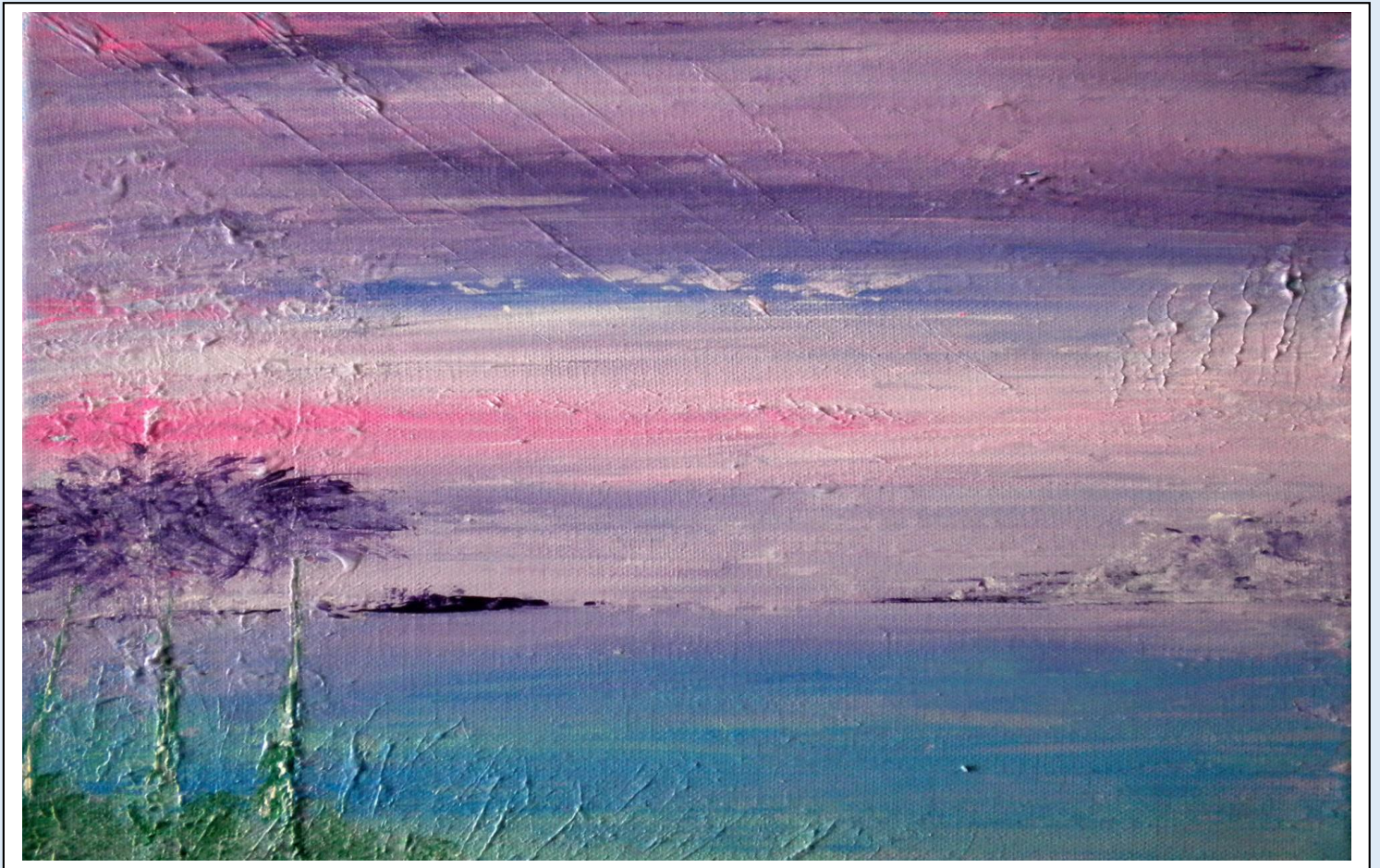


CJ POETRY AND PAINTINGS

Issue 2 April 2015

Poetographs

© *Candice James*



“Paradise”

© 2015 *Candice James*

acrylic on canvas

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NIGHTS AND MOONS

© Candice James, Poet Laureate

I pressed nights and moons
Into blazing poems
Whispered through the lips
Of a hard edged star
That shone your kiss into my face,
Slapped my ink into words,
Glued my page to that moment.

