it is not right that  
I leave before you do,  
or maybe you gossip  
because it is a sin to  
decide one's own death, and:  
If you only had known!  
The family angrily supporting  
each other in their grief,  
three more kids still left,  
fairly adjusted and normal,  
a good deal, not?

My children shocked,

and so the friends, but  
soon the image will fade,  
with memory and daily life,  
and you:  
You'll call me lovely, charming,  
warm, caring, crazy, genius (maybe),  
and forget you called me  
a scalpel, a razor blade,  
an all knowing, insensitive, shit,  
my writing incomprehensible.

While all think: what a wimp,  
irresponsible selfishness.  
Yet you did not see  
my fingers shred  
from carving into walls,  
my mind migraining in idealism,  
the untamable trapped,  
more scared of life than of death.

And the raven will sit on the tree  
at my funeral, and if you  
would care to listen, just once:  
Sometimes it takes much more  
love and courage  
to go than to go on.  
But you -  
you will still not hear,  
and I -  
I shrug.

## Sleepwalking

The mumbling twilight is restricted area

where concrete walls bleed out  
their light through blinded eyes,

where flashlights cut the night  
competing with the falling stars,

where tarred veins and plastered skins  
furiously affront the darkness,

where the hazy evaporations  
take away breath and sight,

where sleepwalking corpses  
maintain the stream in the streets,

where one's mind becomes the colour  
of that in which one swims.

Head thrown back I stand and stare,  
dreaming enough dark for the whole world,  
I know there is no heaven --  
and it's cold like hell on earth.

**Pink**

Winter sun, little girl,  
rosy skin, blond angel's  
curls - all parents'  
dream.

Easter sun, bloomy dress,  
pink shiny shoes, a pretty  
face - keep it all  
clean.

Summer sun, campus green,  
chicken run, pick one,  
two, three - cheers to the  
queen.

Autumn sun, chicken talk,  
carved skin, take the dog  
for a walk - poor mind still  
pink.

**Playing to the Gallery**

Last night I saw -  
you.

As I sit with some people talking  
you enter the room hectically,  
abruptly stopping.  
Standing stiff-necked  
in front of us,  
you say something  
unrelated, unimportant, no one  
setting light on the scene.  
I see you lip-sing and wonder  
how you came in,  
how you found me  
in my dream. But then  
I get on my feet  
ready to leave the room, keeping  
the door in view - Irit, don't look back! -

Last night I saw -  
your back ripped open,  
alien baby creatures  
all along the spine,  
a bloody mess intertwined,  
grinning at me  
with eyes closed.

## Catchup

Friday 13 - not that  
I am superstitious,  
while spectrals are  
redshifting I am  
chasing the one  
called my love  
to catch up with,  
constantly stirring  
my imagination:  
love apples, skin peeled,  
as I watch them  
bubbling, boiling, burping  
in a delicate red mush  
that the darkroom  
behind my eyes  
disconcertingly turns  
into blood, doubt, disbelief,  
riding on scarlet beams,  
(did I remove  
the poisonous stem?)  
red raging,  
pondering if  
there are enough tomatoes  
in the world  
to cure me from  
this heart disease  
I wonder:  
is it a reverse redshift \*  
when tomatoes approach  
your face?

\* The Doppler effect for electromagnetic waves such as light is of great use in astronomy and results in either a so-called redshift or blue shift. It has

been used to measure the speed at which stars and galaxies are approaching or receding from us, that is, the radial velocity. This is used to detect if an apparently single star is, in reality, a close binary and even to measure the rotational speed of stars and galaxies. ....

The Doppler effect is recognizable in the fact that the absorption lines are not always at the frequencies that are obtained from the spectrum of a stationary light source. Since blue light has a higher frequency than red light, the spectral lines of an approaching astronomical light source exhibit a blue shift and those of a receding astronomical light source exhibit a redshift.

## Yggdrasil

It is a myth that trees are grounded  
when fire and lightning leave charred trunks  
uprooted, life confounded.

On dragon wings a dreadful thunder clunks  
and bird and squirrel lose their home  
when fire and lightning leave charred trunks.

A war divine wraps all in dumpy gloam  
when ancient gods and titans fiercely fight -  
and bird and squirrel lose their home,

as all light turns to never ending night.  
The beast is freed, its war-cry fills the air,  
when ancient gods and titans fiercely fight,

there's nothing left than yielding to despair.  
The world ash falls and lies on ashy ground,  
the beast is freed, its war-cry fills the air,

the tree cries out with an infernal sound.  
It is a myth that trees are grounded -  
the world ash falls and lies on ashy ground  
uprooted, life confounded.

**Names**

There is something strange  
about the way we use  
to look at the world.

