

Four Poems of Benefit

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1.
cumbersome
 her catalepsy finding
 a darkness
 amongst
cloud formations finding
a terror in small copses
 arms waving malignant
 groupings
each a coterie of nastiness
 and her eyes never
 moved away
away or through lightsome
 or chalk hills

2.
this down
 drawn ahead drawn
 across fields
 snow-ploughed
 brown-scarred
 tree-bounded crow and mole
 gates-full
 have you not seen it?
 oh yes, death stalks
long-legged
 across fields quick cold
 drawn and
 too far

3.
and in waiting was a
 fineness
 unshaven
 and
 coffee cups and other
 victims and
 gesturing
with only a pencil line
between the courses
 away from a head of
 filings grouped
 patterned

4.

only
only this pyre
this fire rising
sap green courage watching
in greyness or
dusk
down and odd and
several grains
hair cut
their only excuse a
feeling for the subject

a knowledge of the subject
a secret