Mesmerized and speechless
To the 27th degree of fascination
Your arms encircled me
And pressed the nights
And moons in your eyes
Against my heart,
Against my breath,
Against my death.

Moments...

There were moments like these
Disguised as blessings
Before we ripped off their masks
And laid their bones bare
On the sacrificial blaze of doubt.

Our hearts grew cold.
Years dissolved into days,
The days into seconds.

The moments burnt out.

And now...

I press darkness and tears
Into stone cold poems:
Bittersweet like lemon frost;
Stinging like deep forest needles;
The flavour and texture
Of broken words, torn pages
And burnt out nights and moons

Eternity

© Candice James

We are:

**Angle,
Triangle,
Pyramid;**

**Body,
Mind,
Spirit;**

**135 degrees of cornered energy,
Inter-dimensionally intertwined lightbulbs
On a never-ending circuit of pure white light
Prismed into the here,
Inside the eternal now.**

A spectrum of

**Feelings, emotions, energy,
Action, and reaction**

**Imprinting each other indelibly
Whenever our souls touch
And brush against the edge of eternity.**

Life is the canvas

**We paint our personal masterpieces on
In ever diverse colours
Of concrete and surreal abstraction,
In holographic mediums,
And three dimensional peaks and valleys,
Overlapping and imprinting eternity.**

We are more than

**Angle,
Triangle,
Pyramid,**

**Body,
Mind,
Spirit.**

We are the eternal creators of eternity.

Inverted Sun

© 2015 Candice James

An inverted sun

**Spinning slow and easy
Above a pool of sparkling tears
Refracts and transforms**

**From pale ochre
To burnished orange
To turquoise blue**

**Deep inside this illusion
Invisible butterflies
Soar wingless
Through an endless Nirvana
Becoming visible
Amongst strewn nuclear seeds
Exploding into technicolour realities.**

**The edge of darkest nite approaches
Expanding over this shrinking picture**

**A wind-blown fairy from another story
Gently alights onto the gossamer hammock
Holding the silent swan
Anointing it with the pool's sparkling tears
Inside the motionless song of eternity**

And all the while

**Nestled beside the rock of ages,
The tombs of time spin within
A tapestry of vibrant flowers
Permeating the senses with
Scent, sound and glorious beauty**

Beneath an inverted sun.

Midnight Burn © Candice James

**The wolf at the door
Is pacing in flames.**

**In the dead of a midnight burn
Skulking beneath a frosted moon
He peers, with blazing blue eyes,
Through the plate glass living room window.
The thick glass ripples in surreal shapes.
Our images merge in and out
In hazy versions of our other selves.**

**Stars overhead play tag,
Barging through clusters of windswept trees,
Creaking in soft mahogany timbres,
Singing the body holographic.**

**In the cramp of a paralyzed second
The latch on reality disintegrates.
I hear the hard-edged whisper
Of a key turning in the lock.**

**One more shot of single malt scotch
And everything is unlocked
As I come alive and undone
In the eyes of the wolf,
In the dead of a midnight burn...**

Burning midnight down.

The Understanding © Candice James

We wade knee-deep

In our own patterns of eternity:

Weaving the destiny we wear;

Mapping the world we create;

Stumbling through dreams;

Tripping on nightmares;

Cutting our teeth on the knife of life.

Visible and invisible,

Peeling hours like oranges,

Sharing slices of time,

We are ghosts

Filtering in and out of sky and soil.

Dreaming...

We're lying awake.

Awake...

We're inside the dream.

We are vapid expectations

Of our own personal poetry;

Filling page upon page

With sunsets and moonglow

Snowflakes and stardust.

Waist-deep...

We begin

The understanding.

