Silent Shadows

In her eerie light
between clouds obscuring
the moon sheds her beauty.
Dancing across the trees
shadows play a pantomime of intrigue.
The intrigue grows loud
shrieking - shrieking - growing louder
the forest, deathly still reverberates,
shriek - boom - shriek - boom,
ghostly figures filter through trees
pulsing slowly to the tune of terror.

Deep low moaning echoes
overwhelm the shrieking shadows,
moan - murmur - moan
moaning - moaning -whining loudly,
falling thumps agitate the forest floor,
blackened leaves rustle - crunching down
crunching under invisible feet,
thud - thud - thud
the thudding - rustling - crunching
growing louder - harder - louder,
brighter - pulsing brighter - glowing brighter

Shush!
Shush!
softening - slowing - silence
Silence - silence - silence.

Lost in Dimension

the austerity of the black hole
jolted me out of my apathetic slumber,
with the creation of dynamic information
it pushes the credibility of truth.

for those who lock themselves into answers
having a sensitive dependence on dogma
new qualities are offered with Hopf bifurcations.

I sat tensely with a spell over my mind,
finding parts of the harmonic proofs
the music began to decay
and tore mercilessly into the water.

defined by an idea of deconstruction
I pondered,
was this a coincidence with non-local effects
which was self-similar scale-invariant
and emitting a sensuous soft red haze?

pulsating with the reflection of mangroves in her eyes
the warm air caressed my shouting,
vacuous messages devoid of substance
taunted this ethereal gypsy.

injustices of the soul
echo, "Lament to a Silent Place",
always the enigmatic imagery abounds.

my hand tightened around the sky
in the unknown recesses of dimension seven
as the isolated reaches of silence opened.

– Robert Maddox-Harle*

**Mr. Harle (aka Rob Harle) is an artist-poet from Rainbow Region, NSW, Australia.*
Web: https://www.maddoxharle.com, Email: robert@maddoxharle.com