

# 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..

## summary

The Long Drop

A Travelling Man

Appetite for Words

When You Were Perfect

A Certain Distance

Zen Hunting

The Pyramid of Longing

Why Do I Love Thee

Before We Die

Abattoir Gulls

A Taste of Nothing

Marcella

Autumn

Beautiful Bruises

Long Shadows

A Little Indiscretion

Cova

No Pillow Required

What Do I Want From You

How Far Do You Really Want to Go

Afterwards

A Very Special Day

Blank Pages

The Width of a Table

The Company of Angels

On Waking

Upon A Midnight Calling

The Birth of Opals

Versal Law

Whale Whispering

The Drowning Game

A Blue Toothbrush

War is Not for Lovers

Bride of the Hedgerows

Old Sunlight

Queue of Longing

Hark

Talk Me Poetry

Secrets of the Field

The Very first Time

Wind Washed & Flying

Rough Sketched & True

Reflections

Dali's Eyes

Just Take a Look

A Handful of Nightingales

Rainbow Rooms Incorporated

Tell Me

Students

Leave the Buttons on Your Blouse Undone

Keep These Broken Shards

Street Art

Borrowed Characters

The Weavers Knot

Turquoise

My Lady Pleases Me This Way

Before Leaving

Painfully Yours

Enlightenment

What Happened to the Painter

An Occasional Dream

Waiting for Cancer

Mirislavka

When They Took Away the Tumour

What We Got

Might She by Chance be a Witch

Countless Indiscretions

Many Things to Many Men

Blink

Wanting to be Wanted

Ink Blots

Virus

Jun Kenshi

Once Upon a Tablecloth

Victims of Indifference

Love and Warm Toast

Bethune Re-visited

Last Words

Mirrors Cracked

Self Harm

Cusp

Sans Sustenance

When I am Far

A Handful of Ghosts

Embu

Away With Words

Shield Maiden

What Do You Drive

Heathen

A Certain Point of Beauty

Together Parted

Little White Lies

Bring Along a Lantern

Reconfigure it out

Incrementally Speaking

Unfinished

E.U.

The Last Hurt

Paper Cuts

I Am That Guy

What We Have Here

Precious Scars

Prolet

Boudoir

Not Just Any Words

Misrepresentation

Je Riviens by Worth

When I Was Dead

Mourning Song

Skylight

Recollections

Victims of Truth

Birds on the Wire

Hey Lazarus

Stuck

Back Streets of Banjul

Heart

Cutlery Talking

Before Breakfast

To Whom It May Concern

A Thirst Well Quenched

Hungry Corner

Big Empty Space



Read Yourself

Our Lady of the Harbour

Ballerina

The Freedom of Slaves

Poppies

Canvas

Shadow Envy

Morning Coffee

La Petit Mort

Watching

Tis Only Angels Crying

Plum Pencil Skirt

Another New Day

Turn Toward the Window

Harbour Side

Beware of Mirrors

Fine Young Disciples

Feral Girls

When Duty Calls

Head Rest

Ten Dead Chickens

In a Moment Gone

Orchid

Empty Sky

Crumbs of Comfort

Colours Without Names

Between Mountains

In The Beginning

Babies Don?t Bounce

I Am What I Am

A Peck Above the Brow

Dear Capricorn

Ghosts & Shells

Fire-Crest

The Initiation

Beautifully Broken

Signor

Upon Her Ears

Tserevo Koria

We the Innocent

Bang On

Conch

A Single Breath

A Cautious Distance

Freedom

Havana Skies

The NHS Alarm Call

No Cage for Thee

Aith?

A Moment

Salt Marsh Fields

Arbeit Macht Frie

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Famous Last Words

Broken

My Fathers Jacket

Puppy Love

Catching Flies

Butterworth Crows

On Being Human

Once an Item

Before I Go Blind

Old Poets

Out of the Blue

Out of Sight

Let?s Call That Day a Week

Erigeron

Life Before Bar-codes

Old Sea Walls

Ache

There Are No Graves

Best Before See Date

Dance

A Sound for Sore Eyes

Poppy Seeds

I Found Myself Thinking of You

Captivating Games

Chaos Theory

Tomorrow Lost

Looking Just to See

Sunflowers

Miss Me Hard

The Whimbrel

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She Sparkles

Crimson Swathe

A Thimbleful of Seeds

A Silent Refrain

Always & Forever

Bring it On

And They Called Her Iris

Cold Under The Coat

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Mirror Envy

Fonts and Guises

A Gift of Seasons

Any Colour at All

Underwear

Herb Song

Thinking Backwards

Blood Red Rim

That Secret Place

Why When Where and How

Flawed

Kunoichi no Geisha

Singular I?s

War a Senryu

Through a Tangle of Shadows

Dirty Margarita

Tanka - Tanka

From a Certain Distance

Fly Me in Circles

The Appetite of Voyeurs

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The Wind Cried Mary

Love and Warm Toast

Trapped

Bedroom Walls & Borrowers

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A Ladies Man

Somewhere Behind These Eyes

Infinity

An Autumn Harvest

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

Deciduous

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When Does Trust Kick In

Yellow River

Childish Smiles

Wishes

Assessing the Blues

Indecent Propositions

Perfect Imperfections

Alphabetical Infidelities

A Woodland Encounter

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Indecently Yours

When I Find You

Good and Proper

Four Letter Words

Take Me Somewhere

War is Not for Lovers

Two Harbours

Truism

Hark thee Lover

noitcelfeR

Remarkably Unfinished

Until Spring

Waiting

Discarded

Locked Out

Disequilibrium

Together

Some Words Are Too Heavy

Global Warning

Sylvia's Mother Said

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Forsaken

Hesitation

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Job Lot of Biro?s

My Fathers Son & Other Important Questions

More Truth

Fear of Haiku

Loose Leafed and Fancy Free

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

Beyond Broke

Hiding Behind New Dust

Innerness

Little Shepherdesses

Roosting

Unity of Opposites

Nevafar

Somewhere Between Trees

A Hard Lesson Learned

Gone

Trench Life

Windfallen

Aperitif

Another Golden Dawn

Those Who Would Love Light

Me & my Singing Bowl

My Lady Was a Poem

In the End

Groundhog Day

Carbonito de Sophie

Swansong

Vermeil

Mastication

In a Moment of Poetry

Bare

In a Moment of Poetry #2

Zenavia

All Good Things

Diary Note

How to Sell Newspapers

Remembered

Quaffed

Two Hopes for Thee

Birdspeak

Reasons for Leaving

A Collection of Slumbers

Indivisible Fractions

Miss Take

Satori

Mastication

Lockdown Grey

Let's Talk Scars

Lockdown Time

Some Sounds Easily Missed

Love like a Song

Out of Mind

Metro Mornings

Just for You

Tomodachi ya Koibito

A Jar of Nuthatch

When I am Done

Fall Out

Making Islands

Less of the Fist

Broken # 2 Maybe

Blighty

Lies

Ice Queen

Some Things Should Not be Forgot

Thatch

Negative in Blue

Journey of Tears

No Guaranteed Tomorrows

Fletched

Not Never in a Month of Sundays

Paper Cups

Face-ination

Scarce Blues

Rokhsana

A Box Full of Maybe?s

2 Put it Frankly

Riding a Curve

Sheen

Once Upon a Freckled Cheek

If Truth was a Colour

Upon Reflection

A Precious Drought

As Yet Unforgiven

The Edge of Golden

Cactus Days

Nowhere Left to Bleed

Seizing Moments

Overcome

Nothing but a Keepsake

Back in the Day

Pandemia

Himawari - Sunflower

A Taste of Hunger

A Little Point of Fact Maybe

Tree of Souls

Along the Mineral Line

Twitarus

Empty Harbours

Cold Shoulder

Six Million Candles

All the Best Words

Three T?s

Geraldine

Maybe One of Us Should Leave

No Mean Feet

Way Too Late

Freshly Squeezed

Sleeping on the Job

Banished

Briefly

Freefallen

Magnificently Different

Upon a Small White Feather



Mark these Words

Just a Kiss Goodbye

One More Four Letter Word

Cathedral Bells

What Matters Most

Because it Got in the Way

Opus

The Essence of You

En Route From A to B

From a Safe Distance Only

Upon the Tip of His Tongue

Beached Whale Blues

Its Shore Life

No Sweat

Almost a Very Nearly

A Nameless Craft

Magic Bead

When You Find These Words

Upon the Arms of Favourite Chairs

Calling Time

An Unfinished Summer

Upon a Time Once

Perfectly Hued

Covertly Covid

Black Candles

Thanks to Covid

Elusive Blues

The Angle of Her Lay

Untitled #2

Limerence

A Very Personal Holocaust

The Fullest of Moons

When Nothing is a Sound Too Loud

An Unexpected Chaos

She Calls Them Tears

An Old Promise Well Kept

A Permanent Embrace

The Treatise of Love

To Be Continued Maybe

Called to War

Songs From a Room

I Do so Hope There are Saxophones in Heaven

This is Not a Hake

Listen Through the Breeze

Wryneck

When the Sea Fret Hit

My Lotus and Me

Narcissist

Fablon

Scarper

Someone More Golden

For Reference Purposes Only

A Taste Well Shared

Without Closure

Nothing to Lose

The Tease

Ah-Weh-Eyu - Pretty Flower

A Formal Study of Her Knees

Breathe

Dirty Laugh

Ithaca

Two Days into Autumn

A Diamond in The Making

Magnificently Flawed

Recollections

Breakfast Rituals

Enlightenment #2

Mouth My Name Slow

Burnt and Bitter Oranges

Inconsequential Gulls

Somewhere on a Spectrum

Storm Petrel Rising

Let These Words Speak For Themselves

Shy

Kitten

No Such Thing as Empty Space

Pray Keep the Mask On

Lawnsome

Horizontal Curves & Vertical Bars

Just Another Way Out

Narcissistically Speaking

Unsincerely Yours

The Wreck of Our Lady

An All Too Familiar Modus

An All Too Certain Falsity

Linger

Ma Petit Serviette

An Unmistakable She

Resting Light on a Wing and Prayer

Down With Everything

Summer 19..

On Being Called to War

Where are you Mary

Making Rainbows Blindly

My Lady is More Than a Poem

Something in the Air Maybe

Bilge

Something of a Quandary

No Longer in The Making

The Realisation of Probability

Signing Out

Quarry

The Taking of Innocence

A Life Sadly Lived

A Life Lived Sadly

On Being But a Poet

Chasing Light

It Don?t Help to Forget None

Sated

Barely Semi Touched

More Than Just barely a Flutter

Now Pinned to the Sky

Checking the Night Sky

Like a Lark on the Rise

Someone Else?s Religion Maybe

Conveniently Forgot

Double Jeopardy

What it All Boils Down To

Cygnus RA21h46m32.24S-D32?53?

To Fade Without Warning

Yankee Jack

A Single X

A Long Pretence

Five Beatles and a Groupie

Just a Series of Thoughts

Haiku #1 Maybe

Another South West Coastal Path Miracle

Her Very Own Senryu

Reef

The Passing of Hermione

There Are No Snowmen in Mexico

Between Squalls

A Scatter of Moments

The Tale of Brulee

The Sound, the Taste and Feel of Her Tongue

Not Wanting to be Famous

No Ordinary Woman

How Well Will You Remember Me

Same Old Blue Jeans

Fore and Aft

Oedipus

A Bowl Full of Nothing

Something Else Entirely

The Decline of Recollection

Condiment

What Might Once Have Been

Even When it?s All Over It?s Not Necessarily Over

?? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ????????? ???????, ?? ?? ???

Not Just An Old Fella Passing

Blush

Taking it Slow

Never Going Nowhere Maybe

On the Cusp of a Sneeze ..

Zen Tree

Dirty Water

Let us Not Forget Syria

The Mending of a Very Broken Man

Why

Even Sadder than That Even

Gooder than Good Even

Before it Hurts Too Much to See

Spare a Moment for These Words

Just for us Lemons

Golden Shadows

Echo?s Just Don?t Lie

Upon the Drift of Wimbleball Lake

Don?t Talk to Me of ?

Turquoise

What the Drunken Farmer Said

Inside Her Pants #2

Wind Dancer .. a Haiku

Some things are Just Not Right

Taking in the Seeds come Harvest

Like Some Old Discarded Stocking

Upon Reflections Shattered

Fish Supper

No Looking Back Again

Dun a Runna

All the Words He Left Trapped in Her Throat

Miss. Lock Memories

Every Now and Then Maybe

Its All in the Way that She Eddies and Flows

Fingers Crossed

For Ever Aint Never That Far Away

Remember Me She Said

Slaves of Eros

Somewhere Down Turn Again Lane

Do You Ever Look Back on Those Days

Where Recollections Reside

Reed Song

Petite Mort #2

Semi-Precious Summers

It?s All in The Seeing

Over and Out

Vladimir?s Full Metal Jacket

Hypothetically Yours

My Pretty Little Psychopath

Generosity

A Very Sudden Realisation

Waving at Amphitrite



Clearly a Vague Recollection

Home for Breakfast

When the Shit First Hit the Fan

New Prints in Old Dust

Somewhere on a Family Tree

Just a Few Significant Ponderings

No Mercy on Mean Street

Etna

Once Upon a Downing Street

Just Asking on Behalf of a Friend

It Only Takes One Little Thing

You Would Not Care to See me Naked .. Surely

What He Really, Really Wants

Early Morning Rituals

Mokhu #?

Copywrite Pending

The Redundant Fist

Incidentally I Assure You

Of Time, That Is ..

Behind That Navajo Smile

The Lovers of Modena Disturbed

The Shame of Yesterday's News

That Old Broken Dansette & Other Musings

Whereupon His Tongue Did Serve to Please

Oh? No .. Not Another Survivor

Her Daddies Old Grey Chevrolet

Naturally

Spellbound

Come Let us Dance Some More

Why Not Just Throw Away The Key

Anticipating Angels

With Only Five Leaves Left

The Making of Them Both Maybe

Between Pauses

Take Two Poles Josie

Just a Few Recollections

While Watching Swifts

A Few Moments After

Looking Forward to Later

Somewhere Between Lovers

Potage du Femme

On Being Too Gentle

Could You Maybe Ask Your Sister

Sun Sighted but Otherwise Unassuming

Oh' To Be Your Slave Again

Just a Few of the Things I Don't Like Without You

While Drowning off Padliegh Hill

The True Weight of a Man's Soul

A Certain Kind of Highness

Looking Back Long, Hard and Slow

Inconsequential Wonderings

The True Value of Dreaming

With Nothing More to Lose

Excuse Me I Love You She Said

What Didn't We Find in the Attic

That Point Where We Each Begin

Not Just Any Old Day at the Office

A Few More Things Remembered

Why Not Just Call It a Day

Upon Testing Positive

The Science of Passing the Buck

When Wild Honey is Not Always the Sweetest

With All My Fondest Regards

Grandma Wears Denim

Beneath Putin's Thumb

How on Earth Did She do That

No Matter What Time it Is

elle était unique

Narrow Margins

Dirty Linen

Internally Yours

Ciao

Premature Evacuation

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Primroses and Kites

Laccaria Amethystina

Searching for Light

Algarvia

Olivetti Moments

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Three Summers

For an Old Man We Met on a Mountain

When Things Were Perfectly Perfect

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Gladding

Song for Gene Malloy

Just Another Zen Thing

That Last Time Look

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Just Another Shot in The Dark

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Now That My Lady Is Gone

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When Size is Not Everything

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From Inside This Box of Broken Mirrors

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A Reflection Upon a Youth in Passing

For all Those Forgotten Girls Out There

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Keep Each Seed Safe

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So What Does Your Father Do

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What Wasted Words They Proved Themselves to Be

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Amelie

New Wine From Old Vines

Marina Girls

When I am Forgot

Something More Than Just Skin Deep

Atarash? Kod? ga Hajimaru Shunken

A Sure Sign of His Passing

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Rape of the Sabine Women

An Uncertain Certainty

How Very Agincourt

More Than Nearly Dearly Departed

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She Smelt Like 24 Carat Gold

A Single Truth For all Things Being Unequal

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What We Do & What We Don't Need Now

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Flying on the Back of a Guilt Trip

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Distilled Time

Afterthoughts Don?t Count

Precisely As it Did Not Happen

A Time for Everything

For Everfriends Everywhere

One Day Perhaps

Redundant Crows

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Taken From a Diary Found

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When the Walls Were Magnolia

Winterlude

Always Singularly Noticed

Just in Case it Still Matters

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Almost Without Purpose

Underdog Days

Forget the Name Remember the Taste

In Less Than the Blink of Two Eyes Perhaps

In the Time it Takes to Say Goodbye

With Both Eyes Closed

Storked

No Reason Required

Upon the Very Cusp of Spring

In a Moment of Poetry

A Question of Waste

Upon Learning to Fly

The Marks on Our Ceiling

Huntress

When Numbers No Longer Count

The Price of a Single Soul

Our Sweet and Sticky Mouths

Folly

Dance of The Wind Children

When a Fine Line Might Just Make it Okay

When They Would Lose Their Shadows

Upon Wanting to Die

Woodland Rendezvous

Suspended Between Mirrors

Beneath Her Pretty Dress

Under No Misconception

Still Calm, Safe and Free

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Bucket List

In So Few Words Gone

As Free As a Proverbial Bird

Girl With a Blue Vase



Love is ..

The Ghost of My Self That Was

Take a Look at What You Could Be Missing

The Perceived Necessity For Three Precise Approximations

Three Days in May Remembered

Mark Well the Purpose of Night

Are We Nearly There Yet

Five Seconds Into An Encounter

Echoes Seldom Lie These Days

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Just a Man With a Thing About Bees

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Livestock Holiday

Just a Series of What ifs And a Maybe

The Tears of a Crowd Forming

They Were Nothing But Fools

Mantis Praying

Celsius Rising

A Handful of Monsters

Sans Echo?s

Undeniably Piqued

Woke

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The Simple Art of Wondering

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Blame It On the Fall

At Least to the Moon and Back

Uber Brides

No More Blues for These Tired Eyes

What is Wrong With This Tongue

What is it With Poetry

No Gardener Required

Little Flower

Dembe?s Dust

Just Desserts and No Pudding

When Thinking Upon a Lemon Tree

Where No Mirrors Are Required

Psithurism Interludes

Zilch Seeking Oblivion Surfers

When the Limelight Sucks

Father

Fruit Salad Skies

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No Rules for All

Strategic Untruths

Just Another Random Recollection

Marmalade Fingers

Not Another Ending Surely

Man Eater

By Definition Only

Seriously Wronged

When a Diet Does a Fat Lot of Good

As a Matter of Fact

A Very Temporary Arrangement

So Very Roughly Taken

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In the Wake of New Gods

Requiem For a Lost Cause

As Yet Unfurnished

Just Because She Is ..

I Think it Only Fair to Suggest

Shadows Don't Share Secrets

No More Fancy Restaurants

Another Local Legend

Who Needs Foreplay .. When We Got Poetry

Smeared With Affection

Tongue Spillage

These Words Have Absolutely Nothing to Do With the Weather

A Girl in the Red Bowler Hat

Afterbirth

When Absolutely Gone

Silverback

She May Have Been a Doppelganger

The Day She Wore Flour in Her Hair

For Astrid Wren My Little Bird

A Thought For a Day

A Moment of Enlightenment

Mused

Yesterday's Muse

Recollecting Unusual Positions

Let's Play Sushi

While Out Busy Partying

Fear Silence Not

All Bases Covered

Would You Kindly Pass the Entonox Babe

Steer Well Clear of Dorset Buoys

Sibling Arrivalry

Once Upon Her Night Scented Garden

Colour Envy

A Slice of Sky

Bang Goes Another Theory

The Making of a Single Murmuration

Whatever Happened to Miriam

On Returning to Gullworthy

Sweet Salted Caramel Eyes

Dearth

Non Figmental

Me and My Long List of Things

Something About Shells

Miss. Esme G. Cameron

That Certain Something

When You Know You Are Blessed

With No Cage to Hold Her She Learnt How to Fly

Another Perfect Day

Ghetto Girls

Shadow Dance

The Sound of Darkness

The Grieving Silence of An Empty House

When All Said and Done it?s All Over

Down in The Hold

Mary

Too Many Maybe?s

When Last Seen She Was Holding on Tightly

Upon Those Words She Chose to Leave Behind

Accumulations

When My Heart Fell in Love

Feels Like There?s a Stranger in the House

Ned?s View

In the Wake of a Wish

So Much More Than A Madness

The Dance of Overshadowed Children

Talk About Stupid

The Map

Barely Heard Through All The Whispers

Rainbow Rooms Incorporated

Briefly Interrupted by Sleep

The Sense of Something Before it is Something

The Rape of the Wreck Known As M257

No Contest

Scammed

Why Else Wish Him So Blind

Me My Bro and A Chainsaw

The Measure of a Single Year

That Afterwards Feeling

Advice on Learning to Fall

Conchetta - Voice of the Sea

And All Before Our Awakening

This is Us ..

