

## From beyond the grave

by josh Friday, Feb 5 2010, 7:05am

international / prose/poetry / literature

(for emica)



### Fitzroy Crossing (Over)

the sun,  
shines its light on me today  
warmer than morning sex

daffodil yellow  
breaking through the grey clouds  
that hover at the back of my brain

today,  
something is cooking...  
salty porridge brings a smile  
to the hardest faces in Fitzroy  
they crack with a glint, like half-set clay

today,  
at the gates of sacred heart  
"fill our cups with joy"  
and i will lick my plate clean,  
smiling rays of golden sunshine  
after months of 'black Alaskan snow'

colours pop out of shadows  
like jack-in-the-box clowns,  
smiling grotesquely  
with running makeup,  
stripped bare of their shackles...

the sun  
shines on me today

and all that pass shall feel/see me beaming  
daffodil yellow and the smell  
of fresh baby skin...

my breathing now long and deep  
like smiles that seep slowly out,  
as long as Brunswick St

and if this is to be the last poem i ever write  
it was worth every soggy page  
and every dead body i've stepped over

i hadn't noticed before today  
the sky  
had ever bled this blue ..

the sun...  
this morning...  
She shines exquisite daffodil yellow...

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1819.html>