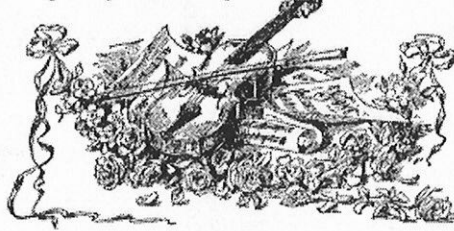


Word Catalyst Magazine



A magazine for creative expression



Art Poetry Photography Links Short Stories

Vol. 2 No. 11 • July, 2009

◀ Previous

Next ▶

Poetry by Stephanie Sears

[Heart break](#)
[At Clark's pool](#)
[Above town](#)
[Before eruption](#)

Heart break

Two figures above their domes hang
 from strings of light
 that spirit them above the damnation
 of elusive cravings that hold me down.
 On San Giorgio's frontage seagulls fold
 resigned wings. In my heart, a sudden break...

They scissor up, sharp again,
 cutting through to well-dressed forms
 filing dark below
 among the bare bristle of the park,
 self-absorbed as if unseen:
 seducers and betrayed
 whose lives, once flexed with relish or despair,
 now together in pairs, seek escape from
 past effusions and retractions.

Their passions are buried behind
 the introspecting windows
 of the Giudecca,
 so that as I gaze upon them
 I feel myself cast in every scorned longing
 they keep within.

[top](#)

At Clark's pool

Sultry dusk perspires
 from the slow making and undoing of life.

Drifting roots bubble into flower,
 leaves unfurl and fall in endless substitution.

[Art](#)
[Poetry](#)
[Prose](#)
[Photos](#)
[Books&...](#)
[Links](#)
[Archives](#)
[About](#)
[Home](#)

Nothing short-cuts the everlasting rut
except the chimeras of darkness that slash

at the blundering heap of stars
like blades of abstraction.

Engendered by night's hangings,
brews of blood and air

the bats unpredictably surf
the intangible waves of fate.

[top](#)

Above town

I

You stand between light and shade,
half present, half lost to dream.
It smells of heights transmuting into innocence.
Creatures approach us, prairie dog and deer
drawn to our zenith.
We met four days ago.
Your eyes so like moss beneath my feet and
the jade I sipped scrolling among the trees
whet their emeralds in mine.
I have drunk your lips too
that kiss like a swimmer pulled to a fall.
Why do I resist
this storm of hypothetical fulfillment?

II

No longer, I daresay, will I see you
but in that ever altering dream
I wear upon my person
like a dress of complex cut.

Transformed by time and space
into the impalpable intimacy
of memory and wish
ubiquity finds you
by the Lindley Pine,
snow swooning
on the street lanterns of Belgravia,
gliding on the glass of a reef-ringed sea
that is ours by all but birth,
or looped reptilian around a banyan pipe,
laughing over saffron plains.

But of this relentless match
between memory and wish
you look truest draped in mist,
fishing on a loch's raven cut
that bleeds to the Scottish sea.

[top](#)

[Art](#)
[Poetry](#)
[Prose](#)
[Photos](#)
[Books&...](#)
[Links](#)
[Archives](#)
[About](#)
[Home](#)

Before eruption

Hypogean like tombs,
riddles have grown mossy on their beetled backs.
They are pits of distaste
steeped long in time.
In the asthenospheric soup rumbling far below,
I hear their pumice voices snap and burst.
Clothes bedizen their dry brown limbs
in wads of chromatic frenzy,
turn such women into monuments
wrapped thick to hide
from soul-grasping succubi
who tread light and supple

in parodies of nudity.
By midday they wash
their toiling breasts among the reeds,
striped clothes floating
from the lava tubes of their waists.
I cannot travel so far.
to measure the gulf.

[top](#)

Stephanie Sears is a Franco-American free-lance journalist with a PhD in Social Anthropology on South Pacific cultures from the University of Paris. She has poetry published in The Coe Review, RiverSedge, The Long Island Quarterly, California Quarterly, The Amherst Review, ArtWord Quarterly, Poetry Salzburg, Inclement, The Hudson View.

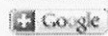
Send a message by using the Word Catalyst [feedback form](#).

[← Previous](#)

[Next →](#)

[Search Word Catalyst](#)

<input type="text"/> <input type="button" value="Search"/>
<small>Create your own Custom Search Engine</small>



Gadgets powered by Google

[Home](#) [Archives](#) [Credits](#) [Contact](#) [Submit](#) [About](#)

©WordCatalyst.com
Fruits of the Creative Garden TM

