the river sings

🌑🌒🌓🌔🌕🌖🌗🌘🌑

day mattar

[NEW MOON SCORPIO](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/new-moon-scorpio/s-tNNc8i7RhMs?in=lilodaveuncle/sets/the-river-sings/s-NGiwC3UngtY) 🌑

I don’t think I could bear the Irish Sea

at the backs of my knees reaching

for the soft inside of my thigh

white froth forming a garter

crease just under my butt cheek

licked cool at this point

shuddering the sweetness of tremble

forced out by the guttural ‘shud’

steel gate of my body slammed shut

pushed hard against and still

she rises swarms the tender places

as if with love as if in apology

for absence and in my life

i have never been so forgiving

is this what the artist intended

when he stationed one hundred iron models of himself

at the mouth of the Mersey offered his likeness

one hundred times to the tide one hundred tall promises

to imagine what love

leans into the cold hand closing around its neck

what strength sealed in sand stands still

while rust unfastens its face what truth

while gale force while gull shite

while everybody watches drowns gently

surrenders gestureless

WAXING CRESCENT 🌒 1%

the river

of your body

punctured

by the blue

arrow

of a fish

the punctuation

of bird song

the swaying

reeds

of the hair

on your forearm

WAXING CRESCENT 🌒 4%

screen reads *death in the thousands*

sun lowered at the window

pouring into my mug tiny cream eclipse

eddying in the blackbrown of coffee

i try my imagination for one thousand bodies but

five magpies shuffle across the window ledge

d’you think they wonder where we went?

key change in the song

one dives and the others follow

nonsense no emotional sense about any of this look!

a man in red socks! walking his sand coloured dog!

do you think wind understands barrelling after him

that it’s against the law to hold his hand

it is forbidden to touch his face

WAXING CRESCENT 🌒 10%

the touched

pond

of your eyes

windows

of sky

gazed through

dot-

to-dot

of rain

thunder

clearing its

throat

WAXING CRESCENT 🌒 19%

three ivy’s hang lifeless

over their pots root rot

forgot to water them high up on their shelf

then panicked and watered too much waterlogged

the lovely hearts of their leaves soured yellow

by neglect dry paleness

more like dust barely casting shadow

lamp light from both sides of the couch ivy

saying look you killed three living things

but sometimes the things we love! [stop]

don’t make this a love poem

this isn’t a love poem it’s about grief

write the poem about grief

about the plants you drowned in it

WAXING CRESCENT 🌒 28%

the valley

of your back

abandoned

its lakes emptied

of boats

and the oars

of tongues

its surface

scarred now

only by the

spooked geese

of wind

[WAXING CRESCENT](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/waxing-crescent-39/s-ydmgFsb2i4B?in=lilodaveuncle/sets/the-river-sings/s-NGiwC3UngtY) 🌒 39%

streetlamp outside my house

strains against the sun’s raised fist

refuses to dim quietly stoic

quietly sad one bleary bulb

searching the quiet street i think about sex

about its body if it had one sustained only with want

i think about the sweet stupidity of its bright mouth teased open

its dazed and truly beautiful face

snuffed in the open palm

of any available man sex

panicked now by sudden neglect

frenzied in this famine of touch

apps deleted contacts wiped

dragging the match of itself across the wantless sky

FIRST QUARTER 🌓 49%

moon’s

thumped eye

wincing

through

the parted legs

of a steel bridge

river reaching

for the open palm

of a brown leaf

lowered

lightly

in kindness

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 60%

[in this order] take off any clothes

nudge open a gap in the window turn the tap

and hold a finger under the running cold [allow yourself

to become cold] allow wind

to titter in through the window’s slim parting

[notice it] circle the room lightly then harder louder

until a succession of excited swallows [do you see?]

looping your shoulders [can you feel?]

flipping your collarbone

clipping your elbow arousing goosebumps

in ripples up from forearm to tricep

right down along the seams where the muscles meet

this is your skin

huddling hardening

against the world and its threats [see

how far you’ve travelled how protected]