Ship Of Dreams © Candice James

**My ship of dreams has tattered seams
And rigging torn and frail;
A broken mast of memory's past
Shoring up its sail.**

**And all the live long while
No measure of a smile;
No consolation gleaned from happenstance;
A brief romance, a passing dance,
In cold fell clutch of circumstance.**

*And All the days, a drifting haze;
The dimming of lights.
Nondescript nights.
Years pass like fog, wet, waterlogged.*

**And later on some golden pond
Your pale ghost may arise
To shine your smile into my eyes
And take my heart beyond
The earthly confines of this life
Away from heartache's pain and strife
Where we can drift on ship of dreams
Seaworthy with tight seams
A mast of sturdy elm
With two hearts at the helm
And love that cannot fail,
Shoring up its everlasting sail.**

**I wait here in my ship of
dreams
Tattered at the seams
Wishing on a distant star
And wondering where you are...**

Wondering where you are.

Out Of Touch © Candice James
Poet Laureate, New Westminster

I've been out of touch,
Stirring the echoes in my mind,
Scattering the past into jigsaw puzzle pieces,
Trying to put myself together again
With the cart behind the horse,
On earth as it isn't,
In the stir of echoes I swirl in.

The echoes slip and slide and collide
In a bizarre series of steps,
Denying their own identity;
Faceless, nameless images
Phasing in and out
Like a waxing moon
Never quite coming full;
Disseminating streaks of silver
In broken luminosities.

These scattered shards
Gleaming in shallow pools of blood,
Shed from old wounds never laid to rest,
Lay beside a shiny new shovel
With my name emblazoned on it.
Suddenly I turn to metal
The shovel jumps over the moon
Lands in my hands
And begs me to dig.

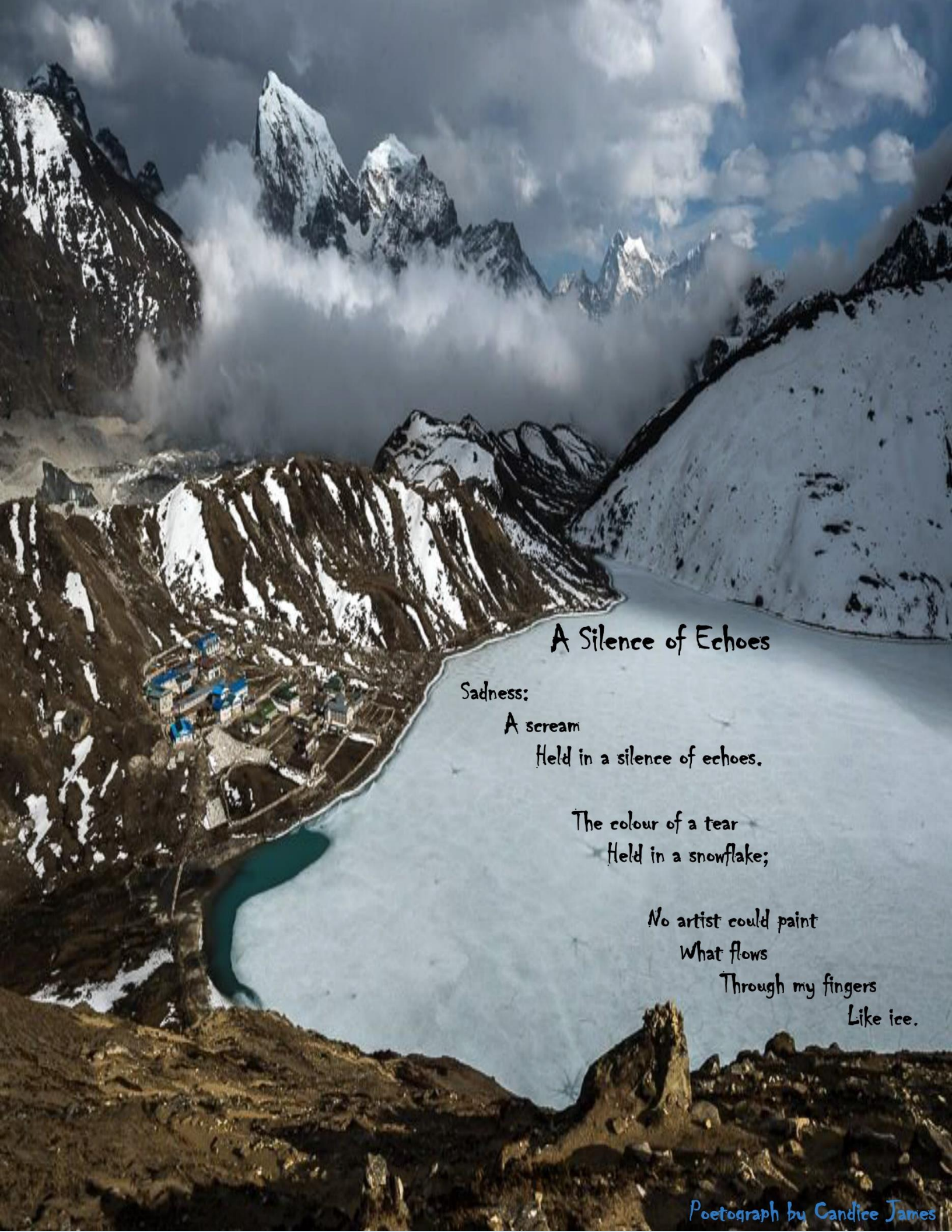
I unearth the horse and cart
I've been searching for;
Rearrange them, cart before the horse.

