

Carrion soul / Baharan

Q. A. Zanjani



Foreword / Apology

I won't take too much of your time, and I won't waste any of the time I do take on self-deprecation. I'm not a poet. I write songs, and sometimes come up with strings of words that I feel strongly about but can't put to song. These are those. Idle hands tend to self-strangulation and I can't leave these on the shelf, so here they are.

In short, then; here is a collection of poems, loosely anthologised around the period of late *Autumn 2023* to the present, whenever that is (*Summer 2024*, as it turns out). Loose too is the use of the word *poem*; I see these more as word-collages, like paintings. Don't sweat the composition; think of different sections as samples / textures woven together. I've been listening to a lot of sample-based music lately – been having a lot of fun deliberately hard-cutting differences.

Anyway, the poems are ordered by the season – *Carrion Soul* (Autumn / Winter) and *Baharan*, meaning Spring(s) in Farsi. Neither are deliberately prioritised, but I prefer the second set, probably because they're better.

n.b.. this medium affords me the liberty to abuse the language, and it will be exercised.

I feel as if this introduction should contain the word *paroxysm*, and a quote / dedication, as that's what people usually put at the start of one of these. So:

“tomorrow begat tomorrow”

– Chris Cornell

This anthology is dedicated to nothing, in particular.

Carrion Soul

Nectarine / the metropolitan coriole

raptured in the tracks,
the blood-basking foal;
make meet, doe-eyes,
with the skin-smooth purchase
of hand on throat –

with the time-worn,
the pirouette,
that umbilical -

with the nectarine graze
of yielding cartilage
and the dulcet moan
of pressed flesh -

(their eyes are closed,
they writhe softly) –

and at last,
sweet *ki-kou-leh*,
with the soft, silvery breath
of warm nothings on my ear.

eyeline pt. i-ii

i.

silverlint nothings

sear in vain;

tread dalliance, silken name,

between holes in the canvas

And so many other things –

the skyfold, the wound,

the morn-gilt sunscar –

and now, most of all,

a paperblot inkling.

ii.

ail and ebb –

swelling, revive.

wax the seed to taste,

saccharine cyan-eyed –

freezer-burn in gall.

kite the tear,

soft cinder mine,

and bury irreverence;

walk the line in silhouette;

sear on, kind thing –

i would rather have some of you than none.

Chrome-shaped blue

*sky-trails speak cursive;
they dream of you
 in chrome-shaped blue,
write your name
in ash-white pyroglyphs.*

(sic.)

in notes of burnéd shade,
the quarry, the wake,
the salt-sweet sunscar on your tongue,
the godmouth, the styx,
in nameless faces and faceless walls,
in sickness and in health,
to have and to serve, the reel to reverse,
fingers coursing over starch-smooth tape,
unwinding with clock-hands lithe
the silver lining on your neck,
reaching down, grasping at
some other nape
and coursing
shivering ambrose
down mine.

evergreen / voidmouth

Voidmouth harmony
and crystal spirits –
tonic nothings,
a guiding hand.

and now –
coax nothing down
th'arterial nerve;
shiver with selfsame melody;
bleed shallow inklings,
silver-lint, shimmer-laden,
overwrought, undermined,
there, a little more to the left, here,
and now:

the pastiche, the platitude
of evergreen simmering on your fingertips;
and a her,
somewhere a thousand floors beneath,
writhing ecstatic at the wince on your hands.

jonesing

wearing downy smiles
in white-walled rooms;
they walk your skin like a knife,
claw at the breaking of day,
crawl the grave, spit sunshine,
watch the clock
and unwind.

the molt of wine-dark ivory –
the shed of chocolate scrapings
and the rust of incarnation
sweat eyelines on your skin.
in molasses sick and the seep
of the outside-in,
the lemongrass ulceration
of fragrant violences,
a gaze cast, a flow stemmed;

we sit our stone circle,
bask the sterile glow,
waiting to turn
with eyes of blue-crushed concrete
to carcassed lust.
It could have been anywhere else;
she is betrayed only by shaking fingers,
grasping at themselves.

daydrinker

Stolen in amber –
nectar fry of the halcyon mind;
swallow in dew, caramel eyes –
savour in respite.
raise your thumb and be etched;
crown in flame;
tilted head, lilted song,
something sweet
forever long.

and of crystal fingers
reaching sweetly;
with all grace
slip the surface, let ripple,
burrow into me.
molt dearly, sweet friend;
let husks of frosted ether
dissolve the far reaches of my mind.

Now I find polychrome horizons are etched in me;
glass monoliths, faces within faces –
perpetual vertice,
the self-swallowing whole.
now, in the womb of the mind,
i am the icen glance of sunsickness;
i drink of the molten blue

and tithes by night.

n.b. formatting is my passion.

Baharan

Cinderburst .22

interlocking fingers with the grass and
etching yourself into the sky;
clouds swirl like inverted ink,
like vultures, circling on some world-weary iridule –
seven more, the sun splintered in your lashes,
gasping for fluttering dayblue
and the cinder-sweet rust of oak on your tongue.

the softflecking
of cinnamon dark-woven,
of daylight stolen
in rivulets,
cascades of shaven bark,
gorging on shadows and
waxing candescence;
overleaf, underfoot,
the great torrent of change,
twined in the five cubic feet of nectar
roaring from the window.

untitled

my scars are sun-kissed;
i am stolen from warm grasses.
wreathed in soft clasp, dusklight cocoon,
the carve of warm hands, lithe, the reach;
like that first drink of ambrose,
eyes yawing,
luxuriating in the parch on your lips –
and blinking back
to eye-level, where swivelling
like some soft-gilt machine,
you sunder amniotic night,
rend with searing gold, with more-than-azure,
burning into closed eyes
and a thousand white arms,
smiling with the surly grace of form,
unburdened by cardamom, cinnamon –
scentless.

now, you take my head from your palm,
raise me by the neck,
press me to your lips, smile,
and blow me away.
how sweet is this death?
I am made, and still –
how strange it is
to have been anything at all.

Hangnail, May '24

I spoke with the birds –
they told me to cut off my tongue,
to wrap it on the edge of a choke,
to count down and pull away
from the great numb,
the roar dying in the street,
the white-hot jackknife
of blood-soiled suns,
and the sweet running-down
of nectar on your fingers,
coursing, writhing
like the first shiver
in fever's soft-winnowing embrace.

I spoke with the birds –
they called me hangnail
in murmurings, tongues
that burned like daylight, like the sweet caramel
of flesh turned wax
by grace of the roman candle
cradled in your hands;
they laughed at lost memory,
eyes glittering
like deep-set stars.

I spoke with the birds –

they tired of the wake,
just as I found myself begun upon.
Japed at, riddled with pyrite glories
and feigned exhaustion;
withering, and wanting
to ebb, and end, Irish.