Once Within A Thistle Love

Gerald Ivan Locklin

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Once Within A Thistle Love

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ONCE WITHIN A THISTLE LOVE
Gerald Ivan Locklin

She stirs across the motion of my mind
Through shadow loves, a spark of prosody
Through love love loves, a thistle briar thorn
Scraping bloody the poetry wind
From my lips, the tasteless threnody.

O yes succinct within my Eden-borne
Soul I jealously a goldenrodding goddess
But now again unto my catnip sense
O sinews taut and sore elated madness
Wafts the distal draught. So, shorn

Of grace, I christen servitude and in
Her apyretic grotto, I immolate my verse
And when I dare converse
With her, as though from Venus' frozen warmth
I heard the odes of Sappho ring, I sing in silence.

And do I squawk with febrile rasping throat?
If I possess the bluebird love
Within my blackbird loins
Will I e'er sound a perfect note
While reaching to stroke the turtledove?

Especially now: spirits travelling incognito.
Personality, a generation's labor, discounted
Continually by a word: phoney or eccentric or beat.
We're always another's mass. The neon serenade
And the mechanical larynx all agree:
Hallucinated emotion is the only good.

CASSANDRA
J. W. Miller

Reason and the tempered intensity.
Vision clarified by hindsight passion.
Are mocked by the cerebral proletariat who.
Educated, is marshalling beatitudes of sensuality,
And regimented depression, and subliminal tingods.
And moneytheistic myths, for peers.
Salute the new myth of irrationality.
A graphic system of curves and hollows
Like a ravenous boneless fleshskull.
ONCE WITHIN A THISTLE LOVE
GERALD IVAN LOCKLIN

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