

Extracts from *Nocturne Edge* (1999), Sonja Cvrtecka

NOCTURNE EDGE

Purple moonbeams
Casting silver streaks
Across a life-time
Of reflection.

OPERATIONS EMPATHY

The irons hurt
as you had to turn
them
my back hurt
as they had to turn
me
strong empathy
came out of our
exchange
Your leg my back
our scars though
much deeper

My bones re-used
within my body
metal inside your bones
your leg said
to my back
red light to
those who cannot
feel it
blue light to
those who might see
it
yellow to us
without a fuss
insulated
isolated
by our back boned
leg ironed
scar tissue
lives we turn in.

MUTUAL CHIMES

Green peppered
light rice
slice upon slice
meats
bamboo shoots
mushroom sauced
to cymbal sounds
timpani echoed
water rum to
wine drinking
drum souls meet
across time.

Unrequited
gone-before
lost loves
lusts eaten
on rice bed living
telling
an intimate chime.

Flutes
lightly we passion
unitely fall against
each other
taste after taste.

THIS HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE

All is forgiven
take back the
back-biting
the bitching
slanging;
life is too short
for such ruthless
haranguing,
the arena is
closed; no more
bull fights
bear fights
drawing blood
from emotions
hair-splitting
fist fights,
verbal economy
wild to the wind;
debit balance
re-drawn.
A forgiveness
dawn to credit us.

WORN SOULS

Across a wet sand
tide out moonlit beach,
I can see starlight
waves washing stones
smooth by the
centuries, while
seagulls continuum
call out an anthem.

Black night holds
warmth, still for
midnight bathers,
summer's yellow gold
yearns to be forever
in ourselves, across
a good life, to reach
far out beyond our
knowledge; as we swim
the warm waters of our
stone-washed souls.