A Handful of Water

On Moving On

She Wore Him So Well

Tu Es Tout Pour Moi

Floating Down On a Whisper

Chat Up Lies

Twisted History the Rape of the Plains People

How Many Ways Precisely

Somewhere Beyond Our Goodbyes

View Before Lunch

When the Balance Wheel is Broken

Behold All My Literary Demons

Upon Leaving One's Shadow Behind

Outside Nikolai's Café Bar and Restaurant

Squeezed Between Our Now and Thens

Shallow Cuts Too Deep

Hold It, Swill Then Swallow

Whispered

Now Looking Back With Anticipation

Old Dick and the Swearmonger's Daughter

An Uncertain Kind of Aloneness

The Wife of a Dead Russian Diplomat

A Taste of Hope

Womb Envy

Amen

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Suburban Sunflower

From a Little Book of Sins

Shadowbright

From Big Things Small

Glow

Rank Order

Going Against the Flow

Clean Breaks

A Snog is For Life Not Just for Christmas

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Mirrors Don?t Care Do They Darling

Genuine Fakes Going Dirt Cheap

Not Guilty as Charged

It?s Not What it Used to Be

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Haiku 4 Having Me She Said

Cruise Snobs

Somewhere off The M35

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A Sight Well Worth Going Blind For

Feasting Upon Leftovers

Echoes Dont Tell Lies ?

Some Things are Best Left

A Taste of Hope

Lavished

The Whole of A Woman Shared

Again Upon Reflection

Another One of Those Café Moments

Gaia?s Secret Garden

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Nothing is Free



This is Not a Threat Okay

When it Hurts So Good Why Not Just Bring it On

Not Yet Quite Forgot

How Many More Planets

When it Gets That Bad it Must be Broken

When I Found Myself on eBay

Sorry

Just a Few Odd Diary Notes

Dare to Stray

The Gagging of Gaza

Once When She Tasted of Apples

Famine

Spillage

At The End of The Line

Ouroboros

Altered Images

The Late Great Hieronymus Bosch

The Joy of Silence

A Feeling Found On a Hillside in Rio

Two Sisters

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Apathy Rules Okay

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All the Wrong Buttons

A Million Miles Apart

Upon Finding a Smile

Amasser of All Dark Things

Almost Famous Last Words

Glare

Oh? But For One Moment More Deeply

Three Summers

575

The Look on His Face That Said Everything

For All Those Once Beautiful

My Very Dearest Sigmund

Fleeced

Arc

Where Truth Lies

Entres

Recall

On Waking Up in Rio

From a Collection of First Times Remembered

The Difference in Our Similarities

Silly Me

Yesterday I Met a Monster

Advice on Avoiding Pedestals

No Certain Doubt

Before it All Began to Go Wrong

Some Words Speak for Themselves

A Big Wish Wrapped in A Little Prayer

It Took Three Coats

Uncommon Good Scents

Lemon Lined Streets

At Seventeen or Thereabouts

She Loved Him Because ..

My Collection of War Zones and Other Disasters

Wild Garlic

Time to Call Time

The Cruellest of All Bed Partners

Forsaken

Thirteen Times the Cuckoo Called

Smiling Depressives

Retribution

Hush Now Little Wren

What Makes Us Broken

Le Plagiaire

My Very Dearest of Coincidences

The Spilling of Orion?s Last Great Secret

Don?t You Dare Die, Just Yet ..

On Contemplating the Sound of A Lone Tree Falling

Good Reasons for Spilling the Beans

Hold the Sugar

Back When Jessie Had a Real Thing About Handbags

A World That Was

When it All Boils Down to Bad Men and Fools

Watching Swifts

A Man With a Bucket and No Hat

Portrait of A Wild Garden

The Ache and The Pull of It

Perfect By Chance

Unstruck

A Day Out in The Country

The True Nature of Loss

That Gift of A Feeling

Impressions of A Senryu

That Time of Year Again

So Very Lightly Hued

Too Long In the Tooth

Oh? to Be Vaporized

It is What it Is

Different Measures

Eleven and A Half Minutes

Holocaust

Excess Baggage

The Breaking In of A New Summers Day

Sucker Punched

Memories, Numbers and A Whole Heap of Love

Just Like Those Stains in The Sky

So Very Well Ink-Lined

Sonnet

Chromatozed

Wilden Free

Curtains Calling

The Breaking In of a Boy

For All Those Wearing Pink

Temporary Blemishes

What Women Want

The Way of Us

Over Easy

What Else is A Metaphor

Trebrimar

Welcome to Miami

Three Poppies

Dear Miss. Jennifer Jones

Living Like Ghosts

False Promises and Little White Lies

Light Bites

Thanks for Coming But ..

By Invitation Only

Outsiders

Friends With Benefits

Between Clouds

Guilty But Free as A Bird

Just a Few Thoughts on Getting Even

Just Me, Half a Love Song and An Idiopathic Itch

Just Like Some Well Read Woman

One Without Frills Would Be Fine

Immaterial Things Such as These

All Along the Watchtower

Letting Go of The Light

I Think I Like You But ..

As Sure As God Made Little Green Apples

Maybe To Be Continued

Rituals

Comparing Uncertain Potentialities

The Object and Outcome of Dreaming Alone

Clocked

Bitter Sweet Springs

More Heritage Down the Pan & Fuck Ann Summers

No One But Us Ghosts & a Haiku - Woken by Doves

Making Green & Reflex

You, Me and My Dog .. and Blame It on Saint Marlo

If Looks Could Kill

New Freedoms to Roam .. & Dissent

Made Like a Mountain & A Brief Conversation in A Bar About Bears ..

About to Be Forgot

For My Granddaughter on Her First Birthday & Before He Got Broken

For All Those Occasions When Sometimes is More Than Enough

Crumbs

Pretty in Purple and Pink

They Lied About the Five Minute Warning

Just Another Take On Life

Black Pearls

Now Out in The Open

Cryo Babes .. and .. The Hurting Game

The Full Five and Three Quarters .. & Gloat

If the Cap Don't Fit .. & .. Glare

Grand Mort .. & .. The Transient Value of Slaves

Lost Back in Africa .. and On Selling the VW

A Neighbour Loved

A Different Kettle of Fish

Thinking Back on Polly

Remembering An Orange Room

Clean Sheets

Calling the Bluff

Irksome Quandaries

The Reason Why Colours Make Out

Barely Touching

Gitanes

Gaea?s Garden

Mad Dog in America

Benign Bridges

Just As Sunsets

Stuck in Zagreb .. & A Few Notes to Self

Fit For Purpose

The Catch in A Love Song .. & Upon Turning the Other Cheek

Pants

The Repatriation of Shards

Deep Secrets

Short Changed on A Long Greek Island

Rough Justice

In the Beginning of Our Forever

Some Things Change Too Much

Some of The Things I Just Can?t Do

Bemused to Death

Inaudible Sounds

Halfway to Hanoi

Medlar to Blet

Another Moment Lost

Unilaterally Mine

Hail

Looking Beyond Spring

If Only Things Had Been Different

Blemished

Heavily Enlightened

Maybe It?s Time to Share Father C?s Secrets

The Way it All Ends

Catching Up With a Debutante

Glimpsed



Wilderness

Emophilia

Briefly Mentioned in Dispatches

Another November

Letting Go of Your Ghost

Superfluous Twists

Essence

The Look

Selene of All Skies

A Few Things Wrong With the World Today

Yukiko Snow Child

Culled

Crushed

Amaterasu

Casual Ties and Other Loose Associations

Kindness and Absent Friends

Casual Ties

Team Building

Lying & Truly

Unreasonable Logic

Green Tangents

Such a Waste of Fine Words

Still Art For Art's Sake

Signs of Things to Come

A Hand Full of Ashes

Shanty

Close Shaves and Final Cuts

Watched

Hidden in Sight

Something Only Part Remembered

Yours Truly A. Victim .. & Maybe Just Maybe

Strategically Lost

Holding Back the Smile

Dementia?s Cruel Kiss

Afterwards #2

The Consequences of Failing to Prep

Before Spill Kits and DNA Became a Thing

Ways of Falling Out of Love

Like Butterflies in Snowstorms

Quick Fingers

Signs of The Times x5

Because It Felt Right at The Time

When it All Seemed to Fit

The Joy of Silence

Masterpieces

The Horse With the Red Umbrella

Barely Visible Indentations

Breaking a Myth About Bad Words

Flushed

At the Very End of Darkness

At The Risk of Reaching Out

Sunday School Afternoons

Heaving Mountains on Still Days

When Dressed to Kill

Love Seeds

Taste

Part of A Whole That Needs Mending

Remarking on A Flight of Fancy

Sussing the Pot Plant

Repression and The Senegambia Highway Man

Implications of Doing Nothing

Inprised

Double Checking Our Favourite Positions

Just a Few Things That Made Up a Day

Some Things She Once Said

Insatiated (A Neologism for Our Times)

Playing With Words

Once I Felt Like a Sky Hungry Kite

No More Mr. Blue Skies

Some Kind of Curious Something

Aide-Mémoire?s

Listen Loud Just One More Time

This is Where Spring Begins ? Haru Ga Hajimaru

Corporal B and Me

Requiem For A Refugee

Where Are All The Grassy Knolls When You Really Need One

Queues

One More Open Verdict For the Road

The Weight of Enlightenment

Some Kind of African Life

## 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 shooed 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.....

Twass 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

Twass 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 dehcrafti sa  
reddal latnoziroh eht pilc ot deneppah tsuj taht  
wodahs depahs ehtyca 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

Twas 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  
Châteaues 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 Koria

Tserevo Koria

Here in Tserevo Koria  
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 *fretchings*  
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

Twass 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  
Trysts 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

## Dont 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  
Guessed 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 slippered 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 ..

## Beyond Broke

Beyond Broke

She was  
true enough  
within the context  
of believing herself to be  
nothing but seriously honest  
but other than that, she was quite  
seriously deluded, needy and broken ..



## Hiding Behind New Dust

Hiding Behind New Dust

Looking back

there was, without a shadow  
of a doubt, a certain beauty there

...

Albeit trapped and shrouded  
caught and held firm  
on those high narrow ledges

...

And again, within  
such deep crevices, like those  
we once found hidden and then lost

...

Yes, that is where it so often  
went unnoticed despite such an  
extraordinary spark at the heart of it

...

Where stained glass  
stands as a sharp testimony  
to the new dust that now surrounds it

## Innerness

Innerness

Where you would have boundaries  
there is a burn mark on my skin ....

...

Remember this though darling  
the world outside is small and tame

...

When compared to the wilderness  
Within .....

## Little Shepherdesses

### Little Shepherdesses

Pray where are they now  
my little shepherdesses  
pray where might I find them  
now they are hiding or gone

...

They are all in the meadow  
down there by the dew-pit  
a full brace and a half of em  
as far as can tell .....

...

And pray what are they doing  
down there by the dew-pit  
are the three of em playing  
and with what and with whom

...

Are they brazenly bathing  
or just casually lazing  
while their flock is a grazing  
on lush green meadow grass

...

They be easing out creases  
from Sunday best dresses  
each one of em covered  
In ripe fig sweet caresses ...

...

All perfumed from toes  
to the nape of their necks  
since discarding their clothes  
on them bushes for hanging

...

Oh' my lord what a sight  
for these sore eyes, a smiling  
here just biding our time till  
They church bells stop clanging

...

My little shepherdesses  
all naked they play  
down in green meadow  
each there away far away

...

Not knowing they're watched  
or do they or don't they  
sharing lips, fingers and tongues  
without so much a care or a blush ...

## Roosting

Roosting

Feathers well and truly  
fluffed  
Head tucked neath her  
frozen wing  
It's one mighty view  
from  
this here bough though  
Listen hard  
And hear her sing .....x

## Unity of Opposites

The Unity of Opposites

The unity of opposites  
need not be opposed..  
by other than an easily  
identifiable existence..

...

And even then, perhaps  
a peaceful preference ...  
or easy co-existence is  
almost always preferred ...

## Nevafar

Nevafar

Her words, although lost on the wind

Je riviendrai mon amour ..

Yet still they come back to haunt me

..

And like the scent of her drifting

They do tease and delight

The corners of these poor eyes and these lips

..

Yes, poor things

Both now seriously redundant,

Yet primed and with hope, forever and always ..

## Somewhere Between Trees

Somewhere Between Trees

Somewhere

En route between

Points A and B

...

Our path was still

golden and seemingly

littered with sovereigns

...

Though some

might just as well

have been leaves ...

...

Somewhere

en route just a few

steps between trees ...



## A Hard Lesson Learned

A Hard Lesson Learned

Tis the hardest of lessons and the most tedious of knocks..

The aches and the tears, that do so teach us the most .....

## Gone

Gone

When the day comes

and I am gone

No longer here

nor maybe anywhere ..

...

Do think of me won't you

and near you too

Not just vaguely remembered

since that is where

I will almost surely be ..

## Trench Life

### Trench Life

The beating of their hearts  
Like thunder sounded

Muted though still loud  
Like sixty thousand drums  
All beating

Neath those sixty thousand  
Khaki blouses ...

Loud enough to drown out  
Cussing and the fretting

Plus the retching and the  
Heaving

Not to mention all the heavy  
Breathing

There was an awful lot of that

Let none of us forget tho'  
The sound of mouthed  
And whispered prayers

The snap of fixing bayonets  
Oh' and yes  
Those bloody goddam shells

Then comes a burst or two of

Machine spat sound and light  
Both deafeningly loud and  
Oh' so blindingly bright

Through razor-wire and flesh  
They cut  
On what should surely  
Just have been another

Quiet, still and starless night ...

## Windfallen

Windfallen

My word  
that view was something  
wasn't it  
Something else entirely  
where other  
might one ponder and for  
so very long and free

Gazing on  
these orchard fields  
where row pon row  
of England's  
most finest  
both do grow and yield  
each fresh harvest

Tis here  
I might just lay  
at least until the morrow  
with scent of fallen  
bruised and weeping fruit  
all about n laid  
mid bramble and bracken

Windfallen,  
both russet and gold  
my word, tis such a heady pillow  
Now sorely needed  
on which to drown  
one's immeasurable sorrow ...

## Aperitif

### Aperitif

Although it's such a long way down  
and even after all this time .....  
maybe  
it's not all that surprising .....  
She still  
tastes of sunlight rising .....  
and just  
as hot as peppermints and green tea  
she remains  
yet to be slowly sipped .....  
and correspondingly savoured .....

## Another Golden Dawn

Another Golden Dawn

Where did the mainland go  
before the latest storm hit home

...

Horizon light extinguished  
each of them now forlorn and gone

...

Yet here we have another  
golden dawn, just look at her now

...

Smiling down upon those of us  
gathered upon this unforgiving shore

## Those Who Would Love Light

Those Who Would Love Light

She is more than a  
tumble of words  
is my lady ..

...

Each one of them  
flowing or golden  
like gems .....

...

A poem  
just waiting to  
happen .....

...

Caught in a spiral  
suspended in rays  
then strained slowly

...

Through stained glass  
and  
held aloft over alters

...

Dancing  
with dust motes  
in an arc before falling

...

Like light  
refracted and traced  
upon a glorious chapter

...

Prismed  
and flawless  
Adored by both



...

Blind men and miners

She is

more than a poem

...

Penned perfect

and patiently poised

just waiting ...

...

To be exposed

to be seen

to be loved and be read

...

## Me & my Singing Bowl

Me & my Singing Bowl

Reaching out  
he stroked her rim

He made her resonate  
and she did sing ...

He touched the edge  
and so, the very soul of her ..

Twass then, she did  
agree to sing n dance for him

Yes, they did dance  
and they did truly sing ..

Throughout the night and on  
until the dawn of overmorrow ..

## My Lady Was a Poem

My Lady Was a Poem

My lady was a poem  
just waiting to happen  
A flurry  
of words balanced ...  
on the  
wings of explorers  
Reflecting  
the joy on the face  
of new parents  
The pride of a father  
and the  
love of a mother  
With all but a trace  
of the smile  
she was known for  
And let's  
not forget the way  
that she moved  
which once  
made her famous  
Nor the  
lavender shawl  
that she  
wore off her shoulders  
My lady  
was a poem  
just waiting to happen  
On the lips of her lovers  
and in the  
prayers of disciples  
She was

a flurry of words  
unhurried, yet spoken  
At home  
in cathedrals, bordello  
or ghetto  
Now gone tho I hear her  
but only  
in whispers and echo's  
I sense her  
in shadows and embers  
and mist  
on the hill though  
All the places we loved  
I try to  
scribble in note pads  
My lady  
was surely a poem  
just waiting to happen  
yet barely  
captured in moments now gone ...

## In the End

In the End

No matter our differences

It does not concern

We all have death in common

## Groundhog Day

Groundhog Day

Do you remember

My love

When we both once

Thought

Thirty-seven was old

....

When the end of the

World

Was more than just

The end

Of another long road ..

...

Well let me share with

You this

My very first liver spots

Arrived here today ..

...

And from the visible

Signs of such

A blemish or bruise

To corruption

And my eventual decay

...

Just be sure to note

All the facts in a book

For there was once a

Point of beauty and truth

...

Hidden discretely

Somewhere on the way

Do you remember

Arching and aching

Forgiving forsaking

...

Those were moments

Too good to be true

All that

Pulsing and probing

Exploring and loving

...

Plus giving and taking

It feels like

I've been here before

How does it feel to you

## Carbonito de Sophie

Carbonito de Sophie

Dear little bird  
beautiful  
Lavender, lilac and  
blue  
We thought maybe  
you  
Got lost in a fairytale,  
but  
Had no idea it was true



## Swansong

Swansong

I once thought I might live for ever  
But your reading these words  
Proved me wrong

...

So I thought I might write you a letter  
But it turned into a  
Poetic, prophetic swansong ...

## Vermeil

Vermeil

She did not want  
the wind to catch her  
unawares again  
Not the way it caught  
and took her breath  
away back then ...  
Maybe that is why she  
clutches tightly  
and she lays across  
him lightly  
Almost like a feather  
might ...  
After all she is a gold  
and silver second skin  
Burnished, bright  
but spread oh' so  
wafer thin .....  
Untarnished in her  
own true glory ..  
Tho cold when set  
a'gen near naked skin  
She is often  
understated if not a  
somewhat  
sentimental sin  
Sometimes though  
they may just  
smile politely and then  
whisper soft  
her real name .. Vermeil



## Mastication

Mastication

The first time she wore it  
His shirt that is, it seemed  
To swallow her whole .....

But the rest of her though  
He slowly and he surely  
Masticated and savoured ....

## In a Moment of Poetry

In a Moment of Poetry

She lends him a calm

Like on

Old fashioned Sundays

While

Laid back and watching

Vintage

Black and white movies

Then

Drinking green tea

Made

In a real china tea-pot

Although

As it was brewing

His cool

Calloused fingers

Traced

Infinite circles across

The faint indentation

Her panties had left

That which ran round

Her hips

And she ever so welcomed

With a purring

And parting of perfect

Pink lips

So he stirred in some

Honey

To be sipped with a passion

Then he

Rested his head on the

Flat of her belly

And both were consumed  
By a moment of poetry ...

## Bare

Bare

I want to hide

With you

Beneath a quilt

And

Hibernate

All winter bare ..

## In a Moment of Poetry #2

### In a Moment of Poetry #2

She lends him a calm  
Like she did on  
Old fashioned Sundays  
Whilst  
Laid back and watching  
Those vintage  
Black and white movies  
Then  
Drinking green tea  
Made in  
A real china tea-pot ...  
...  
Although while it was  
Brewing  
His cool calloused fingers  
Traced  
Infinite patterns across  
And beyond  
Those faint indentations  
That her  
Camisole hem left behind  
...  
Indeed  
Those he ran round  
Her hips  
With a feeling of relish  
And which  
She ever so welcomed  
Enticing a purring and  
Parting  
Of those perfect pink lips



...

So, he stirred in some

Honey

To be sipped with a passion

While resting

His head on the flat of her

Belly

Upon which ... both were

Consumed in a subsequent

Moment of sheer poetry ...

The End .....x

## Zenavia

Zenavia

Invisible bird sings

From the blue cypress tree

So green, you only think she's there ..

## All Good Things

Hey, I just wanna wish all my friends  
here on MPS  
a Healthy, Happy, Peaceful & Safe 2021

Neville

## Diary Note

Diary Note

A year ago today I wrote

I rode her like a rowing boat

Both up and down and fore n aft

Dear lord she was a splendid craft ...

.....

*Today though, she is but a scribble in the  
margin of an old diary I found while packing ...*

## How to Sell Newspapers

### How to Sell Newspapers

She had once been very pretty  
If not beautiful .....  
Although face-down like some  
discarded doll like that  
and on wasteland too she was  
anything but .....

.....  
Her peppermint purse was full  
fit to burst  
when they found her there .....  
While her pockets were  
crammed with pertinent verse ..

.....  
And all the newspaper guys and  
the media freaks call it poetry .....  
But Steve always said  
its them bodies on slabs makes  
the money mate .....  
While poets are starving in droves  
.....

## Remembered

Remembered

Tonight will be magnificent

Just you wait and see

Thank you for waiting for me baby

...

In a moment shared tho'

We shall both be overcome, so

Take a deep breath in and sigh out slow

...

A moment more and they were

Well and truly gone, yet the legend

Of their love affair goes on and on and on..

## Quaffed

Quaffed

I am a guilty secret  
Your poison slowly sipped  
The elusive aftertaste you crave  
Residing on your lips

## Two Hopes for Thee

Two Hopes for Thee

One day I hope you realise  
The sky is only dark at night because  
You have your blue eyes closed

...

When your feet eventually touch the ground  
I hope you find all those sharp rough-edged shapes  
Are really smooth and round



## Birdspeak

Birdspeak

Tell me darling, tell me do  
why do owls too-wit-to-woo

...

And why do so many song birds sing  
While starlings merely murmur .....

## Reasons for Leaving

Reasons for Leaving

Surely it must be time to leave  
When all these bits of nothing  
Amount to something quite so big

## A Collection of Slumbers

### A Collection of Slumbers

Sometimes it is best  
to consign  
certain treasures  
to secret drawers ...  
words ..  
books ..  
sacred artefacts  
twigs  
strips of old linen  
and memories  
of past lovers even ...

