

Victims of Indifference

Neville



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

to all those who love words as much as I love them...

Acknowledgement

For my Dad Brian (Dick) whom I hope is watching over me from somewhere with a boat, a pocket knife and a woodworking plane handy..

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Double Jeopardy

Don't You Dare Stop Now

Best Friends

Never Not Once

Correction

Disinterested

Food for Thought

Inside Her Pants

Client

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There Are Those

A Perfectly Reasonable Question

Splitting Hairs

Stashed

These Words

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Poppies

When Does Trust Kick In

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Childish Smiles

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Take Me Somewhere

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noitcelfeR

Remarkably Unfinished

Until Spring

Waiting

Discarded

Locked Out

Disequilibrium

Together

Some Words Are Too Heavy

Global Warning

Sylvia's Mother Said

Broken

Forsaken

Hesitation

Insidious

Job Lot of Biro's

My Fathers Son & Other Important Questions

More Truth

Fear of Haiku

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Is There Anyone There

Dont Kid Yourself

Birdsong

The Eleventh Hour

Not Quite Out of the Blue

Ma Hal Khe Te

Strategic Goodbyes

True Colours

Just my M24 and Me

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Sea of Obituary

Home Maid

Calm v Chaos

No Pot of Gold

The Millers Daughter

Tree Song

Fading

Briefly

Leave the View Behind

Three Guys Walked into a Bear

Too Late in the Day

More Words

The Duck Billed Platypus

Lockdown

Second Best

Upon the Morrow

Badgers

Skien

Nob Hill Hotel Ca

Just Another Murmeration

Remote

The Sorriest of Words

Free Fall

Falling for Icarus

Kanreki

Climax

Tabitha Tootle

Taking in Water

Still Time

The Value of Tears

Flush

Mascara Daze

Waiting for the Big E

Aftertaste

Your Country Say's it Needs You

The Logic of Fools

White Violets

Mid Summer Meadow

Poor Git

Ego's Down

Mullins Yard

Old One Eye

Two Weeks in July

Beyond Giving

Now looking Back

Something in the Air

Sun Drops

Fallen Leaves Behind

Freckles

Crabbin

Of Kept Men & Their Secrets

Beaten

Maybe Old but Not Daft

Theory of Endurance

Knocking On

Wax Butterflies

A Mermaids Tale

Crimson Ribbon

Pretty as a Pin

Sky Hungry

Beautiful Contradictions

Bridges

Sun Shy

Drop Me off @ the Next Stop

Summer?s End

Modern Love

Endsong

Simple as That

Tease

Problem

Decisions & Choices

Inevitability

Geographia

Bruises

Just Supposing

All the Ends of Me

Sleeper

Discarded 2

Making His Way Home

Come-a-Day

A Patchwork of Ashes

Oblivious

Prepped

Some Words are not Just Words

Mr. Mediocre

Attrition

A Solitary Passing

Blue Light

Woollen Stockings

Mile High

Spit it Out

Yellow Umbrella's

Where do Dreams Go

Bring us More Liquor

Wasps

Waving at Dolphins

Los Echoes

The Long Drop

The Long Drop

I am the long drop
That wakes you
In the dead of night

I am the dull ache
You mistook for some
Kind of heart attack

I am that phone call
You always knew
You would receive one day

I am that voice
In your head the one that always
Tells you to jump or burn yourself

I am that first grey hair
The one that caused
You to panic in the fast lane

I am the shadow and unfamiliar
Sound outside your bedroom door
When you are home alone

I am the discoloured lesion
You discovered during your last
Self examination ritual

I am the consequence
Of you daring to walk under ladders
Without a raincoat or umbrella

**I am your worst guilt trip
And the port wine stain on your
New white blouse**

**I am all the things you love to hate
So much about yourself
But can not live without**

A Travelling Man

A Travelling Man

**She is a woman
Who dreams of
Far away places
Lost causes
Exotic fragrances
Tastes to die for
Poetry and love**

**He is a man who
Prefers to travel
Light
Play with words
Take risks
And climb
High mountains**

**While all the time
His muse
Stays home and
Bakes bread
He admires birds
Of paradise
While she
Watches seagulls
Circle overhead**

**She is a woman
Who dreams
He is an old man
Who marvels
Though**

Together naked

Miracles

May yet

Still happen

Appetite for Words

Appetite for Words

**She had such
An appetite for words**

**Her hunger
Knew no bounds**

**I used to call her
*Thesaurus***

**Just fill me up
She begged with**

**Adjectives
Verbs and nouns**

.

When You Were Perfect

When You Were Perfect

You were by no means the beginning

And now

There is no use pretending

That you might have been

The end

Never the less

I loved your false innocence

Those orphan clothes

Our differences

The way we were

When we were on our own

But like so many dreams

Ours faded

And now that it's all over

Don't hate me

Or the memories we made

Think of me with fond regard

If you think of me at all

For nothing can tarnish now

My memory of you

As you were

When we were lovers

For then you were perfect

A Certain Distance

A Certain Distance

The space maintained

Between you and me

In effect

That which keeps us close

But so very far apart

Is measured by

A mere fraction of a moment

That only exists

Between one heartbeat and the next

Essentially

Between life and death itself

Suspended

Within a solitary fragment

A single breath

And in the scent and taste

You left me savouring

Long after our first embrace

Zen Hunting

Zen Hunting

Having failed to obtain enlightenment
In more conventional ways
The once observant Buddhist Monk
Chose to discard the spice fragranced robe
To disregard the frowns and pointing fingers
And take up hunting
Thereafter, in his quest for seemingly even more
Elusive pleasures
He wandered aimlessly, until by chance
In the guise of a wandering Fish Monger
He stumbled upon an aesthetically pleasing graduate
Of similar and significantly satisfying disposition
Whereupon he settled down and grew accustomed
To domesticated bliss

The Pyramid of Longing

The Pyramid of Longing

It
was while
out exploring her
that my lips accidentally
stumbled upon the tiny hidden pulse
buried deep within the hollow of her ankle
It was surely then my dear friend that I realised
I want and need and long to forever be your lover....

Why Do I Love Thee

Why Do I Love Thee

I love you because

You mourn a basement flat I never knew

Because your hair resembles monastery gold

And because you love old poems

I love you because

You listen to the words of tiny children

Because your belly is a mountain

You let me climb

Whenever it pleases me

I love you because

When naked we are able to defy mirrors

I love you because

You gave me the son I always wanted

And because

I am unable to find the perfect words to fill this page

Before We Die

Before We Die

Before we die
We must be sure
To read the
Book of Longing
Maybe together
Under an ancient
Yet still white
Foaming quilt
And with a
Rogue bough
Tapping
Against the
Steamed up
Bedroom window
For I know
You would then
Be sure
To hold me tight

Of course
We would be
More than crazy
To try and read it
In the shower
While you were
Milking me
Beneath a layer
Of fine bubbles
And with that
Bloody bough
Still tapping on the

**Bedroom window
In the key of F minor**

**Maybe then
It would make
More sense
To postpone our
Eventual coming
And dedicate these
Words instead
To Irving Layton or
Federico García Lorca
While allowing the
Storm to waste itself
On our behalf
And the bough
To break exhausted**

Abattoir Gulls

Abattoir Gulls

**Diving and banking
Like
Storm shoed clouds
Those
Abattoir gulls
Always
Angry and loud
Dancing and scything
High upon higher
Pinned to the sky
On invisible wire
How they do hang
There
Storm proof and crazy
Loitering low like
Clouds of confetti
Reckless and teasing
Storm flushed and florid
Diving and banking
Sublimely unhurried
Weaving
Yet threadbare
High upon higher
Pinned to the sky
On invisible wire
Take heed of their cry
Then still
Lost to the wind
Carried pon whispers
Deliciously sinned
Those abattoir gulls**

**Shameless and free
Dancing and scything
High upon higher
Forever
Pinned to our sky
On invisible wire**

A Taste of Nothing

A Taste of Nothing

Can you really not see
how much your
adoring public loves you
Can you not feel
the friction spark and heat
of each heart wrenched
and wretched review
All meant to warm you
Does it really taste of nothing
The scent and sense of their
Belonging
And so I watch you from
The sideline
Standing somewhere
just off centre
Watching my innocence decline
In fractions of a single degree
and mourning
each read request deleted

Marcella

Marcella

Marcella wore blue stockings yesterday

Presumably to hide the bruise she

Recently invited me to touch or see

Marcella bears a faint though hungry

Private scar

Which only fingertips or lips or tongues

Of curious or serious lovers

Are welcome to explore

Marcella wears a tiny lunar smile

In each perfect lobe of her pierced ears

Marcella wears a timeless sensuality

The way old soldiers wear their polished

Campaign medals

For all the world to see

Marcella does not need reminding

Of her beauty

But occasionally she likes to be

I imagine her wearing a silver raincoat

Or plain white cotton bodice top

More graceful and exciting

Than a dolphin or Ferrari

Could ever claim to be.....

Autumn

Autumn

As stuck as I am here

Firmly...

Dwelling

As I am upon this

My own

Personal autumn

It has taken me

Till now to

Realise...

Whilst I do not have

The perfect body and

Far from perfect teeth

I have never been

A liar

Nor have I ever been

A thief

So take me as you find me

Or leave me...

Free as a wind blown leaf...

There now...

You do so have me

Stuck as I am here

Firmly...

Mourning summer

Contemplating winter

Anticipating spring and

Oh' so very envious of fall...

Beautiful Bruises

Beautiful Bruises

I cannot keep this
To myself
He said
Then kissed her
Shoulder naked
Although
Indeed twas oh'
So very
Lightly executed
Then resting pon
His elbows down
He went oh' so
Very low and slow
Yet far enough
And fair enough
For his chest hair
To brush again the
Small of her back
Precisely where
She liked it

Oh' lord she cried
I'm overcome
Together then
They smiled
As one
Each knowing
They had both
Done wrong
Not caring tho
Not even in the

Slightest

How tho shall we

Each explain

To those who ask

About these

Most beautiful

Of bruises

No need her lover

Sighed

Let's keep them

Sacred to ourselves

And so they did eternal

Long Shadows

Long Shadows

How upon how these long shadows
Insidiously fan out and weave
Between dappled pools of light and
Which seem to seize and steal
Our staccato breaths away

Before our very eyes it seems
And simultaneously so although
In different ways we bleed
Then on reflection

I remember oh so well indeed
With every single thrust and heave
She made redundant muscles ache
And quenched the thirst of a
Very thirsty man in need

A Little Indiscretion

A Little Indiscretion

**If I said that I wanted you
more than any other woman
And for what its worth
In more ways than you
might care to imagine
Would you ever dare
To be alone with me**

**Would you take away
this hunger
Would you relieve me
of this pain
Would you quench
the thirst I have for you
and leave me speechless
once again**

**Before I leave you though
There is something
I must first get off my chest
Whatever number you
may once have been
It is time now to remove
that mask and step outside
To discard the shield
you hide behind**

**Forgive me though if I do not
mention you by name
However since these words
are likely to remain**

Long after you are forgotten
Treat this minor indiscretion
as a compliment

There now are you satisfied
Having crushed the old man
who dared to share his
most private thoughts with you
It seems to him
you had a change of heart
Whilst his was merely broke in two
Is that's how you get
your kicks these days
I feel the need to ask

Well forgive me won't you
If I now quit writing
I choose to do that
Just to spite you
And will leave you now
To all your favourite
domestic routines

To roughly thirty years
of boredom
To familiar fucks
and thoughts of distant balconies
Of cornfields and telephone boxes
And all those other places
Where we might have
More than once
Exchanged our DNA's

Cova

Cova

Cova spoke fondly of her Andalusian sea

She also spoke five languages including mine

...

Cova wore no prints on her finger tips it seemed

And

At first I thought she was a Basque spy

...

Cova carried the scent of rock pools and raw cotton in her hair

We argued over Dali, Freud and Cohen

...

Apparently

Her husband was in love with old manuscripts

Hence her being there *alone*

...

I introduced her to *butterfish*

Then we watched vultures gorge on something in the gutter

...

Her naked foot caught mine covertly beneath the table

She hinted there was something special between her and me

...

Cova promised something extraordinary if I walked

With her along the beach to her hotel

Then she was gone

...

No Pillow Required

No Pillow Required

**I want to write words
to make you want me
as much as I want you
I want to scribe them
on the walls of
magnificent cathedrals
and courtyards too
for the whole word
to touch taste and see**

**Then and only then
I want to paint you
in the reflection
of tall mirrors and
to trace those circles
with your fingers
chasing mine
across your belly
to begin with
and where no pillow
on such an occasion
is required.....**

What Do I Want From You

What Do I Want From You

**What do I want from you
Now you are gone away**

**I want to chase that mint
Around your mouth
With my tongue again**

**I want to trace my name
On your shoulder blade
With my thumb again**

**I want to probe and peek
Play hide and seek and to
Locate that long lost crumb again**

**These are but a few of the things
I want from you
Now you are gone away**

How Far Do You Really Want to Go

How Far Do You Really Want to Go

How far do you really want to go

He asked

All the way if you don't mind

She casually replied

How do you want to get there

He enquired

Oh' very very slowly

If you would only be so kind

Are you really sure

He asked

Yes absolutely certain

She shuddered and she sighed

However if you have the time

She said

I would be eternally obliged

At least

Until we meet again my friend

If I could be untied

.

Afterwards

Afterwards

When appetites
had truly fled and all their needs
were truly met
She turned to face that now famous
high backed leather chair
Where lust has since been
shed and rid and slaked
So many times
Though now redundant
Yet in the here and now
mid such confounding places
She is again the victim of her own
religious guilt.....

For in that very moment when
she arched her back and
urged him crash and then cascade
like some great ocean beast or wave
upon her swollen breasts
and drown or suffocate around him
She paused to hesitate
but only briefly mind
Then shivering he coaxed
a free arm round her waist
and pulled her closer in.....

Twas then she stretched
as both palms cupped her breasts
beneath behind and beside him
Much like he might have once
cupped a fallen plover or a sparrow

**A tender and protective love
With no tomorrows
Then hands clenched tight about her head
Sucking air and biting lip
Twas then she died a little bit
Contented.....**

A Very Special Day

A Very Special Day

I just knew today
Was somehow
Kind of special
Having woken
To the slow and
Circular sound
Of our old bronze
Singing bowl being
Played
Somewhere in
The distance
Of course the faint
Smell of rice mats
From the yard
Sealed it
I knew as soon
As I reached for your
Breakfast biscuits
And found only three
Remained
It would be a very
Special day indeed
You could never
Manage four
Now could you

I knew as soon as the
Soft pink Himalayan
Salt flakes glistened
Upon the yolk of
An embellished smile

**And heard Cohen playing
On the gramophone
Today would be very
Special
I knew when my
Loser's medal shone gold
And the bruises were
All gone
It would be a fine day
For so many and
A great day for some
There was just something
About how
The postman whistled
The dog barked and the
Cock crowed
That meant whatever
Happened
Everything would fall
Perfectly and find its own
Rightful place
On this oh' so very
Special day of days**

Blank Pages

Blank Pages

I often wonder

Does your waste bin

Ever truly overflow

With the countless

Crumpled corpses

Like mine does daily

Mid drafts of

Discarded would be

Poems

Mine always seems

To do just that these days

I wonder

Do you anguish

Over blank desolate and

Desperate sheets

While your coffee grows

Cold

And ever more

Despondent

While

Once bright memories

Fog opaquely

I wonder

Do you ever consider

Throwing in the towel

Or surrendering

Gracefully to me

The knowing would

Indeed be

**A fine thing and most
Worthy of at least
A senryu surely.....**

The Width of a Table

The Width of a Table

He could not help but notice her
Despite the obvious empty
Reserved table in no mans land
Between them
Of course she also had the waiter's
Undivided attention
Which was not surprising
Given that she stood out like a
Beautiful sore thumb

He was also most impressed with
The way she held her fish knife
And later drew upon a Gauloises
A nice touch he thought
As some acquired reflex made him
Reach inside his jacket
Before remembering that he quit
Ten years or more ago

Then on making his way back
To the parking lot
He tossed the Alfa keys high
In the air and smiled
At his own reflection in the
Window of a Dry Cleaner on
Station Road

He had caught her eye at least
And she smiled in his direction
Maybe next time or the next time
He hoped they might exchange

**More than just a smile and those
Occasional glances thrown across
An empty table
That which perfectly divided them**

The Company of Angels

The Company of Angels

In the company of angels
He stands proud
And yes
Despite those broken wings
Unfolding
She say's her prayers
For him out loud

Whilst elsewhere
In the distant distance
White willows weep
Their silver tears
Pon scented and oh so very
Thirsty earth and true

Twas no coincidence
They burn their sage and
Incense sticks
In the cool shadows
Of an ancient yew
At least one full hour
Before the sun bit hardest

A futile attempt maybe
To deny the reaper
Another soul for his
Dark harvest
Bitter salicylate released
And spread upon
So many different levels

**Of course upon the wetlands too
Green spears prolific
For there it was on
Bended knees
She said her prayers for him
Out loud
And oh so very very true....**

On Waking

On Waking

Once upon awakening
yet
before the first kiss of dawn
both her retina's
caressed and blinking
pastel strobe effects are born
Then his poem swiftly read before
She took her breakfast
On the lawn
Partly ritual and now
Part her famous repartee...

Only moments later tho
Her palms went searching
and so very
very desperately
For that place she thought
his shadow slept
It was then no less
he realised
That he wanted to be forever
in her depths and debt...

Twas also then he noticed
broken leather sandal strap
and discarded robe so very
full of the scent Patchouli
Ah' yes both arms were
stretched about her head and
legs well kissed and wet with
sweet dew from somewhere set

A golden triangle beckoned...

Upon A Midnight Calling

Upon A Midnight Calling

Fresh from the garden
or maybe not so very fresh at all
Having spent the morning
cutting grass
But then my petit fleur
you know exactly what I mean

Not surprisingly the
chlorophyll and the
leaf mould
clung about his leather boots
and as always
he got those clippings everywhere
In his shirt and in his hair
and neither
the kitchen or the hall were spared

From the hallway tho
she would watch his
work in progress
Then his eventual undress
Until with shirt undone
and shower run
She wanted him
to take her from behind

And so it came to pass
and duly done
though before departing
He made sure to leave
a handprint green

**upon her belly taut and flat
So she would always know
just where he'd been
upon a midnight calling...**

The Birth of Opals

The Birth of Opals

Upon my very word
I did once marvel
At the seeming birth
of opals
Along the subtle curve of
Her naked back and thigh
And how within their
Fiery glow
They did so very much resemble
The cascading wave of
Salmon flank
Across my semi precious
Somerset sky
A county blessed with
What once was and what
Might once have been
Upon my very word
I came to know those skies
So well indeed
Or did I merely wish or
dream it so
For my body and my soul
All those blues greens
Reds and golds
As delicate as fern fronds
And fragile as a wren's egg
Just as full
Yet without familial ties
It was then she
Sighed and smiled and
Brushed those tiny beads

**Of sweat aside
As iridescent as
The wings of a
Hover fly and transient
She was still there
Till she was all but gone
And that is the nature of
This one word love
I have learnt to frown upon**

Versal Law

Versal Law

You whisper soft
And
Your words
Become lessons
You write words
And
They become law...
As
We make love
Our
Bodies merge
As one
With heaven
Tis a perfectly
Natural versal law...

Whale Whispering

Whale Whispering

Although both the wind and waves
Are now each calling
Whether or not you take note of
The very rapture of my porpoises
And whales
Today out yonder
As they do idle, make love and play
Beyond the bluff
Then mount and ride proud
Upon the summit, peak and brow of
Innocent tsunamis
All that now means nothing
Since they are far too busy pleasuring
To notice
And would they even care
I dare think not
Although I watch alone and
From a certain distance
Come watch them too
If you so choose and please
As they crash, pose, weave and wave
By any yardstick perfect
Thunderous they are my friend
Those flying porpoises and whales
Who leap only for the joy of leaping and
Some innate drive to cruise alongside
The likes of lone
Kittiwake, albatross and petrol
See how through clouds and waves and storms
They all did appear
Then vanish down mid

**Saline spray and foam to briefly surface
And to dance in dappled sunlight
Before disappearing with a mighty wave
And slip below an beyond the
Deepest and the darkest depths of
Shameless and Shadowless oceans
To where the whale whisperer was calling**

The Drowning Game

The Drowning Game

As the river flows
She is yet again reborn
Tho her song more softly sung remains
Held fast and forever locked dear heart
In these eternal sodden chains

Ah' but tis so very slow indeed
She meanders her way t'ward thee
Yet unlike any raging flood
She swells like some mere tributary

With many would be lovers spared
She whispers thus...

*As this river
Aches for the sea
I too ache
For your very company*

*Release that straw you clutch she said
Drink long and then breathe deep
Ye shall not drown nor perish here
But rather gently go to sleep
Then dream an angel's dream with me*

With that his blouson flung and cast
Into an eddy first and last
He bowed his head
And slipped within
Ne'er to be seen alive again

**Come morn twas often said
Another wretched drunken lover
Was claimed again last night
Who dared to sup the tears of that
Playful nymphomaniac water sprite...**

A Blue Toothbrush

A Blue Toothbrush

**He left his blue toothbrush
Next to hers in the chrome holder
Specifically designed for toothbrushes
A conditioned reflex or what...
Nah part of some grand master plan**

**He knew that blue toothbrush
Would off set the symmetry
She craved and likewise
Wreck her day
Unless of course he removed it**

**He also knew
She would very soon phone or text
With some garbled message
Full of typo's demanding
He get rid without delay**

**He also knew if he submitted
Or at least appeared to
They would end up fucking again
And all before mid morning coffee**

**She knew full well
He had to be in the office by nine
But had a window in his diary
Between ten thirty and eleven fifteen**

**Forty five whole minutes
Give or take ten travelling on a bad day
She licked her lips and decided to phone**

**Around ten twenty just to be on the safe side
She never did like that blue toothbrush anyway**

War is Not for Lovers

War is Not for Lovers

**Over the top my beautiful boys
The sergeant major cried
Think of your mother, your sweetheart
And remember them
When thunder cracks around your head
And fear burns your insides**

**And Tommy did
He remembered her hand
In desperation, a talon
Crushing, clinging to his wrist
Cold as the ever stabbing wind**

**He remembered her eyes
Once beautiful and full of life
Frightened now and tired
Like those of some caged wild animal**

**He remembered how
Twelve months ago
He had held her in his arms
And kissed away a single tear
As the engine whistle blew
Be brave he said
I love you
And think of me till I return
And lay down by your side
War is not for lovers
The station master cried**

A moment later, the front line

Fell in unison

As if precision timed

A piece of jagged metal sang

A private groaned

And blood and mud entwined

War is not for lovers

The sergeant major cried

Bride of the Hedgerows

Bride of the Hedgerows

It seems to me

She's

Everywhere

On leaves

On trees on

Moonbeams

Fair

With autumn

Highlights

In her hair

A silver weave

Runs

Through the

Cotton dress

She so much

Loves to wear

On evenings

Such as these

It seems to me

She's

Everywhere

More lovely than

A leeward

Downcast

Soulful stare

And

Filled to overflow

With

Bronzes

Golden browns

And greens

A colour wheel

Of inbetweens

Of berries pulses

Nuts and seeds

This winter

Old Sunlight

Old Sunlight

Time it did

For sure

Stand still there

Mirrors cracked

Dead flowers on the

Window sill there

Old sunlight

Straining through

Torn nets there

A single dust mote

Pirouettes

Then dies there

The same old photos

With yellow

And frayed edges

Save long forgotten

Smiles and blushes

A champagne flute

With broken stem there

Empty jam jars

Drowned paint brushes

In the grate

Cold long dead ashes

Do we really want

To go back there

A simple question

Begging answers

Old sunlight on still

Mantle-clock there

Falters

Yes time it does

For sure

Stand still there

Moments locked away

Not yet forgot there

Grateful to old sunlight

Queue of Longing

Queue of Longing

Here

In this queue of longing

I stand behind

Impatient poets

Waiting for discarded

Inspiration

Here

I think of you

Most often

Since I intended you

To be a masterpiece

My final indiscretion

Hark

Hark

Listen

Can you hear the wind singing

Hark

Can you hear the rain is crying

Be still

My love the earth is sighing

Talk Me Poetry

Talk Me Poetry

Between wars he walked
By the edge of wild oceans
Since it was there she
Spoke to him most often
She said come to me John
Kiss me young and make
Love to me
Tell me of great battles
Then talk me through poetry
Ride us a wave and read me
From Hemingway

