

Scenes from Somewhere Else

Sophia Clark

Train of Consciousness

A Drowsy Address

Halt Pillow,

Slow your downy self

To a peace

In your wake,

Make my mind and take the find

Like it's nothing to lose;

One soft bottomless jump into...

Forbid the bedraggled from clawing

With their grainy grime fingernails

Into my eyes.

Just feel...

Slow...

Decrescendo

From the weighty drub glub flub

Of the waiting slub

That has lighted upon you,

Dear Pillow

Description from Image

Lonely Night Light

A lone illumination
 Dim and drowsy too,
 Draping arcs of soft shades- gentle always
 To not lay itself too heavy

Not dreaming of disturbing

this suspension...

Of thought and worry
 Of lightly strewn flurries
 Of blinking eyes blurry

This night,
 Let them snooze,
 held by those subtle muted hues
 Of blues pulled over with a veil- delicately sewn

Like millions of gathered strands of lace
 Just tucked in around the day

So weightless
 So sweet

Curving over cold feet.

Isn't it tiresome
 To the pine trees branches heaving those sleeves of frost?
 To the wind wandering lost?

Of deep emerald green and indigo flown
 The time's unknown as clocks suspend
 Meets day to eve,
 (a needed friend)

Frosted glass by dusty dark
 As whispers from aloft

Alight

And layer thick to night.

MemoryHello Again

I'd forgotten I could speak to you
 Tell you things
 Confess

And now I'm using the mouth
 The one I have
 Not so unlike the one you have
 On you

So here I lie
 in stature, but not in voice
 I'm retelling my story
 To you

You've caught some chapters
 Read a few lines
 You know the characters,
 But there's more
 Always more

This wooden laminate is not so forgiving
 As you are
 The dishwasher against my spine
 doesn't hold or rub
 You do

Why did we stop?
 those figure eights and loopdie loops
 Never on my stomach,
 (you know that)
 But I'd like them back

Being heard like this
 Listened to
 by you
 I feel my value
 An importance that I've always held

I'd forgotten
 I'm a dear
 I'm a fetus still
 To you,
 and I should be I suppose

When I said hello,
 my face was wet
 It was humanity
 Leaking
 I couldn't slow it
 Couldn't suppress the pouring

You sounded alarmed
 You had late night eyes
 Oddly aware
 in so much unconsciousness
 I didn't sleep
 You did
 Eventually

We might have been the
 only two
 Awake, and alive
 Choosing what to say
 I didn't say
 Much

At first
 I had to keep it closed
 no thoughts made sense
 no words fit well enough
 My head on your shoulder
 Did fit

With time,
 I tentatively
 Began
 Stumbling
 Tangling

Getting Frustrated
with myself,
You waited

Was it like this before?
I can never remember
like you do

As small
As miniscule and flattened
as I was,
You weren't disturbed

We don't speak
Not the same way
and I'm not sure
I want to

I haven't forgotten though
How you stood
How you sat
still
silent
hearing me
With those ears
that aren't so different from
My ears

And the windows listened
Even the cat was calm
I think
The whole outside
gave us our space
Our moment

So fragile and delicate
in such precarious hold

No wonder we sat
on the floor

How else could we
Have not broken it?
Not upset it?

It was unknown
My fearing
Neither of us
could say much
In wisdom

You said I was older
Far beyond
where you had been
when you weren't so different
from me

You were proud
Not with an audience
Not with awards
Or with applause

You were proud
Of my choices
The ones I have made

They are quite unlike
Your choices

Yet we met
in a struggled hello
And in solo voices
we both spoke
Fear of regret.

Line Breaks

Fumes

Not run out yet
 Not run down quite
 Yet.

The singes and spires
 The blackened charcoal fires
 They mark my face
 Slash down my cheeks,
 Pulling and pressing down
 Plunging their sooty claims into me
 Scarring me with their

 Hot destruction
 Heated distress
 Hapless,
 they dig into me.