Then leave them  
to gather dust  
and a fine age patina  
but never  
ever forget them  
and when you  
need to feel a pulse  
show them sunlight ...  
Until then tho'  
let them sleep  
in contented oblivion ...

## Indivisible Fractions

### Indivisible Fractions

Now .. is that ever shifting point in time  
when past and future subdivide  
Indivisible and abstract, yet only a moment away

## Miss Take

Miss Take

There were far too many posed photographs  
for his liking

Remember the one in the turquoise two piece

...

And the praise that she craved fed her hunger  
far longer than was  
reasonable, or fashionable, or natural, to do ..

...

but when she found out that not one of them  
loved her  
and all they ever wanted to do was to fuck her

...

What a let down that must surely have been ..  
Hey now tho'  
she is nothing but history and barely even that ..

## Satori

Satori

As I sit and watch you

Re-arrange your winter shawl

I wonder where have all the warm tones gone

Then skipped a bead and suddenly

Arrived at the conclusion, I spend far too long

On these old temple steps, dreaming of your little harbour ..

## Mastication

Mastication

His shirt swallowed her

And as he watched her masticated

She smiled and took a selfie for all her exe's

## Lockdown Grey

### Lockdown Grey

Yesterday I planned  
To climb a tree  
In my head that is ..  
Then just maybe  
A mountain too  
And afterwards  
Before bed though  
A slow walk perhaps  
Around our favourite  
Harbour and the bay

Yes today I could  
Almost taste  
Salt on your hair  
In my head, that is ..  
And long I willed  
The wind to free  
And fan those  
Fiery wisps of yours  
Into a wilden frenzy

Yes, I almost felt  
Your hand in mine  
Curled fingers tight  
But then ..  
The call came  
And everything  
In my head, that is  
Turned from gold  
To lockdown grey ..



## Let?s Talk Scars

### Let's Talk Scars

All the women I have ever loved  
Or indeed  
I have ever truly wanted  
Without so much  
As a single or a solitary exception  
For in truth  
There never really was  
That many  
Bear scars of one sort, or another  
However, only some were visible  
Let's say public ...  
Whereas others were more covert  
And yes, discrete  
Some were deep and some more  
Shallow  
Some were broad and others narrow  
Then there  
Were those, all the weirdo's and the wino's  
Would talk about in bars  
The personal and the private ones, that is  
Hey honey, let's talk scars  
Over breakfast, lunch and afternoon tea ..

## Lockdown Time

Lockdown Time

Some things just are

Until they are gone or done

Death is such a thing, each one

Of us one day .. shall fear no more ..

## Some Sounds Easily Missed

### Some Sounds Easily Missed

In the beginning  
When only sacred words  
Were ever spoken  
Each syllable was clearly  
Broken  
Then torn from the throat  
With a cough and a cuss ..  
While  
The young uns of course  
Without barely a fuss  
Would all listen intently  
From what they each  
Thought  
A safe distance ...  
Oh' boy did they marvel  
And gawp  
At the sound his cupped  
Hand  
Occasionally made,  
Like a shell  
Juxtaposed a'gen waves  
Like an unborn lamb, or a bud  
Or a leaf  
Gasping and gagging and  
Scratching for air ...  
Aye, but since we are now  
Both fully grewed up  
Can you imagine the sound  
Of sheer joy  
A wild salmon might make  
Breaking free

From the constraints  
Of a weir ...  
Then for a moment, no more  
The rest is but a tumble  
Of noise  
Barely more than  
An utterance, yet coupled  
Against  
A few muffled occasional sighs ...

## Love like a Song

Love like a Song

Love like a fine song sung

Listen ..

Let it whisper

Let it rise and fall

Lark like and gentle ..

Soft upon

The ears, the hearts and

Very souls

Of each and every

Single one

Who might then choose

To pause, tune in and listen ..

## Out of Mind

Out of Mind

If I cannot see you

Then you no longer exist

...

So I burn all the photos

And I delete all the texts

...

The candles are weeping

But they are suitably snuffed

...

Yet still I hope, beyond hope

That you know you are loved

...

Yes now you can go

You can do as you please

...

You can dance, you can laugh

You can love, now eternally free..

## Metro Mornings

Metro Mornings

So many  
Early morning metro faces  
Naked  
Fading  
Orange  
Arc light and haloed ...

So wave  
Goodbye to winter for me  
Darling  
Since I am still a stranger  
Surely ...  
Yet familiar  
With approaching dawn ...

## Just for You

Just for You

Just for you, my loveliest of loves

I would have you know

...

No garden or hedgerow

Shall ever do

...

Nor would all those

Leats, moors and meadows

...

Or any other single thing that

Lies, falls, floats or flies in-between ...



## Tomodachi ya Koibito

Tomodachi ya Koibito

She called him a god

He said

I am me ...

But we are so much

More than

Just friends though

Surely ...

She enquired

As she

Wiped and he smiled

Yes of course

He replied and soon

You shall be

Much more than

A collection of sighs

Delightful locations

And a safe

Harbour to sail in ...

And since

You are destined

To become poetry

We shall

Always and inevitably

Be true

Tomodachi ya koibito ..

## A Jar of Nuthatch

A Jar of Nuthatch

In the heel  
of a ball  
of mistletoe  
A jar  
of Nuthatch  
sang  
the blues  
While  
elsewhere  
he drew so  
very deep  
and oh' so  
very, very slow  
Upon his  
Marlborough  
Then through  
closed eyes  
he could not  
help  
but think  
both long and  
hard on you ...

## When I am Done

When I am Done

When I am done

What

Might I miss most

I wonder

Blue sky and sea

Green grass and

Yellow sun

Your lips on mine

Who knows

Perhaps, maybe

Not to mention

Gentle hugs

Being

Called dad

Being a brother

A partner and

Friend

A husband and

Lover

Hey, did I ever

Mention those

Fingertips ..

Oh' yeah

So I did, but on

A different page

Entirely ..

Just maybe

Somewhere tween

Blue sky and sea ...

## Fall Out

Fall Out

... She had personality, passion and purpose  
But having dropped yet another stitch ...

... She looked up from her shawl and said  
Fuck it, now I'm going to drop them all ...

## Making Islands

### Making Islands

Although they both trod the same path  
they each went their different ways  
catching sand to make their own islands  
Each taking care not to make any waves ..

## Less of the Fist

Less of the Fist

Every now and then  
There were times  
When the fist  
Felt more like a feather  
When the lure of it  
Compelled with  
The force  
And the pull of both  
Still and stormy  
Water ...  
Cooler and smoother  
Than silk  
But rougher than leather  
Oh yes ...  
He could be an angel, or  
He could be a devil  
While  
In the meantime  
She was just  
Some peasant farmers  
Daughter ..  
Caught in a moment  
And saved  
For forever in an old  
Sepia photograph  
From a long ago yesterday ...

## Broken # 2 Maybe

Broken # 2 Maybe

I know its late

And

I am old

Maybe too old

Not

To mention

Broken ...

But I will

Surely

Try to be

Both

Beautiful and

Altogether

Perfect for thee

Yes ...

Seamlessly

Mended my love

And so

Remember this

When I return

Just you

Mark my words ...

## Blighty

Blighty

Over the top

My beautiful boys

And let's not forget lads ...

...

The distance between

A hole in the ground and old blighty

Is all but a bang and a heartbeat away ...



## Lies

Lies

She always said  
She would never  
Tire of his poetry  
Nor for that matter  
Ever hurt him ..  
But she lied on both  
Those counts  
Yes, so she did ..  
The fool, he never  
Seemed to learn  
Yet I hear  
That he still writes  
For her  
Every now and then ...

## Ice Queen

Ice Queen

She was iceberg blue  
And colder  
Than permafrost  
She said  
Level with me baby  
What is it  
You really  
Want to do the most  
..  
Then she left  
In such a hurry  
With everything  
She ever owed  
Stuffed in a single  
Supermarket trolley  
It seems  
The ice queen  
Had been de-throned ..

## Some Things Should Not be Forgot

Some Things Should Not be Forgot

Do you remember  
those perfect  
small unbroken circles  
Lightly traced  
back on back  
like a figure of eight ...  
It was then  
While wrapped in the  
hug  
of his silhouette  
She could forget  
For a moment about  
Dylan,  
blue robin eggs  
and of course  
those famous French  
cigarettes ...  
Yes, at least for a while,  
she maybe just could  
After all,  
it was only the husk  
of her shadow  
that was filled with  
regret ...  
But nevertheless,  
she still forced a smile  
at a glimpse  
of the sheen on a fledgling  
wheatears cheek ...  
Hey, someone asked  
in a black tie

and frock-coat  
Had you ever seen eyes  
quite so wisteria blue,  
or for that matter  
shoulders so bronzed  
and so strong  
they all chorused ...  
But by then, the moment  
had past,  
She had gone to pay homage  
and respect  
to a memory for which  
she still held a glow ...  
Although to this day  
the shadow it cast  
followed on in her wake  
like an old smitten craft  
rowed home, but ever so slow ...

## Thatch

Thatch

As pretty  
as it may well be  
tis so hard to maintain  
tho warm it be in winter  
and how dry it be in rain ....

## Negative in Blue

Negative in Blue  
It was no big secret  
She was so much more  
Than  
Just a negative in blue  
Leaning soft against  
A hard  
Honey yellow marble  
Pillar  
Surprisingly still cool  
Despite the rays  
Yes  
It was there  
Her sun shocked hair  
Fell loose  
And still wet  
From dancing in and out  
Of waves  
Later though they both  
Dined  
On fallen fruit  
And then did nothing  
Except make love  
And counted sunny days ..

## Journey of Tears

Journey of Tears

The journey of tears  
From  
Her eyes to the floor  
Was  
Quite simply fraught  
With  
Sublime deviations  
And  
Convoluteds detours  
In the end though  
He just could not take  
Anymore  
There were far too  
Many  
Tantrums and  
Lies told by the score ..

## No Guaranteed Tomorrows

No Guaranteed Tomorrows

When tomorrow

Is not

Guaranteed

And our

Yesterdays are

All but gone

Then welcome

To today

My friend ..

Let us embrace

Them

One and all

Yes, every single

Bloomin one ..

Let us celebrate

And mark

The newness



Of now

The sheer and

The utter

Unexploredness

Of it ...

Yes, let us do

Precisely that

While still

So very young

And aching,

To be found,

To be touched

That is ..

And so much more

Who knows ..

Today

In the good old

Here and now

Filled

To the very point

Of overflow

Where uncertainty

And awkward

Moments reign

Supreme, pristine

And unsullied

Waiting

To be taken

Like wild fruit ..

Enjoyed

But not forsaken

And to

Glisten in the sun

On the

Highest branches

Of those

Wax leafed trees ..

Now though,

You are so very gone

But yet ..

I still think of you

And often ..

Indeed, I thank thee

Too and truly,

Oh' so very, very

Much

For all those

Yesterday's we

Shared

For everything,

In fact

Despite there being

No guaranteed tomorrows ..

## Fledged

Fledged

Nock

them up

Mark

them well

Draw

them close

Loose

them high

Free

and aching

for

the sky ...

## Not Never in a Month of Sundays

Not Never in a Month of Sundays

There shall always never be  
Another love like you, for me  
Just mark these words and truly ..

## Paper Cups

### Paper Cups

Some things  
just never  
seem to change  
do they  
my petit fleur ..  
You see  
back then,  
in those very  
early days  
I do so distinctly  
recall  
that everything  
was once  
a certain kind of  
special  
Unblemished  
and still white  
Yes ...  
there we both  
were  
Bathing  
in a blank page  
and sipping  
warm rice wine  
from  
supermarket  
paper cups  
Hardly daring to  
press pause  
and likewise,  
unprepared

to wait for night  
Just like always ...  
Do you  
by any chance  
remember too ...

## Face-ination

Face-ination

Did you  
by chance notice  
the low  
cloud formation ...  
Just above  
those high brows  
and below  
her widows peak ...



## Scarce Blues

Scarce Blues

Although only temporarily

blinded

By the glow from her sun

stoked hair

The last thing he recalled

before passing

Was a portion of sky with

a small diagonal crease

and a tear ....

Overflowing it was

with a million or more

jigsaw shaped pieces of

delicate blue

Although strangely enough

but most

decidedly true

Not a single kiss blown

forget-me-not petal  
was in sight ....

And for a moment, it seemed  
he had been  
desperately wrong, for in truth  
it was merely  
the opening and the closing  
of rare  
blue butterfly wings

On which  
everything so gracefully  
floated and fluttered, then flew

Oh' what distinctly flawless  
yet fragile

and endangered

near perfect blue things ....

## Rokhsana

Rokhsana

Although her underskirt was crimson  
and her scarlet stockings were then torn ...

...

She was still by far, more beautiful than  
very many others, on the day that she was stoned ...

## A Box Full of Maybe's

A Box Full of Maybe's

Satori days  
such as these,  
just don't happen  
all that often ...

But,  
and it's a  
very  
BIG BUT  
indeed ...

When they do,  
it's like  
opening slow,  
a box full of maybe's ...

## 2 Put it Frankly

2 Put it Frankly

Toulouse her

Just before the

Much

Anticipated

And

Let's be frank

Long overdue

Synchronized

Climax

May well have

Been forgiven ..

But,

Toulouse her

Twice

Like that

Would be

Considered

Highly irregular

And since

Two wrongs

Don't

Make a right

Tourette's

Sure won't

Make it right

Either

You f\*\*\*ing

W\*\*\*er you

Sleep tight ... x

## Riding a Curve

Riding a Curve

Knowing her  
like I did  
indeed once  
know her ..  
Yet all but  
far too briefly ..  
Was like  
riding a curve ..  
Set in stone  
upon a simple  
eyelash flutter  
A single  
sun ray spied ..

## Sheen

Sheen

Somewhere behind these eyes  
the seed of a soul does barely hide ..

...

A kaleidoscope within a rainbow  
prismmed ..

Like petrol on still water, glistens ..

...

The sheen  
upon a starling's back imprisoned ..

...

A stolen kiss,  
a glimpse, an elliptical eclipse ..

...

A fleeting  
iridescent glint, and presence  
no longer felt, yet still smiling, albeit blindly ..

## Once Upon a Freckled Cheek

Once Upon a Freckled Cheek

I think it only  
fair to say  
my most recent  
rainbow moment  
began  
the very second  
I started to trace  
the gentle  
upward sweep  
of her  
barely parted lips  
with a  
fallen feather ...  
Yet, so  
very lightly set  
against  
a freshly freckled  
cheek  
In what was  
to become  
the first smile of  
our very newest  
day together ..... x



## If Truth was a Colour

If Truth was a Colour

If truth was a colour

It would not be green

...

Green is for forests

And gardens and envy

...

If truth was a colour

It would have to be blue ...

## Upon Reflection

Upon Reflection

I am but  
an old mirror cracked  
Can you see  
Your broken self in me ...

## A Precious Drought

### A Precious Drought

Don't cry

At least not for me

...

Let the wind blow

Long, soft and cool

...

Then pray

the rains do come

...

And wash those

tears of yours away

...

Our garden

may well be parched

...

But the wisteria

is weeping amethysts

...

For both

of us, my love today ...

## As Yet Unforgiven

As Yet Unforgiven

A frown cast upon a mirror cracked  
What's done, is done  
There can never be no looking back

## The Edge of Golden

The Edge of Golden

... Race me  
          to the very edge  
... of golden  
          Head held low  
... and tongue  
          all swollen  
... Take me now  
          she begged  
... I just need  
          to feel you  
... one more time again ...

## Cactus Days

Cactus Days

He said

You smell like a rose

She said

You know your plants ..

He said

I'm great on

Suck you lants ..

Fuck off then

She indignantly replied

I bloomin hardly know ya ..

## Nowhere Left to Bleed

Nowhere Left to Bleed

Yes ... you may have seen  
me naked ..

And you have seen me  
weak

You have seen me  
beaten ..

And then turn the other  
cheek ..

But now the breaking  
wheel is broken

and there  
is nowhere left to hide,  
or bruise, or bleed ..

At least  
that is, the way it seems  
to me ..

And tho' the well is just  
as deep,  
the bottom and the sides  
have long run dry  
and the drop is still as  
steep ..

But until you realise  
I am neither  
hypocrite, or liar I shall  
remain  
a threat and stranger  
in that crazy  
fucked up mind of yours  
but then .... who cares ..

## Seizing Moments

### Seizing Moments

There are moments  
To seize  
And there are those  
To let go  
How the wind it does  
whisper  
and perpetually blow  
Today though  
it screams, yet gives  
nothing away ..  
So your secret is safe  
till the morrow, maybe ..



## Overcome

Overcome

As the pulsing quickened  
each tiny pearl of salt laden lotion shifted  
and swirled, in a perfectly decreasing cyclic motion

then they paused to gasp and to sigh  
as their muscles did clench, release and again tighten  
they each rode the same waves until both were sublimely overcome ..

## Nothing but a Keepsake

Nothing but a Keepsake

On a glorious day  
like today  
I really have no idea  
What I might  
prefer to be doing  
Other than  
what I am doing  
right now  
and right here  
and with you ...  
But if it hadn't all  
gone quite  
so terribly wrong  
We would surely  
have  
done it long ago ..  
And the Caribbean  
would almost  
certainly be a glorious  
sea of memories  
Instead of just  
a faded postcard  
saved  
in a broken keepsake  
box  
upon a dusty  
mantle shelf somewhere

## Back in the Day

Back in the Day

He almost always  
never  
Thinks of her these  
days ..  
At least not the way  
he always  
used to think of her  
back in the day ..  
All the time, that is  
Or  
should I now say was ..  
But hey ..  
For some obscure  
reason  
and quite out of the  
blue  
He remembered  
how she liked her butter  
melted  
How she always  
ran her fingers through  
her hair  
And get this ..  
How she always  
smelt, felt, looked and  
tasted  
But then, my friend,  
that was back in the day ...

## Pandemia

Pandemia

Elusive as woodsmoke

Impossible

to grasp, catch or cage ..

...

The depth of night sky

deep

but surely, close to God ..

## Himawari - Sunflower

Himawari - Sunflower

Even with his head  
turned slightly  
to one side and held low  
He shone  
and brightly so ..  
Erect, proud and golden  
Taller  
than his counterparts  
Spilling petals  
on the ground  
The poppies and the  
cornflowers  
all bowed and strewn  
abundant ..  
Not to mention those  
violets  
sown ever so lightly  
into the  
violent hedgerow  
Somewhere down below ..

## A Taste of Hunger

### A Taste of Hunger

None of my walls are straight  
So why  
on earth should I be straight  
with you  
Go on, tell me, tell me do ..  
I live in a crooked world  
of the most acute offset lines  
and flawed masonry ..  
So why should I pretend to  
subscribe  
to such technical lineography  
Go on ..  
Tell me, tell me, tell me do ..  
why am I still so  
very hurt and oh' so very hungry ..

## A Little Point of Fact Maybe

A Little Point of Fact Maybe

... Who dare love the sky, more fully than thee  
Corncrakes and Kittyhawk's  
Each dare love the sky, more fully than thee ...

## Tree of Souls

### Tree of Souls

While each  
stout branch  
of the tree of souls  
casts  
heavy shadows  
all around  
But oh' so  
very lightly ...  
Those self-same  
swollen,  
stricken limbs  
dance blind ..  
Clutching air  
and raising  
questions long  
not asked ...  
But always asking  
them politely  
Who teaches  
baby birds to sing  
and why do  
starlings murmur  
Who turns  
the stars on each  
night ..  
and why do lovers  
rarely  
want to sleep  
Yet babies  
almost always  
choose to slumber ...





## Along the Mineral Line

### Along the Mineral Line

Listen,  
can you hear her coming  
All the way  
from over yonder  
All the way  
To Bishops Lydeard  
Can you  
feel the pressure rising ...  
Pistons shoving, pushing,  
pulsing ..  
Hark now listen,  
can you feel her coming  
Surely,  
then it must be,  
all of ten plus forty-two  
precisely ..  
Ah, aaahh ah .. she sighed  
Bang  
on time then my lovely ...  
Oh' yes,  
my word, how she did  
shake then gasp  
and hiss and spit and  
puff, puff, puff ...  
Sounding like some  
frantic, jealous lover  
While  
steam clouds tracked  
above  
and slowly trailed away  
somewhere

far behind her ..  
Oh' yes, indeed, it did  
much like  
some off white braided  
ribbon might ...  
Surely he would not  
forget  
such moments with her  
On the way  
from Minehead,  
along the  
good old mineral line ..  
Stopping  
only briefly, at each of  
Watchet, then  
Washford and Williton  
On her way  
to Bishops Lydeard ..  
And yes,  
then heading back  
the self-same way she  
always came  
and once more home again ....

## Twitarus

Twitarus

He was not pushed

He dared to fall and subsequently jumped,

Believing he could fly

...

He could not fly

So fell instead, broke both arms, his neck and skull

Oh' what a silly boy

## Empty Harbours

Empty Harbours

Empty harbours

Yawning

Hungry and waiting

.

Empty harbours

Lying

Gaping and gasping

.

Empty harbours

Gagging

Drowning and sighing

.

Empty harbours

Raped

Aching and crying ..

.

Empty harbours

Echo

Within their own walls

.

Empty harbours

Screaming

Let this be a warning

.

Empty Harbours

## Cold Shoulder

### Cold Shoulder

Between them,  
they think they may have  
managed to crucify him ..

Starve him, and be sure  
to freeze him out they cried  
My word, how they did try ..

Indeed, they made  
a solemn pact, upon a vague  
uncertain line somewhere ..

