

The Lance

Alex Rieneck

If all the things that could be said
That racket 'round inside my head
Would quietly form a perfect point
A glass-sharp spike
That would anoint
The blue-white vein
In your wrist
A perfect intravenous tryst, of truth, and blood
This happy meeting,
However fleeting,
Would change you where words could not
Would cause to break the helpless knot,
Of twisted glances, which like lances,
Gore my heart and quickly rot
The sun would shake the miserly clouds apart,
The golden glance would touch my heart
My voice would speak, without a word;
My voice would speak, and be heard.

12-bore ReIncarnation

Alex Rieneck

Nembutal is slower
And you can vomit it up.
Smack'll do the trick if the NarCan man is slow that day. But there's no
cure for painting the wall
With your mind and putting your everything into it, a blossoming rose of
forget-me-not that has forgotten everything
It ever
knew

Heart of Lightness

Alex Rieneck

On those grey days when nothing matters
nothing matters more than you.
A soft song dance made by chance
nothing matters more than you
An old song sung slowly
tricked out
upon the strings,
The quiet fidgets of silent fingers
lightly rubbing silver rings.
Of eyelids so huge it seems a shame
That their sound is not the same
as the sound my ears hear
Forever silent in the air
On oiled bearing they seem the same each day
But alter oft and always soft
Caress my face and race my heart
As a jagged trundled cart
Over the potholes of a wild life
I madly chase, it cannot be caught,
for caught forever dies,
Oh the wonder
the wonder
of those eyes.

Vlim Solumé

Alex Rieneck

In four hours, it will be six
in six, eight.
At nine twenty the sun
will touch the top section
of the garden gate.
But I have a reason
... a prior date
To be in the city under the gun
Many levels of concrete beneath the sun
Talking stuff with faceless men
of jobs, of earning, of much less fun
than I am living now,
The law (that cow) says that I must now,
work like other men,
from nine or ten til five or six
and write my witty verbal tricks
Hurriedly after work in those glum hours
before sleep, before the endless days ahead
Film my eyes and dull my head.

The regiment has called,
is calling
My disinterest in ordered days is galling
and, in truth, my excuses palling
on those who say that art must pay
or it isn't anything at all,
IT is not a coloured patch on a wall
But a test of mettle for future auctioneers
The valuers of years and sneers
who think profit points

can grow on canvas
without the meaning wearing thin.