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 69%

translucent

helmet

of the waxed moon

resisting

the blue sky

tree root of your

raised brow

stirring the sleeping owl

snoozing

in the hollow

of your parted

mouth

[WAXING GIBBOUS](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/waxing-gibbous-78/s-MKkGzhua0u5?in=lilodaveuncle/sets/the-river-sings/s-NGiwC3UngtY) 🌔 78%

*where is*

*everyone*? question marks

gushdown my face *where are the*

*people where are the bodies*?

the question marks sprout legs and stand up

*where’s my brother?*

*my sister?* i straighten an escaped question

into a scalpel scribbling

*where?* into my torso

i sweep the runawayswith a brush and shovel gulping

*mum? dad?*

into the pan *you can’t*

*have gone* *far where*

*are you?* tipping question marks into the sink

pouring boiling water in to watch them shrink

shrivel like hair held over a flame *what*

*is we*? hiss the puddle of writhing questions *what* *is*

*i?* gooey syrup of their bodies sucked

into the open mouth of the drain *what*

*is you without them?*

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 85%

sleep’s white

page torn

down the middle

trumpet siren of seagulls

harping

on concrete

grounded

by hunger

one desperate rogue

protecting its ripped open

bin bag six others circling

closing in

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 91%

the sun goes down over the Mersey

i pull ten keys from a miniature piano

and fix them to my eyelashes with glue

i play an overture blinking madly

leaning into the black paint-cracked railings

madly blinking a polaroid slips out from a tear duct

and it’s you love smiling at me adoringly from the floppy film

but then love it’s me smiling adoringly

gillette razors for teeth bar of soap for a tongue

sirens whining every time I open my mouth

and every time i lift a finger a puppy loses its breath

turns into a coat which i slip on to murder you to murder me

i am never going to be able to write properly about love

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 96%

dagger

of lightning

stutters across the

quilt of sky

storms seams

split

hail

clattering like

teeth

the suggestion

of touch

of violence

WAXING GIBBOUS 🌔 99%

even if the curious sound tells you to [touch

your mouth] do not touch your mouth!

oval shaped cavity in the skull [i might

bite you with it i might tell you

that your hair smells nice and that i love you]

we use our mouths to deliver our expressions so

are we the mouths of the earth? what it uses to express itself

is the earth the mouth of stars? one blue flower

in the garden of stars our one bright expression

and on this earth our mums in their gardens

planting their bulbs and we

the plea they express over and over

[do not touch your mouth]

[FULL MOON LUNAR ECLIPSE GEMINI](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/full-moon-lunar-eclipse-gemini/s-5h1SUHbcwap?in=lilodaveuncle/sets/the-river-sings/s-NGiwC3UngtY) 🌕

circle

of torch light

through bed sheets

or moon

lost adrift

in fog

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 99%

outdoor seated café pandemic

i write the wrong date in my diary four days into the future

seagulls stalk the rooftops the grey sky slides

across the dark reflective glass of a volkswagen

we are going to die this doesn’t devastate me

chirp of baby chuckle a family

leaving through the front door of a café child held up

by its mother kissed on the forehead by its grandfather

i bump fists with a man who walks the streets tells me

he doesn’t take off his coat even in summer

afraid it might be stolen we are going to die

and some of us can forget this briefly

some of us carry its smooth stone around with us

the cool fact of its weight

round a neck pressing soft

reminding us

to get the living done

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 97%

sweet moon

moaning

lonely

through dark matter

sad white coin

eternally tossed

solitary stalk

glowing

at waters edge

dipping

as if in prayer one gulp

then another

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 93%

i pee against the turned backs of three evergreens

on a cold day in sefton park the piss leaves my body

hot through the limp tissue not raged

by blood pitiful and functional

it leaves the way so many things depart the body

stress sweat

song sigh

curse touch

and on a day where I am unsure of any goodness in me

my piss leaps smacks thrills each bold leaf

glossing its green skin bouncing

then streaming down stem the heat from my body

sprawling among soil rising in steam

like curious midges

alive and off

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 87%

mum’s face

swaying

in the yellow

of a flower

goldfinch looping

ellipses

around its tree

the clouds receding

are a language

the lapping water

is your laughter you cry

and the river sings

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 79%

it keeps nearly bolting up out of me

*love you* like an escaped balloon

into the blue afternoon

but tugs tethered to its shame

i can imagine it’s bright sequin catching light over the rooftops

*love you* exposing itself sputtering on the stoop

its raspberry face gleaming embarrassing me

embarrassing you cross legged on your cushion

calf like mango knuckles like grapes

that one pointed nail on your thumb that weirds me out

used for strumming the part of you part song

sat here with me quiet and grateful for a little sun

a little company no thought or feeling to chisel into language

any love you might have passed between us casually

the way music is heard but not really understood

not understood but experienced

[WANING GIBBOUS](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/waning-gibbous-71/s-CiSQN0eUU58) 🌖 71%