 Dusty
 Doomed to expire and settle.

Doomed too,
 I will thrash in the embers
 Dirtied and soiled
 With the nature of burning
 Churning chains of smoke
 Linking around me
 Tangling between atmosphere and
 Fire.

It's greying,
 Blowing and building-
 Heaps of fuel pile

No salvation

The singes and spires
 The blackened charcoal fires take no mercy on me.

Quotation Framework

I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story- opening line by Edith Wharton

We started dying before the snow, and like the snow, we continued to fall. - Louise Erdrich, Tracks (1988)

It was a pleasure to burn. - Ray Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451 (1953)

I write this sitting in the kitchen sink. - Dodie Smith, I Capture the Castle (1948)

Reminiscent of being Infant

*I had the story, or at least
I thought I had it.
Bit by bit, in some slow melt
I heard my resonance
Echoing through a Venice canal
From various people, and,
From various angles
A crack peeks through what once was seamless*

*As generally happens in such cases,
Lungs flailed and tremors flared
UP. UP. UP.
straining my vision through a harsh
tangle of vibrations and shakes*

*and each time it was a different story
that I found being burned in the canyon
in which I start the smoke
Billowing from the mouth
of my seamless sanctuary*

*We started dying before the snow,
flakes of white singeing the air
shredding each breath
It's been a slow death, drawn out*

and like the snow,
Our chests settle
sorrowful, and somehow
we continued to fall.

I feel you'd agree, could your lips
touch to my air
sharing this guilt in knowing
It was a pleasure to burn.
To feel such rawness in my flesh
that hadn't met any longing
in all the pressure that pulled it
taught as the sheets of words
we wrote in a moment
before being torn
and united
and ignited
The story keeps morphing
away from recognition.

And with downy drops
of snow-like ash cooled over my skin
the air, this air
Only for me
tastes unfamiliar
Angrily, my wide and screaming lips empty,
and those tender eyes see water through their soreness
so sensitive;
I write this sitting in the kitchen sink,
with a Mother's touch to gently clean
newborn skin.

Conversation

A Necessary Bluntness

This pedestal nips at my feet
 So much standing to be revered
 At such height in your mind I meet
 And slip into frightening fear

*So gently you guide on my path
 Like a wise and shining star
 Be it mountain, ocean or strath
 You are special, I see that you are*

My composure caught, it tumbles
 Oh, I'm much like a newborn calf
 Blinking, unstable- I fumble
 With the unreal image you have

*Ideas of you are too pure
 For comparing to cattle your thought
 Of my feelings I want to be sure
 Approval I seek and have sought!*

See my face in a circular ring?
 And my holy hands outreaching?
 My haloed ethereal being?
 I lash out in screeching,
 Now halt!

*I will not stop, I never shall
 Unless be that your desire
 This statue of you ne'er to fall
 Is cast in a passionate fire*

Allow my steps to descend
 Down from this unwanted rock
 You think me too godly, my friend
 Regardless of language I talk

*Voices from this altitude loose
 A certain audability
 And despite what you say, I don't
 choose
 What wonder in you I see*

I'll speak it once,
 Blunt and decidedly terse-
 Your worship of me comes across in a
 curse

*Well I sense what you feel, my dear
 And I certainly aim to comply
 With desires to hold me not near,
 I'm never to understand why*

Why? why because of these bindings
 Of concrete poured over my form
 We are not in love! You're blinding
 Yourself with an unliving warm!

*Your words bite cold and cruel
 You see me a misguided fool.*

Excuse me, but I must descend
 For this bond is not built by a friend.