He said sure pretty lady
If we can maybe go crazy
At least until morning and
The sea turns its back on us
Let it wash away sin that
The war it bestowed on us
Till then pass the tequila
And a full magazine
I shall tell of great battles
And talk you through poetry
Ride us a wave and read you
From Hemingway

She smiled as she said
I do love you so Johnnie
He smiled and replied
I love you too pretty lady
Now nothing can harm us
Nor take you away from me

**While out in the desert
Blue pine scented white smoke
Punched holes in the clouds
And forever they
Walk by the edge of
Wild oceans each proud**

Secrets of the Field

Secrets of the Field

Above the green and yellow
Rape set field
A pair of white fixed wing gliders
Arc and wheel
In search of aerial ecstasy
Like sky hungry falcons
Oblivious to the gasp and sigh
Invisible to naked eye
Amid the spilt remains of summer
And the dregs of dry white cider
A casually discarded ice cream wrapper
Blows across the field

Bathed in savage sunlight
An ancient and neglected hedgerow
Screens the couple
From the gaze of would be tourist
Whilst in the distance
A once red tractor coughs
Plagued by hungry and frustrated gulls
Unaware of fingers probing
Stealing fruit from secret garden
Thick wrist and heavy forearm coaxing
Determined thrust and yield
Laying where a dozen men had fallen
Trespassing like frightened children
The forbidden harvest
Swiftly undertaken
In a corner of the field

The Very first Time

The Very first Time

**That very first summer we fucked in the pool
For a moment
We shared a patch of sky with a swallow or two**

**Scissoring scything and slashing the air
With their steel tipped wings**

**How they dipped and they dived around our heads
And made everything turn blurred and blue
How cool was that
?**

**That very first evening we fucked on the stairs
For a moment
We shared each rise and tread with a shadow or two**

**Without a single care in the world
Acquiring well earned carpet burns along the way**

**How hot was that
?**

**That very first time we fucked in the basement
For a moment
I felt lower than street level and buried in heaven**

**How good was that
?**

Wind Washed & Flying

Wind Washed & Flying

Why not place a finger against the knot
Your lips make when you kiss goodbye
Then release your hair and just listen
To all those perfect whispers fly

What is more important tho these
Much loved scented finger tips of yours
And perfumed much licked lips
Might just as well a single salty sigh
For freedom yet

Wait though
Much like the haunted cry of gulls
Neath rocky crags and outposts
Wind washed these eyes and ears of mine do
Catch you flying

Cloud raped and ragged
Dodging meteorites and showers
I swear there is no ecstasy like ours
Taken swiftly pon regal lawns
More slowly on those green glades and truly

Rough Sketched & True

Rough Sketched & True

**As compelling
To an artist's eye
As moist dry stone
Walls in autumn
Lichen crowned
Green tinged and
Majestic browns
The colour of near
Day old leverets
Yet nowhere near
As wise
Resting rock still
Pon flayed barley**

**While in the very
Distant distance
Those same artist
Eyes fix upon
A flock of startled
Yellowhammer
As they did rise from
Berried hedgerows
Boughed into the sky
As pollen might
From rough scythed
Piss the beds
Indeed a sightly sight
And true
A fledgling morn
The artist
Does indeed delight**

