

LOST CAFÉ

By Rob Harle

Particles of melody drift easily
like veils of ash,
soft dust,
settling in napkin folds,
caught in timeless censure
where all things are possible.
Rhetoric raises ripples in the coffee
as cheeky sparrows swoop,
claiming the last crumbs of my daily bread.
The ripples surge to waves,
my cup jitters in its cradle,
debate, deliberation swerves,
swiftly from side to side.

Socrates' spirit stalks this café!
The thrust and parry
of well reasoned, well seasoned
reasons,
stick like frescoes
to the blazing black walls.

Sensuous aromas seductively tease
the drip, drip of black gold
pushes anticipation to a pitch
more searing than the search for truth.
I ponder how many philosophers
have caressed the rim with their lips,

suckled inspiration
from this porcelain chalice,
in blazing white.
Then drifting like the music,
static for an instant's pose
they dissolve into the street's reality,
their exit a frantic gesture
to reclaim a position in the world.

But they return, always,
older, battle weary
disorientated, demented
shunned by supermarket trolls
flogged by incessant neon whips,
raped by chrome and vinyl style.
Their minds dragged into bondage
at multinational fast-food chains
where coffee is served instant,
in an instant
with trans-Atlantic instant speak
and programmed instant smile,
where excellence means mediocrity.
Oh Socrates!
Was your hemlock draught in vain?

LOGIC'S THIN DISGUISE

Professional exorcists grinning
sway to rhythms of primal harmonies
laughing loudly to discharge the tension

as the clouds cover the dangerous moon.
They recite the old magician's almanac
the rotting pages fall like shards,
as you listen to the sudden silence
you realise even choice is an illusion
draped in logic's thin disguise.

The shadows all wear lipstick
to hide their masks of pity
only powder white - you look like them,
and even though you hate them
they still control your mind.
Kneeling easily at the altar of ecstasy
bits of perfumed flesh and bone
penetrate the darkness of your tongue
as the world turns, your thoughts burn
and the slaves of passion perish.

You have paralysed yourself with beauty
thinking creation knows no end
but the lost artist runs naked
across the landscape of your soul
sketching you, that evil's night
is more desirable than virtue's day.
The canvas writhes with flying archetypes
as fate and free will crash,
only your tortured lips can save the world
so you discuss philosophy through the night
then read about your Daguerreotype of death
stained in black across the morning paper.

CHTHONIAN VAULTS

Androgyny rises swollen and ripe
tempting, it caresses your mind easily
like the taste of melting chocolate,
a transformation of mental images
collected from past encounters
rounded, sensuous, piercing
gradually heat your inner core.
To become yin and yang
without sacrifice or scar,
to survive the boredom of mediocrity
you grow wings like Icarus,
only shrewd, you soar towards Pluto.
A journey of passion and provocation
to the deepest realms of nature's womb
where every move treads a razor's edge,
and blood and semen flow together
as archetypes yield their secrets.
Far from the purity of whiteness,
the glaring brightness of the Sun
you play in chthonian vaults of darkness,
moving forward with profane purpose
transcending synthetic moral pretence
the freedom you desire seems close.
Fly dangerously young hermaphrodite,
explore every chance with craving
swallow life with your voracious tongue
and consummate your destiny

in a ritual of solipsistic rapture.

Bio:

Rob Harle is a writer, artist and academic reviewer, writing work includes poetry, short fiction stories, academic essays and reviews of scholarly books, journals and papers. His work is published in journals, anthologies, online reviews, books. He is currently a member of:

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