

Poems by Kevin M. Hibshman

## A Boy

Eye spirals.  
Shocked sockets.  
Slip your gravity harness.  
Emanate purity although  
it wants to be something more.  
Boy alone.  
The sky cloudless.  
He craves formation.  
The ground clueless.  
Sudden seismic charge.  
Something is unearthed.  
He craves experience.  
The rarefied air belies a stillness.  
The blood calls alarm yet  
the senses will not surrender.  
The boy heavenly, heinous,  
needing the myth of apocalypse.  
A sweet tear.  
Sweat tears him away.  
He is labeled pariah.  
A false tag from those in fear of  
righteous becoming.  
His skin seeks immolation.  
A strange vibration finds him.  
He moves too quickly now.  
He is more than rebel.  
He is reducer.  
He may signify the indeterminate future.  
He is primal language, succinct and guttural.  
He orbits above lost oracles  
as spark,  
as dust,  
as art and detritus.  
He exists to inform life and startle death into total awareness

Kevin M.. Hibshman

## The Woman In A Tattered Dress

The woman in the tattered dress knelt by the stagnant pool.  
The day was uncomfortably hot and her throat was dry.  
She gave thanks for the rain which she was certain was coming.  
She gave praise to the sky, cloudless, staring down like a face sans features.  
She touched the parched earth and sent a wave of appreciation through it.  
Lastly, she removed a few yellow spangles and set them into the brackish water.  
She closed her tired eyes and when she opened them again, the water was crystal clear, clean and sparkling. She then drank of her reflection.

The woman stood outside the door of her crumbling shack.  
Her bleary eyes scanned the horizon but it seemed bereft of promise.  
She coughed and smoothed the corners of her spangled yellow dress, not noticing the rips and tears in the failing fabric.  
A small gathering of young waifs moved by and they were so hypnotized by the spangles like glittering stars in a black sky, they forgot to beg for grains of rice or stale candy.  
The woman watched their delighted expressions and a smile nearly formed on her ancient face.

The woman reached for her trusted stick and threadbare scarf.  
It was time to dig for roots.  
Stepping out, the larger air held a question, like a lover's teasing breath.  
There was a spot, she knew, where the earth would likely yield coveted yams.  
The woman walked for a very long time, barefoot over scorched earth.

Her mind was floating like a leaf in a stream.  
A string of beads clung to her sweat-soaked neck and sweat rolled off her in tiny rivulets.  
At last, she approached the area she had divined but the ground was brittle with dust rising from the surface.

Undeterred, the woman untied her scarf and tucked her bracelets and beads into it.  
She shimmied slowly out of her damp dress and folded it neatly.  
She lay down on the barren soil and slid into sleep.  
She was soon dreaming of the rain and could taste the sweetness of the drops on her lips and tongue.  
The sweat from her tired limbs had begun seeping into the parched ground.

The woman awoke as dusk was descending.  
She sat up briskly, noticing her hand-prints in the newly moistened earth.  
She dug with her stick and quickly uncovered five white yams.  
She slipped back into her dress, replaced her beads and bracelets and knotted her scarf.

She placed the yams inside the scarf and turned toward the village humming a song of praise.

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Pan Ran Through The Pale Shifting Light Of The Lantern

Odor of raw power, real promise wafted to my nostrils.  
I heard the rushing hooves making for the forest.  
Hide me in lush greenery,  
I am ready to meet all bodily needs, ready to drink from the spring more pure  
than any fantasy I could concoct.  
This moment and never another.  
This instant you must be a lover.  
Fall with me without hesitation.  
Sup with me on wild sensation.  
This rude union, a lasting sacrament and I lie, prepared to sacrifice all  
for his pleasure.

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Sahara

Skin brushed with coffee-colored lacquer, emitting golden sparks,  
Gleaming in the glass now.  
Sin of the moment I live for.  
Sin as someone else's sly definition.  
Who's to label what this is?  
Who has been here to know exactly this?

Ornamental leanings.  
Convolute posture.  
Curve of spine delicate and true, I trace now.  
Motion of the sea we emulate.  
Coming and going as waves.  
Existing for primordial bliss.  
Water slapping the shore.  
My tongue finds you,  
draws upon a secret  
only sand can hold.

Ah, imaginings!  
Skin blushed a lover's hue.  
You turn your eyes away.  
Passion sears now and they could melt.  
Rude connection suffices so.  
Come visit me here again.  
You know where I wait like a slave under hot sun.

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Creation

Star booty pirated from the unblinking sky  
During a sly moment of magic held frozen in the mind's eye.  
Plunging to Earth as flame, We solidify with oceanic alchemy.  
Souls collide and I loved it when you slipped on your skin.  
I traced the bracken sliding off of your body.  
It was time to begin again.

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## Chango

I was sitting in reverie by a bright fire when he knelt and pushed back his long , beaded braids. How is it that one so fierce in battle plaits his hair like a woman? He did not speak but his gaze was lustful and self-satisfied. He smoothed bronzed hands over his sweat-soaked chest, felt the muscles in his sinewy arms aching voluptuously. His eyes held a hint of the infinite, eternity merely a strategy he had begun mapping. I handed him an apple and he bit joyfully, teeth gleaming vampiric. Standing suddenly, he reached and pulled me to my feet. Placing those huge yet beautiful hands on either side of my head, I felt a rush of electricity invade my body. I heard fearsome thunder rolling as if torn out of the earth. He released me and nearly smiled. I raised my face to drink of the drops that would soon be falling from the blackened sky.

## **Equus Revisited (For Liam)**

In the night we galloped.  
The horse and I one flame.  
Cutting through the dense growth like light through fog.  
I saw a mist worth reaching into.  
We circled savagely, nearly pure essence, and shot into the heart of the forest like a bullet  
through a photo.  
Whip-lashed thigh and scissored skin as the reigns carved into flesh.  
I, a once-shy rider, had surrendered to trust and the instinct was liquid mercury in my veins.  
Snorts and hooves pounding.  
Blood streaming.  
Wind lashing.  
Unbridled, we soared.  
I laughed as I threw my head back, reason eclipsed by a madness that assured me  
We were on a collision course to greet our God.

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## Love Was A Long Veil

Claimed by a wind revered and silent,  
we clutched it tight but it had whims,  
designs all its own.  
We held on through a deadening winter.  
When threatened ,we sought to keep our senses sharp.  
Our spring did indeed return round and full,  
a shapely expectant season.  
I was lost all summer long,  
tangled in fragrant passions immediate and unsure.  
Pleasure ran like a swift river over rocks.  
Autumn came to claim again.

A bright fire sent to cleanse and remove any trace  
of the past, the future.  
Momentarily bereft, sensing a loss, I became mute for a time.  
How happy I was to come upon you singing,  
sitting upon a rock, sharpening a verse that cut  
clear as crystal.  
I heard my voice and my spirit lifted in a sudden kiss eternal.

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