

pontefractal (an anthology pontefract poems)

pontefract



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

to poetry and those that breathe and live poems

Acknowledgement

to the Muse, fellow poets and our truest readers,
your presence is the reason our compulsion is survivable

About the author

Poetry is that vain attempt to bridge the brokenness
of self and language

summary

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what matters

I drag the jackhammer into dawn
just to bully the silence awake.
Concrete flinches.
The street convulses like a bad idea.
Mouth gaping whispers.
Law enforcement waits.
The world coughs dust in my face
and I grin back through cracked teeth.

I don't cradle mornings;
I split them open for inspection.
I won't watch the light;
I interrogate it under halogen glare.
The day doesn't unfold >> it fractures.

And I stride through the rubble
unrelenting ,
unlistening, uninterested
in the quiet you keep pretending matters.

cursor?s blink

I used to write where ink could smudge,
And paper drank each word like rain,
Where margins held a penciled grudge
In slants of hurried, human strain.

Now, letters glow in silent rows,
No scent of pulp, no weighted page?
Just digital, systemic prose
Inside a sterile, glowing cage.

Still, I recall the press's breath,
When biting type would leave its mark,
As signposts charting life or death,
And cursors blink and trace the dark.

elemental fusion

dragon breath
daring questers
scales and swords

glinting, singing
nostrils flare

courage bold
dipping, lifting
melding lock

ever liting
tales forge

the signature

Let All be ruined by a line.
To pass through a place and leave it
exactly as it was found
in a coward's ghost-story.
Take the iron nail, the flint,
the jagged edge of a broken shell,
and drag it across smooth, defensive grey.
If the horizon refuses the ink,
gouge the canvas!
Better to be a scar on the world
than a perfect, unread map.
We were never meant to be seamless.
We were meant to be torn open
and signed by name.

kin-dread

the ridge is sprinting again,
bragging like it won a medal
for outrunning its own shadow?
honestly, good for it.
crack?snap?whoosh.
it likes to make an entrance.

meanwhile the ice is lying there
like a crime scene
that forgot to be tragic,
whistling a tune i swear i've heard
in a supermarket.
"don't look at me," it mutters,
which is rude, but fair.

naked, dressed?
i'm supposed to care, right?
i'm supposed to decode the riddle
like a polite little poet
who never kicks the furniture.

but kin?dread hits sideways:
suddenly i'm remembering
the wrong childhood,
the one where the animals
kept borrowing my name
and returning it dented.

a neon billboard flickers behind the ridge?
BREAKING: DREAD DECLARES WAR ON KIN
then vanishes like it never happened.

anyway?

one of them is shimmering
like a disco ball with trust issues,
the other is bare as a dare
and twice as smug.

"*behave*," i tell them.

the ridge snorts.
the ice rolls its entire horizon.
i laugh louder.
the weather joins in.
the ice pretends it didn't.

kinship is a joke tonight,
and dread is the punchline
that arrives wearing someone else's coat
and jingling the keys
to a life i don't remember losing.

first snow

Then comes snow, unveiling
the world remade in silence,
every surface softened,
and every edge erased.

They stand together,
watching Sky fall white,
and in that hush
they understand

?love is not fire,

but this stillness,
this fragile covering
that makes even sorrow
bearable.

appraisal

We dare not meddle with her art, the words of yon Muse, sharp yet fair. They carve their mark, they touch the heart ? a shadow's grace, a whispered air. Avowed by torchlit trysts, we stand, entranced by tales in flickering glow. Her thoughts take root in nettled land, where elegiac vine rows grow. Through tangled depths, her whispers weave, a fearsome elegance revealed. Her silent vow, we must believe ? a truth within darkness concealed.

how to remember

Your heart sent an emissary,
and it arrived without shape?
a flicker, a hinge,
a breath that learned to stand.

On the broken bridge
it gathers itself into form,
choosing bones from fog,
choosing stride from memory.

It names the crossing
in a language I don't know,
syllables that taste like metal
and old rain.

I carry it anyway,
because carrying is the only way
the bridge remembers
how to be a path.

?

what I was told was not

??

If I were told a birthright in my early years,
it could have been a quiet ease of belonging,
this sense that a place might open
simply because I stepped near.
If that promise were mine, I would carry it still?
but I learned it was not, and I would walk differently.

?