

# **Echoes of My Lips**



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## **Introduction**

I met Michael Harding in 1979 at a reading he gave to GYT Gay Youth Toronto. We agreed that I would publish a selection of his works; to the point of drafting a contract and collaborating on editing selections. Michael insisted on writing out the first and last selections, along with the two middle pages.

This book, along with a volume of my own work, were professionally typeset before life intervened and prevented publication of either title. 1979 was before Print on Demand (POD) technology; publication would have entailed a large print run of each title. Then the books would have to be marketed to book-sellers through phone calls, snail mail, personal visits or an expensive advertising campaign.

Fast forward to today; both this title and my own work (see the last page for information) are now available through POD technology. Now individual copies are printed, bound and shipped as soon as an order is placed.

The original layout included the following biography of the Author:

*Michael Harding is an enigma in Toronto. His background spans marketing, politics, social work, theatre, modelling and hosting salons. He was educated in Europe, having been born into an English family 30 years ago.*

*After nine years in Toronto, Michael begins to emerge in his own work: poetry, his own theatre company, and as International Concert Director for Amnesty International. Of his work Michael says:*

*“My poetry is my internal journey. It is the honest – and sometimes painful – expression of my love. A place beyond any scorn. This book has been compiled so that it may be shared with you, my brothers. I search also, and give you joyfully what I know.”*

City street  
quivering lights

eyes

meet  
wait

interminable

nerve

tense

satin

feel

stroke

open

rhythm

excite

body

excite

calm.

## Echoes of My Lips

In silence

you are alone

with your grief

it is impossible to deflect it

and you realize then

that the deflection of pain

is a perversion to the balance

of your time

And so you are alone

and the grief leaves

For it is against your own force

## Echoes of My Lips

I know what I want so much  
but I know that I must not take it  
and I know that I must not want it  
Love does not arise from need

no ashes

Poor little me is a little out of tune  
because I know my love isnt poor  
and it certainly isnt little  
its just me that feels a little

insecure

## **Ray Jones**

I was hanging over the barrier  
not quite perspiring  
my heart racing

I ran to the window                      Suave as could be  
to try and catch a glimpse of  
your thick shining hair  
your deep brilliant eyes  
your powerful body moving  
I didnt see you

but I remembered it all  
the smile and the embrace  
the last time we met

Oh its such fun looking forward  
to you

Miss some more planes so we can  
do it again

## ***Ray Jones***

The welders hands  
are sculpted to melt  
and bend the forms  
that only man can  
make

Strong hands and large  
yet composed  
muscular formations  
stretched by machines  
like the body of a dark dancer

And somehow in the dark  
hooded eagle eyes of  
this child of Detroit  
there is the light of a prophet

## Echoes of My Lips

but how  
you know how  
Remember each day the things you  
    love  
Remember each day to look out of  
    your window and look  
    at the city  
Look at the city and see the light  
There are not many trees for  
they are there to test your desire  
    to see them  
    City birds are rare  
    but from them as you watch them  
between your meetings  
    between your glances  
    you can see them in you  
    You choose what you see  
and you choose the face  
    you show to others  
    Remember your body  
    Remember the summer

Resting his arm on the seat back

he slouches,

a puffy face distorted by

a lecher's nose.

The only part of him that

is ever firm is his cock.

But God made this foul

and careless urchin.

And before he, too, is

extinguished,

we must all learn

so that he, and we,

may never happen

again.

## Echoes of My Lips

My waiter once saw

Paris.

Well, not actually,

he read about it in a

coloured magazine.

Pretty.

No,

nice,

and interesting, too.

Now it is enclosed

in the space between his

eyes and his glasses.

Slightly flushed

the waiters

gently

touch

as they stoop

to clear

amid pink and

erect carnations

an overwhelming fragrance of

desire

This is the time of

the will to survive

outside of enmity;

absorbing rage.

When the curtains were down,

and all my cards were played,

all my hopes torn open,

and it appeared that they

were to fall —

that is when my will

summoned its faith.

It is not a subtle moment.