Writer’s Block #2
by David Estringel

How tedious
the journey
through liminal spaces.
Of black and white.
Of void.
Colors
of words
slip through fingers
off tongues
like quicksilver.
Dreams fade
like light
from mayflies’ eyes
at dusk’s rosy stroll
‘cross the sky.
Pen and paper
are dry
of humours.
Nothing
left in the well.
How tedious the journey
through liminal spaces.
Prayer Flags
by David Estringel

Silken kisses
on the wind
rain blessings,
crimson and saffron
from above
d
of thread and flutters,
scribbles and color—

upon unworthy heads—
baptisms
of thread and flutters,
scribbles and color—

whispering fiery pleas
to birds and cloud,
telephone wire and rooftops—
everything
between us and Him—

wishing…
hoping…
wondering…

if
anyone’s
listening.
Indigo

by David Estringel

The curtains pull ‘cross the landscape behind my eyes—the way they do on days like this—emerged from sleep, from splashes of water in the basin and black coffee past a sugared tongue. Silently, I praise drip-dried epiphanies that swirl and stir beneath drowsy lids, over smoking toasters and morning papers, rousing consciousness with gentle shocks like chewing aluminum foil and the last lick of a taser’s kiss. There’s a blue sky outside. A blue blue. The bluest blue. The kind of blue that bruises the sky before its skin splits, (re)submerging us with splashes (more) of an angry rain that dismantles but doesn’t drown, diminishes but doesn’t destroy. Indigo is its color—Indigo, the King of Blue.

It’s a violet field, trampled by God’s thumb and the hard souls of saints, raining down blessings of sweet water—like napalm set aflame by the perfumed blood of petals—upon waking earth and trees, parking lots and sidewalks, and skin, leaving scars and cold scorches and ghosts. It smells like cuts and mud and shit. It smells like indigo—Indigo, the King of Blue.

.Longing is deep for the cold comforts of my walls and drawn curtains. The cool blazes of artificial suns in every room. The scent of dog and recycled breath coming from the AC. But, I hear the call of the rain (I always do, it seems)—for all it takes and gives, for the cold it brings and the loans it calls in—and it draws me back, again, again, and again—a shade haunting the pane.

Today, I feel indigo—Indigo, King of the Blues.
House of Spirits
by David Estringel

There’s a
rap, rap, rapping
on my bedroom door.
The rocking chair
creaks.
The ceiling fan light,
overhead, winks
in flirtatious rhythm.
Who else but me
disturbs the dust
and haunts
the cold of these walls
and hungry keyholes?
Shadows
enter at the exit
(I hear)
and outstay their welcome.
I yawn
and stretch
and rub my eyes,
as if to say,
“Time to go. Party’s over,”
but they don't listen.
Can’t say when it started.
Don’t know when it will end.
Just hoping they’re not waiting
for me to join
the fun.
**Amas Veritas**

by David Estringel

Blue blush
of midnight skin—
cold flame
beneath fingertips
and wanting lips—
stokes fire
and love spells
under Moon’s
icy ring.
Burn with me
an hour
a minute
a second more
and fade
away
into the oblivion
of Starry Night,
casting circles,
casting away
sinew and bone—the meat
that binds us here—
and revel
in the air
of boundless expanses
and a wine-stained kiss.