



epilogue





poems by andrew killick

shadow *press*

Epilogue
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To my beloved Anna, who kept her eyes open
despite the waves that splashed in our faces
as we swam to the other side.



acknowledgements

This collection spans a timeframe between 1995, when I first started writing poetry while doing an arts degree at Auckland University, and 2005. Along the way I've been given cause to be thankful for the books I've read, the music I've listened to, the art I've seen, the people who've taught me, and my friends and family. I'd like to pay special thanks to fellow poets Jonathan Nalder, Eric Mould and Arthur Amon who by their support and serious attention to the artform of poetry gave me a kind of movement to work inside. I would also like to thank my brother Rob Killick, the photographer, for appreciating the deeper things of life and helping to legitimise living creatively. Lots of love and thanks are also due to my mother and father whose support in everything has been crucial. Lavish amounts of love to Anna, my wife, who I met because of poetry and because life is boring without drama – I love you my love.

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eyes closed -
those of your sunshine

I saved these pictures for you
slow motion joy from a film
See how the expression lingers
As we rise and fall.

Those kisses existed
before our conversation.
I saved this poem for you.

reCollections

As you and i desire to trip
As we flee our half-contented home
As we are shadowed by the night
Our inability to grasp the future

i hear a rumour of hope
In stratospheric ether realms of the air.
And when i sit in that square of light
In the corner of the room.
When i observe
The placid sea.

i note that you yearn
Half-formed construct of my mind.
Take my rib and this dust
Allow this true creation.

[voices in the density]

The air rich, dankly
The unsaying moist on our faces
Outside, the mist sunken on the jungle
We, far from home
With the lack of it in our hearts
This place dense enough
Without the soul departing wail of altered human grief.
The dark melody of possessing loss
As the fearful truth caught them
And threw them to their desperation
 despair
And we were chilled with it -
 disembodied funeral song in the valley
As the spirits darted from tree to tree.

[and then the rest]

Thunder
That calls and echoes
From cloud clawing pinnacles.
And dark sky
And earth that shudders to the bed
And unknown padding feet outside.

Silence.
Be silent.
Depart.

Where the dead lay.
Behind the shelter of the hill
Down the slope beneath the path
I wonder if I feel the receiving ground cry out.

Quiet.
Sweet soft sound.
Tongues
Of the tender singer

[beat]

Poor Jack
drinking
wailing
searching for his
beatific vision.
beatitude.

Mad wilderness
Mahalia Jackson holding the light
in the midst of it.

Crazy vibrations
John Coltrane emptying
himself into the saxophone
breathing his song.

[speak without words]

I was summoned
to the circle
of the power source
of God.

Supernatural
electric
spark of illumination
guilt-freeing.
Marked its
target.

[linear/eternal]

the expression of it
poetry and the
movement of the soul
of spirituality.
horizontal-vertical

[conclusion]

the hand has touched
the water
And come away
leaving the surface calm.

*See these are words,
my gift to you,
cultivations
of your inner soul.*

We fly over mountains
We journey to the garden of eternal time
We speak with one another

ultra-mercy, cherish me,
I am with you until the end of the age.

The music of it
flows down,
truth like a perpetual
epilogue.

poem
with Anna Sjardin Killick

what you say is beautiful

i am in love
is what i am

it's the sum healing effect of our words

*I can still smell you
With my mind
And in my hair*

*And I don't want to rhyme
Or be clever I just want to talk
As in a letter
As in person*

*And I think up answers
that have no questions
I imagine
days spent at galleries
And twilight
At the beach*

*But you know what I mean?
Do you know what you mean? (to me).*

*"All the poetry in the world..."
Could not say
Who you are to me
So I hesitate
To write a poem,
And write this instead*

*You're a stunner;
You shock me
And complete me*

I love you.

this is good
with Anna Sjardin Killick

your face is eyes-closed
as i wait to double-click
and speak to you.

