

Cantharsis

7th June, 2010

The city barks bars of clotted citrine, dappling hedgerows with distortion,
And cracks of fettered lightning buzz the Spanish flies by night.
They form and flurry, fizzing from crackling bracken into the ether,
And glow in consonance with a vicarious moon.
See my Cantharis, feather-light in flight, candescent,
Alighting on my palm buoying the weary above the cloying city,
And I am buoyed in my joy; my arm the branch, the balm,
The conch where the starry flies shelter from the smeared sky;
Where voices buzz and bounce, and I raise mine in response:
Be my catharsis,
My aphrodisiac, my poison, my marigold moon,
Be my freedom from the city of burning and tarnished gold,
And rest upon sunrise in the beach of my palm until the moon hangs full,
At sunrise and moonfall; the ape reaching for the ebbing angel,
Like the poison slipping from the pool of a wound, taken by the air,
Where Spanish flies dance in the refracted light over the city in its slumber.