

Taropatch
David Lloyd

you are defined
in parting
as a wave

In a too harsh glare
You were bleached out of
Any shade & reached where
Light shadows

The margins through bleed-
ing slivers
Of sharp reed
Blades my fingers

Now run along
To the tune of hurt
If the notes are wrong
Then rightly I flirt

With your after image
Among other shades al-
ready you edge
Away beyond recal

The reins jerk from a long desired command
Arms flung out against the silvery glare
An over-eager angel hurtling forward trips
On overplus of darling speed, hasty sinews
Melt in the glare of sun-dazzle, thank-
fully his footing stumbles at peak of vault &
In terrific consternation that urgent point
Of bright is dashed into breakers & douses
Through the criss-cross play of sea light.
Salt bites at the smooth nude's wounds: I
Grow even to fear the gathering of their
Womanly hands tending to his multiple lesions
Unclenching his ragged grasp & his attention
Bled off in a tattered curve towards death
Sieved away with a see-saw song while above
The fixed sphere sails off into unconcern

What a vain cloud he plucks hold of, look it
Floats down the river in the morning mist as
A cover for his errant imagings, lithe &
Pink he goes on calling it, as blood thins
Out in the stream. That's another diversion
From the jumpy heart of the matter, only
The vein of what he really wants leads back
To that hub bub, where there'd be nothing
To say, only hum sometimes perhaps I'm here
To stay: not at all, he babbles on, wound
& wound on the same track, his attention
Spun out to a light & fine tension that
Snaps & he leaps to tuck with what seems
To answer his desire. & thrashing through
Folds & folds of candy-coloured nebula
The last twist is, she doesn't back off
Just stands still there where she always

Ah given to drink mandragora, & a broad
Yawn gulps at the empty space that's
The gut full of hankering rubbing up
Very close to mortal fear for a stopgap
Gone for good now & in a reddening
Dawn gobbling up the darkness I want
You now & the long running sore flares
Shedding its lurid gleam beyond the edge
Of visibility one little while & then
No more, it flares up & is gone. From
The initial flush it is bled out to the
Farthest margins, the abrupt of apartness
Soothed with a balmy haze blurring off
The hairline between the name & who
Falls under it seaming a shifty fault, lips
Pouting for contact at the end of the line.

Once upon a wasn't he all full of himself, quite
Indifferently glancing through the grove, but
Shrieks he in recognition & it's an ear splitting
One, the sound carries, nor will this trail of
Spittle part from lips lapped in a bitty parting
As the likeness peels away & stays just the same,
So doesn't that moving stair stream down from
Where I last caught you half-turned in suspense
Before the gangway. But to struggle back up what
Runs out from you, like she flowed in his face
Coming back with his own words, it does hurt
To tear away & not lag back to grasp maybe
Just an echo in the passages saying it does blur
Through the tear always, home burns & it is hard
To dare a way from this hot haze on the horizon,
The tear crusts to salt traces forged in afterglow

The stain glows ochre & the wall
Steps outwards where your shift
Was hung up for the last while, I'm
Poured through that gap, a yellow
Smear on the edge of twilight & won't
Condense, thinned out through the
Watery pale to keep the distances
Covered at every point, 'what was
Apparently & could yet be coming up
Over the dissolving limits, there
I'm suspended & will finger the stops
Of breath, the reeds bend into slits
Leaning away from attention as they
Mark out where the lurking exits
Drop away from your sight on the far side
& I fill in your figure passing there

He melts from the seat of his power
Into the nervous gold shower: her
Threshold is sunlit, his bronze tower's
A pod split to scatter him tingling
& the desert bursts into a flowering
Beyond anything he can reach out to
O how her suddy & delicate limbs
Shimmer & fuzz his valued standards
To slaughter in the noonday haze, &
Reduced to subterfuge he sneaks
Orders along the folds of the land:
The shining block is beat out thin
To take u the scattered points, the
Wafer glows along the skyline light
Leaf flaps in the breeze & I can't
Lay hold on its flickery gold transfer