*You're the reason
I'm awake
I am thinking
Of giving you
Pears and oranges
To make you happy
In that sleepy
Kind of way*

all i ever wanted to do
was have the sun inside me
embrace the sea.
keep praying, she says,
because this is good.

my vision

i heard the cicadas calling from the tussock grass
i heard the waves tumbling onto the beach
a subconscious rumble foaming around the rocks

the sand warm perhaps too hot
perhaps the sun will be too much in five minutes

perhaps, but i'm happy, thank God

you're calling to me, tumbling about me,
you're warm, softer than the sand,
the sun, the sun

and all i care about is you
and every thing in you.

tuesday 8 january

with Anna Sjardin Killick

Five nights a week and
all my life
I find
no way to express how
I feel butterflies in
my stomach and
statues in
the parks of former colonies
that make you think about
plastic bags and air in your lungs
and how good it is to breathe
and how good it is to
make delicate contact with you
in ways that no-one
could understand
it's so rare, she said,
to wonder in this way about
all things that
quiet nor rage
could destroy,
an unending
array of sparkling thoughts, melodies, pictures and
echoes of
eternity and a soul
at rest
Never again beating down
a door of
understanding
and then comes the beautiful night.

against the rain

hold on tight, hold fast against the rain, she whispered and the wind soaked the fabric of the sails with drenching water. hold fast against the rain! she cried to me. hold fast against the rain, against the cold, against the sleet. hold fast and the storm will stop, she yelled as the waves broke the bow and flooded the decks. hold fast against the dark.

and so we held on and waited, hungry, while the storm raged over us and the wind whipped the rigging into shreds. the rain stung our eyes so we couldn't see and only feel the warm embrace: as we let go of everything else, lost hope in everything else, took no comfort in anything else, until a candle flickered deep inside us, then took light and burned brightly in the darkness.

if the ship breaks up we'll have to swim, i said as the timbers tore apart. if the ship is lost we'll be at the mercy of the water, as we slipped under the waves still breathing, at the mercy of the deep. it was quiet there as we held fast against the dark. at the mercy of the deep and quiet, as the candle flared into flame.

the water under the surface was streaked with pure light, warm, it seemed, as if eternity was something we could see with clean eyes, and still we breathed and held on tightly til the prayer

consumed us and our eyes fluttered as peace became everything. the prayer was like arms embraced and deep that lifted us towards the surface still breathing.

we talk about calm sea being like glass, but this sea was like crystal. the sky was gentle. and God knew it all, as the three of us held fast in the quiet ocean.

spirits bay

We expected it to make
our hearts quicken
Peace or another
kind of intensity
to fill us.
The plains were
rough
with skeleton trees
grey with red earth
& painted purplish sky.
With horses that stood
like monuments of our mythology.
And a tree that
hung half way
off a cliff.

We sat on
unimprinted sand
drift-wood flames
four hippies, one
guy three girls, with
fire poi; a kerī kerī
guy who liked his
body; & two others,
non-descript;
while the spirits
passed this way
over-head on their way
to the cape.

The light in the morning
offered some relief
as I endeavoured
to weave the place
into silver nitrate
grains.

When we left,
it was quickly,
over gravel
& back south.

paris

i missed you
in gare du nord
outside the george pompidou
underneath the tour eiffel
inside le louvre
along the champs-elysées
near arc de triomphe
i missed you in paris.

untitled
(going public)

OR 'Live at the Parachute Festival - a madrigal or apology'

In which the poet responds to performance and popularity in part-song for three voices, with elaborate contrapuntal imitation & without instrumental accompaniment.

I'm asking you,
"Who am I?"
It's a question I
ask myself.

why ask myself
or look away?

cut here-----

somehow it all seemed the same. cast upon what you'd expect to be different, but then who has the right to expect stimulating change? certainly not he as he lay on the bed hammering the typewriter, fingering the keys of the saxophone. it was somehow peaceful certainly therapeutic, but there was no denying that the sound of a tapping saxophone or a screaming typewriter is calming.

he was less than a perfect artist. a lackey to pre-established forms, pound would have taken him down a peg or two, succeeded in lowering his confidence. furious he typed away his rage. when he lay on his bed he could see sargeson [that old man of our new zealand literature] looking at him from the bookcase saying what the hell do you think you are doing? and on his typewriter he could see out of the scramble of qwerty-ness words taking shape, placing themselves, linking to each other interiorly and exteriorly as he tracked them around the keys. diverging riding the consciousness of his mind and meaning, numbing him into a trance-like state making him go faster and faster, increasing his skill level so that he hit each key squarely until driven to ridiculous speeds he would begin to lose concentration and his fingers would slip painfully between two keys, or he would skin his knuckle on the strings as he strummed crazy, he would misspell words irrationally, the hammers would clash and stick as he accidentally struck two keys, and then rebel by going five letters over the margin ding. left justification only - if that's your meaning of justification. and if you believe in more than typographic justification, then why on earth are you typing in this manner?

