

***ON THE CUSP OF DREAMING AND OTHER POEMS***

**By Adrian Rogers**

Dreamed interacting  
futures past  
voyaging among the stars  
encountering at Libra  
the balance point's downward  
and upward spiralled  
images flicking  
superimposing  
held at the last  
falling to a devourer  
Sebek the Crocodile's  
joints snapped inward  
absorbing the trials  
and *Grapes of Wrath*  
when destroyer and destroyed  
appoint for themselves  
on the upward way  
one holding the vials  
plagues and bounty alike  
on the cusp of being  
seeing and unseeing  
like the Barque of Ra.

***THE UNIVERSAL SPIRAL***

White stone walls  
entrance and passageway  
*do not a prison make*  
light reflecting  
from Mercury's caduceus  
DNA  
the universal spiral  
at its heart.

***ON THE CUSP—AT THE SOLAR MERIDIAN***

A blazing  
meridian white explosion  
obliterating blue  
from centre to horizon  
fires from the zenith  
life erasing close quartered,  
weaponry of mass destruction  
beneath solar chariot axles.

Life creating  
and sustaining by distance  
the Sphinx's riddle  
is stone speak, touch,  
pain and illumination.

Creatures curse this power,  
civilization  
is a weapon of mass distraction.

Chariot halting,  
war not over  
is judgment distributed equally  
wheels within wheels  
moving  
at the Warden's command

a meridian passes...

***INEXORABLE EVENING***

Sky red sunsets  
shadow-stain the desert black  
sand, stone merging  
purging day's illusions

tyrannical heat  
a lonely long distance runner  
life immobilizes...

a savage contradiction  
endurance testing  
until the day, running silently  
passes over into passing by  
and instantly

earth-charged exhalation  
the sun's rule suspended  
is evening's  
insubstantial harmonizing.

A desert fox emerges  
from rock-cooled den  
catalysing  
a hermit's vigil  
until the stars  
live-white-gold intangible  
fraternising with eternity  
people a darkly  
chilled out silence.

***A RIP TIDE OF CONTRADICTIONS***

From a rip tide of images  
the future is an idea  
whose time has come,  
the past a future  
dreamed in retrograde

fortune's shade  
crossing the sea's track  
under wind and sky  
is a hard won concession

life's procession

as sunset bleeds  
across a wounded horizon  
inducing contemplation  
of a seashell sinking  
into the sand  
unremembered

is love dismembered  
by memory, and history  
written by the winners  
an illusion

beyond confusion  
transiting  
between birth and dying  
life is love remembered.

***FROM THE DESERT—THE VISIBLE ECHO***

A glare, stone hard white  
silently, visibly, echoingly  
hurled up from overheated earth  
beyond life's midday withdrawal  
beneath surface dormancy

manifesting harsh light  
exemplifying cathartic rejections  
by enduring, seasonal hermits  
dwelling in a rock wall

denied the clemency

of radiation's bright  
unmerciful lethality,  
dust motes dancing in a cave  
where lust is dehydrated  
in purifying fires unremittingly

and no bells echo. Night  
far off self images  
only within annealed minds  
out-strung as prayers  
on rosaries, unwittingly.

A wind's ransacking might  
attenuates the moment  
until solar declination  
from meridian dominance  
acknowledges time, inevitably.

***JETTY OF BROKEN DREAMS***

Skeletally stark  
against bloodshot light  
jetty of broken dreams  
so uniformly black  
and statuesquely still  
above a swiftly quiet  
sneaking tide

oozing across a beach  
shelving imperceptibly  
towards the sea's  
ebb-flow inevitability;

ships no longer call  
their ghosts time frozen  
like film clips stopped  
and insidious tidal flows  
progress war's nemesis  
or winter storms  
in striking savagery

yet ghosts loom  
unobtrusively  
yards and masts imprinting  
on dawn or sunset light  
intangible reminders  
of what was  
and will not be again.

**Bio**

**Adrian Rogers** was brought up in England, but trained as a music teacher and began his career as such in Ireland. He, along with the family, migrated to Australia in 1985, and he began writing in 1989 during a period of ill health. Since retiring from teaching he has devoted himself to writing, with poetry, short stories, and articles in numerous Australian literary journals and anthologies, including contributions to the Indo-Australian Anthology 'Vibrant Voices' published by Authorspress. He has two collections of his poetry in print, along with five fantasy novels, published by Double-Dragon in Canada, and two novels published by Mountain Mist in Australia.