

Aloneland

by Iain James Robb

I think I have experienced this before:
This fractal sigh upon the star-scarped floor,
That makes this concrete mock of valley heath-
Below the traffic lanterns at the door,
Of frigid other flowers lovers 'queath
None but their eyes to. Like a coralled leaf
There spans again the happiness of masks
That nothing pollinates, the harbinger of masques-
Flourescences of faces joined to stalks,
And twilights enjoined on whispered walks:
That laugh a while in white ignominy
I cast my eye on no black lanterns see-
No masquers that may ever shore my sea.

And I have nailed myself upon the door
Of fractured spires the lights spill by degree
(By challenges of silence flown before)
On other ires and eyes I slide beneath:
As conjurers slick their sleight and jade their core
To magic-addicts. Preach the iron heath
May not repeal those psalms, that pass no spore:
Refuted like the last lost children's tasks
That raise no lens to what no reader asks-
A laughter left to languish at decree

Of 'Fall!' - that blights the eye upon the tree:
The trackless task of maskless Memory.

