

As The Smoke Clears

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Writer's note:

As the smoke clears from my life, I look back at my former years with empathy, pity, apathy. This collection of poems is at times poignant and pertinent, at others frustrated, helpless and hopeless, at others nothing at all. I wish us discernment.

Part I – Sovereignty; Expectation; Control; Hope

Sovereignty

Trials, then tribulations, lead the trodden way,
Paths that stand against time aren't so eas'ly paved,
Mys'ries of freshly sown routes shan't be sought
today,
Work builds disdain for land over which they have
slaved,

Perhaps disdain – a word so pungent - is crude,
For barren land leaves hours lost to where?
A labour of love is fruitless if no food
Is grown to glut the stomach of an heir,

A crown too great in weight to be adorned;
The heir itself must raise the smelted prize,
A mutuality of fear of scorn;
The thought will wilt upon the meet of eyes.

Th'executant of royalty is no fool,
Henceforth the King shall reign, the Queen shall rule.

They go

Acquaintances come;
The more faintly they paint,
The more slowly they grow.

After, a momentary pause

I saw your face

My heart melted

Yours, froze.

(Turns away)

There is no point in packing.

No luggage, no baggage.

The weight of nothing is enough to carry on my
shoulders.

(Sighs)

Not easy

For a little while we made us forget
That no one yet cared.
For a short while we made us believe in love,
And for a while that was enough.

We gave us direction, we were our target,
Our focus, our meaning, shared.
Our reason.
I was drawn to a point.

I admit it.

Look away

Wake up free & without me,

No thought no feeling no drag.

Wake up, whilst I sleep,

Be free as my dreamstetherme

Live for me until I wake,

Then live for you for goodness' sake

A prosecution, (in) your Honour

A God who shuns responsibility,
Carelessly chosen words splutter from your mouth
As you drool a fucking death sentence on your
pillow.

Nice one.

A ~~god~~ God cannot forego its power. Full stop
That's even if it's blind to it
Because you can't just descend a hierarchy.
Especially when you POINT BLANK refuse to
acknowledge that you sit atop one.

~~Oblivious?~~

~~Ignorant?~~

~~Careless~~

Why are we to blame for your shortcomings.
And more still, for pointing them out.

- (1) You blame none but the devout,
- (2) The non-believers are exempt from your wrath
- (3) But your love spans all? Right?

Work on your syllogisms.

Idiot.

Un

I am broken.
I am of no use since my master discarded
My offerings, bluntly refused my service
Offered in earnest. Reticence bursted,
Emotions unguarded, motives doubted
Closeness halted constantly faulted,
Constantly faulted but never ever stopped,
Cemented in love, in duty, in something
Deeper than this; cannot, will not stop
Deceptive acceptance tints my view of your view of
me,
My view of us is your view of we,
Promises exist only in proximity.
Promises to exist only in proximity.

An excerpt from an unfinished story (which is yet
far longer than this fragment)

[...]

It's no coincidence that these things begin
When the magnificent four, five six or seven,
Uptake you, for fuck's sake who
Do they think they are
What do they think of me,
Why do you uptake their poison so easily,

Sat here writing queasily, hands shaking uneasily,

[...]

Part II - A trio on growth(s).

Heavy breathing

I

It started – heavy breathing,
Flesh compressed – fingers never leaving,
Bodies heaving, soft tissue compelled,
To forget its structural integrity...
To loosen, to swell,
Breasts, beats, breaths,
Collapsing under weightless fingertips,
Chasing elusive yet ubiquitous flesh,
Inclusive, unattainable handfuls of soft, fatty tissue,
“Come back/closer”
“I’m here”/ “But I miss you.”

II

It began/started – heavy breathing.
Memories dreamt, compressed into flesh.
Gargled affection, regurgitated love,
Reverberated, inclined to recall each earlier rise and
fall,
Each earlier heavy breath,
Those were shared, in the depths,
Gasping for air.

I'll have the ughhhh

Delicious gobbet to glut a gut,
A thud, your heart, that sickly swallows,
Swathes through lung from tongue and borrows
Flavour, the savoury buds,
Cloying grub, amalgamating to excess,
Until it is you, the gobbet digests.