**And sets his easel down
Rough sketch complete**

Reflections

Reflections

The bridge

cast a scythe shaped shadow
that just happened to clip the horizontal ladder
as it arched away from the setting sun

~~~~

nus gnittes eht morf yawa dehkra ti sa  
reddal latnoziroh eht pilc ot deneppah tsuj taht  
wodahs depahs ehtycs a tsac  
egdirb ehT

snoitcelfeR

## Dali's Eyes

**Dali's Eyes**

**I**

**Want**

**To see**

**The world**

**Through Dali's eyes**

**And write like Hemmingway**

**To**

**Share**

**The blues**

**And greens**

**And the in-betweens**

**And take your breath away**

## Just Take a Look

### Just Take a Look

Just look how well she pirouettes and glides  
Between all those minarets and spires  
Caring nothing whatsoever for religion

Hey

Just look again how well she thrives  
Amongst all those preachers clowns and liars  
Caring nothing whatsoever for tradition

Hey

Just look again how well she strives  
To captivate and then discard  
Without giving anything away at all

Just like

'The Mona Lisa'

Just look how well she smiles

## A Handful of Nightingales

### A Handful of Nightingales

Take my word

It is infinitely harder

Pretending to be awake

Than it is to be asleep

Take my word

I double dare you

Tho before you do

Relinquish all that shame

And guilt

Take my word

And I will send you

A handful of nightingales

To keep you company

In the time it takes

For you to contemplate

Each possibility

From your garden

Beneath the crescent moon

Think I'm joking

Then phone me on 01.....

Although under no obligation, feel free to enter your own area code & number

In the dotted line above..... Neville

## Rainbow Rooms Incorporated

Rainbow Rooms Incorporated

To be honest

The white room

Seemed larger

Than the average

Gallery

Quite remarkably

White in fact

Indeed it contrasted

Sharply

With the grey and

Magnificently

Boring world outside

From where any

Individual

Might seek refuge if

They were so inclined

Cold marble and

Bleached oak skirting

Seemed to create

An illusion of both

Space and purity

On this occasion though

A young man and

A woman

Both wet and windswept

Each sought shelter

Independently

Of each another and the

Extreme weather

Outside the white room

No sooner had they

Entered though

**They were bathed in light  
From each direction  
Yet both ignored  
The pulsing crystal  
Set in a clasp of  
Some rare metal  
And gazed instead  
Directly  
At the white wall  
Just off centre  
He admiring and she  
More curiously  
Regarding  
The blood red stain  
Upon the  
White wall of the white room  
Despite this particular  
Observation  
Each was also  
Conscious of the other  
Of the steam that rose  
From raincoats  
Plus the tiny pools  
Of water  
That collected on  
The mirrors and  
The fact that they  
Were strangers  
Seemingly alone together  
In the white room  
A fraction later  
Without any  
Obvious movement  
Or emotion and  
Unaccustomed  
As they were**

To feeling comfortable  
The couple were compelled  
To change  
Their positions  
In the white room  
The young women knelt  
Then drew both her knees  
Together  
Resting buttocks upon  
Her heels just like  
Our Lady of the Alter  
Then raised her eyes  
In order to accommodate  
The young man  
Who stood before her  
Arching backwards  
His hands both clutching  
Breast and shoulders  
Beneath the lapels of  
Her raincoat and  
Eventually collapsing  
Across the back and  
The shoulders  
Of the kneeling woman  
Then rising slowing  
And still shaking  
The young man  
Gazed down at the  
Now reclining woman  
And noticed how her  
Black skirt had  
Somehow parted  
Along the line of some  
Invisible seam  
Of how the whites of thighs  
Were calling and how

**They did contrast  
With the black sheen of  
Silk stocking top  
And of course  
The white floor  
Of the white room  
The young man then  
Proceeded  
To further part  
The torn black skirt  
While the woman  
Probed and fingered  
Her secret garden  
Moments later  
The young man grasped  
The woman's  
Frantic hand and  
Held it fast  
And for the first time  
Their eyes met fully  
As she pleaded  
And he resisted  
Both her wanting  
And his temptation  
To plunge himself  
Into her hunger  
The couple then  
Were naked  
Having discarded all  
Damp clothing  
In favour of more  
Intimate embrace  
The woman gasped  
And took the young man  
In both hands to  
Please both herself**

**And the stranger  
Within the cool whiteness  
Of white room  
Then there was  
No more teasing  
No cautious penetration  
Fuck me echoed  
Round the white room  
And the young man  
Obeyed precisely  
Meeting the first  
Of her contractions  
With an aftertaste of  
Watered honey  
Some time later  
A small explosion  
Shook the white room  
And the young couple  
Both exhausted  
Removed themselves  
From one another  
Then after allowing  
A moment  
To rest and regain  
Their composure  
The young couple  
Hastily gathered  
All their clothing and  
Dressed in silence  
Though each was  
Tempted to ask  
For an address or  
Telephone number  
Both resisted  
And then without  
Further glance or contact**

The strangers made  
Their way toward  
The exit  
Pausing only to remove  
Their credit cards  
From the slot beneath  
The sleeping crystal  
In the centre  
Of the white room  
Outside it was still  
Raining and so  
The young woman  
Hopped on a bus  
And wondered why  
She had never taken  
Advantage of  
The white room before  
Elsewhere  
A young man lifted  
His collar  
Sucked hard on a  
Cigarette and smiled  
Knowing there was still  
A full half hour before  
Rainbow Rooms Incorporated  
Was scheduled to close  
For the weekend...

## **Tell Me**

**Tell Me**

**Tell me**

**Are you**

**Frightened**

**Darling**

**Pray tell me**

**What it is**

**You're thinking**

**Tell me**

**Are you**

**Scared**

**By any chance**

**My love**

**As you lay**

**There sprawled**

**And shaking**

**Next to me**

**Like a fallen**

**Mourning dove**

**Then whisper**

**To me**

**Sweetheart**

**Through**

**Wisps of golden**

**Hair**

**As here and now**

**We lie naked**

**On this**

**Parquet floor**

**Trying to make**

**Some sense of**

**Light**

**Escaping**

**From our one**

**Cracked mirror**

**As limbs**

**Knotted and glisten**

**In a thousand**

**Splintered reflections**

**Still yet to become**

**Memories**

**And I beg you**

**Tell me how it feels**

## Students

### Students

We are both students of  
Different forms of beauty  
My lady labours in front of  
Tall mirrors daily  
To perfect her art  
And whilst she is the most  
Severe critic of each  
Fresh line or blemish  
She might find there  
I practice daily  
In a temple without mirrors  
To remind me of all the  
Women I have ever failed  
To seduce with poetry

## Leave the Buttons on Your Blouse Undone

**Leave the Buttons on Your Blouse Undone**

**Leave the buttons on your blouse undone**

**Then blow me up like bubble gum**

...

**Roll me between your cheek and tongue**

**Then squeeze me between a finger and a thumb**

...

**Stretch me suck me bite and chew**

**Then lay me down and hurt me**

...

**Now that's what I call pain she said**

**Come on down and bring it on**

...

**Leave the buttons on your blouse undone**

**Then beat me like you would a drum**

...

**Slake me as you would a thirst**

**Then take me like I was your first**

...

**Brace me tease me bend and crease me**

**Fold me along the dotted line and appease me**

...

**Leave the buttons on your blouse undone**

**Then work me till I'm overcome**

...

**That'll do nicely he said then she left him for dead  
Before retrieving her clothes and collecting her gum from the dresser**

## Keep These Broken Shards

**Keep These Broken Shards**

**Although the rice bowl might be broken  
Way beyond repair  
Don't dare throw those shards away**

...

**Take heed my friend and listen to these words  
Then do precisely as I say**

...

**Sew one piece discretely  
Inside the sleeve of your kimono  
Then place another in my pillow**

...

**Wear one  
Wrapped in silk and leather  
Loosely tied around your ankle**

...

**Together  
These three things will keep forever  
All bad spirits and poor lovers  
From your bedroom**

...

## Street Art

### Street Art

No not porn tis street art

Take a look

a good look mind

and then another look

If you would be so kind

When looked and seen

pray tell

where would you have

those tiny circles been

and then

my how their backs did arc

no space between

to slip a brush or pen

because they needed not

No not porn tis street art

and he thought of you again.....

## **Borrowed Characters**

### **Borrowed Characters**

**Hey Fascist**

**Why not let go**

**Of all those**

**Borrowed characters**

**Yes those which openly**

**Symbolize hate**

**Each one corrupted**

**Before you were born**

**And filed in dark cupboards**

**Hey terrorist**

**Why not get a life**

**Instead of taking**

**Lives like that**

**Yes we are human beings too**

**You know**

**Regardless of what**

**Your teacher preaches**

**In dark cellars**

**Hey brother**

**Why not let go**

**Of all that hate**

**And pent up anger**

**What purpose does it serve?**

**Except to feed upon it**

**And fester like some hungry tumour**

**In dark corners**

**Hey stranger**

**Why not get to know us**

**Stop pointing fingers  
Through ignorance and fear  
Take a deep breath and a moment  
Before you hurl that rock  
In our direction**

**Hey Judas  
Why not get out of here  
While you are still able to  
Go some place and hide  
You are pathetic  
Just like so many others  
Who once queued here?  
Before being spawned  
In some dark fantasy**

**Hey neighbour  
Why not take a rain check  
And release all those  
Borrowed characters  
You once seduced and kept  
Subdued with hatred then  
Removed discreetly from some  
Dark old empty tomb**

**Hey God  
Why not save us  
There must be something  
Worth salvaging down here  
Just nod if you can hear me  
It must be time  
For another head count  
Why not make this  
Dark shadow disappear**



## The Weavers Knot

### The Weavers Knot

Despite the night tousled hair  
twas still amber and gold  
in the morning  
worn long and held loose  
in a weavers knot

Far too long to be modest  
they said  
and she had the way of a witch  
about her....

Witches cats familiars and  
friends  
far too good to be just fucked  
tho far too kind for her own good  
a white witch maybe....

Then like a cat  
without warning  
she moved to an old leather chair  
still warm from the touch  
of some familiar or other...

and that is where she sat through dawn  
with ancient quilt held tight  
A single hand on view  
seen only by her mirror  
the other she imagined might  
just be him  
at least she hoped it might...

**Despite the night tousled hair  
Twas still amber and gold  
In the morning  
worn long and held loose  
in a weavers knot  
and she tasted of honey and sea....**

## Turquoise

### **Turquoise**

**Remember not so long ago  
You asked me not to love you  
With other than my body  
And we laughed until the morning  
Then were strangers once again**

**Later though you asked me  
What I thought of you  
And I answered with my eyes  
Had I told you true  
I might have frightened you away**

**But I guess you saw beyond them  
And you did what you had to do  
Turquoise  
You're the strangest shade of blue**

## **My Lady Pleases Me This Way**

**My Lady Pleases Me This Way**

**Sitting alone**

**In her lacquered chair**

**Panties and blouse**

**Typing out old poems**

**Her blonde hair**

**Catching the sun**

**Biting her lip**

**Occasionally sucking on**

**A French cigarette**

**And sighing**

**I don't know why**

**My lady pleases me this way**

## Before Leaving

### Before Leaving

Before I leave you in the morning

Lay the blue dress I once bought you

On the floor and stand before me naked

For the last time without shame or pity in your eyes

Come rest a while beside me there are things I have to say

Thank you for your smiles and tears

They meant a lot to me more even than the white hair

You once offered me and more than all our night times

And the places we have been

Try and understand me

There are things I have to do and places yet to see

But how I envy those remaining left to find you

Now that I set you free

In spite of all those absences

I still loved you from a distance although you came and went

Like some faithful truant lover just like those flowers in the garden

On that crazy afternoon last summer

## **Painfully Yours**

**Painfully Yours**

**Now there's pain**

**And there is pain**

**She said**

**Practice daily**

**Until you perfect the art**

**Perfect the art**

**She said**

**Then all women**

**Whoever and wherever**

**They might be shall want you**

## Enlightenment

### Enlightenment

**There are no pockets in those saffron robes  
No lies or dramas hide behind those un-furrowed brows**

**Cross legged and directly opposite me he sat  
For two thousand five hundred miles  
In second class  
All the way from Bangkok to Penang**

**Occasionally we exchanged eye contact and a smile Nothing more would pass between us**

**The carriage girl served him breakfast on her knees  
and received his blessing  
I have nothing more to offer you he said**

**Whereas I would have kept my mouth shut and fucked her there and then**

**Later when he visited the wash room  
I discreetly checked inside the orange sack he left behind him**

**Which contained his personal mandela a wooden bowl and brand new i phone**

**In that moment of uncharacteristic deceit and hypocrisy**

**I became enlightened**

## What Happened to the Painter

**What Happened to the Painter**

**Why does**

**Your canvas lie**

**In a corner on the floor**

**?**

**What happened to the masterpiece**

**You promised me**

**A year ago today**

**?**

**And where are all**

**Your poems now**

**?**

**Don't tell me that**

**You've thrown them all away**

**I used to love to**

**Sit and watch you**

**Paint the days**

**I notice you are smoking now**

**And the room**

**Has not been dusted recently**

**What happened**

**To those Sunday morning eyes**

**I travelled far to see**

**?**

**I used to love**

**To sit and talk away the days**

**Let me draw the curtains**

**There's a sunny day outside**

**Walk me by the river  
The way we used to do**

**I'll show you beauty on the way  
Nothing's changed  
Except the seasons**

**And I still love you just the same**

## An Occasional Dream

**An Occasional Dream**

**Occasionally**

**I dream you are imperfect**

**You have torn your dress or grazed your knee**

**Is it possible to stumble on the truth in such a way**

**?**

## **Waiting for Cancer**

### **Waiting for Cancer**

**Today we were friends  
Then became strangers again  
Living in a city full of danger and pain  
Waiting for cancer**

**Today we were lovers  
For a brief moment in time  
Living in a city full of losers and shame  
Looking for answers**

**Today we were victims  
Then we were rescued again  
Living in a city full of rumour and stains  
Waiting for freedom**

**Today we were voyeurs  
Then were martyred again  
Living in a city full of slander and guilt  
Waiting for purpose**

**Today we were judged by the guilty  
Living in a city full of psychos and claims  
Waiting for retribution**

**Today we drew the short straw  
Then were surplus to requirements  
Living in a city full of prophets and blame  
Waiting for religion**

**Today we are but a memory  
Consigned to a handful of albums and history**

**No longer waiting for cancer  
Waiting for nothing**

## Mirislavka

### Mirislavka

Without any doubt

All the village boys wanted her

Those with a pulse

Pubes and piercings

Did anyway

The rest were either far too young

Or too old to contemplate

What they knew

To be unobtainable

Even those feral twins

Who every now and then

Seemed to live in the waste bin

Behind Nikolai's Cafe

Or then and now

In the cool shadows beneath

The rogue mimosa and apricot trees

They all wanted her

Much more to the point

Regardless of age or creed

We were all intrigued

By the crash of falling stars

Tattooed across the sharpness of

Her right hip and which disappeared

Beneath the very low cut waistline

Of her jeans or skirt

Whichever she decided to wear

And for what occasion

Tis true we all wanted her

Most days Mirislavka would only serve

**Strong black coffee  
Fresh fruit, local beer or Rakia  
But yesterday was different  
She called me over  
On the pretext of helping shift  
A crate of Kamanitsa  
From one place to another  
When we eventually got there  
She showed me where  
Those stars of hers did both begin  
To rise and fall  
And of course their final destination**

**On that particular occasion  
Mirislavka tasted vaguely of  
The Black Sea, wild mountain sage  
And of course mint  
A most unlikely combination  
But one no other village boy  
Had ever savoured  
Today those high Slavic cheek bones  
Almond eyes and olive skin  
Still compliment her hair  
The precise colour of a ravens wing  
And not surprisingly  
All the village boys still want her...**

## When They Took Away the Tumour

**When They Took Away the Tumour**

**When they took away the tumour  
They left us with a scar**

**Yet my love goes so much further  
Than the star I named for her**

**Some scars go on forever  
Whilst others not so far**

**Yet my love flows so much deeper  
Than all the oceans sailed for her**

**When they took away the tumour  
They left us with a scar**

**Yet my love is so much brighter  
Than the brightest super nova to be sure**

**When they took away the tumour  
They left us with a scar**

**Yet my love for her is stronger  
Than the strongest super-steel or super glue**

**I just wanted you to know that  
So I send it in this scribble**

**x**

## **What We Got**

### **What We Got**

**I have my routines**

**You have your rituals**

**I have my have beens**

**You have your yet to comes**

**I have my swear words**

**You have your idioms**

**I have my needs**

**You have your addictions**

**I have my oath and creed**

**You have your religion**

**I have my manuscript**

**You have your poetry**

**I have my pride**

**You have your jealousy**

**I have my wife and kids**

**You have your fantasies**

**I have my firm beliefs**

**You have your misconceptions**

**I have my memories**

**You have your delusions**

**I have my scars**

**You display self inflicted wounds**

**When I have nothing left to lose**

**Will you still want me**

## **Might She by Chance be a Witch**

### **Might She by Chance be a Witch**

**Come to me gently  
come softer than soft  
and slower than slow  
Come to me hand warmed and  
with the scent of fragrant spices  
in your hair  
Blown to us from distant shores  
on the breath of a storm**

**Come to me hand rubbed  
and all aglow  
neath robes that barely robe  
and hide nothing  
Come to me imbibed  
with warm mulled wine  
fresh from the jug  
and every drop consumed  
before vinegar sets in  
Such was our urgency**

**Nothing would be wasted here  
For waste is such a sin  
and should we spill  
a single drop  
We must rub it slowly in  
Both round and round  
And up and down  
our fingers slide and slip...  
Then looking up her master bid  
Sip my love sip sip sip  
and sip she did**

**From each of three golden cups**

**Then having sipped  
her ancient shawl discarded  
or rather slipped  
pon sun bleached decking struts  
Come my love and do not fear  
tis only sunlight dancing  
where shadows seldom kiss  
Upon and in those pleats and folds  
both you and I hold dear**

**Twass then and only then  
he dared to ask  
Might she be a witch by any chance  
Ah' yes, she might they chorused  
Come in, come in, come in  
by then though the spell was cast**

**Do I taste of anything  
She asked  
Perchance of him, or him, or him  
My lady tastes of many things  
Lush summer grass and gardens trim  
Of honey sea and sacred herbs  
But not of him, or him, or him**

**Come lay me down then  
by shore and sea  
Come take me neath  
Some forest canopy  
Not I he said  
I am far from worthy  
And fear I might be ugly  
beside thee**

Then do I sound of anything  
she quizzed  
My lady sounds of all these things  
of working mills  
and whispered spells  
of anguished gulls  
of sea and surf and sighs

If so much is true  
where then would you take me  
She inquired  
In forests green by streams and leats  
Neath bridges arched and oceans deep  
All such places and more indeed  
I would take thee  
If not a witch you prove to be

## Countless Indiscretions

### Countless Indiscretions

On reflection

There were so many indiscretions

And infidelities

So many imperfections

Not to mention

Long lost bedroom keys

On reflection

There were so many misconceptions

And insecurities

So many wrong assumptions

Not to mention

Bedroom freeze

But hey

If you would dare rotate your hips tonight

Against

The rhythm and the flow of my finger tips

Tonight

Then I will make you fly again

Regardless of those

Indiscretions and your infidelities

## Many Things to Many Men

### Many Things to Many Men

There are those who say  
He rose to the occasion  
On sacred eagle wings  
Or might they have been  
Angels  
For surely  
They were golden  
Tho avid disbelievers  
Flocked  
To that very special  
Oh' so sacred spot  
Where he hushed them all  
As children  
For he became to them  
So very many things  
Not least a  
Pilot and a beacon  
To shipwrecked craft  
An outstretched arm  
For starving men  
A fisherman and farmer  
Oh' yes  
They watched him rise  
Through fingers splayed  
Through vows and veils  
Through shallow graves  
They watched him  
From hallowed clouds  
Of dust  
Unleavened bread  
A sacred toast of wine

**He bled  
Yet not one drop  
Was shed or cupped  
Oh' yes he rose they said  
On sacred eagle wings  
Or might they have been  
Angels  
For surely  
They were golden  
Yet mid tears and sweat  
A barren cleft  
Not barely touched  
Left naked neath  
The meadow  
Known as Calvary**

## Blink

**Blink**

**Blink and there are  
No more flowers  
Blink and there are  
No more hours  
Blink and there are  
No more colours  
All of them have  
Each been stolen**

**Blink and there is  
No more ours  
No not one  
None whatsoever  
But at least there is  
No one fucking up  
In ivory towers  
All those towers  
Are now bowled over**

**Blink and the  
Clock stops of  
Its own Accord  
You can take me  
Anywhere my love  
Anywhere at all  
My lord  
Blink I told you  
We should have scored**

**So many wasted  
Opportunities**

**Blink and the amphitheatre  
Of self indulgence  
Is still there  
Where I am watched  
If not adored  
Blink you bastard  
Just do as you are told**

**Blink and the light  
Is fading  
I'm going blind  
But not complaining  
Blink  
There is a shadow  
Moving  
Where our patron saint  
Was floored**

**Blink and there is  
No more colour  
No not a single one  
Blink but will you  
Mourn me baby  
When I am no more  
And gone  
Blink oh how  
The crowds applaud and  
Sing their mourning song**

## Wanting to be Wanted

### Wanting to be Wanted

She wants to be wanted  
But she needs to be adored  
She claims to have been  
Somewhere else  
But her alibi was floored  
She wants to be the  
Centre of attention  
The apple of his eye  
To have a foothold in  
The ocean and a handhold  
In the sky

She wants to have a purpose  
But she needs to have a cause  
She claims to be a victim  
But her personality was flawed  
She wants to be needed  
And she hates to be ignored  
She claims to have been  
Someone else  
But her DNA's outlawed  
She wants to be gazed at  
But needs watching all the time

She claims she's full of passion  
But her style is out of fashion  
She is well and truly broken  
I'm afraid  
She is a woman high on words  
Her letters form a strangle hold  
Her obsessions are absurd

**Is she capable of learning**

**I don't think so take my word....**

## Ink Blots

**Ink Blots**

**While out travelling**

**He wrote to her almost**

**Every single day**

**Oh' how**

**The ink would flow**

**From his pen**

**To her paper and**

**Then along the**

**Mid fold crease**

**A row of bright blue**

**Rorschach**

**Butterflies ached**

**To be set free**

**He was a poet**

**She called him**

**Love**

**They named**

**What they made**

**Together**

**Art**

**While all along**

**The perforated**

**Mid fold crease**

**A row of near**

**Perfect bright blue**

**Rorschach**

**Butterflies ached**

**To be set free**

**Upon the world**

**Yet he saw there**

**Nothing but several almost**

**Insignificant ink blots**

## Virus

### Virus

She thrives in air pockets  
In long windless corridors  
Beneath moss mattresses  
In graveyards and gardens  
She is a survivor  
Maybe  
She takes no prisoners  
Ever  
She is always hungry and  
Get this  
She scavenges and probes  
Deep  
Within the foramen of  
Discarded bones  
And those of the living

Always present  
Never proud  
She is the gas attack  
On your private subway  
The constant  
Drip drip drip in your  
Personal cellar  
She is everywhere and  
Mark my words  
Therein a deadly army grows  
Each day  
Countless prayers  
Are wasted on her and  
Who knows  
How many tears are shed

**In her several names**

## Jun Kenshi

### Jun Kenshi

I heard he once  
made you  
into a poem  
To celebrate  
the birth  
Of a brand new day

I note by the ink  
traced  
From your head  
to your toes  
He once wrote  
the whole of you  
in sacred kanji

That was the  
very moment  
I imagine  
He may well  
have first called you  
His Jun Kenshi....

## Once Upon a Tablecloth

### Once Upon a Tablecloth

My upon my  
How the morning  
It did come  
Once more upon me  
Twas like a landslide  
Or some flash flood  
Crashing down without  
So much a  
Blooming warning  
And whereupon my  
Senses  
They did all explode

Laugh you not though  
All ye lads and doxies  
For twas then  
I spied a bank of  
Tall mirrors gawping  
Happenstance  
Reflected and refracted  
In the distance  
Yes twas there  
I saw her lying  
Pon a white and blue  
Check table cloth and true

Twas there for sure  
I saw her fingers  
Slowly drawing  
Perfect circles  
Pon belly flat and

**Of course  
Her very own  
Milk white thighs  
Yes twas then  
She thought  
None but the birds  
And bees and sheep  
And sky  
Were watching**

**But I knew  
Indeed I saw  
While all the time  
Close by  
I watched and whispered  
Through cupped hands  
And to the wind  
Mind  
Come hither love  
Come here enjoy me  
One more time  
I plead and beg thee  
Before I bid  
A fond goodbye**

## Victims of Indifference

### Victims of Indifference

We are the victim  
of indifference  
The masters  
of misfortune  
and we  
demand to know  
what right have you  
to label us insane  
Laugh at our  
gutter romance  
If it pleases you  
Dance on the  
tiny graves  
Of children  
If it pleases you  
But tell me this  
What right have you  
To hang some  
Latin name  
Outside our door?

## Love and Warm Toast

Love and Warm Toast

The breeze that blows across the field  
Carries the scent of various wild grasses  
Feral flowers and the cereal farmer's gold

Later

The miller with his cool and calloused fingers  
Shall fashion and form  
Each golden husk into breakfast

Thus

Reminding me of my mother as a young woman  
Many years ago now but always  
Smiling and smelling of love and warm toast

## Bethune Re-visited

Bethune Re-visited  
On reflection the  
Magnificently covert  
Though much  
Anticipated and  
Gentle fall of  
La petit ville Bethune  
Several months  
Before her more heavily  
Châteaued counterparts  
Was no big deal and  
Now means nothing  
In retrospect  
Having offered up  
Both flanks and front  
She was merely  
Taken from behind  
On three or four  
Occasions though  
Only briefly occupied  
Each time  
Today wild flowers  
Grow and cattle feed  
Few mortared bricks  
Remain  
To be fair though  
A half erected  
Cenotaph  
Is surely not enough  
To justify or to  
Remind us all  
Of her once  
False innocence

**Nor her beauty  
Pain and shame**

## **Last Words**

### **Last Words**

**Now I am gone**

**Note**

**How my last words**

**Linger**

**And how they**

**Live on**

**Like an echo**

**Bouncing off itself**

**Live on my love**

**Yes live on**

**In your lilac**

**Lavender**

**Lace and lapis world**

**Of oh so many blues**

**Now I am gone**

**It matters not**

**My pulse shall**

**Still dance tho**

**In the high domes**

**Of Cathedrals**

**Where the white dove**

**Circles in frayed sunlight**

**By day it does**

**At least and roosts**

**At night**

**Burn no more candles tho**

**My love**

**For I am blinded**

**By their light and**

**Still shadows**

**Dare not**

**Mark or pave the way  
For this pilgrims feet**

## **Mirrors Cracked**

### **Mirrors Cracked**

**Talk about damaged**

**I've known mirrors cracked**

**Less broken**

**Talk about needy**

**I have nothing more to give**

**So let's talk about nothing**

**Talk about angry**

**I can listen without limit**

**But drugs are not the answer**

**Talk about forgiving**

**I think it's far too late for that**

**So why not take up knitting**

**Talk about teasing**

**I call it lying**

**But you hide it well**

**Talk about damaged**

**I've known mirrors cracked**

**Less broken**

**Talk about whatever**

**Tis well known but rarely spoken**

**I'm getting out of here**

**Talk about what's missing**

**Go get some sleep**

**I just gone fishing**

## Self Harm

### Self Harm

***Aline* wears each of her many scars with pride  
Of course she has her favourites  
But don't we all**

