

Poetry Series

**Frank Lisa IndiRa
Francesca Roger Platt
Cornish Martin
- poems -**

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Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin(October 13)

'Confetti, over stagnant verdigris

A preventive counter layered over seeping external noise

Halts acidic attack that rusts corrosively-' Lisa Deer [Mon Ami]

! ! ! ! Defining Insanity [are We Still In Same Conversation?]

Mental gratification Absent indulgence
or whatever be its final christening ...
too abstract to subscribe to perimeters of abstraction
or accept authority
This tinge of madness
this aberration imparts clarity, impales reason.
Does it actually stop somewhere?
Can you contain it?
.....Say in the vessel of verse as vassal of verse?
Ask yourself... for the only times I felt
free from the tether of skin
was in moments when
I embraced the transcendental...

Call it weirdness if you so choose
it's the optimal contouring
of your concaves with convexes
of natures that elicits
cry of Alleluia/Eureka..... Alhamdulillah

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!!!! What Have We Become'...? ? ?

So there are unfinished breakfasts
paths choked by acid of accusations
china stained grey by your bitter adieux

fish-scale of a cold stare
almost an ingrained ingredient
of many our gourmet meals

There are half finished sentences
barbs of whose alphabets herald
all virgin conversations and....

There are missed heartbeats
a grip of fear permanently situated
on the neck of unformed words

There are reasons for the dense forest
of absurdities; there is philosophy in the
mindless mire of our shared obstinacy

this love we once celebrated
If rediscovered: ravishing
vanishing: if unobserved

:) My gratitude to Wardha for giving a whole new meaning to this mangled,
disparate and derelict assemblage of alphabets that I'd sent to her for tweaking.
Thanks so much Dr Sahiba. Thanks to Francesca's Literature Teacher for inspiring
it initially.

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!!!! Like A Lunatic

Like a lunatic
she had all my oceans rivers canals and seas
tied as her anklet
she ran with that racket
traumatizing my thirst
cloudless wrenched and wasted
Like a lunatic

Deaneroger's Prospective Love Letter Tale-

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!!!! Wardhan-I 'Mist Of Lavender'

Do you burn incense? ?
Do you like the willowy tendrils of aroma
caressing your lithe body..
today when I smelt lavender
I thought of you and
of the possibility of smuggling the fragrance
into your realm through the many treacheries of time ...

I couldn't find any courier, carrier or courtier...
so it remains ...atremble..
a captive in its glass mausoleum..
un-smelt, unborn
so there will be irate oracles
on tangent as their haughty nostrils
were not flooded with the waft of supplication;
there will be burials unwept
as the ephemeral balm of ritual
went sadly amiss

I'm resigned to a life
Undrenched in the lavender
Of your love
till a new uprising,
till a new intrigue or
till a courtier carrier or a courier..
lighter than breath
is born ...

Wardha and Rehan's project of joining pens/tabs

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!!
!! **Elena.....**

if linguists frown not
I hold this name out
to tyrants to armies
with daggers of madness drawn
Elena... I shall whisper to
disease and hunger and mistrust
and with these offering
I shall seek
to become barrier (though meek)
amidst strong and weak
a living breathing apology
for sins I never did
Elena.....

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!! Naiveté

Last flower of this withered spent
garden of love has led uprising of spring
Afflicted by disease of hope
I'm once more a follower
From the forgotten recess of time
With you came ice cold pain
This tryst sautéed in poison
of absence has consumed
hungers for hungers
Behind every word there
lurks silence stifled
Let's not mourn vows of silence
Or din of betrayals
Let's wait for another time
when stars spin out of axis
World is birthed afresh
I shall then consume you
With kiss on our way out of heaven

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!! Hiding In The Mangrove

[dedicated to the heartwarming mangrove forest that I intently watch every day from my 10th floor office window; fascination is still alive]

Size of their bellies indeed belittles
the mangroves thicket across channel;
and its growth in my mind's eye
There shall never be sand and steel enough
to match their galloping greed
but for now there is an urgency
to focus on an erotic exigency that
has rowed my wanton mind
into that green hiding a watering hole
of crustacean concupiscence
Overhead the next-door starry canines
had run riot with bins
kites and crows littered the taut azure
Right below them the sandy bedding;
inseparable from fleshand flesh
highly indistinguishable from flesh
stampede of desires; an implacable melee of yen
Life stretched out its hand to
pull life from the salty mire
and so overpowering was the grip of
tensile nerves and crimsoned veins;
that drawn into life was the paraphernalia
of lust all into the seine of womb
Though wary of births after ceaseless death
in trance I breathed to life in that salty hiding

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!! Galaxies Lost, Galaxy Found

assailed by boomerang of gilded hints
spin-off smiles, unpicked chits
I see with the unmistakable clarity of a blind
receptacle of the scum that miffs
the olfactory comforts of universe
I see you, letting a galaxy
smash to ground
I see customary struggle
of your lips and teeth
a heavy overcast a premonition
of downpour and.....
then suddenly my smile broadcasted
like wheat seeds on a tilled field
another galaxy rolls off
the treacherous route
along your nose
caught this time

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Making Love On Hemispheric Divide

made love to you this morning
you collected rubies and diamonds
mine was merely sweat
gathered from unseen sea
your brocaded and silken moves
mine just rustic caustic ones
you nibbled on caviar pleasures
mine were bred by hunger

you conceived a sultan
I impaled a slave

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Colorfully Confused

I've decided I'll grow daffodils
I'm wary of orchards in mind
I shall nurture them with manna of blood
And tears
I'm hell bent on dyeing this world magnolia
I shall paint this world in me

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!! The Day The World Ended

when did madness of my eyes
melted to a quiver fell off my lips

when did your longing
draped a shroud and escaped.... a gasp

when did hope part
and entered your lungs a deep drag

when did lust for your lips
got coiled onto some commercial legs

when did the wind from your hair
offloaded my breath

when did your fingers left castle of my hold
and found new brick and mortar

when did I cease to exist
and became errata a disclaimer in every syllable

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Crime & Punishment*

Your name has
Staged coup in my mouth
For this treason high
Murder was avoidable; perhaps
through murder alone

* Inspired by poems from Anna Russell & AA

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Re-Equated

[Inspired by Christine Austin Cole's "Body of Works"]

I've changed my minuses to plusses
I've transcended to other side of equation
I'm into the glass mirror; as reality of reflection
I believe in purple unicorns and translucent humans
So what I hear in rhyme; at least musical to touch
Is all that I believe
Poems are not the brazen nudity of math
They are the coloring, coverings, cravings of mind, heart and soul
They need no alphanumeric monstrosity for the gazette
They live as abstract moments: of abject grief or leaping happiness

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The Flicker (For My Love)

Make it rise from West
thundered Lord through Abram
If you can?
Millions miles of clock thence
We stand here waging wars
Raising sons and roses
Writing incessant poems
On parchments of skins
We have used up all blood
Id, intellect and fertility

And I love to read stories
Of sons and roses scribbled
On the taut parchment of skin
Through the light of the sun
That rises from East

Meek flicker of my love
A humble submission to
The Light that my Lord is

I love you.....

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! In Land Of Thighs (Thais) Dec 11 & March 12

In this resort of river and resilience
This blinding light from earnest sweat

I a middle aged lonely man
a lidless dumpster
Invites one way traffic of scorn

I always thought it was about
Legs apart
But now issue a Public Apology
To the loner of conscience
Nay not legs ajar but hands clasped
On streets of this land of thighs
I see worm of egos
Each competing on self erasure

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The Face [for My Nee]

I have captured it in an invincible fort of a teardrop
A face like shifting sand
Moving and taking shape
Of named and yet to be dibbed desires
A face averaged out on catwalk
Of my dazzling city lights
A face that connects to limbs and flesh
That holds no challenge to
Limbs and flesh that becomes
Iliad, Taj Mahal or a war
It's the face, the uneven lunar surface
Where light from suns of my eyes
spread evenly, divinely leaving me
Gasping fro breath, grasping for desires'
Mindless spread

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!!!!!!!!!!!! "refreshed"

this time it fluttered so voraciously
that breath trembled; scampered to hide
underneath the satiety of fear
I turned to tarot of thoughts; palmistry
of smoothed, planed hands
if this moment is what we have
whispered hollered and muted about
I'm ready to abandon the parcel of life
this sack of bricks and take up residence
at the doorsteps of the uninterested
rather narcissist sea
I've heard it and understood that
in the entire saga of toad, kiss and princess
I was always the sodden underside of the leave....

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Blackout

severance package of umbilical cord
paradise lost; pharmacies gained
multinationals gained; ambition earned
men are never through permanently
they carry the maneuvers the moves
of other times, other bodies to new loves
woman etch their boundaries in granite
darn! very territorial
sandy self-erasing lines that's what spear do
but the distaff they master the shutting out game
skills acquired in dark room, back allies and aiding God
hone their abilities to see in dark
and one day they pull the plug on you
its blackout for as far as you see the
winding vanishing road of time

[Hey Moe! is this what we talked about last night? ? ?]

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!!!!!!!!!!!! From A Daughter....

It has been ordained
and inscription etched
in bloodlines
that I transport all your dreams
through arguing rigmarole
of veins

Verandah of my days
filled with giggles of your dolls
unbought unsold
all of you is so much
all of me

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!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm Me No More

I think you are almost done
this almonry that's me
and charity that's you
tremors of hunger to receive
last ravages of your bristles
I'm glad to be me no more
I'm ecstatic ...about prospects
of not having to call you
write poems about your absence
drip saline, volumes of papers
for love that was
I'm glad I'm you

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!!!!!!!!!!!! In Defence Of In-Expression

[On a Poem by WJ]

On my placid back
is warmth of your breath
your presence a womb
and your tears an ocean
of serenity that liberate me
bathe me in attire of freshness
I'm numb with gratitude
so silence is language I speak

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Inscriptions On The Womb! [poems Ending With Aa-2]

Whales of enticements beached
On the moistened hem of your lingerie
Tongue struggled to lick and lap it back
Indulging squirming in the salt
In this slit, silted with all pleasure
I discovered, I lost; was a king was a pawn
Kindness begot kindness and I could sense
Some salvation efforts elsewhere too
Gagging, throttling, sidestepped
Earnestness to yield stepped up
Now desire bestraddle desiring
And that slurping symphony begins
Gulping, guzzling engulfed
Pleasure on an exponential tangent
Seeking replication of every cell
On the smirch less canvas of womb

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Foreign Language

In concupiscence
frugality must be forbidden
for sons are then sent
as junk mail in ugly unsightly crates
with too many handling hands
that speak languages foreign
to the context

[Salman Zuberi a young promising professional arrived dead from Tanzania in cargo and the box was addressed to his father....]

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!!!!!!!!!!!! From

To the exotica of innards! !
To the rigmarole... let's go! !
Let's talk of Archipelago
Michelangelo have heard and maligned
Let us dwell on aquatic pauses
And the huge wads of time
You have shoved beyond my teeth..... arrghh..
Won't let go till you move
You Yangtze, you clamberer
Of slippery self

I am available I'm here I'm yours
To rub you wrap you in my tendrils
Surround you, slurp you up
Make you an ordinal me... stashed underneath
My silken sash...

Why tarried so long? Why a chutzpah
Of occupying this ticking vehicle
With mounds of caffeine and peaches of yore
And this berthing at my crimson port
Why this face with description of continents and diapers
This countenance for love and desire

Now tell me the author of ennui
Why "good mornings" and I love
Shall I hold you; let's dance?
Oh you sicken me; paint me green
So what shall we do tomorrow?

And if I were to wear white
Would you dye your hair purposefully..... purple?
But you have worn and are worn
I'm being weaved, being planted somewhere
I am the first gulp of wine down the throat
I'm the sapling of a dream

And you oh.... Let's go

* The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock by T.S Elliot as it registered on my senses. Kept reading it for last 20 years or so but was unable to channel it into expression. Thanks to my soul mate; who prima facie has done her bit in my life and has moved on to some newer unclaimed land

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!!!!!!!!!!!! I Stepped Aside

Here I am in that room
Now a trove of emptiness
I stop and recreate fading ruts
Of your knee; your unending limbs
I fumble for your moans
Your mouth reaching out
Your lips drenched in my name
I stand here and then
Realize I'm blocking way
Of other times other lovers
Other memories all spun around you;
I step aside

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Wait

ah the onerous wait.....

sanity its gourmet....

has palette of sand

it paints but thirst

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Asexual Reproduction

Glint of your eyes
And the afternoons on your lips
Set desires afoot
They traverse alley
Of bones and flesh
Till they resurface
As an afternoon glint
On my new set of eyes
Nurtured in your bone and flesh

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!!!!!!! Circle Of Life*

It felt like a sparrow
in my rugby-gloved hands
this lighter than whisper breath
in my trembling hand
I rummaged drawers of my mind
I struggled with the accounts with God
To see one right entry
That shifted balance of divinity
In my pan ...
Love this uneven divinity
And more than that love myself
For loving you

* took me 9 ½ years to articulate this feeling; that gripped me when I held my firstborn for first time

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Endangered [a Visa Application For Us]

farm fresh writhing
of the groins of guns
Striptease of oil slick
from dripping bayonets
shoves the hunger back
from arid parched mouth
into the belly
it dies unto soft underside of fear
soft like the dolphins you tend
or like dog food sloshing
can I be a kennel or bowl?
may I die enough to make it
into your endangered list

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Itill Exhaled -"inspired By Viola's Anticipation"

The lingo of "hope" I spoke-
"Certainty" hope's bonded fettered slave
Tongue rolled out sun
Cleaving clouds of doubts
I spoke hope; retrieval whence blasphemous-
A catharsis of uncertainty
I spoke of "you" in a monosyllable of "us"
I knew of tremors, tsunamis and jolts
But I said "us" alive, awake to
undoable [heady damage]

I inhaled you as I whispered..... "hope"

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!!!!!!!!!!!! Learning To Unlearn

[To my dearest expatriate Pakistanis for disseminating the media's tutored beliefs about Pakistan]

I have my one breath trudging...
to catch up on next
Hoping one day I'll sow my own seed
Grow an agrestal, amid the borrowed tulips
I'll speak my own incoherent, gibberish
My own language, howsoever free
From the doled or mooched dialect
Of master I never chose to serve

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!!!!!!!!!!!! She Knows My Name

(.....) I love you and love your absence.....

