

# Ultraviolet Roses & Carbon



Patrick James

# **Ultraviolet Roses & Carbon**

(A twentieth Anniversary collection)

**by Patrick James**

Dear Reader,

“Ultraviolet & Roses” is a brief book compiled to celebrate my twentieth anniversary as a writer. I was recently asked if I planned to have a party to mark the event but that would only result in a lot of needless sunshine blowing. I wanted to do something that would allow others to share in the occasion with me for what it was and so, I decided to give away a copy of this short book as an anniversary present to anyone who felt like taking a look. Hope you find something in it you like. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,  
Patrick James.

Also available by Patrick James:

**“Mood Swings”**

**“Estranged from....”**

**Dedicated to my new-born nephew  
and godson Jack. Welcome to the poetry.**

Dedicated To My Wife...  
You Really are '*My Friend, Lover & Friend*' .

### **Niagara mist-fall**

A noise of poetry calls  
Out now, like a stranger-  
That little *If* that becomes  
A beautiful thing sometimes...

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**By the Sleeping Railing.**

Yes, I remember you well,  
like an indigo shadow on  
a sandy beach you build a  
memory of dusty ambience;  
Yet now we'll say farewell  
for the sky soft blue sets a  
tranquil new mood, then by  
the sleeping railing I'll ask  
stars of beauty's name.

True, I've watched you walk  
at peace by moonlight, then  
sprinkle stars in your book  
of poems where you before  
counted waves of a sea.  
Since the hour I learnt your  
name we walk at peace,  
together, then upon golden  
grass of a meadow, I reached  
my trembling hands into your  
heart with Cupid's aim.

**HE STOLE MY LOVE.**

He alas, for that one  
being has arrived.  
He moves without a care, none  
have escaped his eye.  
He asked her for but one dance;  
that waltz she could not refuse,  
and 'til the end of time  
as one shall dance.  
She rides alongside him in his  
penetrating black coach to a land  
far away;  
he stole my love from me.  
I know her whereabouts;  
he has taken her far away.  
This mess is indeed my fault,  
if only I was wise she would  
still be mine.

(cont'd)

The chance to say goodbye  
he has denied me;  
a shadow over me he has cast  
as he stole my love  
from me.  
His castle I too shall some  
day reach.  
My pointless dream is of  
her return.

Within me she goes on  
strong and flawless;  
her beautiful image will never  
fade.  
He will never gain all her off  
as in my heart,  
I hold her love.  
In dreams we walk hand in  
hand once again;  
and her smile lights the darkness  
shadowing my day.  
I know the one who holds  
her.  
He is cold and merciless—  
his name is death.

### **Sunflowers in the Rain.**

Once, and for much time  
I was in the rain,  
the rain of bitter hurt;  
My petals were tightly closed,  
wrapped around the heart I  
hid from the winds of pain—  
A sunflower in the rain.  
A day came, and the sun  
she entered my life,  
She was warming and slowly  
my petals were unfolding.  
My heart open now,  
just for love of the sun.  
Every so often, grey clouds  
cross my sky, and for fear of  
rain my petals I ready to close;  
Then I remember the sun,  
her warmth and having faith  
forget the rain.

## **A POET BORN.**

Raging playfully across the fields  
of the inevitable, my creation  
enchanted destiny.  
Enchanted from my imaginative throne  
to my learning intrigued bones;  
playfully laughing at my slicing  
pains, crying joyous tears in  
my soul-bonding happiness.  
Barriers built up against my mind  
teases my empathy as it replaces  
walls with my poetic Villa.  
Illness sent may to ruins my body,  
thanking mercy like a phoenix from  
the ash I rise again;  
learning well the different tastes  
offered in living and writing  
away the fears.  
My soul becomes 'pregnated by the  
enchantment of living and a poet  
is born in the inkwell of time.

## **POEM, PAINT, THE CREATION.**

I talked with the stars and the moon;  
we discussed humility and its importance.  
They told me I was the poem,  
not the poet;  
I was not the painter but the paint,  
nor the creator, I was the creation.  
Stars whispering in my ears,  
moon writing in my thoughts;  
climb the tree to the top,  
you've no wings, why would you  
try to fly?  
Humility will bring peace in  
your soul.  
Life holds many difficulties,  
make not more by creating falsehoods  
out of ego;  
you'll only go up, then you'll fall.  
I listened, for the stars were clever  
and the moon was wise,  
for I am the poem, the paint,  
the creation.

from 'Two-Bear Born of Hawk for Pure-Water'.

