

Piet Nieuwland

At Sagaing

A pagoda on the Irrawaddy delta
Listens to the sky
Blue pandemonium
The sweet orange tastes
 Kisses of the sun
Heart, jewel, bloom, star
Falcon curves soar
Over mirrored black swans
The armada of clouds in the one sky
There is only one, the air, thinking it,
Seeing it all, the blurring dark
Greens, as time breaks over the
Map of the world, clean bright moon
In the river, its semaphore articulate
On deeper water
This interglacial
Fragile as dew

Points of No Return

Mist encircles the dispassionate hills
A yarn spreads to daybreak edge on water
The kissing minutes entangle
On the long body of the beach
With a melancholic moon currents rub through
Before her he stood, without any verbs
Inhabiting a shape at the point of departure
But with monsoons of theorems
On the quintic root of light

De-facto acrobats in a syncretic shelter
The glance pianissimo at ocean lifting
Wave fall in the heart of not silence
Not quiet, the popular sky occupied
By pliable shimmer-shade shifts across
Into a post carboniferous history when we say
What is and what it is not, what could be
And what is possible, what is possible here
On this shoreline what does matter
For the children who are going
To the future of their children
And not coming back
Tumbling down over the dunes we see
Dance, frisking about in layers of warm
Shallows shrieking

Undercurrent

It's raining on basalt city, Auckland,
Sydney, New York, Mumbai too
The grey circumferential continua disappear
And at Ahipara painted black
Are people at the edge of perception
Like moteatea for soldiers of Passchendaele
The language is never innocent
We are poets and the poet's experience
In the historic continuum eternity is everywhere
The future keeps arriving, demands an urgent subversion
In the performance of leaf and shadow
That disappears into the space before memory
Before silence knows
It has flesh blood and name
When light passing through crystal
Lands on a page
Defines a defragmented identity
An agitation of the technocratic priesthood
A new condition of scientific reductionists
Destabilising information marketers
Their ownership of discourse
The language never innocent

The Sky Explodes

Into natural
Sound-bytes, shattering pulses awaken
Cumulus into ultra-cumulo nimbus
Hot, now cool
Showerheads blossom, bloom abundant
Lightning tarantellas leap catapult and leap
In a surround sound boom box
Downpipe gush along a plastic
Pacific drum song
Splash, gurgle, rivulet be bop drip drop
Alluvial masterpiece in ying yang-ing
Hydro logical cycles
The eva-poration counter point of rivers
Of air, static discharges electric
In too cloud umbrellas
A vor-textural ambush

Extra Seconds of Light

From the lookout
Bronze bells and jade chimes over twisted pines
Bamboo groves, plum blossoms and ferns frond
 Ninety million waves to the sea
A chittering of sparrows and yellowhammers
 Songs to the eastern sea
A promise of magnolia blossoms
 The faintest fragrance
Arrives over the horizon line, a widening grin
Of mirrors blink, a distant lighthouse flash
 A moonless silence
On the hidden parameters of a belief system
 Statistics of blood and condition
Dissolution of time in the law of catastrophes
In centrifuges over warm oceans
Off Sri Lanka

About the Poet

Piet Nieuwland lives near Whangarei, New Zealand. His poems and flash fiction have been published in numerous print and online journals in New Zealand, Australia, Canada, United States of America, India, Germany and Antarctica. He is managing editor of Fast Fibres Poetry and performs poetry regularly. <https://pietnieuwland.simplesite.com/>