Bright stones in your stomach,
Your fuel now your anchor,
Congealing thickly with a sticky feeling.
Peeling skin, scratching s carefully,
Gargling guts repudiate satisfaction,
Harmfully, gain traction, climb, tracheal contraction.

Shame on you un-hungry glutton,
Feast again; gorge your desire
For hunger, your wretches are disrespect
And dishonesty, you do not want more,
You want to want more, hunger's whore,
Vile body, evil, at war,
Tumult in intestines,
Colon sore,
No, more, shall be consumed.

Internal warfare, a ghastly concoction,
Vastly overestimated your appetite for consumption,
Small-bellied glutton, greedy with starvation.

An empty stomach through which so much has
passed,
And nothing absorbed, engorged waste,
With haste, nutrients scurry away.

The White Wall, 21/11/17

Blocked by bleached thickets, the growing white wall, nothing in, nothing out. Disfiguring, concealing the landscape of yesterday. I tried my best today. Unscaleable. Layer after unsinking layer, guarded by tortuous tangles. A breathing coagulation of disharmony. Frequencies, if they could, would plunge into the bleached abyss. Yellowing. Impenetrable. Nothing in, nothing out, not even if it wanted to. Blocked by thickets occasionally undone by plants. Momentarily. Heavily they return, bristling, their white wall unmarked. Unaffected. Unmarked, by outside forces. Fed by their undoers. Stronger. Tendrils gnawed away. Roots left to fester. Drowning faces consumed, slowly. Edges rounded. Lines curved.

Burn it before you knock it down.

Part III – Here-to-Now.

Here-to-Now

Before the god of the Sun became the son of God,
and to leave or remain (or to eat leaves of Romaine)
gave a political nod,

Sumerian Sargon, setting the stove to preheat,

Did bake the Mesopotamian recipe

at varying post-cataclysmic heat,

For several millennia

Now, we eat.

Inspired by, and dedicated to, the time-and-space-
condensing partnership of Abigail Joy Marthinet-
Payne and Jacob Lloyd Glover, sealed with marriage
on December 30th, 2019 AD.

Part IV – As the Smoke Clears.

This is Precisely the Issue

God, this is a heavy one,
This ink feels like lead,
This paper feels like wood,
My hands feel like treacle,
This pen is too slippery
Yet the words so elusive.

I herd them toward an exit,
But they just won't go through it,
Dehydrated horses standing around,
Meditative bulls standing their ground,
The red of my eyelids flickers in frustration,
My lingerie-clad imagination
Meeting a right-side cerebrum
Practicing semen retention.

As the Smoke Clears

I can sleep again,
Even though I thought I was already,
But now my head's less foggy
And I can sleep again.

So, I've been sleeping again,
Even though I thought that's what I was doing,
And it's just starting to click that
That was a different type of sleep entirely,

I can – I can sleep again,
Even though I thought that's what I was hiding from,
It turns out I was hiding from falling asleep,
But not the Sleep itself.

So, I can fall asleep again,
Even though I thought I didn't want to,
But now sometimes I do,
And now sometimes I can,

I've even started dreaming,
Even though I thought I definitely couldn't,
I think they only come,

When they know you're not looking,

I'm sleeping again,

I really am,

And now that I can sleep again,

I'm waking up too.

2160 minus x

The great abyss is but a point of a needle,
That light you see is the Sun,
The next time I see you the Age of
Aquarius will have begun,

Maybe there's a pause, or a break, or a stutter
I daren't utter it's the end,
But that's because I believe it,
Not because I'm scared

I'm ready.
And I really hope you are too,
Because I can't imagine living the next 180 years
without you,

Everything will be okay,
I promise you that.

And I can't make promises that I don't keep.

Can't do it.

Can't.

Shift

It always feels like the first real big one.
The one that's made you realise
That your theories of yesterday were means,
And this is the end.

And in saying that *it always feels like the first real big one*,

Then it always feels like the last one of any
description:

The one that all previous will bow to,
And the one that, finally, now, you will, too.

But then, is it the first real big one, or the *real*, **big**
one?

If it's the first, and there's more, is it even that big at
all?

Is it the one that's enough?

Or, the one that's enough, for now.

I'm certainly learning.

Given a home, paying no rent,
Not having worked for the time spent,
Accommodation.