We need to give names  
like  
we would understand,  
like  
names would give us  
power of possession.

The magic of the world  
is lost in names  
as we try to  
swallow and pour out,  
swallow and pour out,  
swallow and pour out  
a whole universe.

And I wonder how to call you,  
how to call us,  
as I try not to  
swallow and pour out,  
swallow and pour out,  
swallow and pour out  
a whole universe.

Yet - a rose by any other name  
is still a rose  
and love  
just is.

**Stuck**

What is this?  
An Aristotelian  
theatre?  
Sitting in awe,  
in expectation -  
for tragedy,  
for comedy,  
for something  
that moves you,  
touches you,  
makes you laugh,  
cry, shout, stamp  
your feet:  
see Agamemnon  
sacrifice Iphigenia,  
hear Orest kill father  
and mother,  
a rush of blood  
washing away the  
stains on our souls?  
Ohhs and ahhs,  
the choir of old men  
singing the rhythm  
of waste lands and frost,  
oh captain my captain,  
come howl with me,  
rage, rage,  
against midsummer nights,  
against little girls lost,  
against Godot,  
ahh and don't forget the roses!  
Stuck in words,  
stuck in forms,  
pour out and drink  
love's poison,  
we are responsible

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for what we have tamed,  
we want and gaze at  
what we cannot get,  
no exit,  
no climax,  
no catharsis,  
and the rest  
never is silence.

### Love Letters

Sitting at my desk  
in golden twilight,  
my hand smoothing  
this handmade skin  
in front of me,  
my fingertips  
running over its little  
rolling hills,  
as I, lost in thought,  
labour on words;  
the pen lies warm and gentle  
between my fingers,  
the nib reflecting  
first sunbeams  
as it discreetly dips  
into the ink.  
I slowly turn  
the knob  
and see the fluid  
rushing like blood;  
carefully drawing back  
I let it slide  
over the blank canvas,  
drafting fine wet threads,  
curling, looping, arching,  
the inky blue smell  
wafting through the room  
reaching my deep sigh,  
and I, clicking my tongue,  
crumple it all,  
throw away the envelope.

### The House

You gave me this house -  
the wooden skin  
bleached from warm  
long days of summer,  
stained from cold  
long nights of winter,  
rough and splintered  
by the drumming rain,  
grey from listening  
to the wind,  
soaked and dried  
a thousand times.  
The reed like hair,  
softening the impact of  
nature's messengers.  
A double-winged door  
with ornaments  
inviting to an inside  
sublime, empty,  
a cathedral,  
a womb,  
a cave, or ...  
Will Leonore be here soon?  
Is there  
a tell-tale-heart  
somewhere beneath  
the wooden floor  
waiting  
for the pendulum to  
swing back?  
You gave me this house -  
without windows ...

## Myrmidons

They're coming to get you  
like thieves at night,  
you don't know their faces  
or the places they hide,  
the myrmidons - coming to get you.

They're claiming to be  
your protector, your father,  
your mother, your sister,  
they are your Big Brother,  
not like SS or like the Red Army  
with guns and in boots -  
they creep on silent soles  
and in business suits,  
not KGB, not BND,  
not MfS, not CIA,  
your government so legally  
is watching you permanently.

You are presumed to be  
a communist, a terrorist,  
a psychic criminal and an anarchist,  
you are enticed for a tryst  
by the antichrist;  
so they sit in the web like  
the black widow waiting,  
to see your faux-pas,  
whom you're dating and mating,  
the mails you write,  
the songs you hear,  
you are to them the one they fear.

And what do you know of  
Bill of Rights, Magna Charta,  
and freedom of speech,  
when they behave like in Sparta?  
Declaration of Independence,  
Martin Luther King's preach,  
your constitution alienated,  
human rights to breach -  
all for your sake and for your security -  
indeed you need to be  
protected against your own impurity.

Now who is the psychic, that is the question,  
whose fears lead to aggression,  
obsession, repression?  
No! Hush! Don't say!  
They're in your doorway,  
the myrmidons - coming to get you.

## Hunters and Gatherers

Carefully touching the ground,  
out of the woods,  
the clearance waiting  
in dew-covered dawn,  
prick-eared, I start browsing.

Suddenly -  
I sense your presence,  
scent you not yet in sight,  
then a rustling noise -  
nervously I turn  
my head.

Our eyes meet -  
I know the likes of you,  
thousands of years  
burnt into cognition,  
scouting, stalking, fleeing -  
for an instant  
the flash of mutual agreement  
hits me, glues me  
to the ground.