**Those across her chest are special  
Then there are those for her eyes only or eventually  
A lover to admire**

**Each one is beautiful she recalls during psychotherapy  
An aide memoire to mark each loss or hurt  
She has endured**

***Aline* tends to wear long sleeves these days  
Particularly when her mother visits from Brazil  
Self harm you see is frowned upon in Porto Alegre**

....

## Cusp

### Cusp

Think not of mustard seeds

My love

But yet of tiny

Grains of sand

Each one

Insignificant as the next

And vying

With those ever close

Tho shifting neighbours

Eroding on

An infinite beach somewhere

Just think my love

But once

All these did serve

The very heart and soul and pulse

Of ancient weathered mountains

Indeed upon the very beach

On which we now stand

So very naked holding hands

Yet restless neighbours

Such as these

Washed by tireless waves

And pounded

Caress the fragile

Fractured spines

Of flying fish and flightless birds

Piled high as carelessly

Discarded and

Misdirected whispers

**Those lost in salt and sun  
Bleached beards of oh'  
So many demigods and  
Reckless too  
Such is the madness  
Of our fleeting youth  
Indeed of Hebe herself  
And all her sisters  
And all such universal truths  
Today tho while  
We are busy shaping history  
Tomorrow reigns uncertain**

## Sans Sustenance

### Sans Sustenance

Despite the hunger  
He ignores the gnawing ache  
To feast on imagery

## When I am Far

When I am Far

When I am far

Go lay thee down

And tilt

Your tall mirror

Accordingly until

That is

Both you and

Sunlight fit

Then and only then

Mind and when

Your privacy is

Guaranteed mind

Begin to trace

My love

The tiniest of circles

Round and round

Where you would

Have me

Slow upon slow

At first that is

And oh' so very perfect

Then faster

As your will dictates

Until

At the very least

My name it does

Escape your lips

And leaves me moist

Upon your finger tips

Then

When clothes and quilt

**Are rearranged  
And smooth again  
Let me know  
How well I've done  
Shy not my love nor cry  
Enjoy this gift  
I pledge to thee  
And do repeat as oft  
Required  
At least until I'm home  
And come again mind**

## **A Handful of Ghosts**

### **A Handful of Ghosts**

**It was while  
Sharing your  
Bed with  
A handful of  
Ghosts  
I was forced  
To conclude  
There was just  
Never enough  
Room  
There for me**

**So as I bring  
You your tea  
And a handful  
Absolutes  
Plus a few  
Home truths  
Each one  
Of them painted  
In delicious  
Black and white**

**I leave them  
Here for you  
To digest  
At your leisure  
Any time of  
Day or night  
And remember  
Whatever**

**Else you do**

**Keep my number**

## Embu

Embu

My most recent

Moving prayer

Or embu

Was performed

Today in silence

As promised

With no clock or mirror

Or stained glass

To remind me

Of where or when

Or how or what

Pray treat this

Dedication as a gift

Ultimately intended

For the eyes

Of you know who

It does not

Require incense

Chimes, amen's or

Any pealing bells

Since there really is no need

For words at all

He does not know me

And you are gone

But wish him well

And encourage him

To soldier on

Then when truly done

Blow all recollection

**Of this embu**

**To the wind regardless**

## Away With Words

### Away With Words

#### Away

With words

The wordsmith sighed

Discard all those verbs

Then leave your vowels outside

Let us write about love for a change

...

#### Aye

Away with words

Forget about your pride

The end is nigh the blank page cried

Why don't we talk about peace for a change

...

#### Away

With words

Go take a walk outside

Forget politics, religion, weather and sex

Let's all think about .....for a change

Feel free to add your own word in the space above

...

## Shield Maiden

### Shield Maiden

Though wounded and now lame  
She survives to ride o'er  
Despondent plains still laughing  
Coughing blood

Picking bones and fairly  
Cracking seeds and scavenging  
From pools and dew pits smiling  
She is weary

While old redundant hedgerows  
Thorn thick and bleeding serve  
To nourish and defend her proudly  
The night approaches

Then when she sleeps  
She sleeps a fitful sleep beneath  
Her shield and pon crowded graves  
Still heaving

The graves of those she loved  
And those once slayed in  
Woodland and on battlefields  
Still blazing

Yet forced to wander cold  
Tho free from  
Longhouse abandoned chains  
She rides calmly

A feral child as was yet ne'er

**A feral bride shall ever be  
The tarot card and rune stones  
Both decree it**

## What Do You Drive

**What Do You Drive**

**I said hey do you drive**

**?**

**She said only men wild**

**!**

**I said hey babe**

**.**

**Let's go for a ride then**

**.**

**But she drove me away**

**&**

**Then brushed me aside**

**,**

**Like a flake or a crumb**

**.**

**I had nowhere to hide**

**.**

**I said hey babe**

**,**

**Let's take a walk on the..**

**!**

**Too late she was gone**

**.**

**Oh well**

**!**

**It was fun while it lasted**

**xx**

## Heathen

### Heathen

Take note of these splinters of rough shale and bone  
Each numbered and labelled here  
Safe behind toughened glass

For these now redundant relics were  
Most surely once  
State of art technology and designed to steal breath

Take note too of these ancient tallow proofed  
Water stained and warmed cave walls  
Where back in the day we lived and hunted

Yes how we lived and roamed and loved  
Until our hearts and our bellies were contented

It was here that once magnificent beasts  
As big as London buses so they were  
Did roam free

Now though I see only ghosts of them  
In smoke from long house chimneys

Yet it is here I still see and taste a flake  
Of you my love  
Here too where a slice of me remains

Mid these clay masks and Coptic jars  
Each filled with dried black blood and honey  
Now sealed for eternity

It is here I see bronze nails and glass beads strewn

**My old obsidian blade discarded  
A single broken femur gnawed and drilled through**

**Here and there shards of painted pot remain  
Fur and feathers have long since gone though**

**And although our residue and ancient DNA  
Is still openly displayed precisely where we left it  
It does not feel right nor like our home**

**Tis here my love they queue to stare through  
Toughened glass and still they dare to call us both  
Primitive and heathen**

## A Certain Point of Beauty

### A Certain Point of Beauty

He dreams, breathes, eats and sleeps less well  
Than his once famous Spanish mistress and  
One time, would be courtesan  
He being a poet, a collector of moments  
And a connoisseur of beauty  
Arranges with a shepherd to sacrifice a lamb

He then considers leaving in the morning  
Before her daily rituals begin  
Of showering and combing  
Of breast and pelvic muscle exercise and moaning  
Long before her beauty frays  
And leaves her just another extraordinarily  
Attractive woman...

## Together Parted

**Together Parted**

**Perfect pink petals parted**

**Strobe like light pulsing**

**Then together those waves hit**

## Little White Lies

### Little White Lies

Is it okay  
To tell little  
White lies  
Not on a Sunday  
She said  
Much to my surprise

Is it okay  
To talk  
Nonsense instead  
Of course  
It is crucial  
So go right ahead

So he did  
And she listened  
Or rather  
She read  
Now she can't  
Get his damn voice  
Out of her head

## Bring Along a Lantern

### Bring Along a Lantern

Night is not  
The only dark thing  
In the sky this eve

There are  
Cormorants and crows  
Here too

Both despised  
By fisherman and  
Farmers

Come winter tho  
I too shall be thus  
Exposed and starkly

Juxtaposed against  
A backcloth of both  
Pure and brilliant white

So I do beg thee  
Bring along a lantern  
And draw the night behind you

## Reconfigure it out

**Reconfigure it out**

**There There  
Was Was  
No No  
Precise Precise  
Moment Moment**

**It It  
Happened Happened  
Over Over  
Time Time**

**Once Once  
She She  
Was Was  
A  
Little  
Girl**

**And Now  
Then She's  
I A  
Made Woman  
Her Fine  
Mine**

.

## **Incrementally Speaking**

**Incrementally Speaking**

**Life in instalments**

**Just a series of moments**

**Loving by numbers**

## Unfinished

### Unfinished

**This Poem is a song  
For you  
Without a tune  
A testament  
A symphony  
Of lost moments  
Fragmented like the  
Splinters of a  
Fractured shot glass**

**How I long and yearn  
And ache for thee  
My friend  
To be whole again  
As once we were  
Like one  
Yet still led blindly**

**To bend you naked  
Stretched and  
Taught as canvas  
Then taste and think  
Of all those  
Things important  
Château la tour and acid  
Love death god and sex**

**Yes my god with a  
Small G as always  
Then dare to hold me  
As I struggle and tightly**

**Make my next moment  
A moment on Monet's palette  
A sigh of Cohen breath**

**Do not mention  
Love tho  
For you would only spoil it  
This moment our moment  
This here and this now moment  
Rejoice instead and lay  
Upon me as a friend or  
As indeed a lover might**

## **E.U.**

**E.U.**

**Somewhere between passport control  
And Duty Free  
There is a door through which anyone can disappear  
Go check it out...**

**Somewhere between Hotel Paloma  
And the Supermarket Zora  
Is a balcony with your name on  
Get over it....**

**Somewhere between my third Rakia  
And your second port and lemonade  
Is a another double daiquiri  
Slow down a bit...**

**Somewhere between your knee  
And your navel  
Is a flake of my DNA  
Get rid of it....**

**Somewhere between that  
Unhealed bruise and your mosquito bite  
Is an area of outstanding natural beauty  
Look after it...**

**Somewhere between the Black Sea  
And the Starra Planina Mountain range  
There is a place where you can....**

**Please feel free to insert your own name, logo or inscription in the dotted space above**



## **The Last Hurt**

### **The Last Hurt**

**When were you last hurt  
I don't just mean let down  
or disappointed  
I mean really hurt  
The kind of stabbed in the  
Back hurt  
You told me about this morning  
The twisted knife in the gut hurt  
You once frequently referred to  
When were you last hurt**

**Come on baby tell me  
Hey did I just call you baby  
I bet that stings a bit  
Have you ever been in agony  
I doubt it  
I don't just mean a niggle  
Or an ache  
I mean abject misery  
No I thought not  
Never mind it will find you  
Believe me you have earned it**

## Paper Cuts

**Paper Cuts**

**Faceless**

**Paper dolls in chains**

**Cut and strung from magazines**

**Watching as each heart bleeds a mere paper cut apart**

## **I Am That Guy**

### **I Am That Guy**

**I am that guy you despise with the  
lawn mower on Sunday mornings  
after a heavy night out on the town**

**I am that guy who always reaches  
for the nearest tooth brush  
regardless of its original owner**

**I am the guy that smiles incongruently  
at your child as you pass him in the park  
on your way to her school**

**I am the guy that keys your new motor  
And pisses in public places  
Just for the hell of it**

**I am that guy who always leaves the seat up  
and who uses the f word  
In front of children and priests**

**I am the guy who spiked  
your daughters drink and fucked her  
on the way home**

**I am the guy who put bromide  
in your water tank  
and laughed about it on the way to work**

**I am the guy you have always wanted to be  
The anarchist and risk taker  
Or whoever and whatever you want me to be**



## What We Have Here

**What We Have Here**

**What we seem to have here**

**Is a solitary reminisce**

**If you don't get it**

**Get over it**

**Have a laugh**

**Don't take the piss**

**What we seem to have here**

**Is a Poet Tree**

**If you can't climb it**

**Embrace it**

**Don't hang around**

**What we seem to have here**

**Is high moral ground**

**Dig a hole for yourself**

**Or get out of it**

**What we seem to have here**

**Is a cliché**

**Go round it and move on**

**Fin**

.

## Precious Scars

### Precious Scars

Where would I be without these  
Precious scars my friend  
My very own Kintsugi

## Prolet

### Prolet

You may well call it Spring  
Here in my head though  
I can not find  
Despite the very love of trying  
I assure you  
The perfect word  
For so much beauty and the  
Newness of it blinding.....

You may call it Spring  
Here in my heart though  
There is a certain freedom  
timeless....  
Though I would gladly share  
and truly so  
This place and time  
This transient now and here  
Which we call Prolet....

## Boudoir

**Boudoir**

**Jet black with crimson lacquered walls**

**And**

**Just a hint of gold leaf here and there**

**We made out in such a room**

**I seem to recall**

**But that was way back then**

**When I was young and still naive**

**Particularly concerning colour schemes**

**And**

**Of course the integrity of certain women**

...

## Not Just Any Words

### Not Just Any Words

Let not these words

Be confined to

Shelves drawers and attics

They are far too grand

For that

And such a fate

Would only serve to

Confound and complicate

Such matters...

Nor let them be

Weighted down or bound

By shells bells padlocks chains

Prejudices or muted palates

Such words must be

Held aloft and aired

For they truly do belong

In clouds and cathedrals...

## Misrepresentation

### Misrepresentation

She was so upset when she got home

She felt cheated and claimed

He had misrepresented himself

...

He on the other hand was genuinely

Surprised and disappointed

By her general attitude towards him

...

He forgot he wore a wheelchair

Yet chose not to comment

On her misspelt tattoo and three eyes

...

## Je Riviens by Worth

**Je Riviens by Worth**

**As far as my nose  
and associated olfactory nerves are concerned  
There is no finer smell on earth  
than Je Riviens by Worth**

**And did she ever wear it well  
The merest drop dabbed lightly on those pulse points  
and evenly rubbed in**

**Drawn from an insignificant blue glass bottle  
Sheathed in a leather pouch**

**No doubt Scent from heaven  
But created by Maurice Blanchet in 1932**

## When I Was Dead

When I Was Dead

When I was dead

I could still see

A herd of wild

White horses

Their foaming

Salty mouths

Their manes and tails

Were all about me

And only when

I struggled not

Against the waves

Exhausted

Did they concede

A hoard of them and

Collectively escort me

Face down unto the harbour

## Mourning Song

### Mourning Song

Where there once were

Mountains

There is nothing now but sea

And although

I refuse to sing a mountain song for them

I shall sing a mourning one

For thee

## Skylight

### Skylight

One wonders what  
That lighted window  
Shares and with whom  
This dark and quiet night

Not tangled webs  
For sure  
Tho beauty may be found  
Therein

But rather  
Wondrous woven dreams  
Pon which  
To while away the night

While mirrors do surely  
Marvel from within  
A mighty sky view  
Star mapped and proud

## Recollections

### Recollections

I made no attempt  
To tidy up  
The dining room  
Last night  
Before retiring  
Nor did I check  
For messages or mail  
But that did not stop me  
Thinking I want  
To punish you  
And for a moment  
To withhold the pain  
You so much crave  
Maybe it was  
Just as well  
I lost your number  
Somewhere between  
The kitchen and the shower  
Although I still recall  
How much  
I wanted you  
Until that stranger  
Took you  
Somewhere off  
The French coast  
When you were far  
Too good for words  
Yet retained your  
Appetite for poetry...

## Victims of Truth

### Victims of Truth

I am a victim of truth

You are a victim too

Therefore

We are both victims

Of honesty

I would but say this tho

If the swallow truly be

The dolphin of the skies

I would have you

Shade your eyes

Let me be your ocean

Then come drown in me

## Birds on the Wire

**Birds on the Wire**

**Beneath**

**Their collective weight the thin wire bowed and in the breeze  
It gently swayed both to and fro**

**Then**

**Without any overt sign at all they grasped the cable in their claws and rose into the air**

**Climbing higher**

**until that cable arched and simultaneously they let go  
Delighting in the song it sang**

**Then they were gone**

**without a trace**

**Without**

**a single feather out of place  
Like they had never been there after all**

.

## Hey Lazarus

Hey Lazarus

Everywhere I look

I see that same old yellow Ferrari

You know the one that pseudo angel always hides behind...

Every page I turn

I read those same old angry lies

You know the ones professing unrequited love and so on....

Everywhere I roam

I sense those same old hostile eyes

You know the ones that hide behind so called history

Bah humbug.....

Every step I take

I sense increasing anger

Where risk get closer and more personal with every stanza.....

Henceforth and recorded here for posterity or maybe some other reason

I feel compelled to shout

"Hey Lazarus"

Let it be known for all eternity

That your literary resurrection is far from guaranteed.....

...

## Stuck

**Stuck**

**I am stuck**

**Stuck here**

**Like one of those**

**Now extinct blue butterflies**

**Pinned through the middle**

**And hung in the showcase of some**

**Obscene natural history display**

**I am stuck**

**Stuck here**

**Like a medal pinned**

**Posthumously to the breast**

**Of some fallen warrior or hero in No Mans Land**

**I am stuck**

**Stuck here**

**Transfixed and beginning to fray**

**Compelled to be as still as museum air**

**Inadvertently providing theatre**

**For unsuspecting voyeurs**

## **Back Streets of Banjul**

### **Back Streets of Banjul**

**Hey Toobab**

**You want cappuccino girl**

**Yeah**

**You can have her sister too**

**Good price**

**Hey Toobab**

**You want boiled rice**

**Yeah**

**We got butter fish and barracuda**

**Good price**

**Hey Toobab**

**You want bush cab**

**Yeah**

**We got colour nut, alcohol and cannabis**

**All good price**

**Hey Toobab**

**You want tourist crap**

**Yeah**

**Stacked with filth and maybe a hint of beauty too**

**Good price**

**Hey Toobab**

**Check out the back streets of Banjul**

**Everything you see**

**Good price**

## Heart

Heart

Forever keeping  
Time and marking  
Moments  
There she sits  
Left off centre

That portion of  
Herself  
She Fears no man  
Will ever want  
Yet all men crave

Nestled somewhere  
Deep within and  
Protected on all her  
Sides by a somewhat  
Softer inner core

Then surrounded  
By her much harder  
Outer shell  
Yes there it lies  
And lays beating

Waiting to be loved  
No less impressed  
Tho solemnly addressed  
Anticipating a sudden  
Surprise caress perchance

Her heart beats

**All a gentle flutter  
Like the outstretched  
Wings of a  
Fledgling sunbittern**

## Cutlery Talking

### Cutlery Talking

#### Knifing

In the whole wide world

Feels quite like

#### Spooning

Except for maybe

#### Forking

Which of course

Feels infinitely better

And that is just

A fact of life

That ain't just cutlery

For ya talking

## Before Breakfast

**Before Breakfast**

**You left a taste  
Of you  
In my beard last evening**

**And**

**On my very word  
You did taste good again  
Pon waking**

## To Whom It May Concern

To Whom It May Concern

Please excuse

This intrusion

I need to know

Your thoughts

On the union

I am about to

Propose

I need to know

Whether there is

Any point me

Reserving

A special place

For you

Within the vault

Of my memory

Safe from

Predation

As well as my own

Eventual senility

I need to know

You understand

Precisely

Where I stand

And where

To find you

Should you ever

Agree to my

Subsequent proposal

Elsewise we

Shall be forced to remain

Familiar strangers

## **A Thirst Well Quenched**

**A Thirst Well Quenched**

**A thirst**

**Well quenched**

**A sorrow drowned**

**When the words I seek**

**Go round and round and round**

**When silence**

**Says it louder than**

**Any other shouted sound**

**I don't want to say I love you**

**But something else far more profound**

## Hungry Corner

**Hungry Corner**

**Welcome to *Hungry Corner***

**Where it is not unusual**

**For pot bellied children**

**To cry themselves to sleep**

**Dreaming of sun dried fish and rice**

**Welcome to *Lonely Corner***

**Where no one ever smiles**

**Welcome to *Hungry Corner***

**Where old men fill**

**Their empty bowls with culture**

**Together with their collective saliva**

**They drool and dream of a yesterday long gone**

**Welcome to *Hungry Corner***

**Where the impossible is possible**

**And everything will inevitably turn out wrong**

## **Big Empty Space**

**Big Empty Space**

**Such a space**

**She once filled**

**Now gone though**

**Tis like she**

**Never was**

**While in the**

**Distant distance**

**Love lies wounded**

**And appears**

**To be so very bruised**

**Henceforth tho**

**As I calculate**

**This unexpected**

**Extra space**

**Now available to me**

**I sit recalling days**

**Bemused as much**

**By her sheer absence**

**Yet despite it I still do**

**Feel so very much abused**

## Read Yourself

Read Yourself

Come read

Yourself

Into these words

My love

They are my words

But

They are meant

For you

You see

I need

To find and to

Feel you here

Each time

I dare to open

This

Singular page

## Our Lady of the Harbour

### Our Lady of the Harbour

Should I call thee  
Joan or Jean  
My lady of Orleans  
He screamed  
Or maybe should I  
Call thee mistress  
Of the harbour  
Since twas across  
The very length  
Of our fine battlefield  
So green she rode  
Naked  
Minus both her  
Shield and sword

Yes twas there she  
Blushed most chaste  
Before the hoard  
Tho modesty was  
Saved of course  
Since she was  
Mounted sideways  
Pon her horse  
Aye there she sat  
Draped in the cross  
Of good Saint George  
Our lady swore  
Tho quiet of course  
She could not  
Gallop any bloody faster

**And so upon retreat  
A sure sign of our defeat  
Us men of war  
Thanked heaven for  
The galleons anchored  
Both offshore and  
For those moored in  
The harbour  
Although for Joan or Jean  
It did no good since she  
Was placed atop a pile o wood  
And burned alive  
Our lady of Orleans and  
Mistress of the harbour**

## **Ballerina**

**Ballerina**

**Like a tiny ballerina**

**She skips across the floor**

**She pirouettes then reaches out**

**To rearrange a flower**

**Naked**

**Save the broken golden cross**

**She always wore**

**Then watching from the unmade bed**

**I realise her lover said**

**I love you**

.

## The Freedom of Slaves

### The Freedom of Slaves

There were times  
I stood watching eagles  
as they circled overhead

Each exploring and exploiting  
the hot thermals  
they always found there

As a child of maybe  
eight or nine years old  
I imagined those same eagles

Might one day wear out  
that same patch of sky  
It never happened though

They are still there  
busy circling  
Occasionally I still watch them

But now through different eyes  
Surely that is the kind of freedom  
slaves dream about  
?

## **Poppies**

**Poppies**

**The true colour of venous blood**

**Sun dried tomatoes**

**Red chilli and sun-set skies**

**Poppies**

**Remind me always of**

**Victorian rouge**

**Fire engines post boxes and children's toys**

**Poppies**

**Are always there when I close my eyes**

**Perfectly juxtaposed against**

**Children in pushchairs and widowed wives**

**Poppies**

**Pinned to the chests of so many survivors**

**Veterans and additional like-wisers**

**Purposely included here lest we forget**

**Are the cynics and the do-gooders**

**Each reflected in the shimmer and the glare from Whitewashed graves**

**Always remembered**

**What else is there to say**

**Unlike the Somme Passiondale or Ypres**

**Let there always be another day**

## Canvas

### Canvas

I kiss your eyes

They leave warm oil taste

On my lips

.

Will your canvas

Ever dry

?

## Shadow Envy

### Shadow Envy

Oh' how I envy your shadow  
Forever by your side  
Yet never getting in the way

I wish our love  
Could always be that simple  
Until the very end of days

## Morning Coffee

### Morning Coffee

He takes his early morning coffee  
Strong and black  
Seated on the balconet or decking  
Sun bleached and worn smooth by  
Countless pairs of feet but then  
Who's counting....

The scent of warm croissant and  
Something musky rises steady  
From the open kitchen door  
Below and for once the wind chimes  
Hang silent  
Only bees are busy here it seems  
This morn....

Better wrap it up my buttercup  
He smiles and thinks beyond himself  
One day I shall count those  
Daisies on the lawn  
Be sure not to forget me  
Not yet  
He takes his early morning coffee  
Strong and black  
But drinks it on his own....

## La Petit Mort

La Petit Mort

Gasp pant sigh

Moan heave flinch

Take note of each of these

Involuntary contractions

Each a separate convulsion

An inseparable ache sublime

Then concentrate on pelvic thrust

Note the ricochet of rib on hip

And for a moment

When each of us is overcome

Sail or glide into temporary oblivion

Then when there is no more breath left to take away

La petit mort

They say

## Watching

'Watching'

Here midst the shadowed blue and purple hues  
I watched a lady untie her shoes

And

Then I hasten to confess I waited till she  
Removed her dress

Then

Standing naked in the foyer  
I felt not the slightest bit a voyeur

But

Rather more a manipulated victim of her  
Superior experience and eloquence

## Tis Only Angels Crying

Tis Only Angels Crying

Stay home my lord

She said

It looks like rain today

No my love

He said

Tis only angels crying

## Plum Pencil Skirt

Plum Pencil Skirt

I am not at all sure she ever realised  
Just how good she looked  
In the plum pencil skirt and matching top

However

When I remarked upon it she only very lightly flushed without giving anything away

On reflection though maybe she was aware after all  
Since she was known to gather admirers like poets save moments

Like old men collect their coins and campaign medals  
Before eventually giving them all away

Yes she looked so damn good in the plum pencil skirt and matching top she wore to the old school  
reunion

Nevertheless

I still forgot her name

## Another New Day

Another New Day

As dawn introduces  
Yet another new day  
With a mere hint of  
Gold  
Against a backdrop  
Of grey  
Tis yet but a seed  
Tho is lighting the way  
For pilgrims and lovers  
And those  
Needing to pray  
So remove those moist  
Curtains  
They just get in the way  
Heed that light  
In the distance  
Tis no longer grey  
It is surely golden  
And glowing  
Tis the birth of a  
Brand new day

## Turn Toward the Window

Turn Toward the Window

Turn towards the window

I will face the wall

Don't tell me

That you love me

I can't take it anymore

My time is mine

As yours is yours

And if the time is ripe

For leaving

Then I won't

Stand in your way

You've hurt me

For so long now

By wanting this

And wanting that

Nothing really tangible

But never satisfied

Take your

Pocketful of poems

Your patchwork jeans

Check out your sanity

Go ride on your misery

Let me be a memory

And leave me now forever

## Harbour Side

Harbour Side

The moon this night  
Is ours  
My very special friend  
Tis ripe and ready for  
The taking  
Bathe naked in its glow  
And stack those pretty  
Smiles of yours  
In row pon row on row

Then keep those eyes  
Wide open gazing  
Glazed till overcome  
He wants to take you  
By the harbour  
Where gulls bad boys and  
Voyeurs queue and argue  
Each vying for a better view

Yes twas there in spite of  
Saline sea sprayed wetness  
Each enjoyed so much  
That both were overcome  
Face down and barely moving  
Pleading long and loud tho  
Like they'd not done since  
They were very very young

Oh' love I need to feel you  
Pulsing pushing stroking  
Do come inside I beg thee

Then afterwards when  
Hardly breathing aching tho  
On harbour side until the very  
End of ends I'm yours  
My very very special friend

## Beware of Mirrors

Beware of Mirrors

As I turned to watch her  
Sweep those dreadful blues away

Beware of mirrors  
I thought I Heard Her say

The stuff that hides behind the silver  
Will never go away

Oh yes beware of mirrors and  
All forms of reflection

Since too much light and insight  
Will only serve

To make you blind  
One day

## Fine Young Disciples

Fine Young Disciples

When you  
Have had  
Your fill  
Sweetheart  
And he his  
I do wonder  
Who shall  
Discard who  
Yes I do still  
Wonder  
Every  
Now and then  
Will it end  
In tears  
I imagine  
That it might  
Maybe even  
Always will  
That tho is  
The risk  
You take  
Longevity or  
Brief liaison

Talk about  
Love  
You dream  
About it  
But no it's  
Not for you  
Fixated as

You are on  
Fairy tales  
And stardust  
The time  
Has come  
To choose  
My love  
Choose now  
Or risk  
Loosing  
Each and every  
One of us  
Fine young  
Disciples

## Feral Girls

### Feral Girls

The feral girls of *Foo Kin Ya* move like rats on speed and crack  
Among the shadows and the debris of deserted bars and café's  
Those that line the pavements and the jetties where individual  
Hopes and dreams lay shattered and discarded like so many ice cream wrappers  
Where once desecrated temples yawn and a handful of disciples still puke monochrome  
Where one way or another anything goes  
Then disappears quicker than a mercury and a margarine fix  
.

## When Duty Calls

When Duty Calls

When duty calls be there

When love calls obey

No questions asked

Just do it

Like there may be no tomorrow

Like there were no yesterdays...

