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I. Title

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Autumn Apple

Tinge of frost

kisses the grass,
apples catch the dew
on burning cheek.

Hot mouth shivers,

anticipation - sharp
teeth snag the skin
taste the bitter essence.

Ballet

Dwarfed by black yews

you pirouette, a ruby shadow
in green arabesque fern.

Twirling like an autumn leaf

you dance in the shade
for a flute of birds.

Beneath a quilt of fern

your breasts bud and flower
I glimpse the wind.

Carnival

The mariachi
trumpets fade with the red gored sun
mellowing at dusk.

Children dart behind,
scuffling in the dust, brown wrinkled skin like
scabbards of lost dreams.

You sit in the dark
a silhouette singing Spanish songs
of lost love and pain.

I hear church bells
in your voice, the lonely pang of night
keeps you drifting

between dreams and sorrow,
of lost opportunities, things unsaid,
actions incomplete.

You lay beside me
the music a distant breeze half remembered.
Perhaps it's best this way.

Citizen of the World

Last night walking
in the jungle
a tiger leapt in my bed
and took my scrotum
between soft lips
and
asked, if I was a
friend of the earth.

Forced to sit at my desk
and deliberate
on my contribution
I
pondered the physical
outcome
of my reflections.

Concrete Angel

Tungsten glare
yellow stare shows
off her wares
mouths her fare
flashes smile
sharp as knives
lips curved
blades in the
night shade stalking
trade up and down
the strip a strap
buys crack
a whip for smack.

Middle Age Crazy

I tell myself I'm making up
for time lost working hard.

To pay the bills, make ends meet.
to satisfy the endless need.

The symbols of my errant ways
are things I never could afford

when I was young and fancy free
of fear and responsibility.

Red sports car, shiny chrome
cd disc, mobile phone.

to call you when your at home
away from office fax and phone.

Rumours fly rife with passion
of lives, and love, and transgressions.

While my thoughts are all hazy
I indulge in all that's crazy.

Deceit

The shadows seem darker
at night, they glide in step
but slightly ahead of the moon.

An eclipse sends waves
reaming the shore
I know the feeling.

Waves of doubt
wear me down
the moon is unstable.

I crawl through
shingles of deceit
and wait for the sun.

It will be
different this time

I can feel it.

Dusk to Dawn

Through frosted pane
a lantern
splashes yellow rain.

Sipping whisky
I bask in ambiguity
by the peat fire.

I wet my blistered
tongue, a scarlet brooch
between your thighs.

Night yawns stars
a comet arcs.
morning burns a flaxen dawn.

Each Year

Leaves fall like words
on a page, punctuations
in time.

Summers passing, flights
of geese, the
loosening of ties.

Orange ambiguity
leaf and butterfly
fluttering.

One to fall, crinkle
and wither, the other
freedom and flight.

The End

The shower insists, its needle
fingers cleansing our sin.

I'm in your hand, wet, waiting,
champagne glistens your breasts.

The razor smirks its silver
smile, blue veins spurt.

You sway, a blonde haired willow
weeping on porcelain ankles.

Our wrists tingle, pink
dreams lonely as candy floss.

Entropy

You take my hand
and hold the second law
of thermodynamics.

Stars burn out, planets disintegrate
entire galaxies devolve
into cosmic balls of desolation.

Hot slivers of ice
sear my shivering skin
smouldering hair, black and erect.

The first law becomes operative
it is impossible to create
matter or destroy energy.

You refuse to listen, citing
as proof, mountains erupting
snowflakes melting.

In a flash of energy
we exchange matter
and the heat dissolves the law.

Eternity

If we and the stars
are both constituents
of time, then you -

as a particle of
past, present,
and future are
eternal.

Have we met before?
sometime, someplace,
as someone else

only to disassemble,
mingle, and merge
as the future.

Were you once part of me?
Is my attraction
knowing myself?

Because you are.

