DIVERSION

Nerves 1974/5

Daniel Brand

Bright Kodak summer; nerves.
In depth plumbing to the year’s dead end.
‘Going to a party, dressed in black’.

Then something of winter hits me.
New weight of sediment in innards,
New vicelets give me trouble moving.
Direct current from sadness, inveterate.
Brain’s gravy sapped with it,
No escape in routine.
Wears off as day wears on.

The white cheek kissed.
Now sure its of woman.
Something sparks again
In vacuum.
Night-gap, again.
Then nerves, and a walk
To soothe them into headache.
In heatless sun
And pittling scattered showers.

Slow fireflies cluster,
As if in vial.
Rise and fall.
Darken shadows
In this house of Bewlay.

Day-gap, now. Then
Movements touched again,
Impress of delicacy,
A few seconds.
Sense of breath intaken.
Inflow of high night air,
Incidental mist
Sucked back, reforms.
Out beyond cold, beyond street or roomlight.
The winds surround and stay there, cannot reach.

I don’t have nerves any more,
Explicable or otherwise.
Was aware of a fine structure
I thought might end.
Hope it isn’t Youth,
I don’t want it local.

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