

# Holy Water

Colin Campbell Robinson & Paul Hawkins

With thanks to guest editor Kawai Shen for publishing an excerpt from *Holy Water* for Burning House Press, Jan. 2026. The poem *Holy Water* is taken from *Besieged*, a collaborative collection of photo-poetry by Colin Campbell Robinson & Paul Hawkins.

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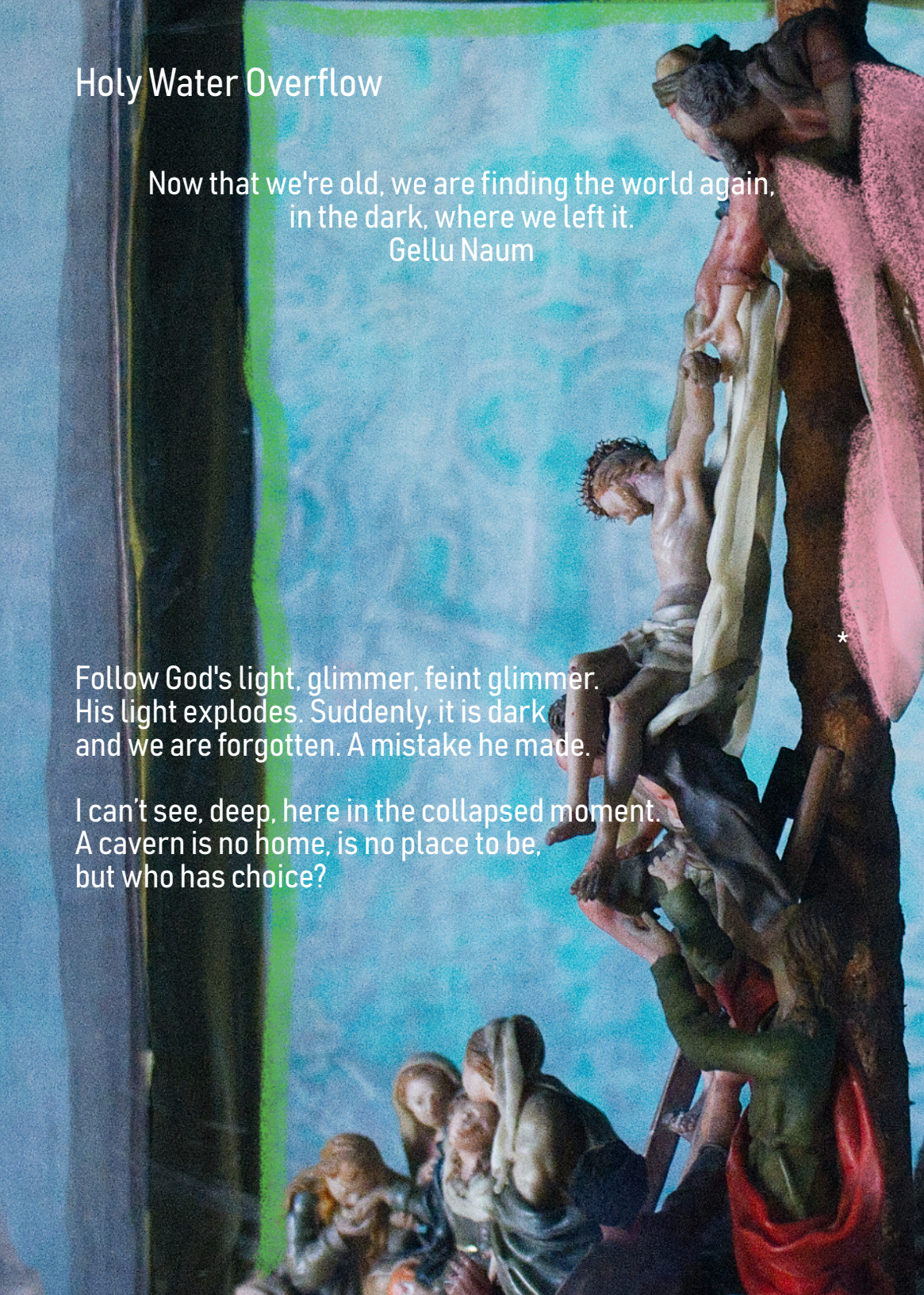
# Holy Water Overflow

Now that we're old, we are finding the world again,  
in the dark, where we left it.

