

# **Chaos and the Sun**

*a book of poems*

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David Cammegh

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## LOVE AND ME

Love does not entwine  
My heart to thine;  
Instead it helps me see,  
And feel breezily free.

I said to Love,  
'How do you do?'  
And she said,  
'By living,  
By living through you.'

Then to Love I cried,  
'Will you walk forever by my side?'  
In answer she smiled, and said unto me,  
'Does not the river always flow  
Deep down into the sea?'

I asked dear Love,  
'Will you always love me?  
And is your love  
An ever-growing seed?'  
She touched my lips to silence and spoke quietly,  
'Yes, it is that my dear, it is that indeed.'

## TO THE GIRL

Cocaine's a drug like caffeine,  
And alcohol's in her blood,  
From the last angry scene;  
She asks God for Noah's flood  
To cleanse her painful life  
Of late nights and white lines,  
Vodka and the mugger's knife:  
She's determined to shine.

Blessed with wisdom and love,  
From her gentle mum and dad,  
To whom she waves heaven above,  
And starts the longest trip she ever had;  
And her two sisters are smiling,  
With pride as they are looking,  
Her long red nails she is filing,  
But she's not doing the cooking.

Her brightness is now glowing,  
From behind her lashes curling;  
No longer any more agonizing  
Days of lawless plate hurling,  
As she steps onto life's stage,  
Inspiring everyone she meets;  
Without knowing it she's a sage,  
With life's understanding, she's replete.

## A NIGHT OF LOVE

Your beauty is blessed  
By Venus's spell,  
Enchanting, briefly wielded,  
Magically unfulfilling,  
Totally enrapturing;  
Full lips, curves and lips,  
And petal-like flesh;  
The flush of your cheeks;  
Eyes deeply looking;  
Eyes burning bright,  
Like Tiger's soft fur,  
Dangerously bite  
Deep into my veins,  
Setting me alight.

A frenzy of mystery  
In a web of delight;  
Round buttocks of silk,  
Sensitive warm breasts,  
And soft deep valleys,  
Or slowly inhaled breath;  
Ecstatic hands clawing  
The downy soft hairs,  
The droplets of sweat;  
The melting of cares  
Into misty hidden perfume,  
Darkly embracing the room.

All this beguiles me,  
And a million more yet,  
Irresistible to Time,  
As the black night's horses'  
Hooves are thudding in line,  
Too fast to dawn stables,

As love slips to the past,  
From Ancient Egyptians  
To the regal Roman shores,  
To the great lovers of today,  
And the end of the world,  
Like the river's red moon  
Captures sleepy young moths.

But the sharply cut shadow  
Of the sun's cruel role  
Shatters enchantment  
With textures of gold,  
So that your answer,  
Deep Beauty,  
Is impossible to hold.

## GALACTIC TIMING

The mighty black rock  
Is different at night;  
It's the universal clock  
And the timing is right.

Thus deep space speaks  
The plans in God's mind;  
As information is leaked:  
The next step for mankind.

Wise men can easily see  
Through star-gathering eyes  
That soon we'll be free  
From Earth's plume of lies.

No longer the scientist, alas,  
With his scalpel-like thoughts,  
Because it's time for his last,  
Logic alone comes to naught.

Imprisoned by equations;  
But it's been necessary  
To be so very wrong,  
Thinking everything's energy.

Soon we shall know  
How to step out of here,  
Like shedding our clothes;  
Experience the crystal clear.

So let's be prepared  
For our great new reward;  
Millions of years shared,  
And now we're all called.

We'll be moving through space,  
Without a rocket in sight,  
Travelling at great pace,  
Coming back if we like.

It's the best of all times;  
It's everything you see;  
It's the universal prime;  
The real meaning of free.

Welcome our new friends,  
Our blazing new selves;  
There're messages to send,  
New ideas to delve.

And soon that mighty rock  
Will be an antique indeed;  
We'll have no need of a clock,  
Travelling through time at speed.