You know my name... you do?
Blend it into sweetest
of the terms of endearment
you might use tonight with
your spouse, sibling or child....
whisper it around
your conquered territory of sink
... let is drown in the rumble
of running water
and finally whisper it under your
lover's endowed moan....
I'm yearning to eat
the sweet swollen peaches
of my name
from the orchard of your mouth

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!!!!!! Tin Soldier

No its not your turn
toy soldier; not today for some centuries
stay firm upright
with bayonet bright
one day some day
her lofty glint...
may grace your tinny minuteness

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!!!!!! The Final Act

Yes love and life shall be one
that's how it has been
planned, penned, acted and archived
before the breath learnt to get unsteady
before the orgasms learnt to use
the autobahn of spine and
shuttled between nerves and nerves
before the news became news
and before we realized
we'll eke out life away from His love.
The dance had been danced
In the final act
we'll be bystanders in its rerun....
the stars shall waltz with the
deep dark creatures of sea
and sun will make love with sunflower.
. as a final mark of love requited....
the mountains and fleece shall be entwined
You and I shall have our
Souls pirouette on axis
Of our slipping parting fingers

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!!!!!!! Your Name

morning woke up in my mouth
with the overgrowth, wilderness of your name
raw freshness of uneven inflexions
I sliced, diced and glazed each syllable
each sensing pore a habitat of your name
tongue dragging its feet and glut eager to receive; the life after life after life
of your name

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!!!!!!!!!!!! @!!!!!!!!!!!! Amraat*

Soused in manna
your voice syrupy
existence in my ear....
Your voice

Sauce of inflexions
In the butterflies of your giggles
Dead seas of burden in whimpers

Your voice a cosmos
Heaven and earth
I escape into you....
If at all I flee

* Amraat food of gods a Hindi expression but here its an anagram of a poet at PH

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!!!!!!! Erasing Cave Paintings

I'm in your backyard
Like a forgotten vine;
There, but "who cares"
My Iliad of "I love you"
has been set into a jingle
and "I miss you"
tradable with a guffaw

Can't submit to you Eli
This Centaur can savagely;
make love to you or vanish
on your collarbone like tear

Maimed, maligned and unsightly
limbs have delivered this me
to my last frontier and starting point
heart.....
here I can accede before arguments
conform; comply without signing
here I'm serf and you my lord!

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!!!!!! That's It

[.]

I am 37 minutes away from
D's cinematographic certainty
of the onset of midlife crisis
I wonder if I ever thought
of this crowded loneliness
this endless string of stifling pleasantries
a panacea for "happily lived ever after"

This 18-wheeler of circumstances
overcasts the fleeting memories of azure
the ever-present invalid of time
tiptoes with its uneven arms
I rummage tousled thinning locks
I accept this inching tundra
One last time; before my coffee break ends
before I return to my caged freedom
I momentarily lapse into manna
of whispered wishes eons ago

From a million mile drift
[heard iceberg... of snubs decree dereliction...]
I can now see your dazzling tinsel
the galactic depths of your hazel iris

One last dreg of this caffeinated messiah
the port, the criminal doings of my mind
die once more rather permanently

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!!!!!!! Deferring...

.....love shall we
shall we than let it be?
watch this embryonic flame
wither to nothingness?
shall we than resign to rote
to priorities of utilities?
shall we then let it be?
this wine shall foment
for some other tryst!

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!!!!!!! Incandescent

Memories of Incandescent tryst
leaves the sun blushed and earth athirst

soon the silver sliver of moon
will melt under indigo bloom

in that radiance; that blinding enlightenment
whimpered vows seek gainful encashment

so unmoor the vessels of desire
and plunge into this liberating mire

confuse kisses for embrace
and gaspsfor prayers

as our flesh cashmere memories spin
let's rerun enliven the memories of sun

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!!!!!!! New Palm

(Inspired by Christine Austin Cole's
"Rest your hesitation in my hands
Where it might find its home
And I'll set it gently inside these lines
So that it won't be alone")

**

Perhaps I've never loved
Perhaps it has never snowed or
Day could wriggle out of the
Lingering embrace of night

Perhaps the lines in my palm
Have been effaced by tides of hope
Or perhaps I never had these
hideaways

Perhaps in this room without window
Seasons, suns and snow has never
seen a door ajar enough
To import life

Perhaps the whispered pleasantries of moon
Were too soft to reach the clouds
Perhaps the indigo shroud
Will shield my fate my darkness

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!!!!!! Plain Vanilla Lust

From the ewer of your mouth I
wish to taste wines distilled
in vineyard of heart
Not much just want to taste
the salt of your skin
and then let that taste live on forever
and feed my soul
I want to sow hunger with
the flame of your tongue
on my tongue
my hands contain the encyclopedias
of exuberance my hands read from your skin
In my nudity I've been honoured
Defamed in flowing robes

Ah this unopened letter from yore
astir from metallic motion
Has become a pen; becoming paper in turns
My own haiku of encounter orphaned
By right syllables at wrong time

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!!!!!!! Spiky Spine Of Ego

I offer myself as..... clay
Spiky spine of ego removed
Make me unmake me
Knead me into deformities
Of desires

When done.....

Let algae of
your angst grow unto me
Own me in hatred
If your love spiky spine grow

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!!!!!!! 'You' Define 'Me'

You are all colours that I am
My skin is the wheat of the lust
That grows in endless fields of
Your searching hands
The hazel of my eyes is just
The morning sun that shines
on your bare back
your kisses have endowed
all the twists and turns
to my insipid limbs
you are therefore I am

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!!!!!!! Yours Truly

Just posted you a letter
glue fresh on my fingers
'to my lover' it reads yep?
I got the address right hmmm?
and yes its from "your lover"
I've also put the pics
of night when we made love
to each other in different bodies
I've sprayed the waft of fresh
air from the wet hair of my wife
nothing Yar*! just a remembrance of rain
from some part of world-not ours.....never will be
When you receive it surrender
yourself to me through any lover
gigolo or nothingness
I'll write back when I hear from you

*Yar: Buddy in Urdu/Hindi

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!!!!!! A New Furrow On The Forehead!!!!

I rummaged deep pockets of self
Seeking rusted coins of infidelity
Shimmering change of prosperity
To nab the builder of that rut.....
Nails tangled into inseams of circumstances
Leaving a sensation of naught
A hollow consuming cognizance

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!!!!!! Respecting Geography!!!!!!

Have I asked for too much?
bitten a morsel so big
that made my said unsaid terms
get muddled in my glut

Mangled sound bytes
are all that reach the shore
of your lofty auditory soiree

A palm I had stretched
to let the twisted lines
of fate unwind

We are rooted holed and bolted
in our own hemispheres
Your Junes would snow
My Decembers would sear

I respect geography! !

[Responding to serialized answers to my Q#1; asked thrice]

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!!!!!! " Will You Marry Me? "

Once more un tethered from
Stupendous superfluity of
A treacherously done flesh
Unmoored undone, vows wrung out
From sheets of eternal bliss the ethereal tryst
This time I'd trained, so jumped
Over the hemispheric chasm
I've brought to you my itching knees
I've brought the upward supplicant slant
Of my head..... I've come to blaspheme
For the colour of my origin
Prohibits my forehead to lay it on any bethel
But I'm here for I've erased my footprints
And ate the morsels as I walked to you
Don't send me back..... for the ways I treaded
Have been rolled and sent to laundry
Let me in so I may hold you and
Lose myself for ever

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!!!!!! Come Back (Inspired By Shazia Batool's Namesake Poem

Come back for earth cedes its
Grip every minute on my infirm feet
Come back there still is hunger to learn
Left in my limbs that sends pangs
Come back I've forgotten to cry
Your shoulder could melt glaciers
Of rejection
Come back or teach me to follow

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!!!!!! I Couldn'T....

Long after the sheets have been wrung straight
And memories and magic of moments
Have escaped scampering

When eyes have refocused
A distant vista
A terra firma of compromise

On the fork of accepting or reacting
to a caress; seek me in your uneven breath
in your sinking pulse rife with hope and fear

I haven't moved I couldn't

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!!!!!! Let's Agree

Let's agree I won't read a
Word from your eyes....
Keep scribbling stories of yore
Court intrigues and furor
[Of uneven breathing in deep long afternoons]
I won't even burgle from corner of my eyes
Your stories etched on the black hole of iris
Don't stop writing lest the sun
Lose its way

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!!!!!! Threads Of Bondage++!!!!!!

Lifelong voids that love creates:
caresses suspended on limbs
unseen moist on parched lips
an undressing lingering look
perched on the curves of flesh
your fingers tugging at my wrist

++ Inspired by Helen's "What once bound us". Christened and tweaked by my dear friend Wardha! ! Thanks ladies

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!!!!!! To Hand That Comfort! !

I thought I had enough
wad on my hands to comfort
Sufficient salinity in eyes
For a crying duet
My diction I thought would
Tag any grief that is narrated
I thought I had aged enough
To lend sanity to youngling

Till you touched me!
Wiped my tears!
Told the untold!
And added silver in my hair
Never perhaps had tasted manna of tears
Or cried so musically

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! "uhm"

Shall I love you?
For liberating me
From desire of seeking you?
Since your "uhm"
I've hugged every lamppost
I've danced; run amuck
With and into canine like
absurd ecstasy
It's a jailbreak immaculate
I have my head buried
In voluptuous breasts
Of wind
Don't look for me anymore
My body has filed
For divorce

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! Trying To Forget

In this trade of adoration
Books, journals,
This thirst to connect..
To million nodes
Desire to drown in noise and alphabets
Ah! Mere alibis to forget
Just one name

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! Writings From Infinity To Infinity (Blissfully Inspired By Kasia's "One")

Kasia's "One")
With all the trees of world pen
and all the oceans ink
the praise for my Lord
shall still be unfinished
perhaps barely beginning

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! * * * * * * * A Day At Nowhere

Negotiating the sharp bends of desire
the hands and limbs and
limb and hands... begot dreams that
packed school bags and lunch packs
of a dicey tomorrow

The torchea struggled with taint
and helped sprout suns of hope
Virgin, slumbering freedom
ecstatically stretched
inside the cage of arms

Her silence belittled
violins vile....
and her speech.....
Ears still ecstatic about
the pilgrimage of my name in her mouth

Indeed there was salvation
in treason of love
But now when tyrant love toppled
and peace restored to land

Acorns of school bags, lunch packs
suns from torcheas
lingering intrigues of languid
spring of flesh
all united underneath rubble

Ah what chasms to undo
what bridges across seven seas
to be built....
to be blissfully caged again

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! * * * * * * * Inerasable [In Fond Memory Of Aasiya Zubair Died 12-Feb 09]

Habitat of heart has shrunk
A rose rubbed against
the jagged edges of life
has bled to opacity
But that scarlet memory
Of its bloom lives on
In our hearts forever! !

Aasiya Zubair a beautiful accomplished woman just 37 years old mother of two kids under age of 7 brutally murdered by her husband in America. A seasoned architect of refined tastes trained in equestrian sports and other finer things in life.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! * * * * * * * The Gathering

Chanced up on a gathering
where chests were being beaten
and wedding gowns of nudity ripped in shards
requiems squealed for every pleasure every indulgence
every orgasm; stuck in
rush hour of remembrance

Providence's ordained second fiddle player
burdened underneath blackened crepes of customs

It was Ward-III Civil Hospital Karachi
storage facility of fire wood to stoke
the satanic flames of poverty
a manufacturing concern of large flypaper
meant to attract farthest slings of mud

With head hung in shame I returned;
and for the well suffixed and prefixed existence
in backdropp of their anonymity
all I had were some malnourished tears
some watery lei born in melee of guilt and gratitude

My forehead itched scampered for terra firma
and found comfort in the stony indifference
of wall that comforts.....

I was at that gathering
couldn't gather why? ? ?

[Liberate me, Domine repost as Gathering]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! ***f.I.R Of Missing Blood***!!!!

[In Memoriam of Islamabad Tragedy]

In a typeset that just shrieked "40"
there were other boring stats about
gore, tonnage, glass debris
pristine, pertinent political
condolences on a clockwork ennui
Preening, pruning eyes looked for one
red spot, stain or dot
on the salt and pepper of facts.

Amidst the madness of forensic rummaging
in the thick of salt, fright and sadness
cringing searches for missing limbs
I'm a madman looking for red
any hue, nuance or shade
darn 40 dead and 240 injured
their very blood vapourized
by the calamity of acid.
not a dropp remains to mark their graves
like the raucous created by a silent
absence of tears upon the graveside
of a deceased beloved
so does this burial ground yell
Hounds of hell! ! ! Hell bequeath

But I shall not seek the crimson!
Alas I shall not seek the crimsons,
of my brothers my sisters my children
for I feel that through
The vile trading for dollars
And seeking immigrations
my reds have immigrated too
or perhaps fled from the
corners of this world

Had they been here they would have;
dyed some clandestine communion
in scarlet

interspersed in a red ochre chunri
with black and then perhaps

may have lived as crimson blush
on some maiden's memory

they are gone irredeemably
the vermillion, alizarin
and I must now go on
Merely with this impotent
outage in my veins.

