

Georgina Banfield

From past nothings

I am clinging because I am not what you saw me to be.
I am shifting and shifting like liquid heat,
like heat, just blazing a path through ice and fire,
and the body that's fire and ice consumes this moment,
but still cannot stop what I want to say.

I want to say things to you,
that fall like dewdrops.
Words form to mist,
like you are my wings and with wings like ours, shouldn't we go?
We could be orbiting our own great spectrum of radiance by now.
I want to say things so revealing,
to reveal the quickening pulse of you,
of where my heart beat is.
But where exactly is my heart in this, our love, to be found these days?

But I am clinging.
I am clinging to mind to time to space,
to find what it is about hurt, that equals the small champion of you, I convince
myself remains.
So let me.
Let me stay in this place,
where I cling bottom left, bottom right to my soul.
With you or with you as gone.
I believe I can turn infinite starlit tricks on this satellite of self and still find I am
void anyway. Alone.

Because devoid of balance, of sense of place and meaning, I rise only with
echoes of was.
And with what was, there are only splinters left,
from the shattered spinning sphere we built in the sweat of ourselves.
But that is where I return.
And though those splinters burn, they alone can't fill this chasm of undefined
light, that brightens my turbulent world.
With you or with you in being gone.

I know I shouldn't rest here, in this altering stratosphere that makes my mind
wonder.
But I woke again this morning to find bodily imprints are all I have left and so
cold, I find they do not warm me.
So I took my mind on this journey, where I've trail blazed a path wide enough
and long enough for enlightenment to reach me.
But find I cannot embrace it as love.

So before we even meet,
and before we even touch
and submerge and merge, then walk away and turn in touching to walk away
again.

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I need you to know that what you saw as me has become a world apart from where all of what is to come as me exists.

And whilst that cycle of love,
caused you to spiral upwards to spreading those wings,
to reach above our urban skies,
that I, being only fragments of what I could be to you,
I stayed behind.

And in being behind,
I succumbed to a time,
where I had not even begun to unfurl,
could not take shape to do those things you do.
But with that fold of beauty shadowing overhead,
into my every thought, into my every waking moment,
my every being, even though it soothed and comforted at times, it was not whole.
So though you know me better than most,
not even I know myself enough to see in that vision the 'me' you had for love.

If goodbyes truly are eternal things,
I'd like to spend this one in a strategic kiss that seals my position to still.
Stops the spinning in my head and the spinning in my heart as finite.
Suspended in that thought, I'd veer towards the dignity it takes to wake and meet each day with saving grace.
And an unpaired smile.

So what I really want to say, before we touch and leave each other in that way we always do.
What I need to say,
without clinging to dewdrops
and words that fall soft as mist, from where I am is goodbye.
Because that's what this is and has to be for us now, my love...goodbye.