## Head Rest

Head Rest

Where would thee  
have me rest my  
head my love

I pray and beg thee  
tell me do  
upon a nail or hook

Above thy bed  
or somewhere else  
entirely

Where then would  
you have me plant  
these seeds

In wilderness  
or garden green  
pray show me  
show me show me

By some waterfall  
perchance or scented  
meadowed stream

Or indeed maybe  
somewhere in between  
pray tell me tell me tell me

Where then would you  
have my tongue

tell me taste me show me

Then when you have had  
your fill and fun by all means  
you may of course discard me

## Ten Dead Chickens

Ten Dead Chickens

We woke to find ten

Dead chickens in the yard

.

Not a single broken neck between them

And no throats cut either

.

This was not the work of

Dog fox dingo or feral cat

.

We checked the water was untainted

And the grain still fresh

.

However without funds and goods

To exchange or pay the Vet Man

.

It was necessary to consult

A local Shaman

.

Who threw three bones

A stone and a feather

.

All loosely bound in un-tanned leather

Against the dung wall

.

He then concluded

We were visited in the night

.

By some mischievous Dust Devil

Who simply came to play and merely took

Ten chicken's breaths away

.



## In a Moment Gone

In a Moment Gone

Far better

To be

For a moment

Than never

To be

For eternity

## Orchid

Orchid

Like

An orchid

In a storm

.

You

Are bruised

And you are torn

.

You

Are no

Longer beautiful

.

## Empty Sky

Empty Sky

Not deep enough to drown in  
Dont you kid yourself he said

More shallow  
Than a shallow grave maybe

But somewhere  
I might rest this weary head

Here lies a poet tired  
A poet drained and dry

Not wide enough to fly in maybe  
But above him empty sky

## Crumbs of Comfort

Crumbs of Comfort

Crumbs of comfort

Spread real thin

Across a thick slice

Of imagined

Unleavened bread

Will have to do

At least for now

Me ma said

Before she shooed

Us all out the door

Another failed harvest

Was to blame

Three in a row

Made worse

Since father's boat

Was lost at sea

Or at the very least

As yet not back

And ma she wept

Those dry silent tears

She never cussed tho

But shook her head

And wiped her cool

Calloused palms

Down the front

Of her pristine pinny

When less is even more

Than nowt

And bellies ache

And strangely swell

Regardless of these

So called crumbs of comfort

## Colours Without Names

Colours Without Names

Did you know  
There are colours out there  
Without names...

Although it takes a time slip  
To catch the slightest glimpse  
Of even one...

And even then  
They are impossible  
To grasp or tame...

Only those who borrow  
Or steal time  
And play such games...

May be privileged  
To catch a glance  
Even then though...

Only if they want  
You to notice them  
Will they avail themselves...

## Between Mountains

Between Mountains

What a ride that was  
Never now to be forgot  
Those awesome mountain  
Passes beaten

Pale wood smoke rising  
Hidden mountain croft  
Where we might once have  
Laid there naked

The forest now though  
Stripped by hungry winter mouths  
Makes way for bud and green  
No remnant of a season past and still tho

As high we climb  
Below obscured by rainbowed clouds  
Yet still I remembered that would be  
The perfect place to say goodbye

## In The Beginning

In The Beginning

In the beginning

When everything was fine

When you were just another body

And I was but a liar

I must admit I much prefer

The mutual innocence we shared

On cathedral afternoons beside the river

Now punished by your absence

I must confess

I never realised my hand was quite that close

To your undress

Did I frighten you away

?

## Babies Don?t Bounce

Babies Don't Bounce

Babies don't bounce

Bulace are blue

Babies don't bounce

Bruises are too

Babies don't bounce

Brute that you are

Babies don't bounce

## I Am What I Am

*I Am What I Am*

I am not

A fish            *Don't try to catch me*

I am not

A trophy        *Don't try to lift me*

I am not

A priest          *Pray forgive me*

I am not

A prophet       *God forbid*

I am not

A prize          *You do surprise me*

I am not

A target         *So don't try and hit me*

I am not

A memory       *Not yet anyway*

I am not

A moment       *But not far away*

I am not

A liar            *So listen to the words I say*

I am me         *Believe me*

## A Peck Above the Brow

A Peck Above the Brow

When the  
Very next

Cool and  
Mint fresh

Lip shaped  
Impression

Forms just  
Above your

Left brow  
You will

Know precisely  
Why it came

To rest  
There and

Exactly when  
And how

## Dear Capricorn

Dear Capricorn

The remnants of a childhood

Defile and decorate

The lonely space between

Her ribs and shoulder blade

Like old reptile skins or silk brocade

The much abused and perfect wound

Cries out for solitude

Dear Capricorn

I only want to rest my head upon

Your silver anklet chain again

...

## Ghosts & Shells

Ghosts & Shells

We don't need to be  
Reminded  
We are poets after all

There are certain words  
That need  
No explanation

But rather  
Leave one breathless  
Gasping

Now tho we are nothing  
More than  
Strangers on a landing

Mere ghosts and shells  
Of our former selves gone  
Like footprints on the shore

## Fire-Crest

Fire-Crest

Dance naked for me Fire-crest

Decapitate the rose

Then tell me of your love for sailors

And remember

This last half gram of opium

Can only be

A token of my love for you

## The Initiation

The Initiation

Perfectly undressed and waiting

Wide eyed

And just the slightest bit afraid

The alter gown discarded

Her virginity displayed

Then wanting without wanting

That her innocence should please him

She offered up her maidenhead

To satisfy the blade

## Beautifully Broken

Beautifully Broken

She fell in love with imperfections

She could see that we were flawed

With a golden thread she mended us

But twas him that she adored

## Signor

Signor

Hey friend

Would you accept these five Cohibas  
For a ride into town?

Si signor

For a cup of coffee and a plate of beans?

Si signor

For a night with your wife?

Si

For the hand of your daughter?

Si signor

You drive a hard bargain amigo

No signor

I drive a 1952 Chevrolet but we have to eat

## Upon Her Ears

Upon Her Ears

At the very same time he brushed aside  
That single strand of her night wilden hair  
He whispered soft through grey flecked beard

Then

Blew these words upon her ears  
Have no fear my love for now although  
I let you go I shall return and love thee even more so

## Tserevo Korja

Tserevo Korja

Here in Tserevo Korja  
Where I feel most alive  
I sup alternately upon  
The scent of wild thyme  
And strawberries  
Before scalding my mouth  
On the first of many  
Strong black coffees  
Drawing and almost  
Drowning on the breath  
Of a brand new day

Today, I still remember  
That steaming hot summer  
When Nikolai built  
The old stone wall for us  
In less time than it took me  
To write a single poem  
And even then  
Long after the sun  
Was directly overhead  
He seemed quite content  
To place each stone and rock  
Precisely where he knew  
I wanted it to be

He also shed less sweat  
Than those of us who  
Sat and watched him labour  
He knew of course  
That wall of his would eventually

Be offered as a gift and serve  
To protect those of us he loved  
And lived within that perfect  
Mountain harbour  
We now call Tserevo Koria

## We the Innocent

We the Innocent  
We the innocent  
The nameless  
Approximately  
Six million of us  
Give or take a few  
Hundred thousand  
No longer fear you  
Do you hear us  
Ignorant creator of  
So many saints  
Master of the oven  
Collector of hair

## Bang On

Bang On

After much persuasion

The young man was allowed

To remove his spectacles

And force himself like some blind butcher

Just a little way inside her

After the agony the sacrifice complete

The young couple examined

The consequence of love

And both were sick

When they had recovered

From their experience

He whispered

Tomorrow will be different wait and see

You bet it will

She answered with indifference

Tomorrow you can fuck yourself

If you call that fucking me

## Conch

Conch

When I stare into the sun

blinded

I am reminded of the conch

I really am and hey

We are not meant to do such

Things alone

After all we are mere mollusks

I have decided

Gram negative and positively so

Attached

By some frail pseudopodium

To crystal violet rocks tho toxic

## A Single Breath

### A Single Breath

Without any doubt at all  
He said  
There is another world  
Out there  
A world of wonder wind  
And wild  
So then without a single  
Word  
She stole from him a  
Gasp and sigh  
Then kissed them back  
To him  
Before she smiled  
And waved  
Then bid a fond goodbye

## A Cautious Distance

A Cautious Distance

A cautious distance  
Is what her instincts  
Say she must afford  
Fearing above all else  
What her dear café  
Friends  
Might make of it  
Interpret  
Frown upon  
Or indeed applaud  
Answers on a postcard please  
Or call me  
You have my number.....

Those vicious rants  
So despised  
Yet so very oft adored  
Poor poets one and all  
So would he....  
Might he.....  
Must he.....  
Throw it all away  
For a handful of poems  
And a promise  
Answers on a postcard please  
Or call me  
You have my number.....

## Freedom

Freedom

After sharing the last

French cigarette

My lady turned her face away

And said

We are free as two wild flowers

Tomorrow

We will still be free

Free enough to forget each others name

## Havana Skies

Havana Skies

Hey kids

Check out this still Havana sky

Where magnificent

Delta winged frigate birds fly so very high

Then be

Prepared to rest a while

Beside some long lost turquoise swimming pool

And marvel

As these

Sun bleached rainbow towels they dry

Tempting emerald hummingbirds

To sip from them

Hey kids

Just listen to those eagles cry

The swallow and the swift must surely be

Both the dolphin and the porpoise of the skies

## The NHS Alarm Call

The NHS Alarm Call

Hit it once

And

Half a dozen of them come running

White coats and black stockings

Ticking boxes

Pushing buttons

All intent on probing

Hit it twice

And

One might come, eventually

Tut tut tutting

Criticizing

Disempowering and finger pointing

Hit it three times

And

Nothing happens, nothing happens at all

Silence, tears, adrenaline pumping

Humiliation

Let's get him out of here

## No Cage for Thee

No Cage for Thee

The brightness of the light

You see

Is greater than

The you and me

So take these words

Fly high and free

I dare not keep you

Tho tempted as I am

And true

For you would

Surely die

Deprived of sun and moon

My love

And of the sea and sky

You shall never be

A keepsake

Nor must you be contained

I therefore set you free

My love

From cages and all chains...

## Aith?

Aith?

Blood orange bleeds yet sweetly  
Dying mountain snow  
Whilst Mount Etna's lips do glow

## A Moment

A Moment

For a moment time was stilled

*And*

Became a total irrelevance

It was then though

As I waited and watched from the sidelines

Like some predatory voyeur

That for a moment nothing

Whatsoever seemed to matter

Yet in that instant

A hunger came upon me

*Heavy*

Like some dark depressive curtain

It was then I lost

All sense of direction and purpose

It was then

I realised she was lost to me and gone forever

.

## Salt Marsh Fields

Salt Marsh Fields

Lavender

Lilac and forget

Me not blue

A blustery breeze

Be blowing but true

Butterflies buckets

And spades

Pon my word

My fine friend

Were those not

The days

Golden

And carefree

Sun downwardly

Beating

Cuckoo's a coo kin

And spring

Lambs a bleating

In salt marsh

Fields silvered

Where we once

Shared our first kiss

Aye there

Where a handful of

Poppies provided

A pillow and

Wild garlic grew

In disorganised rows

Tis where we oft

Enjoyed picnics and always  
Had daisies n sand tween  
Each of our  
Perfect pink toes

## Arbeit Macht Frie

Arbeit Macht Frie

If work genuinely sets you free my friend  
Then please continue to labour  
For as long and hard as you are able

Enjoy the fruits of your endeavours certainly  
But if it threatens to shackle or condemn you  
To an early and anonymous demise

Then I would suggest you resign loudly enough  
So that future generations might hear  
And take heed

Some things must never be forgotten  
Or for that matter repeated  
Except in the sure company of those similarly afflicted

## Everywhere I Look

Everywhere I Look

Everywhere I look

I see that same old yellow Ferrari

You know the one that pseudo angel always hides behind...

Every page I turn

I read those same old angry lies

You know the ones professing unrequited love and so on....

Everywhere I roam

I sense those same old hostile eyes

You know the ones that hide behind so called history

Bah humbug.....

Every step I take

I sense increasing anger

Where risk gets closer and more personal with every single stanza.....

Henceforth then and recorded here

For posterity or maybe some other reason

Let it be known for all eternity my friend

Your literary resurrection is far from guaranteed

.....

## Penang White Coffee

Penang White Coffee

Somewhere between Butterworth and KL  
We hit Parit Buntar where they always serve  
Penang sweet white coffee

They also take on ice for the restaurant car  
If I do not record my passing through  
Who would ever know  
You were the only reason for my brief visit  
?

## Famous Last Words

### Famous Last Words

Kyng Vortiger *sayeth* only once  
We shall this day hold them back to a man  
*Wyth* our *bowes* and *shafte*

...

With *self bowes* of yew he *sayed*  
We shall guard this isle of ours and let  
same *bowes follow the string*

...

While *cuivre's* overflow with *fetchings*  
culled from grey lag  
Each shot upon the wing

...

## Broken

Broken

The night arrived on time  
Dark and desperate  
Descending sweet yet tainted

Like black treacle  
Cracked as old stained glass  
Upon an empty table

Pain weary and measured  
In the weight of dried fruit and  
Petals of flowers strewn

Reed like tall and proud  
Tho yesterday we were bowed  
Seriously bent bruised and bled

Twas then we ached aloud  
Broke eternal  
Pon both linen sheet and cloud

## My Fathers Jacket

My Fathers Jacket

Here you are again she said  
Retrieved from the pile  
Reserved for charity shop donations

For that is where she found me  
Wearing my father's old baggy jacket  
Is that so strange tho I ask

Even now the taste and the very  
Scent of him is dear to me  
This is where his essence lingers yet

This is where I feel and hear him sometimes  
As my body warms the fibres  
Safe in these old Tweed threads of his

Here in these so very hugged  
And well worn sleeves I ache hungrily  
Then cry as a child might cry

Unashamedly and with so many  
Unpunctuated sobs  
Then as both hands are well and truly lost

In deep side pockets  
A long forgotten handkerchief  
Surfaces to light and usefulness again

Wiping tears with fingertips I find myself  
Wondering how many wishes were once  
Held fast in that single knot

Tied by his own hand near the corner  
Next to the blue silk of his monogram  
Where I still sense him near

## Puppy Love

Puppy Love

I really thought she loved me  
It was the salt though  
That old girl licked the most

## Catching Flies

### Catching Flies

The girl they call *Tomorrow*  
Had already drawn fresh blood  
Before I could reach her

Her yelling and her screaming  
Served only to further un-nerve  
The recently admitted

Whereas those who had been around forever  
Continued as *normal*  
Whatever that should mean

The compound heaved and swarmed  
With moving shapes and figures  
Like *Walking Dead*

Shoulders hunched mouths wide open catching flies  
Those drug induced clenched jaws  
Deny the hungry and deluded of coherent speech

Those eyes red, vacant, terrified and remote  
Give no clue whatsoever to the cause  
Of any individual or collective pain

Nevertheless the fact remains the girl  
They call *Tomorrow*  
Had drawn fresh blood again

...

## Butterworth Crows

Butterworth Crows

Before the crack of dawn

The Butterworth crows assembled on the wire

Like black cloaked and hooded crones

They often haggle and moan over nothing more than carrion and crusts

Today though

The Butterworth Crows prepare to rejoice as

yet another spurned lover

Casually checks the timetable against his wrist watch

Before stepping blindly from the platform

Directly into the path of the

04.35 from Chandri

## On Being Human

On Being Human

We are

What we are

As much

Made by others

As we are

Genetics

And by chemistry

We are

Not much more

Than victims

Each bound

As much by

Ignorance as by

Fear and individual

Suffering

We are

What we are

Subject to

Indifference and

A degree of personal

Loathing

We are

What we are

Objects to be

Stared at

Ridiculed

Laughed at and

Variously abused

We are  
What we are  
Make no mistake  
There are no  
Universal laws  
And misery  
Is entirely optional  
My friend

## Once an Item

Once an Item

We were once an item way back when

With an affinity for losers

And students of Zen

Remember

?

We'll remember this too

Today's rust was yesterday's chrome

Right now is for youth right down to the bone

Remember

?

There are those that nip and those that tuck

Those that finger and those that fuck

There are those that pause and those that jump

Those that linger and those that gloat

Take it easy on my memory though

Recollection sucks

.

## Before I Go Blind

Before I Go Blind

Seize for me the sun

For I shall yet have the moons

Most fairest daughter

## Old Poets

Old Poets

Old poets never die  
Nor do they simply fade away

They either write  
Themselves into a corner

Or get written into history by  
Someone else they say

Maybe a lover or a stranger  
Who knows it matters not

I notice I am history from today

## Out of the Blue

Out of the Blue

It was not until  
She placed  
Her perfumed  
Finger tips  
Upon those  
Very perfect lips  
He drew lazy  
Circles on  
Last night  
She ever  
Realised that  
Marriage kids  
And roses  
Round the door  
Were no longer  
On the menu  
But were  
Dreams she had  
Since she was  
Just a little girl  
With freckles  
Ankle socks  
And lollipop's  
Somewhere else  
And once upon  
A time  
Whilst elsewhere  
It did  
Dawn on her  
She had been oh

So very wrong  
About so many  
Other things besides  
Thereafter though  
To pardon him  
Of all the blame  
She had once cast  
When anger burnt  
Both brain and heart  
She opened up  
And cried  
Moments such as this  
She said  
Might be all  
We ever have  
I know  
Yet I would  
Rather these  
Than all the bruises  
And the lies  
So many men  
Have given me  
In days long past  
I now choose freely  
To forget  
And willingly let go

## Out of Sight

Out of Sight

Just because

I no longer write

Does not mean

I no longer

Think of you

On the contrary

Since my eyes

Have left me

Blinded there is no

Alternative

Thinking though

Is such a

Very poor

Second best

I will have you know

## Let's Call That Day a Week

Let's Call That Day a Week

I am sure

I won't be here

For long

It seems your love

Has all but gone

Let's talk about sex

Let's talk about

A state of mind

Talk about out of date

Let's talk about sad decay

Let's talk about fantasies

Let's talk about you and me

Let's talk about his n hers

Let's talk about hot n cold

Let's talk about young n old

Take it from me

Babe

Let's be young

For maybe

One more day

Let's call that day a week

## Erigeron

Erigeron

Here in these old  
Stone walls  
And garden paths

Between the cracks  
In cobbled walks and  
Long forgotten hearths

I watch you  
Smile and dance  
And waving

From the borders  
And the cracks  
Of my crazy paving

A beguiling triumph  
In sun and partial shade  
It matters not

Why or when or even  
Where they lay  
While here and there

Silver cuckoo spit and  
Silk cobwebs are each  
Laid strategically

In order to compete  
For natures  
Number one spot

Against a back drop  
Of wild perfection  
You dear Erigeron

Yes you my sweet  
Fleabane shall  
Make me smile again

## Life Before Bar-codes

Life Before Bar-codes

Do you remember

What life was like

Before implants

Before bar codes

Before dress codes

Before micro chips

Before cell phones

Before downloads

Before who knows

?

## Old Sea Walls

### Old Sea Walls

It was not until  
some vague and  
uncertain time  
during his third  
visit to the Saints  
Constantine and Elena  
He first noticed  
the old lido had  
finally given way  
to the ocean  
Here there and  
amazingly even  
where the old  
fish bar  
had once stood  
shards of now  
long fractured  
reinforced concrete  
rose  
from the Black Sea  
on the back of  
black rogue waves  
and for a moment  
stood almost proud  
again  
mid the silver  
foam and spray  
of a miss named  
harbour .....

## Ache

Ache

She took or rather stole

So many things from me

Although I can't complain

I now ache so very tenderly

## There Are No Graves

There Are No Graves

There is no place no place at all

On which the wind might caress or blow or lay to store

Though blow it does relentlessly and it never fails to chill us

to the very core

...

Likewise there are no graves or markers on which the snow might fall

Though fall it does believe me and it tends to burn us all

...

There are no birds no birds at all

that respite on these rotting posts and rusting wire

There are no trees nor grass or leaves to provide shelter from the

impending storm

...

There are no words no words at all

that might describe the void this ache the sheer turmoil

The *Auschwitz* that contains my soul

...

## Best Before See Date

Best Before See Date

You might well call me

Out of date

Just because

My fingers now form

Obsolete chord structures

Upon and in the air

Where they remain

Fixed like catatonic and

Invisible statues

Within disturbed ether

Yes precisely there

Where the very breath

Of you sighing claws back

Unfamiliar harmonics

From vaguely familiar

Yesterdays

Vacuum packed embraces

Sterile kisses

Pon freckled faces

Smiling .....x

## Dance

Dance

Dance not upon  
Swollen dew soaked  
Meadows  
But on banks of mill pools  
Deep dark and still

Where I shall have  
My way between these  
Shadows  
Keen and calling  
Deep dark and still

Somewhere gasping  
Laughing loving mid  
Quiet forest  
Cool calm and becoming  
Deep dark and still

Then to dance a dance  
Of freedom sighing  
Ne'er to come  
This way again  
Dark deep and still

## A Sound for Sore Eyes

A Sound for Sore Eyes

Here it seems we  
Have a single thread  
Laid bare for all the  
World to see

Fragile faded worn  
And frayed  
Like some discarded  
Pair of old blue jeans

Yes and yet within a  
Whisper and a single shout  
More coveted than golden  
Worm casts

A word was spoken loud  
And became a melody  
Falling light upon the  
Ears of deaf men sweetly

Like a feral choir bursting  
From some fragile nimbus  
Mouthing sound to  
Sacred long lost hymns

Unsynchronized yet  
Splendid shy and proud  
Twas then the words  
I love you could be heard

Through walls and

Windows of cathedrals  
Recited from the mouths  
Of angels smiling

Such sounds did play  
Upon the mind and  
Retinas of a blind mans  
True imagining

Mid scent of dried  
Decayed and drying herbs  
There in vague shadows  
Senses spun and wheeled

Each drifted down in turn  
And wrapped him safe  
In colours he could feel  
And taste and smell and hear

For it was time  
He bade farewell to  
A would be goodly  
Sightless melancholy man

## Poppy Seeds

Poppy Seeds

I was really  
Doing nothing then she was there  
Walking by my side wild flowers in her hair

I told her of  
The lives I've led of yesterdays that  
Made her laugh and tales of a paradise that was

She told me of a land of dreams  
Of a kingdom built on poppy seeds  
Where it never rains and the flowers never die

Somewhere  
Way above the clouds  
And maybe just a little to the right

## I Found Myself Thinking of You

I Found Myself Thinking of You

I once found myself  
Thinking of you  
While my father lay dying in another room

The more  
I dwell on such things  
I realise that more than just a fragment of me  
Died there too

.

## Captivating Games

### Captivating Games

I  
Want  
To be the kite  
At the end of your string

I  
Want  
To feel like a hawk  
Making love on the wing

I  
Want  
To be that colour  
Over there without a name

I  
Want  
To be a player  
Without playing silly games

I  
Want  
To be your prisoner  
With shackles and no shame

Not too much to ask for surely

## Chaos Theory

Chaos Theory

Tick

A butterfly

Gently closes

Its wings

And alights

On a previously discarded

Match stick

Somewhere in the Indian Ocean

Tock

A thousand

Children die

Crops fail again

Another drought

And fifty million square acres

Of rain forest are lost to us each year

Tick

Mutant virus

Escapes from lab

Another Policeman stabbed

Tobacco kills but politicians kill even more

## Tomorrow Lost

Tomorrow Lost

Let us raise  
Our glasses  
To all those  
Times  
When dreams  
Were not enough

To all those  
Hurts  
We hide behind  
And the time  
Your smile  
Turned  
Upside down

When our  
Beloved blues  
Assumed  
The shade of  
Absent bruise  
The smallness of  
Another day

Yes let's drink  
To all  
Tomorrows lost  
And moments shed  
Like reptile skins  
Along the way  
Now long forgot

## Looking Just to See

Looking Just to See

It was while he was looking  
Just to see  
He smiled the easy smile  
He would later  
Become known for  
You know the one  
That made his eyes burn bluer  
Than the bluest of blues

For the briefest of moments  
He saw them both savored  
And wasted  
Infinitely etched and indelibly  
Traced without so much as a hint  
Of definition like the finest of fine  
Cobwebs and each  
One of them was smiling

It was there draped  
Much like silk  
Upon his opaque lenses  
Such fraught filigrees now clouding  
Those fondest of memories complete  
Though now much truer than  
The very truest true  
Yes twas then a cry was sounded

Yes he had a voice indeed  
And through it whispered  
Let it be recorded now  
In ciphers codes and alphabets

In Roman

Rune and ancient hieroglyph

Let us ne'er forget dear friends

To call such moments poetry

## Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Right now on  
Both sides of our  
Most recently  
Manicured road  
Green fields are  
Smiling  
Smiling gold again  
The way it always  
Happens here...

Okay so it  
Happens slow  
Slower than a  
Casual blink  
But faster than  
A local  
Long drawn yawn  
And every year it  
Happens the same way...

Far further than  
The casual eye  
Might ever see then  
They wait in their own  
Scarce shade  
For long shadows  
To prime and signal  
The first of this years  
Precious harvests...

Each heavy

Seed swollen head  
Bent and bowing in the  
Same direction  
Now prepared to yield  
After poppies then  
Sunflowers might just be  
My favourite flower for today  
And maybe tomorrow even...

## Miss Me Hard

Miss Me Hard

**Miss me hard**

**Tho hardly miss me**

**Kiss me quick**

**But never love me**

## The Whimbrel

The Whimbrel

**The Whimbrel**

**Until its first flock**

**Tends to be a sad and generally retiring**

**Sub-species**

**Of the more gregarious Sand Piper**

**Frequently mistaken from a distance**

**Or a painting**

**Or a distant painting for the latter**

**In general terms**

**Its longer legs and distinctively curved bill**

**Have specifically evolved to help**

**While standing in the water**

**Sand Pipers**

**With shorter legs and distinctly**

**Straight bills though similar in plumage**

**Find by their sheer numbers**

**Insufficient roomage to stand and be compared**

**To their most distant cousin**

**The Whimbrel**

**Cannot be mistaken for the Knott**

**A buff coloured shoreline bird**

**Nor a shag**

**A tiny black relation of the Cormorant**

**With the propensity to try and mate with**

**Anything that dares to move**

**Hence it's name**

**From behind though and with knees bent  
The Whimbrel is quite indistinguishable  
From the Sand Piper**

**Any self respecting Shag  
Will testify to that**

**But not the Knott  
Which tends to lead  
A far more solitary existence**

**The Knott's  
Plaintive and unmistakable call  
Wish I wasa, wish I wasa, wish I wasa Shag  
Can of course be offensive to  
Shoreline artists and young virgins**

**The Whimbrel  
Being largely mute  
Is oft considered far more appealing  
From both a photogenic and acoustic point of view**

## No Hint of An End

No Hint of An End  
These words have no  
Beginning but they  
Bounce and echo loud  
Around the labyrinths  
Of the same shell  
They were first  
Imprisoned in long ago  
Fine words They are too...

And when Whispered soft  
Might be mistaken  
For the sea and wind  
Mouthing and teasing  
Her wild golden  
Finger combed hair  
Brushed back and yes  
Still damp and salty...

My lady once lived  
For such poetry  
Yet she would lay there  
Hardly breathing  
Just in case the spell  
Got broken  
Then on waking fully  
She would look up and see  
Through a perfect Ken Simm sky...

Twass then he felt her kiss  
South of the nape  
His neck did cry  
And she did crave

Gentle as the downward  
Thrust of lichen green  
Lacewings wings  
Passing them by  
There in the cove of their  
Safe and secret harbour...

Yes indeed for  
That is where words  
Such as these  
Go round and round  
With not a single  
Hint of beginning  
No sure sign of a middle  
And no  
No certain trace of an end even....

