

Words

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Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To my other half, what I could never say.

About the author

I'm a regular girl who likes tea and work.

summary

A pot of paperclips

Wine Glasses

Dust

Care

November

Time

WORLDLY

Changing faces

Back again

Daisy chains

Lost

Brighter Night

I love you

2018

12:34

Visiting 2016

Love poems

Blind

A pot of paperclips

*The silence was wrenching,
Hearts tugging for each other and
Yet our bodies miles apart but less
Than three inches. It was
So close.
Now your guilty
Gesture of love seemed tossed aside
And mocked, laughed and red blushing of your
Cheeks for all the wrong reasons.
You could not know how wrong by the
Blindfold I cupped round your
Green eyes. With love. I swear. I never meant what I did not say
I did not feel a word of my silence, My sealed lips wishing to burst
Open but held back by nothing but flesh
Plush, pink lips that had your name written In finite
Washed away like a salmon pushing
Heaving, grappling against the rush
Of the river. The water never meant more
Though i find love and friendship in its currents
You were my ocean,
After years of jumping in puddles.
Deep reaches of your eyes
Searching but you never turned a stone.
Your eyes empty Devoid of your familiar softness.
Your body wasn't mine anymore. Wasn't a part of mine.
Entwined carelessly,
But delicately, taintatively curling around
The arches of our forms.
Wrenched apart so roughly by
Empty silence Our arches became burned bridges.
Skinny love turned anorexic
Weak glances exchanged like
Common pennies.*

*Your gold saved Treasured for mere rocks,
Did you realise you Were diamonds
I held in my open hands?
Yet you
Pricked my sweaty palms without
Knowing the pips of blood
You left behind.
Daises thrown
Paperclip chains unpicked
Knowing you were never really mine
To have.
Unbeknown to me the blindfold you
Cupped round my eyes.
With love.*

Wine Glasses

Those glimpses make you
Shape, shift, snap you into you.
I'd like to say they are familiar to me
But they are just warm to the touch.
Those beautiful pieces of jigsaw that
Have fitted you together
So lovingly placed.
You were always a man. But
You have always been an iceberg
And I have just sailed the Titanic.
I'd say my love for you was the horizon.
It never ends.
But I am a woman of science, I live by logic
You are the most illogical theory
I cannot crack.
The limit of my love always seems met,
Yet each day I catch a glimpse,
And that little infinity grows longer.

Dust

Take me, take me, wake me
From this pseudo life of
Empty hearts and places
You traced along my back like
Lines and rivers on a map.
The roots of my life, gripped
To the soil of nurture and life
That is soaked in your essence.
It was the chanel perfume sunk into the
Nape of the neck of the old lady at
The karaoke bar.
Your promises sealed like an envelope
Tongue tracing the fold like it was the
Curve of my breast.
Yet you kept them, treasured them
On the side of your bed,
Looked them in the eye each time you
Tucked in at night. And let them grow
Dust.
Most made from skin, but you
Are made of stardust. You are not
A knight in shining armour,
or a prince charming,
You are a man, and a man made of mistakes.
You are not used to having a
Woman look at you and call
You things that don't mean to seduce you.
But instead seduce your smile
Into the shape of a crescent moon on
The summer night your love
Fell into my lap, and settled there.

Care

Take care, my dear
My sun, my moon.
On the street, but always
In my mind.
You wander there, linger.
Like the ghost, half present late November.
Your figure the silhouette on
The doorstep.
Never walking in.
Fist wavering, poised like the writer
Stuck on block. Never knocking.
Waters reversing, the sea drew back and there you are.
Like a washed up fish.
Skin shimmering, reflecting my face in your eye.
I breathed the air back into your lungs.
I gave you everything I have.
So take care, my day, my night.
I cannot give any more air
To breathe into you.
You stole it all for yourself.

November

Silence was our worst enemy.
Or rather our safe cave in which
You would retreat when you could not
Handle the moments of
Fragmented glass.
I won't pretend I didn't either.
Words swallowed in the
Deep black void
Like a deer in the headlights
You would stand and stare at me.
As if I was the answer and the question.
I cannot fill this silence any longer
It belongs between us.
My desperate hands working like clockwork
To fill it.
You can't uncrack the ground between us.

