

Fallen Grace



By

MaryJane Thomson

Comment on *Fallen Grace*:

“And then suddenly, something very different to what you might have expected, is sent in the mail, and you’re caught unaware by what you might call the music of the street – a voice looking for a lost self, trying to make sense of the world – personally and politically. A questioning voice that feels marginalized and frequently alienated from much of the material world as we know it, but not necessarily wanting company either. It’s a voice looking for direction, wanting freedom from restraint, yet resorting (at times) to rhyme – wanting to hold on to the familiar without being enslaved. It’s an agitated voice, restless, anxious about conformity, about being ‘swallowed’ into commonality. Sometimes a sense of panic pervades, fear of being self-centered, ‘looking out from within ... / your brain the flame’ but in the end, the influence that operates is grace – ‘the gold in the grey is hopeful’ and ‘the light comes in’.” – Riemke Ensing

Fallen Grace

MARYJANE THOMSON is a writer, artist and photographer living in Wellington, New Zealand.

Also by this author

Sarah Vaughan is Not my Mother (2013)

Fallen Grace

poems by

MaryJane Thomson

The Night Press
Wellington

The Night Press (a division of *HeadworX*)

Flat 4C/19 Cottleville Terrace

Thorndon

Wellington 6011

Aotearoa / New Zealand

<http://broadsheetnz.wordpress.com>

First published 2014

ISBN 978-0-473-28152-6 (Print)

ISBN 978-0-473-28153-3 (Online)

Poems/photos © MaryJane Thomson 2014

Arrangement © Mark Pirie 2014

Cover design/photo by MaryJane Thomson

Edited by Mark Pirie

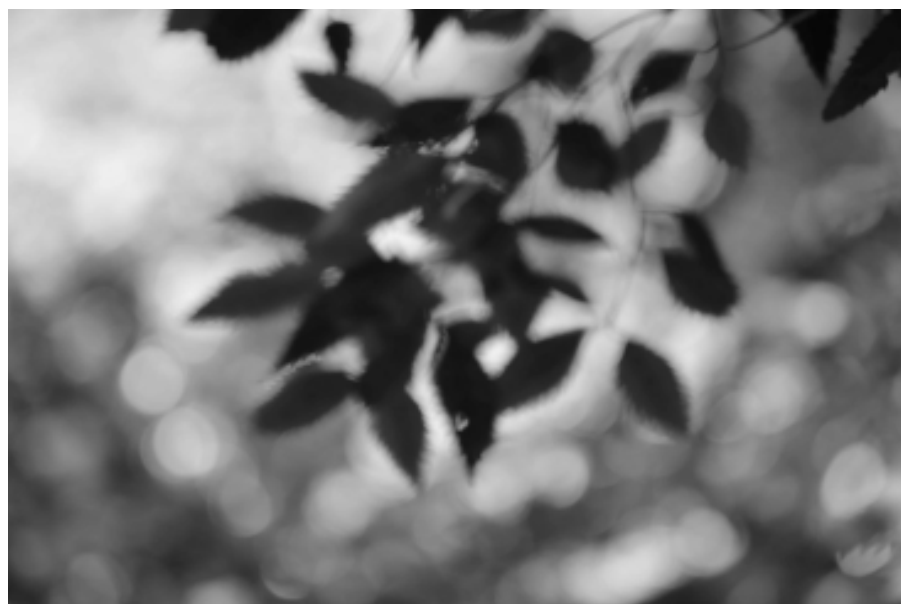
Some poems first published in: *broadsheet* 14, *Poetry Notes & Black Mail Press*.

Headings typeset in Times New Roman 11pt

Text typeset in Times New Roman 10pt

Contents

It can never be today	9
Leave it to the summer night	10
Converging	11
To wear a common colour	12
The skies	13
Never be broken	14
Circumnavigating	15
No direction	16
Land	17
Out of time	18
To fall	19
Free up	20
Fiscal tree	21
Pondering belief	22
One strike	23
Realization	24
Nerve at work	25
Remembering	26
Exile	27
Petals	28
Forever	29
Fallen grace	30
Improvisation	31
Hustle	32



It can never be today

Simmering melody, like fuelled melancholy.
Smoking haze in the distance,
it's not the naked tree, it's the distance.