Discreetly stuck together  
so they did .. Oh yes, indeed  
and somehow, firmly lodged ..

Bound by fear  
between new found bitterness  
and those age old chestnuts ..

The logic of fools,  
a supreme cold shoulder  
and mutual unfounded paranoia ..

## Six Million Candles

Six Million Candles

Six million candles burning  
maybe give or take a handful  
and each one, casts a shadow brightly ..

Six million candles burning  
scant few though  
assigned an individual victim's name ..

Six million candles burning  
furnace hot and foundry bright  
I say, let them burn both day and night ..

Six million candles burning  
maybe give or take a handful  
Let none of us forget the reasons why ..

## All the Best Words

### All the Best Words

When all his best words were taken  
Teased apart, twisted and broken  
He knew then, there was nowhere to hide

...

When all his best words had been written  
Examined, considered, copied and forsaken  
He knew there would be no more light

...

When all his best words were spoken  
Sung, whispered, screamed and then shouted  
He knew then, he must learn how to fight

...

When all his best words were stolen  
Torn apart, twisted, bled dry and finally crushed  
He knew that the end was in sight

...



## Three T's

Three T's

Trouble, tide and time

Refuse to wait for any man

Just you wait and see

## Geraldine

Geraldine

Three years ago today  
She passed ...  
and we lost all  
of what then remained  
of summer ...  
Today though  
we placed a handful  
of her most  
favourite sunflowers  
Lightly upon  
the ocean somewhere  
Only just outside  
our little harbour  
To mark her passing  
and as a token  
of our unremitting love ...

## Maybe One of Us Should Leave

Maybe One of Us Should Leave

I need to be hurt  
She said ...  
Almost as much  
as I need to breathe  
I cannot  
help myself, is what  
She said ...  
Maybe one of us  
should leave  
I need to bleed  
She said ...  
It is the only thing  
I've yet found  
that lets the hurt out  
Maybe  
one of us should leave ..

## No Mean Feet

### No Mean Feet

The fact he said, his feet just got bigger  
Made her smile  
But then, she had not seen him for a while  
and knew  
it was not true but smiled regardless ..  
After all,  
she was an expert on such matters  
and could bullshit with the best of them  
The fact he  
hadn't kept in touch at all, and then,  
turned up like that  
Out of the blue, also made her smile ..  
Because ..  
She then knew, just how much she could  
trust herself  
while still hurting him, and big time too ...

## Way Too Late

Way Too Late

She refused to listen to reason and then, to common sense  
but later came to realise, there are no such things  
as unplanned goodbyes, or farewell accidents

.

## Freshly Squeezed

### Freshly Squeezed

Hey,  
would you think any less of me  
If I told you  
I often spend my afternoons  
these days  
Remembering the gentle sway  
of our clean sheets  
Freshly laundered and playing  
with the early  
Autumn breeze, just waiting  
on winter  
Smelling of sunshine, freshly squeezed ....

## Sleeping on the Job

Sleeping on the Job

those standing stones laying down  
indeed look tired  
surely they are shattered

## Banished

Banished

Dear lord,  
it feels as though  
I might as well not be here at all ..  
indeed,  
that is precisely how it seems  
Ever since  
they did elevate the art of breaking up  
and it became a science ..  
Well here I am,  
a very simple man  
A mediocre novice, sincerely banished ...



## Briefly

Briefly

Cherry blossom wind falls slow  
on snow flake kissed garden

Mind how they do both come and go  
yet leave no trace behind them

## Freefallen

Freefallen

Both gentle and brief  
like some free falling leaf  
He did love her, yet quietly ...

## Magnificently Different

### Magnificently Different

Standing there before the tallest  
of mirrors like that,  
Casually cupping her swollen belly  
and proud ..  
Those firm, yet gentle strokes of  
hers ..  
Served as some protective shield  
Perhaps ..  
Much the way he sometimes held  
his bowl backed mandolin ..  
He then smiled and mouthed her  
name ..  
And dreamed of loving her again  
But next time magnificently different ..

## Upon a Small White Feather

Upon a Small White Feather

Somewhere, riding high  
on the curl  
of a single white feather  
He is looking  
down on you and me  
and guess what,  
I feel sure that he is smiling

## Mark these Words

Mark these Words

Mark these few words

of mine

And do be sure to mark

them well

Not everything you

read is real

Not everything you

hear is true

But there shall always

surely be though

Two sides to every

argument and story ..

So why not

ring or text, or write me

## Just a Kiss Goodbye

Just a Kiss Goodbye

She said, hey love,  
look up

There is a cross in  
the sky

He said, no babe,  
it's not ..

It is just a kiss goodbye ..

## One More Four Letter Word

One More Four Letter Word

Ever since  
he found out  
She had lied to him  
the very last time, that is  
it all began to go terribly wrong  
Indeed, the name on the label he once dreamt  
of and loved, became just one more four letter word

## Cathedral Bells

### Cathedral Bells

Listen to the peeling of those cathedral bells  
and to the sound of children playing

Somewhere in the distance  
a token Gregorian chant was plainly heard

While a single cello strained to the fragile rhythm  
and hypocrisy of all those sinners praying



## What Matters Most

What Matters Most

It does not really matter

how

You choose to ignore him

now

Neither when, or how or

where

What really matters most

is surely

That you know

he's somewhere near

And the very

simple fact, despite yourself

it seems,

You really do, still care ..... x

## Because it Got in the Way

Because it Got in the Way

If it moved he would shoot it

If it did not move

He would often shoot it twice

## Opus

### Opus

According to some as yet un-writ universal law  
She was to be his opus  
A final masterpiece, without a single flaw ..  
Each subtle stroke  
each shutter click, each eye lash and golden  
wisp of hair  
Was each and every one of them a stroke of  
genius to be fair ..  
He, though was far more than merely modest  
and wasted not  
one single drop of ink, nor daub of paint, or word  
Since she was meant  
to be in his eyes perfect, with no blemish, graze,  
stain or bruise ..  
And should she ever bleed, it was the gods  
themselves decreed  
It must surely be, from a single perfect open  
wound,  
The like of which, all men do dream ..  
and then, for four and one half years he laboured  
Almost every single day and night, he toiled ..  
oft foregoing  
nourishment and sleep ..  
Until that is, he lost his mind and sight to her  
for gazing  
far too long and hard and deep upon her  
nakedness as was,  
Now draped and seemingly resplendent in a  
borrowed flaxen shawl ..  
and held there pinned against the sudden  
backdrop

of an otherwise empty canvass ..  
Carelessly gathering dust in a corner of some  
long forgotten artist's studio apartment  
Not a million miles away from Plaza Trastevere ..

## The Essence of You

The Essence of You

He wants to breathe  
deeply  
Every breath she exhales  
To billow  
and dance freely  
Like those  
wind filled silk sails ....  
Like clouds  
in a cloudless sky  
Filled  
with nothing but blue  
He wants to breathe  
deeply  
The very essence of you ...

## En Route From A to B

En Route From A to B

On average, the entire journey  
would maybe take  
the best part of four whole days  
...

Yes, it was a long way indeed  
From Amsterdam to  
Bergen-Belsen back in the day  
...

And get this, there was never  
more than standing room in any  
case, and then ..  
...

Only if you were very, very lucky  
No toilet stops,  
no buffet car or restaurants ..  
...

Just a bucket for each cattle truck  
if you were lucky ..  
One way tickets only, no voids ..  
...

Returns and certainly no refunds  
were allowed  
Not a single bloody one ..  
...

Yet strange as it may now seem  
whole families might often be

accommodated thus, regardless ..

...

Though, the bastards as was,  
could not cope and so lost  
countless wretched souls in that way ..

...

While exact numbers may yet vary  
it is now known almost a million  
innocents passed en-route from A to B ..

## From a Safe Distance Only

From a Safe Distance Only

Just listen to that silence

If you dare ..

I guarantee it's like no

other sound

that you my love, shall

ever likely hear ..

A hollow resonation felt

both loud and crystal clear ...

Not to mention deep ..

Yes, it hit him like a freight

train hard ..

Through the very soles

of both his feet ..

And what about all those

fingertips and nudges

You might well ask ...

Of course, they hurt too

he would admit ..

Indeed it was those subtle

strokes and gentle prompts

That reminded

him so very much of lovers

long since passed

As yet tho from a safe distance only



## Upon the Tip of His Tongue

Upon the Tip of His Tongue

Her name, like her taste  
was on the tip of his tongue

Tomorrow, who knows  
maybe both shall be gone ..

## Beached Whale Blues

Beached Whale Blues

Beached whale, blubbering waves

High tide saves the day

Good fortune smiles down, for sure

## Its Shore Life

### Its Shore Life

Today it is the sanderlings turn ..  
yesterday  
it was the  
terns  
Tomorrow  
who knows  
Maybe the guillemots or gulls ..

## No Sweat

No Sweat

If I could get away with it

I might just wear your dress

...

On hot and sticky days like this

I want to look my best

## Almost a Very Nearly

Almost a Very Nearly

Waiting for the tide to turn

Bobbing up and down

Bow and belly kissed by waves

## A Nameless Craft

A Nameless Craft

*Another Toy* sat leaning aft  
*tween Fulmar Two* and a nameless craft

Praying for the tide to turn  
and kiss her gently pon her stern ...

Tho waiting on her skipper too  
but anxious, he don't come too soon ...

## Magic Bead

### Magic Bead

Framed as it was like that  
all but lost  
between the folds of those  
sweet satin curtains  
Now long since drawn  
perfectly centered, pulsing  
and brightly ..  
Yes my friend that is where  
he found her magic bead  
The one he traced around  
ever so lightly  
and she, for such a long time  
would have him believe  
was misplaced  
and might never be found ...

## When You Find These Words

When You Find These Words

When you eventually stumble  
upon these words, I do so hope  
you find them good enough to ignore ..



## Upon the Arms of Favourite Chairs

Upon the Arms of Favourite Chairs

If life was always warm and worn smooth  
like these ancient steps are worn smooth  
and the arms of our favourite chairs ..

Then surely, there would be nowhere else  
for us my love .. and maybe we might  
just both curl up and stay like this for always ..

## Calling Time

### Calling Time

Today, I feel like an old clock counting moments  
upon which  
the smug polished patina of time is now the only  
thing that shines, he said ..  
Then he did smile and eased himself slow and deep  
into his favourite chair ..  
Whereupon he breathed his last with dust motes  
dancing wild and blindly  
within the silvered notes of his once dark hair ..

## An Unfinished Summer

### An Unfinished Summer

With the beard and in that certain light  
he looked  
a bit like Jesus Christ, or so she thought  
he might ..  
At least the way he looked when in the  
movies  
And she loved him like that throughout  
summer  
With his long hair, love beads, patched  
jeans ..  
those Marlboro lights and frayed velvet  
jacket ..  
Pray tell, what more might a girl from the  
west country want  
Whilst savouring each moment till .....

## Upon a Time Once

Upon a Time Once

Upon a time once  
my word how we loved  
Aye, didn't we just ..

And with never a thought for  
those moments we lost  
Nor for gratuitous lust ..

Upon a time once  
my word how we loved  
Aye, didn't we just ..

Though with never  
a thought for the  
consequences of such

Whether borrowed, or lent  
to us, in that moment  
it was all time well spent ..

Upon a time once  
my word how we loved  
Aye, didn't we just ..

## Perfectly Hued

### Perfectly Hued

If all we could see was  
perfectly hues ..  
Shaded in silver  
shadowed and blued  
As comfortably snug  
as your old  
quilted jacket  
and well-worn pair  
of handmade brogues ..  
With all to be gained  
and nothing to lose  
We would surely  
never again dream of  
closing our eyes to the world ..

## Covertly Covid

### Covertly Covid

You can think what you like about  
Covid ..  
You said  
you can see what it did to the two  
of us ..  
Well tell me this  
do you still think we both survived ..

## Black Candles

### Black Candles

He once burnt a whole raft  
of black candles  
Determined to hold back the light  
then he chewed upon  
Tansy, samphire and dried  
peppermint  
So she would be sure to dream  
of him  
That very same night ..... x

## Thanks to Covid

Thanks to Covid

Now, thanks to Covid,  
even before Eden, the origins of corruption  
can be tracked, traced and found ...



## Elusive Blues

### Elusive Blues

Try as hard as he might  
it would all be in vain  
and never quite right

That most subtle of  
blues would  
always elude him

Yes, you know, those  
that can only be found  
in a certain light

Hiding beneath the  
porcelain white  
of her skin, within veins

## The Angle of Her Lay

### The Angle of Her Lay

Depending on the time of day  
he might well  
choose to rise and meet her  
halfway perhaps  
beneath that flimsy cotton  
bodice top ..  
below her shift, her slip or stay ..  
Oh' dear lord  
he cried; she has the profile of  
a feline and  
the subtle curve of a swans neck  
feeding ....  
Oh' yes, she does  
and just between the you and me  
Depending  
on the angle of her lay ...  
Somewhere  
between the hollow of her  
shoulders  
and the very gentlest of sways  
Her back  
would arc to greet him  
as she bites her lip and blushes  
and she prays that he  
her lover might just stay another day

## Untitled #2

Untitled #2

In less time than it took him  
to process  
that one last onslaught ..  
And the content of her insult  
She was swiftly consigned to  
the waste-bin  
and hence to history ..  
Where,  
without even a shelf to sit on  
She was deemed unworthy  
of memory, shame or guilt even ..

## Limerence

Limerence

I no longer want to be  
the object you desire and shall therefore  
drink accordingly to my calculated return to obscurity ...

## A Very Personal Holocaust

### A Very Personal Holocaust

On leaving the station all the records  
suggest  
She was wearing her Paisley patterned  
Sunday best dress ..  
Not to mention the very fine shawl  
embroidered in gold  
by an old aunt, with a silver bradawl ..  
But let's not pretend, that was a whole  
life time ago ..  
Take my word, how things change in  
the blink of an eye ..  
For later that day, those same records  
Proposed  
Miss Lonneke Cohen was to lose all she  
then owned ..  
Her hair and those ribbons and the gold  
from her teeth ..  
Plus a coat and her red leather boots  
were removed by a thief  
And swiftly replaced with a yellow star  
shaped cotton motif ..  
Not to mention that six figure tattoo ..  
Yes, the one the  
now, Ms. Lonneke Wahl still wears to  
this day ...  
On her forearm, beneath the long sleeves  
of her blouse  
She keeps hidden away .. and as far as  
is known ..... She is now  
the only surviving family member  
Of the late Marsha and Abraham Cohen ...



## The Fullest of Moons

### The Fullest of Moons

He was as lonely and loud as the  
fullest of moons  
Without her beside him  
and felt that he was drowning ..  
Like falling  
from a skylight slowly  
And as she watched him hurtle  
downwards  
Scattered shards of stained glass  
fell in abstract patterns  
all around him  
and a masterpiece was found ..

## When Nothing is a Sound Too Loud

When Nothing is a Sound Too Loud

He handed her a shell and then she promptly held it to her ear  
and though she claims to have listened intently  
heard nothing but the voice of her own conscience and the sea ..



## An Unexpected Chaos

An Unexpected Chaos

Although now  
such a long time lost

She swiftly  
found herself in him

A secure, sublime and  
splendid, but unexpected chaos ..

## She Calls Them Tears

### She Calls Them Tears

It's vast and its wide, but with nowhere to hide ..  
and just between the two of us .....  
The ocean is a great divide .. But that my friend is  
where those salt crystals, he so carefully placed  
many yesterday's ago today, still lay .....  
She calls them tears .. but then again, she would  
and why shouldn't she ..... x

## An Old Promise Well Kept

### An Old Promise Well Kept

He waited and watched, both weary and wet  
but nevertheless, like he said that he would ..  
and the heels of his boots were worn down to  
the bone  
gainst the roughhewn, black, bladderwracked  
stone of the old harbour wall ..  
Aye, the one that they both knew so well ..  
Till all those fisherman's wives, spread their  
little white lies  
Clucking like hens in a flood .. Yet he waited  
and he watched,  
though both weary and wet, just like he  
always once said that he would ..  
And even today when the wind blows the  
wrong way, some folk still say ..  
His presence can be felt on them roughhewn,  
black, bladderwracked harbour stone walls  
At both ends of the day  
and again, in those places down there by the  
quay, where they once  
used to play, when both young, both single and free ..

## A Permanent Embrace

### A Permanent Embrace

Somewhere, in some deep forest glade  
where dappled pools of light did shade  
He found her waiting patiently, but oh'  
so very naked .....  
And though quite shocked, to find her  
thus ..  
He knelt to kiss where those blue veins  
did form  
a perfect cross, in the hollow of her  
ankle .....  
Yes ... twas there with gold leaves falling  
all around ..  
Like snow in sudden winter forming  
each a pillow, sheet, a quilt and shroud  
That's precisely  
where they lay till morning, undiscovered  
still and proud .....  
Until the thaw of spring that is .. and they  
were then each  
Subsequently found, beneath a swollen  
hedgerow somewhere  
Locked in their permanent embrace .....

## The Treatise of Love

The Treatise of Love

Revelations of Divine Love

penned by the fabled

Anchorine Wisse

or Juliann of Norwich ..

As she later became known

Did indeed write

that very first book

in the tongue we now share

by any woman

either dead or alive ...

And so .. reader, you see

The Anchoress

was far more than just another

recluse ...

She was the first

of her kind, by a mile and a half

and almost a thousand long years ..

## To Be Continued Maybe

### To Be Continued Maybe

Somewhere down there, way beyond Brest ..  
He found her  
baking unleavened bread  
and wearing those borrowed blue overalls  
those with a pocket in the chest .....  
Precisely where  
she kept her passport, pen and note pad  
full of half completed poems  
and other inconsequential stuff like that  
She was in the kitchen  
of some cool chateau and had flour  
in her hair, on her forehead and eyebrows too  
At first, he thought  
she looked like a beautiful ghost, surrounded  
by shadows like that ..  
But then, her Malbec lips were mouthing silent  
Prayers, almost loud ..  
And in that moment, he just kind of knew ..  
Not everything was  
quite write after all .. To be continued, maybe ..

## Called to War

Called to War

The sky wept pearls that fateful day  
the shape of tears and the size of duck eggs ..  
No, not a single bloody thing went according to plan  
He being called to someone else's war like that.. Shame on them all  
of course, the white feather pinned to the back of his collar, did nothing to  
help matters, the day war finally broke and when the sky wept those pearls ...

## Songs From a Room

### Songs From a Room

Sing for me Leonard, sing deep, long and slow  
from the darkest corners of this circular room

Pray sing Hallelujah .....

sing loud and sing clear

Let those angel tears flow and maybe you will  
tell me of the beauty you once found in chaos

Then teach me to live, to love and not hate ...

Sing for me Leonard, sing slow, long and deep  
from the barest corners of your secular room

Pray sing Hallelujah .....

sing clear and sing loud

Make those angels all proud and maybe one day  
tell me of the sorrow, you once found in beauty

Then teach me to live, to love and not hate ...

Sing for me Leonard, sing cool, dark and deep  
from the sharpest corners of this celibate room

Pray sing Hallelujah .....

sing honest and true

Let those angel hearts beat and maybe one day  
show me the wonder you found hidden in poetry

Then teach me to live, to love and not hate ...



## I Do so Hope There are Saxophones in Heaven

I Do so Hope There are Saxophones in Heaven

Will I know it when I'm not

when it's all over

When I've lost the bloomin lot ..

## This is Not a Hake

This is Not a Hake

Something very fishy here

merluccius merluccius

So damn good with chips or salad ..

## Listen Through the Breeze

### Listen Through the Breeze

Although you may never hear  
his mandolin again  
Except for maybe on the wind  
It would be such a crying shame  
if not, indeed a sin  
Should you never listen for it  
every now and then ...  
And whilst we are both here  
right now  
I think that you should know  
There are certain  
shades and tones I never want  
you caught in, ever ..  
Such is the legacy of a yesterday  
gone oh' so terribly wrong  
So wrong in fact, we might need  
prayers mid streams  
of precious fairy lights and bunting  
And get this ..  
I never want you choreographed  
For that would be  
too much to ask, but want you  
So much more  
than I did once want you ..  
In those flimsy  
turquoise triangles, those which,  
With all respect  
barely covered anything at all  
But then you know that don't you ...



## Wryneck

Wryneck

Known for looking backward over shoulders preened  
Dull jeweled and understated, yet immaculately silver sheened  
Always looking backward over shoulders to where it once had been  
Sought after by so many, but oh' so very rarely seen ..

## When the Sea Fret Hit

When the Sea Fret Hit

As the sea fret hit the shore, bolder than brass  
with no sign of shame at all  
She did sweep all in her path before her  
and to each side, brass monkeys came to mind  
Then without a blush at all  
she kissed that sailors haar's and wove him a  
tale more fragile than lace, hoar frost feathered ..

## My Lotus and Me

My Lotus and Me

British racing green  
and  
number seventeen  
Very  
nearly number one  
though ..  
Once upon a moment  
gone ..  
Or so it did Zen  
almost seem to me ..  
But listen  
and loudly  
That tree when falling  
never made  
a single sound .....

## Narcissist

Narcissist

None of it was meant for me, or us or them  
now was it .....

Every single little thing was meant for you  
entirely .....

You tireless, self-absorbed little madam you  
so don't even bother to try and read between  
these lines .....

There is nothing here you don't think you  
know already .....



## Fablon

Fablon

One side of her is pretty

The other, is far too intense and sticky

So good at hiding blemishes, stains and lies of course

## Scarper

Scarper

No buts but paper cuts

they came to rest

upon a moment lightly

But then ..

the very morning after

they first

Made love, both on em

bade their

excuses to leave and

neither

Could leave quick enough

## Someone More Golden

Someone More Golden

Have you ever wondered  
how it might feel to be no one  
to be nowhere and nothing

..

