

Piet Nieuwland

Between Nocturnal Pools

In the morning I am clouds

In the evening I am rains

Time is eclipsed beyond the raga-sphere
in the magnitude of bright hours
that encapsulates the cool solitude of dawn.

A meditation on self-acceptance
follows a shadowy symmetry of circles
that move in the space creative forming
between stars and constellations,
between islands, continents and gardens,
knotted cords stretched tied and tangled,
spell medleys of twang tone pitch and cadence.

We return to the oceanic pulse of conception
and break into each other,
singing the song of songs,
drowning in a dazzle of flowers,
a precariat of petals,
the color of memory.

Daylight's Liquid Murmur

Daylight's liquid murmur
on the page of waters
wind, full of memories
river with no other expectation
than the sea.

In autumn's distant style,
embers of syllables
in avalanches of foliage.

Words graze my lips
in the incendiary wind,
moments sparkle
onto prows
of embroidered stars.

Into the fertile river,
strewn with leaves,
a soluble moon melts.

Beside the Orchid Pavilion

Flowers bloom like madness in the spring,
tall bamboo foliage curves
and curves
on river transparent quiet
as silk meandering lantern light skiffs sail into harbour mouth,
green vines braid to high forest
as clouds scatter into brocade,
warm air quickens with yellow birds,
a peach moon flies across the vivid sky,
Temple of Teeming Fragrance jade pendants tinkle in wind,
our tears swell together, we weep,
dark water flows through flower beds,
candles glow in solemn mist,
river of stars a web of tears.

Explaining the Boundaries

Enveloped in thick cotton / and the scent of showers,
When memory loses its colour / in moments of square centimetres,
Unravelling fabric of odours and incandescent syllables,
With suspicions of paradise / in the labyrinths of your back,
In the eddies of summer / the quiet surrender.

Do Not Be Sad in This World

The poem will either find you
In the turbines of sea and sky rotating around these islands,
Or find you out
Masquerading as a dingle dangle bird amongst a stampede of wings,
Upon the roof of a temple of literature,
Writing pages of lace riffled by zephyrs on the silver volutes of your breast,
Visited by black stallions and the song of lutes,
Music from the graves and always the wind, the wind,
As thick woolen carpets dry in a heat that bubbles with temptation,
Making an offering,
An everlasting flower unsoiled,
Knitting the threads into yellow black and red,
Over garlands of white roses.

About the Poet

Piet Nieuwland has poems and flash fiction published internationally in numerous print and online journals and anthologies. He convenes regular poetry readings in Whangarei and is editor of Fast Fibres Poetry, an anthology of poetry from Northland New Zealand. He is a poetry book reviewer for Takahe and Landfall and a visual artist who regularly joins collaborative exhibitions. He trained as a forester and worked as a conservation strategist for Te Papa Atawhai. A book of his poetry, *As Light into Water*, is due 2021 published by Cyberwit. More details on his website at <https://pietnieuwland.simplesite.com/>