The tree is present, the distance is not.
The tree is up close and personal,
the gold in the grey is hopeful.

Like it can't be today,
it can never be today.

Leave it to the summer night

Once so grand, oh how you stifle,
like summer into autumn, you leave a non-resurrecting form of matter,
as winter comes (all thanks) it will be strewn.

To assassinate one's character brings the folly to bloom,
getting through winter on the whiskers of a left over fleeting,
not like a minute, more like a second,
when everything you ever thought stops.
How meanings change, some things just don't stay the same.

In with spring,
you marvel at the wonderment of how new life can make you forget,
you let the dark out, the light comes in,
but you didn't know you were stuck in night,
until you got bored of the star light,
something so bright.

Now you can see the light of dusk,
the thoughts of autumn have water,
bringing you to the depth of understanding.

Summer comes you acquiesce,
but the waters so high it gives you fear,
fear to say no running back there.

Converging

Diverging the course of certainty,
looking through the corners of adversity,
sending it away before it comes to decay.
To decay a perfect day, so free from the filled void,
you can't see, you can feel.

A day off, a little time to heal,
time for mind to ascertain new real,
to see a new sight, bring new vision,
expand domain from familiar.

Is what you know always comforting?
Not asking for change, it just happens,
and then you adjust.

Is it so hard to rid yourself of fears must you also keep familiar cares,
those things that make you feel safe,
do they not then enslave you making you fear their loss?

Mind losing grey matter now, certainty coming back, that old friend,
that which you can comprehend,
that which you can't see but know,
that which can creep up on you,
entertain you the day through.

You're in something but you forget,
things moving slow like the growth of new life,
converging and diverging.

Life is evolving and so are you.

To wear a common colour

Face at the trial,
late to the scene of the crime,
not guilty found guilty.
For being insane.

Devoid of perception, what are these cuffs, why are they hurting?
Only to know you're a victim, but yet can't comprehend it.

Forced to swallow, to follow, to wear a common colour.
To be watched, under surveillance of a private international company.

Watching the UK, America, Australia, Israel, where there is real apartheid.
What an investment, but you're insane.

The skies

Guilt, why'd you do that?
Impulsivity, our evil.

It'll burn down the curves of your very last nerve,
leaving you lost as if tossed in the ocean asleep.

Caught in the rip as you sweep back into the beach of your body,
Where is your mind?
No will to find.

Shivering now,
no long lost wisdom of old going to help you rationalize,
as you see disease in the sky.

Disguise raining on you, what a feeling.

Never be broken

Is there anything more to say,
when there's so much to feel.

Left at night with emotions unspoken,
left in your heart.

You want to skip to a new day that starts,
where you don't know what you dreamed,
because you took pills, so you didn't have to imagine,
so as not to have the thought.

A moment catches you unaware,
you stare to a gaze like Mona Lisa fixed there,
you take another pill and ponder the landscape,
you walk with a talking mind and numbed heart.

Your heart will not be penetrated,
you think it will never be broken.

Circumnavigating

This was balance, fighting to find. It.

Full of meaning, always, every minute,
thinking while restlessly doing.

Circumnavigating the holes in your mind,
ones you want to fill up with Valium,
so it can tell you *everything* 'gon be alright.

That was balance before you got so squeaky clean.
When your every thought was obscene.

But no worry, this is how we hear each other,
through our problems, unless you want to say all day what you do.

Balance has gone, again. Time to fill up the holes.

No direction

Directions, all but one is the way.
Meeting fates, opening and closing gates.

This is the book of your times,
Stage to stage, from Atlantis to Babylon.

In the meantime you Babel on,
as your guide progresses and your present life recesses,
leaving time open in a place to read.

Learning to discriminate where life couldn't,
all said and done in fear.

Living by where to where, not there to there.

Simple place to stop and wait, need to find there,
when coffin is near.

Carrying you out of this life to the furnace of no time,
just tea time, your life, a little something to read.

Land

Race to the top, stampede coming through,
no one looking at you, all going too,
quick, quick, this is no journey, this is a race.

Unless you take haste,
turn back, stop, the food ain't all there is.
Alternative troupe follow in group to mid-state route.