*** My gratitude to Wardha for adding value and pruning mindless maleness and
making it truly red

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! ` "kept" Unkempt

subtle; rather muffled is the rustle
when hungering begging fingers
slide underneath haughty parting ones

there are funerals in mind
every time a hankering womb
accepts a latex alienation

a stranger steely hue
in the midst of olfactory indulgence
every shard averse to this aridity

so many a springs
swept under rug for fear of
"legitimate" autumns

your rustling arid dead endowments
humbling crippling crown
I wear this tiara of shame

for I exist in shadows
a spring swept under rug

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! 116 Full Moon Nights

Having laboured through
A winding night that denial is
I was glad to dream of desires
Dream of those slant-eyed yearnings
With lashes stretched heavenward
The silken, sinuous winding curves
that baffles the senses to disbelief

In those prayed craved dreams I
Wanted to go down on my knees and beg

To rest your head on my shoulder
For one out of the 116 full moon nights

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! America, Never

With azure of skies
flowing in its rivers
and vivacity of patriotism
blooming in hues of crimson
the sonorous melody
of "let freedom ring"
turning in my ears
and John Hancocks adorning
the lips of 51 gems;

America never Lord America never
May the strokes of "Be"*
live for eternity in this
land you painted with love
May the colours of sadness
consume themselves to erasure

And may Your yellows and blues
make my land greener too

My gratitude to my compeer

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! Celebrating Hunger

Some ruby iced desserts from your lips
Char-grilled dreams
from kohl of your eyes
Tendered embraces
from your succulent breasts
Finally a fleshy bride to lend infinity
to buffet of desires
A reason cogent
to procreate hunger ad infinitum

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! Silences

these going ons of heart are tentative
as tentative as the kite balancing and
making love on the ledge
to stay a shame and to fall just the same

these going ons of heart procreate silence
a deafening reign of quiet
you listen you're seared
ignore! You're still there

Thanks buddy-

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!!! Unheard

Last rivulet of conversation
writhing on the edge of
wet expanse of acceptance
soon the desert would be herding
mad pack of silences

Kinetics of vast journey
removed from niches of mind
vacuum will suck in all contours of happiness
on this fork of déjà vu
on this roundabout of fate

I stand spent or perhaps ready
For another winding journey
To be herded with arid flock of silences
Inches beyond the vast expanse of acceptance

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! ^^! !!! Washing Metamorphism With Suds Of Entropy

I could watch your writhing yen
for that brown brawn virility
your supple scarlet curves
were shedding skin of sanity
fragrantly you tumbled onto
the sprawling amorous chest
of your lover
shaken to pieces watching
rapturous threesome of you, sun and
that brawny embrace

You changed as ordained
layers upon layers of annihilation
years caught up with years in tow

One day magma of life surfaced around
the tombstone you had adorned
in that mob of stories
your contours; though feeble
but etched on my sanity
sprung into being
captive in that life long
embrace of irreversibility
we stood in that affinity of separation
just when it was time to
move on our lips trembled
praying entropy
may undo travesty of time of
sun and amorous embraces

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Climax

As if the container of mind
Reached the last mark of sobriety
Extreme frontier of patience
Beyond which fire and froth are one
Each vying to consume the other
Each suffering on extended plateau
of guilt and lust and lust and guilt

your past and mine came together

^^^ Wardhas's...^^lost souls^^.... wandered into the stream of consciousness
or was it stupor? ? ?

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Dedicated To Surgical Cotton!!!

I can see you making your way
Through the rubble of my yesterdays
A compassionate landing of feet
Amidst the jagged haggard dreams
I can feel the diaphanous cotton of understanding
Cleansing the ugly gores
filled with septic of concupiscence
your presence has reconnected
number of umbilical cords rent asunder

[Budzz thanks for everything]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! From The Devil....? ? ? ?

[Kissing you my love
seeking addresses of
pleasures through my
insisting pressing lips
on yours]

With eyes wide shut
I've seen your face

The smoky indigo mascara
Of night spent on convergences
Of our eyes on a remote star
(I did wish upon
For there was night & you)

The rubicund colourings
On your lips perhaps reflections
Of the swollen sleepless teary eyes
That stayed ajar to sneak in
A passing dream

I have seen in the geography
Of your body
Guiding arrows to unclaimed treasure

I have desired you with the
Strength of my frailties
I have made love to you
With power of my impotence

I love you and know
Love mated, impaled, nurtured in mind
Increase no tribe

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! I Mumbled

Oh! the One
nearer than my jugular
Comforter of signs unborn
become the pause
in the rosaries I turn
become the joy
in my tainted heart
become the celestial glue
that my hands stay clasped
till your mercy undo them
become a sun that chase away
unending shadows of lust
Teach me language born
underneath the fluttering wings
of those who know nothing
but your love...
Change your laws divine
and those of science
so every escape
imprison me in your Love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Lotus Of River

Amid the irreconcilable, unbridgeable distance
between two banks
Flows a brawny mighty river
hiding the satiation satisfaction
of caressing a lotus atop
its meandering flows
battling the intrusive sea, fauna and fowl
The river a philosopher, a poet, a warrior
to all that gawk at its might
remain indulged; involved; and
into its lotus

** Dedicated to the river that is keeping my lotus safe

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Rapture

Underneath this palm
Underneath the burden
of divine indecision
of cloaking or exposing;
your magnolia fragrance
wrapped in deep red chiffons....
beckons to my senses seductively
weaving tales of slender curves
sung in the unending melody of "affirmatives"
and waltzed to with hands upon your neck
bending its peachy suppleness forward
wishing to entrap my rogue reckless wandering
in your inviting soothing comfort.
forever trapped..forever a slave
unto your beauty.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Reflection

It would be madness to even talk about it
But don't they talk about
Say!! Loch ness monster and UFOs
There are even clubs with eyes of arguments
Menacingly bulging out in affirmation
So I think magenta suits you fine
And I even noticed the streaks
Your brow-pierce was; as if
made to carry the dazzle of your nose-pin
It would be madness
But don't you remember that
You couldn't retrieve yourself from that
stealth embrace near the staircase

So it was a mirror
My reflection

Thanks Wardha this once is on your account "an idyllic love"

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Remainder (Kuch Reh Gaya Hay)

Something remains
From nerves, breath and
In circumambulation of blood
Around heart
Something that breaks free
From tip of fingers
And reach out to engirdle
the nude maid of paper
Didn't I tell you way too often
I love you
Cleaving yourself from me
Separating and telling
From me to you --I love you

But then what is it
That loaf streets of senses like mutt
And it's an inmate with me
In the glacial tides of mind

Now when you ever swing by
You'll find it sticking its foot
Out of the door of heart
Take away this reckless rogue
Take it away its yours

My name that once lived in your mouth

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Sheraton Karachi (Rambling Thoughts)

Through revealing neckline of clouds
Kinky sun expose
I wake up
Snuggled in linens of caffeine
Try to struggle with leash of life
Bite at the tightening collar of time
Step into elevator where
Other 40+ reluctant urchins
Share elusive aromas
From lunchbox of niceties
Stuffed by marital hands
The table spread to mock poverty and hunger
I hear the giggling gleaning cutlery
the haughty starched linen
the chef's heart wired
to the new exotic delicacy
with sinusoidal beats
cherries of bellboys
ripe for picking
from corner of mouth
We kow-tow to hunger
pay endless homage to gluttony
lament infidelity of belts and shirts
another day.... yet another day
at this place here which was a memorial
tall; where time began; love learnt to fly
here I am blissfully a slave to myself
free from chains of love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Shipwreck

It was an azury pleasure- surreally
being carried on the tickling aquatic belly
sails dilating with unyoked hopes
veins crisscrossing maps of unmarked land
on an unseen globe,

"It'll grow on her" "God is on our side"

Suddenly the sharks of "feel good"
Ganged up, currents of mockery unleashed
our majestic galley shrunk to a dhow
"theory of relativity"- you know
an iceberg of fidelity was born
hitting the hull of desires-head on
in the ululating orgy of waves
and standing ovation that purists rave
it wrecked windingly and sat thence unmoved
all the tsunamis of adversities could not
a prayer ceaseless from my lips remove

If you measures things correctly, there is shipwreck everywhere

Si recte calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Sunk!!!

Anxious about this artery long absence

Return!!! For blood has thickened to a halt

Ink has formed glaciers

Thoughts rent asunder and sink

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! The Last Remembrance

I often let it slip through
the roughened irony of my palms,
and then some nights,
I clutch it tight
playing make believe
that, some tinny remnant
of the flimsy atlas we built
on the morass of hope,
may find its way home
into the cemetery of my heart
where your grave
stands open: the luminous
beacon to my redemption.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

!!! Transparent Colourings!!! For Viola Grey

I wish there was another planet,
another reality.
I wish my skin colour
was not as mediocre as transparent
as its now perhaps
a bit darker or lighter
I wish I had no nationality
geographic or legal status
I wish I had no language
So no need for defending or dishonoring
And I wish so much that
you were blind, deaf and mute

So that you could hold
My transparent, unbound silent hand
and talk into infinity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ! ! What Friends Are For? ? ? ! ! !

Winter has made its way
Through my hearth
There are glacial formations
Where once wheat of inseparable toil
Stood tall
Frost-bitten alphabets are shed
like mutant pollens
Adding to the polluted ugliness
Of insinuated infidelity....;

Must I tell her, confidante;
That I'm shattered?
But the fear
Of getting my tongue splintered
and heart rent asunder by indifference
is like....
claustrophobia driving you to the point of
asthma

So dear friend
is your shoulder strong enough?
Are you sensitive to high salt content?
even so I could not care
for the hurt is too great to bear
alone without the comfort of your ear

"Perhaps", ...you start to say
and I turn hope and heart unto
the sound of your magical note
- wondering if some well meaning sentence
will be strong enough to
marshal some summers through
my glaciers.....and

Perhaps the frost will thaw.....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ! {} Inebriety Liberate {}

Espresso: September 10,2008

Having thus drunk from
an infinitesimally large chalice;
if it was found
and if the inquisitiveness stayed
an inch ahead of ennui

then exists a chance
a zygote of our desires
collecting sweat
sifting tedium from orgasms
separating myth from moist
twixt hands; distilling dreams
pure and distinct from
malice of logic

We may board that vehicle
of inebriety rhyming gyrating
with sensibility of stupor
and liberate
from penance of living
on the fence of mind

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ! Docked

Sometimes there rises
inside an urchin of desire
to disembowel the love
that slights my veins to serfdom
desire made of the dough of flesh
fused with basic hunger, that slices
ying yang, you and me Adam and Eve
along this shearing, crack, tearing
spews out the glue that unites, unties
the tentative knot of thine and mine
and let the urchin of desire dance as dunce
in the alley of veins in valley of ecstasy
as the vessel of love docks at the port of heart

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ! Into Your Arms

I travel on path that's straight
its the journey of light to Light
my heart and soul are my feet
my heart and soul are my blood
I fly at will, even slither when I know
I'm walking to You and
I walk not alone

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ! Mother Earth (Lovingly Inspired By Elena Sandu's "Our Earth Serial Killers");

But even when
all is said and done
crumpled sheets of life and madness
wrung straight despite the certainty
of deceit... this mother
with trembling hands and salt laden
vision will still skip a heartbeat
every time her haughty sons trip

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ~! ! ~! ! ~! ! ~! ! ~! My City

Night rode pillion* in city
Where neighbours meet;
Only in seminars
Night rode pillion in city
Where mortar of fear
Hold bricks together
Night rode pillion in city
Where only sex can be
Legally traded for hunger
Night rode pillion in city
Whose beaches have to answer?
For their wet look
Night rode pillion in city
Where green n white hangs in shame
Rest brazenly flutter
Night rode pillion
Holy are the whores and
righteous are hounded
Night rode pillion in city
Where pillion riding is banned
Night rode pillion in city
Where I mooched sex
From my wife dressed in outage
Night rode pillion in city
Which gulped my love
Without a burp
Night rode pillion in city
Where mothers are kept collateral
To buy some text msgs and gas:
So that night may clandestinely
Ride pillion

* On of the commonest of Karachi's sight and sounds is a motorbike. It would invariably have a young rider with his friend pillion riding. Pillion riding is a source of entertainment for majority of youth who prowl the city street overnight on their two-wheeler be it a religious, cultural or national occasion or an electrical outage. It is a most usual vehicle for street crimes like drive by shooting, cell phone/car snatching etc. Wrote this during outage when some thousand miles away someone's "ceiling swam in shadows black when seen through hollow

moisture laden eyes.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! ~! ! ~! ! ~! ! ~! ! ~! [needs A Title]

Heard about a reign of loneliness
An elliptical throne abound by
Azure of sky and sea
Set forth on this pilgrimage
Leis of hope wound
All around my heart
Eyes liquid with picture
Of unknown
Hands with overgrowth of desires
To touch my deity to self-erasure
On id I tripped
And desire thus vain
Became a raging fire
I shone on elliptical throne
And smiled on my way to annihilation
for that eternalized tryst

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! A Prayer For Life

I want to turn my skin inside out
I want everyone to see the monstrous
Flow of lust that I nurse with every breath

I want to trade down all esteem and respect
I want the icon of me to tumble and crash
And crush all agog prayers and the supplications

I want my tracheas to rhyme with the sea breeze
I want to break free from bondage of life....
For once.....I want to live

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

! I! Defining Defending Poems

Poems are not anatomical descriptions
but adjectives of silences
Poems breathe in limbo
petrified of their existence,

Poems cannot confirm or deny doubts
about their birth legitimacy or lineage
they cannot conform to the marital lingo
of utilities, provisions proprietary

To stay alive they seek shadows
bask in glory of some suns
that blend well in their own darkness.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Unsettled

Some funerals are situated
in winding alleys of blood
where earth never dries
and incense burns forever

life somehow finds its flow
around such protrusions

Inspired by Wardha

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

##wait

A moan a gasp or something akin to that
Perhaps trudges along a million year
to make it to the Divine ear
but when it does
it makes DNA of eons repent....

