

The Severed Man

Stealth-like, hangs in the wings
turns phrases, loops the loop
scans it all in, as he readies himself
climbs aboard, sits, stoops

Her heart's war is over
she's buried it with fresh love
and a Balinese tan
as the severed man strings together schedules;
buses, trams, trains
camouflaged on a 553
half way to Preston

She could find him standing on any corner
when peak hour dies away
and lights beam from busy kitchens
on her street at the end of the day

This neighbourhood
its convoluted byways
and neat rows of lemon-coloured flowers
is worn down by familiar steps
in the early hours

He craves her
he craves her warm breath
as she sleeps
in the bed
he once knew
as his own

he'd wind it all back if he could
stitch up his jealous heart
rip out his own throat
to cease the laughter as she cried
she knew he was lost & she tried
but time had used him hard
and he found pain in openings
fear instead of love
he wrote her a letter of explanation
and then burnt it in shame
it showed itself again
at a bar
with a whore
and a bottle of gin
a little small talk
and a night of sin
and world wound through circles
that it was all he knew
so she cut him away
as if she cut sinew

Now he can see it all before him
eagle-eyed, sweeping distances just for her
but her world is her own
and the man is transparent
severed
alone.

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http://web.bhtafe.edu.au/Centres/VocationalAccessandEducation/Divan/divan6/html/the_severed_man.html