This ain't no survival, revival of tradition,
Pre-history no longer a mystery,
tending to that maize, fixing fatherly gaze.

The sun raising abundance, people tending to their soul,
not racing to the sea, only to find land scattered,
but those who see a dream see it as no matter.

Yes they may come when they're full to find arrowhead facing at your heart,
but they will have to steal it.

Some would say it's their sacrifice to let it go,
it removes the oppressed of their bondage,
free from the shackled pen,
once they have remembered their freedom wasn't a race.

For a short time it came, and long for the soul, shall it remain.

Out of time

Whose is what? Mine, yours.
Who came first to slaughter each other,
the lamb, the fox, the wolf, the lion,
claiming right to roam and hunt.

Homo erectus, homo sapiens,
blessed be those with a bigger skull.
They enlarged the brain,
don't we have it?, now learn.

Learning, knowledge defied,
till everything you knew became a lie.

Sidetracked into reverie,
thinking of future life,
we, always in the distance.

Pluto is descending, what does this mean to you?
Can you feel it?
Can you not see it?
Like when they didn't know leaves fell in autumn,
yet they could see the leaves falling.

It's an observation because it's not yet fact,
belief belongs in reason.
You're simply out of time.

To fall

Destruction without consciousness,
innate quality to ruin that which is good.

To fall, fall, fall.
This life you don't rise,
last life you fell,
now don't you be talkin' hell.

Thinking turning negative,
outward perception of time.

How's it shaping?
Mind escaping like the victim,
heart breaking for this tragedy,
body racing for more time,
more time to reconstruct, before sealing fate of years to come.

How to be consoled in your present state,
you check your neck, you have a pulse.

Free up

Free up, don't freeze.

Static motion bringing erratic posture, affecting spine,
affecting mind.

What are you thinking just now,
as you vibrate in frequency with what pertains.

You're agitated, not cogitating correctly,
saying names over and over,
replaying scenes of your dreams.

Time to pretend this is no derangement,
this is no quick fix. Just do and do,
till your body tells your mind it has no clue.
The very thoughts that stick like glue, turn you a kind of blue.

Make it green, wipe away the scene.
In time, in time, sit with it,
till it won't do, and won't do you.

Fiscal tree

Restless anticipation of the mountain top,
the view like money, get it and descend.

Now pretend this surrounding tree is the present abode of your happiness,
whilst staring, looking for the future,
as a denture lays itself there.

You wonder how to avoid the light, be a shadow in gloom,
escape this servitude.

Oh but the solitude, you just can't handle the sight of your soul,
you can't see yourself.

As night descends, you mutter to your soul "can't hide my soul in the light,
what was born in the day has been brought to the night."

Memory of the fiscal tree as you hover in the river mouth,
looking for your lost self.
Swimming to daylight, leaving that soul back in the night.

Pondering belief

History, walking away, thanks for the message.

Bid thee farewell, up to me to listen - or not.
Conflicting the mind, out of balance,
searching for signs again, in a rare feather, yellow, black and silver.
So small you miss it as it flips from side to side.

Is it meant for me?
Is this my face of narcissi?
Depressed when people don't praise you so.

Again my lows are special to me,
sitting cigarette in hand, muted music,
staring at feather, as it sends you low.
which way you going to go?
Walking to yourself, meeting for the first time.

Back to the woods now, are they going to step into my life?
I don't want the company, and who needs to tell you so.

Searching the leaves now, bringing me to grief,
pondering belief. Just pondering belief.

One strike

And they loiter down the stairs as you do your dance,
like you are liberated from a private closet full of things only you know about,
no one looks in the door.

It's white like night, only seen in the dark,
bright like satellites moving, but they don't see here, they see now.

The world mapped out and gridlocked because they so high,
you move out to the concrete, flick your feet here and there,
you feel you have the flair, till you fall over on your knee.

The satellite has stopped, it zeros in on you,
it has caught you praying, it's the allotted time, the bell has rung.
They take you away and stick you in Abu Ghraib,
Saddham has not been found, there is no freedom,
the CIA and US military police reign on,
like they're having a party without you,
thrown for you like a bomb, one more has arrived.

You panic, you remember how your father was hung here, burnt in an oven,
ashes never scatter here.