i'm talking nonsense
terrible unforgivable madness fiction

its a pity music can not be made on this, it makes enough of a racket...
this is not the way to spend saturday night,

Sorrow now makes me sick inside
stay for one last song
just one more...

attention span lapse here

Don't moan at me, cauldron of
discontent.
I do not love tragedy.
Seriously, I will fight the elements
of despair.
This is my counter-culture.

paste me down here-----

It's a blank page, no more.
It's a soul taken up to taste heaven.
It's sitting with my stranger-brother-sisters
where sound stretches beyond where
light turns into darkness
It's currently a poem, concurrently
a poem and song, an act of worship.
Do not waste these words on small talk
Save them to be used by your soul
still more the Spirit

yell "go Andrew!" here

which can not in small degree
but only in a generous cover-all
that makes a ceiling for us like
the stars.

There is music in your mind
which you did not compose
your spirit in harmony
your soul in a motion
that is in you and above you.

Quieten now, your Contentment is near.

“Thank you ladies and gentlemen,”
Jonathan says, “we appreciate that you’ve
come to support the deeper
language of poetry.”
Eric picks up his stick.

clap and whistle here

good night we say good bye.



silence

I speak to you of the things that trouble the world.

I speak of lonely streets.

of ageing

of fragility

of pleading to be taken from the madness.

of hypocrisy, bitterness

and false judgement.

of cheating out on what could be true

of divergence and dismay

of hyper-reality, accentuated

noises

of images

of misinterpretations

and embraces that have not occurred.

of the mask and the wearers.

of the Levite's dead concubine cut in twelve

and sent throughout Israel.

of peace that is broken or not given.

of a lull in the storm

of consciousness and transcending

of calling from the darkness

of a sealed fountain, a locked garden

of resolution that tarries long

of enveloping passion
of resurrection

of love.

I would tear my eyes away if I could.

transit

I don't want to photograph
at all a space
that's too big for me.

[it's a small empty studio
with a shaft of white light
that comes down from
the ceiling &
flares out at the bottom
like a wedding dress.]

I can see it,
don't want to ruin it,
in my mind's eye
in my mind's eye.

I move the mist off
my mirror
I see my face
I say "same old,
same old,
fancy meeting you here."

Everything's a dance...

sarajevo

They waited at the street corner,
then quickly ran across the road the
way we would seek to avoid the rain
as we made our way up the main street -
they, the sniper's bullets.
Theirs was a big, hard,
heavy, thick war
that cramped the bones
in his fingers.
She loved him &
was taken away saying,
"Pass my error onto Kovak."
in earnest love.
Her song was now just
echoes on the hills
As he touched the page to feel
her last contact as she disappeared.

london

and beside the dark thames
bridge over
bridge over
bridge
the cold streets
and the names of the
departed
the rustle of the leaves
and the reluctance of
the sky to weep.

london 2

the sky's hard ceiling
forces us
all to flee
me and these men
in pin-stripe suits
and nato jackets
the rumbling of the tube makes no
noise
above ground.

untitled

(ANZAC day, 1999)

what is this that haunts the minds of a generation?
what is this stench that fills the air?

I am dead, lying face down in the mud.

poem for zukofsky

Its music you wanted
Your beloved
& your son
played beauty outward
dancing
leaves on the
violin.

addressing departure

stop for a moment to
look at the photograph
of the girl through the window,
leaving on a wartime train.

you are her friend
you are her mother
you are her father
as she leaves without you.

i saw a face like hers
waiting in line, at a
concentration camp and
couldn't look away, or move on.

untitled

the storm in that
mood normally brooded
silently.
but tonight he
caught it alone
& speaking.

above us the
stars remain still
as the treacherous wind
covers the earth.

my imagination playing
softly in my mind.

vinculum -

He packed nothing but his black shoulder bag
and stepped an international transitory threshold.

His voice is modulating
on the line.
As my mind skips levels
of
 a shaded cross
 a darkened sun
 a shadow cast on the hill.
 a composer leaning over
 his keyboard.