Unknown and unloved  
not just presumed missing  
but gone and completely

..

Well that is precisely how I feel  
this autumn, having been dismissed  
and exchanged for someone more golden ..

## For Reference Purposes Only

For Reference Purposes Only

When you eventually find these words  
read each one of them slowly and take  
them in deep ..  
Then, consign them to shelves both safe  
and not far away ..  
But within easy reach and for reference  
purposes only of course ...

## A Taste Well Shared

### A Taste Well Shared

Whether on moorland in meadows  
and leats next to the sea  
He tastes of her as she does of he

Whether horizontal or standing  
or on bended knee  
He tastes of her as she does of he

And with nothing but the light  
a top sheet and warm oil of *Dark Oud* on  
He tastes of her as she does of he

Whether wrapped loosely in silks  
or on discarded sailcloth  
He tastes of her as she does of he ..

## Without Closure

Without Closure

While out walking

alone

As was always

the case

He discovered by

chance

Although some

might say fate

Her discarded gold

chain

And that old broken

cross ..

Yes, the one she

refused

Not to wear on a

date ..

Of his love though

there was not

Even the slightest

of traces ..

No DNA flake

not a fingerprint or

hair even ..

Nor her essence

was ever to be found ..

## Nothing to Lose

### Nothing to Lose

Upon their eventual awakening  
not one of them  
dared in the slightest to move  
and even as their eyes stayed  
ever so lightly  
half closed, a smile it did spread  
across both of their faces  
since neither had nothing to lose

## The Tease

### The Tease

She gave him far more  
than a glimmer  
But then, so much less  
than a glimpse ..  
And although both his  
eyes were wide open  
He was  
so hungry and blinded  
By her false  
vulnerability that she  
So skillfully  
portrayed and not  
to mention of course,  
The very  
near nakedness  
She chose to hide  
nothing behind  
Beneath the cheesecloth  
all that glitter and chintz ...



## Ah-Weh-Eyu - Pretty Flower

Ah-Weh-Eyu - Pretty Flower

Ah-Weh-Eyu  
my pretty flower  
Daughter  
of the once great  
Seneca nation  
How I wonder,  
did you ever know  
Just how beautiful  
you were  
Back in the day ..  
Ah-Weh-Eyu  
my pretty flower  
Forget those  
trade beads, furs  
and feathers  
And the lies of all  
the white men  
Who once  
queued outside  
your tepee,  
with false promises  
of peace  
and full bellies  
For your children  
Ah-Weh-Eyu  
my pretty flower  
Forget  
black powder  
lightening sticks  
and broken mirrors  
I want to

take you with me  
On a journey  
of self-discovery  
Through dark  
forests and across  
those deep rivers  
To a place of safety  
and then to  
teach you, just how  
beautiful  
You now really are  
without the baggage  
or that war paint  
propaganda we have  
all since  
grown to despise  
Ah-Weh-Eyu,  
my pretty flower  
I want to always  
see you clearly in the  
flash and shine  
of crazy glazed bowls  
and copper kettles  
Far removed from all  
the sepia, lithographs  
and old photo's stored  
in biscuit tins  
and these cigar boxes  
Beneath the beds  
of my own ancestors  
Themselves,  
now long since passed ..

## A Formal Study of Her Knees

### A Formal Study of Her Knees

In the sun like that  
He couldn't help but marvel  
At the way  
They both seemed to glow  
Like early morning alabaster  
And later  
Like twin bronze patinas  
A smile then formed  
As he took  
His first sip of breakfast coffee  
And watched her place  
A tiny drop of sun cream  
To the fore and aft and crown  
Of those perfect knees of hers  
And just to rub it in  
He did then swear she had  
The most amazing patella's ever

## Breathe

Breathe

Breathe

one more time my love

I just need

to hear you sigh ..

Breathe

one more time for me

my love

I need to see

your chest and belly rise

In time

with those gentle

undulations ..

Like two

fallen sparrows might

In their

single quest to taste the sky

## Dirty Laugh

### Dirty Laugh

He loved it when she let him hear  
that dirty  
laugh of hers ..

The one she saved for  
special lovers  
and moments such as  
those  
she freely shared  
throughout  
the beaches bedrooms,  
bars and the  
balconies of Hydra, Ithaca and Crete ..

## Ithaca

Ithaca

Somewhere between  
the islands  
of Hydra and Crete  
he found  
and he did then  
fall in love completely  
with the  
legend that is now Ithaca

## Two Days into Autumn

Two Days into Autumn

We are only two days into autumn  
Yet it has that certain feel  
Where yellow turns to golden  
And she has squared my colour wheel

## A Diamond in The Making

A Diamond in The Making

The carbon footprint that you leave behind today  
but try so hard to hide, is set to become  
a diamond in the making, of some future lovers mind



## Magnificently Flawed

Magnificently Flawed

Although

at first she seemed

beautiful, yet small, like some

little gem perhaps, it very soon became

more apparent to him that she had more flaws

than both the Empire State Building and Post Office towers ..

## Recollections

### Recollections

It is not always easy  
to remember  
But so much harder  
to forget  
All those little things  
she always did  
Like the way she wore  
her hair  
and drew light upon  
her French cigarettes ..

## Breakfast Rituals

### Breakfast Rituals

After breakfast  
and without so much as  
even thinking  
He half turned and placed  
the very  
tenderest of kisses upon her  
right temple ..  
Then, they just stood there  
side by side  
Deep in contemplation for  
a moment ..  
Until something clicked and  
he resumed  
the rinsing and she began  
to dry the used  
fine china breakfast dishes ..  
Those reserved for  
Sunday mornings, such as these

## Enlightenment #2

### Enlightenment #2

He watched her washing bottles  
in a tavern  
by the roadside and later mending  
burns and holes and tears  
in other people's dirty clothing  
to make a living, or so it seemed  
Then taking sips  
of melted snow caught in a golden  
sun bowl  
She later dined on grapes picked  
from a Grecian  
hand thrown plate ..  
It was in that very moment  
when he realised  
without any warning, whatsoever  
that nothing  
lasts forever and there is no taste  
at all to those last  
few crumbs we each leave behind ..

## Mouth My Name Slow

Mouth My Name Slow

If you think of me quick  
and you  
mouth my name slow  
Then you  
might just miss some  
of the  
many imperfections  
you previously  
assigned to me  
in one of those moments  
of pique when  
your anger did peak so ..  
.

## Burnt and Bitter Oranges

### Burnt and Bitter Oranges

When they eventually found her suspended  
in sepia like that  
The years no longer seemed to matter at all  
She was important  
for a micro-moment and not a moment more  
Yet the taste and the smell  
of her did linger, like burnt and bitter oranges  
against the very fabric  
of his hungry, sore and swollen throat ...

## Inconsequential Gulls

### Inconsequential Gulls

Just listen to all those inconsequential gulls  
not a single one has much to say  
But nevertheless, each one of them is spewing  
misconceptions and half truths  
down the necks of unsuspecting fledglings  
Those not necessarily hungry  
but incessantly mewling and craving attention

## Somewhere on a Spectrum

### Somewhere on a Spectrum

Long before their  
eyes  
first failed to meet  
he just knew she  
would be different  
somehow ..  
After all, she was  
so very hard to  
describe ..  
Like the textures  
of fire and water  
are so very hard to  
describe ..  
She was lithe like  
a fish  
and carefree as  
a fool ..  
Yet so socially  
awkward  
and quite unaware ..  
Like a lost  
flightless bird  
desperate  
to dance upon air ..  
Yes long  
before their eyes  
first failed to meet ..  
He just knew  
she would be special  
But then,  
hard to understand



somehow ..  
Like the contrasting  
extremes of both  
magma  
and permafrost  
are hard to fathom ..  
She was  
after all an enigma,  
a mystery  
a dream in the  
making ..  
But also alas,  
in need of protecting  
from herself and  
those  
with no conscience  
or morals  
nor bloody integrity ..  
Pinned  
as she was like that  
on a glorious  
rainbow coloured  
and yes ..  
Perfect broad spectrum ..

## Storm Petrel Rising

### Storm Petrel Rising

Cast your eyes to the sea  
and to the wind lads ..  
Come savour that salt on  
your beards ..  
Cast your eyes to the sea  
and the sky lads ..  
That's not  
just a blur on the horizon  
out there ..  
But the upswept and the  
spiraling  
spray first formed and then  
foamed  
By those  
great angry clouds off them  
backs of  
those storm petrel rising ..

## Let These Words Speak For Themselves

Let These Words Speak For Themselves

In a worried world filled  
with such  
bustle and rush  
Like frantic bees upon  
a teasel playing ..  
Each with their pollen  
pockets primed  
and likewise filled  
to the very  
point of overflowing ..  
Pray leave them  
well alone my friend  
Don't dare to  
overthink a single one  
Oh yes indeed  
In a worried world filled  
with such  
bustle and rush  
just let these words speak  
for themselves

## Shy

Shy

Until the very first time  
when  
she let him see her  
naked  
She would hide her  
perfect form in shadows  
deep ..  
Yes indeed, until that  
first time  
She always tended to  
recline  
somewhere much more  
covertly  
between the sunscreen  
and the  
privacy her parasol  
demanded ..  
Halfway between those  
high hills  
some called mountains  
and the shallow  
lace edged coves of Crete  
But as her  
holiday progressed  
She just could not bear  
to save those  
hidden depths of hers  
another week ..  
And so it was decided  
after one half pint  
of local raki, on day nine

or thereabouts ..

She finally relented and

let him feel

her naked for the first

time with

curtains drawn and all

the lights off ..

Still out of sight somewhere

beneath those

freshly laundered hotel sheets

## Kitten

Kitten

She was wild  
and  
had the amber  
coloured eyes  
of a lioness ..  
She called him  
Tiger  
and since he  
made her purr  
just like  
a pussycat ..  
He quite simply  
chose  
to call her Kitten ..

## No Such Thing as Empty Space

No Such Thing as Empty Space

To those who might at first suppose  
the white space between the somewhat ubiquitous title  
and the footnote down there are both empty  
or for that matter wasted, please take note  
there is no such thing in my book

## Pray Keep the Mask On

Pray Keep the Mask On

She smiled and asked if he would care to lift her dress

He of course, smiled back and said yes

That would be fine, but pray do keep your mask on ..



## Lawnsome

Lawnsome

Though much more a meadow than a lawn  
Pray leave the grass alone she cried  
Tis where my friends, wee beasties hide

## Horizontal Curves & Vertical Bars

### Horizontal Curves & Vertical Bars

She was just so damn good  
to look at  
But even more fascinating to watch  
and observe  
Yes, the sight and the sound of her  
moving like that  
Held fast within those vertical bars  
Each one of them  
individually amazing and somehow  
crazily aligned  
Not to mention her spectacular and  
elsewise, offset  
amorphous and horizontal curves ..

## Just Another Way Out

### Just Another Way Out

She was all made up  
and such  
a pretty fabrication ..  
Built like  
a temple, yet sounded  
hollow ..  
Like some old church  
might well  
sound perhaps ..  
And maybe likewise  
just as broken  
She was however,  
swiftly mended  
But yet, there are still  
those who  
might suggest she had  
more than  
just a hand in her  
very own, ultimate demise ..

## Narcissistically Speaking

### Narcissistically Speaking

She was as sincere as a hangman's  
good morning might seem  
and as tight as the noose that he waves

..

Yes the bitch she would lie  
like a psychopath  
without doubt, she could lay like a whore

...

Yet with no possible way to avoid those webs  
of deceit she might skillfully weave  
there was simply no way, to even the score

...

## Unsincerely Yours

Unsincerely Yours

She never did say goodbye, or post him  
those letters she claimed  
to have laboured and lost so much sleep over

## The Wreck of Our Lady

### The Wreck of Our Lady

Although breached and not whole  
she was once  
as near perfect, as ever they come ..  
Though broke  
but not boarded, she had once been  
spectacular ..  
Yet now grounded and holed, she is  
not fit for  
purpose, but only for salvage ..  
Since nothing  
remains but torn sail cloth, old copper  
a few rusty nails, plus  
one or two timbers, all worm drilled  
and rotting which  
collectively serve as some grim reminder  
of that yesterdays  
voyage, gone so desperately wrong  
Yet now wrapped  
in a page from a forgotten newspaper  
Like chips in the  
gutter, whether dropped or discarded  
makes no bloody  
difference, at all in the long-run since  
Our Lady's still gone

## An All Too Familiar Modus

An All Too Familiar Modus

Oh' you poor wee man  
you've got it bad don't you ..

Does she call you luv and  
cry at every opportunity ..

Does she claim to burn candles  
and say prayers for you too ..

Does she then throw them  
all back in your face ..

Well it seems she does to all of us  
don't blame yourself though ..

She will do that for you  
without a shadow of a doubt ..

Take my word, it won't be long  
soon you will be well and truly done ..

And then, when she has had her fill  
you will no doubt, be discarded too ..

## An All Too Certain Falsity

### An All Too Certain Falsity

A little bit of nothing can be spread  
a long way  
but the truth of the matter is so  
very plain to see  
Although he never meant to suggest  
that he loved her  
the best, my guess is, he just took  
the whole thing for granted  
His sorry did not  
make it better though, but rather  
stung like salt  
rubbed in an open wound would  
surely sting ...



## Linger

Linger

Just because you cannot see me  
does not mean I'm nowhere near  
and  
just because you cannot feel me  
does not mean I'm less than real  
I am not  
gone, I need to linger  
just to check that nothing's wrong  
I never  
told you I might be leaving  
I just could not find the right words  
to place  
inside this mourning song for  
safe keeping, until this whole affair  
is over  
and I am well and truly done .. x

## Ma Petit Serviette

Ma Petit Serviette

To him, she was far more than a waitress ..  
to him, she was his petit serviette  
who gave of herself  
completely  
No  
questions asked  
no blame, nor guilt or doubt  
To him, she was his petit serviette, who  
gave herself completely, no argument throughout ..

## An Unmistakable She

### An Unmistakable She

Hey, don't you just love those  
lateral flows  
and of course, the seamless  
flaws of hers  
Each horizontal push and pull  
Such a  
splendid collection of pulses  
and probes ..  
Hey, don't you just love the way  
she holds her fork,  
The unique way she sips her tea  
indeed the way  
She rolls her R's for all the world  
to hear, to feel  
to write about and to taste and see

## Resting Light on a Wing and Prayer

Resting Light on a Wing and Prayer

Come gentle and come quiet and still  
come lay here  
just a little while, upon this narrow ledge  
of mine,  
where eagles, or might they have just been  
angels .. hungry  
for a slice of sky, did once so very often  
feast, then rest,  
lament and cry .. their individual Amens ..

## Down With Everything

### Down With Everything

Done with those  
candles  
down with those  
tears  
Done with those  
tantrums  
and irrational  
fears  
Done with those  
prayers  
the stamping of  
feet  
Tired of histrionics  
and  
blackmailing bleat  
Done  
with those lies  
and her  
churlish acting out  
now when  
she looks in a mirror  
and when  
she brushes her hair  
Somewhere  
over her shoulder  
perhaps  
she might just make out  
the reflection  
of a blue eyed man who  
maybe  
once used to care ...



## Summer 19..

Summer 19..

Somewhere on a west country couchette  
they fell in love  
and so completely, they both missed their  
destination stops  
But who cared, it was the summer of 19 ..

## On Being Called to War

### On Being Called to War

The sky wept pearls that  
fateful day

The shape of tears and size  
of duck eggs

Being called to someone  
else's war

like that though made no  
difference ..

The white feather, pinned  
as it was

to the back of his starched  
white collar

did nowt to help matters  
the day

war finally broke and the  
sky wept

those now famous pearls ..



## Where are you Mary

Where are you Mary

You've always known I'm no fan of November  
so why have you left us  
like this all alone .. Don't you know,  
we already miss you ..  
and with your guilt on our conscience  
like some permanent scar  
We are just another series of disasters, merely  
waiting for December to happen ..

## Making Rainbows Blindly

### Making Rainbows Blindly

From the darkness of yet another hotel room  
he watched her  
as she scattered orange peel, amethysts and  
pomegranate seeds  
in the wake behind her in the street ..  
Just maybe  
he thought, before jumping, she might be  
making rainbows  
and so, instead, he chose to follow blindly ..

## My Lady is More Than a Poem

My Lady is More Than a Poem

My lady is more than a poem  
in the making,  
she is something far greater  
than that ..  
She is a canvass, both shaded  
and coloured,  
yet hungry to have all her fine  
details filled in ..  
As a matter of fact, she is as  
superbly crafted  
and sound as the sleekest of  
sea faring vessels by far ..  
Yet without a shadow of doubt,  
she is finer  
than that even .. a keeper  
to cherish, to respect and admire ..  
Regardless, of distance or time ..

## Something in the Air Maybe

Something in the Air Maybe

I don't know what made me think  
of you today ..  
Maybe it was something about  
the way those first few raindrops  
made patterns on the pavement  
as they fell ..  
Or maybe, they just reminded me  
of your tears ..  
Which unlike the scent of wild figs  
hung in the air for days  
and sweetly so, the day we parted ..  
And after all,  
it has been almost three whole  
seasons now ..  
But hey, who's counting  
whatever the case might be, I sense  
there is something in the air maybe ..

## Bilge

Bilge

Although she paints him darkly  
and through those dull shaded lenses of hers  
flimsy she might sail ..  
Yet in her wake, I thought I heard  
sad shanty songs ..  
From the missing crew of a stricken craft  
perhaps, now filled  
with the discarded ghosts of long lost poets ..

## Something of a Quandary

Something of a Quandary

If a poem is just a song

without a tune

What name might I then pin

upon the sky

With neither sun nor moon

## No Longer in The Making

No Longer in The Making

He chose to wear Oud Oak that day and she, Patchouli  
Oh' but if only  
All the rest might now be long consigned to history ..

## The Realisation of Probability

The Realisation of Probability

Who would have imagined  
twenty years ago that we would all now be wasted  
and clean out of pheromones ..

But then

Who would have ever imagined  
the full consequences of refusing to accept the reality  
of Covid and all of her variants ..



## Signing Out

### Signing Out

There once was a time  
when I used  
to spend hours simply  
writing me ..  
With such subtle strokes  
and those  
elaborate lines, not to  
mention a few  
well-placed curves  
here and there and the  
occasional flurry ..  
Which no doubt, made her  
fall so very much, if not  
madly in love with me ..  
It was though  
the dotting of I's and the  
lavish crossing  
of so many T's that finally  
broke the poet in me ..  
So much so in fact, I now  
hardly even recognise myself ..

## Quarry

Quarry

A drop of rum, a horse tail hair  
a length of twine, a poachers snare ..  
A broken twig, a piece of wire  
a baited trap, all set and waiting ..

for those who may have only ever  
poached an egg, I do apologise ..

## The Taking of Innocence

### The Taking of Innocence

Beneath that now  
famous  
cheesecloth dress  
Their  
scattered DNA  
suggests  
She tried so very  
hard  
to cross her legs  
and  
hold her breath ..  
Not having  
once ever dreamt  
of being  
forced to kiss  
through clenched  
fists and  
teeth like that before ..

## A Life Sadly Lived

A Life Sadly Lived

There was never really  
that much  
to say at all about  
his life, that is ..  
In fact, they managed  
to say everything  
in just seventeen words  
and three  
separate lines well placed

## A Life Lived Sadly

A Life Lived Sadly

There was never really that much to say about his life, that is ..

In fact, they managed to say everything

in seventeen syllables and three lines, well placed ..

## On Being But a Poet

### On Being But a Poet

Beneath a small mound of large stones laid  
is where he now lays ..  
He would not have had it, any other way ..  
After all, they said  
he was a poet and neither king or goodly man  
He sure could tell  
a tale or two though, each one of them agreed

## Chasing Light

### Chasing Light

He quite simply fell in love  
with the way  
she held her head like that  
Tilted slightly  
to one side, just listening ..  
Much like  
a sunflower might, intent  
on nothing else  
but chasing light ..  
And then,  
standing tall on tippy toes  
all of her  
five foot, goodness knows ..  
Perfect,  
yet shy and waiting ..  
Oh' so very  
golden .. Sun kissed and sun  
warmed ..  
Well-oiled and burning bright

## It Don?t Help to Forget None

It Don't Help to Forget None

Somewhere along the line

I somehow

seem to have lost count

of the number

of times, I forgot to remind

you just how

very much I still love you x



## Sated

Sated

At this precise moment in time  
I want for nothing  
Well at least nothing more than  
to walk with you  
again through wet green fields ..  
Chasing early morning light  
the way sunflowers chase light  
and wondering ..  
Where I might next leave my DNA ..

## Barely Semi Touched

### Barely Semi Touched

Why don't you wear your smile  
again for me today ..  
Just this one last time maybe ..  
For old times' sake  
and for those, who once knew  
and loved you ..  
I double dare you, wear it now,  
light, fine and fair ..  
Just like you once wore your  
off white overalls  
and those small black diamonds  
in each ear ..  
When Jesus, you were nothing  
short of fucking perfect ..  
Yes indeed, how strange it seems  
to resurrect  
these now ancient marriage vows  
between  
those living and the dead ..  
And although still so very loved,  
in truth,  
you can only now be barely  
semi-touched ..  
And felt and found in crypts,  
cold corridors  
and similar places of dark worship ..