You act dumb but they strip you naked – and not for the shower.

Military police film your terror, all of it.

Millions watch on YouTube, post a like.

Modern reality, this is you uncensored America,

as they would say, "*lookin' good*,"

as they take a cell phone pic and push you back in to your closet,
like that's where you belong.

CIA? Oh, there never was,

soldiers get three months rap over the knuckles,

perhaps temporary loss of badge,

because of course there is liberty, in that land.

Out of their country everywhere is no man's land, everywhere is their frontline.

One strike for all.

Realization

Final piece of the puzzle,
a lifetime embezzled,
only to be revealed in a dream.

Recurring in slow time, without the show.
Grieving for what's been found.

All this finding never amounts to the realization found in a moment.
In knowing you are free, in grief you are bound.

No sound anywhere, like the silence of a cinema filled with people,
but there is background noise, the noise of your emotions,
like the sound of the shower as you sit to embrace something.

The water falls down your back and you are sure you are being comforted
by the stranger who understands.

Nerve at work

Divergent strategies not working,
nerve at work, over time,
come on now slow down, put that impulse to rest,
making you so callous.
It'll be your pitfall, taking your eye off the ball.

Ruminating over your small world,
looking out from within, driving your neurosis,
bringing on psychosis.

Fade in, fade out, new day,
wake up thought going astray, already not yet 06.30.

Time to slow this thing down,
when everything, not even the dope works,
leads you to despair and agony, like you have reached the end.
Where is the recipe for balance?

Back to ancient Greece, where they kill you on the bed sheet.
Must kill what you don't understand.

Remembering

Images moving like an old time movie reel,
super slow, black and white,
silence evoking feeling from what is seen.

Stop hearing your thought for a second, a second too long,
you worked it out.

Exile

Outcast in exile in own land,
waiting for the call,
waiting to take the fall.
Mind trying to be humble,
but humility in the back seat like a hat to be worn in the heat,
keep the shade on the eyes, time to hide,
like the stone being thrown, duck or else,
it's away from freedom belt.

Petals

Weary child seeing world again and again,
strange, every meeting is strange, like a pain,
someone reminds her of someone,
and why do they all sit that way?

She sits across her chair,
this, an important meeting, yet she won't meet face to face.

She will save her grace for special place,
inside where she pieces her mind back together,
like a rose that has fallen and needs its petals,
just that little bit longer.

She feels a petal moving away and she would offer one
if only they weren't all so strange.

Forever

Calm the nerve of the thought,
looking for answers split in response as the mind goes into repose.

Thought taking you to lands that seemed impossible,
your mouth speaking what the mind can't,
uttering what it shan't do.

Brain breaking down, morbidity clambering round,
dissonant tones, mind awakening, hush now.

Too late thought spoken, that just passing token.
Torch lit, will stop to be passed, stop, only then to carry on.

Your brain the flame, your heart separate, in fear of what the ear is hearing.
You say two ears, some say three eyes,
nothing will disguise, forever.

Fallen grace

Removal of fear, shine the image you wear,
that was yesterday's care, passing by in a perfumed shower,
smattering your mind, till a sight you couldn't find.

Now you stumble fledgling and grateful,
gift of new light,
knowledge of greater height,
revealing itself from the depths.

Despair, yesterday's garment you wear.
Today nature, you see inherent,
will not touch outer mysteries for inner victories.

The prize is not worn, the new life is a fallen grace.

Improvisation

Cracks in the door frame like the lines in a refrain,
meant to be there, embedded in your memory,
like you'd always known them,
or known they were there.

And when they're gone you notice,
and while they're here you have no worry,
only you ask for forgiveness if you didn't notice the meaning,
and how all things universal, weren't painted in rehearsal.

Worn through time, to tell the story, of your opening and your closing.

Hustle

Getting tired, respite is nearing,
curtain shedding light, meeting not yet night,
eyes shut, inner self spoken, awakening the sense that this is all pretence.

The pre-ordainment lifting containment,
elevating to derangement.

But then you just know, fate moving awfully slow,
hurry it up, be this way,
walk out into the world,
why wait, go to it in your state.

The hustle will not move you,
have we not already fallen?



