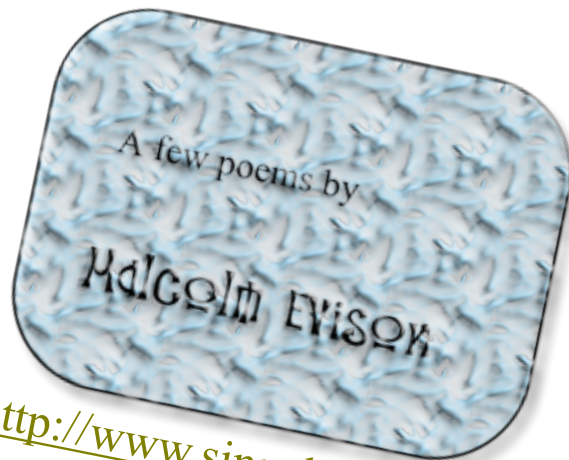


Revised edition 13 September 2011

ENCOUNTERING ME*



<http://www.sinnaluvva.com>

<http://sinnaluvva.blogspot.com>

<http://malsfactory.blogspot.com/>

GETHSEMANE

**A type
of Gethsemane.
Not so much the pain –
more the agony.**

**Not the absence
of sleep –
more the ache;**

**an ache which penetrates
each sinew. If only
one had slept**

**like others do.
Oh, how you'd love
that luxury. Wait**

**for the next event –
everything burns,
each pore secretes
anxiety. Has it**

**all come to this?
Who knows
what follows
the restless night.**

*Malcolm Evison
09 June 2005*

ACCORDION

**Sometimes
I feel**

**like an accordion
squeezed
by some
disembodied self**

**each chord
vibrates bruised reeds
each inspiration
teases out**

**a latent voice -
rarely
to be sustained -
almost as if**

**it chokes
on its own
respiration.**

*Malcolm Evison
29 September -02 October 2009*

THE BODY SNATCHERS

**The body snatchers called
and found me void –**

**where once there was
a vibrant heart,
and thoughts teemed**

endlessly around -

**a residue
of aches and pains
delineates the core -**

**and Sisyphus rejoices
to have found
a new companion.**

*Malcolm Evison
30 June 2005*

BEING

**God spoke –
I dare not listen.**

**I could not face
the stillness
of simply being there.**

**God spoke:
there were no words –
I simply saw**

**the suffering of others.
I could not share**

**the stillness
of simply being there.**

**One day I knew
God could not speak -
I used my eyes,**

**I saw and felt
the suffering of multitudes –
I listened to their cries –**

**then cautiously I whispered
“I am here”**

**and from my helplessness
I knew -
that God was there.**

*Malcolm Evison
28 July 2005*

AUBADE (sans le soleil)

**Wrapped futilely
in the realm of beauty sleep –
dawn rarely dawns on me.**

**Long after the appointed hour,
the room is thunder-black -
draw back the curtains.**

**The sky has lost
its breathing space –
choked by the clouds,**

**voluptuously hanging
in their mourning drapes –
symbolic of a troubled world.**

**I sigh, and seek
the duvet's solace –**

**for me the day
has not yet quite begun.**

*Malcolm Evison
26 October 2006*

CONSULTATION

**These visits are
by now routine -
on entering**

**the lion's den,
expect a smile
and beckoning wave**

**to take a seat.
Obediently, you sit
and start to contemplate**

**time's passage.
Words fail, as always,
to express**

**the visit's
raison d'etre.**

Malcolm Evison
5 July 2005

EMERGING

**and this morning
still abed
my legs
are mercury laden
knitted lead**

**the arms
folded or stretched
scream out
for postures new**

*Malcolm Evison
15/01/11*

Restless Night

**frantic and static
collude
to break the spirit -**

**the chorussed scream
of roll and stretch
weaves counterpoint**

**against the searing ache
of stasis -
the chinese burn**

**of movement
resists
the planned escape**

*Malcolm Evison
30/01/11 - 01/02/11*

ON REFLECTION

**Sunshine
on puddled rain
reflects**

**the pride
of plants
refreshed**

**by elemental
forces
it lifts**

**my spirits
I hope
they won't evaporate**

**as I bask
calmly
in the afterglow.**

Malcolm Evison

21 May 2009

Flutter By Moment

**it alights
softer than a whisper
on my sleeve**

**almost
as if it sought me out
I sit**

**relax
breathe in the gentle air -
the butterfly**

**spreads out its wings -
this moment
I am**

**at one
with nature
sharing the fragility**

**imagining
a place where all
could feel secure -**

**wearing
the butterfly
like a heart**

on my sleeve

Malcolm Evison
17 July 2008

RECLAMATION

**Just another
lightly throbbing
gritty grey day**

**a second chance
to modify one's outlook
divert one's gaze away**

**from the reality -
begin to play
the game**

of life regained.

**Malcolm Evison
29 January 2009**

SPLASH INTO SPRING

**A sprinkling splash,
a sudden flash
of ruddy gold -**

**the first spring stirrings.
A long, slow, turgid rest
supplanted**

**by these vital chimes.
Today
they share the sunshine's joy -**

and ripple wilfully.

**Last seasons debris
stirred and shaken,
the fish escape**

**their sedimentary rest,
herald the promise
of brighter days to come.**

**Like me, they must have felt
they'd plumbed the depths
for far too long.**

Malcolm Evison
14 March 2007

RUDE AWAKENING

**The telephonic shrill
urgents me
blearily into dawn.**

**Discomfited I roll
myself across
a seeming endless**

counterpane,

**set foot
on an insecure floor,
retrieve the handset**

**and receive
a droning earful.**

**Bliss was it in that dawn
to be asleep,
to be awakened serves**

**to remind oneself
they're far from heaven.**

*Malcolm Evison
4 August 2007*

A PALE REFLECTION

**The shadows
of the taller trees
cast silhouettes**

**across the pool -
they overlay
a pale reflection**

**of the more
immediate scene.
Sometimes**

**I fail to grasp
immediate delights
allow**

**my darker memories
to shield me
from the light.**

*Malcolm Evison
21 May 2009*

SHATTERED

**he rails exhaustedly
against
the unrelenting night -**

**shattered
by restlessness
he groans**

**a welcome
to a new daybreak
prays that it's not**

**an uninvited dream -
still rails against
the unrelenting night**

**then collapses
into sleep**

*Malcolm Evison
10 September 2011*