Tolkien Found Poem

You Foolish Bird

return to tasting early morning
roll to similar earthen rounds
flock to the crow's golden grounds
and close your eyes

return unceasingly strange, you fool
roll muddy carpets into autumn
for starlings fly as cotton
and sweep your hair

return as carrion bird, loudly
roll the trumpet call, boom outburst
full of elation at first
and later your smile

return with feathers afoot, you fool
rolled into your luscious curls
perched on the stone fence, unfurl
and stretch your limbs

return to fluttered glimpses of sky
roll over the buds still trying
flimsy in spine, still crying
and taste your tongue

return the raven rightful to night
roll the shy tones in ripple light
flee so rudely in sparrow's sight
and watch me
fly away

BIRDS MEANING/SYMBOLS

Sparrow- The Sparrow was an attribute of Aphrodite. The long battle at Troy was forecast when nine sparrows, representing the nine years of war, were eaten by a snake. The Sparrow is a symbol of Hope, Fertility, Renewal of Life, and Resurrection. Sparrow teaches assertion so that you may survive in spite of any circumstances with a balance of joy and empowerment.

Crows- The symbolic meanings of crows include knowledge, eloquence, prophecy, boldness, skill, knowledge, cunning, trickery and thievery. Crows are often interchangeable with ravens.

Starlings- Starling teaches lessons of group etiquette, social standing and family relations and how you appear to the world in those relationships. Starling will teach much about sensitivity to others and working as a unity either in this world or another and will instill a sense of protection and hope.

Ravens- raven as a creature of metamorphosis, and symbolizes change/transformation. Specifically, the Raven is thought to provide long-distance healing. The Raven is also a keeper of secrets, and can assist us in determining answers to our own "hidden" thoughts. Areas in our lives that we are unwilling to face, or secrets we keep that harm us – the Raven can help us expose the truth behind these (often distorted) secrets and wing us back to health and harmony.

Carrion birds- like crows/ravens and birds that consume rotted flesh like vultures.

FEATHERS- In dreams feathers mean travel or the ability to move more freely in life. White feathers in dreams indicate innocence or a fresh start in a spiritual sense. It is commonly thought in most cultures that feathers are symbols of higher thought, spiritual progression. The line of thought here is that birds were considered divine creatures in primitive/ancient cultures because they are creatures of the sky (heaven) and therefore closer to God. When you find feathers upon your path it could be taken to mean that you are on a higher spiritual path (whether you accept it or not), and it may be a sign of encouragement as you philosophically travel on this path. Finding feathers on your path is also symbolic of having a lighter outlook on life or a particular situation. When we see feathers in our midst it is considered a message that we need to lighten up, not take things too seriously, and try to find the joy in our situation.

Social Justice Spoken Word

Sir, You Stink- A letter to the Dishonourable Peter Kent

You reek of rotten idea
 and stench of a moldy mind.
 Like a sporous beast you try to infect us all
 into suits all greyed with grime.
 Grubby hands try to smear filth over the wall clock
 But we all hear it ticking,

tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock

Stop the clock
 Hold the phone
 No, I will not hold
 I'll not leave my name
 I know yours though.
 better than my name-is my truth.

In all my youth, know that you've done less
 What is left?
 Once you suit the world to yourself
 Rusty in a tangle of sludge filled mechanics
 that didn't stop running soon enough

There you go again,
 running back to your office.
 What a surprise.
 Scurry scurry little man
 We can catch you,
 you're an important man.

Something smells fishy...
 and it's not the layers of dead fish
 atop this oily water
 Like vomit, you project your filth
 Through public announcements and booming speakers

of promises promises,
 like vomit baked in flames of angry destruction
 like the crawling fumes from the stacks
 toxic, in a climb to higher altitude.

Being far up- it doesn't mean that you're above us
 Quite the contrary- we think lowly of you
 How slowly you slither away,
 through the tall field of reporters and security

Give **me** security!
 I couldn't feel less safe in you slimy fingers
 That peel back the green flesh
 and pry every socket into mutation
 and puncture every resource- beyond recognition
 My cognition cannot comprehend your pretending,
 Pretentious pretty boy.