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**SOME WRITER'S ROOM.**

Climbing fourteen steps  
up to the writer's room;  
filled with ancient spirits  
and memories of a bride  
for a neogothic groom.  
The letters he'd sent spent  
forever in the empty hall  
of some woman's tenement.  
Having lent his elderly mind  
to forgotten antiquarian books,  
now in dust and gathering webs;  
they await the writer's return  
to his vacant room at the  
top of the spiral stairs.

**TRAVELLER.**

(Ode For Earth).

You the nomadic traveller,  
your journey's footprints  
linger on within my heart;  
echoing into my poet's witness.  
An ancient mysterious mantra  
sung by some Wita-Woman's ghost,  
chants like a grieving harp  
prophetic of an unnatural storm.  
Becoming one with you traveller  
I've come to understand your rain;  
learning to love you mother  
as I see your weather change.  
Oh, return wise Wita-Woman  
teaching again your gentle ways,  
for as whispered in prophecy  
Earth—the traveller is fading;  
the only mother each soul  
might ever truly hold.

### **EMPTY SAIL-BOATS.**

Empty sail-boats now silently  
float upon motionless seas;  
the swimmers who treaded water  
off well-worn timber-bows  
over time have disappeared,  
leaving every wave alone now.  
Age has frayed the steady sails  
now yellow'd and torn;  
breeze gone from their wake,  
soon they'll sail no more.  
Through once elegant boards  
trickling drops have appeared  
for Nature gently reclaims  
all the arts of our hands.

### **DECEMBER'S YOUTH.**

A dead winter sends its breezy challenge  
whispering through the shutter's rotten edge;  
and quenching the flame of a candle  
with its gusty biting breath.  
Mine is silence in this wintry mood;  
for philosophies in me resting be  
in this December's snowy youth;  
alas confusions in me leave.  
The winter imprisons who I am  
and the name I got at birth;  
the streets freed from horse and cart  
as the bleached blanket hides the earth.  
The winter over summer has triumphed,  
and with it too, the village is quietened.

## THE DARK ARCH.

As though lowered by invisible thread  
evening descends into night;  
doth weaving its form of twilight.  
A mischievous fairy blows glitter around;  
mirrored fragments catch black web's silk,  
forming shiny stars where they land,  
the sleeping arch is quietly being filled.  
A firefly lazes on its path  
and in a strand becomes marooned;  
the brightest glow gets named the moon.  
Gently over everyone sleeping beneath  
hangs the arch where night's been weaved.

## Phoenix

The solar-bird of dawn,  
perching on my windowsill  
wakes me with her song—  
her warm harmonious lilt.

Gliding from morning's east,  
the gently spanned wings  
of a tame golden beast  
filled up the sky in circling.

Softly sailing off westwards  
into her briefest migration—  
her shadow falling back towards  
evening gives night to our world.

from 'New Beginnings'.

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*smoking causes cancer...*

*Smoking causes cancer—*  
and no-one seems  
                                  to care,  
as if cigarettes were trees...  
                                  a book  
is made of wood like  
the match... *It*  
                                  consumes  
itself and dares to steal  
a life—  
                                  *the* flame quenched,  
                                  its memory  
lingers  
                                  on as smoke,  
                                  the Word  
we write just turns to  
                                  ashes.

**insomnia**

...she spoke of *feeling an  
uncomfortable knot in the  
triangle beneath her belly:*  
sometimes, especially when  
she was unable to sleep,  
she would allow her fear  
of the dark to invent  
figures of the shadows—  
she had always been a  
sensitive person intent  
on frightening herself with  
the whims of her own  
                                  loneliness...



***Ma mere, the Alligator.***

My, '*ma mere*' has always  
been an alligator—  
she remembers the great  
age of her species, their  
swimming with soft cadenced  
strokes and her ancestors  
in the Amazon (def: *n.* female  
warrior of legend; tall, strong  
woman).

