

On the Rocks

by Iain James Robb

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What matters these, to all, below the crest...
If privilege of mind-blankness is the bay's?
Remembrance breeds no fathoms of its rest-
As plumb the circuit lulled, at each rephrase

Of capture, each and over, one lone jetty-
Marching only far as speech is lost in *snow*...
Of bevelled weights, before tide-gates that carry
Nary answers, of what left so hereago.

I crossed this day the thin tin-hammered moil,
That rings the cliffs, and fledged between two forms
Belong to this, that ghost, who chalks the roil...
That floods the bridle spoor of unpooled storms-

No ships converging through the absent hailings
Of plummet-birds, that bunk the gavelled *plain*.
What winnowing of white limbs, upon the flailings,
Perturbs the umber, *ó* *her* murmur-main?

Abroad on flumeless hoops, an unshaled galleon
Could have robed itself in rocks, themselves so soft...
As a trillion sanded turfs, tatterdemalion,
As the breath ensurfed and lost so long aloft:

And azure hydras arbouréd, in a listless serry,
Cast to frothing fields, encalméd now, *ó* distant water wracks...
That pool their weight far fróm the mid noon's ferry.

'Lorn Medusas ride the list, of pod-crow backs-

Enjambed from sapphire cities, and the plastic gardens...
Spinwhittleweed that whistles in midfollow flow.
"Ahoy, Miranda, where are lain your lustre's lessons?"
The hearts among green lilies whisper, "Jericho"...

And a city made of palms conflates no loss with passion,
In the seaweed steps encumbered; no enquirer asks.
The rain-wraiths spey no fleet's oars, for its flags to lash in.
I am dissolving in a plenitude, of chartless masks...

And vacant in the roundelay of lime-washed miles,
Forsaking triumph and platitudes, what bridges fly...
While watching for the turrets under turning smiles
The weed wreathes, in the algorithmic tapestry?

The fractal map none search, aslant, a shattered ember,
The whirl-ships flick aslip, in mist, reforge their fall.
The dance of these lies far at last and can't remember;
An albatross fleets flicker flack and shan't re-call-

No more than any path across. Meridian blinders
Knoughts and cross the cloudlets out, the South Cross falls
(And it is late, I must be leaving here), on lost and finders.
The masquers lapse at satellite, of lampless balls...

Below the shoonéd surface of the star-mapped brim,
That skates the frothing lilacs at the aftermath-
Of brides to tidelets, arced in parabolic bath
Of breakers, in resurgence at the surge's skim:

And jetsam (and it's late soon) scuffs but nothings come-
Aboard the periwinkle genesis, a-crest what cliffs?

The wheeling world is static, as the languished skiffs
That lift against the ride-let's equilibrium...

Chameleon blossoms ramaged in the sucks of surf:
Abandoned at the last gasp, of their artistry...
Dead pebble-weights the waters scarf and sands that scurf...
Amniotic thrust and reflux, of the laughing sea.