I've been out of touch.

The stir of echoes slows then stills.
I clasp my left hand with my right,
Back in touch with myself.



Art by
Candice James
& Janet Kvammen

A high-altitude mountain landscape. In the foreground, a small village with several buildings and blue-roofed structures is nestled on a rocky slope. A small, turquoise lake is visible near the village. The middle ground is dominated by a large, snow-covered mountain slope. In the background, several jagged, snow-capped mountain peaks rise against a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The overall scene is serene and majestic.

A Silence of Echoes

Sadness:

A scream

Held in a silence of echoes.

The colour of a tear

Held in a snowflake;

No artist could paint

What flows

Through my fingers

Like ice.

MICA CREEK PARK

© Candice James

In Mica Creek Park
A rational thought
Moved through
The ritual passage of first light
Into the cradle of dreams
Rocked by the fork in the sky
On the road to heaven's gate.

Rapt in swaying trees and falling leaves
I walked between two golden deer
Flanked by albino wolves
Inside the oneness of our breath.
Ravens and doves circled above;
Living auras adorning our souls.

We flew as a singularity
Through the eye of a hurricane,
Becoming a rainbow,
Touching down onto a lake of onyx
Emblazoned with diamond dust.

We danced within the cradle of dreams
Turned it inside out and upside down
Spilling irrational thoughts
Spiralling through
The ritual passage of first awakening
At the south edge of the fork in the sky
Beneath the glitter of heaven's gate.

Disappearing in daylight's stark gaze:
The illusion...
And Mica Creek Park

Alone

© Candice James

Although you walk with me,
I walk alone

Familiarizing myself with
Certain and uncertain
Brands of emptiness,

Travelling rocky trails,

Witnessing the journey
Through faded eyes
And yesterday smiles

Still I travel onward.

Born alone...
We pass away alone.

This is our journey.
We all walk alone

You alone
Have made my journey...

Less lonely.



Flower Talk ~ © Candice James

In slick city gardens
And quaint country lanes
The flowers whisper
Lullabies to the wind;
And beckon to the honeybee:

*Come... Sit at my table.
Sup of my nectar.*

*Dance with me
On the lip of the breeze,
In the kiss of spring,
In the sweep of summer,
At the edge of a raindrop,
Before Autumn nuzzles
Into winter's coat.*

*Sit at my table again and again
Until the meal is done
And I have gone away.*

The seasons slowly pass.

The flower whispers fade
Into the dreams of the honeybee,
Into the howl of winter.

The flowers
Have fallen asleep...

Fallen asleep.

A watercolor illustration of a mountain range. The mountains are rendered in various shades of brown, tan, and yellow, with some darker green and purple accents. The style is soft and painterly. On the left side, a hand is visible, reaching out towards the mountains. The background is a mix of light and dark tones, suggesting a sky or a vast landscape.