Wait.... I'm gasping n its travelling..... Wait
you'll go hungry once
eons from now
in some unknown belly
in some unseen land....
Wait...

Sarah inspired it:
Dessert before dinner.
Your satiation is sickening.
Wait.....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

>>>>>>> Amber Brown- For 'K's Eyes

Its amber brown,
the azure sky, the monochrome earth,
the browns of skylark, a rainbow of prayer
that pierces indigo of night,
all amber brown, all are the shades you
My lost laughter and undiscovered defeats
The blush that rushes upward
With conception of hope-amber brown
I am a brush my amber brown blood -paint
And He is the Painter

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

(((Crescent Was Tonight)))

Crescent was tonight
smirk of your post –“wotever”
my wanton eye would earn

Crescent was tonight
your half finished Zinger
its appetite spins inside

Crescent was tonight
the perimeter of your park
last frontier where
hands must act demure

Crescent was tonight
the furrow in my joined palms
that remains full and saline

Crescent was tonight
a remainder of moon
frozen in my senses
till earth moves again

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*%# Hope The Unlettered Hope

And some will have their lines
dying in the clasped palms

some unities would eventually unite
at Eternity

Inspired by Deane's Poem

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

****! I I Colour Of Crow! ! ! ****

Perhaps quite by accident then intent
your eyes rested on crow of my lust
that stooped ignobly

Sitting atop the accidentally discovered throne
of window seat you watched me
spurn what you yearned:
your doable desire of letting
string of rainbows on hem of
lashes seen, loved and cherished

But the restive and resourceful blindness
of my hands sprinted for mirage of gold rush
Reaches where nerves are fertile
reined supreme and fueled the
Genghisian marauding march

Tenderness, hope and dreams
shredded to an unknowable anonymity
Soon it was over; having lived its full cycle
of wanton existence

Spent! ! Done! Spending, donning
the cloak of mocking solitude
eyes cringed to recollect
some common nouns hues of rainbow
but restive resourceful Genghis Crow
now reins the endless realm
of those finite moments that yearned semblance
of existence

thanks☐

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*** Of Departures

Departures take form from naught
Familiarity mutates into frigidness
An absently scribbled silence remains
A last milestone of remembrance
Of unison once poised to overtake
Eternity

*** Inspired by Margery Rahman's poem

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

***! ! ! Encore

Sigh from mirage of your lips
Mist over panes of my eyes
I fumble and trip over a dream
I'm falling into your absence
Once more.....once forevermore

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

***** Later That Evening

I sat there alone
inert
protected inside a frail foil
that stood between
fear and fact
between my denuded insanity
and sneering emptiness
I was there
and then I folded
my existence
and put it inside
my breast pocket

[A sequel to 'On August 21,2008']

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*****^^^the Cleaved Sun!

It makes sense
To cleave your god from mine
When you would only suckle
your side of motherland
I shall relocate my hungers too
Let's break for love is merely
A mathematically measurable reality
I'll allow my endearments to piggyback
And you may gather your breath
[if you can chisel it off me]

Tonight is perhaps the night
That we sit on tangents
Wait for our own sunrises

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*******on August 21,2008**

I shall wait
I shall let the vindictive
Fingers of time gnaw at
My innards ala Chinese torture

I shall wait
To watch you cross alone
threshold of door; we once crossed together

Do come as my patience
Breathes unsteadily on vent

Do come for my eyes
Are soggy and sore with dreams;
Dangling on eyelids

Come adorned as lei on your lover's
Manhood; for insanity has replaced envy

Come on bier
If you wish to deny delivery of any
Happiness to the living me

Come so your senses have million orgasms
In watching mayhem and gore
That time and your absence
Have perpetrated second after second

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*****morose Breathing

I turn the rosary of breath
an excuse to caress the
taut unbroken thread of
your existence

a reason perhaps

to indulge in moment long
orgiastic absence to become
an intern an apprentice
in Lord's garage of conception

*****Inspired by following lines of Christine Austin Cole's ' The Morse Code of
Eternal Dreams'

Their scratching, the patter
of rain, your heartbeat, my Morse code...
fuse into a twisted, endless rhythm

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*****narcissus

In saline silence
with lisp-the only eloquence
turned I the rosary of breathlessness
and through cracked, soiled and unsightly
bowl of my hands
sent out prayers to bathe
in musk of my breath on your skin
you undyingly wore

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*****will You Be There? ?

Nearby you seem

Now when I reach out and feel

Smiles toss and tumble

Scatter all over me

Inhibition sets in way

Discouraged you are not

Although many fail

Realities scornfully say

How long you'd stay? ?

Suppressing that thought you look away

Zeroing in that blurring endless ray of fate

Ask you shall I?

Will you be there to heal?

The wounds that have lifted their veils

Will you be there?

To ease the ever increasing pain

Will you be there?

Or perhaps scuttle off to an event horizon

Covering your sensibilities with fingers of sanity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

****renee

I wish you strength
to rise
Whenever you fall
Reason and learn
whenever you err
I wish you freedom
when guilt enchains you
And more than any thing
else
I wish you love
trust me!
Its all I really have!

Wrote this a month before my eldest daughter was born; sending it to her sibling! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

***solitude I &Ii*

Joined in blood and ancestry to the
absurdity of your impetuous absence
are the cryptic crisscrossing lines
or the eddies of your detached dandelion
your way of seeing conceiving solitude
but that was 2002 and you bore me in 2007
so its not me it's the other guy
we never talked about
adding to the ravages of your wasteland
this reptile! gnawing at your innards
at right angles -you know I hate maths! !
but then I remember something
that you never told me
its about that absence
the mauves, the grays and blues
all of me and none of you

* A narration of paintings by my Muskroot in acrylic and collage on luan panel
presently hung somewhere in the solitude of University of Connecticut, USA.
Poem is incomplete without the painting! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

****theory Of Relativity Retold**

Be!

... and there was light
And for its belated shadow
There was 'E' equaling 'mc²'
Where,
'c' is the velocity
of light

'Burden
He ordained:
'within scope
of bearing'
Scope He
relativised.

Dusk
of parting
relativised
Dust
of Hiroshima

Speaking
Relatively:
Mushroom of death
in Hiroshima
'within scope'
Dust
off Buddha in Bamiyan
Beyond!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

*out Of Eden

Thoughts covered
covered in
fig leaves
of words
Stripped
of their Naked Majesty

Words spoken
or begotten
By unholy
cohabitation
of paper & pen
Manifest
What was not
meant to be
uncovered
Known
is a
truncated, maimed
part of truth

Thoughts once free
from
Fig leaves
of half truth
And baptized in
Silence
Will yield
What was
really!
Meant to be told

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

[[elegy Of A Ventilator]]*

Led eyes to the shades of spring
In the hues of autumn
Taught such geometry to chin
that my eyes never rolled wantonly
marriage was the name of ventilator
loaded with 18 years of candles and cakes;
she tugged merrily
Conversation situated inside a scrabble
Ranged on electrical outages to
Stock trades
She and her ventilator
lived their waist-down
lives in a bubble
where "e" could never equal "mc2"
And gravity remained less then "9.8 m/s2"
Her oestradiol helped keep
Twitch of his right brow alive; over 18 years
she lived rest of his body

2 months back the ventilator
Became breathless and stopped
I saw cake, candles, and elegiac alphabets
All over her-

* Dedicated to the inimitable love story of Zia and Anwer. At a tender age of 22 Zia had to takeover Anwer's business who was paralyzed; save a twitch of brow, in a car accident. A petit urban doll unaware of the harsh ways of the world she was hell-bent on keeping the ventilator alive. They had a very tiring communication line. She would read a-z and strenuously formed sentences; thus the scrabble. Anwer passed away in July 2008.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

[]bathisland/Karachi[]*

"Mudding" she said
Word clutched the finger of today.
And impetuously scuttled to a yesterday
With commas dividing that date
felt fresh like a long shard
stuck in molar
mind's eye rummaged the drawers
of feelings while they still were feelings
not an alibi for marketing campaign.
I remembered our knee-deep pilgrimage
To dogged reluctance of earth
To part with water it held
chased after weird looking fish
and unformed toads with their leaps
congealed in space between
conflux of their beady eyes
and our impish ones
we also chased fireflies of rainbows**
and luminescence of butterflies
and wrapped memories of brawls
in the raindrops
we lived on the contour
of every breath
and often returned homes riding
on our muddy toady dreams

* Inspired by Francesca

** Lines inspired from Urdu Poem ' Kabhi hum khubsurat thay'

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Just Because

just because my feet
are wont more to regression than
progression
just because my words
were not a tether firm
that could stop you
just because neither you
are Jahan Noor, nor I Jahangir
you can be interminably offline
and leave no mark, moan or monument
just because I persistently offer you
swatch of my skin and insist it matches

(you are under no obligation
to high-five my insanities)

just because I now cringe my neck
to pay homage to the cliff of your indifference

you might shoo me off
I know not another alley
another reality another morsel

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

~::~! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Fiesta -Repost

Medicinal or fatal;
affinity or distance may duel and decide
Oh me! I'm fretting about monsoon lost on heedless arguments
fragrance of the earthen and liquid wedlock... fresh alive

Retreating footsteps, rasping sounds of knock not delivered on door
Yet another package delivered to my neighbors
I have new banners, bunting
stopwatch of waiting set to a new zero
I believe another reality is underway
another skin with another rules and new names
to define sensory perception where "blood" "rose" and
"rose" "you";

We will then waltz, let fingers engirdle into an impervious citadel
I shall then make love to you to adagio of ecstasies
to the operas and arias-breathed to life but tethered not
to the metrical, rhythmic or any other master
I shall marry you; elope on neighing fuming legitimacy

Today this saline silent thumbing sets fireworks of elation
today I'm closer much closer
to the whisper of your careless fingers to your hair.....
sultry interface of your succinct flesh with caffeine
today your absence is finally a celebration

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

""tale Told Ad Nauseum""

Compass Rose of "necessity"
Averts a mid-air collision of arguments
Well formed fetus of sanity and sagacity
Commits a hara kiri
Its corpse constricts a passage
of crimson connectedness

beneath the placid profundity
of enemy across the line
a limping breath is carried
on the brawn of steroid inhaler:
through claustrophobia of
airways

But the world applaud thunderously
For they ought to live
"happily ever after"

" This is a result of extensive preaching and counselling on Gmail Chat! ! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

"beneath Stone Masonry"

Besmear'd I see
Career and countenance
On the stony contours
Of her face

Yet beads of sweet
On forehead
And yellow
Of an evasive butterfly
On finger tips

Accept it
Some colours get stronger
When you rub them off

A mud smear
On that frill of frock
How high can you fly?

Beneath the loft
of crafty styles
Lies untouched

Tiny in-erasable
foot prints
the scent of mud
and butterflies
with colour
blurred out!

Dunkin Donuts
December 7,1999

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

"giddy"

I shall rise up
so high
where world
you shall
blur
And I shall
Know
What greatness
Lies
In conquering
The heights!

Jamshoro
1990

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

.....Thought A Terminus

a poem is born; a theory enunciated
a song sung, a sonnet forgotten
all just a termini of thought.....
thought meanders; moves
forms new ruts irrigate new lands
sauté hearts anew and sing new songs
thought moves on

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

.....missed You

missed you
in pauses when foetus of thought
aborted and word went down the drain
and could not lodge itself in loft
of your ear or warmth of your heart

I missed you
when eye encountered sun of circumstances
sight blinded I groped for your hand
and found mine with maps of world
drawn upside down

I missed you
when I took your name
and million autumns set free
my mind is a wasteland
where a deafening echo
of "I miss you" a tyrant

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

20 Years

20 years of a
stretched nylon of time
3 fairy tales spun
with strands of DNA
And prosperity bursting
beyond the A4-ness of Resume

Fight hard to put one
tiny bottom corner
bit in jigsaw of life

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

A Face Book Profile

I'm Picasso if you asked colour of my eye
In séance I only speak Greek; come hither
Only if your soul has ears
I'm a Pharaoh and accept only sons for supper
I express my angst in Iliad; haiku distraught me
I breathe only underwater and use sun for scrub
Amazing isn't it? my Eureka was first to berth at Atlantis
When I laugh tyrants weep...
Believe it I exist only in mediocrity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

A Fleeting Glimpse Of Tomorrow

I can see a pail of moon
Spilled over your head
Long rivulets of moonlight dripping
Touching the terra firma of your face
Remains of the day;
Lost like a crayon or pendant
In the crevices of sofa
Hold out promises
Mugged from the fat purse of time
Fingers reach out for your tuned timed strings

But start bleeding songs
sung in pagan tune
Set in illicitly trafficked verse

Moon descends to claim its pail
Turns red
Night sneaks into
A crevice of sofa

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

A Poem Named-"just A Thought"

I wish the laws and norms
of this strait jacket land
had malleability some
I would've made love
to your poem
predictability of pleasure
beads over its nude expression
I would've dwelt some life times
in limbo, indecision, buffer
of hoisted civility and
glowing morbidity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

About Blue!