## One Day Maybe

One Day Maybe

One day he  
Sincerely hopes  
You realise

He simply  
Hurt you  
To be kind

Twas a  
Short year that  
A long month tho

You wore a  
Short dress  
He wore long pants

You baked bread  
He built boats  
Somewhere by the sea

Elsewhere  
A heart was broke  
End of story

## She Sparkles

She Sparkles

She sparkles like Dom Perignon

She glows like Mucha's Joan of Arc

As sweet as Crema di Limoncello

More lethal than a great white shark

## Crimson Swathe

Crimson Swathe

Somewhere in this crimson swathe  
Wasteland by any other name  
Hope lies in a field of poppies

One day we might just make out here  
If it should please you  
Or elsewhere should it please you more

Here in this crimson swathe  
Wasteland by any other name  
Hope died long before the poppies came

## A Thimbleful of Seeds

A Thimbleful of Seeds

Some men  
have their faith  
Some men  
have a way of life

I have a thimbleful  
of seeds  
A fistful of weeds  
A pledge an oath a creed

We Kenshi  
call it *Dokun*  
Some men  
reach for the moon

Some men  
clutch at straws  
There are  
those I know

Who would  
gladly die for what  
they most believe in  
Love and life

Are my religion  
and I would not hesitate  
to die  
For each of those

## A Silent Refrain

A Silent Refrain

It would be so  
Very easy to  
Just let go and fall  
In love with her

It would be  
Far harder to refrain  
Come tell me what  
You know my darling

Of all those things  
We do call  
Love and pain  
My world is full of them

How very cat like  
Of you Kitten  
Come teach me of poverty  
And hard times romantic

## Always & Forever

Always & Forever

Forever in  
your shadow  
Wherever shadows lay  
Forever in  
your depths  
As deep as they might be

Forever in  
your depths and debt  
For all eternity  
What more  
might a slave possibly want  
discounting freedom....

## Bring it On

Bring it On

Every now and then  
I stumble on the truth  
Dont we...

And it happens

Without us looking  
Maybe we should look  
Less often...

As it happens

Only every now and then  
It makes perfect sense  
To let it be...

When it happens

Don't hold back then  
Embrace the moment  
Bring it on...

Then afterwards

Enjoy the moment  
Sshh let it go  
But keep the memory

## And They Called Her Iris

And They Called Her Iris

As a rainbow she appeared

And then as one

They each fell

Hopelessly in love with her

One upon one, upon one

Upon one

Until all her beauty

Was revealed

And then they named her Iris

## Cold Under The Coat

Cold Under The Coat

Oh my love  
How I must have changed  
Since we last failed  
And so deliciously

You never faltered though  
Or paused or turned  
For one final  
Backward glance did you

Nor did you drop one of your  
Elegant gloves as we passed  
In the second hand book store  
I know because I checked

I checked the next day too  
And despite it being summer  
And with mercury still climbing  
I recall a distinct chill

It was the moment the hem of your  
Dress brushed past my knee  
Yes it was then I promised myself  
Another beard come winter

You may laugh but I have considered  
Taking up walking with my mandolin  
Or a meerschaum pipe maybe  
Perhaps you would notice me then

Although I trust my self less

With you these days than I once did  
With nicotine  
Which took some quitting too

I kept the old green corduroy coat  
By the way but only ever wear it now  
In the garden and on special occasions  
Because you once liked it

And because  
It still smells of you  
At least I think its you  
It could be no one else for sure

Oh my love  
How we have both changed  
Since failing  
And so completely

## On finding Truth

On finding Truth

It was while out seeking  
Moments  
He did stumble and find  
Truth

Although now fading  
He did see fit to save it  
To a single page

Henceforth he shall be  
Remembered  
Not as a lover or a legend

But as a poet who once  
Poemed and penned both  
Love and universal truths

## Mirror Envy

Mirror Envy

Oh lord

You really have

No idea

How much I envy

Those tall mirrors

Over there

And those images

Reflected

They contain

And tho you take

My eyes and sight

You can not take

This pain

I need it like

I need

These memories

To feel alive again

## Fonts and Guises

Fonts and Guises

There are some men  
Who need wars  
To hang their egos on

Bullies  
Most of them  
Although together

We might  
Just break them  
Cleanly

Then there are poets  
Who need nothing more  
Than bread and words

Where then  
Might they  
Hang their hero's

Where better than the  
Consciences and pages  
Of both readers and sages

Tis true then  
Truth comes in a  
Range of fonts and guises

## A Gift of Seasons

A Gift of Seasons

Although

I have so many

Autumns now

Beneath my belt

It was

The winters

Stole

My youth

Tho spring it would

Distract me so and

Took

My innocence

Twass summer

Always smiled

On me and pointed

T'ward the truth

Then would you have it

Any other way my friend

No, but gift me

One last summer....

## Any Colour at All

Any Colour at All

Hey you  
Don't go  
Changing colours  
At least not yet  
I need to see you  
In the pink  
My precious  
Gold and green  
Before I die

Hey you  
Don't go  
Chasing colours  
The way you  
Used to do  
We are way  
Off camera babe  
I know  
Just how much  
You need  
To be watched

Relax my little one  
Come enjoy  
The gentle pressure  
Of these calloused  
Finger tips  
Then let my tongue  
Show you how  
And where to bleed

Hey you  
There really is  
No other  
Quite like you  
Maybe going blind  
Is no such  
Bad thing after all  
I shall miss them tho  
Those colours  
That remind me  
So very much of you

## Underwear

Underwear

Her slip it slipped  
Significantly

Her shift it shifted  
Slightly

Where would she have  
Me rest my head tho

All be it laid  
So very lightly

Come my love  
Pray tell me do

Beneath the quilt  
And show me where

Somewhere neath  
Your underwear

Come unto me and  
Show me where

Pray show me  
Show me show me

## Herb Song

Herb Song

I note where once her  
Feet and skirts caressed  
The meadow lightly

There the scent of wild  
Herbs rose to satisfy the  
Senses and then did follow

Wild mint and oregano  
Each scythe scared yet served  
To perfume my ladies hem

Mowed and harvested before  
A pre dawn swift departure  
And leaving not a scar behind

Sweet lemon balm and sage  
When placed upon  
The pulse of lovers then

Did serve to rouse and  
Please then calm  
The most ardent of libidos

Yes where her  
Feet and skirts caressed  
The meadow lightly

Twas there the very scent  
And taste of wild herbs rose  
To treat their bodies fondly



## Thinking Backwards

Thinking Backwards

If I die now  
At least you will  
Have read me  
And that feels good  
As good as when we  
Showered  
In the forest  
With only a bucket  
And sun warm rain  
Between us

But weren't those  
The days  
Laying leafy and curled  
Mid canopy filtered  
Solar rays  
And shyness behind us  
The kind of days  
Poets crave and  
Films are made of

Too golden for eyes  
And just a splash of green  
Both here and there  
To finger and caress  
I used to smoke back then  
Remember  
But crave you now  
More than I ever did  
Those Marlboro's

Funny isn't it  
I often think about  
Our little echoes  
And where all those  
Smoke rings went  
And do you ever wonder  
What happened to our laughter  
I know I very often do .....

## Blood Red Rim

Blood Red Rim

Tis beauty rare contained therein  
Ne'er to divide  
Her crescent blood red rim

So guard it well  
With cloth and prayer and seraphim  
Then rise my love be born again

Tho still so very far away  
How fondly shall I think of thee  
Wrapped safely in an ancient shawl

Pon leather chair and yes before  
Her mirrors opaque and vacant stare  
She sleeps tho fitfully dreaming of a lover

Then ponder till my safe return  
Then let us dance and dance again  
To this most sacred requiem....

## That Secret Place

That Secret Place

Oh' my secret love

As I kneel at your feet

My love

Pray take me to that secret place

Where I might be complete

Oh' my secret love

Let me taste your secret taste

Let me feel your secret heat

Take me to that secret place

Where I might be complete

Oh' my secret love

Your secrets safe with me

My love

I shall be discreet

Pray take me to that secret place

Where I might be complete

## Why When Where and How

Why When Where and How

Why do you want me she said

?

*Because*

!

When do you want me she said

?

*Now*

!

Where do you want me she said

?

*Everywhere*

!

How do you want me she said

?

*All ways*

!

Okay you got me she said

...

## Flawed

Flawed

You may never know  
How often I opened  
Your page and looked  
Down on you  
Posing naked  
From the waist down

Was he really so damn good  
Or just another trick  
You turned  
I remember that shirt tho  
Unbuttoned just far enough  
To reveal the gentle cleft  
Between those small breasts of yours

I may have even once  
Just called them buttercups  
No hint of a smile tho  
Just a quickie for the camera  
Did he tell you  
To sit like that I wonder  
With your knees so well parted

Your mother  
Never sat like that  
But then you know that don't you  
Hey I never knew you had so many  
Piercings  
You never told me  
But then why would you

Is that check shirt  
You are wearing mine or his  
And is it blue or black  
It's hard to tell in  
Monochrome for certain  
Did you steal or borrow it  
For the sake of modesty or art even

Whatever  
I just love the way your  
Eyebrows arch and finger combed  
Loose hair falls over those shoulders  
To reveal a near invisible scar behind  
Your left ear and which makes you  
Not quite so perfect after all my dear

## Kunoichi no Geisha

Kunoichi no Geisha

Sitting lightly  
In my Very own  
Darkness  
And smiling brightly  
With Arms  
More folded  
Than the laundry  
You left at the feet end  
Of our once  
Shared tatami rice mat

A distant flute called  
Discrete warnings  
Tho softly and broken  
Like a bruised  
Chrysanthemum  
While the strings of  
My Father's old wood  
Shamisen each  
Bleed fresh poetry

It was then  
I found the daisho  
Hidden  
In the folds of her  
Favorite kimono  
Yes  
It dawned on me then  
I still craved sushi and  
Dear Kunoichi was no  
Ordinary geisha...



## Singular I?s

Singular I's

The more

I think

I think

About us

Then the

More I realise

There is no

Us, is there

Today we

Are no more

Than a pair of

Singular I's

Oh' and a few

Loosely scattered

Obsolete were's

For good measure

That's all

We are now

Summed up

On a lonely page

## War a Senryu

War a Senryu

Nothing good ever really  
Came from hate and war  
Except for poetry and peace

## Through a Tangle of Shadows

Through a Tangle of Shadows

Through a tangle of shadows  
I would watch and I would wait

Her silence first seduced me  
Then served merely to castrate

With tongue placed firmly in her cheek  
She burnt her candles black and cream

With no purpose but to feign obscenities  
To control, confound and confuse

Then before she left  
She made me kneel and bow and kiss

The yellow tinge  
Around the edges of her bruise

## Dirty Margarita

Dirty Margarita

At first the three  
Green olives  
Threw me slightly

Whereas the  
Salt caked rim was  
Usually a dead giveaway

Forget fake news  
Tonight  
We are talking forgery

Right now tho my second  
Dirty Margarita is going down  
Far too fast and hard on me

## Tanka - Tanka

Tanka - Tanka

The confused  
Frail and elderly gent was  
Dragged from his rattan bed  
In the early hours  
Then thrown into the back  
Of a heaving, hungry and  
Impatient black ambulance  
Parked outside the compound

This was the result of  
Having pissed in his  
Daughter's wardrobe on three  
Consecutive nights and refusing  
To eat the *fish benachin* or  
Piece of fruit she had previously  
Prepared for him *with so much love*  
Or so she said

Several other souls were taken  
That night too to *Tanka-Tanka*  
Where each was injected with  
Strong white man medicine  
Which served to wipe out the  
Syphilitic spirochete and the tiny  
HIV virus in one single blow

Until that moment, both pathogens  
Had fought to control the already  
Compromised nervous systems  
Of their unsuspecting hosts  
Three quarters of an hour later

The confused, frail and elderly gent  
Was already well and truly dead

His daughter and her scheming  
Husband together with their  
Five children would later inherit  
And share between them  
The sum total of the old fella's  
Grand estate  
Which comprised of the following

The old gent's rattan bed and  
Rotting mattress, a wooden stool,  
A leather bucket, a pink plastic bowl  
And a total of twenty five dalasi  
So was it worth it, I asked his daughter  
*Of course* she replied  
*This is Africa my friend.....*

## From a Certain Distance

From a Certain Distance

Her beauty

From a distance

Was comparable with

The setting of the sun

Withdrawn

And going down

On me yet available

To all and each and everyone

## Fly Me in Circles

Fly Me in Circles

These words were conceived  
During a mid summer storm  
While making love slow  
To a very special friend indeed

And they are our words  
Or rather they are now hers  
Since she begged me for a poem  
That she might call her very own

And so, I made her this  
The precise moment that she bit her lip  
And made my shoulder bleed  
Such moments are very rare indeed

Oh baby take away this ache  
Take them when the storm is done  
And raptors cry aloft as one  
Then in circles, take me take me take me....

## The Appetite of Voyeurs

The Appetite of Voyeurs

The Appetite of Voyeurs  
Is truly insatiable

Never satisfied

I know this only too well

Because I have been watching them  
Through keyholes and lenses

My entire life

## Over The Hill

Over The Hill

Over the hill

Not far away

There is an acre

Unfulfilled

Tis where indeed

This ache of mine

Lies oft ploughed

Yet rarely tilled

## My Chest it Flutters

My Chest it Flutters

Oh' how my chest it flutters so  
As though a nest of fledgling doves  
Reside therein

My heart it hath not danced so much  
Since I was but a virgin girl  
Oh' so many many moons ago my love

## The Wind Cried Mary

The Wind Cried Mary

The wind it  
Called her name  
And she was gone  
But a star  
Was born instead

And while no one  
Knows  
For sure  
Just how many  
Stars burn bright

Mark these words  
My friend another one  
Shall surely shine tonight  
While I shall whisper soft  
Her name again that of Mother

## Love and Warm Toast

Love and Warm Toast

The breeze that blows across the field  
Carries the scent of various wild grasses  
Feral flowers and the cereal farmer's gold

Later

The miller with his cool and calloused fingers  
Shall fashion and form  
Each golden husk into breakfast

Thus

Reminding me of my mother as a young woman  
Many years ago now but always  
Smiling and smelling of love and warm toast

## Trapped

Trapped

She

Looks

Too young

To have ever been

In love with anyone

Although I heard that once she

Carved both wrists in an effort to get clear

## Bedroom Walls & Borrowers

### Bedroom Walls & Borrowers

When gazed upon and slowly so  
These old stone bedroom walls  
Of ours  
Share their clay painted off white  
Earth born faces  
Which morph and merge then  
Gradually dissolve and disappear  
Ham stone delinquent every one

Yes indeed  
By candle light  
The serving wench and whore  
The cider maker  
Washer woman  
Milk maid and poets several  
Plus Beryl Whitaker of course  
They all still linger around the tap room

A mere four hundred years  
Of DNA  
Tis all preserved  
Between the floorboards and the  
Ceiling of our bedroom  
Where lovers love and loved  
And fought and so many others died

Yes indeed  
Between the reign of James 1st  
And our dear Elizabeth 2nd  
The truth cannot be denied  
The Borrowers delight

In taking things and moving them  
Both by day and in the dead of night

## For The Sake of Poetry

For The Sake of Poetry

For the sake of poetry

She said I could take her anywhere  
except for in the garden or on the stairs

It seemed that both were sacred  
To the memory of some previous lover or another

However that's as far as sacred went  
and therefore

I could have had her in the tartan mini  
The one with the red and black squares

The one she wore out on girly night  
That went with her cropped dark hair

On reflection I now wish I had been as free then  
As she was in the spring of.....

## A Ladies Man

### A Ladies Man

I used to be  
Such a ladies man  
But in the end  
It would have been  
The death of me  
So I did turn instead  
Toward my  
Secret plan  
And gave you  
The very best of me

And you did take  
That gift and you did  
Breathe it in  
And you did  
Hold it fast  
And you did  
Lock it in  
Yes I used to be  
Such a ladies man  
But in the end  
You would have been  
The very death of me

## Somewhere Behind These Eyes

Somewhere Behind These Eyes

You can not punish me  
With silence  
My ears crave the hush

Neither can you hurt me  
Now with poetry  
For I am since blinded

And no longer crave or care  
For words  
So pray be still and quiet

Your moment is no more  
But gone and truly lost  
Such moments are but sins tho

At least they are in my book  
And still in draft form  
Somewhere behind these eyes

## Infinity

Infinity

As far as these  
Damned eyes  
Of mine can see

White crosses  
Everywhere and  
To attention stand

Row upon even row  
Condensed in fields  
And in meadows deep

From here  
To no mans land  
Hero's numbered

Each and every one  
Remembered  
Soil tho scarleted and still

Where ghosts of those  
Who fell still tread  
A bugle calls them

And they are led  
Red upon red upon red  
Tho silent now they lay

Where silhouettes of widows  
Weep and where poppies peek  
As shy as your first lover

Here where  
There once were hedgerows  
Infinity stands still

## An Autumn Harvest

An Autumn Harvest

Come hither and tarry  
Mid these wind fallen apples  
Come hither and tarry  
While they're strewn all around

Come hither and gather  
Them swiftly my lover  
Before they do bruise on the  
Parched autumn ground

Use your pinny and shawl  
Your basket and boots lass  
Come gather wind fallen apples  
As they do lay all around

Use your hat and your dress  
Your coat and my barrow  
And fill to the top girl  
The old cider maker's press

In this drought in this valley  
Come hither and tarry  
Come gather wind fallen apples  
And true....

Then stack em all proud  
And pile em all neat girl  
To slake the hunger and thirst  
Of they who work in the fields gall

Then come hither and tarry

Mid these wind fallen apples  
Come hither and dally  
So we may one day yet marry

In an orchard in autumn  
Just ripe for the picking  
Sweet wind fallen apples  
And so bloomin true .....

## Double Jeopardy

Double Jeopardy

When you finish beating me

Why not relax and

Allow me to take over

## Don't You Dare Stop Now

Don't Dare Stop Now

Don't you dare stop now

She said

Find where I arc then rest your head

Don't leave me hanging by a thread

There is a point I need to reach

She begged

Beyond which this ache of mine shall come

To a most delicious and welcome decline

## Best Friends

Best Friends

Now we are completely threadbare

I feel compelled to ask

What are best friends really for

Answers on a first class post card please

Tho I do so hope not

should you eva catch a cold

I would surely lend my hand to hold

And should by chance you eva need to holla

I would be your cough sneeze

and your swalla.....

'A little bird told me to say that'

## Never Not Once

Never Not Once

She never once saw  
The true blue of his  
Eyes  
She was far too busy  
Crying  
She never once heard  
Him read his poems  
Out loud  
She was far too busy  
Denying  
She never once felt  
His fingertips and lips  
Between  
Her shoulder blades  
She was far too busy  
Conspiring  
She never once tasted  
His true salt  
Nor the soil of him  
Vaguely  
Reminiscent of both  
Pine forest and sea  
She was far too busy  
Being angry and  
Drowning in self pity  
Now of course  
She never can or will

## Correction

Correction

Correct me if I'm right

Correct me if I'm wrong

Correct me if I tell the truth

Or stray inside your thong

Correct me if I fail to please

Correct the enthusiastic futile squeeze

Perhaps a yard or more beyond

Those sun burnt knees I stand corrected

## Disinterested

Disinterested

I skip from your Internet poetry  
To the guns for sale page  
Intent on acquiring  
Just a moment  
Of your  
Time

One way or another be sure  
I shall eventually succeed  
Are you interested  
Now  
?

## Food for Thought

Food for Thought

There upon  
An ancient  
Quilt she lay

Pretending  
In a kind of  
Shy way

To hide  
From him  
Wrapped

Tho loosely  
In her favorite  
Rice-paper negligee

Yes twas then  
She said you'll never  
Starve luv

No not in  
A month of  
Sundays

## Inside Her Pants

Inside Her Pants

Inside her pants a puppy dog  
Inside her smiles a pussy  
I want to take them home with me  
I really am not fussy...

I am really folks honest, just you try & find something that rhymes with pants  
Go on, I double dare ya

## Client

Client

She was more than just an accessory

Although the judge and jury

Declined to admit

They were each

To her a

Man

?

Client

She was more than just an accessory

Although the judge and jury

Decided to admit her

Amen

?

## Fondly and Truly

Fondly and Truly

Just because I slowed right down  
Does not mean I stopped loving you

I thought I saw you falter  
And thought it best to let you go

And truly

As lightly as a feather might  
Leave a trace of ache behind

I set you free  
But darling every now and then

Occasionally I pray do think of me  
Like you would of waterfalls and sunshine

Like you would of lovers past  
Fine wines and holidays...

Yes my love  
Do think of me fondly

And truly always

## Good Time Girl

Good Time Girl

Just flicking through old brown photographs  
Killing time growing old pretending not to care  
Collecting dust and dandruff from her  
Precious locks of hair

...

The walls of her apartment are littered  
With the centrefolds of women's magazines  
She claims not be to a martyr  
But admits to being many other things

...

Today she spends her time remembering  
The many times she gave relief and once got  
Fifteen quid plus syphilis from a politician  
On the other side of town

## There Are Those

There Are Those

There are those that give and those  
that take

There are those that fly and those  
that snake

There are those that prose and those  
that verse

There are those that pray and those  
that curse

There are those that whisper and those  
that shout

There are those that are in and those  
that are out

There are those that love and those  
that hate

There are those that thirst and those  
that slake

There are those that hide and those  
that seek

There are those that laugh and those  
that weep

There are those that do and those  
that don't

There are those that should and those  
that wont

There are those that run and those

that fight

There are those that hunger and those  
with no appetite

And then there are those .....

## A Perfectly Reasonable Question

A Perfectly Reasonable Question

When I am no more and gone  
Who will tend or mourn the space  
I leave behind if anyone  
?

## Splitting Hairs

Splitting Hairs

I shall not talk of magick  
Nor dare I write of spells

I refuse to burn green candles and  
See no point in splitting hairs

Last night though for a moment  
The moon was almost ours

## Stashed

Stashed

That left over view  
We consign to memory  
For ever held safe

## These Words

These Words

I would never be contented  
If these words were bound in leather  
And only ever exercised  
By potential debutantes  
Both before and after saunas  
In great halls of etiquette somewhere

Likewise

I could never be contented  
If these words were never spoken  
But only ever utilised  
To prop open boudoir doors  
Or to legitimise the whores  
Beneath an ancient quilt somewhere

## Deciduous

Deciduous

Are you not cold  
Tis winter after all  
Enquired veronica  
The ever greenest shrub  
Of the naked and still  
Shivering tree

Yes I am very  
Very cold indeed  
And will be oh' so much  
Re-leaved when  
Spring returns and  
Smiles down on us

Me too replied the  
Naked bush  
Deciduous  
Yes of course I love you  
Both so very much  
Sighed Veronica

## Poppies

Poppies

The true colour of venous blood

Sun dried tomatoes

Red chilli and sun-set skies

Poppies

Remind me always of

Victorian rouge

Fire engines post boxes and children's toys

Poppies

Are always there when I close my eyes

Perfectly juxtaposed against

Children in pushchairs and widowed wives

Poppies

Pinned to the chests of so many survivors

Veterans and additional like-wisers

Purposely included here lest we forget

Are the cynics and the do-gooders

Each reflected in the shimmer and the glare

From whitewashed graves

Always remembered

What else is there to say

Unlike the Somme Passiondale or Ypres  
Let there always be another day

## When Does Trust Kick In

When Does Trust Kick In

Pray tell me

Where and when

Do you think

Trust kicks in

Might it by some chance

Be forged within

These secret midnight

Trusts we plan

Or from more

Treasured

Lacquered truths

Perchance

Or from the very

Sweat

We shed

And skin on skin

Or from that

Single moment when

Eyes first meet

And gazes lock

Unsteady hand

A gentle sigh ...

Post climax wave

Then aftershock

Pray tell me

Kitten

When does

Trust kick in

## Yellow River

Yellow River

From its source to the sea and along its entire length  
Including every tributary

The mighty Yangtze would if there was any justice  
In this cruel world shed at least a single tear

One for each of those predominantly  
Female breaths it stole in recent centuries

And all for the sake of some obscure law  
Some archaic form of population birth control

However even the mighty Yangtze contains  
Insufficient water to wash away the guilt entirely

For taking each and every one of those  
Legitimate or bastard daughters

Go check out the bloated and decaying bodies  
Those that form a log jam like over ripe bananas

In the most remote of eddies and the gullies  
Of the so called mighty Yangtze

One can only imagine how many wives, mistresses  
Lovers, scientists, engineers, orphans, artists, entertainers

Philosophers, teachers, farmers, doctors, prostitutes  
Beggars and martyrs even

Who might have perished in those putrid flowing waters

And compelling undercurrents of the mighty Yangtze

Some it seemed escaped though and made their way  
By some means or another to places of safety

Where now they live as only partial victims of a much despised  
And decomposing culture

A changing culture though and now experiencing recurrent guilt  
And frequent separation anxiety of its very own making...

## Childish Smiles

Childish Smiles

She

Came to me

With childish smiles

Blue eyes and full of dreams

She

Stole my mind

And for a while I would

Appreciate her little schemes

## Wishes

Wishes

Wish we fed more ducks

Wish we spent more time talking

Wish we walked more miles together

Wish we shared more smiles

Wish we had hugged more

Wish we had spent longer on the river

Wish we had argued less

Wish we had got drunk together

Wish I had taught you to drive

To ride a bike and the names of birds

Wish we had climbed a mountain

Run a marathon and played more chess

Together

Wish we had learnt more chords and

Sang more songs together

Made more dens and built more sandcastles

Wish we had caught more fish

Argued less and explored more together

Wish we had splashed in more puddles

Climbed more trees and

Laughed more together

Wish we had done this and that

Wish we had more time my son

Wish we fed more ducks...

## Assessing the Blues

Assessing the Blues

I see you and  
You are not blue  
Most definitely not  
Mediterranean  
Chows tongue  
Or Maltese sky blue

I see you  
In fact I can see  
right through you  
I hear you  
You don't sound blue  
Most definitely not  
True  
Berry  
Powder  
Paint-box  
Or duck egg blue

On the contrary  
I can see and  
I can hear you too  
For what it's worth  
I would not consider  
yourself blue  
If I was you  
I would consider  
myself read

## Indecent Propositions

Indecent Propositions

I shall try so very very hard  
To keep this simple sir  
She said

As a general rule I charge  
Twenty English pounds  
Full on

But only ten  
For giving head

We have other things on offer  
Daily specials if you please

You can try me out while standing  
Or take me on my knees

Can I tempt you with a freebee sir  
Check the menu out  
She said

Remember  
Twenty English Pounds  
Full on

But only ten  
For giving head

...

## Perfect Imperfections

Perfect Imperfections

Never mind the epicanthic fold  
Nor the simian crease  
She really is a picture to behold

## Alphabetical Infidelities

Alphabetical Infidelities

Andy, Bob, Chris and Dave

Eric, Frank, Geoff and Hal

Ian, Jim, Karl and Lee

Not forgetting

Mike, Ned, Owen and Pete

Then of course there was

Quentin, Rick, Steve and Tom

Not to mention

Uriah, Vic, Walt and Xavier

Who first seemed a decent chap

But also good old

Yves and Zack.....

These are just a few guys

She screwed behind my back

## A Woodland Encounter

### A Woodland Encounter

I wandered through  
A dark green wood  
And came across a glade  
Whereupon I spied a gnome  
Reclining in the shade  
He asked me if I knew the way  
'To where' was my reply  
To this he tutted several times  
And quickly said 'goodbye'

## Breaking Bread

Breaking Bread

