



Duncan McIntyre

THE SUBMERGED CATHEDRAL

No need to wonder where the drowned cathedral is:
even when you were small you'd already been there,
seen the long poles of light leaning on green windows
and fish uncurious over the serene weeds.

Just you and no one else to drift through the coldness
where seagrasses and shells fix on the climbing stones
smudging the angels' joys and the demons' malice
to imprecise shapes in the pondings of shadow.

DUST DEVIL

A cone of desiccation
spins across the waste.
Men with burnt thoughts
know the same
whirling solitude,
the same
leaps and slides.

You who were the braid
of my waking, the bouquet
of my best sleeping,
today I stood thinking how
to invite you home,
knowing the past that
stands with you in the shower
touching your lips when
you don't mean to smile, still ends
at the old ending;





dissolves and cancels
every former claim, yet leaves
your thought in my flesh:
never with you, nor without;
never still. Not still.

Sun will draw the vortex up
and the crazy leaves
so busy
while the air moves
will fall to earth.

THE ONE-WAY MAN

Like a black-robed friar on the snowscape of minds,
As funny as justice, as terrible as love,
As bland as the maggots the carrion bird finds,
Intimate as a fuck observed at one remove -

Always the inference that freights the stray remark
And the hesitation when the dice are shaken;
Always the silent grub at work beneath the bark
And the last certainty when certainty's taken.

Now eyes nor see nor shut, now teeth show through the cheeks,
Now Alas! they say, Oh! Is that what we become?
Who'll filch them back for us, our stolen years and weeks?

Who'll fetch us the hero? Who'll summon Captain Doom
With blood-red cape and tights and his flight-plan approved
Before the One-way Man takes everything we've loved?