So let's sit back and wait;  
Look out for the signs;  
It won't be too late,  
Because this is our time.

## ANOTHER EVENING OUT

Smoking her tears away  
In a large glass of wine,  
She's out on the town to play,  
And tells her friends she's fine.

But work's a designer bore,  
And she wishes she had kids;  
Not the great career chores,  
Making stock market bids.

Her yoga body is fitting  
Into the email box of life,  
And her fruit salad is sitting  
In the food magazine she buys.

'Where's the hope?' She inquired  
Of the wayward clairvoyant's eyes,  
'I can only think of the buyer  
And the fat on my thighs.'

So she goes home in a cab  
And lies down in her bath;  
It's all fighting the flab,  
And having bitter sweet laughs.

Sleep, though, is an easy thing,  
Because of the pills;  
But hope for a wedding ring  
Is round about nil.

## THE REMAINS OF THE FAMILY

She drinks at her life,  
With its gallons of strife,  
Measured in the bars,  
Where she fills big jars  
Of white wine and cigarettes  
And tickets of bets,  
Neither lost nor won,  
Because the horses can't run  
When it has rained too much,  
And she's way out of luck,  
For at the end of the day,  
As football managers say,  
She goes home to her fridge,  
Where there's no food for the kids,  
Who are staying with their dad,  
The man who went mad,  
So said the beguilers of law,  
Who shut the court doors and swore  
That the family that was  
Has become no more.

## THE TOWER

I built a stone tower around me,  
And I believed in its walls;  
They reached up to the sky,  
But now around me they fall.

I tried my best to hold it together,  
Went to the doctor to fix my face  
To make me look much younger,  
Bend the rules of the human race.

I grasped my oil paintings  
Of ideas and visions I had,  
But I never had good ratings:  
Everyone said they were bad.

There was far too much to grip,  
As my life fell around me,  
And down the cliff it slipped  
Into a black bubbling sea.

If I tried to hold on much longer  
I would have tumbled there too;  
But letting go made me stronger,  
And now I have nothing to do.

So I stand with the mocking wind  
As it hurls ice into my eyes;  
My thick hair has thinned;  
Now I know every man dies.

So I'll sit still and wait;  
No more building for me;  
I see it's never too late  
To let the sun shine for free.

## THE FAMILY OF FATE

The boy moans his pain  
As his father watches on;  
They say he's insane,  
But he can't even run.

And the mother sees her hopes  
Sitting caged by her side;  
Too responsible for dope,  
She has nowhere to hide.

Life's anvil is unforgiving,  
And we are shaped by and by:  
Our choices in living  
Can make it easy to die.

## A MORAL TALE

I have been taught to fight,  
To stand up for what's right;  
Then there was a man who said,  
'Go deep into the head  
To find the sense inside,  
Where it's all in the mind'.

So I changed my ways  
And sought a flurry of days  
On the snowy hills of God,  
Where I found a blue lightning rod;  
And, in a blazing moment of sight,  
I saw that what's wrong  
Could quite easily be right.

## BY THE RIVER BANK

As she unwraps her life,  
Watching the passing skies,  
Offering the picnic pies,  
Smiling at the May flies,  
On the river bank she sighs,  
'What in the future lies?'

Visions of the endless sun,  
Cooled by the breathing moon;  
For old age has come,  
As youth goes too soon,  
Then Death and his broom  
Sweeps her out of the room.

## NEW WOMAN

You're so strapped  
In your lovely new car  
That you're trapped,  
Like a wasp in hot tar,  
With your children,  
Running to and fro,  
Like beheaded hens,  
With blood in the snow.

The passions that lay in your bed  
Are now long gone and lost;  
They are words just said,  
Dusted down in the frost.

Where are your polished dreams  
That fluttered past you so fast,  
In strawberries and cream,  
Where wedding vows last?

A tears-stricken face,  
Like a haunted window pane,  
With rain rolling down in a race:  
A one way trip to that cold, muddy lane.

