

Cornelis Martin Renes

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To Love

*Too soon comes the time to say goodbye
Too quick are we forced to break up and part
Too fast have the weeks, days 'n hours sped by
Too strong is the spell on each other's hot heart*

*I've carried this burden of separation too well
Controlled my feelings, looked firmly ahead
But my immediate need is for you, ma Belle
How could I rule out your presence instead?*

*We feign being adults and so beyond pain
But nothing's less true nor lesser felt
To be hacked by distance apart and in twain
Is how our love by life's odds is misspelt*

*How much longer must we go on like this?
It's you, my heart, who I most ardently miss...*

Lismore, 04 September 2018

Leaving

*My day of departure was drenched in rain
The heavens resisted my returning 'home'
To the loneliness of work while riven by pain
Far from where my sad soul should roam*

*But not only nature played naughty on fate
As your disobedient car refused to start
And drive me to my port of call to await
Dire transport from the realm of my heart*

*Did the universe show me the proper way
In none too subtle manner, to be sure
What course to plot on that ill-omened day
Dreaded by both, dark disaster in store?*

*While wending my wings high up in the air
I can still see you stand, right where you are*

Upon landing in Dubai, 05 Sep 2018

Airborne

*The Airbus 380 lifts up from the ground
This gentle giant flies smoother than silk
In take-off's effort, there's hardly a sound
Or shudder to bother my travelling ilk*

*It contrasts sharply with the monster I hold
Deep inside me that's wearing me out
Asking for reasons, for truths yet untold:
Why I am here while you aren't about?*

*Why as I travel into bright and warm sun
Can't you be with me and fill my lone life?
Why should we most of the year bar and shun?
What's got to give to be husband and wife?*

*These questions and doubts born out of despair
Will only be solved when we love follow dare*

Halfway Barcelona, 05 Sep 2018

In travel's aftermath

*In the nebulous quarters of my sleep
I convert your void into virtual
Dreams slip in and your memory keep
Feigning love's spectre as factual*

*Strained by jet lag I doze off and awake
In the certainty of your presence
I allow these feelings for love's major sake
Deceived as I am by your absence*

*But better the lie's bandage than missing's pain
As these bouts of weakness make my day
When hard it is from you to abstain
How dear we for our hearts must pay*

*It's a misbalance beyond any single control
Only together can we make our love whole*

Barcelona, in travel's aftermath, 6 Sep 2018.

Cornelis Martin Renes is a lecturer in Literatures in English at the University of Barcelona. His main teaching areas have been English poetry and postcolonial studies with an emphasis on the antipodean settler states (Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa). He co-directs the Australian and Transnational Studies Centre (CEAT) at the University of Barcelona, which was recognised as an official Research Centre in 2000, and has been engaged in the organisation of yearly conferences on matters Australian and projects on Transnational literatures. He currently holds the positions of Lecturer, Co-Director of the Australian Studies Centre, and Chair of the European Association for Studies of Australia (EASA), and he maintains steady contact with Australian academia through visiting fellowships. Apart from his academic activity, Martin has also made incursions into the fields of poetry and visual arts.