Three Poems

Vivienne Glance

Desire

The slippery sand
oozes out the blue glass
smooth and opaque
the shape of an arrowhead.

Desire excavates the glass
at the ocean’s edge
she wipes it
(like a mother wipes dirt
off the sticky sweet
dropped by her infant)
and peers through.

Her world is
scratched
hatched from this
perspective.
A golden fish
brushes her leg
slips into the folds
of her floating dress.

He whispers warnings
of the ocean’s deception
she only hears
the impossibility
of blue.
nightwatchwoman

i can knit delicate yarns
yielding the finest lace
i am found within a circle
in a cycle within a sphere

wind-rattled windows
behind dead blinds
shut out night visions
around the empty house

i can drink like a hero
when cold sheets un-invite
in the dark beyond
the stark electric lights

blanket-wrapped curled-up toes
on the sofa alone, beneath
timeless ticking clock
pour the next one

i can caress the new born
steal the treasure of centuries
in the night long fight
i slash open my future chest

key strokes: screams
clicks: blood, thuds
race to level three
don’t let the dragons get me

i can stay awake all night
when dragons call
fight with shield and sword
along castle walls
inspiration

ammo ablaze
it bursts like Alleluia!
flames abound
at the absolute moment of
inspiration
like the stars and stripes
forever at the american legion

cloud chamber accommodating cosmic
rays like dandruff
reveals to Anderson the positron
of a Nobel prize future –
accretion of knowledge to the
mix and repetition
enables an about turn and
sets the world aflame
like the burst of white when
alkali metal skates water –
a muscovy duck taking flight
leaving a faint scent of musk

new ideas cry out to
damned Mut
across black night
seep into the muskeg
of life like antiserum
seeps into blood and
conquers the fool
i believe
i am –

so i continue

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