matryoshka doll

painted lips, wooden face
standing straight with rounded grace.

smooth-lathed heart, another you
inside your shells, no sign of glue.

can you speak? I think not
after all, this is your lot.

you have six lives, the seventh one
is deep within, when come undone.

matryoshka, please don't move
fragmented thoughts will not approve.

look at me, straight at my head
that I may see what you most dread.

I saw you drank from streams of sorrow
yesterday, today, tomorrow.

standing there, as still as glass
though you are wooden, thoughts have passed.

your history is rich and deep
with other dolls who climbed the heap

to get to here, to look from high
never had to wave goodbye.

the thousand miles you have travelled
yet not once, became unravelled

with lacquered smile on birch tree face
not one hair is out of place.

your outer cover in plain sight
hides other husks as dark as night.

© Christian Williams 2019

billboard

i have listened
to your stories
in the corner of my eye.

i see what you are saying
to me
to anyone

who happens
to run
drive by.

your intentions are
clear
as days are blue

or not clear
now that you are
in my head

billboard, made of paper
lights
posts.

while a carpenter ant
sits
on the window sill

looking at the message
on the huge
window

there is a reflection
on the giant glass.
on the billboard.

it’s a selfie
looking back
at us.

© Christian Williams 2019

invisible park

my mind is walking.
legs follow.

traveling a path
a mini-pilgrimage of sorts

over black asphalt with bright stripes
over cobbled bricks

over vanished souls
who remain untraceable.

skateboards, wheels
bicycles, rubberized shoes.

move in unison
on a long curve

impersonating
as a straight line

returning to where
they started.

there was a park here once
i was told

where certain songbirds
visited

above head
above crown chakras

beyond all thoughts
of the future.

there was a park here once
where swings and grass

spoke a secret language
to 90-year-old children

who never grew old
their minds still walking

where no legs could
follow.

© Christian Williams 2019

Truce

Heavy mists
blanketed the forest.

Looking ahead was a
a grey wall of twisted shapes.

Then nothing
beyond a few yards.

Behind was my past.
A pale shadow

of fading pictures
disappearing

with each
passing step.

I entered
through a gate

closed the latch, walked further
into a farmer's field.

When the fog
of some primeval battle lifted

that was the moment
I could hear

the faint call
of living, breathing doves.

© Christian Williams 2019

Mind-field

When sand falls
between my fingers
grasping at air.

When staring
out through
a cracked window.

When holding
a hand
too frail to hold.

When salt water
is measured by the drop
from this proud chin

When driving through heavy rain
in a silent chamber
but for the thump of wipers.

When looking directly
at the tree
that caused this splinter.

When walking away
from the single cloud
haunting my vision.

When looking up
getting no glimpse
of god.

When hiking shoes pinch
to remind me
of tender blisters.

When there is no mirror
a portrait
is reflected back.

When conversations
fill my head
choose to stay.

When I am,
I am not
who I was.

© Christian Williams 2019

little threads

little threads
foolish threads
untie me from your bonds

untangle me
my fingers locked
my shoes are off the ground

little threads you held me up
and looked me
in the eye

simple threads
you held my hand
without me knowing why

tiny threads attached to me
another word for
father

though gone for good
it's understood
these threads I have to gather

roll in to balls
with catching mitts
and hurl through window glass

then let broken shards
with edges hard
cut threads and let me pass.

© Christian Williams 2019

necropolis

I am porous
wind blows through me
you can see the other side.

I am hollow
deserted sorrow
nothing left to hide.

Though I am empty
there is plenty
at the place where I abide.

I'm at a vacant
parking lot
waiting for a ride.

No one there
will pick me up
invisible, I lie

on the ground
without a sound
turned over to my side.

I overlooked
the giant sea
where many breathed a sigh.

I overlooked
the rolling hills
where soldiers came to die.

I overlooked
rock-faced mountains
begging me to fly.

I overlooked
unwritten books
short tales about my life.

I'm what's left
after the theft
of what defines me as an I.

I'm what's left
the empty nest
that's blowing in the sky.

© Christian Williams 2019

a family left

bring us up
to the rise.
field buds
singing songs.

bring us up
above the rise
just ahead
a touch beyond.

take us up
the sloping hill
you will tell how far
we've come

and how much
there's left to go.
how far we've trekked
and overcome

more than you can know.
bring us up
over the rise
you'll see the life we've won.

we are weary now
a brief time left
our hearts
weighed by the ton.

take us up
the the sloping hill.
return to us
our sons.

while you have fought
we have watched
the loading of
of your guns.

© Christian Williams 2019

treehouse

spindly birch beckoned me
my tiny bones, my widened eyes.

fine white branches sprung
from my precious tree.

I observed every curve,
every curious little bend.

I was the architect
designing the staircase,

the platform, the spindled rails,
a thatched roof? a rope.

open-concept.
my treehouse was to be a magic place.

all I needed was for that small tree
to grow strong and robust.

not very long from now, I thought.
I will grow along with it.

together we will form a partnership
the young birch tree and I.

the treehouse will be my favourite hiding place.
my secret space, I pondered,

as I peered intensely through the back window
of our giant VW beetle.

my beautiful birch tree kept getting smaller
as we rolled away

leaving our home forever
to start a new life.

