

-- please dispose of carefully --

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Paranomasi a

12

Liverpool Street Station

1

she is still counting time
time and again standing still
stock still taking stock still wondering
wandering without aim

aiming high yet still laid low
by the fear of change still changing
the fear of stasis where ecstasy
is joy in stillness

.....fragments of cities catch in eye's corners
like fish hooks lovers' kisses draw my
glances fascinate looks dreams chances
missed, the happiness of others grief
at parting, all the myriad lives bare on faces
memories of places strangers urban dwellers
bidding farewell to strangers, strangers all
and I a ghost drifting midst post modern struct-
ures steel and glass struts arches and all the paraphernalia
of the constructed environment alien
beauty, bared
bones of some great creature within
whose skeleton we scurry like
ants stripping flesh from sinew and tendon, sutures
wires suspended living spaces,
chasing moments of reflection midst
the city of fragments.....



Fai th

10

3

Lack of trust
is endemic.
Only confirmation daily
of your affection really
expressed with truth
permits me to believe
your words.

**--- we only think we are creating
things that don't already
exist in nature ---**



Words to my lover
when we are separated

8

5

thinking of you in the afternoon
in this quiet room
with a book for company
thinking of me at your
humming keyboard and life
intervening to break the tenuous
cord of reverie that
links us distantly...white
noise clandestine connection and the recollection
of past mistakes and the present denying
future; lies implied if not spoken moments
of indulgence and interest

\$ideas[21] = "The
mark of the beast is
that you

must
shed love.";

Digicrastination is the subtle thief of time....

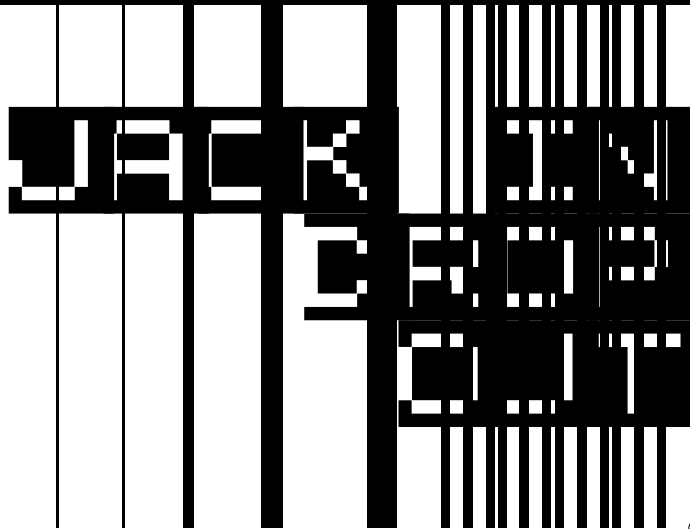
ELECTRIC MARY MAINTAINING IT ON NEW YORK'S VEINS, GLOWS AT THE MALL, NAKED BRICKWORK STAINED WITH LIFE, YEARS, AGE IN THIS NEW PLACE, FAST AND ALWAYS CREATING ITSELF.

WE ARE THE LUNATICS, STALKING SAME PEOPLE HIDING IN BELLEVUE FROM THE SEETHING STREETS, GRIDLOCKED, AND SCREAMING HORNS VENTING FRUSTRATION WALK, DON'T WALK.

CENTRAL STATION SILENCES ALL, THE QUIET DOME OF THE HEAVENS OVERLOOKS ALL, ORDAINS ALL WITH ITS PINPRICK ZODIAC, A CAVERN IN THE BELLY OF A SKY-SCRAPER.

HOUSES PERCH AT THE TOPS OF BUILDINGS, STAIRWAYS SNAKE ALONG THEIR SIDES TREES OF HEAVEN SPROUT FROM UNLIKELY LEDGES FIGHTING THE BARGOYLES PERCHED, AND QUIETLY GUARD ALL.

.....FRAGMENTS OF CITIES CATCH IN EYES CORNERS
LIKE FISH HOOKS LOVERS, KISSES DRAW MY
GLANCES FASCINATE LOOKS DREAMS CHANGES
MISSES, THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS BRIEF
AT PARTING, ALL THE MYRIAD LIVES BARE ON
FACES
EMORIES OF PLACES STRANGERS URBAN DWELLERS
ADDING FAREWELL TO STRANGERS, STRANGERS ALL
AND I A GHOST DRIFTING MIDST POST MODERN
STRUCTURES STEEL AND GLASS AND ALL THE
for truffid 15 18 21 28 11 31 21 27



Stages of Love

11

- infatuation
- inspiration
- familiarisation
- reflection
- disillusionment
- bitterness
- amnesia

--- please note this is a circular process ---

4

9

And still we danced, there
in the garden, challenging the sun
with our fire as it
concentrated on it's battle with the moon.

We mirrored their contest
in the swaying of our limbs, there
in the garden as though hypnotised;
eye met eye, and still you would not yield.

There is a taunting in your glance yet
that quells my ardour, a chill in your smile:
irony is no substitute for revenge
my sour angel

free credit on tomorrow's
regret...yet
temptation tilts the balanced view
and taints virtue...words accrete
in memory banks and touch
is only promised across a void of
numbers fine lines drawn
between lives compartmentalised, non
verbalised the pleasure all
virtual my dear

Will you, Won't You, Well?

6

7

Darling will you still love me when
my hair is lank and stringy,
insecurity has made me clingy,
my flesh drips wrinkled from my bones
and gasps of passion become arthritic moans?

Will you, won't you, well?

Well can you picture it, surfacing for air
when wheezy lungs and mouldy flesh make sex too much to bear:
will you want me then? Will you?
Will whatever else we have fulfil you?
When years have passed, everything's been said
and the friends we've shared are dead?

Will you, won't you, well?

Will we be enough for each other,
friend and enemy, father and mother,
life entire, self complete, one within another?
Will you still love me then, when
my eyes are dull and you have to shout
before I understand what you are talking about?

And when I'm dead, flesh crumbled, all forgotten,
will you dig me up and love me rotten?

Will you, won't you, well?