
The Cassette of Confinement

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Poems written for prompts at a Poetry Workshop

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Still Life

Silky squashy white roll

winding off a slice by chance

When I touch you're slight, I see the light

as I look through you as telescope

You have so many layers

some spare many prayers

when you are dangerously thin

You nurture my skin

I see your future begin

as you moulder in the maelstrom

The Cassette of Confinement

I've been awake for half an hour, haven't eaten or drunk
Muscles are aching, my breath is baking but I'm keeping up.

Come little toy kit, arranging all bits, timer's placed in arm's reach
Letting my slender white wand gently invading my skull.

No, you are crying! I'm not even gagging, just sneezing away this charm
Infusing myself into this solution, hoping it gives me some resolution.

Two drops and our detective magician gets into a lateral flow
A wee white plastic referee, assessing if I can break free.

But it's a break through, and I am positive
that my perspectives are rather negative.
Two red lines tell me a custodial sentence
ten days of concealment by the cassette of confinement

Long Love

Tanka

How can I lay back
when I care about you more
and more day by day

How can we guard our own worlds
when we grow into more blurred

Tea drinking Miss

Phonogram

English, Tea sipping miss Miri
hinted she is keen
drinking tea released in milk.
She thinks milk in tea is weak.

Miri's peer, Fish, didn't believe this,
He thinks it isn't distinctive.
He reveals his thesis, he'll be
quizzing Miri rigidly.

He splits drinkings in fifty-fifty:
six tea in milk, six milk in tea.
Miss Miri sips six liquids indiscriminately,
she didn't see which is which.

Fish's thesis is: she is deceived
if she thinks she distinguishes teas.
His trick with digits reads: she needs
winning strictly each tea quiz.

This digit trick brings him esteem
It breeds business liquidity
Did Miss Miri really feel milk in tea?
Believe me, she picked each fittingly.

Four Beliefs

We all have a soul, you and I separate
Free lunch for free will, it's up to me what I get
Freedom, free doom, with or without God

We are all one and whole, you and I unified
Free to be equal, it's up to all what we get
Solidarity, equality, with or without God

We are us, they are them, you and I are in a chase
An arms race of the races, the stronger prevails
Hierarchy, evolution, perfection is God

We are a medium, you and I aren't the juice
Within and on top, genes and memes reproduce
Mutation, selection, doesn't matter if there's God

We are all perceptions, you and I, grass and air,
Breathe in, breathe out, here and now, everywhere
Freedom from the rails of lust, loss and ache