

ISSN: 2395-4132

THE EXPRESSION

An International Multi-Disciplinary e-Journal

Bi-Monthly Refereed & Indexed Open Access e-Journal



Vol. 3 Issue 3 June 2017

Impact Factor 1.854

Editor-in-Chief : Dr. Bijender Singh

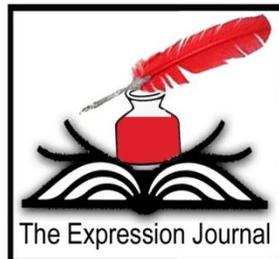
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www.expressionjournal.com**

The Expression: An International Multidisciplinary e-Journal

(A Peer Reviewed and Indexed Journal with Impact Factor 1.854)

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THE FIRST ADVENTURE

David Russell

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Poem

That shadowy entrance, subdued glint,
spark of eyes!
You trod all cultures with your classic grace
Of posture, figure, profile

The breathy touch, so tentative,
The answering squeeze

All beams and tiptoes as we trod
Unspoken message:

The curtain nearly volunteered
To close itself.

I was poised to give the word;
Fired by our kisses, you took it from my mouth

Each garment spoke surrender as it fell
A flower-show of fabrics
Adoring those limbs which they had covered;
Warm air on new divested skin

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Near liquid in its heady density

Our bodies new-revealed, dreamed up

A gallery of art-figures,

Our mounting breath

Kindled their animation in our honour

Those facing entities suffused with mutual nourishment

The rising sun the backcloth of our dual climax

The bathing epilogue

The farewell walk

A froth of blossom round our tender steps

That fleeting perfection was the purest art

Framed in an idyllic memory.

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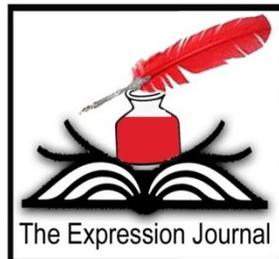
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POWER KERNELS

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Poem

Break down the elements, split them
To non-existence;
Then shatter all solidity's illusions,
Free impulses
Beyond the viscous mind, still feeling hard
By vanity's gas upholstered.

And then, for happiness's definition,
Shut the door;
Relax, and don't be squeamish;
For every grit of teeth, a pull of trigger,
A sear, a cloud . . .

Then, if the bacillus, the charge
Breaks through even your filter-screen,
Then paper barrier that defines
Your victims and yourselves . . .

And you, amoebae, become specimens
Now that your brainchild ogres
Have outstepped the frames of will;

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Oh super-brains! Limp, flapping squids;
Now that you've burst your cranial canisters,
Now that you've blundered on the combination
To open up the vault
Wherein you case your muffled
Conscience-bleats
to soothing, doped oblivion;

Did you first conquer all remorse, all fear,
Destroy all that might have the power to save?

And will you now be laid low, by yourselves,
Even denied all retribution's flames,
All instantaneous dignity?

Oh ones still solid, cynicism's crust
Thickens and stifles, yet absorbs,
Driving life's final spark to desperation;
No scope to flash
Without full-voiding all outside itself.

Oh loosen now your halters,
Clean growth, no fission-cancers,
Live now; be novae
David Russell