Time

Scratching, biting, clawing
To get the image of your face from my mind.
It doesn't bother me I tell them
But your face, your face, your face, your face.
No
That face. That one. The one on the wall of
Disappointment, anger and regret.
A wall of memories I am begging to forget.
But if I do. I'll forget the look.
In your eyes.
When you knew. You knew you knew
You. Knew then.
No doubt
No hesitation
No loophole in your conscience to
Escape by the skin of your scruff
Like a badger from the teeth of a fox.
You were certain.
As the careless, thoughtless words
Clunked, clanged to the floor where
Your jaw
Your head
Your breath hung hanging from a thread.
The glaze
The haze
The wash over your eyes. It hurt.
That look it hurts. Even now.
Even with your lips on my neck.
Your hands running over me as if
Checking each little part of me knows it
Is loved. Adored. Worshipped.
Your face like he had just burst your bubble.
That mask

Now you know I know who you are
What you've done.
Who.
You always knew.

WORLDLY

Lets leave, this town is suffocating.
Let's leave, to the sea where
We'll lay out on the sand
Each grain a memory we've crafted
Shaped, delicately formed and
Roughly, tightly clutched close
Like your body. As if
They were about to float away
In the wind of life.
We were tissue paper, so easily
Ripped open on Christmas.
The waves will lap at our legs,
Like the dogs at 2am
While we make tea and sneak for a walk
Around the town's and cities along
Our chests, stomachs, thighs, lips, hips, necks.
The sun will shine all
Year long with that smile.
You make the world turn
With a roll of your green eyes.
So let's leave, and go everywhere.

Changing faces

Hello, hello, hello.

Open the door, it's getting

Cold out on the street.

My hands are aching from pounding

The door to my heartbeat.

Thu thud Thu thud Thu thud.

Your outline dark and warm

hovers through the glass. Salient

Parallel to me. Close but

Two inches of glass and metal

Protects you. Seals you.

The moon and stars bear witness to

Your cold shoulder where

My tears lie frozen. Shrugs

The other direction.

Your sporadic appearances

Lurch out of the glass and would

Grapple, fight the oxygen in the air

For my undivided attention and presence.

I was your oxygen for

Those moments.

Seconds

Hours

Days

Months.

Before the door is shut

And your silhouette

Stares back at me.

Back again

Take my time,
Take every ordinary thing in.
Soak every curve, line, shadow.
Every extraordinary thing.
You still make me cry a
Year later. I'm tired of crying
Over the same verses.
I will never tire of
Taking in every
Millimetre.

Daisy chains

Your smile opens doors
Your kindness makes the stars
smile back.
Your sleepy eyes the shade of deep
swimming pools in mid
July hold the world in
the glossing iris. Its curve
the horizon, limitless in its
iridescence and might.
You are the daisies that
grow on the field, and each
day you plant more life
into my garden of joy and living.
You are the keeper of my happiness.
You safeguard it like a bouncer
with a cheeky, pert smile on the tip of
his lips. curling into the shape
of a lucky horseshoe.
I want
to seal that smile in a
jewellery box next to the
emerald that dulls compared
to the childish giggles that
spill out all day long and
disperse like the seeds
of a dandelion a child blows a wish on.
7 billion people, and yet
nobody has made a
daisy chain like
us.

Lost

They always said that the
Hardest thing is watching the one
You love, love someone else.

It's not true. The hardest thing
In love
Is watching, waiting, over days
That feel like months
Stretching out in front of you like
A room of mirrors.
Watching who you love stay
As the love pour out
Of them. Like the jam from
A cut doughnut.
Like the waters from a
Violent river. And hitting
The rocks below.
Watching the shine in
Your eyes dim, with wear and tear
Like an overused lightbulb.
Your glow is gone. And I'm left
In the cold dark. As if alone
But your empty shell is still
Present in the room.
You don't smile like you used to.
You don't laugh like you used to.
We don't laugh like we used to.
We aren't what we used to be.

You've left an empty gap
In the world you held in
Your palms that used to
Hold me like you would

Fall apart if you let go.

Brighter Night

Curtains drawn, and eyes closed.
Lying down beside me
We fit together like
The last two puzzle pieces in
A jigsaw lasted months.
Though our bodies
Are tired as we pull the duvet
Up to our chins
Our minds keep busy
Entwining together, as
Rushed words pour from
Our lips and fill the quiet
Room.
With laughs like gold and
Smiles like stars.
Glances from the eyes, lips,
Eyes, lips
Hurriedly trying to sketch out
Each little bit of each other.
The dark swallows us leaving
Only our silhouettes and
Our voices. Whispering
Pillow talk to each other as
The clock tick tocks
The hours that go by.
Shadows sit and listen to
Us like we are a movie.
And their darkness
Glow a little more each time
They play it back.