But the deeds are now done,  
And you're not free to run;  
So sit quietly in the sun,  
And think what you have done.

## A QUEST IN AUTUMN

The trees with the fluttering leaves,  
Mighty with silent ease,  
Against the loneliest fly,  
Left in a golden peach to die.

Then with the day gone and night begun,  
The stormy sky answers none;  
A lonely man with questions to ask  
Falls silently upon his difficult task.

But the windy air, with tongues of rain,  
Is never enough to remove the pain,  
So try he must to battle on,  
Sighing deeply with confusion.

Stuck in the woods beneath the bough,  
His heart the questions does not allow,  
But slowly the torment will come to an end,  
And the morning sun peace will lend.

With spirit emboldened by the strife,  
Enriched he advances into life,  
Leaving behind the lonely fly,  
Trapped in its golden peach to die.

## A WALK IN THE WOODS

Walking through the woods,  
There's a gale in my ear,  
Cold air's blasting through my hair,  
And my mind's full of those slim moments,  
With that girl and her soft face:  
There's a still picture in my heart,  
A split second in my life  
That affects so many days,  
And leaves me in a haze,  
When she gave me a trace  
Of love, and her eyes told it with grace,  
As the sun sprays through the twigs on the trees,  
And the ice over the puddles breaks beneath my feet.

Then there's a man and his gun,  
And my love falls with a twist,  
As a bird dies in full flight;  
The wind blows my hands into a fist,  
And a rabbit is killed as it runs,  
Before being picked up in a dog's bite.

And the mirror in my mind  
Is on the wall,  
Reflecting what I don't like, don't like at all,  
As the sleet begins to fall  
From wrestling clouds in a squall.

There's a great muddy hill  
With chalky stones and green;  
It's so steep it invigorates, or kills;  
And in a bush to my left  
A bird takes off, terrified of its death.

But I just go on,  
Now excited about the sun  
That opens the clouds  
Over the woods above;  
I'm smiling now,  
For she's definitely gone.

## I WISH I WAS A RABBIT

I wish I was a rabbit!

Yes I do!

Yes I do!

I wish I was a rabbit!

Yes! Yes! I do!

I could peddle my way  
Through burrows and holes  
On my red tricycle,  
So that I could hear other rabbits say  
That they don't want to be moles,  
Who are so round,  
With big fat hands,  
While never making a sound  
As they go walking,  
Walking slowly underground.

## HILARY

Hilary said she was the tallest man in the world,  
Yet she was a man  
With the wrong-sized hands  
And delicious cake,  
Wrapped up in a bag,  
With lots of pastry flakes,  
And a fluttering mind of lost birds  
As they went to and fro.

Thus she slept soundly beneath a short tree,  
With much confusion over her sexual identity

## SITTING BY A COFFEE AS THE RIVER FLOWS BY

A newspaper and a coffee;  
The scented sun pours down  
As the scarlet flowers weave  
And wave beneath the breeze around;  
And my mind has tripped me again -  
A plan has gone awry;  
In the past they would cry  
But now they can see  
That I'm not really altogether,  
Altogether me:  
I'm a twist of a mood,  
A flutter of a whim,  
A reaction to tasty food,  
Or a soft impression on red skin,  
Or the river flowing by,  
As it reflects the changing sky;  
So I'll write this on paper,  
And I'll see you goodbye later;  
Meanwhile I'll read this a newspaper,  
With its well-written stories  
About shooting star wonders and celebrity glory.

## RAW LOVE

Have you found that teacher,  
Who can break your heart,  
And rip your life, your ideas,  
Rip them apart?

Have you found that person,  
Who takes you outside reason  
To Love beyond the seasons?

Care chooses you,  
You do not choose care;  
For caring love hurts:  
It isn't meant to be fair.

The invalid child dies,  
And pours tears into  
His father's sad eyes;  
Such pain always denies  
All that is false,  
All that is lies;  
For the tortured child can teach,  
Well beyond reach,  
Well beyond the skies,  
Raw Love,  
Raw Love that never dies.