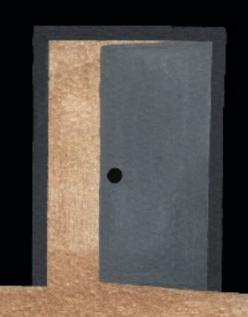
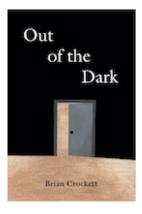
Out of the Dark



Brian Crockett



Out of the Dark is a thoughtful and evocative poetry collection about the search for meaning, significance, purpose and love. The language is rich with imagery that is thought-provoking, heart-felt and at times sarcastic. From childhood to working full time, isolation to despair, drug abuse to sexuality, and drudgery to hope and illumination, Out of the Dark is a journey through the lonely challenges of life that offers shelter in the peace of true spirituality.

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Out of the Dark

A collection of poems

by

Brian Crockett

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Published by Brian Crockett

ISBN: 978-1-63491-600-4

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Covert Art by Amelia Crockett

Printed on acid-free paper.

First Edition

Harvest

Fields sown with feelings bloom
With glass blossoms.
They are heavy.
They are pendulums in gentle breezes;
Lodestones in storms.
They fly only in reflection
Reflecting the passing, pregnant sky.
They are poetry in motion,
Moving as the earth moves.
Reflecting color while colorless,
Capturing emptiness and smiling back.
Fields sown with feelings bloom
In harvests of broken glass.

Resentment

Cigarettes in corner cupboards Hidden behind corncob prongs; Coiled serpents scaled in cancer But cancer is a sweet perfume.

Every evening, secret sneaking, Past windows staring empty gloom; Catching glimpses in reflections, Anticipating open wounds.

Forgiveness

We put prices on ourselves. A job is 50,000. A kiss is 25. Pain is entitlement to collect Yearly payments of dignity.

Left

Second-hand tattered standards
Wave on droning drones
Ever left.
Polished shoes and rictus grins
Split faces left to right.
March on,
Left two three four.

The transport docks in theological bay And waiting soldiers storm the beach From left to right. The conveyor groans in counter-clock Filling pine ovaries; Home to heaven under curfew. Left two three four.

Circling steps, stumbling feet Circling Eden's iron tree. Forsake well-trod paths for Being well-trod,

Brian Crockett

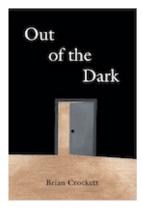
And right turns lead ever wrong Right is wrong.
March left;
Left two three four,
Left two three four.

A Trail in the Woods

One muted sun winks through Scornful clouds that Hide their faces from me. The heavens strain away As bloodless arms supplicate In a dead man's trance. Ten bare fingers bow To winter's whispering lips. I count aloud to seven.

One trail half-erased in creep
Thorns, thistles
Overseen by familiar reign of
Three pine stumps muttering eulogy
That make me forget seven.
Footprints mark in secret moments
Where two children trod
From castles to oceans, back again.
The obscurity falls at my knell of seven.

Stone jaws tease, those familiar tones
Voiced in spectral wind,
Six smooth rocks with wan edges
Frame alluring faces stained in sanguine tones.
Stumbling stones with jagged snares
And breathless spirit,
Beckon with serpentine secrets;
Sibilant, sepulchral,
To countless paths that never were.



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