Gellu Naum

Follow God's light, glimmer, faint glimmer.  
His light explodes. Suddenly, it is dark  
and we are forgotten. A mistake he made.

I can't see, deep, here in the collapsed moment.  
A cavern is no home, is no place to be,  
but who has choice?





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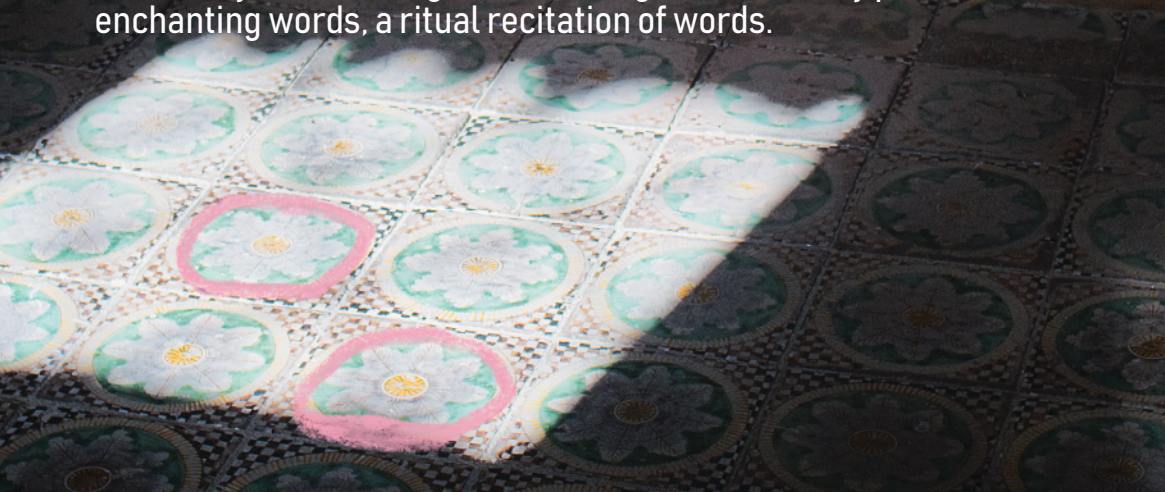
I speak to you. You listen. I explain nothing. You're all aglow. I don't understand why you're illuminati, one who sheds light.

Luminous books, a miniature book, print so small I cannot read. An illuminated text glows in the cavern, provides the only light.



'tis now the very witching time of night  
William Shakespeare

I shake my wand through the witching hour. Wizardly powers lie in enchanting words, a ritual recitation of words.



Words are not illusory, aren't a conjuring trick, a deception or illusion. Words are sorcery, at the source and in the beginning.



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I hardly said a thing all morning. I didn't say a word. I gave my word; I'd never divulge your secret, but then I forgot the password.



- Shhhh, you whisper and then you sleep.

The idea of the game is to capture all pieces. You take care of all the arrangements. You're on guard, cautious, wary, alert even. Beware, keep in mind, bear in mind, then, forget.





