

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/>