Snow Geese

When geese venture forth
they have an innate sense of direction.
Soft wings straddle stars
stroking snow flaked skies with certainty.

There is a heartbeat
coursing the air with life, a determination
to survive, to reach
the sun, to shrug off winter's baleful eye.

That is why they scythe
moon slivered nights with screams, leaving
black northern skies,
and crystal lakes, for rum soaked seas.

In spring, a beckoning
beneath the skin, to answer the call
of the great white north
the instinct to return, to be reborn.

Halo

You stand on the steps
looking at the crowd.
The sun pearls your halo.
You smile, sunshine
reflects your life.
And for one
incredible moment
I think
you're looking at me.

Hooker

Geranium blouse blossoms
under sodium glow.

Mascara smile masks

her feelings, her tears
transparent as rain.

Sidewalk puddles frown

as neon rainblows kiss
her stilleto shoes.

She paces the track,

marking the boundaries of
consent, on slender tanned
stems turning to watch

headlights beam like a
flower following the sun.

Inside

She waited

until I dreamed

I know she did.

I felt strangled

from inside.

She was inside me,
strangling.

I couldn't breath

I had to choke her.

I woke

the rake of pain

blood my face.

She laughed

I saw her red

and pressed harder

she was smothering

the words.

Then I done

it to her hard.

Worse,

she liked it.

That's Life

The world rushes by
oblivious to laughing children.
Life unfolds in its own time
like flowers, and trees, and things.

We see as our quest
the aquisition of glitter and gold
and garages built of honeycombe stone
in manicured niebourhoods built to look old.

Time evaporates,
as we search for water, greed blinds us to
the sun, deafens us
to the universal pulse, time its taste
turns sour on our lips.

Madonna Live

Tin man breasts.
charge the crowd,
incriminates the audience
recorded in black and white
video.

Electric cherry lips
confront morality
levi the blame
in voluptuous Vatican
violet.

Strobe showers spark the
madonna,
quintessential golden goddess
struts her stuff
with tinder box vulnerability
in a rock n roll
vaudeville show.

Impaled on a microphone
she vamps mankind
lemon haired halo ablaze
as she rises in flames.

marigold
red serrated
face shining
at the sun.
yet like me
you haunch
your tiny
petals in the
dark.

Nonchalance
Max Bruning

She stood nonchalant
clothed like a dandelion
before the fire.

She smiled lifting
her chemise to warm her
arse in the flames.

Rain
Vincente Alexixandre

This kiss of rain
on black loam
moistens red lipped
needles of pine
asleep in a bed of fern.

Red lipped, carressed
by the wind
lying in a bed
moist and green like
slivers of the liquid moon.

Silver, wet,
and kissed by rain.

Reflection

You peer in the mirror
disjointed by what you see
another person frowning from an older face.
Is that how others see me.
It's like the first time you taped
your voice and wondered - can that be me.
A different face
aged to fit
that disembodied voice.
A rheumy film a gossamer sheen
as I stare at eyes
for something I may recognize
as they skeptically glance back.
Eyes are said to mirror the soul
but these without spirit seem cold,
cynically weighing the cut of my jib
my sagging skin, and stiff walk,
that slight hesitation when I talk.
It's a sad reflection on the times
when mirrors deceive and define
a perception of me which is definitely not mine.

Sweet Request

She asked me
to play something
sweet and holy.

I took the
quivering reed
between my lips

and pressed greensleeves
against her dress,
the gold saxophone,

mother of pearl keys,
her breasts rising
falling in prayer.

Runaway

I fear the blade of night
on hungry sodium streets.
dream of waterfalls and
yellow flowers in a purple vase.
Music makes me hungry,
burns my eyes with neon lyrics.
he daddymen break my dolls,
twist my ribbons, tug at my
breasts with scalded fingers.
My mouth is sore, their
cruel eyes burst like boils
their faces yellow with pus.

I cry over hot teared toys
like video girls on tv.

