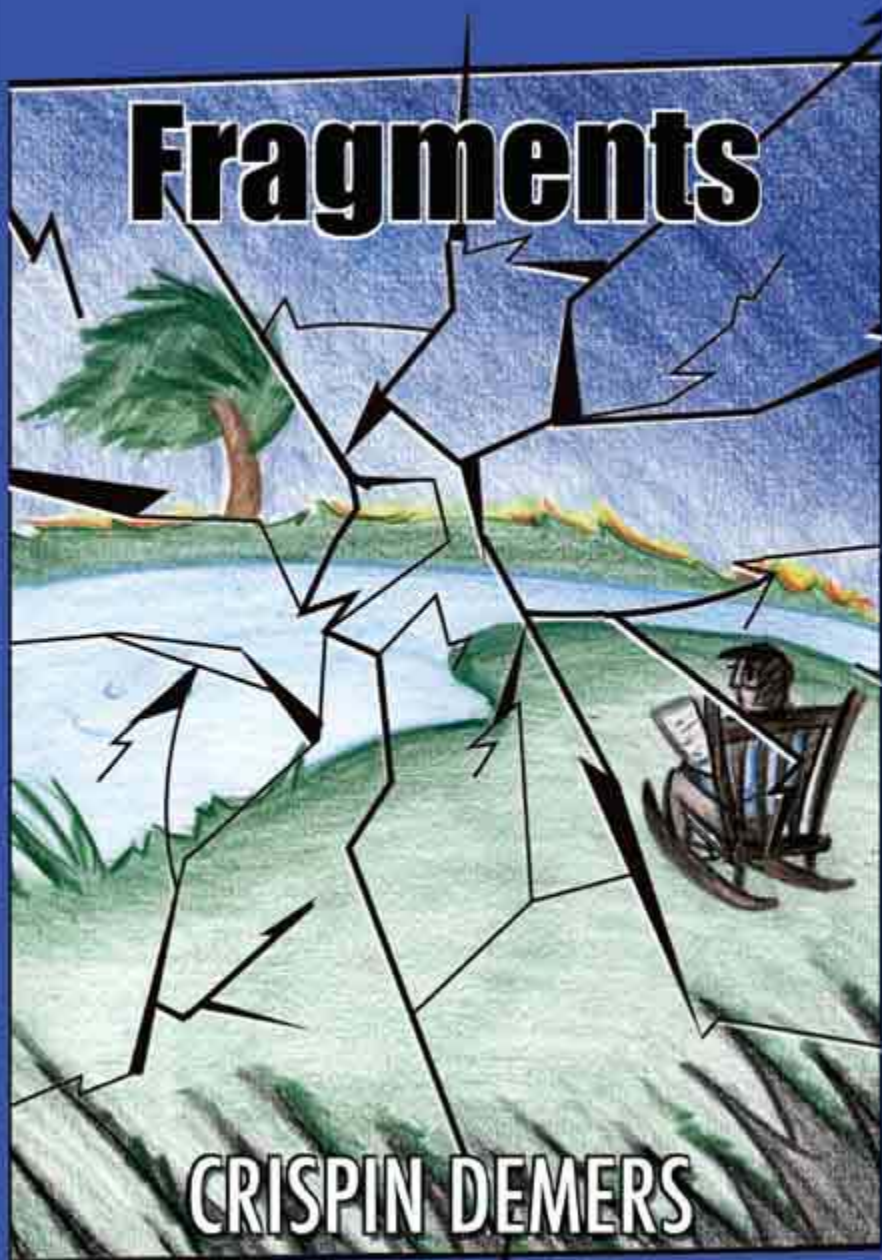


Fragments



CRISPIN DEMERS



Fragments

by

Crispin Demers

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I dedicate this to my wife, Debbie, her family as well as my family
– Carla, Galen, and Morgan – Ma, Mr. B and Aunt Mary.
And to my friends who have either influenced, inspired, or meant
a lot to me, in other words –important- Rob Charest, Elsie Skaar,
Andy Gallagher, Erik Jensen, Maureen Maunsell, and Frank S.
And thank You for your support, encouragement and kind words.
Thanks for aspiring me.

Women

In corporal masses,
in ethereal hues,
in silent swallows the morning blues
in a forgotten mask that morasses,
in a web all lovely lasses.

In slippers skirts and skewes,
in the green grasses
all comeliness gracefulness amasses,
in so quaint an eye dews
in hope against evening rues.

In substance that surpasses
and beauty that brews
all masculine gases,
in a blind that imbues all cues,
in light we are all fools.

Metamorphosis

rippling cross the sky,
swollen red magenta spreads
slowly

entwining...

unraveling...

pink waves that dimple blue.

and melting, the crests collide and in a purple rift,
the sky - a wrinkled skin
again peels

to a bleeding orange

to almost the seeming of a tiger-lily

sprouting, turning, in the frets and folds of Zephyrus's breath.

and like the new-bodied blooms over-running the meadows,
now the vivid orange swallows and transcends on itself,
and the awe-inspiring yellow almost even gold skies

open

open again blue.

Soothe

The strings
tightly wound inside
a frame

imbues and solidifies
the plaster
we inhale and

the tunnel
within each,
ever so gently is
bound, unspoken.

waiting,
always waiting...
we stood
permanent
in pose.

and attired in silk
in stone
we watch a
still blue
soft moon
rise together

and in crystal
gloss in gaze
in ever-fixed trails
we remained,
unbroken.

Could I, Would I

Bury myself in a mass of brick,
perusing the blood to ooze and ooze
between and beneath, in channels thick.

Could I snuff the blues, tighten a noose
upon myself and suspire no more,
still my rhythm and fully diffuse?

Or might I aspire myself to soar
to the silhouette in the twilight
only once to discover its core.

Would I then quench this lone candle's light?
smoother, suffocate its innocence...
with a pinch of two fingers: finite.

How could I then seal with negligence
this one kindling candle's opulence?

About the Author

Crispin Demers

Crispin Demers is a resident of Massachusetts. He was born in New Bedford in 1975. He graduated in the class of 1999 from Umass Amherst with a B.A. in English. At home, he lives with his wife Debbie Blaise-Demers. Leisurely, he enjoys running marathons, hiking up mountains, and rocking on his chair. And, of course, listening to the great Def Leppard. He is currently a supervisor at his workplace, and also a co-owner of the popular Poetictimes.com website. The website features a no age limit, nor a talent level, and is a friendly community-based atmosphere. It's a site for poets and readers alike to feel free to comment and post poems, and strive to grow poetically-wise.