## More Than Just barely a Flutter

More Than Just barely a Flutter

Just in case you ever  
dare to forget  
that final sated flutter ..  
Gentle as it  
might once have been  
against the  
rough side of your  
now familiar tongue ..  
Indeed,  
how desperate  
it must have then  
seemed ..  
Most surely futile,  
if you ask me,  
set like that between  
the final gasps  
of your very own  
lost innocence ..  
Just like  
some hapless moth,  
perchance ..  
Unstable and uncertain  
why it should,  
or when it might  
next turn,  
to rid itself of those  
very flames,  
its own scorched  
and fragile wings  
once inadvertently  
fanned ..

Before that is,  
a certain realization  
eventually dawned  
and it occurred to her,  
in truth,  
*she was no phoenix after all*

## Now Pinned to the Sky

Now Pinned to the Sky

Pinned to the sky  
like some  
kids cartoon moon  
beneath  
an arc light bulb  
burning  
both the moth and  
the fool ..  
So why choose to  
leave us  
and where did they  
then go ..  
It must have been  
special  
to depart without  
warning  
and then to desert  
us cold,  
scared and hungry  
boy soldiers  
unready for war ..  
Yet all  
stood to attention  
in row upon row ... x

## Checking the Night Sky

### Checking the Night Sky

Quite unlike any other  
man made  
or farm furrowed field ..  
Her brow,  
ridged deep and set  
like some  
rare stone silvered ..  
Yet held  
more firmly and high  
above those  
matched arches proud ..  
Indeed,  
each orb a special blue ..  
Perfectly  
aligned and celebrated  
in night skies,  
around the globe, just like  
I am doing now ..  
But throughout all of history ..

## Like a Lark on the Rise

Like a Lark on the Rise

Maybe it is time now

we sail

our separate ways ..

With you

upon the wind my love

and me

beneath the waves ..

Yes maybe

it is time now, to say our

fond goodbyes ..

With me upon the down

my love,

and you, just like some

fabled lark

now free and firmly on the rise ..

## Someone Else's Religion Maybe

Someone Else's Religion Maybe

Dear father pray, what is this thing  
they now call religion .....

.....  
and from where does it come .....

.....  
From darkness my son and from the  
fear of it and what once was hid within  
.....

Why then are they frightened now .....

.....  
Because they, my son .....

chose not to read between the lines  
.....



## Conveniently Forgot

### Conveniently Forgot

I seem to have forgotten  
precisely  
what I was doing  
when it dawned on me,  
I still exist,  
even when I'm no longer  
with you ..  
What an awful discovery  
that was ..  
But then, you know that  
don't you ..  
You just don't get it do you ..

## Double Jeopardy

Double Jeopardy

When you finish beating me

Why not relax and

Allow me to take over

## What it All Boils Down To

What it All Boils Down To

Poetry has become  
it seems  
but one of our new  
many sins ..  
Each tiny paper note  
pinned fresh  
to some elsewise  
virgin page ..  
Each single letter  
unique  
in its own write,  
becomes alive ..  
Depicting  
as it does, exquisite  
yet still  
inexcusable guilt  
and yes, sublimely ..  
Now etched  
upon the minds of those  
free wretches  
and shackled kings divinely ..

## Cygnus RA21h46m32.24S-D32°53'

Cygnus RA21h46m32.24S-D32°53'

Although I cannot see you, with my little naked eye  
I need no telescope, coordinates nor maps to know  
you are up there somewhere, shining brightly ..

Yes, looking down on me and mine at night and smiling  
and although way out of reach for now maybe ..  
My darling, there will always be tomorrow ..

## To Fade Without Warning

To Fade Without Warning

And then there was  
nothing  
Not even a breath  
for his fingers to trace  
in those  
moments remaining  
Condemned  
to condense and be  
gone in a  
gasp, a flicker and fade  
without so much  
as a warning  
and with nowhere  
to hide  
between and against,  
the now  
misted surface of some  
old broken  
mirror somewhere ..

## Yankee Jack

Yankee Jack

The wind don't bother

Yankee Jack

He's stone cold sober

but high on crack ..

## A Single X

### A Single X

I note you often leave  
A single x  
upon my elsewhere  
Empty pages  
but how I do so wish  
I might  
convey my need  
for so  
much more than just  
a single  
solitary kiss, until  
get this,  
the very end of days ..

## A Long Pretence

### A Long Pretence

After all this time,  
it has  
only just dawned  
on me  
I was never really  
any different  
from all the rest  
was I, after all ..  
And now,  
of course, there is  
no us ..  
Not barely a trace  
Nor is there  
any point or use in  
either of us  
pretending otherwise,  
is there darling .. x



## Five Beatles and a Groupie

Five Beatles and a Groupie

Hey John, she said

You sure

Look a lot like Ringo

But I always

Fancied George ..

Pete was best though

Go on, he said

Paul the other one ..

## Just a Series of Thoughts

Just a Series of Thoughts

Like a florin pinned

And

Smiling down

Through

Random clouds

Silent

Though on reflection

Maybe

More like some

Rogue

Half-crown, he thought

## Haiku #1 Maybe

Haiku #1 Maybe

Pandemic over

Let's make love until we die

What a way to go

## Another South West Coastal Path Miracle

### Another South West Coastal Path Miracle

Was it some bizarre coincidence perhaps  
he happened to stumble upon those  
same tiny blue flowers, three days in a row

...

You surely know the ones I mean, yes those  
that always seem to grow  
so damn close to the edge like that ..

...

Well it was there, he recalled she sometimes wore  
those same blue flowers in her hair  
and in that moment, he just knew he had to go on

...

So he picked himself up and brushed himself down  
making sure to get rid of the dust from  
his old canvass shoes and the green corduroy jacket

...

Yes, the same one she bought him all those years ago  
then had a good look around, and low and behold,  
there beside the empty shells of discarded plovers eggs

...

In a tiny scraped hollow, somewhere high on the coastal path  
close to where they once loved and lived ..  
He found the missing half of her old broken gold cross ..

## Her Very Own Senryu

Her Very Own Senryu

He wrote for her  
a tiny song ..  
Yet one without  
a tune ..  
My word, she said  
how lovely ..  
No haiku he replied  
And then she smiled  
and later chose  
to wear those three  
lines proud ..  
Set horizontally in fine  
print and ink ..  
Across and just below  
her perfect  
left hand, milk white  
collar bone ..

## Reef

Reef

I want to be there  
where the thin white line  
gets broken ..  
Somewhere between  
the sky,  
the horizon and the sea  
Precisely where  
The waves get thrown  
Against the coral ..  
And where we once tied  
the knot ..  
Oh' so very long ago now ..

## The Passing of Hermione

### The Passing of Hermione

From her being some kind  
of groovy  
hippie chick, to heroin chic,  
in under three  
whole calendar months  
was surely  
some kind of record ..  
But whatever  
the Coroner eventually says,  
the fact remains ..  
While still fresh out of rehab  
Hermione finally  
mainlined her good self away  
Beneath a bridge,  
that will never bear her name ..

## There Are No Snowmen in Mexico

There Are No Snowmen in Mexico

He met a woman in Cancun  
who said  
She came from Minnesota  
but you won't know  
where that is now, will ya ..  
He said,  
I know Bob Dylan though  
She said who ..  
He said precisely ..  
Now come and lay down here  
beside me ..  
That's when it dawned on him  
there are no  
vacant brass beds anywhere  
or snowmen left  
in the whole of Mexico ..



## Between Squalls

### Between Squalls

Should you ever listen hard enough  
between the squalls,  
you may just hear those flocking angry gulls ..  
Each yelling vague obscenities  
o'er them vicious waves, at you, at them and me

## A Scatter of Moments

### A Scatter of Moments

She was far more than a scatter of moments  
a series of  
breath-taking dreams ..  
Part familiar  
yet somehow remaining distant and torn  
along the line  
of some fucking invisible seam ..  
She was stillness and silent, a sparkle a glint ..  
She was the scent  
of wild flowers, of rivers and streams ..  
Yes indeed,  
she was a scatter of moments, a calm soothing  
balm on a hot summer day  
She was a lover  
a stranger an enigma a friend ..  
She was wholesome, yet broken, a cool mist  
and a promise  
at the end of a very long day ..  
Yes, my love was more than a scatter of moments by far ..

## The Tale of Brulee

### The Tale of Brulee

As she lay there, on the rear seat  
of his truck like that ..  
Her wheaten coat, did catch  
the first few rays of our new spring  
and damn me ..  
If she did not look near golden ..  
Just like  
the burnished cloak of some  
high Aztec priest he thought ..  
And even from  
that distance, he needed Ray Bans  
for the glare ..  
While she, did either feel or hear  
or smell  
the breeze of him approaching ..  
And her rudder  
started flapping both to and fro  
and here to there ..... x

## The Sound, the Taste and Feel of Her Tongue

The Sound, the Taste and Feel of Her Tongue

Don't you just love the way  
That her tongue  
seems to clip  
The roof of her mouth  
when she  
Whispers your name ..  
And the way  
that it tastes and it feels  
upon yours ..  
Yes to sip and to savour it  
over and over ..  
Oh' lord, how I thank thee  
it's never the same  
But unique and refreshing  
thirst quenching  
And otherwise welcome  
given free at  
The end of a very long day ..

## Not Wanting to be Famous

### Not Wanting to be Famous

Wanting to be big, to be better,  
or best, to be noticed,  
looked up to, respected, revered ..  
Indeed, to be famous,  
is not at all, what he wanted ..  
On the contrary, it was something,  
he rather detested,  
despised and he feared ..  
After all said and done, he cared  
nothing for attention ..  
For the most part, he preferred to be  
left on his own ..  
And in a moment of anguish,  
he went on to prove it, by kicking away  
that very same plinth  
they all seemed determined  
to hang him on ..  
So when no one was looking, he made  
one final statement  
and he died there beneath it,  
all alone and unnoticed, the very next day ..

## No Ordinary Woman

### No Ordinary Woman

Time and time again

my friend

She proved herself to be

far more than just

an ordinary woman ..

Through thick and thin

the thread

and glue that held

a broken man together ..

Oh' yes indeed,

they told him then, and time

and time again ..

She was no ordinary woman ..

## How Well Will You Remember Me

How Well Will You Remember Me

How if at all, will you remember me  
my love ..

And indeed, how cruel or well ..

What tastes

and scents and sounds of me, shall you  
recall perchance ..

One whole year from now ..

And should

my touch so much as ever be recalled  
mid any long

and likewise, dark or fretful nights of your  
inevitable tomorrows ..

Then pray do think of me in fondest  
terms only ..

Since all such things, were yours, my love  
upon a time once ..

And oh' so extraordinarily well and truly ..

## Same Old Blue Jeans

Same Old Blue Jeans

It's the knowing what once was  
that really hurts the most isn't it darling  
Spent beauty sucks don't you think

No more long hair maybe  
but not a single bald patch anywhere  
Same old blue jeans though ..



## Fore and Aft

Fore and Aft

                    She loved his fore  
He loved her aft ..  
                    She loved his rise  
He loved her fall ..  
                    She loved him up  
He loved her down  
                    They loved each other  
First and last ..  
                    No fucking in-betweens  
No not a single one at all ..

## Oedipus

Oedipus

Oedipus my son, you must leave this house forever  
go find yourself a wife and lover ..  
You can not share mine dear boy, for fuck sake son  
Let's not argue, she's your mother ..

## A Bowl Full of Nothing

### A Bowl Full of Nothing

Having dropped another stitch,  
She looked up, from the tear in her shawl  
and my word, did she frown ..

What we seem to have here, she said,  
without a shadow of doubt, is a shed load of  
lies, broken promises and vows ..

But hey, keep your chin up love and  
float upon clouds ..  
She seemed intent on going up and up ..

While he, my friend was clearly spinning down  
head first and into an empty bowl ..  
Filled to the very top, with absolutely nothing ..

## Something Else Entirely

### Something Else Entirely

Was it something else entirely, or his life that flashed  
before his eyes whilst falling ..

Well maybe it was, but anyway, regardless ..

As he fell, he thought of her one more time

and of their once so perfect

and otherwise, such very uncomplicated lives ..

## The Decline of Recollection

### The Decline of Recollection

Such precious keepsake days  
as these  
were once kept like souvenirs  
it seems ..  
His having saved each one for  
many years ..  
Just as he saved and savoured  
all those  
smiles and joyous tears that they  
once shared ..  
Until almost overnight it seemed  
that age old  
bastard struck and robbed him  
of his dignity ..  
And try then as, indeed he might,  
without speech  
and with only partial sight, his near  
empty pen  
lay there discarded, by his side  
till morning ..  
Whilst he shook and dribbled  
on his beard ..  
In some foul corner of a back ward  
locked until  
the morning, when the day staff  
will eventually  
take over, and it all begins again ..

## Condiment

Condiment

She sure was hot and maybe even  
keener than he was ..

Like mustard, he thought ..

And her being English of course  
was something to relish ..

## What Might Once Have Been

What Might Once Have Been

Dear lord how I do despise myself  
these days ..  
The space I fill, of simply being me ..  
Indeed all of  
those lies, that lay now between us  
plus all I once  
loved, did feel, wonder and see ..  
It seems all that  
what surely was and truly, might now  
well have just been  
still, quiet and cruelly, nowt but a dream ..

## Even When it's All Over It's Not Necessarily Over

Even When it's All Over It's Not Necessarily Over

I loved you then, but then, you knew that  
didn't you ..  
Oh' yes, indeed I did, every single little thing  
about you ..  
But guess what, I could not have felt more guilty  
even if I wanted to, or tried ..  
So please, don't answer, phone, text, or write,  
instead though ..  
Remember some of those fine days we once  
shared perhaps ..  
Like when that single glimpse of sun made  
us sneeze ..  
Do you by any chance recall how we both then  
laughed as if it  
might have been hilarious .. And then later  
when walking through  
those wet fields, desperate to get home, or at  
least to find  
some place dry where we might have just holed up  
for a night or two maybe ..  
Those were the days and the nights, were they  
not my darling ..  
And every now and then, do you perchance recall  
how afterwards  
we laughed and skipped along, lightly and slow,  
without a single care ..  
Dear lord, how each of those days was then filled  
with only the both of us  
and the sound of us dancing, to a tune, no one but  
we could possibly hear ..  
Oh' my, how the light was then blinding with colours



unreal and imagined ..  
Yes, that my love, was when you tasted of lychees,  
of cotton and cardamom seeds ..  
Indeed it was there and then, I breathed deeply, the air  
you exhaled ..  
And I later grew strong on the sound and the taste  
of a woman much loved ..  
And I swear to this day that woman was you ..  
And while we are at it  
do you mind very much if I ask whether you recall  
the day when  
I painted the walls of our little room both magnolia  
and lavender blue ..  
When the air all around us was still, but yet filled  
with electric ..  
When the only movement of note, was the slow  
rise and the fall  
of your belly and breasts, and the sound of our  
hunger, our longing and sighs ..  
For it was then in that moment, I recall myself rising  
and vacating  
this body like a flock of startled red cardinals, each  
aimlessly soaring ..  
And how then you fell with me slowly, without one  
of us, so much as  
opening our eyes, or for that matter, leaving a trace  
on the sheet or the pillow  
nor even a dent, or a flake or a ripple behind ..  
But then who  
would have imagined, before long there would  
only be crumbs left  
and a few unwritten words to our love song, but then  
my love, you were  
a young river and hungry for sea, while I was a mountain,  
already old and eroding ..  
Then it dawned on me, out of the blue, nothing is static

or indeed lasts for ever ..

But when its over, it's not always necessarily all over ..

?? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ????????? ???????, ?? ?? ???

?? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ????????? ???????, ?? ?? ???

no formal mast required  
 but rooftops, doors and windows  
 shall suffice  
 and though  
 both mountains and monuments  
 may not yet be high enough ..  
 in a world  
 on its knees, bruised, bleeding  
 and bowed ..  
 through smoke, dust and tears,  
 in the foreground  
 and upon the downcast eyes  
 of massed crowds ..  
 a distinctly blue and gold flag  
 lifted skywards ..  
 tho shaken, is still waving and proud ..

Its Not Just a Blue & Gold Flag Now Is It ..

## Not Just An Old Fella Passing

Not Just An Old Fella Passing

Bill Stamp was not just any  
old fella ..  
All bent down the middle ..  
Nor was he just skin and bone  
He once was a  
father, a brother, a lover and  
somebodies son ..  
Moreover, on more than just  
one odd occasion  
he went over and over and  
over the top ..  
For his king and his country,  
for peace,  
love and justice and all those  
still with us today ..  
No, Bill Stamp was far from  
being just any old fella ..  
Bent down the middle, all shit,  
snot and piddle ..  
He was, and still is, a war hero  
with scars to this day ..  
Both mental and physical, plus  
a chest full of  
medals and ribbons to prove it ..  
So when you  
lower him down, be sure to lay  
him down gently ..  
The old fella deserves it and he  
more than damned earnt  
the ten gun salute at the end of the day ..

## Blush

Blush

She wore her silk kimono well, less on than off  
and a smile too that hid  
cruel winter's first near cherry blossom blush ..

## Taking it Slow

Taking it Slow

With nowhere else to hide his netsuke  
it was not until her second flush ..  
He dared to hurry, or thought about the rush ..

## Never Going Nowhere Maybe

Never Going Nowhere Maybe

She took him on a three year journey  
and then she let him go ..  
But she never tasted sweeter  
than when his tongue wove to and fro ..

So why not just forget it darling  
the journey and the destination too ..  
Let's both rejoice instead, she said,  
in what we learnt, en route along the way ..

And that's precisely what they did  
until she passed, thirty years ago today ..  
He's still here though, but thinks of her  
and the journey they shared every now and then ..

## On the Cusp of a Sneeze ..

On the Cusp of a Sneeze ..

You were once, as much a part of me  
as the blue vein  
which still passes through my neck  
on the long  
convoluted journey back to my heart ..  
Yet, without you  
and that constant pulse and flow, I may  
as well be nothing ..  
But while I still have breath, I shall  
always be that  
faint glimmer of golden light at the  
end of all your  
darkest tunnels, which now of course  
surrounds your shadow ..  
And yes, that barely discernible tremor  
and deep sigh too  
regardless, of whether you breathe deeply  
or shallow, plus that tingle  
in your nose, upon the cusp of a sneeze ..  
Of course, I shall always  
be the smell and the taste of your mother's  
home cooking  
carried to you, on a cool welcome breeze ..  
Indeed, I shall be  
all things desirous, both protective  
and bright ..  
Like a heavy quilted down blanket on a cold  
winter night ..  
Yes, I like to think you might sometimes  
remember things  
such as these, contained in my promise to thee ..



Whenever you might  
just be passing my love, occasionally maybe ..

## Zen Tree

### Zen Tree

Standing there  
like some  
honour bound  
and loyal sentry  
on guard ..  
Silent, and so  
perfectly quiet  
Almost invisible  
and still ..  
Ready for just  
about anything  
maybe ..  
Except for the  
sound  
of a brother  
falling alone in  
a forest  
somewhere ..  
Which of course  
no one  
is ever likely to hear ..

## Dirty Water

Dirty Water

Listen to those children crying, all are hungry, while some are dying  
and the water here is more alive and crawling  
than elsewhere, in so many other places darling, what we gonna do ..

## Let us Not Forget Syria

Let us Not Forget Syria

While the Ukraine is still burning  
let not one of us, for a moment forget Syria, since she  
needs our prayers too ..

And pray take note, my friend  
while she may not want your pity, she does deserve  
our tears and truly ..

## The Mending of a Very Broken Man

### The Mending of a Very Broken Man

Going down on her like that  
I'm quite sure  
we both found oblivion  
and have since each  
realised, it's not such a dark  
place after all ..  
Don't worry though .. and  
welcome to my  
light she said .. Oh' by the way  
I'm only here  
to undertake the healing of a  
very broken man ..  
Nothing more than that my friend ..

## Why

Why

Was it something that they said, they wore or waved or what they maybe  
thought they did ..

Or the colour of their skin, or eyes, now largely hid behind those  
individual lids ..

Not to mention that bloody awful shell-shocked gaze, now staring blind  
and vacant from behind

those tailor made and inexpensive wooden frames, forever gazing upward  
and with tears

still streaming down each side toward that smoke streaked sky ..

## Even Sadder than That Even

Even Sadder than That Even

It fell  
more silent than the  
snow  
was falling  
and lighter than light  
even ..  
Not to mention sadder  
than the  
sound and the sight  
of those  
war ravaged orphan  
children  
playing in the rubble  
and the dust  
of some recently  
discarded village ..  
So now listen voyeur  
heed  
and take note ..  
For there beside those  
dead nurses  
and doctors, the sound  
and the smell  
of your canvass burning  
only moments  
after being  
so delightfully brushed  
is a whole  
brave new world away ..





## Gooder than Good Even

Gooder than Good Even

When I am done here  
I don't want  
you to regret that our  
paths ever crossed  
for but a moment in time ..  
When I am done here  
I want you to  
sit back, to smile and  
maybe relax  
and to think to yourself ..  
My word that was so much  
better than fine  
it was gooder than good  
by a mile and a smile even ..

## Before it Hurts Too Much to See

Before it Hurts Too Much to See

Before it hurts too much to see, dear lord  
let me gaze upon slow  
and sketch both her likeness and silhouette  
just one more time  
and then, I can go blind, more than willingly ..

## Spare a Moment for These Words

Spare a Moment for These Words

Spare a moment for these words

don't be afraid to linger ..

Feel free to take each one of them in

to sip, to feast upon and gorge ..

## Just for us Lemons

Just for us Lemons

when I fell for you

I fell gently ..

the trick is, to learn

from those

inevitable mistakes

we make

along the way ..

and then

to move on stronger

whilst avoiding

bitterness at any cost

since that

is just for us lemons ..