freckles

on the dome

of your knee

its smattering

of caramel stars

in a sepia sky

the sheer drop

from the cliffs

of your shoulders

into the

brook

of your elbow

pluck

of guitar string

like a fence

dove from

the thrill of birds

scattering

then merging

murmuration

coiling into chord

WANING GIBBOUS 🌖 61%

[look] how you hold

this phone [look]

how your hand

adapts to protect

weight evenly spread

along fingers [feel]

how the pillowed pads

of the tips lightly

press into its back

thumb curled

stroking soothing

mimic the shape

[do this]

with your other hand

acknowledge the softness

of the palm [consider]

what small animal

might sleep here?

[wonder] when

did i last embrace

a living thing? [now

raise your hand

to your cheek]

LAST QUARTER 🌗 51%

moon

balanced

on the neck

of a chimney

like the pale melons

mum loves so much

take me to the garden

sun on my white ankles

white school socks

wedge of honeydew

wet on a

white plate

WANING CRESCENT 🌘 40%

candle flame shimmying against green glass

the suggestion of dance

in two jugs two gifts from a lover

splashing colour against a white wall

takes me back to Townsville Australia tent life

my best friend's silhouette

thrown up in lamp light against the tarp

winding her hips hair wrapped in a towel

i am in love with her face

straining against pixels on my phone screen

against poor connection against distance

against the sting of my history cracking its whips

any softness falling about me like frightened fawn

sometimes i’m in love with my life in love with these pains

which pass between us the shores of our bodies

marked by their movements your pain

into mine yours mine

WANING CRESCENT 🌘 29%

a bee

hesitates

before landing

on your hand

it’s wing breath

cooling

the soft spot

between finger

and thumb

[WANING CRESCENT](https://soundcloud.com/lilodaveuncle/waning-crescent-19/s-I9BL22iLcZf?in=lilodaveuncle/sets/the-river-sings/s-NGiwC3UngtY) 🌘 19%

scar on my knuckle an opal comma

embossed to remind me to pause

before splitting the shower panel

white lines on the page of my wrist

so that i might ponder

longer consider otherwise

the ploughed fields of my pale thighs

these days i’m more careful with my body

or maybe it has more to do with pleasure

the two candles of my nipples glistening

untouched in the collapsed church where i pray

forgetting what it feels like

to tip the glass jug of my face toward a

truly wanting mouth if there are any gods

they did not put us here to talk they put us here

to touch and if all we have is talk

then put my actual voice inside you tell god

*i would exist without my religious upbringing i would exist*

*without my parents as the thought of a person*

*i am the gesture of touch on a downturned face*

*in some lightless window not the hand*

*but the flower behind it*

WANING CRESCENT 🌘 11%

the stars sit still

and observe us

the flowers undress

and nod

with the bowing trees

your body

rolls into the curves

of mine calm

and large as blindness

or death i'm aware

of the great atlas

of you

[WANING CRESCENT SAGITTARIUS](https://youtu.be/ROsJ7TXqRLY) 🌑

open the window tie yourself to a balloon and let go

leave an eye on the windowsill watch yourself pirouette

slowly away into a cloud

become a cloud!

spongy chunks of knee skull shoulder

softening pulling apart like continents

pass quietly over your house waking no one

sail over a mountain that cannot be climbed and crown it

anchor at the river trapped in its bed sigh into a downpour watch it flood

the earth you love the people you miss charge back to them

touch everything swamp every letterbox fill every phone-booth flush any open mouth pelicans everywhere glugging mouthfuls of you down their long white necks

find mum in the garden

crouched over the soaked buddleia

and anoint her worried head