

[Daniel C. Boyer]

POLITICAL POEMS

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Made out of yeast, and to the silent blood
A silent host depends, waited without
warning
(Weighted without warning), ploughing
silent seas of want
Scaled deep, with kids, kid gloves,
And a silent scream the depths of orbs
divine.
Arabian night, which wandering gypsies
feed
To bones of snails with hungry childrenes
tongues
Weighted with steel, a flesh of mavericks
On tip of glowing tongue, the host divine
The silent cannon feeds, of angel wings
Sky-scrapered red, feeling these blessings
laced
Into the hollow heart, miss you, kiss you
A cattle of grain in empty heads
Comet credit commands, the empty riders,
Monthly riders of the sun a credit scam
For a sham shambles, and with shambolic
debt
Feeding to night bridged round with hatred,
the glowing eye
Of the last triumph of the furtive sea.

Commonwealth crushed, which swelled
these islanders
To lapis-lazuli hearts, spired in grief
In angel decay fed by the sistermoop.

The goal went wanting, sackcloth-clad and
dead,
Now dead with these demands, take idle
hands
And build a world of promise, a new Utopia
Where each receives his biologic wish
Without the let of that proud octopus
Crushing the bleeding world, left without
glory.
A strangling world is this, involved in
chains,
Weighted in death, and capricious with
want,
Given to a new poverty of thought.
The college of the goudgers creeping by
Traces me with the silent touch of sin.
And lost within
The silent soldiers wear a withering thought
No wise revised, and aching the silent ruin
Reeling with death piled high, the popped
grave
Buried in stale earth and with consumptive
flesh ...
Oh! Sister moon! Relieve these angel
dreams.

11 October 1992



The pomegranate feathers
Heathens the last of need, with wide-eyed
bliss -
A kiss of empty shallowing tortures, a jack
of bowls
Lawned to delight.
The tennis mercies
Scalp the deadening calm with business
stripes
In a night suited to decadence,
In a decadence-suited night.
So, ten. They are following in their Indian
tents

Teepeed as buffalos, the Russian teas
A tail of mercy in the rescuing air.
The night of confidence, a weaseled
surprise
To the sunlight shallows, Deaden the myth
of time
Lost and lone, dead and alone
The rescuing bliss left head, the empty
mercies
Scotland avoids. Take tea, for there are
wanton words
Mercying angels, in autograph tortures
Bleeding the frightening calm, gone six-to-
one,
Pierced-ankle fellows, a shivering feel of
death
Fucked in the locking boxes, shaded to air
Not fire-bound, and with the scalp of want
Scotland commands, with bagpipe
blasphemies
Barbarian-squared, now built, tri-coloured
death
Where once the rescuing hammer built our
life.
Peas feed; even with bees swarming
The eraser filth will never dream to lonely.

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