

## **Ordo Draconis**

### **"Turpentine Chimaera"**

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The First Image on Entering the Gallery

THE aspect I thought to partake of  
Casual quiet alone and the  
Wide grimace to be inane  
Aud'bly smirk sardonic scorn.  
Still the choice I have between  
Both, one of which receives a  
Grimmer grin when mordant the wit  
Which leaves but one: return.

The Second Image

A web of vivid movements  
Holds me in it's grasp, though  
Profound it's depths which lured me in  
To bounce my eyes back  
Into the gallery.

The First Image

A rigid stare peeps from behind  
The hollow sockets deep  
Forcing mine to delve into their  
Dazzling darkness  
Torn is the parlous shroud  
This apparition wears  
Who breathes anew resuming voice  
With the view of finding ears.

The Third Image

Thus the mind sharp with  
Feverish chimaera, each  
Sense engaged and  
Merged into a blend  
(The cries that found themselves  
Shiv'ring o'er my spine  
Stir such taste of turpentine that  
Space is clear to resound),  
Myself I find  
Drawn into the landscape  
To be surveyed and dwelt upon.

Half of the sun submerged  
For gleams and shades alike

To ridge the erstwhile gloss and stretch  
The slopes up to the pike,  
My wand'rings reel dispersed  
Across the canvas wide  
Which exceeds by sharp relief  
It's listless lifelessness:  
The same chiaroscuro through  
Which the expanse immures me  
Obtrudes the path that leads beyond the  
Horizon's span.

#### The Fourth Image

-Out through the next... No  
Wind to carry the sheets, has vexed the  
Placid sea, breathes tacit silence...  
The surface so conspicuously smooth;  
I must be the pivot of these ripples,  
As Aeolus I press the winds from their recess  
And hoist the canvas as the sailor.  
Waves of one wave, first  
Plodding and jostling, break step,  
Unravelling, steal a march  
To dislodge me hence from this watery grave;  
The dark waters I ride  
Revolt, swirl out the dead seaweed, like  
Shoals through meshes 'scaped  
The sea, unshackled, bellows: Liberty!  
Still inordinate, the sway  
Remains for me to bridle and vanquish  
Until more sharply delineated...  
Likewise, the primordial artist  
Attributes his work to the dissolution  
Of such a tremulous framework:  
The Order of the Dragon.

#### The Second Image

Out of the gallery.  
Yet one last glimpse, surmised right so:  
My web I'll weave accordingly,  
A tangled clasp, a hauling net,  
Though, extricated, the spirits flee  
And strings shall be pulled again.

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