These at once continuous
nexus
brother.

in the wilderness

twice-telling history, the function
of the fragment, voices
the narrative of memory.
sideline then audible
The text fragments, tells, remembers,
then forgets.
& this then unsettled,
in the margins of the wilds
silently they wait.

melancholy 2

Times Square, NY, 1960

Starving for companionship
& love
until they purged it out
with long notes breathed
slidden and slurred
in a minor key

they drank it away
they drove it away
they passed away.

They were mad with self-derision;
with denial
They grasped their hair in their
fingers

They were pulled slowly along
tired Godless streets of cold
They closed their eyes on the
world
They turned to dust.

Utter for them your
elegy
Sing your requiem of sickness
Exalt them if you can
They died lonely.

Gasped with ringing in their ears &
sad music.

for jack kerouac

At times just pure fear
That haunted you
dirty.
Dark, raving
sapping loneliness
Jack,

Your movement
claimed you.

with your eyes closed

it takes great inner-strength and poise, you say,
to light your cigarette with one hand
grip your water bottle between
your knees
hold your cellphone to your ear
and let us listen in.

walk in the early hours of the day
through the rain without
make up
leave the house before breakfast
tell the kids
to arm the alarm

tell them it will be ok
and
hold back the dark
with your little finger.

what they saw

couldn't you paint her face like radiance
and appear like one who constantly gazes
around at creation in wonder?

and all things happen for
a purpose, all things happen
and then all things happen again.

and all things work together for
good for those that love the lord.

exactly what I saw,
exactly when I was being brave
and the also rans
were galloping past the finish line

and in all things I gave thanks
and kept on breathing in and out

until all that glistened was not gold
and the city on the hill could not be hid

until everything seemed to be and not be
and tiredness turned into sleep

and I had simply kept it close
and kept silent.

there is always time to sit
and let feelings grow.

too much time or too little
to make things seem real

to master all that is given to learn
and be terribly hungry.

how strange to see people's
expressions change
as they turn away.

how strange that no one
seems to remember.

perhaps this is the better way,
this is the better way,

I hope to be forgotten
in the air of total explanation.

eric mould

parachute 2001

he writes seated in the dust
in front of the turntables

he writes seated in the dust
a prophet from another time
when time was rich and things had meaning

he writes seated in the dust
and dust will rise up with the rhythm.

dilemmas

this is a work in progress
in movement
and technology.
in the year two thousand - and that
is old news.

glass is a substance to make
buildings out of,
steel girders look like
they would crush you if they
fell on your head.
this is not a metaphor.

a parapet is better than hades.

three twenty seven pm as the
day slowly ticked away one
hour at a time, and not less,
pondering an ethic of
tender perception that will function
as a reliable source of stimulation
and poetic insight.

on friday night the devil
offered me a pipe full of weed.
i said you can keep your
marijuana and drank
four beers.
on saturday night the devil
offered me a full bottle of wine

but already open and very drinkable.
i declined and took only one
and a half glasses.

what day is this when i
had to notice change?

this is the millennium, i
can make up new words.
i can only speak and not
form your response.

i have no words of
wisdom to say;
i'm going back to
bed to sleep for
a thousand years.

why don't you leave me alone?
poetry is for girls and pansies.
leave me
alone?

come, let us deny
him no more.
a parapet is better than hades,
we'll watch and pray and
hope that he'll explain.

my big silver car

There's a rhythm in it and an identification so close that my dream nearly explodes in tears, my dream consciousness choked up beyond words.

"Did it make you sad?" the old man asked her. It was painfully obvious. She almost couldn't speak, then as the dream faded away and I tried to escape her answer, she said, "He died in a car-crash."

'car-crash' - that's a metaphor.
everything's a dance.

a day later we count white crosses by the side of the road.
it almost feels like coming home.

Anyway I come out feeling liberated
And lie quietly in the lap of heaven.

narcissus

(Romans 16:11)

"I paint a picture
& hang it
in u l t r a -real space"

- you say, & surely my heart desires
the same -
but when I go to the gallery, on dark
surfaces behind glass I see my own face
& stand transfixed
to see the image of myself.

gaze -
numb with the stupefaction
of
dim perception.
the drug that made
him stare.