## Golden Shadows

### Golden Shadows

Not everyone loves the limelight honey  
some just sit in golden shadows  
and boy, do they weep, so often all alone ..

## Echo's Just Don't Lie

Echo's Just Don't Lie

The big house empty  
now echoes  
like a foundry with  
its molten  
pools of golden light  
and  
individually discarded  
memories  
each now falling,  
but slowly upwards  
in cascades ..  
And yet despite the  
absence  
of any lilies  
in the garden and us  
being  
on the cusp of yet  
another summer ..  
This is how  
love feels when on the  
verge  
of its being broken ..  
Yes love  
do come listen to these  
echoes calling ..  
they have  
a secret for you darling ..

## Upon the Drift of Wimbleball Lake

Upon the Drift of Wimbleball Lake

Looking much like some  
misshapen shard of silver blue glass  
on a warm summers day  
and from a distance, with no visible  
signs of a ripple or wave  
to give her away, nor to hint at the  
length or the depth of her ..  
Up close tho' she lures like a mistress  
and acts a little depraved  
Just the way that you want her to ..  
Yet, here and there, where the blossom  
drifts and banks of it pile high ..  
That is where, we may once have made  
love, neath a near cloudless sky ..  
There on the drift of Wimbleball Lake  
that jewel of a place, pinned  
to the heart of our very own rural Exmoor ..

## Don?t Talk to Me of ?

Don't Talk to Me of ...

Don't you dare talk to me of passion  
to you  
it's just another dirty word that starts  
with P and is so  
easy to misconstrue and sounds absurd  
Much like  
your prayers do and your personality ..  
Oh' and the word  
pharaoh too, though until quite recently  
you  
thought that began with F didn't you ..  
Like fucking,  
friends and freedom, all start with an F ..  
And don't dare  
mention trust, since that old chestnut  
is now  
well and truly broken, don't you think ..  
Oh' and  
for what it's worth, let's all steer clear  
of honesty  
Since you clearly have no idea at all of  
what such  
words are bloody worth, or mean even ..



## Turquoise

Turquoise

Just for your personal  
information  
you are so very much  
mistaken ..  
that blue you see is  
nowhere  
near true Cancun blue  
signor ..  
but rather, what we  
locals  
here on days like this  
prefer to  
simply call turquoise ..

## What the Drunken Farmer Said

What the Drunken Farmer Said

Can you hear her, directly overhead  
she sounds just like an angel singing ..

But it is just a skylark son, or so the  
bloomin drunken farmer said ..

Can you see her, directly overhead  
such a tiny speck up small and high ..

She looks just like a floater surfing  
across the surface of an eye ..

But no, it's just a bloomin skylark son  
or so the drunken farmer said ..

## Inside Her Pants #2

Inside Her Pants #2

Inside her pants  
a puppy dog  
inside her purrs  
a kitten ..  
Go on ahead  
and leave me folks  
I just found a  
tiny bit of heaven ..

## Wind Dancer .. a Haiku

Wind Dancer .. a Haiku

high o'er those primrose banks  
kites dance on thermals  
without a care in the wild ..

## Some things are Just Not Right

Some Things are Just Not Right

Some things  
are just not right  
like  
left hand turns  
thalidomide  
puppy farms  
and  
napalm burns ..  
No, some things  
are just  
not right at all ..  
Like  
swastikas  
nazi salutes  
Semtex  
or genocide ..  
Yes, indeed  
some things are  
just not  
right like hunger  
thirst  
and whale culls  
are just  
not right ..  
And like I said  
before ..  
Some things are  
just not  
bloody  
right at all ..  
Like

hypocrites  
EU bureaucrats  
poverty  
bullying  
and of course  
Cancer  
with a capitol C  
in all of its  
many forms  
or torture ..  
Oh' and let's not  
forget  
good old  
Covid 19  
Sunday trading  
or WMD's  
and plagiarism ..  
Oh' yes  
indeed  
some things  
are just  
not right at all ..  
Like nicotine  
and cyanide  
or LSD  
laced margarine  
corrupt MP's  
and plastic ..  
No, some  
things are just  
not right ..  
But then, they  
must never be  
forgot  
and simply  
cannot be

denied or ignored ..

## Taking in the Seeds come Harvest

Taking in the Seeds come Harvest

On a good day, she said  
every vessel  
shall be filled to overflowing  
and at the end  
of a good day, there shall be  
rejoicing in the fields ..



## Like Some Old Discarded Stocking

Like Some Old Discarded Stocking

Like some old, discarded stocking  
with a hole above the knee ..  
Invisible to those just passing through maybe ..

But for them who dare  
to stop and stare and those that give  
a damn, then surely ..

Any decent doxy worth her salt would rush to nick  
another silken one  
to make a perfect matching pair ..

## Upon Reflections Shattered

Upon Reflections Shattered

when the mirrors well and truly cracked  
then clearly, on reflection ..  
there can never be no looking back

## Fish Supper

### Fish Supper

Hurry, be quick lad whilst  
the tide  
is still out and not looking ..  
Be sure  
to note all of them empty  
old wormcasts ..  
Each one of em laying bone idle  
out yonder ..  
Then fix a point lad, tween  
horizon and tip  
of the mast, of *Yours Truly* ..  
And when  
she returns, place your  
hook-bait,  
your trace and lead sinker  
tightly, but ever so  
lightly o'er that very same  
spot where  
them old empty worm casts  
were spied ..  
And when we are done son,  
we shall both  
and ya ma son, each dine on  
bass, sole and codling  
for breakfast, dinner and supper  
then hunger no more ..

## No Looking Back Again

No Looking Back Again

Looking back like that  
over her  
shoulder, the way  
that she  
always did, with those  
far away  
eyes of hers, like flashing  
blue lights  
tho' somehow demurely  
at our  
old here and there's ..  
Yes there,  
where we once shared  
discreet,  
all too brief moments  
with my  
breath on those lips  
of hers  
cold, dark and lingering  
like some  
tasteful, eternal eclipse ..  
Back then,  
I clearly remember  
I had no  
expectations and not  
once  
felt that way before ..

## Dun a Runna

Dun a Runna

More fleeting than an April shower  
he loved her less than half an hour

## All the Words He Left Trapped in Her Throat

All the Words He Left Trapped in Her Throat

Listen, these words were meant  
only to be whispered ..  
But their inevitable sigh was  
followed by a moan  
and then, by a single silent scream ..  
Which incidentally  
occurred the moment he became  
blind to those words  
he left trapped in the depths  
of her throat  
and his eventual, hasty departure ..

## Miss. Lock Memories

Miss. Lock Memories

Don't ask me what year it was  
I just can't recall it  
but I do remember her name ..  
Oh' yes, and those legs of course  
and the liberty-cap hairstyle  
she wore all through term time  
which someone  
once told me was cut, by a fella  
they all for some reason  
or other, called Vidal Sassoon ..  
Although, to be fair  
if I am totally honest, I also recall  
the length of her skirts,  
that were in fact, no length at all ..  
Yes, those were  
the main things I most clearly  
remember about dear Miss Lock,  
my first love  
and primary school teacher ..  
Who by the way,  
taught me my alphabet, and then  
later to read ..  
Indeed, on her birthday I once  
wrote her a poem  
and she did thank me with a blush  
plus a kiss on the cheek ..  
And boy, did I come over all funny  
and never washed  
the whole of my face for a week ..  
But of course,  
that was years back and how things

have changed ..  
Some say I am older and wiser maybe  
I still feel a kid tho  
and my knees invariably go weak ..  
When I think of  
Miss Lock and that kiss on the cheek ..



## Every Now and Then Maybe

Every Now and Then Maybe

Every now and then, my friend  
but maybe  
not quite as often as before ..  
Your name,  
and face, your taste and scent  
get in my head  
and I find myself wanting you  
all over again ..  
But maybe, even more and more ..

## Its All in the Way that She Eddies and Flows

It's All in the Way that She Eddies and Flows

Since like a river, you eddy and flow  
I find myself looking  
for somewhere or something  
or somewhere to go ..

In the meantime however, I listen  
and I feel for you  
in the dark of the night and  
the gold of each new day with you ..

Don't expect me to wait tho' till the  
floods come around again ..  
When that moment is gone there'll be  
no turning back on my keel again ..

## Fingers Crossed

Fingers Crossed

Take one black cat and two magpies  
add three wishes  
and a single four leaf clover ..

Then shake them all together and you  
will have nought but  
good luck over and over and over ..

## For Ever Aint Never That Far Away

For Ever Aint Never That Far Away

Prior to going over the top, this is what our  
sergeant major said, just before the  
old sod copped one ..

Chin up, chest out, and shoulders back son  
put your best foot forward and walk  
don't run, good men ..

Just remember, that here, now and forever are  
not far away, so just do the best  
that you can ..

## Remember Me She Said

Remember Me She Said

Remember me  
she said ..  
Come sit awhile  
and sip ..  
Today has not  
been  
bad at all,  
and tomorrow  
maybe will bring  
a whole  
new raft  
of sweet market  
possibilities ..  
Oh' yes indeed,  
on rare occasions  
such as these ..  
They all did say  
she seemed  
more like some  
kind of May queen  
perhaps  
than a single  
solitary sunflower  
basking in a  
field of exquisite  
tumbleweed ..

## Slaves of Eros

### Slaves of Eros

Dear lord, how we once loved to feel  
those chains  
that then bound us so tightly ..  
And how we each  
then longed to remain slaves of Eros ..  
Yet despite all  
of the pleasures that each link  
then afforded ..  
It was simply just never enough ..  
Since we all still  
needed an ache, or some form  
of discomfort  
and pain to remind us, and yes,  
to serve as a  
measure to somehow determine  
our place and  
position, plus the state of our  
balance and  
the grip we each maintained on  
the tightrope  
we all once called, love, lust and life ..

## Somewhere Down Turn Again Lane

Somewhere Down Turn Again Lane

It was somewhere down  
*Turn Again Lane* where they both  
first met and made love ..

It occurred ..

Just before they each said  
their individual goodbyes, that was it  
over and done, in a flash ..

## Do You Ever Look Back on Those Days

### Do You Ever Look Back on Those Days

Do you remember  
way back ..  
When you asked me  
what you  
might wear, and I said  
with a grin ..  
Maybe something  
quite loose  
like a dress, perhaps ..  
Ha .. even  
back then, I just knew  
I should have  
said something else ..  
Still, I must  
now confess my friend ..  
Every now  
and again, I do wonder  
if you knew  
what I had on my mind  
back then ..  
Hey and don't you forget,  
before I forget  
that is ..  
Did you really put a drop of  
my all-time  
favourite, by *Je-Riviens*  
here and there ..  
Or may that have just been  
your own idea  
in the first place, perhaps ..  
But do it again,



just for old times' sake ..  
And wow,  
come to think of it, how  
did we ever,  
manage to cram so much  
into one day ..  
Oh' and likewise, do you  
remember  
those coffee's we shared  
in that old  
*Toby Inn* off the *A309* ..  
Back then  
I imagine, we could have  
just talked  
the entire night away ..  
For now tho'  
do you ever recall that  
quaint little  
restaurant, the one before  
the lights,  
on *Old Station Road* ..  
Well maybe  
not quaint, but surely  
more quirky..  
The one, where I bought you  
your lunch that day  
and while on the subject  
do you ever  
think back to my black  
Alfa Romeo  
and those cute leather  
seats it had ..  
Well I guess you may never  
now know  
what games sprang to mind  
at the time tho'

I thought you imagined  
them too ..  
But that was a long time ago  
and you are  
now well and truly, forgiven ..  
For jumping  
to hasty conclusions and  
listening to  
the gossip and rantings  
of an old  
jealous woman, who once  
lived on a  
mountain and is no longer  
with us ..  
But still I wonder, do you  
ever look back  
on those days, and smile inwards ..

## Where Recollections Reside

### Where Recollections Reside

My word,  
it's like taking a waltz into history  
she said ..  
and if we  
dare take another tiny step back ..  
We might  
just find ..  
That is where most of our fondest  
memories  
choose to  
linger and hide, from our here and now  
even ..  
Oh' yes,  
can you see that old chestnut tree  
with your  
name and  
my initials carved deftly and deep ..  
And just look  
at the green  
meadow with the daisies and reeds  
where she  
once knelt  
and near tore her blue dress in two  
whilst  
tearing  
it off to go for a swim, so she said ..  
But I knew  
quite different ..  
When it became more than apparent  
oh' yes,  
absolutely ..

That's where special memories reside ..

## Reed Song

### Reed Song

When I next feel inclined, I shall lean toward thee ..  
Like a reed in the wind,  
though bruised and bent double, still perfect and free ..

## Petite Mort #2

### Petite Mort #2

She would invariably  
smile  
to herself  
whenever recalling  
those  
exquisite  
little  
deaths of hers  
she so often enjoyed  
when they  
were an item ..  
And then, sometime  
later  
they would  
inevitably  
laugh till they cried  
at the  
meaning behind  
the French  
*la petite mort* ..  
Since he  
was inclined  
to call  
them her *sigh naps*  
and then  
she near died again  
held safe in his arms ..

## Semi-Precious Summers

### Semi-Precious Summers

I wonder,  
does she ever even notice  
these days ..  
When she's passing, that is ..  
How the old wisteria  
just happens to be weeping  
amethysts again ..  
Presumably for us  
this spring, and throughout  
the whole  
of our semi-precious summer ..  
Just look,  
where they lay now ..  
And in such pretty little heaps ..  
There, beneath  
what was once  
our bedroom window ..  
Yes there, where we made love,  
caught laughter,  
and even wrote half decent poetry ..  
Now though,  
a most redundant sanctuary ..

## It?s All in The Seeing

It's All in The Seeing

There will always be more than just the one way  
of looking at anything and everything  
Although the secret of course, is in the seeing ..



## Over and Out

Over and Out

Dont stop to think  
not even  
for one moment  
you have  
anything to prove ..  
Not to me  
anyway my darling  
I only  
ever wanted the  
very best  
for you, my love ..  
You just  
seemed to read me  
wrong ..  
Each time I opened  
my mouth,  
was like, I just put  
my damn  
whole foot inside  
that's all  
at least for now, so  
ciao, I am  
over, done and out ..

## Vladimir's Full Metal Jacket

### Vladimir's Full Metal Jacket

The one that passed right through him sure  
moved fast  
and it stung, like a hornet, on amphetamine ..  
Although  
despite everything, including the difficult to  
determine  
and presumably calculated trajectory and so  
many other  
variables, they could never be entirely certain  
it had his  
name on it, since the mountain of discarded  
magazines  
and shells strewn all around, each carried the  
mark that  
linked them with O??????????????, and then  
of course  
there were the fragments of as yet, unidentified  
DNA strewn  
around the factories, hospitals and playgrounds ..  
and we knew  
it was only a matter of time before someone took  
the bastard out  
...

## Hypothetically Yours

Hypothetically Yours

How mighty is the ocean darling  
that's a statement, not a question, by the way ..

Yeah okay, I get it ..  
So is the answer, deeper than deep even  
and bluer than blue ..

Yes absolutely  
and for the sake of this poem  
I have yet to write ..

Let's just say, it is perpetual motion, personified  
and hypothetically, yours to keep  
with all my very fondest love, from me to you ..

## My Pretty Little Psychopath

My Pretty Little Psychopath

Sleep tight

my pretty little psychopath ..

I hear the

Sandman's little helper

will be

bringing up the rear tonight

while the

old fella's working overtime ..

Yes, I'm told

he has a barrowful of barrels,

each filled

with bad intention and some

good old

fashioned morphine shots ..

Just to

guarantee that you will be

well clear

of here, by breakfast time

tomorrow

## Generosity

Generosity

I am in a most forgiving mood today

Feel free

To take advantage of my generosity ..

## A Very Sudden Realisation

### A Very Sudden Realisation

For some odd reason  
I just  
could not stop myself  
from  
bringing back all those  
bloody apples ..  
That's right,  
those I stole from some  
old neglected  
orchard over there ..  
Somewhere beyond  
where the black  
and the yellow smoke  
is no doubt still set  
on rising ..  
And even now, I recall  
the look  
you gave when I returned  
to you in the back  
of that old blue truck ..  
With all the red ones  
stowed safe  
in the makeshift basket  
of your pretty  
upturned orange umbrella ..  
And for a moment then  
I felt like some  
goddam hero might well  
have felt in some  
long forgotten movie ..  
But then

I remembered the  
single hens egg  
I hid and then ate raw  
on my way back to you ..  
And for  
the very life of me  
I swear, I don't know  
why I did that ..  
Maybe, because it was  
there and I was  
so very, very hungry ..  
For some reason  
war can do just that  
to even  
the very nicest of fellas,  
and then  
it dawned on me ..  
Maybe I am not such  
a fucking hero after all ..

## Waving at Amphitrite

Waving at Amphitrite

Oh Amphitrite

how I long to see you naked

Save the samphire

and salted monks-beard gown

you last wore

upon your wedding night ..

Queen of oceans

daughter of Nereus and Doris ..

While Poseidon awaits

your famed saline embrace ..

Why not, in the meantime

drown me and take me first ..



## Clearly a Vague Recollection

### Clearly a Vague Recollection

The way she wore that plain white  
cotton sheet  
was really kind of cool, and neat ..  
A real turn on too  
don't you think, fresh from the bed  
like that, and jeez ..  
With all those ribbons in her hair  
and an opal in  
each lobe, of perfect shell like ears ..  
She trailed  
that makeshift shawl behind her  
all but naked ..  
And quite unashamed, with nothing  
more to lose or fear,  
or even hide, oh' yes indeed, it was  
then she turned  
and said, come to me darling  
smelling of time itself  
old clocks and magnificent cathedrals ..  
Yes come to me,  
for it is time to listen, watch and learn ..  
Since this, dear heart  
is how it works when broken, and you  
my lord shall surely  
sleep safe, sound and well tonight ..

## Home for Breakfast

### Home for Breakfast

I have not seen that many bodies burning  
lately  
but I saw a dozen yesterday, still smoking ..  
Oh'  
and by the way, heard several children  
choking  
on their own tears streaming, those that  
could not  
be either kissed or washed away, so please  
don't  
talk to me of war, I have done it all before  
my darling ..  
So now I'm coming home, for a decent mug  
of English  
breakfast tea, a slice of toast and homemade  
marmalade ..

## When the Shit First Hit the Fan

When the Shit First Hit the Fan

I was there man  
when they sacrificed the lamb  
I was there man  
when the shit first hit the fan ..  
And I assure you  
there was something very good  
and likewise special  
we somehow kind of lost, I fear  
somewhere on the  
road to where we are today ..

## New Prints in Old Dust

### New Prints in Old Dust

She was working her way through  
each moment  
that squeezed so slow and made  
up her new day ..  
She was smiling and dancing and  
otherwise  
bravely and happily playing away ..  
No doubt it was  
a dangerous game, but one she  
felt more than  
compelled and willing to play ..  
Just watching  
and waiting for a new set of prints  
left in old dust to  
pave and then to show her the way ..

## Somewhere on a Family Tree

### Somewhere on a Family Tree

When I am all but gone  
except for  
a few old photographs  
in albums  
scattered here and there  
perhaps ..  
Or even worse than that  
maybe ..  
Nothing more than a single  
leaf ..  
Pinned strategically upon  
some long  
lost family tree somewhere  
Feel free to  
think of me with fond regard  
For I did once  
love you, with all my heart  
and every single  
thing I ever was, or owned ..

## Just a Few Significant Ponderings

Just a Few Significant Ponderings

Have you ever dared stop to consider  
the fact, that you might just be wrong  
and not *just* wrong, but *very* wrong ..

To be honest, no ..

Okay, but have you ever stopped to savour  
just for a moment, not just any moment mind  
but one such as this, or those now gone ..

To be honest, no ..

Tell me then, have you ever stopped to sample  
what you might just well be missing, if you  
don't remember to savour it right now ..

To be honest, no ..

Well let me tell you this my man, there is a  
name, I hardly use myself at all, that  
more than adequately, describes a twat like you ..

## No Mercy on Mean Street

No Mercy on Mean Street

If you let me live  
you  
can have my wife  
and  
take the money ..  
I am  
sure that's what  
he said  
as the cable ties  
were  
each applied to  
both  
bruised hands  
and  
bleeding feet ..  
But  
then, at the end  
of yet  
another long day ..  
Does it  
matter now, at all ..  
Maybe  
they did not hear  
his plea's ..  
Or they misheard  
and simply  
did not care that  
much ..  
But now though  
friends,  
it seems ironic and

absurd ..

They took them both

then

killed him anyway ..



## Etna

Etna

She was once, so very, very hot  
and she knew it ..  
The boys then, all called her *Etna*  
and for a while  
she would let them all *lavat* her  
But then of course  
she also knew she could make  
each one of them  
erupt, just like old Vesuvius ..

## Once Upon a Downing Street

Once Upon a Downing Street

I simply cannot emphasise  
or describe ..

Just how very, very much  
indeed I now  
revel, in his long protracted  
elsewise,  
overdue demise ..

I truly want  
to see him standing, beaten  
shame faced  
and magnificently humbled  
in a filthy gutter  
somewhere exposed where  
he now quite  
rightfully resides ..

Begging pardon and perhaps  
a filthy crust ..

Shame-faced and revealed ..

But then,  
nothing is straightforward  
these days, is it ..

Everything is bent, screwed  
or crooked  
and in so many fucking ways ..

Truth does not  
exist in Downing Street today ..