Just then, the blue began,
The ceaseless blue,
The unbearably beautiful blue,

Just then the quest to chase
shadows began,
On the path strewn with,
Canine corpses of my
foiled carnal incursions,
(Decaying and dreadful)

Frozen in this inky dungeon
of unbound freedom
Spine shudders
by your
Blue blooded indifference
So very unbearable
And so exceedingly blue

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Acceptance

need to borrow your comforter
for fear is chasing me from within
I need to borrow the pain
that my chicken-shit side-stepping has caused you
Need to borrow the darkness
that seep from your silent cell phone
And having you thus depraved
Need to borrow stillness of your face
To honour my nondescript tomb

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Afire!

On the horizon of my
Collar bone
Sun of your teardrop has set
I'm in flames

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Alabaster Moment

Alabaster Moment
and we arrive in circles
as a pilgrim as an exterminator
in quick turns....
not returning never an option
to love's alabaster monument
contained in that moment
when door of night was ajar

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Alarm

On cerulean highway
not punctuated by
traffic lights buildings or biases
I stretched out and reached you
held you captive to my
encompassing passion
wearing each other like
custom made garments
wore each other down
energies enervated
like tattered egos at Abu Gharib
on a night like that
when desire hold out like
toddler's scuffing feet
to school
alarm goes off on spousal cell

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

All That There Is, There Is...

All that there is, there is...
In a month, in a moment in an eon
Rolled in one
I'm cipher indicherbale unintelligible
Intelligent
I'm all bones, and I'm none
There is blasphemy birthed in a pew
There is divinity that's born
From, within the chalice of mouths
Destination next stop
Desinations never stop

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Ammi

her gait with weak negotiations skills
acceding to firm terra of arguments
some sages argue to taste some voices
and waste them not in listening
her parboiled words, overdone gibberish
no men or medicine could eavesdrop
on whispering of her snarled up fingers
with scribbling of her fate
one night she broke the piggybank of her courage
bribed her way to a perfect gait,
doled out the secret scribbling of fate
bought herself regal indulgences
was bathed in roses and camphor
dressed in smirch less white and
carried over shoulders

* Mummy in Urdu. Passed away April 27,2003 after a prolonged illness. Took me a while to break news....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Autumns Awakened

Were you there somewhere.....?
Deep into the swish splash of veins

Heard rustling of autumns
I've been stacking up for long

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Awake

Night has awakened with its
rustling claws; searing shearing;
meager remnants of sleep

Soon the bins of home unworthy
thoughts, littering streets of forehead
would stench signs
that undo fastenings
"of happily ever afters"

Last of fires from your shoulders
where my head had rested once
offered some hope
to wrest out winter
from the frozen lines
of fate

In that endless jungle of insomnia
someone laughed
I washed and enshrouded
Another corpse of laughter

Perhaps nights always
have the last laugh

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Bamiyan

Second coming of
Siddharta
though unpromised
Yet fulfilled.

With first instigated
stroke in
Bamiyan
Buddha is born again
and heralded
through
Bells in Vatican
and
Muezzin's diurnal calls.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Bareback

In panties and T
Brushing teeth
Your wet feet
Flooded me with
desire

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Behind Oaken Door [repost]

Nite Nite Ma! !

He whispers mischevously
Planting a half done hasty kiss on her
agebeaten brow
Before hastening to hide behind
7x3 feet of an oaken generation gap

Slouching in the lonely arms of
her faithful burgundy couch
she hears the familiar sounds
of drawers, chuckles, running water
sounds which bridge the gap
Between now and youth
she smiles inwardly as memory rushes to paint
The canvas of reminiscence...
Collecting such ingredients as
the sounds and smells of today
Same as were wont
of those spent yesterdays
When there were things more alluring than the
distraction of arthritis and cooking shows
...a painting appears on her mirage of a canvas
Of a youth reincarnated...of a passion rekindled..
The night when deft fingers pulled the pins out
of her hair and in the mirror
she saw divinity put blossoming strokes
upon the 5 ft 8 in of her extension; ; ;
Behind that same oaken door.

Wardha..... merci beau comp..2nd repost

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Blue Mirror

How deep and demented is the desire
To see my reflection..... onc
In the Caspian of your eyes
'Blue suits you' she once said

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Brittle Fidelity

When indigo fingers of dusk
had stretched them
over last of the coy sunbeams
Creaked a granite
relationship
Under the clumsy boots of fidelity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Butterfly

Feel like a butterfly; mostly
half finished
still clinging to the
umbilical cord of the Palette
replaced
before drying

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Caged

Caged a twitter
in my eardrum
about 30 years back

She whispered
Rehan!
Ah off it went

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Caress Undercover- Haiku

geisha's feet
petals curl up to
touch her soles

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Check Posts Of Time

The carcass of questions
That died in throat
Are still afloat
In black alleys
of blood
The Midas of your
finger tips
Has laced my being
With thousand
suns!
Velveteen lush plush
of
assurances
'Yes I'll be there'
still snuggles
My cold and naked
soul
I still spread out
my palm and collect
The rain drops and rainbows
that are yours
To live and die
In this warped
time!
I crave
But dreams &
desperation
Are blind
to check posts of
Time!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Cinderalla Retold

If I tell you to trust me
I'd be lying, that I know
It hurts to see a greeting
hand suddenly clenched

It would be feigning ignorance
If you trust me, that I know
That shards of broken heart
Don't press against rib cage of ego

it would be your naiveté
If you feign ignorance and trust
That clock that keeps 'our' time
Has hands that don't move
Against each other

I would only falsify and push
Your naivete against wall
If I contest that love still grows
In room without doors and window

It would be credulous if i
Push perimeters of my belief
That there will never be a day
When the second glass slipper shall
Come your way and redeem you
From this second-hand step love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Compromise

Racing down the Autobahn of spine
is the seed I nurtured with the sun of your smile
and the moist of the against the sun climb
the seed meant to become:
a grandeur of brawn
to fill the tainted hearts with terror
and yours with love!

It fell through the crack
of compromise

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Corny Clichés!

All hymns attributed
And poems dedicated
All words spoken
terms of endearment encashed!
All harmonies rhymes
No song remain unsung
No melody uncomposed
Yet every morning struggles
reveal something new to me
Still this freshness anonymously
Pass
into the staleness
of my age
where seemingly new
is all deja vu
soaring in you love
is momentary lapse of reason
But locked out in
Solitary confinement of in expression
I reflect
Shall I crave for insanity
For sanity is penance
Or shall I pray to forget you
Through why live at all? (what with remain)
But then I resolve
That I shall flow
As I've done before
Once a while touch your shore,
Yearn to live forever
To touch it once more

January 26,1999

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Cremating Coffee

For living I drink coffee
For dying I let this oil slick
of caffeine spill all over me

Lying in lurch in ceramic bunker
it pounce with its dripping bayonet
first sun that lose its way

Thus cremating my living life
this deep drilled diesel
flows into the irksome
flowing stillness of you

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Cross Roads

He hung on
mesmerized
to the deluge
of wisdom
that sprung forth
from his poet friend:
Life death
Meaning & nullity
Triumph & disaster
Speech and silence
Are two sides
of same coin
When you have one
you have the other
Learn to take
both sides of coin
as one
And then you shall
rise above yourself
And He shall ask:
What shall thy
destiny be?
He imbibed little
And spattered more
His ignorance
From that fountain head
Of wisdom
He returned back to
The treacherous terrain of flesh
To break the stony countenance
Of a well chiseled
Damsel
Fertility of concupiscence
Irrigated with words of wisdom
He said:
We were like two
Sides of some coin
Same was the rust
That we gained!

His rootless words
Stirred the memories
Of a forgotten storm
She retorted;
Two sides of coin!
How ironical:
They belong
Two different
worlds they face
Rusted they are
by different rains.
He stood there
Both clueless and arid
On the crossroad
Of wisdom and wishes.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Cubism & 3³

She propounded postulates
and measured angles
Out of Picassoes
She had reasons
for roses
And muscle count
for smiles
When I took a road
into woods
She chose a
parallel line

'the twain shall
never meet"
-□mused.

"Parallels meet at
infinity"
She smiled.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Cyber Strangers Possible Or Impossible Cyber Lovers?

When sun was yet to become arrogant
I whimpered rather whispered your name
it overthrew the reign of sanity
Electricity from my groin
raced through conduit of spine
into my inebriated brain.
Mea culpa- I'm man
Even while peeling oranges.....
(never mind)

I love this scheme of things
where we both are clothed in cyber attire.
I'm your George Clooney
and I can mentally jerk off over a
an Angelina Jolene.
Since I have no idea
about the dreams and children you conceived,
abortions you had
or the complete annihilation
by a 'latex alienation' of an eager womb
so you have an angel face
san furrows and lines

Likewise when I learnt to swim,
ride a cycle, ride a woman,
my first heartbreak my first stab at my
brother's back.... you don't know

So let's be Picasso for each other
but relationship between:
brush and canvass
between chisel and metal be
that of love and trust
We won't ask each other anything
So we'll never lie
Let's stay in touch
in this attire that fits
the sharp curvatures of
compromise, conformity and fidelity

till we become an object
in the rear view mirror of life
and then.....
resurfacing as another
nameless, formless cyber signal

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Dance On! My Land Of Pure

A mistress, a private dancer
to the salivating, sloppy circumstances
I eke out from this haggard flesh
new moves to dance on

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Deana's Ground Zero

Chromosomes must carry
the dusty faces of just one fireman
who co-creates, salvages
every sumptuous moan
every solitary whimper:
must carry the silent sudden
migration to land we'll
finally know
at least one petal from one rose
of valentine or wedding
should have the déjà vu
of ashes and dust that
fell 'softly on ground zero'

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Death Dance

Fingers dance feverishly
On keyboard
To avoid death of being alone
With your loneliness

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Deception

Ice gores deeper than knife:
for frigidity of deception
is factored in

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Decree

I have in so many ways become you
without knowing without
having to feel the weight of it
Separated though by accumulated mass of years
and continually evolving geography
of jagged separation
Our lives coursing
through years of bad weathers
assailed by locusts of mistrust.
Yet there is a growing oneness
For I believe that in the end
We should be judged only for loving

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Defining The Indefinable Light

As I inched away from your love
I walk into darkness of a deep sea,
Enveloped in dark clouds,
Layer upon layer of waves
You are the Light of lights
Of heavens and earth
Light the blinding Light!
Light the awakening Light!
A speaking Light that begun
before the birth of question
Light coursing beyond the answers
that beget but questions!
Light a beckoning
Light a reckoning Light!
A Light too high to cede to our darkness

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Die Living*

In still of night that sits pretty
permanently on weaklings week limbs
a scar appears from nowhere
and makes a dwelling firm
on the so far blithe suppleness
You live to die and die living
every look a gash
every touch reconstruct
the untainted sinuous flesh
to be gashed afresh
to die living

* Needless to say Indira inspired it

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Dna

Between father and son
spiritual DNA crosses over
untold stories of war
raise armies in sinews
wisdom of centuries
sneaks into existence
in declamations, declarations or
just mere admission of love

[Inspired by Hamid Kareem's poem]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Empathy Of A Missing Person's Child

Hearts broken, homes lost
Limbs dismembered; then numbered
Wives slip their one way
'love you notes' and shopping scribbles to encrypted tethered
Circumstances
Buoyant bayonets versus a
guest appearance just once
To put a tiny tantrum to sleep
We all walk alone-
That's how it had to be;
To have gazillions patterns
From clot, dust and nothing
We cannot but walk alone
But I like it Baba to
Ape your gait your limp
And all
Rational riddles, patterns of
Clot and dust or diamond
Of polished boots
I wish to walk behind you
Once before my limbs
Are numbered

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Enigma Of Credulity

When would the persistence to seek you
In every silhouette shall concede,
When would a smile bring joy?
And be not a mask that agonies hide
When would pain
Meander through every vein
When would heart be home?
And I may born again.
Would you ever go astray?
To cross my ways

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Enslaved

In this compressed artistry of moment
I receive spalls of fire off your skin
condescending slant of your head
gurgle stories of the forced confession
of yester night..... of serfdom to your flesh

In this Picasso I am just a curved enfeebled line
And you... its canvass, its colour its theme
The latent lurking dream

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Equality

last spree of apologies
hemorrhaged a lot alongside ego
sense to lasso in coherence eloquence
lost....
words like crazy cattle
forming their own formations
I neither a shepherd or saint
sit here panting; waiting
for a onerous cloud of kindness
or soul scalding sun
something that
grant me some control
to scribble ...
your name and mine
on same line same sheet

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Esteem'

Don't put me on
a pedestal so high
That if I fall
unable you'd be to
collect me
Don't set me so high
Where I miss nuances
Of day
As they fall upon you

Let me be the dust
Beneath your feet
Let me comfort you
and touch heights
No one has ever
Touched before

McDonalds Saddar
March 23,2001

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Exit The Entrance.... A Slant View

Coffee? ? ? makes sense
I'll pick it on my to exit
O the rut of "love you".... just a breathing
disorder can't inhale without
your admixture; without you

Pillow HmMMM
I'll collect it from the doorman
As I exit the exit and re-enter
I'm a moron and life a turnstile
I'll walk on cloud whenever I'll
Trip from your curving flesh

My wit....
Ah toss it over forgot my card
YOU'RE not for me agree
But mine eternally...

