

Deep Love Poems

by

Candice James

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Dying of Love

*Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita
New Westminster, BC CANADA*

I

A north wind howls 'cross a lone prairie.
where ghosts whisper to the hills at night.
Under skies peppered with thousands of stars
lost angels fly with eagles and doves.

II

In a place where clouds were torn from the sun,
and ice was shorn from winter's last crop
I awake in the cool of dawn's light grasp
to dance with desire in the jaws of death.

Tipping the scales at the edge of nowhere
in a halfway house, love lays mortally wounded
on a barbeque bed of shattered moonbeams,
sliced open and gutted like a coho salmon,
charred and smoking at the edge of death's door.

In the hollowed-out cry of a cut glass scream
with broken wrists and scorched fingertips
I try to place the hot sparks of burning stars
back into my eyes that I may see you again...
even if only for one moment more.

III

In the cracked aftermath of the slow breaking dawn
I hide inside the stale whiskey breath
of single malt scotch and finely aged death.

I drift and dream...drift, drift and dream
of you and your stone-cold chiseled heart
and iron clad teardrops chained to my soul
with barbed wire songs and cut glass films.

IV

In an empty concert hall on a lone prairie
where thousands and thousands of drunken fireflies
sing tributes to your angel face and demon eyes
I dip my pen in the fresh blood of my heart
and write an epistle to your cheating soul.

V

There's a bottle in my hand filed with memories,
that have been danced to death by the blues;
then resurrected again by a chorus of jazz
in the freshly ground spice of worn-out tears.

And there's a room where soft music keeps playing,
in a dusty dream of slow burning embers.
At the darkened core of a sweet reverie
there's a stone-cold sorrow and hot melting snow
chained to the rust of a dead memory.

Tonight we'll dance in the devil's cabaret.
I'll take off my mask and shed my disguise
and my wounded heart will fall at your feet.
I'll barter my soul to live in your love
and ride high in the tidal rise of your eyes.
I'll surrender my soul in sweet crucifixion
to the melody fading with your heartbeat.

Slowly...
slowly I'm ebbing into your soul.

Take my breath...
take my breath away.

I've been dying of love for years.

Even Now

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Saturday, early evening, December;
neon moon glinting buffed beams
polishing icy blue diamonds
to a fine glitter and shine
on the glazed street below.

We lay in creamy contentment
on the soft satin duvet
lost in the lush velvet voicings of sinatra
and the echo of our heartbeats
as the snowflakes drift and fall...
drift and drift and fall

On that cold December night
in a summer state of mind
I looked into your eyes
and saw the promise of another sunburnt july
chasing wanton teardrops
across a pale blue sky

Then came January evenings.
Evanescent moons and ice glazed stars
dripping silver sequins and stardust
onto the checkerboard squares
we circled with such eloquent ease.

And then the sudden freeze.

Years later, alone on a sailboat,
drifting aimlessly off the southern edge
of the Florida Keyes
I keep running the film
backward and forward.
Forward and backward.
What I did and didn't do.
What you did and didn't say.
Not knowing then or even now
what you were thinking

Tonight,
inside the cabin
there stands a framed photo of us
entwined, smiling,
glinting beneath the neon moon of another night;
and on the table,
a stack of love letters I wrote ...
but never did send to you.

Earlier today
I was writing yet another letter to you
pouring my heart out
eyes wet with regret
kissing the tear stained pages
and all the while,
knowing
I'd never send them to you.

And now,
in the worn crease of another lonely midnight,
I reach for my guitar
and once again I become the carefree gypsy singer
you fell in love with long, long ago
on a cold December night.

I imagine you, tonight,
high up on a mountain
on the other side of the world
where the snow is softly falling
and I wonder ...
if you're remembering too.

I want to tell you everything;
but even now,
after all this time,
I can't.

Ink Stain In The Rain

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The cruel wind scrapes and rapes
the soft, supple, satin drapes
in the cave of evening shade.
Under gun metal sky,
cracked, splintered and dry,
we play our tragic masquerade.

On the mantle of doom
and foreboding gloom
we reach for this feeling we're chasing.
We can't quite grasp enough of it,
just a quicksilver touch of it,
this dream Daughter Time is erasing.

Then, I feel your heart slip,
so I tighten my grip
on the trembling lip of this storm.
Your body's a river,
a fast running shiver
and I can't seem to keep myself warm.
Engulfed by the ocean
and fading emotion,
you let go of my hand.
Tide sweeps you away
but bids my heart stay.
Nothing is as we planned.
waves wash me ashore,
lips parched evermore
never to taste yours again.

Love letters and pain,
left out in the rain,
became a fading ink stain.

Now - days without sun.
The moon's come undone
and I..
I've become the rain.

Never-Ending Dark

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I was long sleeping inside a never-ending dark
In a petrified forest of loneliness
A shadow
Walking down a street of long shadows
That led me to your location in time

You were an artisan
Chisel in hand
You chipped away at my stony disguise
And freed me
From this echoing loneliness

I emerged scarred by the callous hands of time
And wounded by the razored edged
Of a million and one lost nights

There should have been a naked sadness
Engraved deep in my soul
But there wasn't

I opened my eyes and saw you standing there
With a broken chisel in your hand
A broken heart in your chest
And stars in your eyes

The never-ending dark peeled off my world
As the stars in your eyes led me into the light

God wears a mask when he travels by day

That Winter

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That winter

All the world was heart and snow
Flakes melting on the lips of life and death
As we danced to the end of love

A cooling orb in the sky
That was not a moon became familiar

We bathed in beams of simulated light
In a ring of broken stars
Filled with a mind-spill of frenzied passion

We floated on the breath of the mist
And flew through the eyes of the mystic
Disguised in masks and metaphors
To hide our true identities

We tore our hearts on the edge of our dreams
And fell through the hole in love's soul
To hold death's hand
In a barren land
Filled with reflections of who we once were...