Time enough for  
the betrayal, your arrow  
found its way,  
my heart pierced  
I struggle for balance;  
in my fall you come close,  
stroke my neck,  
look into my eyes:

You need this skin,  
this flesh, this blood,  
this spirit -  
you always do;  
but most of all  
you need the emotion,  
the red rush of adrenalin,  
the beat of your heart,  
the challenge,  
the hunt.

This one was too easy.  
I stare back - and die.

## Peace is not an apple pie

How wonderful to sit  
around the table with  
family and friends,  
after a great dinner,  
when finally the  
dessert is served.  
Enjoying the talks  
and laughter,  
the warmth,  
this sweet and  
sour taste,  
the sliced fruits of life  
melting in the mouth,  
spices unfolding  
flavours of the foreign  
countries they came from,  
wafting through our homes  
on Thanksgiving,  
on Christmas ...  
our homes we share with  
our beloved ones;  
moments we want to last  
forever, a special smile,  
a special glance,  
caught on photographs.  
Later we will take them  
out of drawers and cabinets,  
tears the remainders of days  
before trenches and dust,  
before the merciless sun  
set light on skeletons  
of men and machines  
in a surreal desert of

foreign countries,  
showing us the  
axioms of life:  
Apples fall to the ground -  
and peace is not an apple pie.

## Poikilothermic

Straw-coloured grass  
under a glary sun, the vast  
plain dozes in October heat.  
Ancient ruins are the only remnants  
of a life once vibrant at  
this place, the port,  
Ostia Antica.  
Streets and houses,  
stones overgrown,  
nature takes back  
her territory, a blue  
smile on her cirrus-clouded  
afternoon face.  
Lizards chase ghosts,  
shooing across mosaics,  
the spirits of this place  
leave me sinking,  
drunken, on a stone,  
and into it - and beyond,  
I see more stones:  
Guards at Easter Island  
watching over another plain;  
guards at Stonehenge  
watching the altar stone.

Stones in Mycenae and Crete,  
stones in Troy and Sparta,  
stones in Egypt and David's land ...  
Warmed up by sun and blood,  
sculptures of men's menses  
mirror their inability  
of giving birth.  
Creation is converted  
into a rush of blood on  
cold stony skins,  
always in need for  
another sun.

## Stuck

What is this?  
An Aristotelian  
theatre?  
Sitting in awe,  
in expectation -  
for tragedy,  
for comedy,  
for something  
that moves you,  
touches you,  
makes you laugh,  
cry, shout, stamp  
your feet:  
see Agamemnon  
sacrifice Iphigenia,  
hear Orest kill father  
and mother,  
a rush of blood

washing away the  
stains on our souls?  
Ohhs and ahhs,  
the choir of old men  
singing the rhythm  
of waste lands and frost,  
oh captain my captain,  
come howl with me,  
rage, rage,  
against midsummer nights,  
against little girls lost,  
against Godot,  
ahh - and don't forget the roses!  
Stuck in words,  
stuck in forms,  
pour out and drink  
love's poison,  
we are responsible  
for what we have tamed,  
we want and gaze at  
what we cannot get,  
no exit,  
no climax,  
no catharsis,  
and the rest  
never is silence.

## Autumn

Night sent the first chills,  
a cover of dusty dew on the meadows,  
I put on my hiking shoes to walk  
out into a damp and sunny morning.

The dog at the fireplace eyes me,  
head on his forelegs,  
and as I reach out for my jacket  
he jumps up and starts  
dancing around me.

Ignoring his craziness I open the door.  
He rockets out,  
ears and legs flying,  
then suddenly stops,  
turns around,  
tilts his head in a question.

I step out and close the door,  
move towards him as he waits.  
While we walk this short way  
I shake my head, smiling.  
Though it's the same every day,  
the dog never stops acting like this.

The trees changed clothes.  
Some prefer to wear red,  
some brown or yellow,  
or more indecisively:  
green and yellow at the same time.

This forest is old.  
Every tree looks unique,

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trunks covered with moss or ivy,  
ragged oaks and beeches,  
smooth ashes and lindens,  
the druids worshipped them.

The wind combs the crowns.  
Leaves are sailing on a close reach,  
silently stranding to my left and right.  
Such thinned out,  
sunbeams get their way through  
between the branches,  
bathing all in diffuse light.

Someone cares.  
The way is free of the brushwood  
- into which my dog just disappeared  
tracking scents only he knows.  
I stand still to inhale  
the scents of the soil,  
the mold of the leaves,  
the essentials of the spruces.

I am the invader.  
The foliage rustling as I walk through,  
I feel the crackling and crunching noise  
while stamping over acorns,  
beech-nuts and fir cones -  
what else... ?

This is a graveyard.  
Dreams of life  
bedded on mossy pillows,  
covered with a colourful quilt,  
the trees memorials of the burial.  
Only my dog is alive.  
I feel guilty.

