

*CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S FATE*

By Louis Kasatkin

Four figures  
in a room  
darkly conclave,  
hushed breath escapes  
the mirrors' embrace  
leaving no trace  
of having been expelled  
from any mouth nor  
orifice so plain that  
might betray the breather's fear  
of leaving imprints in the air;  
Amid this spectral scene  
where meaning and word  
intertwine where shadow and  
light dance their silent pavane,  
swirling about, word without meaning,  
meaning without form, form without  
content into an empty shapeless  
void where trails of reason  
evaporate and each horizon  
bears a false dawn.

***IN BRUGES***

A soft elegant turquoise  
caresses your eyes,  
inviting you to join  
and enter into the day;  
a day of glances and looks,  
talk and walk, coffee and books;  
still languid at eight in the morning,  
early buses down from  
the station perambulate  
Markt's splendid circumference,  
diverting to destinations  
further along hidden in a  
nuanced symmetry of slowly  
revealing labyrinths hewn  
and cobbled, restored, narrow  
and poignant two-storied brick  
houses with neat serrated roofs  
in angled and parabola straats  
fanning out from Langstraat  
up to JerusalemKerk with  
their careful clever twists,  
you navigate by spires,  
cathedral and churches  
and totemic Belfort,  
clocked and counting,  
its 365 steps  
a challenge for later;  
now, bicycles, delivery vans  
and the morning commuters are  
unravelling their silken-thread

routes and your eyes trace a  
lazy line on your pocketbook map,  
from where you are to where  
you need to be,  
here in Bruges,  
it's all the same.

***INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE***

Charred chimney blackened  
horizons wreathed in  
cotton from the mill  
coal from the pit,  
spinning wheel spun  
ocean depth burrowed,  
dark and darkening  
surrounded railway terminals  
clanking clamouring  
crashing their weights,  
freights of billets and cables  
smithied and forged from  
molten steel heaving hissing  
endless streams whiter than  
the eyes of those snap-tinned men,  
fire-breathers off the graveyard shift  
crisscrossing paths with their  
cock-crowed young mates,  
on crammed jammed rattling trams  
rolling home to neat-boxed quadrangled  
estates where daytime lungs ache  
for more of that air and

early evening eyes strain for  
more of that light  
doused too soon by  
charred chimney blackened horizons.

**Bio**

**Louis** is editorial administrator at [www.DestinyPoets.co.uk](http://www.DestinyPoets.co.uk) and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!

EPISTEME