Heroes melting together in the heat of December's kiss

That winter

When all the world was heart and snow
As we danced to the end of love

The Heart of This Dream

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I will lay down willingly
 In the bastardized meaning
 Of a cloyed metaphor
 To clutch the heart of this dream
 I've been chasing
 Day after night after year.

I am a muted shout
 Trapped in the zippered silence of a scream.
 A shard of old film in the august dust
 Ground into the cutting room floor.

I have witnessed
 A heavy wet September moon
 Spilling jeweled sequins
 Onto the pages of a poet
 Exposing the backlit tip of a diamond sky.

I am desperate for the edge of the razor
 Dying to slide down the blade of your tears
 Like an inglorious bastard
 Seeking fame in your eyes
 In your eyes only

I will willingly tear off the days of my death
 To live in the dark of your darkest night
 To bring light to the demons you feed
And loose the gaunt prisoners that wired your mouth shut
And held you hostage for me to rescue
 That you may wander with me
 In the bleak endless alleys I travel
 To reach the corners of need
 I left buried in the home I lost long, long ago.

I will bastardize the blood of the fight
 The cold of the night forever
 To live in your eyes and your love
 To clutch the heart of this dream ...

This dream that is you.

Once Upon a Time in France

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The rain falls softly through the semi bare trees,
Whispering kisses into the stream,
As it pirouettes and eddies.
An unharnessed ballerina,
It dances and meanders
Beneath the run down wooden bridge
Where the lovers stand.

They stand on new ground tonight,
Bathed in sacred starlight,
This was never new ground to us
When we hung the new moon
Of another night higher than it ever hung before.

We wrestled the angels for a deeper touch of love;
For a stronger sense of truth;
For a truer sense of magic.
it slipped though our hands
Like sand; Gritty, abrasive, raw;,
Scarring, forever, the new ground
Never to be new to us again.

Tonight the rain falls in France
A little less softly through the barren trees,
Whispering laments into the stream,
As it struggles and breaks.
A fragile, antique mirror, it stumbles, and trips
Licking at the wet slick wooden bridge
Our teardrops still stand on.

Tonight, haloed in my loneliness,
I remember another night,
Once upon a time in France,
When we hung the new moon
Higher than it ever hung before
And I realize,
We'll hang it nevermore.

Wine Stained Skin

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I pull into the familiar curve
 Of your smile
 And park in the warm damp
 Of your love.

I've been driving
 So aimlessly,
 So long,
 Searching for a destination
 I recognize.

There is a silky sheen
 To the shine in your eyes:
 The promise of majesty's passion
 Draped in Beaujolais Fleurie
 Knifing the bliss of our kiss
 Into the blades of our hearts.

Our lips torn and bleeding
 Blend into our wine-stained skin.

In this sway of blue rapture,
 I pull into the familiar curve of your smile
 And crash head-on
 Into your unsuspecting heart.

It's a city sidewalk train wreck of sorts...

Some would call it ecstasy.

Where You and I Are Concerned

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I look at the silver stars
at the white and blue reach of the snow falling at my feet.
I feel the chill of ice climbing into me
at the wrinkled edge of night.
Everything brings you to me,
scents, sounds, gemstones,
vehicles that transport you
on the pathway leading to me;
leading to you; leading you to me;
to the heart of my heart that is you.

There is no fading,
no dissolving, no dimming,
no forgetting, no amnesia,
no beginning, no ending
where you and I are concerned.

A serendipitous madness
hiding under the bruised lip of the wind
tosses and turns your image
inside out; upside down;, washes you ashore
and deposits you into the jagged crevices
of my cracked and torn heart

I remember the longing, the sweet, sweet sorrow;
you, climbing into my heart
and hiding in the cold of my broken soul,
igniting the tangled roots of my lost days and nights
bringing me alive, again and again.

There is no fading,
no dissolving, no dimming,
no forgetting, no amnesia,
no beginning, no ending
where you and I are concerned.

Prayers

© *Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita*
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I prayed for you.
You came; stayed awhile
and then left me alone
in the middle of a rain forest, heavy with tears,
pacing in circles without a compass.

The world was full of forgetting,
but I was full of remembering:
Broken promises.
Contracts signed with invisible ink.
Deep scars and shallow sleepless nights.

*The truth is you are not here;
and yet, you are always here,
inside the raw red heartbeat of night,
and the long, wet tears of day.*

Weary, and yet somehow renewed,
I found myself standing
outside of this rain, these tears,
and I found myself praying
I'd find this forest
and you again.

Blessed are those prayers
that remain
unanswered.

The Painting

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Stripped down to the bone
in the naked gaze of passion
I melt into the flame
in your eyes

In the sweet of the wet
and the wet of the sweet
I bleed
through the needle's eye
of need

You take my breath away

The alchemy of your body
and the brush of your soul

create the painting I am

Defining Moment

© *Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita*
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There is always
A certain defining moment
 In each poem,
 In each painting
In each musical composition
 And in each life.

You are my moment
And my definition.

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