I exit the entrance and exit
the exit to please you and
So pleased I too shall be
Missed you by just an inch? ?
Missed you by a lifetime
So I exit.....me

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Expressed

Marinated in your nightlong concoctions
life melts lusciously in my mouth
but this fond fondling
these grammatically challenged
future tenses in the hemorrhaging present
are fundamentally parentheses
posing as citadel of promises

Let's finally accept; we merely wandered off;
watched from an indescribable distance;
sneaked on post cards of possibilities
of land we never landed upon
and as the earth would swirl
clocks would fastidiously tick
you would express from
Bludgeoning breasts of memory
concoctions for your hatred
that once nurtured my love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Eye Candy

The lengthening slits
and deepening necklines
garage sale of your modesty

my handful petite
now gargantuan eye-candy
eyes will fertilize more eyes
and their hands more hands
this piercing sighting this
inch by inch tread marks
are crowding out my libido
My hunger for you
acquired a nationality new
I wish to make love on continuum
Extend the orgiastic plateaus
Beyond human's meager measures
I wish to make love to that moment
When your eyes held liquid enough
For baptism and ablution
Your mouth and mine unmistakably one
When you wore nothing but my breath
Your womb would fish my smiles
I want one crippling orgasm
That reaches my destiny before me

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Finishing Touch

in the constellation of your iris
i just an unfinished glint
become complete

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Fireflies Of Laughter

chasing after the fireflies
of fading laughter
ears bleed

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Flowing

In her hands, mine
Hungriily flow
Like river overland
Ravishing, uprooting
Memories knitted
Around engirdled metals
Memories of blood
That boiled turquoise
In the fountain pen of fingers
Lived its noble life
Surged once...
Life will flow in gutters of mind
In the rivers in fountain pens
I'll live in my hands
Flowing all over you

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

For That Little Drop*

This is just to tell you
that last night when
your were flooding some
calculating convoluting crevice
with your gooey existence
my throat got pregnant
with million thirsts

*Rechristened by Indira. One of our P Huntress was recounting her turbulent marital happenings over a coffee meet at Dunkin- her caffeine entered my system.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Forgiven

Thirty years of sadness
Simmered in my eyes
Thaw of stagnant resentment
Melted into sublime submission

I finally stuffed my backpack with prosperity
and sent myself to zoo

[Aged 5, my Mom forgot to give me money for picnic; it took a while to come out
of zoo 30 years to be exact]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Fortune- Telling

When I touch
Your hand
I feel
Suns of
your palm
would never
leave
my skies

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

From Aha Moment To Aha Orgasm! ! (Making Love With Existence)

The time when every shard of existence
Is in symphonic unanimity
It's the most scrumtous slice of time
When soupson of humility, hunger, arogance, supplication
Are inseperable

This is when "I" takes every form of "You" but
"I";
This blissful absence from sense and sanity
Makes us a cosmic peeing tom
Leering at infinity
Till the journey back home into "I";
Begins.... All is lost ...
All is ours

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Garments

Beyond our moment long affairs
sagas of garments live on
hurriedly peeled pants
lie in lifelong embrace
with lingerie slithered down:

beyond our moment long affair
in the infinity of arteries

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Gas Station

Rain purge
Pain arcane
To renew
The vows:
Taken in
Dark alleys
Of veins

To renew
The promises:
of going
beyond
sojourn of happiness
To live and
get consumed
In inertia of
sadness.

Rain a reminder
rejuvenation of resolve
to reach
a destiny unmarked

Dunkin Donuts (Renee's 1st rain)
January 11,2000

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Get Well Soon*

I wish I were a drop
in medicine you take

An honour none else could claim
to run in your veins.

Patching up your broken heart
to read my name

Waging a war against
all that cause you pain

Brutal cruel I shall be
more than desires in vain

Never to surrender nor retreat
Victories I shall claim.

I wish I vanish while I strive
For a presence my absence
shall gain.

* My teenage poem

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Gone Fishing

These are essential
But for the present enormity
Of this moment unrelated;
That yellows are so last year
And Over sheets of necessity,
Love shall hibernate longer
Skin shall again be denied of
Passion that technology shall steal
I shall once again enter your
Body completely and shall
Read the sign
'Soul gone fishing be back Tuesday'

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Guess Who?

Would you be kind enough?
to peep out of window
and recount what designs of fate
you read on face of brick kiln worker
What oracles you have for the colic thinker (like me)
from jingling of bangles that
rotate earth clockwise
(dreams are fuming stomping stallions)

Rain-gauge is the inward smile of man
for whom clocks are turned back
so he can throw his arms in air
in praise of Lord with some if not millions

We live in the stupor of binaries
Rubbing patronizing lofas of
Conceit, cant and cadences of cosmic leaps
One of us is not so right? Guess who?

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Half Healed

... drenched
hatred's sweat
Growing blackness
of mistrust
Arms outstretched
avid to touch
Conscious?
Nay!
Of a soul
To be soiled

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Hamd

Mein hamd karnay kee jasart karta hoon
unglioon kotasbeeh bananay wali kee

Apnee mehdood hataylian uthaay
uss lamehdood say
uss kay hee lafz
udhhar mangay

(English translation of my first ever Urdu submission will follow)

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Have We Met Before?

Perhaps you are:
My tomorrow,
Tomorrow
which is mine
Forever
Yes! Till today.
Like some childhood
Dream
Of some faraway
Land
A song of some
Unheard language
Song - whose lyrics
I could have never known
But whose tunes
Could always drench
My arid emotions
And stir the
Seedling of
Hope.
(A seedling
torn twixt
death & deliverance) .
Tiding of sun & rain

But you can't be
My tomorrow
For tomorrow can be
unreal.
You are not
(For I exist)

Perhaps you are
my dreams lost:
whose search has
taken me,
To every feeling
heart
Whom I have looked

for
in fleeting sand
of hour glass
(From eon to eon)
But no! you're not
Even my dream
I mislaid it
Few centuries ago.

If hopes dreams
rhymes and times
Contains you not
You must be
Silence:
A celestial melody
A heart felt prayer,
A nexus `tween
Imperfection of reality
And perfection
Of dreams

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Heart Attack

A stone's throw from the place of my diurnal affinity
from everything but God

This place so near you that
The wind covered me with pollens
From your lacquered
piety and prudence

Here, a 36 year old creep
Had the audacity to steal
From his ageing father
His well nursed asset -
"A heart attack"
Stole and scuttled away

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Herded

Last rivulet of conversation
writhing on the edge of
wet expanse of acceptance
soon the desert would be herding
mad pack of silences

Kinetics of vast journey
removed from niches of mind
vacuum will suck in all contours of happiness
on this fork of déjà vu
on this roundabout of fate

I stand spent or perhaps ready
For another winding journey
To be herded with arid flock of silences
Inches beyond the vast expanse of acceptance

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Him, Hymn & You

There is a desert
down my throat
For barren were
the prayers I said
I offer You again
The mirror of my
out stretched palms
Reflect and make me
Beautiful
Make me the sun
that drowns in her veins
and stir dreams
that finds reality
only in You
Let me be the
Road
That leads her
to You!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Hugging Deana

A bear hug-she said:

Had to tell her I wear algae
reeks of extremism
So what? My skin is palette
that abet every hurting brush
Void cannot be painted
Let's hug!

Just a minute
I convex from
where you concave
Know what
blood is amorously amorphous
It'll trace every
travesty of geography
Let's hug

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Hunger

If I fumble for options
Hands grow short to handle
If I actually say that
I love you
How bad would earth shake?
These tremors! Ahvery digestive

But in "things to do"
Breathing is alpha... and not done yet
Someone pilfered this system
And with perforations aplenty
Fishing breath... toughie....

Next in line would be satiation
Every caress, every morsel
Is like lemur there is melee of
Hunger.....

One crap will cling on to other
List may just swell
Go dive in the caffeine
Into the savannahs of mint..

I'll rub my protruding belly
"hunger" shall seek and find
A more spicy reason to burp

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

I Exist*

I exist*

I wish I could lie...
really do wish I could stay the mirage
that defined her thirst
her acquiescence of fact
I exist-

* Breathed to existence on an "Unknown" page

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

I Want A Car! Can'T Walk! !

The horses of your
wishes,
gallop ruthlessly,
on infirmity
of my barren
hands.

Tando Yusuf
July 21,1996

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

If It

I wish you could imagine;
and forget you are imagining
that your head has found
the comfort of my arms,
where I've put on your forehead
balm of my lips,
and your eyes have irrigated
the furrows of my sinews.....
That you have by now hurled
last and worst of obscenities
to travails of time through me
and that you have
emerged anew
from this arena of life
and have risen like phoenix
from the ashen graveyard of my soul...
If it has happened
I've lived I've died

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

If Only You Were My Son....

(Empathy)

...earth gasped and lost track
Of its axis
Cosmos was in chaos
Lord put aside His
floral palette and
Dabbed His creativity
In monochrome of bronze
Full steam! Sons only!
He ordained
The butterflies of my being
Suddenly changed to brawn

Since then; on horizon
Where real blends with ethereal
The bedecked bride of
Those poignant words
Still await the man
underneath my woman

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

If You Were Here Today

If you were here today
I wouldn't have hungrily sucked
into my lungs the smell that was

If were here today
I wouldn't have been caressing crazy
the ochre yellow couch..

If you were here today
I would have slept on ochre yellow couch
inhaling you

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

In Circus Of Happiness

I have seen with your eyes
the Helen of Troy, madness of Achilles
and ink that wrote Iliad
my lung full with waft
of the first papyrus and
I am treading on the ruts of wheels
that transported Athena to the
bethel made of reverence,
stone, necessity and time.
Today acrobats of happiness
are somersaulting in the large tent of heart,
heart that had covered into a log cabin,
a tragically tattered one
where loafing wind would terrorize
the dwarfs of hope while
Sleeping Beauty of a new day slept on.
So I would read Alev Shafak's 40 Rules
or watch all episodes of Ghalib
in late afternoons when onions
are blushing in pots
and silence has established its authority
and life has been transported to schools
doors of chapels have been bolted

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

In Maisum's Class

Fragmenting "monolithic"
on wrong syllables
fissures ran deep
in his lower than "wotever"
self-esteem

her colonial connections
her holier than thou
rasping English
enacted Gulliver Travels

I played Lilliputian
in very role

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Insatiable

My tongue
In desire of your salt
Hangs out hungering

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

It So Happened

That wayward speck
from morning sun
tossed and turned
on her scattered ripples

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Junoon Defined

'tween the outreach of my
Adept fingers and your
Curious hopes
Lies the vacuum
of 'maybeness'

Lust stretches to
fill it
Fidelity and faith
abets inertia

This moment can
yield
What adjectiveness of
Love
Or abjectness of
hatred
May narrate to
Posterity

But this
Endless journey
Of infinite insanity
Begins where I end

[September 19,2001]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Just Talk To Me!

I know why?
because alphabets
don't pant to extinction
voice don't climax and turn cold
poem or prose don't beg
assurance... they live
in rooms without windows door
I know you are very demanding..
I know you wish to have
"making love" a replacement of
breathing, living perhaps

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Khwab Martay Nahin*

Khwab Martay Nahin*

I am painfully sifting from this land of pure
some small fragments of dreams
that made it through the last bomb blast
My hands crimson my hopes cloyed in gray
but my resolve unyielding though my senses:
trespassing into insanity's terrain

Here Sarah!

Take these jagged half clad
malnourished dreams
nurture them with love
and impale this belief

dreams never die

* Urdu for dreams never die

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Knowing You

Your hazy eyes and stumbling words
Reined in time is all I curse
Wounds said ahoy! ! port hath come
But time has sown an evil furze

Before we part for a destiny unheard
Letting goodbyes unsaid hushed up
Let's immerse in inebriety in stupor of words
Your grief I own my sorrows you claim

Dedicated to a very dear friend

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Kuch Reh Gaya Hay

Kuch reh gaya hay
Nasoon sansoon aur gardishoon mein
Khoon kee ab bhee jo baraqas unglioon say
Nikal nikal kar kaghaz kee berhana dosheeza
Say lipata rehta hay
Mein nay barha kaha haan
Piyar hay... tumhein bataya
Khud ko tum ko cheer kay
Juda kar kay
Phir yeh kiya reh gaya hay
Jo gali kay awara kotoon jaisa
Barf mein muqayad mad o jazr jaisa
Mujh mein bekaraan hein

Abb jab yahan say guzroo tu dekhna
Yeh dil kay darwazay mein paon
Phasay khara hoga
Lay jana iss awara bad zaat ko
Is dushman e jism o rooh o jan ko
Lay jana yeh tumhara hee hay
Yeh mera naam jo tum nay
Liya tha kabhi

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Ladle Hands

Holding on like diehard slander
her roses grabbed her garment
of perennial autumn
and set off for one last treasure hunt
boarded the last rickshaw of hope

her youth a mockery of spring
hands ladles and spoons
nails rusted can opener
seen happiness from such a distance
that treats it with disdain when nose close near
nuptial knot not a salacious ruffle of ribbons
but a thunderous rap of lenders
sidestepping the bier of family ego
boarded a trouble trove
died when her first bud bloomed
died thence thrice
dragged herself and her new liability on ward's floor
gangway! ! ! yelled nurses
for the palms that some greasy promises hold
died when neighbour's firstborn was enrolled

a train ride! ! scraping scanty excitement
from hollow of marrow
her flowers waving their crimson (though dusty) petals
were reflection of excitement that cringed earth
that puked them into this dirt
walked click clack of giggles
redemption appeared on the corner
cowcatcher- beaming visage of messiah
she lovingly covered their eyes with her ladle hands

[DAWN News LAHORE, April 12: A woman committed suicide with her two children by throwing herself in front of a train in Naseerabad area of the city on Saturday.