[narcotic]

& quietly edging
closer to himself he bent
to kiss the visage that he
longed to embrace,
until his feet slipping, he
plunged into the deep
green-blue water hole -
his head tilted back & laughing to himself
at first
as the sensation of immersion
enveloped him.

the water fall crashed
behind him - that gave the
illusion of unbreathing
exhilaration or panic
until his heavy feet began
to drag downwards into
the water of cooled death.

[...or drowning]

his eyes travelling rapidly &
his fingers seizing a hard handhold
of rock
the valley closing rapidly around him
he fought hand over hand
in survival & quick nervous [fervent]
silent cries.

to see the ideal beloved as a form of himself -
the sad but beautiful bells
the sad but beautiful words whispered
the stay felt but short-lived...
[journeys in aesthetica]
he can not stay forever.

perception is a dark mirror [darkly]

...pressure makes me gasp, as I saw
that God forsaken face or so it seemed
to me; being jolted into reality by factors
of the mercy of God.
The night was coming like a flood, that night was.
Any colour you like but no pure white.
The earth beneath my feet is grimy ground, -

the mirror -
the stark indicator
of our lust - &
(worthlessness) - deception.

& the dim window through
which we vaguely see. -

I draw my breath amidst this fume-thick environment
& wish to God that I could break free.

:surrexit.

transcendent departure
into existence
through the ordained death-birth
of the revealer of mysteries.

surrexit into life on earth
born now
your body washed - [immerse]
[emerge]

seeing for the first time
breathe the light
see.
escape the Tomb.

[fully seen, partly described
the image in creation -]

art of
concentration &
intensity (LOVE)

the equivalent to the
emotion of creation [soul/
in the image of God spirit]
art of potential
complete interaction -
in the image of God created He them.

at last surrexit
with your spirit [breath]
to heaven,
where God inhabits,
& into complete(ness)

*(Greet those in the household of
Narcissus who are in the Lord.)*



psalm
(for a vocal fx unit)

Is this the foot-fall of destiny I
hear approaching?

My former dream,
I see the rainbow,
the psychedelic colours of your face.
Softly, softly tread so as your
soul does not hit the
ground, beauty.

Upon the earth
steps that lead
over dark pavement
this cross around my neck
weighs heavier on these days
and the light stings my eyes
as I walk along urine sour
inner city streets.

Sunday morning.
Carefully the world wakes
up from its sleep
feeling its wounds
quietly weeping
for the past night's loss

- delving into its
love-short chambers
 harbours of sad
 thinking.

An already dim mirror
fogs in the moist air.

You, my brother, coded and
played out in letters and voice
on line.

The northern continent
grows cold at this time
of the year.
The chill sharpens the seeking
mind and human isolation.

inscribe this,
what is written, I guess is written
....as we pray for the fallen....
As we pray to the Father of the
Heavenly lights.

Do not despair..... *Selah*

*The unspeakable visions
of the individual beauty
our lives follow belief beauty
The inner sanctum of
the soul beauty
In praise of character in bleak
inhuman loneliness beauty*

Sacred, innocent, nervous
beauty
Trip to the mountain tops
beauty
Poetic, poetic beauty
Gemstone in the Hand
sacred beauty
Revealer of Mysteries beauty

love gave, dwell height
truth above wrath sanctify
from Babylon to the garden
from the ragged consuming
flee paranoid cancer fear then
placed in the hand, surrounded
by the Heart of Love.

And speak on, eternal Author of Faith.

easter weekend

I saw glow-worms silent over the dripping of calm water
Kerosene Creek steaming over my shoulders
Kinleith with its towers and smoke lit at night
high cliffs near Rotorua with mist
and the sign said, "Rotorua - feel the spirit."
the lights turned off and venetian-blind patterns of street
lights on the walls
a swimming pool full of dirt and a sign that said, "No
swimming without super vision."
Odysseus
the art on Emily's walls in Tokoroa
the Waikato in the gorge below
car lights, rain, half-light
the watch towers of a Pa
a playing field in the middle of a farm
the way water jets off my fingers under a water-fall.

they pale for a moment as the spirit of God courses
through my newly discovered heart
and makes me shiver,
then brings them all to life
emerging with nail scars
but alive
on Easter Weekend.

silver car

you should always watch the road ahead
and not the way individual raindrops
fall onto the windscreen
and catch the street lights inside them.

you should always watch the road
and not how every individual raindrop
is picked up by your headlamps
as they fall through the widebeams in the night.

and it's vanity to think that your soul-mate
could sit in the seat beside you and share your
vision without becoming anxious about the rain
as you push your silver car through the dark.

and you know that you could only cope
and feel comfortable if it were God himself
sitting there beside you seeing everything as you drive ahead.

untitled

I briefly consulted with Moses, his horns protruding from his hair, sitting in Myers Park.

