

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 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