As you live and breathe in your  
World I live and breathe in mine

Yet the distance set between us  
Marks empty space and time

Tho since you have your life ahead  
And mine is hanging by a thread

Come my friend and break some bread  
Before I have to love and leave you....

## Time Past

Time Past

Time past

Now lost

Except for

Maybe

In the minds

Of old men

Blind men

Mad men

Old sepia

Photographs

And of course

Painters and poets

## Always Yours

Always Yours

This love for you  
Can not be bought  
Borrowed shared  
Lost or loaned

Nor can it be bound  
By time or distance  
It can not fettered  
Tainted or watered down

By the desire  
For any other material thing  
I give it to you free  
And unconditionally

Forsaking the very breath  
And bread of life  
No catch no clause  
No forfeit whatsoever

Yours Always

## Indecently Yours

Indecently Yours

Almost indecently

Too *good* to be true

She would *work* on him *discretely*

In both *monochrome* and glue

However

Let us not pretend

Or kid ourselves

We each belong in *different hemispheres*

You and I

Whilst I am

Loosely bound by some *psychosis*

You are clearly tethered

To an *ocean* and to the *sky*

We belong on separate pages

You and I

But just to be on the safe side

*Suck it and see*

He said

Cut it and bleed

*She bled*

Then having bled

She placed a silver flute between her lips

And took a sip of alter wine

Only then did she concede

To join the cult and dance a jig upon  
Both his wand and on mine

## When I Find You

When I Find You

When I eventually find you  
You will surely be  
My final indiscretion

And

When I inevitably do  
I shall take you every way  
You ever wanted and wherever too

## Good and Proper

Good and Proper

Above all else

He wanted her

Yes

He wanted her

To love him

Not the way she

Loved orphans

Though

Like those she

Found begging

Draped in the

Faded flags of

Nations

Long defeated

Oh' how he

Wanted her to

Want him

And shed tears

Like those she

Often shed

For the fallen

And the beaten

Aye above all else

He wanted her

To love him

Yes to love him

Good and proper

Not like those

Song birds

She loved  
Forced to fall from  
Italian skies  
Like those that litter  
Ancient plazas  
Hungry for a  
Private blessing  
But good and proper

## Four Letter Words

Four Letter Words

The word 'fecundity'  
In my personal opinion  
Is one of those words

I had often heard of so to speak  
But never actually used in real terms  
Until the eve of my 25th birthday

The word 'fecundity'  
In my own humble opinion  
Is one of those words

That both could and should be  
Used more often in everyday speak  
Around the globe

And most definitely more so than  
Certain other words in particular

Some of those all too frequently  
Inappropriately used and often

Offensive four letter ones  
Like Hate and Risk and Love and Nice

## Take Me Somewhere

Take Me Somewhere

Take me she said

Take you where he enquired

Take me here there and everywhere

And elsewhere too besides...

In the car behind that tree

Against the wall and on the stairs

And sshh... just between you and me

I love it in the garden...

## War is Not for Lovers

War is Not for Lovers

Over the top my beautiful boys  
The sergeant major cried  
Think of your mother, your sweetheart  
And remember them  
When thunder cracks around your head  
And fear burns your insides

And Tommy did  
He remembered her hand  
In desperation, a talon  
Crushing, clinging to his wrist  
Cold as the ever stabbing wind

He remembered her eyes  
Once beautiful and full of life  
Frightened now and tired  
Like those of some caged wild animal

He remembered how  
Twelve months ago  
He had held her in his arms  
And kissed away a single tear  
As the engine whistle blew  
Be brave he said  
I love you  
And think of me till I return  
And lay down by your side  
War is not for lovers  
The station master cried

A moment later, the front line

Fell in unison  
As if precision timed  
A piece of jagged metal sang  
A private groaned  
And blood and mud entwined  
War is not for lovers  
The sergeant major cried

## Two Harbours

Two Harbours

Three cities

Two harbours

A single promise

Broken

Broken neath

An uninterrupted

Blue

Maltese sky

Valletta

Has not changed

At all

My love

I swear she

Is the very same

As when you

Last left her

Cool as her

Many cobbled streets

More favoured than

Two harbours kissing

A true romance

Holidayed

Yet still aching

A mere finger tip apart

## Truism

Truism

What we seem to have here  
In abundance

Is much of the sameness  
That eventually broke us.....

And

While the world is filled with  
Such moreness

It would seem that these words  
Are nowt but a work in progress

=

Truth

## Hark thee Lover

All that is now known  
To exist  
Between night and day  
Hangs  
In the balance  
Delicate  
As individual  
Shards of broken glass  
Like snowflakes falling  
Silent  
Upon a hushed  
Sunday morning sidewalk  
But all that now means  
Nothing does it

Hark the lover harken

Come listen  
To the wind song  
Calling  
Filled to brimming  
With lies and false laughter  
Then note a blemish on  
Horizon  
Wild as tea leaves  
Each stirred blindly  
Into chilled spring morning  
Sunlight golden  
Starlings dance another  
Perfect murmeration  
Then they too are gone

## noitcelfeR

noitcelfeR

Before I managed  
To escape  
And found myself  
I was a mere reflection  
In a mirror  
On someone else's shelf

## Remarkably Unfinished

Remarkably Unfinished

Discover me

She said

Then celebrate

Each

Find you make

Along

The way and

Mark them

With a x

Oh' yes she said

Explore

And contemplate

Each

Rise and fall

Each turn and curve

Each

Cleft and crease

And subtle dip

Examine me

With fingertips

And eyes and lips

Then

Let me go and freely

## Until Spring

Until Spring

How I wonder  
Each and every  
Year  
How many  
Leaves  
Might shed a  
Tear  
As they  
Tumble and  
Fall to the  
Ground

Each one of  
Their dances  
Unique  
A golden  
Explosion  
A seasonal  
Masterpiece  
Of sight  
Without Sound

No doubt  
About it  
The very  
Prettiest cloud  
And  
Something  
Surely  
To consider  
Out loud

The briefest of  
Wind blown  
Murmerations  
Individual heroes  
Versus flocks  
Of willing sheep  
Those  
That take a dive  
And those who  
For love do leap

## Waiting

Waiting

Listen for the sound of sunlight

Here

Where the words of tiny children

Seem

To echo in our hollow

As lichen hangs like an old mans

Beard

From the twisted boughs and limbs

Upon which

We once freely used to climb

There is a certain sadness here

A stillness and all too familiar quiet

But new

Like an overdue Spring

In the wake of an extended winter

## Discarded

Discarded

Mind how they do  
Wrangle and wry  
Frozen and stuck  
As funeral time  
With raised eyebrows  
And their fingers all  
A pointing  
As thick as the mud  
On their hems  
And their boots  
Like penny toys from  
Christmas crackers  
Already binned or broke  
And thrown away

## Locked Out

Locked Out

Do you remember  
She enquired  
When we first  
Became orphans

Indeed I do  
He replied  
It was the day  
The key broke in the lock

I remember  
The precise moment  
We realised that nowt  
Would ever be the same again

## Disequilibrium

Disequilibrium

There is no such thing as

Equal

It's a truly mismatched

World

With no approximations

And

Where balance is absurd

There is no such thing as

Perfect

It's a faulty fucked up

World

Where victims weep in

Silence

And where their screams

Are seldom heard

There is no such thing as

Justice

Or even purpose in such

A nihilistic world

Fin de l'histoire ...

## Together

Together

A top of the tide and

An offshore breeze

A sprig of rosemary

Left behind

With nothing else to

Mark the spot where

They were laid to rest

Entwined and side by side

## Some Words Are Too Heavy

Some Words Are Too Heavy

Some words are far too heavy

While others are too long

The heavy ones too Cumbersome

To weave throughout

A single love song

:)

## Global Warning

Global Warning

The moon was  
Roughly  
Blown off kilter  
Like a silver white  
Balloon  
Torn free from a  
Young child's hand  
Still clutching  
Like  
Some perfect sphere  
Or silver florin  
Floating  
Slow but high  
Across the skies  
Elsewhere  
A child  
Is now crying huge  
Pre-spring tears  
Each hauled from a  
Dew pit overflowing

## Sylvia's Mother Said

Sylvia's Mother Said

Sylvia's mother said  
Let go and forget him  
No way is he worth it  
Let go and enjoy being free

Sylvia's mother said  
Your babies are hungry  
Whatever you do keep them  
Safe and away from your poetry

Sylvia's mother said  
Both Frieda and Nicholas  
Must not be allowed  
To go it alone

Life should be easier  
And more than a gas  
When you're a mother of  
Just thirty years old

Sylvia's mother said  
Put the pen down now  
Come sit by the fire  
My word you look cold

And the operator says  
You don't have to do this  
Don't cry you don't have to go it alone  
There is never a best way to die

## Broken

Broken

The night arrived on time  
Dark and desperate  
Descending sweet yet tainted  
Like black treacle  
Cracked as old stained glass  
Upon an empty table  
Pain weary and measured  
In the weight of dried fruit and  
Petals of flowers strewn  
Reed like tall and proud  
Tho yesterday we were bowed  
Seriously bent bruised and bled  
Twas then we ached aloud  
Broke eternal  
Pon both linen sheet and cloud

## Forsaken

Forsaken

High and frail

Like notes

Picked

From an old

Overstrung

Mandolin

She moans

Fragile

And crushed

Discarded

And

Disregarded

Like old reptile skins

So now she

Tends to dwell on

History

Of what once was

Or might have been

Some folk

Call them memories

Now loosely bound

To earth

By so many

Disenchanted fantasies

She can but dream

Most days though

She simply envies

The inevitability of

Death

The enormity of it

And yes

The absolute  
Certainty of it  
But will it mean  
An end to everything  
She asks ...  
She begs and hopes  
And prays it does

## Hesitation

Hesitation

Somewhere beneath  
The highest bough  
There will always be  
Those who shall forever  
Hesitate while  
Others wander free  
Then there are those  
Who jump without  
So much as looking  
Leaping into nothing  
Like blind or reckless  
Lemmings or lovers even  
Throwing caution  
To the wind  
Individual heroes maybe  
Versus  
Flocks of willing sheep  
Those that take a dive  
And those who  
Forever wait and weep

## Insidious

Insidious

All that exists

Between

My night and

Your day

Now hangs in

The balance

A broad circle

Of insidious

Shifting

Light shadows

And

Very few of

Them are Smiling

How on earth

Did all that

Happen

How did our love

Become

So fragile

Like a spent

Chrysalis

Amid so much

Suffering

When and where

Did we go wrong

## Job Lot of Biro?s

Job Lot of Biro's

We rarely see each other now

And

On those occasions when we do

I always feel the need to write down

Every single word you say

The way you look smile and laugh

The way you push jab or slap

When I have either pleased or offended you

I am often still writing

Long after you have said good-bye

## My Fathers Son & Other Important Questions

My Fathers Son & Other Important Questions

Who am I

If not my fathers son

Where do I fit in

Now that my fathers gone

?

## More Truth

More Truth

Tho rich beyond any fiscal measure

Can I take it with me sir

No, my friend not ever

## Fear of Haiku

Fear of Haiku

I remember when  
You struggled with the concept of haiku  
When senryu made you sweat

I suspect that you suspect  
I remember that too  
Is that why we are still strangers  
?

## Loose Leafed and Fancy Free

Loose Leafed & Fancy Free

The glue that once so very  
Firmly  
Bound each single page  
Of me to your  
Perfect spine  
Has now become unstuck  
Indeed it seems  
The very seams of me  
Have finally worked loose  
So please  
Now scratch me from  
Your worry list  
Its time to call a truce  
I no longer need your  
Pedestals or podiums  
At least  
Those you once offered me  
Nor your promises or potions  
I can read you like a book ....

## Is There Anyone There

Is There Anyone There

There

Is someone knocking

But there is no one home

There

Is someone calling

On a disconnected phone

Talk

About freedom but

There is nowhere to roam

I

Really must get out of here

I need some space I got to leave

Remove

Your heart from that well-worn sleeve

You talk about pain but you never seem to bleed

Hello

Can you hear me

## Don't Kid Yourself

Don't Kid Yourself

Politicians

Almost

Certainly

Kill

More

People

Than

Nicotine

Alcohol

And

Drugs

Ever

Have

Or

Ever

Will

.

## Birdsong

Birdsong

No song nor sound

To human ears

Did ever seem

So sweet

Twas just a

Pretty little bird

Going

Tweet, tweet, tweet

## The Eleventh Hour

The Eleventh Hour

Appearing out of nowhere  
Like a morning star so rare

To guide each step  
Along the way precarious

Once in time she was indeed  
A beacon of perfection

Tho having reached  
Some unplanned destination

Safe atop some hidden causeway  
Prayers were said in celebration

Until the rescuers they did come  
And they were rescued every single one

## Not Quite Out of the Blue

Not Quite Out of the Blue

No one saw the virus  
Hit  
The seen it all before  
Route was just so  
Goddamn  
Poorly lit  
Or should I say it was  
Ignored  
And more than just a  
Little bit  
Until it was too late  
For some of us at least  
Sad but true  
Thanks though for the  
Gift of distance  
Plus all that other shit  
Remember  
Since the end is nigh  
Dont  
Just sit back as  
So many other people  
Die  
Do something good  
For once  
Listen to the people cry  
We want to make  
Love  
We don't want  
To be fucked  
By presidents' politicians  
Bullies and thugs

We could all see it coming  
It was simply  
Not quite out of the blue..

## Ma Hal Khe Te

Ma Hal Khe Te

After so much closeness

All that loving

The distance now between us

Seems such a waste of time

My dear Ma hal khe te

Je reviens one day .....

## Strategic Goodbyes

Strategic Goodbyes

Here where we both

Lay

Overcome and empty

Spent as cartridge shells

And discarded

Upon a deserted beach

Somewhere

Where even gulls are silent

And

Where only wind now

Scythes these sun-bleached

Shoreline grasses

Those

That once served as a

Shield from prying eyes

And glances

Here where strategic lies

Were told

And you did overcome

Your

Desperate fear of dying

That though

Was long ago when lives

Were cheap as chips

And scarcer

Than your kisses ever were

Today

I remember cold lips

Pressed hard

Against eye lids and cheeks

Surely now

There can be no turning back

Toward

That once special place

Nor yearning

For that would make a mockery

Of every one of our previous goodbyes ..

## True Colours

True Colours

Hey Blue

You tried so hard  
To hide them

But in the end tho  
Your true colours just  
Bled through

Hey Babe

I notice you're not  
Turquoise any more..

## Just my M24 and Me

Just my M24 and Me

They say Mosul  
As if they know her

No one knows Mosul  
She will not let them

Another coffee  
Before the head count

Then fill those bloody  
Body bags accordingly

Head shots are fine  
For teaching children

How to shoot  
On sunny days

Might that be a lark  
On the horizon

Sundays now mean  
Absolutely nothing

Not going home again  
For certain maybe

Tomorrow's just  
Another numbered day



16.04.2020

16.04.2020

Neighbour

Down

Plus a friend

And

Our postman

Just three

Souls lost

Out of

Precisely

Eight hundred

And

Sixty-three

UK

Hospital deaths

In a single

Day

Who else will

Always

Remember

Thursday

16th April 2020

And

For what reason

## Sea of Obituary

Sea of Obituary

Fragments of obituaries

Cloud my vision

And

Since they come in

Waves

It feels a little bit like

Drowning

This should never be

Not in 2020 surely

It is though darling

And yes

It will be even when

You eventually open

Your baby blue eyes

Look behind

Those death certs honey

There are bodies

Piled outside capitals

And they are everywhere

London and New York

Are not exceptions

Mass graves and fire pits

Are in vogue as summer

Beckons

And welcomes all

Cautious visitors

At least those wearing

Gloves and face masks

To the twenty first century

## Home Maid

Home Maid

Whether from a Sunday roast  
Or jar of marmalade

The smells that she referred to  
Could only mean home made

Then smiling she looked up to him and said  
I want to be your daily bread

Thickly sliced and buttered  
Made just for you

Oh' my love how I want you  
To be my home maid too

## Calm v Chaos

Calm v Chaos

When all around seems chaos

Look toward madness

And there find the calm you seek

## No Pot of Gold

No Pot of Gold

She said

Man, you look good

He said

Boy you mean old

She said

Look there's a rainbow

He said,

Yes, but no pot of gold ..... x

## The Millers Daughter

The Millers Daughter

Behave not like  
Some  
Miller's daughter  
Filled  
With flour,  
False hope  
And false laughter  
Crusty  
And bread oven  
Scented  
Tasty though  
Despite those  
Storm clouds  
Brewing  
Just around  
The corner  
Ah' yes, I see a  
Landscape  
In the making  
Turn and tilt  
Like  
Don Quixote  
Lift those skirts  
And let's get dirty  
But no,  
The lady say's  
She just  
Bakes bread  
And she burns  
Candles  
Tis what all good millers

Daughters do these days

## Tree Song

Tree Song

How could  
one not poem  
such  
a magnificent  
tree  
A tree such as  
that  
as wide as its tall  
and as broad as  
its fat  
A musical marvel  
as the wind  
blows through  
and bumbling bees  
do what  
bumble bees do  
As songbirds  
Do sing  
And the doves  
They do coo  
As woodpeckers  
Peck  
and the crows  
They do caw  
We can  
all just lay back  
and we can  
watch and listen in awe

## Fading

Fading

In knowing

Memories

Often fail

And

Bruises always

Fade

I had hoped

So very much

Indeed

To save

The essence

Of her

In those places

We once played

Such precious

Moments

Filled

To the very

Point of

Overflow

With laughter

Longing

Love and song

I cannot

For a moment

Now explain

Just how much

I wanted them

To go on and on ...

## Briefly

Briefly

As briefly as her wine weary lids  
They did flutter and close,

She slipped into bed minus all of her clothes ...

The rest of course, is now history  
Occasionally revisited tho, on cold winter nights  
But a gentleman never tells ...

## Leave the View Behind

Leave the View Behind

Despite being  
Whispered  
Her words  
Were  
Each heard  
And  
Though each  
Was heard  
Clearly  
They each  
Sounded absurd

Since  
We have but  
A moment  
Yet time to  
Lament  
There is no  
Need to  
Linger upon  
A love  
Now long spent

So from a  
Room filled  
With mirrors  
And the  
Sweetest of  
Scents  
A sea view  
To die for and

The very  
Cheapest of  
Rents

It is time now  
To reflect  
She said  
Pointing a  
Finger at me  
Oh' and on  
Your way out  
Be sure to  
Close the door  
And leave  
The view behind

## Three Guys Walked into a Bear

Three Guys Walked into A Bear

Three guys walked into a bear  
The first guy said "excuse me"

The second said  
"Well said"

The third guy  
Turned and ran away  
But ended up quite dead

Just bear that in mind  
Nuff said

.

## Too Late in the Day

Too Late in the Day

We never  
Knew just how much  
He  
Ploughed into our lives

Those  
Trash cans and recycle bins  
Not once  
Emptied by themselves

The  
Grass did not mow itself  
The fence and punctured wheel

We owe him  
So much gratitude  
But it's too late now I feel

We just never  
Gussed I guess and  
Now there's nothing left to say

By the time  
That it dawned on us  
It was too late in the day

## More Words

More Words

More words than

Usual

Came to me today

They

Came in droves

Like angry bees

And

Indiscriminately

They stung

While others

Made their way

More peacefully

In single lines

And ordered rows

Some came

As whispers

Some as

Garbled prose

They came in

Ones and two's

And

Floods and flows

Together tho

They each spelt

Trouble

Dont'cha know

Some spoke of

Mysteries

Or miracles

Of unrequited love

And heaven knows

But in a blink  
They were all as  
Good as gone  
No more angry  
Bees or whispers  
No more  
Getting stung  
And all before  
I saved a single one ...

## The Duck Billed Platypus

The Duck Billed Platypus

Have you ever known a creature like  
The platypus  
More unusual than the average  
Cat or mousycus

Though not the prettiest of creatures  
It has some most endearing features  
Like a shovel nose a secret pouch and  
Webbed shaped toes of courseicus

It lays eggs not in a nest or on a bed  
Of course  
But by the dozen almost square and in  
Straight rows of course  
So if you ever catch sight of my dear platypus

Though not so ugly as a wart hog or  
Hippy Party Mouse  
Do be kind and let me know because  
I've lost one and I'm most unhappicus.... x

## Lockdown

Lockdown

We are all in isolation  
Sweetheart  
Some treat it like a holiday  
I say we are under siege

We are all in isolation  
Baby  
Some call it retribution  
I say I aim to please

We are all in isolation  
Honey  
Some call it social distancing  
I say watch where ya sneeze

We are all in isolation  
Kitten  
Even when together and  
Waiting for the second wave

We are all in isolation  
Darling  
But nothing lasts for ever  
Or so the handbook says

## Second Best

Second Best

The  
butterfly  
starved herself  
of both sugar & breath  
Then when there was nothing left  
she delighted and settled for second best

## Upon the Morrow

Upon the Morrow

Summer passed  
Gentle as a minnow splash  
Soft and almost silent  
Yet still noticed

Dappled through  
Deceptive, fractured light  
Blinding as it fades  
Yet still golden

Make no mistake  
The pulse he leaves behind  
Does yet still cast  
A warmth and glow

Whilst buried deep  
Mid folds of some familiar hollow  
Barely whispered winds of  
Long hot summer days, now passed

They do caress  
Her shoulders neath a freckled blush  
From where she does  
Discretely hide unmeasured sorrow

Today though garnets glisten  
And the prettiest of bunting waves  
Make no mistake,  
The words he left here so many yesterdays

They do still cast a welcome glow,

Like the most comfortable of shawls  
Might cast upon her neck and shoulders neath  
Upon the morrow

## Badgers

Badgers

Nothing really  
is that simple, is it

Black and white  
is what I mean

Except for badgers  
maybe

Take my word, there  
aint nothing in between

## Skien

Skien

Despite the temporary V shaped scar  
they always leave behind  
Now faded and invisible to the naked eye

The fact remains, they scythed  
a very pretty swathe indeed and for a moment  
They left their signature across our star filled sky

Twas there and then; I swear they moved as one  
Oh' yes, they surely did my friend  
and our beloved sky was no less perfect for them

But now they are gone  
And I need to find a purpose  
I am cold and sense an early autumn ...

## Nob Hill Hotel Ca

Nob Hill Hotel Ca

The bellhop boy  
Smiled and grasped  
The day with both hands

He wore his  
Uniform loud and he never  
Chewed gum on a Sunday

That's just  
The way it always was  
In the good old days

It still is on  
Nob Hill and Fairmont  
San Francisco ...

## Just Another Murmeration

Just Another Murmeration

Barely a moment beautiful

A flurry of ups and downs

Hardly time for a smile to form

And feet never touching the ground

Its either love, my love or maybe

Just another one of them murmerations...

## Remote

Remote

I do so miss you

But the return key just broke

Let it be, my love

## The Sorriest of Words

The Sorriest of Words

The cry she made  
Was barely heard  
Helpless  
As a baby bird  
And twice as hungry  
Yet still frightened  
Sorry might be just  
Another word regardless

## Free Fall

Free Fall

Just because you are  
on your way down

While there is time  
mid your free fall  
to clutch at straws

Why not choose to  
reach for the stars ..

## Falling for Icarus

Falling for Icarus  
It was all too easy  
Falling in love I mean..

Just look at  
those shoulders man

And since he dumped  
the excess plumage

Sshh babe, I feel  
I might just somehow fly

## Kanreki

Kanreki

The fine mist spray was artificial  
But who cared  
Both the white crane and the red turtle  
Seemed unconcerned

But did they notice

They knew for sure that sun burned  
And it would not do  
If the bath filled with lobsters  
Got too warm

Moments later

Both the white crane and the red turtle  
Became invisible mid mountains of  
Corresponding coloured balloons  
Each released to celebrate someone's saisei

Then as the sacred rice paddle giri passed  
From one kenshi to another

A crisp sakebu sounded  
And the white crane and the red turtle  
Each wept happy tears and feasted on Kasane mochi

The lobsters would have to wait another day

## Climax

Climax

After a series of  
deliberate  
well placed strokes  
Some kind of fusion  
occurred  
And then,  
They reached  
for a cigarette ...

## Tabitha Tootle

Tabitha Tootle

Tabitha Tootle

Was no beauty queen  
All spots and big muscles  
She was ugly and mean  
But she loved tiny children  
If you know what I mean

All the bullies were frightened  
Together they hid  
As she walked down the street  
With an old dustbin lid

All you children are safe  
So don't worry or care  
No bully will tease  
Or put gum in your hair

Tabitha Tootle

Was undoubtedly  
Ugly and mean  
Only six and a half  
But she kept the streets clean

From bad boys and bullies  
If you know what I mean  
Good old Tabitha Tootle

## Taking in Water

Taking in Water

Within a matter of moments  
of our being hit

We started taking in water  
Like nobodies business

But refused point blank  
to go down

Of that I feel certain  
the Captain said with a frown

I note a light on the hillside  
going round and around

Take charge of these oars son and  
for heavens sake hold your head high

There's a fire on the horizon  
where we shall eventually warm and get dry

Then there's ale and salt brisket  
to be had in the tavern

Take heart lad  
let's see what tuppence can buy

## Still Time

Still Time

Still time

so why not make the most of it

Still time

But what the hell

we're not going anywhere

Still time

so why not take a moment

No-one will notice anyhow

Still time

To make a change perhaps

Still time

where nothing happens fast

or even slowly damnit

Still time though

Maybe

Still time

So why not

Try and tame the moment

Still time

The clock stopped yesterday

Still time

So let's just make slow memories

Still time

Whatever way you look at it

So no new tomorrows

Still time

No news today  
Nor any other day  
So why not seize the moment  
And let us all get over it ...

## The Value of Tears

### The Value of Tears

I truly cannot sing her praises  
Loud or long enough  
She really does seem to me  
That perfect  
But logic simply  
Will have none of it today  
Instead I shall settle  
For a moment, maybe two  
And try to squeeze an ounce  
Or so of comfort from  
This tired  
Old bench and watch her  
From a distance  
Yes, that is precisely how  
I shall spend my mornings from  
Now on  
Under the pretext of reading  
Cohen's 'Favourite Game'  
And sipping  
Strong black breakfast coffee  
In the courtyard  
Off Café Canto alla Mela  
Yes, I am almost certain of it  
That is precisely how and where  
And when  
I shall be reminded of  
The true value of tears  
While gazing out across some  
Vacant courtyard spreading  
Far beyond

The sprawling reach of  
My own bowed shadow and  
From where I find  
The brightness of this savage  
Florence sun still blinding  
Sip it slowly soldier  
I thought I heard her voice  
From somewhere  
Just behind my right shoulder  
And from the shelter of  
This oh' so shaded archway  
I am once again reminded  
Of the true value of tears

## Flush

Flush

See how she tries to hide discreetly  
Behind those rain scented net curtains of hers  
Strawberry pink thimbles now blushing

A full punnet discarded and bruised  
Her tapestries yellowed and now long since faded  
Wrapped up in yesterday's news

Ah but her lover said  
Babe I still love you and never forget that  
With you, life is for living and still fun

...

## Mascara Daze

Mascara Daze

Having recently introduced him  
to navy mascara  
The only exception she made to  
cosmetics  
Except for her lip gloss, on very rare  
occasions, or when she went to town

She unconsciously bit down on her  
bottom lip  
And offered the very prettiest of  
considered frowns  
There she said, as an afterthought  
And with one final upward sweep

Job done ..  
Then leant across and kissed him  
on the nose and cheek  
There, that will have to do for now  
She smiled, another masterpiece  
Unsigned but framed and now complete

## Waiting for the Big E

Waiting for the Big E

I would  
surely not  
But for a fallen leaf  
Be sitting here today

Sheltered from  
The tears I first mistook  
For raindrops as they were  
Flung and fell and flew my way

For it is said and writ in  
Certain holy books at least  
Tis in the greater scheme of things  
That truth and love do matter most

And I for one, am but a single mustard seed  
So much smaller than a tiny grain of sand  
On the face of it, insignificant perhaps  
Tho basking in the golden shadow of enlightenment

## Aftertaste

Aftertaste

She was delicious  
Not the kind of  
Subtle sweet  
Like clotted cream  
And oh' my God  
Strawberry jam  
Delicious  
No not like that  
That would be an  
Understatement  
And far too easy  
To describe  