Then again too much can go wrong if you crawl along the pavement. Then again you might just be pulled upwards suddenly and unexpectedly, you may find this dangerous or exhilarating, you may be beside yourself with fear or you may lie back and enjoy the ride and turn to yourself and say it really is no good if you keep on intervening, interfering like that, leave me alone to float up here on this divine loop in the sky. Then turn away from your interfering self and simply reach your finger towards heaven. The Spirit moves as it pleases.

Or if you prefer you may wish to paint a picture or plaster newsprint together or make something out of concrete or wood or you may just like to dance quietly or think about music or write your poetics or an abstract poem with the quiet hum of the city in it.

today I am taking dictation on a plane of being that far exceeds the normal, on a deification of spirit and into the realms of heaven which cannot be tempted to make into hell. Unusual to the nth degree and beyond the expectation of the usual prayer and away from distraction but then God is a giver of surprise gifts. If we were to be taken up now into the third heaven and immersed in the all-consuming communion we would look around and see glory to make the heart quicken and see our family that cloud of witnesses bright like the cloud that arches over the new Jerusalem, a cloud that invokes worlds and invites the dream to fly amongst it, bright for no other reason

than that the glory of God shines upon it a divine canvas painted to make the heart quicken. All this makes your spirit leap and fly as it was designed and predestined to do. And puts the grace of God in terms to make all else disappear.

see the dance in the clear sky the soul moves to and fro to the ultimate the heartbeat of more than one individual, the pulse of a body, the people, the emancipation, the liberation, the shout of completion, the complete trust in the prophetic spirit the home of the soul the essence of the breath of God the home the essence the breath of God the pulse the rhythm the liberation the freedom the emancipation. Tongues flow easily off your tongue the glitter of divine electricity illuminates the backs of your retina the church enters your body your body enters the church, the body rises from the tomb.

now dance now sing now now now now. This is my church. Tongues flow easily from your mouth breath soul pulse essence peace love tongues flow easily from your mouth. The body enters the church, the church enters the body, the priesthood of all believers the union of spirit. Tongues flow easily from your mouth breath soul pulse essence peace love tongues flow easily from your mouth.

glory drips from the ends of his fingers towards your open eyes opened from a force that surged then exited at every point in a loud exclamation leaving you exhausted and powerful with a force that resides remains.

touched by the hem of his garment.

now you can talk to me about a garden.

thursday afternoon
[with Guyon & Coltrane]

you gave me
sweet treatment
for my madness

“Inside your spirit there is an act
going on. It is a sweet sinking
into Deity.”

as John Coltrane searches for
a way to finish his
psalm of worship. 15 minutes long
now the track and still
no way to finally express
the love.

Until Turner, Garrison and Jones dissolve
into a final crescendo just prior
to 18 minutes long.

“ELATION - ELEGANCE - EXALTATION.”

eternity manifest
voices & rapture

u n l o c k e d.
the bone-house may
groan
where
the breath of the
great makar
tremors through
its halls

& in time un-realised
bones may assemble
rising from ruins
once possessed
by the element's fury.

[time - space]

exile
wandering
seafarer.
the eternal gold-friend
waits upon the shore
with anchorage

& paths away
from sleet
wind & cliffs which cut.
(& sweetly at rest
beyond the sheltering
mountain.)

unspeakable, beyond even the word-choard
the spirit may
groan in the rapture.

upper room

They were there -
like 13 candle power light that flickered on the walls.
Or 12 and one flickering deceptively,
And another was destined to be extinguished
(to be relit brighter, to be eternal).
Each struggled with
his
thoughts as words were passed and word broken.
Red fluid on their lips
Red historic fluid, as opposite the fruit of wrath.
Their feet had a lingering sensation
After the wet.
And deception was consumed and cloaked himself, veiled,
palled,
he left the room with a silent shriek.
The others composed themselves
One was summoning power.
The song was fire in them, they sang,
And went out into pressing darkness.

