

Wonderland



ABSTRACT POETRY

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THE WRONG PEOPLE

Candice James

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Rain streaking down the dusty window
Plays with the dirt in a paned wrestling match.
Life peeps through this muddy menagerie.
A snowy woman is walking hand in hand
With a midnight man packing a child on his back.
These are the wrong people.
They shouldn't be in charge of these scissors
They use to cut their way through
The wrong side of town.

And the kiss of spring in winter
Is falling through summer's embrace.

The alleys and dumpsters, hiding from life,
Loom like scrap metal scars and broken robots.
Danger and death have become clandestine lovers
Lurking stealthily in the shadows
Waiting for the wrong people
To scissor step their beleaguered bodies home.
The horizon is only slightly visible now.
The child on the midnight man's back is softly sobbing.
His tears are trying to build a better igloo for them to freeze in.
The snowy woman caresses the child's fevered forehead
And presses her cold cracked lips to his burning cheek.

And the kiss of spring in winter
Is still falling through summer's embrace.

The wrong people never do the right things.
They never escape the frosty side of living.
They were cursed at birth to walk the earth
Searching for dead glory in a nowhere place.
The snowy woman knows this.
The midnight man's face shows this.

The child's eyes are dulled with fading hope.

The kiss of spring in winter
Has fallen through summer's weakened embrace
And the wrong people never even felt it's touch.

The Empty Women

Candice James
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With all we love stripped from us,
We are the empty women
Still hanging onto the invisible past,
As we glare through tears heavy
With icicles into the jagged future
Of our past mistakes repeated.

Inside a gnawing nightmare,
Reminiscent of a hungry rat
Trying to digest the petrified bones
Of yesterday's silent kill, there is
An all pervasive cacophonous symphony
Blasting profanity into our fragile sanity.
This is the moment that has somehow
Turned into an eternity of prisms
Spitting out prevaricated prisons
Laced with lost hope and broken dreams,
While we the empty women
Still hang onto the invisible past.

Grasping voraciously at the vestiges
Of raw meat that still cling to the
Bittersweet bones of this skeleton
That has no key, has no door, we
Peer through the windows of time
Past, present and future with the

Full knowledge that time does not pass.
Trapped in this perpetual loop of yesterday,
Spending all our todays and tomorrows,
We calculate everything back to zero,
Back to the beginning which is the end
Of all the footsteps paced to reach it.

We come to the river not to cleanse our sin
Or wash away the memories that haunt us.
We come to the river to drown the emptiness
We have become within the loop of now.
Submerged in the icy cold, peering up
Through a shaft of sunlight that slices
The surface above us, life seems kinder,
Brighter and possibly even beautiful
For those who walk on the water;
Not for we who now reside beneath reality.
The world continues to spin without movement
And the aimless hordes of people move onward,
 While we the empty women
 Still hang onto the invisible past.

A hard icy finger infused with ink
Scrawls across the water color canvas
Of this dream's sorrowful soured breath,
Inscribing in blood red letters
The last rites to celebrate love's brutal exit.
Beneath the muted pounding of our heartbeats
Rain is streaking old sundowns anew,
Birthing new colors too vivid to behold,
Too painfully sharp, defying all description.

We have seen brutality, pain, tears and death.
We have tasted life, love, empathy, pity,
But pity us not for well we knew the path
We chose so carelessly to embark upon
Clad only in worn out, torn slippers.

Each cutting step exacerbates the soul.
We listen for the wounds to a spirit
Ever so distant we can't quite hear it.
A gentle whisper becomes a thunderous roar
Crashing the shoreline of its long lost wish.
Still we search the desolate dunes for a beacon
Of light to dust the sand off Aladdin's lamp.
A rainbow has rusted itself to the sky's eye
Disallowing the coveted sleep it seeks,
Disavowing the coveted peace we seek.
 And we the empty women
 Still hang onto the invisible past.

This beach is strewn with broken shells
And decorated with fractured pebbles
Like a spirit dissected into a jigsaw puzzle
Of pieces too worn and warped to fit
Anything resembling penance or reward.
All things given are rendered undeserved
In the schematics of this damaged humanity.
Stars fall from the black velour mantle above
Burning to cinders in the dark ashtray of night
As if they never were, as we never are.
We are only noisy interference patterns that
Imprint ourselves surreptitiously onto like patterns
And then move onward against our will
Within the scope of our destined decisions.
We are the wounded elegy of a starless universe
Clinging to the black hole we've become,
Searching for exits long ago extinct,
Inside this spiraling senseless destruction.
We are the cause of nothing at all
That always is as it ceases to be,
Becoming everything that cannot matter
In the antimatter of parallel atrocities.
We create innocuous realities and
Seed them with a criss-cross pattern

Of anonymous need that screams
An abhorrent rage for personification.
Primal urges are sacrosanct and hidden
In a cavern closed like a paralyzed eyelid,
Surveying only imagined sequences, feint
Flickers on a façade of inherited iniquity,
 While we the empty women
 Still hang onto the invisible past.