The pine boards drip with a sexy resin,
That humming is the dimmer & bodies
Looming up through the lowered light
Fade off into various well oiled limbs,
The switch dips & my eyes swim through
Fashionable movements, the fishy flanks
Dive from my grasp, resinous strings
Swelling in the pit & slop on out
The open window as anyone's delight.
The amber light is thrown all over
Working bodies longing to come on
Every nerves you even see them touch
At the highlights: you're caught up
In amber to my tack eye, held &
Again the warm light melts off, now on
The table bathes our tendered hands

Surely this small green should be enough as
An island in the torrid stream., the shoots
Spill from the table into loose strands &
The stem grinds to rest in the bay. In
A green shade, skim duckweed from the pool
Brimming over through the moss mat. The iris
Fringes those dilatory depths, hardly a breath
Troubles their reflections, mouthing the fruit
As it plumps & the saps bed in under the tongue,
There's poetry in that there gob they murmur
Hugging a snug narcosis, easy dreams of home
And honey lap their limbs in a heady trans-
piration like limed with light through emerald.
The jaundice spreads in his satiate eye, turning
At the heart of all those faces the true gem twists
In a further island, nursing the invidious hanker.

Myself delighted but desiring more a stay, you
Hang on in the salty thicket, bounce the bag
In your free hand & shear bubbling-delight
In the black fruits from off the tangled branch.
To tear away is long drawn on, harking back
For the final look, you white say against the
Darkening mass, snapped up at the very last
& mounted against the blank. But the road
Simply will not bend, mindless the while you're
Declining to a smaller body, my glance refused
Till the prince of rays leaps out at length
From the unseen, you're gone into undergrowth as
I'm verging on another outlook, hear your
Laugh skim back in with 'only look to the sea
For motion', the race streams off below, streaked
With phosphor & flecked with a starry foam

The lure is to come on straight when
Honesty is a sargasso mat that dips
Would turn turtle as the swell bears
Down & you're washed instead with my
Warm drift as I'm overboard hugging
Two contours to me as one while a
Drizzling headland breaks up in surge
The low one backs up out of shingle
Where the nations slide under in the
Backwash. I see ahead & rearwards
Through a broad arc the furthest waves
Must fade somewhere around my heart
As a frantic singing in the azure
Sounds so clear on a taut wire
& the flock rises sheer from the gulf
In something very close to panic.

In grey wool & at your hem almost
Brushing the dusty hedge in sway
Of passage now a phenomenal fog
Muffles the long drag of casting off
From any clear shoreline, plucking
A few strings to the shuddery throb
In motion as slack waves over
The channel blur off into suspect
Horizons, a faint burr on the zinc
To work from in the middle of things
To begin with no fixed marks drawing
The predicted curves out. Hood the cape
With silence, only such intervals
Buzz with static, set directions in
Suspense, & peering down to bone grey
A tremolo modulates out of reach.
Now it's back to writing letters demanding

Should I let all spill out directly as if
Run on towards the margins like it may
Fall out or tune every phrase to a nice
Effect, a choice discrimination held in
Reserve: see, my I's are oblique strokes
& signs of worry pricking at the page
They're stacked up against what's also
There to be picked out but they slip in
The way I see things, the distance grows
Comic as you'll be gathering strands I
Would never even take up as loose ends
Knotting & unknotted in your curious
Threading back into what lies behind
These near-random designs that I'm now
In the very middle of composing.

Whittling at the dark root
In anxious hunger he
Hunches astride the stream
& gnaws his nether lip,

The parings litter its
Violet sheen cast off in
A detailed measure of
Surface flow & eddy.

Only the swallow swerves &
Crosses your sense of a
Controlled lapse & bending low
To touch level, even

The ripple slips from
The tickled lip. We watch
Your white smile undefine
Greying against the pitch.

The gut strums & plucked as a sticky thread
Through the laps draws in the wanting lips
In passage to close at last with the missed
Face. But his bruised heel aches,, it's too late
To not look back from the shoulder & check
Strung up with doubt at the brink of a light
Suffusion, the seam closes up in a rocky face,
Surface glitter folds a pretty useless figure.
You recall •his left arm drawn across the brow
As if the black stream swells over the view
Or he's washed from place with all the other
Details that tracked out into the possible
Swim as radiant markers now gathered up in
One vague body swirling across the line
Of current, he feels for those strands only
Where they tend into the viscous channel