I love you

We are surrounded, crowded,
Swamped by the sea of surging
Bodies, their souls grey,
As their busy minds shuffle
Around like beads of ecstasy in
A blue pumping vein.

Salient in the surge,
Like little droplets of rain
Caught in a ray of sunlight.
You beam down on me with
That smile worth gold,
Those eyes worth the globe in
A pocketwatch.

It's then as your arms
Wrap around me
That I realise,
You
Are the world,
The solar system
The milky way
The universe.

I love you.

2018

The fireworks pop, fizzle and dazzle
In the black sky.
The colour exploding, illuminating
Not only the darkness that
Enshroudes the world like
A shut envelope but your soul
That glows steadily as the clock
Tick tocks the last hour of 2017.
Where better to start the year
Than in bed with you,
Your arm round my shoulder
Sealing me off from the people
Around us. Like a bodyguard at
An exclusive event.
As we say goodbye to the year that
Brought us together,
We say hello to the year that
Will keep us.
Forever

12:34

He sits silently surveying the open
Plains in front of him
Scattered with towering skyscrapers
And traffic lights the colour of
A daisy stem.
If the world was as big as
The ocean is deep
He would be the pearl
That waits patiently in the jaws
Of a clam. To be opened by
A stranger like an engagement ring.
He watches over the lights
That flicker like golden sparks from
A wooden fire, waiting for the
Coal to fiercely burst the flames
Into life as busy bodies go about
Their after Christmas sales shopping.
Bags hoisted up on the dip in their
Bent elbow. They run around frantically
Like ants. Calm and chaos
Going hand in hand
She runs her fingers down the
Slope of his curved back like
A skii slope down mount Everest of your heart.
That flutters like the wings of a butterfly
Without the sting of a bee.
As your eyes' gaze drifts down from
The ecstasy of the hypnotist horizon that
Glimmers and flickers like the gems on
The jewelled skirt of a belly dancer
In Dubai.
To the plain round eyes of a doe eyed
Deer in the headlights of

Our shared lives.
That don't fit like a puzzle piece.
But entwine like the vines of
Bind weed and ivy.
His eyes soften.
His lips settle into the shape of
An upturned rainbow the last day of April.
His hand reaches out and fits into place
On the curve of her cheek.
"Lets make some tea"

Visiting 2016

Time flies when you're having fun.
As I look on at the young silhouette of
my 15 year old self i wonder
how those 3 years of bliss must have
rocketed through the kaleidoscope
of time locked in the watch i wished never
to glance at.
Watch the way my skirt rushed
from my small waist to the top of
my bruised kneecaps.
Watch the way you thoughtlessly
toss that rucksack onto the concrete
like a ring around a bottle.
Assess the way her arms twirl around the
nitrogen surrounding her. Willing her words to surge
through the air like bullets
into the souls collected around her.
she would glow, she would glow from
the top to her toe
with the scent of that Japanese
perfume rattling in her breastpocket.
The patch of crisp grass
I grip dewy in my palm
that induces such
memories of lazy sunbathing in the summer,
collapsing in a heap of tackles and rough humour
and the material of stuffing of my bags.
The tree whose fruit bruised me like the sight
of the classrooms where i made
so many friends strangers.
Locking in the faces, the spectrum of
skin tones, intellect and gender.
As my body is observed, hair

flying, legs always boning in a slight
surprise. Your fingers clasp
the two tree branches.

The duo's eyes wandering down
my profile.

The two bridges I was forming
out. A set of broad antlers.

The smile that emerged on her
face at her creation.

Love poems

Love poems are stupid,
Sure they make you feel fuzzy
And warm. But you're better
Off counting on cupid.

Love poems hold someone's heart
Lined with the forbidden apple.
They blush with it's plush rosiness
And are soaked in tartness from the start.

Love poems are really no good.
They're childish, giddy and
Naive. They're wibbly wobbly
At the knees, and does as real love should.

But love poems really can't do this.
They're messages with ink and
Paper. No lips have rounded their
Syllables. No person attached to miss.

In fact love poems are quite funny,
I write them on my hippocampus.
Scrunched into balls and folded
Into pockets, with more value than money.

I write stupid love poems myself,
Because I'm in love.
And I must admit, when I'm in love
I get rather clumsy, and foolish and
Really rather stupid.

Blind

It was bullshit really.
When I turned around, all I heard
was the crack of your knuckles on the doorway.