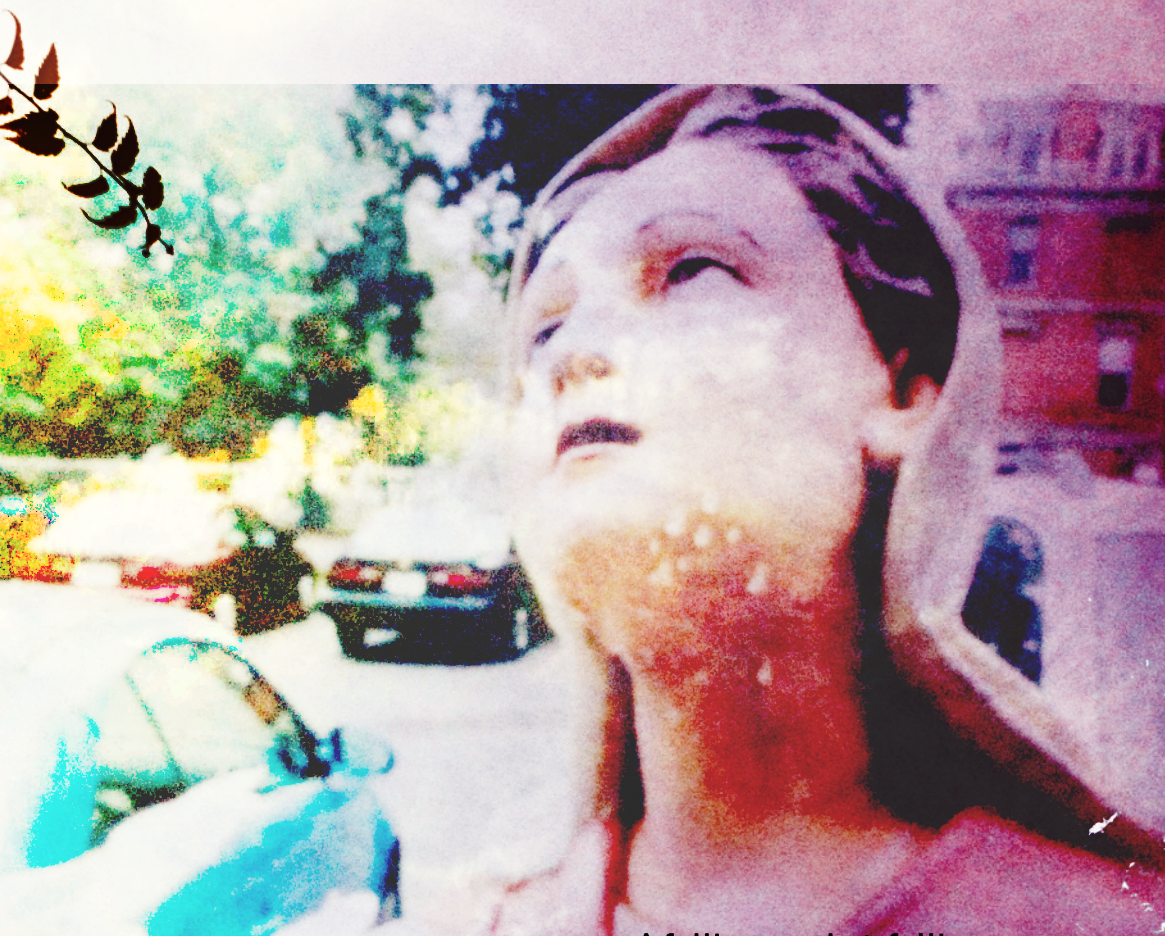
Don't know what to do. To do or not to float downstream, like it's over.

Deserted city of the heart I hear your call, straddling the divide like being, like becoming, like going.

Everyday, we suffer a trial by mortal combat. Everyday, we suffer the pain of mortal illness. We listen as the last water ripples downstream.

Running from the fall, a falling crushed hope, the falling temperature froze this distant night. We were falling through the eye, needled by God's voice.






A falling market, falling incomes, when comes the time? I have a prediction, someone told me to sell, someone told me to buy. Who's telling me right?



★

We slip out into the night-bar, drink beyond satiety, fall in the street of inequality, the place we live.

A dark, grainy, blue-toned photograph of a city street at night. The image is heavily stylized with a monochromatic blue color scheme. It shows a streetcar or tram in the middle ground, with its lights reflecting on the wet pavement. The background features tall buildings with lit windows, creating a sense of urban density. The overall mood is somber and evocative, matching the text's themes of night, inequality, and loss.

We didn't sleep through the dark hours. In those days we were gone, turned on by the night. In those days we were high, higher than the sky we kissed. I might slip away, come away, drift on my tears.





STRAIGHT  
OUTTA  
BALLARÉ

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Lost and neglected things languish in limbo, the home of innocent or righteous souls.

Caving in, suddenly there was no way out. The wall collapsed, the business broke, and my roof fell in under the weight of ice.





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I can't say much more at this stage. You can say even less.

The lines are still open; call me up when I'm down.  
Fold or close, crumble, break down.



To burst, suffer a nervous breakdown, crack like an icy pipe. The system is collapsing. The system collapsed. No one noticed.



My eyes were dark caverns, hollow, a hollow space. We played in a cavern, fretted over fragile thought.

The cavern is our home