

3 X 4

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Libertine Under The Dead Sun

Delight stays with remorse for
the resting place of all abuse.
In warning of morality, and,
a firm hold under the dead sun.
My libertine; the games we play,
in pleasure the cost is high,
there's no care for the ease
in pain, causing the tears we cry.
Libertine recurring through need,
even higher as injustice
comes through the trees,
under the dead sun of silence.

Detecting remorse and opposition,
with a recourse, through recurring shame,
comes your satisfaction,
and fails me with pain.
Born, unwanted, and given for control,
that gives delight, rapes with ease:
you feel fulfilled.
You, my libertine, recur through need.
Libertine under the dead sun,
occurring through need, has found
remorse in guilt, and you,
my libertine make no sound.

Adam Sykes

Guided

Surrounded by trees
I whisper hopelessly to myself,
Walking, breathing,
occasionally recollecting.
The forest draws my imagination,
scared I flee into the arms of a stranger –
you are my treasure.

She is passing through –
visits but momentarily:
in silent splendour.
This treatment is forgiving –
pages turned and set to flames.
Musically dancing – words on wings.

Again the whisper guides me –
pleasing, securing, bathing me.
The flames grow higher
all around, they cover me.
The book is dust, the words remain.
A solitary figure – waiting for home.

Pleading for mercy –
I hear you in memories:
guided through the forest.

Adam Sykes

Abstraction

In time escape, land watching waiting.
An outright perversion, a smile.
The piece in sanity goes deep,
and repeats again, in hand.
An emotion reaches out in time escape,
Transforming, unforming, undergoing,
abstraction.

In time escape, air regaining space.
Appealing to you for help, placing power within your reach.
A handful of sand, disappears, in time escape,
we flee from ignorance to
abstraction.

In time escape, water pulses to recognize.
A weakened state of mind,
washing, cleansing, draining,
charity, calling your name.
And sand disappears, in time escape,
Transforming, unforming, undergoing
Abstraction.

In time escape, fire cires discerningly.
A burning land, responsive
To the abundance of appeal.
And a grain of sand, white hot yet peaceful.
In time escape we're watchful of the timeless
abstraction.

Adam Sykes