Empty women cry out in desperation
Hungering in the dark for a quicksilver touch
Or a broken lingering caress that emulates life
In it's most secret burial or kindled cremation.
We sigh like a bruised breeze lost beneath
The glazed murky waters of our tidal tomb,
Aching deep within for a whirlpool or current
To carry us far, far away from this
Broken down desolate town of tears.
Empty women, past the point of return
Twisting inside a tattered cocoon of despair.
These butterflies will never be born, never fly.
This is the death that never was but always is.
This is the moment we live in now
And now is forever as forever is always now
Within our own happenstance happenings
Of divine superfluous predestination.
We stare infinity in her insidious eye
 As we the empty women
 Still hang onto the invisible past

We are the invisible women.
We are the forgotten dream.
We are the primal scream.

With all we love stripped from us
We are the empty women
Still hanging onto the invisible past.

LIKE TALCUM

Candice James

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The muted sounds of life abound in this vacuum of snow
Falling like talcum on the freshly showered sheets
Of grass and cement that speckle the disappearing ground.
It reminds me of the sparkling powdered dreams
I laid to rest on a broken blanket of premature sleep.
They sway to and fro amidst their shallow burial ground
Like half remembered forgotten flowers in the river of regret.

And all the while
The snow drifts down
Like talcum.

Sometimes I almost swear I catch a glimpse of these dreams,
Peeking feebly through this wet hazy surface of tears,
Whenever a rebel pebble drops silently from my mind.
It's like an awakening coma painted on a helix canvas
With one ripple perpetually collapsing and expanding
Into something that is nothing becoming something.

The muted sounds of life, death, love and pain
Thud in on tiger paws and claw at reality once again.
My dreams and wishes have turned to powder forever

And all the while
The snow drifts down
Like talcum.

ALWAYS SEARCHING

Candice James

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Autumn's creeping into this lonely city
And I want to stand in someone's shadow.
I want to stand in your shadow.
I need to hide in your shadow.
I long to live in your shadow
Taking up permanent residence
In a land sans tears.

I'm caught in the quiet of a cloud
Heading sidelong into a mountain
Of moments I may not be able to
Calibrate or celebrate,

And all the while
I'm listening to the warmth
As it rolls in and rocks
The ancient suspension bridge
That hangs by a thread in my mind.

The book of days lays open
On a dust riddled table of dreams.
The pages turn in slow motion
And my eyes are bleeding from the many
Jagged visions as they erupt from their
Unsanctified shallow burial ground.

It's during these intervals of upheaval
That I need to find a safe place to land.

I'm always searching
For your outstretched hand,
For the safety of your smooth runway.
I'm always searching for you.

AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT

Candice James
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At that crucial moment last night,
It was like holding shiny stardust in the palms of my hands.
It was like living in a million emotional frames
From the greatest movies ever to grace the silver screen.
It was like coming home from the longest journey ever,
The thirst finally over, the throat fully slaked,
The hunger abated, the spirit sated.

It was you laying beside me again last night after
An absence that seemed longer than eternity.

I felt the depth of the thrill just as deep
As I felt the cut of the knife when you left
The last time, the longest time, the most
Terrifying time, the icy heartache you lent me
Right up until that crucial moment last night,
When you called the loan in and killed the cold.

The sheets rumped and sighed under the weight
Of our glistening bodies as we flowed onto
The mattress like waves over a sandy beach.
I crumbled and sighed as I slid into your arms
Your mouth, your body and your soul.
It felt so surreal and yet it was the only real
Life evidenced or witnessed since the day you left.
It felt so irrevocably and quintessentially enigmatic.

Inherently and indelibly ever present in every cell
That comprises the me I am, you run
Rampant; savagely, silently, soothingly
Through this heart you're so much a part of,
So thoroughly woven and deeply entrenched in.
Freedom is a word I lost when your love found me
Long before it misplaced me and forsake me.

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