Police said Ms Bushra,30, carried a bag which contained a suicide note. Reading from the note, a police official said Ms Bushra, wife of a welder, had committed suicide because of poverty.

The woman appeared on the main railway line along with her two children at around 12.20pm when a train coming from the Cantonment station was approaching there.

“Despite an alarm raised by shopkeepers and some passers-by, she threw herself on to the track, ” rickshaw driver Rashid Naseer, who witnessed the incident, told Dawn.

He said Ms Bushra covered the eyes of her son and daughter with her hands before taking the leap]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lawn Ka Suit! ! !

You wore lilac!
And liner of impatience in your eyes
Colours of love on your lips

-Do you think I didn't notice? ? ?

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lid*

We guise it so f***in well
imbue it in our Isi Meyaki and Gray Flannel
the incredible lid of dialectic materialism, Marxism
nihilism, romanticism Gucci, Armani Burberry
keeps in place the septic cesspool that is distilled
on pews, under minarets even deathbed
I often wish that muck on our minds
one day gets projected on the nth x nth
screen of limitless indigo
and fill the sky, stars and all the inter stellar spaces
with that stifling stench

* Originally inspired by Indira's poems on child abuse but made it to the PH when Helen held the mirror stiflingly close to my nose in "Sun Worshipper"- I saw myself and threw up

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Line Par Yaar*-Indira

Every work a pied piper
Harking to secretly flowing streams!
to a tomorrow pregnant with promises!
Completely untouched
by the murk and marsh of realities
She who scribes "papa don't paw"
and then a vignette with
bellyful of the mélange of naïveté and hope.

While the visa (my) visage
and everything else would stand tall;
betwixt and between,
A promise I hope I'll keep
a coffee at Vijayawada
my Indira would stir

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lotus

watch me as
the river carry my gossamer self
snugly into is cloying arms
watch me as I set a distant gaze
through my silvery enclosure

a lotus is a king and kingdom
at once—

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lotus On Indian Ocean

If I've read this
Then I should trust
That a lotus of orgasm
Is rearing its head
In the subtle
Mating of sun and wind
This guarantees that
I shall suckle the illicit manna
From the wanting need of a
Godess
I shall have life altered
Once more though
thoughts marooned
On edges of fertile
Furrows of mind
Once more lying on its
Side; life shall strtech
Backwards its sensous lips
For one trailing behind

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Love Knows.... But Little

How does it feel
When gold of: ' I love you'
Has to be traded for an
unknown metal of say: 'Weather is great'
we run vehicles of life
only on tracks of compromise
the road is known unknowns few
and you don't vacillate roles
in every frame you are a hero

I think it feels good to
Take a stealth glance at the muck
The immorality the liability of dream
And bask in the geometrics of
'Happily ever afters'
For history is penned by victors
And love knows not the art of warfare

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lover

I wait for death
like one hungers for a lover
and knows deep inside
he shall come*
to take me in his arms
and this time making
all whispered promises;
come true

Lead now to that warm heart
so I can feel your heart
inside mine

touch my heart and feel
how it yearns for a burning passion
only you can yield

kiss my lips so
I shall taste the manna dew
touch me where it hurts
and ease away the pain

Honeysuckle and roses white
I shall know never untill
you close my eyes
with breath light
and I shall know
eternity awaits my sleep

[*emotion this strong can only be articulated through a mind of a woman; I'm
not what you think I am]]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Lunatic

Perched atop
A cell phone tower
O' moon
Whose unsent
message are you!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Mail Delayed

[An impulse dedication on receiving mail from a dear friend after a hiatus of some eons]

Feel so relieved
so much more caffeinated
so much more inebriated
with the growing vineyard of consciousness
in the evanescent thicket of thoughts

Hearing abilities and seeing capacities
have somehow formed a face; a tangibility
from anonymity; from absence

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Masterpiece*

Uninhabited canvas of mind
pens for colours divine
a motley array of thoughts:
drawing ancestry from
complacency insouciance indifference
of gods made of our adrenaline
dreams or peach n' cream
appear as apparition illusion
in this vast wilderness of nothingness
a moment a tiny little fraction
that escaped the calculations the undoings
the diametric cleaving of memories
hungrily sucks on the arid
spread of a virgin canvass
and spends itself to become
a masterpiece

* Came to being while reading Indira's recent vignettes.

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Mea Culpa

To nab your welled up tears
And consign them to life term
Of love peace and happiness!

A lot of purpose and paper
have since been wasted
I'm sorry.... I'm so very sorry

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Migration

Ever since her migration
from the geography
of my embrace
Mirror often asks for
An Identity Card

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Miracle-I*

Love and desire have many unnamed relations
But if you see closely
There are distances between them like
Sea is one
But its corners touch two stranger shores
Tread two exclusive paths

So it goes
That in this ocean of time
Where both of us have changed (was there an option)
That even our relationship like our reflections
So very gently turn that
Often leaves no lines on the linen
Neither the eternally travelling color of eyes fades
Nor befall a wall in our continuous communication

Just that
The sand that is slipping every moment from the
Impetuous unyielding fist of desire
In here could be that emotion betwixt between
Called love
Sometime it so happens
That we reckon not the friction
Of slipping sand
But it slips
We at times try and gather it
But the heedless winds of night and day
Blows sands so much that
Heart begs but can't weep
the tears
that were to collect the slipping scattering sand
give life to it, irrigate it
they didn't flow

* Amjad Islam Amjad translated from Urdu

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Mirror In My Mind

A husky accented "Hi"
An act of concealment
Alack! ! very shoddy
Avers all the painfully mined
Poetry and philosophy;
as overtures
in genre of also-ran

T 'was a candor or stupor
That split the grandeur of whole
Into pores and pixels
"Hey you are fat and ugly
'n logistically challenged

Hah! Nostrils filled with
Whiff of fresh lime of
Sense, symmetry and algorithm
Makes breathing a rather
Funny affair with flabs dancing

To tarry forth I'm offloading
the mirror in my mind
Dropping dreams in a basket
At some unknown door
m free m free m free
Hail to sanity
Long live fidelity

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

My Muskroot

Finally a word about you
a real word not workings of my mind
or the cyan of my hallucinations
a word from the world
where all emotions intentions
are tagged and branded

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Nee

Have so many roses
For you memory
That I often feel
A petal slides off my tongue
Each time I take your name

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Not A Poem

Its not a body, but a poem
In Japanese perhaps
Whose text orientation- a mystery
a mastery in magic
In the musical notes
That your limbs hide; not so well
There are arias, for lovers
Nubile and unborn
I can hope; though with struggle
To wander off into this orchard
of sheer pleasure and pluck vine
Untasted

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Not A Ripple

The passage of a lonely
Gasp through pharynx
is dark and damp
and when a skipped heartbeat
jumps to its death
in vast sea of rejection
Ah.... Not a ripple

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Nurtured Tsunamis

Have a desire to be
the last monument
last mark of existence
to be the last supper for your
nurtured treasured tsunamis

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

On Indira's Ungettable

jagged edges of still born desires
hunger for supple skin
of 'a' feeling heart-

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

On Sarah's Amused

In some fertile moments
life suffers expansion
seams of soul rent asunder
and sigh escapes
when smiles are due

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Paper Planes*

The forests of love
You watered inside me
Have caught fire....
Albinos of anger
Are taking birth
As blaring attempts ... I hear

So love! Is it some Iron Age
Town of our masters of yore (yore? ?)
That has become a receptacle of your ova?
Are the Gothic ascents too erotic to behold
O love don't jilt, don't go
I make paper planes ... designed to carry
Any load of dreams...
Come hither and I shall carry you;
Your lover and my envy

* Someone wrote some poem on "Winchester"... the unknown city...

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Pathetic Fallacy

Memory craves;
for an undreamed
dream
For that moment
in infinity of time
That never came
or went by
This desire;
fraught with naught
Has become:
What ever I have
ever been
I wake up to
Its sunless warmth
Dance to its
unsung melodies
No icon
I could chisel
To glorify it
Yet it fills
my heart
With ecstasy
of
Submission!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Perforated

Tectonics of trust disjointed
Lavas of love sluiced in prohibited geographies
The whole of me is no more
I'm, punctured, perforated hollowed
vice I can't defy
Virtue I cannot hold
good place for holy scrolls of bills
hugs I ill afford
your gaze of compassion scalds
icy stares are all I can store

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Perfumed

Now coagulated, moments
Of haemorrhaging passion
Refrigerated sightings of
Roses on convergence of our eyes
I clutch the absent, evidence based air
Fragrant with scent of your skin
Whereupon my fingers once camp fired
I have observed regimen
Strove for nirvana where
I shall rise above you
But this patronising
Of you, basically you
That's me
Is full of the roses picked
From the perfumed expanse
of your ribcage

(unedited)

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Prayer Rug

As my being
Shrink and shiver
For my Unseen yet all present
Lover! !
Tent of earth unmoor
its tentative fastenings
I pray unto infinity

Dedicated to the 'The Poet'

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Prayers To Nowhere

Be my deep sleep dream
Don't begin, never end
Don't linger on through
My mornings to fade
By noon
But stay
In my forgetfulness
Never to perish
But to nourish
A reason to go on,
And nurture a hope
To hold on
to higher dreams

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Procrastinating Hope

There will be longer days
Deeper sleeps
And better dreams
I shall then sketch
The maps of
Heavens

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Prostration Is To Bend In Love?

Beyond the farce of words
I have spun music with magnolia
Of effable sun; fleeting azure of spring
I have learnt language of silence
Hinged on grammar of submission supplication
I have brought tidings of fulfillment
From gods ; reconciled and settled
Come with me and read the welcome note
prostration is; indeed, to bend in love! ! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

R Weds K

Marry me Kasia
We don't need vows or bells
For we have heard the music divine
We have been consigned togetherness
When he said "Am I not your Lord";
We need not consummate or throw rice
For we have made love
And begotten hymns

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Reawakening

Wary have I grown O' Lord
Of this interminable slumber

Sound unto my
Willful deafness
Thunderbolt of ego

Send quakes of awakening
Through my moth-eaten
Intellect

Let me discover
Myself
So I may see more of
YOU

Zamzama
May 27,2001

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Re-Dedicated

Simmering stew of love
Left unattended

She left in such a rush
That she forgot to tell:

When to straighten my skirt

And when done away with
-Put my smiles away in attic

[Originally inspired after a brief conversation with a very precious friend about her mother who died when she was 5; didn't know that in just six months it had to be re-dedicated to her when she died and left her 5 years daughter-forever; this is from her daughter]

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Return To Sender

My tongue ceaselessly
licked the corners of adhesive
Hoping that indivisible remainder of
love we shared
may be delivered alive in this envelope

Last night I buried it unceremoniously
in the trash can
with tombstone
"Return to Sender"

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Sajda*

Sajda

My body has become
A poem
Alphabets lie scattered
over the wasteland
of blood
rummaging for:
A word
A note
or a colour's stroke
My being aches
With in-expression
Redemption I crave
Pleasure of submission
Breathes on my forehead

*Prostration in Arabic

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Sculptor

I clapped my hands blue
Showered that artist
"sculptor par excellence"
With "Wows" hemorrhaging
from every cell
of grateful existence

for the celestial chisel
that impregnates
life into dumb stones

turned me into a dumb stone
for a mass of dogma
hanging from my chin

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Self Portrait

It lingers on
Haunting thoughts
blemishing sights,
It was there:
when I thought not
It knew:
when I stayed unaware
The look I vowed
never to see
was there all the time
Mocking my naïveté!

How the desire to
strangle the hold
Captivates the soul
But the hands are tied
Feet chained
Lips tamped.
they utter not
What they crave.

Helpless in the
Hands of desire
Blistering bitterness
grow.
With break of
each dawn
Its begotten anew

Amid welter
of facelessness
My face still
appears
on all the
mirrors of
World!

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

She Condoled

Awful! she said
in this "awful"
I could feel quivering hands
On my chest as if fumbling
For right thread in etui of life

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

She Said 'Hi'

Froze my blood
So below zero
That foetus of hope
Turned blue

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Sheltering The Eggshell Of Hope**

With my mind's eye going blind
and my vision rummaging for refuge
in abyss of ignorance
hope is running amuck
looking for the first ajar door
to escape from this naked brutal
truth never to return from Never land
of numbness

**Read it after reading Wardha Jawdat's 'Just another day in paradise? '

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Shimmering Blind Alley

I'm captive of your unseen curves
that peels sanity off my head
The undefined colour of your eyes
Makes me fall in love with one stretch
Of rainbows to other
I'm bewildered by the waterfalls that cascade
down your diaphanous nubile skin
I dance to the music of your silent moans
born on unborn stars
I weave poems from silken threads
of your salacious moves that
Reflect on million blind eyes
This narcissi has drunk you
You are the name of dementia
That grows fondly and phenomenally

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Silver Trade

I

I can trade off all sense
for clink of spoon
in my coffee mug

II

blinding my sanity
silver on your brow

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Slipping-Goorbay

I've seen the face within face
I've sifted farcically manifest guile
from the rooted reality
every trivia that you utter
is rustled hustled to my blood stream
I fear implosion as exploding is not kosher;
in context that contains me...

Knowing this séance of transience
mockery of this mist-long life
of this soi-disant romance
I am merely a dropp balancing on
Glistening leave.....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

So How Do We Go About It?