Even if spread thick  
On Ma's homemade  
Scones or bread  
Cut like bloomin  
Door-step delicious  
No nor like  
Grandma's gravy  
Used to be  
Yet far more tasty  
Than any  
Sunday roast  
And then of course  
There were  
The undertones  
That came with such  
Exquisite aftertastes  
Without doubt  
More satisfying than  
A Full English

Followed by  
One of those  
French cigarettes  
And making love  
Again but slower  
Yeah  
That's the kind of  
Delicious I mean  
Like I imagine  
Ocean honey  
Or even sky milk  
Might taste  
If of course they  
Had a taste at all  
But then  
Work rang and  
My whale sound  
Ring tone  
Roused me  
From the taste of her  
Now gone  
Yes gone but not  
Forgotten  
Like I had somehow  
So very easily  
Forgotten  
I was on call damnit ....

## Your Country Say's it Needs You

Your Country Say's it Needs You

For as far as the eye could see  
Khaki clad young lads lined up  
Keen to swap their old flat caps  
For new tin hats

Thats the way they were in them  
Days

Waved off or shooed from  
Platforms steamy, cold and grey  
From shiny front door steps and mats  
Sent on their way...

With nowt but a kiss or a hug or a  
Shoulder pat  
By ma's in their curlers, aprons and  
Hand crochet shawls .. but then

That's the way they were them days

Not to mention the dads with their  
Braces, their boots and cravats,  
All short back n sides, moustaches  
And this and their that's...

That's the way they were them days

Oh' and let's not forget all those  
Back before Christmas son chats  
Those belly laughs, the lighting of fags

And the nods and the winks...

That's the way they were them days

Remember that stiff upper lip son

That duty calls, for king and for

Country you don't have to have balls

It'll all be over by Christmas, the fools

That's the way it was them days

## The Logic of Fools

The Logic of Fools

Why not pin something on Nelson  
Then we can tear his statue down

Maybe then

We can turn on Churchill, or Jesus  
Hey, let's all really go to fucking town

Then maybe when

We think the whole world is looking  
And when there aint nothing better to do

Yeah maybe then

We can try and change history

By breaking & de-facing a monument or two

## White Violets

White Violets

I very nearly fell asleep  
Without remembering  
The four white violets  
And the green sweater  
You both made famous  
In whatever year it was

But that was long ago  
And way before I ever  
Fell in love with words  
Or began this oh' so  
Singular affair with poetry

I remember now though  
How they looked  
Like four pearlescent stars  
Pinned to a green field  
Left off centre, rising gently  
And breathing sighs ...

## Mid Summer Meadow

Mid Summer Meadow

You ma'am

Were one of those near misses

Now history

Long since consigned to memory

But a perfect picture

Captured

Dancing slow

Mid-summer meadow slow and

Perfect

The sound of children laughing

Seed heads bursting all around you

Tall grasses

If only you had not been quite so ..

Well you know

We could be there now, just saying.

## Poor Git

Poor Git

Ha ..

He only managed half a laugh

On that occasion

But ..

And look, it's a BIG BUT

He was forced to give a cough

Or two instead

Before completing

What he had set out to do

And of course

Before it became

An eventual chore

Listen...

Another cough in the making

Half-hearted this time

And politely as per

The official manual  
On Cross contamination  
HMSO 2020

Then

Just before the angel hit

He thought she handed him a

Rainbow

The Coroner later said

His heart and eyes held out

It was his lungs that let him down

Poor git ...

## Ego's Down

Ego's Down

Between the lines

Sat on a fence

Above the law

Beyond contempt

There sits

A tired and failing

Precedent

Trump card played

Tho few tears spent

No pomp

No etiquette

Oh' how the mighty

They do fall

Watch

As ego's down

Exit stage door number ....

## Mullins Yard

Mullins Yard

Where are they now

Them

Old Parrett Flatner's

Those workhorse

Those wetlands

Those one-time

Wooden wonders

Where are they now

Those

Flat bottomed old

Scull oared

Those withy them

Turf boats each tied

Tell me

Where are they now

Damn these

Tired eyes of mine

Have no fear

They be

Ever so near sir

Both the toll and the

Ferry men cried

Look right there

Next the fallow

By the stony heaped

Long barrow

Down in the meadow

By Old Mullins Yard

Tis there over yonder

In the shallows

Sleeping soundly

Tween the milk thistle  
And sedge n fine  
Somerset willow  
Tis there lies the last  
Of them old  
Parrett Flatner's  
Moored n dry docked  
In Old Mullins Yard

## Old One Eye

Old One Eye

No matter

What the season

Nor the time

Of day it be

And regardless

Of the

Weather even

Just be certain

All of ye

Old One Eye

Will be waiting

For a big toe or

A pinkie for his tea

Aye be sure

He might be waiting

Where ere the

Parrett eddies

And all'us

Nigh on invisible

Gen green silk-weed

And em

Beds of smoothest

Well-worn gravel

Always facing

Upstream a'gen the flow

Old one eye

Lays in waiting

His saw-toothed gob

Wide open

Tho his tail be  
Barely movin  
Just waiting for  
A fly or minnow  
To pass near by  
His nose

All of ten  
Long summers  
Growed he be  
By far bigger'un  
A farmers forearm  
An then some son  
He were  
The sleekest an  
Most longest  
Wild brown trout  
You ever see'd

No longer fraid  
Of heron, crane  
Fishin rod or tickle  
Old one eye he  
Do still wait  
They say  
In the warmest of  
They angry  
Perrott shallows ...

## Two Weeks in July

Two Weeks in July

It's like talking to a brick wall

He said

But there was far mortar her

And life

Than she would ever let on ..

Then they laughed

And

She gave him those two weeks

In July

.....Sheer abandon

The colours

Gold and blue

The craziness of it all and shared

The loving still

So very well remembered

Now saved in a vault of recollection

Well shared they were and true

And crazy strong, then August hit

And she was gone....

Later, he would find her trowel

Placed it seems, behind a pillow

Maybe

..... To collect another day

No one knows precisely when

It dawned on him

Cement exactly what she said  
When they first met

Whether two weeks or a fortnight  
We are talking  
Fourteen days and nights no more  
Love me but never fall in love with me

I am just passing through, she said ..

## Beyond Giving

Beyond Giving

Here darling

..... I brought you these

A mirror

..... See

And some pretty lace

..... Oh' plus a bowl of fruit

You may ripen on

..... Your window sill through summer

Just in case

..... Now you have everything,

It seems

Except the time

You need

To ease your ego, safely out of immaturity

..... And that, is far beyond my giving ...

## Now looking Back

Now Looking Back

I seem to recall  
We once had a thing  
About balconies

Okay, maybe  
For different reasons  
But now though

And with all that  
Behind us  
From where I am sitting

Sipping local cooled red wine  
From this unglazed cup  
Like locals do

I note the kites and the cardinals  
Are waiting for their breakfasts  
While somewhere else entirely

Beyond both the courtyard  
And the harbour  
The Greek mainland beckons

Yes, it was there  
Beyond the haze  
In his world filled with words

In a world full of wonder  
She once meant  
Even more to him than poetry

## Something in the Air

Something in the Air

Somewhere beyond these  
harbour walls  
Behind all those redundant  
Masts  
and summer tourist clutter  
The sound of  
once returning fishing boats  
now moored  
do still idle, cough and splutter  
Yet,  
in candled windows shuttered  
and  
in shadowed doorways yonder  
All the widows huddle, knitting  
tablecloths and folding curtains  
Now  
they just embroider face masks  
and hand crochet, these oh' so  
very silly  
pointless doilies  
while the old men sit in semi-circles  
around their  
half empty wooden tables  
Playing cards and telling stories  
There must be something,  
surely in the air, they chorused ...

## Sun Drops

Sun Drops

as she dropped  
from the sky

.... like a single

piece of golden  
candy ...  
the moon then

white

..... as  
an empty page

... and

honeycombed

.... smiled down

... upon

the recently

... vacated stage

she left behind

though oh'

so very shyly ..



## Fallen Leaves Behind

Fallen Leaves Behind

I cannot grieve  
Not this day at least  
For a single fallen leaf

Not even for the heaps  
The banks and the  
Clusters of them scattered

Whole constellations  
Of them mind  
Now well and truly met

Those dead or drowning  
Caught in the swirl  
Of swollen streams

Drifting or dried  
And frayed at their edges  
Yet waiting to be made art

Fossilized  
Or food for worms  
It no longer matters, does it

Primary school classrooms  
This time of year  
Are always full of them

For they are now  
Once more together, gathered  
Where they now belong, in gutters ..

## Freckles

Freckles

The fine gold necklace  
She always wore on  
Those foreign holidays

Never failed to catch  
The sun  
And seemed, it seemed

To throw back a smile  
At almost everyone  
With each shallow rise

And subsequent fall  
Of those ever so lightly  
Freckled breasts, of hers

Those she did keep hidden  
By the way,  
Neath flimsy cotton camisole

Though more recently  
Sun kissed and even now,  
Still fervently blushing ....

## Crabbin

Crabbin

We never saw them catch nor  
Boil alive them harbour crabs  
They serve round here  
With salad and a lemon slice  
But boy you could hear em  
Sing n squeal in the copper pan  
Back in the yard, back in the day

Saw loads on em n lobster too  
All harvested in old rope pots  
And one or two were hand-lined in  
By city kids on day school trips  
Then sold on, from harbour walls  
For maybe a few bob perhaps

The missus, she had moule to start  
That's what the French call mussels  
Dont'cha know, then cod n chips  
All washed down with a mug of tea  
You can beat an egg, but ya just can't  
Beat a good cuppa these days she say's

While Brulee, that's the pup I mean  
Not some posh pie knocked back her  
Marshfield Farm doggie pud before I  
Even started mine  
Whelks, I had I must be slowin down  
Or getting old, maybe both, I smiled

Seabreeze n Salty Nutz both fishin  
Boats bobbed a gentle swaying dance

Upon the harbour swell, near naked  
Minus mast n sail they were  
Made us both near blush they did

Ah' yes, the sight, n smells and taste of it  
Did make I smile again, just knowin  
All was well and we could all be back  
Next week n do it all again .....

## Of Kept Men & Their Secrets

Of Kept Men & Their Secrets

Listen to  
the hollow sound of  
cracked church bell  
The cry of  
kittiwake cross  
ocean's swell ..

My word  
and what a tale  
she tells, of kept men  
and their secrets ..

Take note tho'  
for she, my friend  
is yet the kind of crazy  
that never once  
failed to drive men wild ..

## Beaten

Beaten

As clueless

As his fingers were

..

And more

Calloused than his thumb

..

She proved herself

to be indeed,

..

as cheap as a

penny whistle was

..

Yet she beat him

Like a drum ..

## Maybe Old but Not Daft

Maybe Old but Not Daft

He knew what  
Her game was  
He had seen it all before

The scanty two piece  
The selfie, the pursing of lips  
And the pouting

But under the circumstances  
For him, trying to look interested  
Was far easier said than done

After all, he was  
An old man of the sea  
And rarely spoke of nothing but

Harbours, of tides  
Of jetties, the moon  
And of marina's and quays

But show him  
A measure of sailcloth,  
A rope makers awl, or an anchor

Then he be nobody's fool, but a  
Bloomin good fisher, a sailor, a husband  
a father and friend through n through ..

## Theory of Endurance

Theory of Endurance

Nothing lasts for ever

There is no permanence at all

Except for time maybe

Now then,

That is something else entirely

Don't you agree darling ...

Surely

Even time though

Will lose all meaning

Even purpose

Unless used as a measure

Against some other thing, maybe ...

## Knocking On

Knocking On

I am old now

And my health is nothing like

It used to be

But if given only half a chance

I would fuck you again

Like it was only yesterday

Now I am old

I feel outside and distant

Further than remote even

But, for some strange reason

It feels

Like it should be autumn

I am old

And recognise it is almost time

To go,

In fact, it may be best to leave right now

While the path is still clear and before

The snow bites deep

Yes, I am old

But once had a life

And a tiny little bit of you

Now gone

Today tho' I have nothing left to lose

But pride and what might be left of dignity ...

## Wax Butterflies

Wax Butterflies

I do still miss her you know

at least I do

occasionally ..

and always in a panama hat ..

No, not the one you gave her

but similar ..

and sitting sipping water from

the same cracked stone jug ..

That's how I often picture her

These days

and anyway ..

The last time, the day was a

bitch .. talk about hot

Even so .. those well-worn steps

were still cool

and kind of kind to the feet ..

Did I mention she

appeared to me, then to be

drowning and lost tho' in my

over-sized  
and paint daubed shirt .. Yes

the one, that used to be mine

Tired as it was  
and tied loose at the waist .. Hey,  
don't you think she looked great

Yes I noticed the same buttons  
were missing

and that look on her face,

the one that said  
Yes, this is me and I'm free  
Oh' fuck .. for a moment or two  
I almost forgot she was free ..

But hey ..

my imagination ran riot that day

and for all that I know

she may have just melted away

right there, before

these very blue eyes of mine ..

Much like that wax butterfly

she once took from the window

to protect  
and keep out of the sun ..

As soon as I dared tho' turn around  
and look back,  
They had both disappeared and were gone ...

## A Mermaids Tale

### A Mermaids Tale

That was the last we saw of her  
ever

..... The mermaids tail that was  
now all of her blues and her  
grays

..... and her silvers an all  
are quite marbled away

Like the

..... skin of a mackerel  
long since landed and played

Her wave washed goodbye said it all

..... and gave the whole game way  
to a sigh on the wind  
and since then

..... she has only by seen  
by gulls, cormorants, and crakes

But for a moment

..... back then, I just knew I could fly..

## Crimson Ribbon

Crimson Ribbon

Notice how she hangs there

Golden

Beaten like some campaign

Medal

Suspended

From a crimson ribbon frayed

...

Now then,

Sshh.. and truly listen

To these words of mine with caution

...

These are not just simple

Raindrops falling

These are real tears, truly shed

For broken women everywhere,

Taken, and sometime later laid to rest

Upon said, crimson ribbon frayed ...

## Pretty as a Pin

Pretty as a Pin

As the night again draws in  
she wears a cotton lace cap  
o'er golden rag tied hair

...

Pretty as a brand-new pin  
she was, tween courtesy, bow  
and sheepish grin

...

And curly too by heck  
just in time for breakfast sin  
whey hey ...

...

She coyly called to him  
come take me Horatio where  
the bloody hell ya bin ....

## Sky Hungry

Sky Hungry

If I can not be a bird  
then I want to be a fixed wing glider .. gliding

...

Hanging on the very edge of infinite circles  
like a harrier might ..

...

Although a windhover .. almost surely would  
always both hungry and wild ..

...

Looking for lay-bys .. in the sky .. Somewhere where  
we might make up new names .. new places and words

...

But if I cannot be a bird  
then I want to be a fixed wing glider .. gliding

...

Alone with you .. above the clouds  
making love, sky hungry and proud ..

## Beautiful Contradictions

Beautiful Contradictions

Good morning Kitten

I had not noticed the  
quietness of me lately

...

But then, I have been  
very busy  
making noises on my own

...

While you my love  
it seems remain a series  
of beautiful contradictions ..

## Bridges

Bridges

...

There are bridges everywhere

Adorned with padlocks by the score

Tis where young men and women too

So often throw their lives away

All tightly locked, just hanging there

With no reason, or a single key in sight ...

## Sun Shy

Sun Shy

She was sun shy  
She was parasolled  
She was whiter than milk

He wasn't Handsome  
But he was loaded  
And both had some drink

He waved at her  
She smiled back at him  
Then gave a nod and a wink

Within a matter of moments  
They went for a wander  
And he had tickled her pink ....

## Drop Me off @ the Next Stop

Drop Me off @ the Next Stop

Growing up takes forever

Whereas growing old

Seemed to happen overnight

## Summer's End

Summer's End

My walks in the park are now laboured

The dapples, more darker now too

~~

There is a chill in the air, I once savoured

~~

Saying goodbye to summer as late as it is

Is simply no fun without you

## Modern Love

### Modern Love

He was by no means  
the first  
and sure won't be  
the last,  
but she fell head over  
heels for  
the hand wash and  
the cut  
of his designer face  
mask ..... X

## Endsong

Endsong

Hope

is where all wishes wait

In vaults too deep to contemplate

while time

Although preoccupied

declines to pause or hesitate

Yet seals

for eternity

Both the rich man

and the paupers fate ...

## Simple as That

Simple as That

There is nothing  
quite like it on earth

Nor I imagine,  
In heaven above

Like the feeling  
One gets

When two people  
Are falling in love

Its a fact  
It's as simple as that ..

## Tease

Tease

She seems to have quite a thing  
for the key tucked neatly  
between Z and C don't you think

Yes, she distributes exes  
like nobody's business  
my word, doesn't she just ...

But rarely hits the spot  
for the likes of you and me  
she's such a xxxxx predictable tease

## Problem

Problem

To tell you the truth  
I am none too impressed  
With the legend of your  
Ancient hymen

However

That does not alter the fact  
We are naked  
In a cheap hotel room  
With a problem ...

## Decisions & Choices

Decisions & Choices

You are

Where you are today

Not because of the decisions

And the choices you made that went wrong

But the decisions and the choices you chose not to make ..

## Inevitability

Inevitability

There  
is only one  
inevitability  
and that my friend is  
somewhat precariously balanced  
on a heap of improbable coincidences

## Geographia

Geographia

As I open my eyes  
and look up to the sky  
there, through the gaps in my fingers

I see three perfect blue triangles ..  
despite both geography and geometry  
having always eluded me ...

And then I thought ..  
They might just be pyramids ..  
Bulgarian one's maybe .. and I was home again ..

## Bruises

Bruises

Although she wears them now  
Discreetly  
Beneath the black lace and her  
Ray Ban's  
Each one of them might  
Tell a story  
Of lust, of longing and of journeys

Oh' yes ..

Those famous black grape  
Blue contusions  
Surely  
The sweetest of all solemn bruises  
Just waiting to be  
Found by new and curious disciples  
Who each  
In turn and time might well one day  
Become .. if chosen  
Sincere and the most considerate of lovers ...

## Just Supposing

Just Supposing

Just suppose  
they see right through you  
to tomorrow and beyond

..

Just how many lies  
might you need to salvage  
to prevent the truth from ever being told ..

## All the Ends of Me

All the Ends of Me

Each of the ends of me

are bruised

All those you fell upon

and used ...

Even those

I once did thrust

And wield like some

demented lover must ..

Though sad

it now seems fair to say

No single end of me

is presently contusion free

So pray why

savour such an ache

on bended knee and yield

Oh' so very swollen ...

No less than naked

behind your flimsy shield

A tissue of lies to be spat

upon and yes, despised ...

By ladies no less

and sailors and serfs n by lords

But not a single one of them

a poet though, thank gawd ...

## Sleeper

Sleeper

Time flies quicker

Than the ache it tries to shake off

In spite of that tho'

She lost count and forgot

Just how many bows

She had fashioned with black ribbon

Since they rang her, and the shit hit the fan

They call it divine intervention

Some said it was a cull

We called it slaughter ..

Some described her as a termagant

But she was still somebodies daughter

My word, she was more than just his wife

She really was unique

Two conch shells filled with Semtex

Strapped to her breasts

And yes, she was smiling, even chewing gum

Despite a dozen fallen sparrows at her feet

Tell me darling, before you go, he begged

What is the worst thing about here ..

Leaving you, she said is the worst thing by far

But I must go my love, for I am many things ..

Most of which, you do not have a clue

So kiss the kids goodbye from me ..

Pray tell them that I love them and I love you too

Those were her last words, he was able to recall ...

## Discarded 2

Discarded 2

Just look

how quickly they have forgotten you

One day

No doubt they will forget me too

In the meantime

Having done our own little bit

To help

All those distressed and disturbed

We must remember,

Neither you

Nor I are Kennedy's, a Gandhi or Mandela

No .. not even a Cohen, Shelley or a Keats

And whilst

There may be those who argue ..

Neither are we Hitler, Manson or Bin Laden

So we might just as well be sinners, you and me

Ha .. she say's

In no time at all we shall each be forgotten,

Like a broken and discarded cup

Yet priceless ...

Just as those

Several sheets of crumpled paper

Containing scribbled and disjointed words

Now overflow onto the hearth, are worthless ...



## Making His Way Home

Making His Way Home

It seems such an age

Since he started this love song

...

Somehow he forgot

who it was meant to be for

...

It seems he got lost

and delayed by the roadside

...

But now he's making

his way back to your door

...

On the way for some reason

He found himself thinking

...

He was as old as his tongue

and a little older than his teeth,

...

He had

always tried to tell the truth

...

And he had never been a thief

so why has time forsaken him

...

And challenged his beliefs

will there ever be an answer ....

## Come-a-Day

Come-a-Day

Dandelion clocks dancing on breezes  
cuckoo spit, pollen, tickles, and sneezes

In the shallows, the petals of fallen  
wild flowers

Cast shadows and tease  
those sucked in by warm thermals

Yes there in the dapple where the current  
bites deepest

Where once there was laughter  
and of course, happy ever afters ...

Spied only by sprites and by nymphs and by  
dragonflies

That's where he knows  
he shall lay with thee some come-a-day ...

## A Patchwork of Ashes

A Patchwork of Ashes

Not unlike a patchwork of ashes  
there were of course the odd snatches  
of light and cool flame, left smoldering ..

Yet embered with a broadening smile  
much like a rainbow, but with  
the heat of a comet embroidered ..

Far too wild to tame ..

And whilst mirrors are no longer  
kind to him, she still  
occasionally says that he is beautiful ..

Of course, her love for artist fingers  
and for his tongue are but a tribute  
and a testimony to years of longing

But yes, still far too wild to tame ..

And rather like refracted light  
what you see is not straight forward ..  
Nor even, maybe what you get ..

In the end tho' tis bent and angled  
prismed even ..  
like the mirrored reflection of a life ..

And then of course, not blameless ..

Indeed like love, once started

they should not stop but for a moment  
at least until both ends are quenched ..

Like light itself, he could not grasp it  
and so regardless, when extinguished  
She eventually, just had to let the bugga go ...

## Oblivious

Oblivious

When I look at you .. framed like that  
between the Muscat bleu and old mimosa

Perfectly squeezed between  
the swimming pool and our tulip tree

I wonder if you ever had a clue  
just how much my Ray Bans suited you

Or for that matter,  
how much I fucking loved you either..

No, of course not .. and now, there is no need  
or reason to pretend otherwise ...

## Prepped

Prepped

Hey, all you angry people, forget about yang let's all  
focus on the yin ..

I want to trace more Paisley patterns on the perfect  
backdrop of your

Only very recently,  
indecently prepped, and papered skin ..... x

## Some Words are not Just Words

Some Words are not Just Words

There are some words  
that should be bound  
in the very finest leather

Note pads, shirt cuffs,  
serviettes and beer mats  
are not fit for purpose

Yes, some words should  
be bound in leather ..  
and always read out loud

While others get caught  
and just stick like a  
proverbial bone in the throat

## Mr. Mediocre

Mr. Mediocre

Mr. Mediocre is a melancholy man

He is sad but not broken

He is down but not out

He wants to be someone's friend

He's just waiting for the shout ...

I have been wronged so many times

But this is something new

It just hurts the same that's all, he said

With love from me to you ..... x

## Attrition

Attrition

He wore them  
until he wore them out completely ...

Only then did he break them  
but he did not break them cleanly ...

That, is the true nature of war  
regardless of what they may try and teach you ...

## A Solitary Passing

### A Solitary Passing

No doubt  
the flies will come for me today  
they are always hungry, aren't they  
and since I have not moved for hours  
they will surely  
all begin to congregate accordingly  
Yes, take note ...

All these  
new breaths of mine  
are taken deliberately and shallow  
For these are dark times, and anyway  
beside the flies  
there are no lovers, friends or neighbours  
left to mourn this most solitary of passing's ....

## Blue Light

Blue Light

Thanks to the blue light

She missed the vein in her arm

By a stroke of luck

## Woollen Stockings

Woollen Stockings

He found her  
sitting by the roadside  
knitting

Woollen stockings  
while her mother dyed them  
pretty colours

In old  
traditional village style  
mid the blue and yellow bee hives

Of course  
her father had to make a living too  
so made honey and shoe'd ponies

By the roadside  
while his daughter  
knitted woollen stockings

Bought by poor, rich men tourists  
for their wives and for their girlfriends  
those forced to sit all day behind computers ..

## Mile High

Mile High

Long before  
the wax began  
to soften even

And the moult  
commenced  
his ivory plumage shed

He dreamed of flying  
with her  
a mile above their bed

## Spit it Out

Spit it Out

Why don't you

just bite your tongue

...

And break the silence

neither of us really wanted

...

Where lies

are not long, nor lost or wasted

...

But well hidden among

yesterday's contempt and distaste

...

Oh' and love of course

there was always a touch of that

...

Come on .....

why not just bite your tongue

...

And learn the lesson

we have all come to call forgiveness

...

feel free to insert a name of your own choosing in the space above

## Yellow Umbrella's

Yellow Umbrella's

Why don't you take me  
perhaps to a mountain or maybe a beach

Somewhere  
where there are yellow umbrella's

And where the wind  
blows windly and relentlessly wildly

And the glare from those yellow umbrella's  
makes me scrunch my eyes tightly

Like I'm frightened maybe  
or why don't you just take me

Right here in the hallway  
where the neighbours might see us

Behind yellow umbrella's  
somehow, I just know you would like that .....

## Where do Dreams Go

Where do Dreams Go

He dreams  
yes he dreams  
of sage and of leather

Of her image  
reflected in mirrors  
and in the fire of cabochons

He dreams  
yes he dreams  
of floating and flying with her

Somewhere lost  
without wanting, or wishing  
to be found, until they are dust

He dreams  
yes he dreams  
of the things they might do together

In the snatches  
of time made in moments  
they allow to quietly break through

He dreams  
yes he dreams  
of bergamot, sage and of leather

While tenderly stroking  
a breast with a feather and milking  
the juice of yet another new day with her

He dreams  
yes he dreams,  
but where do those dreams go

Maybe lost in the ether,  
mid vastness of quilt perhaps, or  
buried neath mountainous pillows of snow ..

## Bring us More Liquor

Bring us More Liquor

Bring us more liquor  
rum whiskey and ale

Tis the sound of  
Old Pierrepont's slipped footstep

That make us villains  
Grow whiter than pale

Bring on the gin, the cider and wine  
Tis the long drop  
Awaits us on the first stroke of nine

Having now made my peace  
and with my conscience gin clear

I have no further wants  
and nowt else to fear ...

I shall now take my leave and bid you  
All dear  
Tis the long drop awaits .....

## Wasps

Wasps

I just love them  
bumble bees a buzzin

Unlike there bloody cousin  
all black n yella

Such nasty little fella's  
no bloomin good for nuthin

## Waving at Dolphins

Waving at Dolphins

On sunny days

yes ..

such as these

The West Bay

fishing boats Turandot,

Chris-d-Anne, Anatolia and Little Em

Each curtsy

bob and bow and sway

on tame and tireless harbour waves

Then

dance a little private waltz

determined ..

As those

timeless silver lunar rays

to tell a tale of children chasing dolphins

## Los Echoes

Los Echoes

We don't  
need a reason, do we  
and just because we can  
it doesn't mean we have to, does it

Here though,  
as I lay anticipating angels,  
with you  
in another room, entertaining them

All those  
days of ours mean nothing  
do they  
and are now just lost moments in time

And therefore  
because I am nothing and no-one  
I can pretend I am free without guilt  
We don't need a reason at all now, do we ..