Soap

I watch her body wet and
dry her moods at dusk at
dawn she sips lemon tea
lemon shampoos blonde hair
lemon slice between glass and
blue eyes, a goddess of love
night and day. Beautiful
clothes shape silken breasts
swaddle golden child

intelligent conversation in
business in bed unmarried then
wed unavailable but saleable
relationship with her
one hour a day which is
everything, or nothing, or love.

Spirit

The spirit survives
its changing form, like seeds sown in autumn
anticipating
the promise of flowers blooming in spring.

Or a chance wind

sweeping starlings to flight, to grasp at life
to flake the air like soot
the ambiguity of then and now confused.

The present etches
the surface like riddles scribbled in sand,

the past burnished
with pain illuminates the future.

Seeking solitude
spirit transcends time and space, embracing
life in all its forms
the earth, the waves, the flames of the universe.

Starlight

Stretching from your nipple
to infinity,
planets orbit the heavens.

Like a planetarium
above the bed the skylight
frames the reality of you

lying naked, now
and starlight hurling
the past against walled shadows.

Searching sky's dark well
we lie together
waiting for the future.

Succubus

She smiled, beckoned
black and beautiful
white bra'd body a
shiny shaft of light
in the dream shower.

Sollicitous mouth sucking
spitting out tiny
stars punctured by fangs
their glitter absorbed by
her moon wrapped torso.

Sumac Night

Through Sumac's pointed
fingers she watched orions
belt flicker in the dark.

Reaching between fronds
she felt her lover
shudder as shooting stars

tracked across the sky.

Table Dancer

errect on
panty hosed
stilts
a limbering
flamingo in
candy floss
pink
satin bra
sheathed in
sequins
nipples like
stars.

Thatch

Wind reminds constantly
the impermanence of things,
sighs unsettling the night.

A blush of roses sweep
under the eaves, small things,
thoughts, rustle the sheaves.

You lie restless, breath
stifled by emptiness
and the curse of lonely fields.

A hand cups your breast
sinking with the sun
to the shadow of your thighs.

This Could Be the Night

Each time the moon is ripe
I scoop blue water from the lake
store it in preserve jars
its magic pressed to my ear.

On nights like this I
spill some in your whiskey
smile at your eyes, bright
moist lips, and think,

This could be the night.
Later at dawn we watch the moon
curl down the sky, the lake
pull back from the shore.

Toy Lover

You ask advice as
if I were a parent not a lover.
With calculating
eyes, you talk of career goals not love.

Like an autumn wind
bending trees, a chaos of leaves, you rush
to change the world
questioning how experience is gained

and ask, is youth a
barrier to life. I answer, is age
a fence to living.
And think of all the things we have in common
and all the things we don't.

victim

distraught in alleys
neon masks my face
screams muffle traffic

I am the victim
my bruised veins
violated at whim

blood seeps between my legs
blue lips are cold
I have no name

alone in my room, a magic
carpet shrouds my past
clouds my future.

Voyageur

I am the daddyman
the night dribbles
down my plastic mac.

Serrated rain pins
yellow panes on
spangled sky.

I suck in the stars

swallow the moon
feel the heat as

your silken shadow
spills on white
breasted walls

obscuring the fact
of my wet hand
sliding in ecstasy.

White Moon

A brooding sky
your shape filters
the shadows of the moon.

My lips glisten, wet
as wine beads on skin
stalked tip of tongue.

I imagine your
pillowed face, serrated
by black lashes.

And a pair of silver scissors
in the y of your thighs.

Sweet Youth

They only want you for your
youth, the stillness of eyes
blue reservoirs waiting to be filled
with remembrance, bitter as salt
or sweet as spring water
leaping from stone;
the curve of quite flesh
like the soft breast
of blue herons poised in thought
above a shining
pool of pale fish
struggling to meet their fate.
Attracted by innocence
the naivete which
adds lustre to the endless game
Of conquest for its own sake
driven by instinct to copulate
with the young and firm
as the strongest fish swim to greet
nature's fierce beak.