

Ruslan Albegov

A Hive by Landru

I can hear a pin drop

On silver steeds.
Rocks my humming bird,
one finger pressed,
lips,
the noiseless world.
The leaded frame,
points to peacock red,
each muted clock,
purls,
to broken chairs.
The voiceless reel,
snowed,
my unchimed bells,
the slide-show bows,
on hearing doors.

Kathleen Coldstone

Marguerita's deep magenta,
in the dawning of July,
heavy eyelids,
in a coma,
lies in land of Morpheus.
A sister for her two childer,
come sweet fountain of desire,
press the impatient kernel,
like ripe fig from her womb.
Her drug induced mutation,
causes Danny deep dismay,
nipped in the bud,
your crossing,
for an hour my stunted flower.
Kathleen will never marry,
or find love out in July,
by her face a passing shepherd,
fades to sudden lily-white.
When will you take me home, my mother,
When will you take me home,
Who will wind my window shutter,
on the dawning of the Sun?
No paraclete entered my casket,
or tenderly held my palm,
or led me through the baleful shadows,
to the bosom of the earth.
Now Danny kneels in mournful silence,
down in dusty Utley's ebb,
where the scattered cherry blossom,
ring my home of ebon wood.
Kathleen kindly keep a candle,
kindled in the castle,
of cold stone,
where the gathered mosses green,
I will gladly guide you home.

Once Adonis

Master of the Universe,
whose bronze hulk quivered,
beyond the Town Hall mean,
and raised our hearts,
higher than the birds.
Beneath the lonesome star we shivered in our pews,
as you climbed,
on ripples of applause,
pouring oil upon the flames,
for three thunderous encores,
our hands,
in privileged servitude.
With wings outstretched towards the meagre Sun,
your magnificent body moulded,
into a crest of iron.
Was it really twenty years since life seemed so immutable...
loves, notions, impulse,
all rallied to the cause?
Your peak in each reflection,
looked for my appeal,
locked in habitual pursuits,
called into this hum-drum world.
From parting ships, childless,
we crash against the shore,
while reaching for the timeless,
the palsied mirrors fade...

Come away, John

I knew him when with hands of hay,
his giant double grinned,
before the fay,
upon his steed,
a halo,
blessed with flame.
Only yesterday, it seemed,
the tower,
dressed itself in beads,
to the eyes of beauty,
your eyes turned,
and weighted down,
your undried wings.
Into another skin, the devil drink,
if by another,
your heart weeps,
John in red, Summerman,
carried high above the clouds.
If no English bullet,
eager for the rising stars,
by thee in green,
Summer man,
pull up the bucket,
from the well of backward rain.
I knew him when,
with hair of grey,
in starch from hillsides deep,
the fair-skinned youth,
Come away John, Come away!

To you my daughter as yet unborn

To you the essence of my dreams I give the Sun the Moon and Stars...

I give the incandescent fuse of Jupiter and Mars.

I give the mountains lofty peaks,
a sullen chase of nimbus clouds,
a trail of nuzzling gossamer,
dark kestrels over plain.

I give the hills perspiring pearl: wild swans that wing from Coole,
an aspiration through the mist,
the yellow lamp of dawn.

I give the flock whose journey south,
is fraught with rose and thorn,
the tiles of every rooftop,
the flicker of the tide.

I give a thousand beating hearts,
each universe of sand,
to you my daughter, as yet unborn,
a sea of pink flamingoes.

I give these scattered picture of,
the world and all its blend,
each sennet in the tree-top,
every petal on the stream.

Each branch upon the juniper,
every tooth of cinammon,
every seed upon the stalk,
each crystal from the vault.

And if your cheek were ever raw,
from hail or tiny thing,
I'd bring each tender bird that sings,
a rainbow at your door.

Ephemera

I see your smile begin within,
the fresh first flower of holy spring,
as you come gliding through glades to meet,
closer to me,
like the whispering leaves.

And then I saw your blushes bloom,
the burgeon glows with summer warmth,
like tender blossoms here to hold,
upon the midnight apple grove.

As we caress in twilight song,
our kisses spent our seconds gone,
when emerald leaves fall Autumn gold,
the dusky mellow Moon beyond.

Shall I recall in later years,
sweet tones,
when you were just a girl,
the winter Phoenix purges cold,
goodbye my love the love is old.

Your smile it breaks unchanged by days,
in love again, a moment's tears,
the curling mouth the passing Sun,
vernal bluebell sweet daffodil.

The strange little man who stares

The Reddleman twines in thespian grey,
skeined to the fog's iron spokes,
sky peels away as whistle by erica,
at troubled eyes,
perusing prime thoughts.
On the twisting divan the damsel distress,
sitting down distances adjusting her dress,
settled at bay in a scissoring spit,
and the core impaled to her script.
The strange little man,
gone with the wind...
fidgets and frowns sinks west if she screams,
prevaricate proud with the world in a cloud,
to the strain,
on her hand,
soft as swan's down.
Mauve the rine morion of temple orient,
exuberate cross-current,
over famble scatturent,
the lustreless onanist leans in rapid disgrace,
beneath her ruby red view.
Oh rosula of ruth in wastland rills youth,
blossom with favourable glow,
in jugular reined,
beside nacaret flame,
one touch from the angel of mercy.

Acushla

Sometimes,
when the west wind sings,
and softness distracts my eyes,
from this world of mocking-birds,
in fingers from the stage.
Sometimes from a darkened pool,
the sunlight caressed my dreams,
I could but soothe the day's retreat,
four shades of latched blue...
Sometimes when the morning breaks,
each tender love I give you,
I feel the draught beneath my feet,
running to meet your smile...