That's not the end
Not even the beginning of end
Solution abound here for
Problems we indigenously grow

Whisper my name into your blood
Keep it in vault of genes.....safe
And whenever my love
grows forests of lust
dense enough to veil your fears
in darkness..... Return my whispers

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Sojourn Of Pen.

If I keep on thinking,
I would get blisters
or;
I may fall off the
Blind edges
of equine squareness
of vision
To rest, I write.

Rehan 2001

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Soothing Soot

[Inspired by Don't Look Back.-Viola Grey]

Sanity the main event
to gawk at such a non-existent door
and that too tightly shut that too
with connivance of moist love created
what madness move on

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Stealth Glance

beyond the reality of giving
beyond the transience of orgasms
I become the captive observer
of your misting over eyes
the occasional spillover from
reservoir of helplessness
hopes for another reality
which allows a complete satiation

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Styx

Life is good! ! So is coffee
my only chance to submerge
the Achilles within me
in the Styx of bitterness!
Alas my heart is my heel-
never gets invincibility
die everyday

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Summing It Up

Summing it up

Love seeks a strange mix

Of passion, allegiance and rebellion

It has gore, yore and more in unequal portions

a nubile leaf of say "you've got some voice"

makes an orange orb rise (in rebellion perhaps)

on to be quelled, culled and crushed by ribcage

of propriety that hovers on equatorial reaches of morality

upward slant is not essentially a default way

to see clearly and closely the 'loft of love'

you might cringe your neck and rummage

for a coffee shop receipt

goddess yelled and strung at me the hymn and ode

I accept only half bows and semi-prostrations

I'm done with your humility and submissions

An orange leaf swirl upwards to the loft

In devotion to a hymn set in

Anthems of Sri Lanka

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tainted*

tainted are us all, reference point shifts a lot
and relationships as tentative as
cohabiting kites on a 'ledge'
still virtuous eh? ? ?

*Inspired by warda jawdat's wicked

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Aftertaste Of Dreams

Yes I'm there and see
The whiteness and azure
Of your searching eyes
In surf, sand and undulating blue
I'm slicing the manna of
Our shared happiness
So you somehow keep most
I'm already seared by
Slipping grains of time
I know its not there
So I'm dancing but
Perfecting moves
When I shall waltz alone
Caring not to step
On the empty space
Where your feet were
I swim out of this reverie
To my coast of reality
Knowing you'll wake up
Unscathed from misery of dreaming

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Books We Read

The Bones Out had to be second hand
So I may run my fingers all over it
Letting your accidently left thoughts
Mate with mine

Picked Sylvia Plath myself
Unused fresh like lemons yet to be noticed
I ganged up the aisle set up my monarchy

Ordered your pervasive, persuasively
Present absence to accept my authority
Thence I ruled and lived alone somehow ever after

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Dark Word

Shall I say it till I unlearn
every other alphabet
and every other learning
shall I chant it enough
to have every song bird envy me

Shall I actually utter this word
That is conceived in urn of inebriety
This word of scorn and hatred
Word so bright that suns envy
So dark that nights shun it
Shall I let word leave the
Sanctity the sanctuary of mind
And fall unto the ignobility
Of hearing, shall I taint
The holiness of air?

But if I don't it will plague
My sanity, unleash insane
Warfare make my veins a wasteland
So I say it with heart atremble

I love you.....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Onlooker

Onlooker sees the most
abused this vista of 'most' with impunity
Scored high in verbal warfare,
basked in intellectual glory.
Know it better now onlooker sees
way more than what's there.
Onlooker with intent of seeing
becomes eyes, sight and remain not
an onlooker anymore

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Only Color [a Humble Gratitude To Kasia]

I love you
Like I love the
Face of Lord
That takes million births
And regress and efface
From blackening mirror
Of my heart
It vanishes but stays
As an unfamiliar desire
To tread the path of those
Who earned the colors of Lord
Verily that's just the color
Untold beauties and bounties
The color of Love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Phone! ! !

The Phone! ! !

Moments of sadness set in forever
Every time phone is hung
rudely
on you.
Acceptance thrust upon dreams and desires
Takes the unwelcome road
bitterly
-down the throat

A skipped heartbeat, an icy gasp
Ego dies...
yet another death! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Reluctant Collage Of Life

There are few accepted means of
Emptying bladder and bullet
reverie and revenge may
howsoever present more

I have murder and mercy
in equal portions on my hands
I am Abel I am Cain; say when

I can howl freedom
and squeal for freedom
With equal insensitivity on lungs

In census of life
Asthma is a minority and
Oxygen rules
People somehow still die

So syruped thus diabetic
Is discourse on divergences
In ablution and ambulation
We still fall in love with grace

In pea sized bethel
breathing spaces from
House not so White I feared Lord
And cried
In limitless space thus
in Land of Pure
I feared man,
tears dried in fetus of eyes

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Weaver

And as I uncap
The cauldron of mind
At this very moment
As this very spin on Creators
Hoodlum that spin, pin time
There is a fair maiden astride
A custom made body
Giving all she has and,
she doesn't have
We see in fact two installation artists
Doing Picasso, De Vincis and us (perhaps)
The permanence of ecstasy
anchorage of feeling; lens deep
(Cut! Mandy your leg blocked the whole damn thing; retake)
Two strangers once again
snuggled in hand me down of intimacy

We! Though not even remotely related
to the finesse of those master forms
Enter each other with earnestness,
with longing gratitude humility and selflessness
Our bodies vacillating between
erotica and sheer humour of
our dwindling strengths waning looks
We with our flimsy selves
but anchorages that cuts past
this shallow earth into
infinity of Hoodlum, He Spins
and we become endless

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

The Word

Indigo dyed a deep shade
on immaculate yarn of day
in that blinding winding darkness
wing fluttered "ahem"
silence of million ticks
shatters; the cosmos
the creation on canvas and behind
freeze and hear "Read"
light pirouetted, soubresauted waltzed
celebrated the birth of "Word"
light scattered sensually over
the languid indigo
now embellished with million stars
light giggled and jabbered
aye thou shall hear it
He shall clear the silted senses
and speak unto you
the gold syllabled and emerald casted
"Word"

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Thesaurus Of Rejection

'Tis morality
And nothing else:
A lover's nightmare
A puritan's dream
Put it on Fate
Its reluctance
clean
My existence expresses
Love for my Creator
I hold near and dear
All that the Omnipresent doth see
Annihilation and Absence here;
For permanence far beyond
Phantom I
may seem
Loser I may be
In worldly words
I would rejoice in silence
This victory absurd

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Thumbed Whispers

Clandestine communication
Behind sheer drapes of fidelity
Commotion of thumbed whispers

In this sempiternal peregrination of silence
I rummage my being
Only to find a nameless,
Scary resonance

Ask I myself
Am I still there?

She tweaked and added 'Behind sheer...." The relationship blossomed and
withered within the unknowable geography of cell phone so 'thumbed'

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Thy Remembrance Shall Outlast All

I'm resident of insanity
Here sopranos and altos are one
Weather never changes
And grammar and algebra outlawed
Here the prayers lead to sin
And sins redeem and cleanse
All things have names....
your name

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tiara

Having worn her virginity
like a tiara for 27 years

Dethroning left
unsightly marks
on her ego

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tides Of Hope

Pervaiz sets off for work.
Abbu cycle!
Words dressed in
glimmering glory
Of hope
pursue him heartlessly

He cleans dust off the glass counter
for world to see his point of view
More clearly
His sales figures vent through
sarcastic snow of nicotine

.
A customer walks up
Hope lits
But retreats
Cycle buries further

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Till Disillusion Do Us Part

I remember how we met
the conversation we'd had from across the room
comedy spun by fumbling need for expression
the romance that began in the sweet
gentle afternoon sun of that December
when I was born unto love and matrimony.....

In the tapping, tabbing
the wedding bells chimed so prettily;
in the cyberspace in the emptiness
and when you flicked that handful of rice
over your shoulder
wasn't that for luck
wasn't that for ever
didn't they promise that to you when you
swore to fidelity.....

I tumble over my own dreams
so we are through....? ...!
In my supreme daze of denial I
realize that I have tribes of me settled on you
the monstrously multiplicative epidemic
of love and tenderness;
beyond the last moment of this era
when the outlines of this town
would be mowed down for
newer shades of concrete
some memory will bludgeon into a
schema of what used to be –

Smile,

for I parted empty
leaving tribes of me settled on you
leaving you to wonder
are we through? ? ? ?

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Time O Tyrant Time

Let time knit you completely...

O naiveté incarnate

Time knows not

The waft and warp of denial

Uneven hands it has

Art of compassion

Ah what a tangent

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tinsel Tears

the tinsel of your brow
lives in each stillborn tear

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tiramisu

Replacing the undulating verdure
of her nudity;
On the consuming plains
of my desire

Is just the Tiramisu
of her name

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

To K.F

With every syllable every inflexion
reaching out and hugging
the smiles of satiation
the silent jubilation
in seeing a
heart and soul
though in a container afar
but akin in pulsations and pauses
that is learning once again to turn red
and become blue
and fast shedding the attire of ice
it reluctantly donned

Heaven smiled and whispered
there shall be symmetry
at edge of chaos
and divisions too many
lead to reconnections

We looked at the color of the skins
of our passports and exchanged
swatches of love and light
color matched

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

To My Friend Lisa Deer

believe the sun
when it imports
mirage of my smile
on your kitchen wall
time is ripe to rise above
poetic delusion and accept
that when parallels finally
crisscross at infinity
beads on the lemonade
I've brought for you
Would dry.....

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Tucked In*

*Outburst on reading "All She Wrote" by Harriett Mullen

Perhaps I'll tuck it under my pillow
That it may muffle the monsters of rejection
or eat it up so the alphabets can spin inside in wild frenzy
Fall in order when you scold! !
This poem fills the scathing void between
the time a message is thumbed
And love denied

[Agony of holding it back
is no less than the pain of being denied]

I shall grow the ears of Shrek
I'll hear all that was never said

I'll live happily ever after

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Twist

Just touched
Israfel of amnesia
Carrying the carcass
Of us
Through bones and blood
Clogging exits with
Insufficient hands
You are diffused
In so much of me
Separation looks funny

But I know I'll dragged
On streets by
Cops of mind
With deafening shrieks
Of the infant dreams
Dying on the break wall
Of unilateral agreements
Dictated by pariahs of virtues
Curtains fall, I bow out
Once again from me

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Unbuttoned

just when summers jostles with you
and your garment acts up acts on its own
buttons of your shirt come undone
and quite aligned with contours of moment
my mind goes awry
and unleash onto that minuscule excuse
the brute of imagination
go to places unseen, hear voices unheard
you awaken to the surging glint of my eye
straighten up and adjust sails
of discourse to the saner reaches
I too struggle to don the attire
of this hoisted weather
behind us sun leaves the world crimson
ah what a thief

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Unlock Unleash

Enter a Victor, an Emperor onto the
New leaf of calendar
For Lord has chosen you once more
To unleash the vivacious living dreams
That had rent asunder
by alarms of caution and prudence
To prove all the disapprovals.... wrong

Stir once again the emotions spurred
When light of life and freedom denied
Ignite inspire stimulate set aflame
The darkened souls first unwilling....
now unable to unwind

Glow, rise and shine
Set ablaze the path to renewal rebirth
Of hopes dreams and love

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Unmoored

every unmoored droplet
from wet vastness of sky
anchor vessels of thirst
on my arid existence

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Usual Tantrums

I like Angelina full lips
Nose a tad hooked at end
And who the hell wants
Legs that end before
Beginning
Skin a perfect match
With Indus bred wheat

A dove argues with the crow
Fingers with the pill
Drone of life descends
On a yet another
Sun bathed day

I unstich aunhealed
Wound, shut daily diary of Id
I've come together with
Day without arguing

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Vacuum Cleaning

C'mon let's place
the sun and mountains
where they belong
let's do some simple housekeeping
let's get away
from these Augean stables
we never started the fire
writings mine have never been "Helen of Troy"
.....something to die for; and you....
You never had patience for clutter of love
So come let's take a ride on vacuum cleaner
come let's vacuum our vacuums
come let's be strangers again.....
and talk

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Vanity

With filial minds focused
more on defending this attempted elopement
from life; rather than
embanking swelling well of tears
wheels of stretcher rolled in synch
with my swinging swaggering
alibis on tough marital wicket

Of possibilities born in the ghetto
of guilt; at least one,
could have led me
away from this valley
ricocheting soliloquies
a defense san frigidity of arguments
judge, jury or jest of situation

My resolve my dreams my desire
to finally take the road
every Johnny took;
from fornication to flowering
withe and fade
within this debris of thought
I call poetry! !

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Waterfall Of Hopes*

take me along, when it happens
if the stars and your dreams
and the waterfall of hopes that
defines you so permit
for regardless of
the magnolia and azure
that I drape myself in
my journeys get entangle
in algae of 'green' and can't break free

* Inspired by Deana & christended by Roger Cornish thanks :)

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Why*

Mind's eager fingers
lament the slippery parting
of one logic just one right word
that covers the hapless nudity
of 'why do I love thee still'

* Born on Sarah's page

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin

Writer's Block*

Shall I say that silence has outnumbered
has overwhelmed by million hectares
all other possibilities birthed in spring
Nike's swoosh muffled, dervishes whirl quiet
twittering, warbling birds struck by amnesia
a miasma of thousand year, a journey of million mile
sets betwixt word and fruition

* dedicated to my friend who speaks but in silence alone

Frank Lisa IndiRa Francesca Roger Platt Cornish Martin