

Frequency (for meg)
Conor Scruton

Winter comes early, comes first
To the trees
All brown, sleeping,
Silhouetted against grey sky
We find calm beautiful nothing
Shouting out against the
Noise.

Under starred skies twirling into oblivion
The noise infinite nonexistent,
You would sit
And I would sit
And infinity would grow quiet
Until all to be heard was in our heads
Together.

The universe has no problems here
Under our feet,
With our curiosities
With our certainties our uncertain
Tangled in webs of our own minds
Thoughts stuck together
We know not their
Rightful owners, now.

A mind such as mine has no qualms, either,
You would sit and I would sit where
There was always noise, but
Our heads were never
Apart, never not together
So the strings of our brains forever hummed
On one soft vibration.

Kiln
Conor Scruton

These are my words to sink in
For brick and mortar to ponder,
Conversing in delight their tales
As dead in a most mundane cemetery

Speak of their father's foolishness
In assigning them life, meaning,
In pinpointing moments
Collapsed and echoing into walls,
Holding the stones together

The words are the kiln,
The fire in the belly of the bricks,
Long dead, forgotten for their outcome,
But living ghostly lives
Under thoughtless fingertips
Under new life of spray paint, of lovers' hands

Their moments molded into
Clay already fired,
Slipping into cracks, into crevices
Into a beautiful imprint
The others will fail to see