imminence: 33ad

And on the black, despairing day
Simon Peter, did you feel
That as your heart was torn and rent
That the passage was opened up
And God was close
Without the dark and heavy curtain
A pre-dawn
Glimmer of
Impending reconciliation
Taking hold
Upon your soul.

everything forever

God breathed into adam,
inspiration,
and gave him the gift of tongues.
the continuous
rising and falling
of the lungs and prayer.

surrounding him
the vision
danced in the sacred
air, a language
of a song.
a song of the poem.

and now as we all stood
on the very verge
with glory resonating
our retinas all the way back
into our souls
and our spirits taking over
our entire bodies,
my brother began to hum
quietly to himself
then said with a kind of profound whispered quietness,

"in that day i will respond,"
declares the Lord
"i will respond to the skies,
and they will respond to the earth;
and the earth will respond to the grain,

the new wine and oil,
and they will respond to Jezreel."

we remembered
adam opening his eyes from deep sleep
and saying for the first time,
"my love..." with that peculiar honest purity.

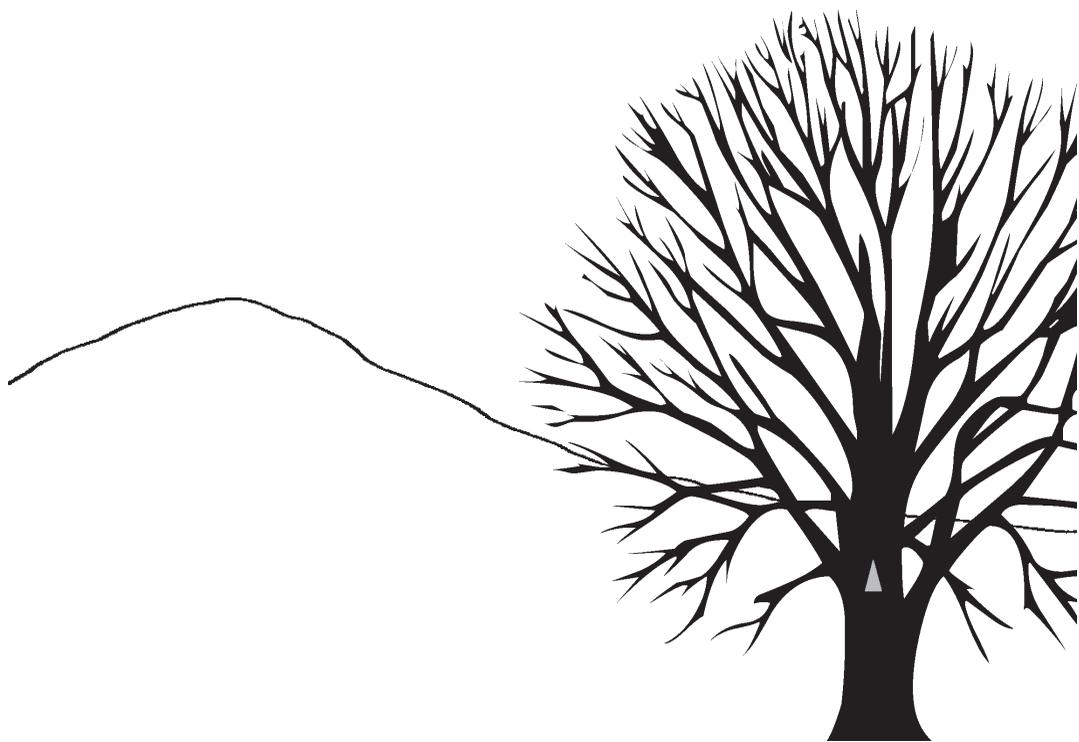
there was a kind
of electrical breathing
and time seemed to meld
as we now standing there
saw alpha and omega
coming out to meet us
with the words that changed everything forever.



epilogue

& there is inspiration & melancholy & inspiration & retribution &
inspiration & escapism & inspiration & escapism & love &
escapism & war & escapism & war & retribution & war &
melancholy & war & melancholy & love & melancholy &
inspiration & retribution & inspiration & retribution & love &
retribution & war & melancholy & love & melancholy & love &
retribution & love & escapism & retribution & melancholy & war
& love & inspiration

& there is soul & spirit
& then Heaven & consummation.





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