*She* would make a sound  
like hissing or a fearsome  
roar during mating season  
or in warding off unwelcome  
intruders— after her mating  
she had constructed a nest,  
in earthing her child eggings  
in the warm damp sands  
and the comfort of mud  
until we had hatched in  
the heat of the sun.

Our father was killed by  
a hunter's rifle for *his*  
leather but my mother still  
stood guard in the heat—  
then without hurting us, she  
carried her infants in her  
mouth to the water's edge.

**Legends of narrative.**

Imagination and emotion  
seems so alike daisies  
which sprout and grow

in beauty when you allow  
them out in conversation  
or tears, but we are no

longer souls of our age.

## The Picture.

Muse: (*n.* one of the nine goddesses inspiring learning and the arts. 2 ponder; consider meditatively; be lost in thought —*n.* state of musing or abstraction; reverie).

I have watched her soul  
on fire, blazing brightly—  
a comet off the coast  
of planet Earth, scorching  
her silence like a shyest  
voice waiting to be spoken,  
or whispered so sensual.  
Her blamelessness, beautiful  
as a sailing sea that had  
pierced my swollen body  
and her smile kept the  
warmth of Orion's stars  
in her unpurged image.

## Stalingrad '42

*You* bound a book, carefully  
affixing each page together  
with bones and gave it a  
cover of human flesh, the  
ink was more vermilion than  
the bloodshed of regiments  
of women with their infants  
still in their arms.  
*God*, even now, still retains  
a warring niche in the world  
for *himself*— I knelt down  
on one knee and cried.

## from 'Juxtaposing Neon 98.'

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### return to eXodus.

promhises broken,  
    locked away  
in *the* attic—  
the dungeon  
    of woman(*iac*):  
a cir(*cus/cle*)-act  
of madness.  
Doodling on 'wet'  
    plaster-board  
    to conceive  
a wall...  
    not knowing  
the *gender* growing  
inside/out of me:  
    that *kick-*  
*inside* which  
one day  
    threatens  
the serpent and  
the bird...  
    *their mother*  
in my room/womb.

### Cryptograph.

My poems are ruined  
cities, a hiatus of  
rusting, abandoned cars—  
*that* silence before a  
getaway: the perfect  
murder of a syllable...  
the flawed *giving-birth*  
to a verbal child—  
    the imperfect  
concept of an original  
point of view or quiet  
whisper in picking a lock....

## **We meet in innuendo....**

We in innuendo...  
*but* let's not  
fall for one another  
    as they are words better  
off buried than born—  
*we* tell too many lies,  
you and I, and out  
    of the craziness  
I nurture *myself* for  
*you* in; I build  
    a castle  
    of words where  
your cheap nature  
can lead my inky-  
    soul to the gallows....

## **breath**

It's a delicate dancing  
to catch a newly bride's  
bouquet: and the crying—  
It sometimes feels that  
my love is the urge to  
really hurt you, but when  
I let my conscience tell  
me otherwise... we lean  
to kiss as slanted italics  
as boredom dives towards  
its death like Ophelia—  
and hears the voices of  
children swimming for the  
surface, enhancing our lives.

**This *before* When becomes.**

All of me is still now,  
when I have been waiting  
for this moment as if it were  
the onset of a magnificent  
storm, that would change my  
world in strangest ways—  
and being born, your gentle  
hands were moulding tiny  
miracles out of the matter  
of my heart... and really  
what I felt, was calm....

**Leaving the Lung.**

Sinking under, unable to swim  
and engulfed by the ocean  
and slipping further into the  
pages of this book of the  
world, in a sudden moment of  
stillness a storyline opened up  
and revealed its own intricacies  
With a whispering into silence....

**Sweeter statues of Stone.**

Aerosol kisses to senses  
come as estranged modern  
bites of a notion becoming  
recognizable... a musk to  
a rose is hurried changing,  
when gradually is better  
off sometimes, where concrete  
offers of songs to burnt-out  
cars in laneways and  
wooden houses stolen back,  
without water, amid the  
thought of Always as that  
lasting without the loitering  
decay of metamorphose....