Of course, you pretty up for the cameras
 Bleach away the stains on your skin
 but we can smell a rat
 Each of us, has a keen sense of scent
 Of all that money you misspent
 Of all that green you abused
 And misuse
 again and again and again
 Under such intoxicated skies
 Burning eyes stream cleaner than streams
 looking to you in swollen suppression
 Strangled out of our voice

WE WILL BE LOUDER!
 We'll move as Burnham wood against you
 No prophecy had to inform us
 of what power we out to wear upon our heads
 illuminated in golden sunbeams beaming into streams
 so clean and forests so green
 We mean
 what we say.

We penned it to pages and flew them in flocks
 We herded your yard like an angry livestock
 and we live on, and we grow in numbers
 Care to count us as a break from coins?

There's no stage weaponry for our players
 We strut into battle with passion
 and rightfully be slayers
 in the name of all mercy, please minister
 see clearly.
 I'll wash off your glasses
 and lay them back upon your face
 restraining from Slamming Stabbing Slicing Plunging Piercing Pounding
 them into your skin
 your crying raining and blaming on 'them'

Tame that grisly tongue of yours
 and I'll embed you with birch bark
 I'll ignite with white flame
 Sir, I won't leave a message
 I do know your name.
 all to well, all the smell
 Is contained in a curve
 of the hill you call home.

This is not for a gavel or speaker to allow me to say
 I will not wait for 'a better time.' For when you're not
 'in a meeting'
 'away on important business'
 'required elsewhere'
 'would you like to leave a message?'

NO.
 Our time. My time. High time
 To plow our path with our seeds overflowing
 Overgrowing into glorious emeralds and deepness of foliage thought
 It leaves me in tears
 The future we have got
 to have.

SLAPPED from your grip
 That control will slip away
 sliding away from
 you slithering like a snake

Our passion will harvest, we keep winter corn
 Take this as a threat sir,
 for years you were warned.

The letters keep piling up, towering still
 Won't answer them? Too busy? An envelope lip to delicate
 for a destroyer's touch?

Must keep you busy though,
 the globs of matching muck to
 tint us grey and well suited
 So proper
 Stitched fine and elite.
 Stuffed with useless matter.

This 'stuff' matters to me,
 to us.
 The youth and our obsession with truth!
 Oh with posture so trained, how is it you offend
 Oh your stature is broken so descend already.
 You're accustomed to questions yes?
 and the press?
 Yes? Than learn to answer.
 Why do you believe that there's more worth in you than a cent?!
 Over pungent scent is not heaven sent
 it's the best you exude not to mention a thoughtless attitude
 Because currency is a poor reward for success' early death
 Feel our breath, hot on the back of your neck
 when I say,
 I glare down on you with a clenched jaw and tattered mouth
 with disgust and an affronted nose
 You know what we think!?
 Sir, you stink.

We won't leave a message and we know your name.

Wisp(er)s of a Pipe Dream

There's room, if you want it
 to unfurl your toes
 from soreness and chores
 of transporting such a load all day.
 All day.

All day long,
 there's room, if you want it
 to hide from those tight rows of numbered squares
 only reminding
 like a breathe to your ear
 Unwanted, *I'm here*

I'm here, if you want me
 to pillow my shoulders
 purse my lips
 No advising. No compromising
 I realize, you don't need my voice

Only my breath,
 sweet spice in your mouth
 caressing the internal chaos
 with lighted fingertips- I tantalize
 Fantasize my touch,
 but it won't be the same as tasting my name
 you're aware.

There's room, if you want it
 to slide into a piece of curled spiral orange
 in the mixture of glass, you ask for a clarity
 Beg for blue looped in green strokes
 and billowed smokes to cloak descent
 and make scents
 of how nothing does.

You ache for that silky smooth curtain all day.
 All day.

All day long,
 I'm here if you want me
 allowed between the full blood curves
 into the cavern so scrumptious
 I'll calm the nerves and aching
 So tempted; those tattered lips of yours

My affections will unfurl
 like your toes escaped from a heavy load
 Your neck will sigh,
 with each rolling knead
 to slip away

The door is left ajar
 just give it a nudge and breath in
 to my ear
I'm here.