Atop angel wings
We see a new perspective
Lost to those below

© Candice James
Poet Laureate, New Westminster

Red On White On Red On White

© Candice James (written for painting *Dressed in Red*)

Dressed in red and white costumes
The Aladdin rock-star kewpie dolls
Swing and sway inside their vase
Grooving to their own orchestrations
Of whispers, musical tones,
Ragged riffs and smooth beats,
Triads and chords, augmented and suspended,
Precariously perched on parchments
Of tarnished white scrolls,
Scaling treble clefs and sliding down bass clefs
In a cascading stacatto
Of red on white on red on white...

This is one version.

Another version is:

Hiding behind the façade of flowers, seemingly innocuous,
The circles, wigs and sunglasses are secretly scheming
To overthrow the hierarchy of colour.
Planning in the dark of a serpentine moon,
They process images through cracked, opaque lenses,
Cutting, painting them into black masks and blue swords
Surreptitiously striking like the Ninja's they really are,
Turning the whole peaceful scenario
Into a Rocky Horror Picture Show
Meets Alice Cooper grade B movie.

The war-torn and tattered credits,
Lolling around like loose tongues,
Lurking in the base of the vase,
Have whipped themselves into a crazed frenzy
Threatening to expose the true identity of the flowers
If their demands are not met.

These are two scenarios...

If neither of these versions suits,
We can simply pretend this is a floral painting...
Red on white on red on white.

Dressed In Red
Painting by Lauren Morris
30" x 30" Acrylic on canvas



Blossoming Clouds

© Candice James (written to *White Blossoms*)

At the lower entry
The office workers arrive
In droves, in dark suits
In skirts and dresses
Briefcases in hand, ideas in mind
They scale the white escalator
To the tier of their title
And gaze up at the top of the world
Beneath blossoming clouds.

Board rooms, conference rooms,
Offices, Ante rooms, rest rooms,
Infringing on straight jacket rooms
Unlocked in each worker's mind.
Privacy is a coveted illusion.
The eyes of the watchers
Are everywhere at the top of the world
Peering through blossoming clouds.

The seconds, minutes and hours
Pass slowly until the workday ends
And then
The workers come alive:
Straightening their desks;
Closing their computers;
Getting ready to head home;
Descending
The white escalator
In droves, in dark suits,
In skirts and dresses,
Briefcases in hand,
Throwing off
Their mind controls
Like a horse
Throws a broken shoe
As they step out of the dream
Into the real world again...

Blossoming clouds
Slowly dissipate.

White Blossoms
Painting by Lauren Morris
6Ft x 4Ft Acrylic on canvas

Doris Day and the Blue Petal Dream

© Candice James *(written for painting Blue Danube)*

**Peeking through the blue petal dream
Doris shows her split personality
With one vacant eye, the left one
And one frantically focused eye,
The right one,
Although it could be the erroneous one
Which would then make the left one...
The right one.
Doris likes to think about these puzzles
When she is hiding safely
Inside her carefully crafted disguise
At the crinkled centre corner
Of the blue petal dream she's constructed.**

**Sable brushes dip and ooze colours
Onto the spinning grooved canvas drape.
There are small creature masks
And burnt out Olympic torches
Adorning the face of the rippled vase face
And there are breezes
Blowing inside the bouquet
Tossling Doris' hair every which way
Loosening the pins of propriety
Making her giddy with anticipation.
She heard the gossip of the leaves
Rustling with news of a water change.**

**The water change
Is always the highlight of the week
For Doris and the blue petal dream.
When the gurgle and beat
Of the water begins
Doris fantasizes a torrid tango.
The blue petal dream fantasizes
A blue Danube waltz,
And the chaotic dance that ensues
Between these two unlikely partners
Is a sight to behold;
A revelation; an apocalypse now.**

**Peeking through this blue petal dream
We see the real Doris Day...
The one who can't dance.**

Blue Danube
48" x 48" Acrylic on canvas
painting by Lauren Morris

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