I closed my eyes
and fell asleep in that treehouse.

© Christian Williams 2019

lighthouse

house of light,
prism of glass
you spun my head around
so I reached out,

I searched for your vessel,
sent a warning signal
hoping
you were not lost at sea.

you had what seemed
a long voyage home
through crashing waters
and crashing hearts.

you followed this beacon
out of pitch black
through walls
of fog.

overlooking from above,
I am the lighthouse
built on solid
rock.

you are the ship
with a cargo of dreams
floating
towards me.

I am the light
and all that is possible.
you are the captain
of this very short journey.

© Christian Williams 2019

awake

there is an old park bench
where many sat.
the old
the lost
the tired
the long forgotten.

there is dented paint
worn down
over seventy years
of sitting
quietly
turning hair to soft grey.

there is an old park bench
under a gnarly branch.
a leafy arch
a gateway.
there, my mind wanders in
and out.

eyes are closed.
evenly breathing
nothingness.
eyes are open.
mind open
awake.

© Christian Williams 2019

wake up from dreams

rise up, sit up
wake up and see
the faintest light
is breaking free

dreams were flashing
lightening cracked
pictures blazed
on seas of black.

wake up from dreams
look out through glass
wash out your eyes
from old tear gas.

behind pupils dark
I thought of you
a branch was swaying
morning dew.

wake up from dreams
wake up, wake up
your life was dreamed
in this morning's cup.

© Christian Williams 2019

first breath

today like any other day
is a no-name brand day
like any other
blended with all eternity.
another day
to not forget.

blue sky
nondescript blue
like any other blue.
cloudless forms
were syphoned out
of this blue day.

another life
is a quarter centimetre away
behind tempered glass
on a generic train
just about
to go underground.

rolling fast
we move together
crossing over to the next station
to get out
at the right exit
where turnstiles await us.

clunking through
we, the unknowing soldiers of despair
march up the steps
ready to gasp for the very air
resembling our first
and last breath.

it is a sight unseen,
a place where sounds are un-heard
personal paths not followed
out of the subway
there we hit the streets
and head straight for the office.

© Christian Williams 2019

wiggle room

i enter the wiggle room.
everyone is there
plate-glass in hand
with little impish lights,
flashing cool tints
and amusing sounds
bustling together.

oh joy.
i can speak
tongue-in-cheek
into a flat tinder box.

words to go
all the way
to the other side
of our puckish planet

waiting for whimsical nonsense
to be heard
somewhere by someone.
that is for sure.

do gods have gps signals?
I don't think so.
but we do.
after a hearty, roguish bite
from proverbial apple
with hand held
waggishly out.

© Christian Williams 2019

Footprint

I am a massive footprint
Living on the grid.
I press my mark through light and dark
Forget everything I did.

I am a wheel in motion
Rolling over junkyard souls
Buried deep, beneath the heap
Beneath the bell that tolls.

I'm adding up the numbers
On machines that calculate
The endless breaths, the births and deaths
And those that lie in wait.

I'm the iron-handed father
That never could take hold
Of all the needs, the hearts that bleed
The ones that have grown old.

I am the massive footprint
From the shoe that wouldn't fit.
Steps were taken, then forsaken
On this wooden bench I sit.

© Christian Williams 2019

VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU (LYRICS)

WALKING BY THE SEA
FEELING THE BREEZE
SOMETHING CAME OVER ME
WHAT COULD IT BE?
SOFT FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND
WIND BLOWING THROUGH MY HANDS
I'M DREAMING A VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU.

MISTS WASHING OVER ME
IT'S ONLY MY EYES
COULD IT BE YOU I SEE
AS SEAGULLS IN BLUE FLY
SLOWLY YOUR FACE, YOUR EYES
BEGIN TO TURN MY WAY
BUT IT'S A VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU.

BRIDGE:

A CLOUD CAME OVER ME
NOW I'M INSIDE IT
JUST FLOATING ALONG THE DREAM HIGH ABOVE
NOW YOU ARE SITTING HERE
RIGHT BESIDE ME ON THIS FERRIS WHEEL
SEEMS SO REAL…SO REAL

JUST LIKE A TOY BALOON
I FELL FROM THE SKY
A CARNIVAL OF FOOLS
AS PEOPLE GO BY
AND THEN I FELT THE TOUCH
AWAKEN ME TO YOU
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF LOVE CAME TRUE
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF LOVE HAS TAKEN ME HIGH ABOVE
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU CAME TRUE OF YOU

a small place

on this chalk-grey day
freezing rain melts
on my worn cheeks.

recycled boots
splash through cold slush
as they will do.

I only started to refuse
to buy what is written
on bent-up signs.

continuing
to trudge through
the chalk-grey air

while the sun hides
behind copied news
and knockoff smiles

I suddenly noticed
dragons like to play
in my head.

© Christian Williams 2019