## Just Asking on Behalf of a Friend

### Just Asking on Behalf of a Friend

I wonder if you ever think of me,  
fucking you,  
or you, fucking me, these days ..  
After all,  
that my friend, is precisely what  
we both used to do ..  
Back then,  
we called it making love though,  
didn't we darling ..  
Jesus ..... those were the days  
and surely  
the closest thing to heaven I have  
ever been or  
known to date .. So hey, excuse me  
if you think  
I'm just being nosy  
but I am asking for a friend, okay ..

## It Only Takes One Little Thing

### It Only Takes One Little Thing

I rarely think  
or write of her these days  
until that is  
a sound or scent, or touch  
or taste,  
just happens to remind me  
of her ways ..  
and then, like an avalanche  
they flood  
and crash upon this hapless  
mind of mine ..  
and I do swear that should  
we ever meet  
again, I shall not hesitate  
to fuck her  
next time, from behind ..  
Just like she  
always wanted, in the carpark  
of our  
favourite roadside restaurant ..

## You Would Not Care to See me Naked .. Surely

You Would Not Care to See me Naked .. Surely

You would not care, to see me naked these days, surely  
as indeed, I do thee ..  
And although, these words of mine, mouthed soft are  
meant for you, entirely  
I fear their meaning, might get lost, in their dubious  
migration, as they dance  
their way, from me to you, across the skies and seas ..  
Indeed, each scar I wear  
today, as God is my holy witness, I do bare for thee ..  
And so remember this  
dear heart, each stone they cast to drive me from thy bed  
did once leave the hands  
of hypocrites, and liars, who wear their own shells darkly ..

## What He Really, Really Wants

What He Really, Really Wants

He is not afraid of monsters  
or scared of dying either ..  
All he really wants, is freedom back  
for his lover and the children ..

## Early Morning Rituals

### Early Morning Rituals

Where else might one  
just sit  
these days, and watch  
the sky  
and sea, in awe of such  
subtle pastel shades  
as those, found only on  
a bramblings cheek ..  
Indeed, all this,  
while ancient anchored  
fishing boats  
in rows each dance  
and sway upon a tune  
the two of us  
might well fail to hear ..  
Yet still  
the old men mend their  
ragged nets and  
women tend, then gut,  
then scale  
and clean the catch ..  
as cobbled streets again  
turn silver ..  
And all before breakfast  
on a day just like  
yesterday, today and tomorrow

## Mokhu #?

Mokhu #?

Hello amigo, a tequila to go Por favour, oh' and  
two, or should one say dos these days  
dirty margarita's, from down below if you please ..



## Copywrite Pending

Copywrite Pending

For those who may not already know, a Haiku is traditionally a Japanese poem consisting of three short lines that do not rhyme. In the strictest of terms a Haiku also follows a syllable pattern of 5-7-5 and usually some reference to an aspect of nature ..

The origins of Haiku poems can be traced back as far as the 9th century. A Haiku is considered to be more than just a type of poem; it is a way of looking at the physical world and seeing something deeper, like the very nature of existence for example ..

Senryu is a Japanese syllabic verse that deals primarily with human nature and is often expressed through humour. It developed in the 18th century and is named after Karai Senryu who was a judge of comic verse contests. Senryu were originally poems of the merchant class and often made fun of corrupt officials and professionals ..

If you have already read, or intend reading any of my scribbles, you will almost certainly encounter examples of what I call a Mokhu and a Faikhu

Just for the record, a Mokhu is less pretentious and strives to be nothing more than it actually is, in effect, a close approximation to the real thing ..

Whereas a Faikhu, is a deliberate attempt to deceive and to pass itself off at any cost as something that it most definitely, is not ..

I am me and for those of you who read and simply pass by, then Fokhu which of course means something else altogether ..

Like I said before, Copywrite pending .. N :)

## The Redundant Fist

The Redundant Fist

There was once a day  
there most  
certainly was, way back  
in the day, that is ..

When his word was nowt  
but a clip  
round the proverbial ear ..  
Until it occurred  
to them both, that is ..

You get just one crack of  
the whip  
nowadays, and any old way  
it's pointless, to try  
and rule, entirely by fear ..

## Incidentally I Assure You

Incidentally I Assure You

Incidentally, I assure you, I am  
not a hero ..  
But you do make me feel  
like some  
aroused, hardened nipple ..  
Roughly  
squeezed and gently rolled  
somewhere  
between a finger and thumb  
of some new  
disciple, lover or paramour ..  
And so then,  
without wishing to bore you  
any further,  
I shall make my way toward  
the exit,  
and will bother you no more ..

## Of Time, That Is ..

Of Time, That Is ..

It seems we spent, far too much time  
talking about love  
that in the end, we simply ran out of it ..

## Behind That Navajo Smile

### Behind That Navajo Smile

What have those eyes  
of yours seen  
in the passing of time  
my friend ..  
The coming of seasons  
and the birth  
of new souls no doubt ..  
Not to mention the  
departure of old ones  
and so many  
bleached bones ..  
The rape of our prairie  
and demise  
of the forest, we once  
hunted and played in ..  
So I ask you  
again what became of  
clean-water, of buffalo,  
of elk, and of  
rainbow flanked salmon ..  
Is it so hard to  
forget, the back-on-back  
famine ..  
Those lean years and the  
slaughter ..  
The arrival of small-pox,  
of syphilis  
and of course, influenza ..  
Not to mention our old  
friends both  
cholera and alcohol ..

Yes those are but a few  
of the many  
things we are meant to  
be ever so grateful for ..  
And just a few of those,  
these eyes of  
mine have been privy to  
in the passing of time,  
my friend ..  
Now does all that satisfy  
your vague  
curiosity and answer  
the question  
that you ran past me earlier ..

## The Lovers of Modena Disturbed

### The Lovers of Modena Disturbed

When a scream was released  
sixteen hundred  
years ago, but heard only  
yesterday ..  
Their secret was out in seconds  
even before  
all the rumours got underway  
and it spread  
like a wildfire, unchecked far  
and wide ..  
Tho' until a date, place and number  
were all duly  
assigned .. they were nothing  
but history and  
all their bones were taken away ..  
Had it not been  
for a freak of an accident tho'  
They might well  
have laid there forever, in their  
permanent  
and loving embrace, frozen  
in time ..  
With a reason for their untimely  
demise, both  
conveniently and reverently denied ..

## The Shame of Yesterday's News

### The Shame of Yesterday's News

Although as yet  
they have not released her name ..  
I find myself again  
ashamed of my own species ..  
When turning to  
the mid-day news, to note the BBC  
consider it more  
important to report upon the final  
summing up and  
findings of some high court judge  
whose name  
I can't remember  
regarding the infantile behaviour  
of two contrived  
pathetic WAG's  
and relegate the fatal stabbing of  
a nine year old girl  
from Lithuania into third place ..  
And on reflection  
I wonder if born in the Ukraine  
what an outrage  
that would have caused, these days



## That Old Broken Dansette & Other Musings

### That Old Broken Dansette & Other Musings

Today, of all days, I wonder  
do you ever remember  
those two, forget-me-not blue  
cotton squares  
that you took from your  
grandmothers quilt, without  
asking ..  
Those you placed over the tear  
in each knee, of my 501's ..  
Well I do,  
and I also recall, each stitch that  
you sewed ..  
And how I marvelled at the  
speed of your fingers  
and the neatness of crosses  
that you placed there in rows ..  
Even now they  
remind me of kisses, like those  
I would place on  
each lid, of your almond shaped  
eyes, while you lay  
dreaming, the best part of those  
long Sunday mornings away ..  
And don't you  
think it amazing, how we then  
managed to learn every word  
of both Cohen and Dylan by  
repeatedly playing  
each of their records, on an old  
broken Dansette,  
we found in a skip, somewhere

back in the day ..  
Oh' and believe me, my darling  
but I would be lying  
if I denied, ever wondering, if you  
ever wondered ..  
Like I do, whatever happened to  
that thing ..  
And, to the two of us, by the way ..

## Whereupon His Tongue Did Serve to Please

Whereupon His Tongue did Serve to Please

Of all those lips, this tongue  
has probed  
and subsequently pierced ..  
There were  
those of course, that truly  
tasted sweet ..  
Then, there were yours  
indeed my love  
that yet, still taste divine ..  
Much more  
like angels tears, he thought  
and then, did  
sip from them till drunk, time  
upon time, again

## Oh? No .. Not Another Survivor

Oh' No .. Not Another Survivor

whether you found  
these words  
of mine by accident  
or by design  
why not consider  
yourself to be  
a survivor, for indeed  
today, like me  
at least, that is surely  
what you are ..

## Her Daddies Old Grey Chevrolet

Her Daddies Old Grey Chevrolet

When they eventually sat down  
to their petit-fours  
all the metaphors, they had been  
referring to, had been  
turned inside out, were borrowed  
or stolen ..  
It was then, she said honey, I am not  
sure, that I'm  
ready to fuck you right now ..

...

He replied, maybe your right but  
remember it's more  
symbolic than sexual these days  
and anyway, besides  
don't you fancy, pushing your luck ..  
She said baby  
how do you read my mind like that  
and so they did it  
right there, in the back of her daddies  
old grey Chevrolet ..

It was really a Rover 90 P4 and green  
but hey, who cares

## Naturally

Naturally

Nature has all the answers, just add oxygen and a splash of H<sub>2</sub>O ..

## Spellbound

### Spellbound

Flags, flax, fodder and frig  
come dance  
for me now my little fat pig ..  
With your broken  
blue bottles and your shiny  
green birds ..  
Come burn a cream candle  
and listen for  
secrets hidden in whispers  
in code, ciphers  
and sacred scratched words ..

## Come Let us Dance Some More

Come Let us Dance Some More

Come let us both  
dance  
some more, then  
bathe  
beneath a shower  
of finest  
frozen ash and  
hungry acid rain ..  
Then  
and only then  
maybe ..  
We might just  
make  
our way to your  
somewhat  
battered temple  
door ..  
Each of us naked  
but  
with not even a  
hint  
of regret between us ..



## Why Not Just Throw Away The Key

Why Not Just Throw Away The Key

She was never really  
beautiful  
but she was always  
very pretty ..  
And then of course  
she was  
also quite perverted ..  
In fact, that  
may just be, precisely  
what made  
her so very damned  
attractive  
in the first place ..  
If you know  
what I mean, in some  
pseudo-distressed  
but otherwise  
depraved kind of way ..  
So come on  
tell me now, before they  
throw away  
the key, does any of this  
make even  
an ounce of sense, at all ..

## Anticipating Angels

Anticipating Angels

Here  
where I lay  
anticipating angels ..

While  
you lay there  
entertaining them ..

The  
milligrams  
no longer count for much ..

## With Only Five Leaves Left

With Only Five Leaves Left

With only five leaves left  
and at  
38 degrees, they all said  
birds  
would be sure to fall from  
the skies  
and the trees throughout  
summer ..  
Like stones, they all said  
but boy did  
they get it ever so wrong ..  
Yet still  
Nick Drake's tears kept falling  
until that is  
we had, just three leaves left  
and not a  
single match, or light between  
the two of us ..

## The Making of Them Both Maybe

The Making of Them Both Maybe

The first time they met ..  
He made her laugh  
so very much, she asked  
him for his autograph ..

That's fine by me, he said  
between shy smiles ..  
But you will have to stay  
with me, until I'm famous ..

And then, she laughed again  
knowing that those  
words of his, might just have  
been the very making of them ..

## Between Pauses

### Between Pauses

For maybe  
a moment or two  
perhaps ..  
Somewhere  
between pauses  
and his  
gasping  
for breath like that ..  
He thought  
she might well  
have died  
there and then  
right beside him ..  
But whatever  
the case,  
may have then  
been ..  
He was sure  
that her  
heart skipped  
a beat ..  
And he loved her  
much more  
than he had loved  
her before  
and regardless ..

## Take Two Poles Josie

Take Two Poles Josie

Take these two poles Josie  
and take note too ..  
For these ones are perfect  
just like you  
and our love is my darling ..  
Take these two poles Josie  
and I shall  
build us a little house over  
the porch  
close to the sky somewhere ..  
Yes, do take  
these two poles Josie my love  
and though we  
may both be a long way up ..  
I'm right here  
beside you, should you ever  
dare fall ..  
Just be sure I will catch and  
shall love you  
for ever and always my little  
turtle dove ..  
Do take these two poles Josie

## Just a Few Recollections

### Just a Few Recollections

Well that  
was not just any old  
day now was it ..  
It was long,  
hot and golden ..  
At least  
twenty four carats  
he thought ..  
And the very same  
colour as those  
few freckles she had  
lightly  
sprinkled across  
the bridge  
of her nose ..  
Like fresh spun honey  
in sunlight  
he thought ..  
And as gold  
as her hair once was ..  
Not to mention  
the smile on the face  
of new parents ..  
No that was  
far more than  
most definitely not  
just any old day  
he thought ..  
And he smiled again  
with affection  
at all those fond

recollections  
contained in that  
torn,  
well creased  
black and white  
photograph ..  
The one he kept safe  
in his wallet  
for forty odd years  
since his wedding day ..



## While Watching Swifts

### While Watching Swifts

It was while tracing  
the arc  
and the twist  
of swifts  
with his naked eye  
across a  
still and salmon pink  
September sky  
when out  
of the blue, it dawned  
on him ..  
It must, at least be  
love, art  
or poetry, he thought ..

## A Few Moments After

### A Few Moments After

Only a few moments  
afterwards ..  
When she had finally  
caught up  
with her breath again ..  
She scratched  
an upside down arch  
in the sand  
with her finger ..  
Right next to where  
only a moment  
before, they had both  
just been laying ..  
Or maybe,  
it might have been  
the making  
of a smile perhaps .. x

## Looking Forward to Later

Looking Forward to Later

Although at first we  
just made out ..  
And then, we maybe  
might have fucked ..  
Yet later still, perhaps  
we can make love ..

Perhaps Let me Know Later

Although at first we  
just made out ..  
And then, we maybe  
might have fucked ..  
It's not too late to  
still make love perhaps ..

## Somewhere Between Lovers

### Somewhere Between Lovers

Torn between  
her lovers and insatiable lust ..  
She folded like  
some old, discarded newspaper  
suitably well crushed ..  
Then likewise, creased along  
the middle  
between their fingers and their  
well-worn  
coarse and calloused thumbs ..  
It was, for sure  
an untimely and superficial kiss  
that signed  
and sealed her fate, the day  
she was to be  
finally flushed with so very much  
contempt ..  
Like some god-forsaken, discarded  
ice-cream wrapper  
into an open flooded gutter  
somewhere  
on its way, to kingdom come ..

## Potage du Femme

Potage du Femme

Jeez, he said ..  
You taste delicious ..  
Well then  
I thank you, kind sir  
she replied ..  
Do you really think  
so though ..  
She tentatively  
enquired ..  
Oh yes, indeed  
I truly do  
and with a pinch  
more salt  
and maybe  
a bay leaf or two ..  
I dare suggest  
every single slice  
would quite  
simply taste divine ..

## On Being Too Gentle

### On Being Too Gentle

The extraordinary  
gentleness  
of his unexpected  
advances ..  
Though indeed  
subtle, to say the  
very least ..  
Failed to take her  
by surprise ..  
Nor did they cause  
her alarm ..  
On the contrary  
my dear friend ..  
She, being  
very well versed  
in the art  
of seduction herself  
was both  
thrilled and highly  
delighted  
to teach him the  
very error, of his ways ..

## Could You Maybe Ask Your Sister

Could You Maybe Ask Your Sister

It is such a shame  
you don't want  
to fuck me  
right now that is ..  
I had hoped  
you would be my  
final indiscretion ..  
Some things  
are just not meant  
to be though  
are they ..  
However, in the  
meantime,  
is there any chance  
at all you  
might just ask  
your sister, niece or  
indeed a cousin,  
if they are  
maybe free  
come the weekend ..

## Sun Sighted but Otherwise Unassuming

Sun Sighted but Otherwise Unassuming

Who could forget those eyes of his  
with more than just their hint of yellow ..  
From staring at the sun too long, he said ..

Well maybe, but ..

Surely, he was more than just blind and anyway  
I might just add here, for old times sake ..  
He was otherwise, an unassuming little fellow ..



## Oh' To Be Your Slave Again

Oh' To Be Your Slave Again

If I could have all this  
time again ..  
I swear I would make  
all the same  
deliberate mistakes ..  
Even if it  
only meant, there was  
but just the  
very slightest chance  
that it might  
hurt as sweet as this ..  
In fact,  
I would so very much  
prefer to be  
your slave, once more ..

## Just a Few of the Things I Don't Like Without You

Just a Few of the Things I Don't Like Without You

I cannot bear the thought of  
night, the cold,  
or dark my love, without you ..  
So pray, come lay  
all day, right here beside me ..  
Then let us keep  
each other warm, but oh' my love  
so very, very lightly ..

## While Drowning off Padliegh Hill

While Drowning off Padliegh Hill

I doubt,  
after all this time, you will ever  
understand  
just how insignificant I then felt  
or quite simply  
terribly overshadowed and small  
Smaller even  
and less important than that old  
gilt framed  
*knot tying achievement* award  
that still sits  
to the right-hand side of my now  
late great  
grandfather's old writing desk ..  
Which for some  
reason, I was reminded of while  
drowning and  
desperately trying to crawl out  
through some  
rich kids rigid red plastic tube ..  
Invariably stolen  
from the playground of some  
local school  
which had been thrown in the  
deep end of a  
swimming pool off Padliegh Hill ..

## The True Weight of a Man's Soul

### The True Weight of a Man's Soul

The weight of a man's soul  
is never  
determined by birth, nor by  
grace, or by  
gender, or volume, or girth ..  
Nor either  
by chance, or the sum of its  
mass, that  
which so effectively made up  
the whole  
of the vessel it once sailed in ..  
But rather,  
the amount and the measure  
of both the  
kindness and love that it dealt  
and did share ..  
With those it encountered  
for each of  
those moments that together  
comprised the  
entire physical life of its host  
here on earth,  
where it both sheltered and  
harboured ..  
That is, until its final release  
and eventual  
departure, being invariably  
exhaled on the  
last breath of those dying  
and though  
priceless in monetary terms

rarely

exceeding the grand total of

twenty one grams ..

## A Certain Kind of Highness

A Certain Kind of Highness

When I am with you, looking down like this  
across the tops of rows of forest trees ..

When I am with you looking down on rolling waves  
and upwards, through the surf, toward the sky ..

Such things, must surely be a measure  
of just how high you always make me feel ..

## Looking Back Long, Hard and Slow

Looking Back Long, Hard and Slow

Even now, when I think back, long and hard and look close enough  
I can still, just make out, each gentle rise and the  
subsequent fall of those sun-kissed undulations of hers ..

As she did then shift, upon eventually waking, beneath each of  
our cool off-white cotton sheets, those she acquired from  
a stall on a market, in Egypt all those long, hot crazy summers ago ..

Indeed, as welcome today, as was then, and as seemingly new  
as seen through a handful of light, casually plucked from an otherwise  
ploughed desert sky, as surely and true, as the love we once shared ..

## Inconsequential Wonderings

### Inconsequential Wonderings

Do you remember  
the last time  
you danced for him ..  
He told me  
you were naked and  
glowed ..  
Can you remember  
the last time  
you fought with him ..  
Well, he  
swore he could hear  
the roar  
of the sea, in the shell  
of your ear,  
as you did then, beat up  
on him ..  
And do you ever recall  
the last time  
you dined with him ..  
I note he  
chewed fast while you  
invariably  
tend to swallow deep  
and so  
deliciously slow ..  
Well today,  
yet again, I find myself  
wondering  
if you still have the taste  
of him on  
the tip of your tongue ..



Because  
for some reason, or other  
I still do  
occasionally question  
how far you  
did go with your love  
for him ..  
That is, before you gave  
a thought to  
maybe first letting me go ..

## The True Value of Dreaming

### The True Value of Dreaming

Dreams are but those stepping-stones  
that form a temporary bridge  
Between conscious here and now  
and the subconscious where and when ..

Where blurring occurs between our  
wishes, wants and needs ..  
Yet where faith, hope, love and peace  
still each unconditionally resides ..

## With Nothing More to Lose

With Nothing More to Lose

I noticed there were rainbows  
forming  
from the arc of tears then  
falling  
like multicoloured waterfalls  
of fractured  
stained glass, poured upon  
the pretty  
yellow handkerchief you held  
against those  
most amazing eyes of yours ..  
Oh' my darling  
look at me, they say I'm dying  
and it feels  
like I've got nothing more to lose ..

## Excuse Me I Love You She Said

Excuse Me I Love You She Said

Excuse me, I love you she said  
but pray treat me gentle ..

I may not be fragile or precious  
in the classical sense ..

Yet I can be awfully dangerous  
when frightened, abused or provoked ..

## What Didn't We Find in the Attic

What Didn't We Find in the Attic

Dead daisy chains still  
wrapped  
in tissues and saved  
in a pair  
of old, and odd sock  
drawers  
as a keepsake  
of sorts, and of course ..  
From long  
summers past, and a  
battered  
brown leather suitcase,  
with someone's  
initials ..  
Each of the locks, both  
redundant  
and broken but still  
stuffed  
with mementos and  
memories  
and spare parts from a  
dozen or so  
children's old board games ..  
Oh' and  
bubble-gum wrappers  
and ribbons  
and crayons, lined up in  
a row like  
soldiers, each stood to  
attention ..  
Plus a collection of pins

which once,  
held fast framed, Victorian  
butterflies  
long since passed and  
released ..  
Not to mention the tea  
and the  
cigarette cards and all  
manner  
of smooth shiny things  
collected from  
beaches, down the sides  
of settee's  
and from a wicked  
assortment  
of sacred burial mounds ..  
We also  
found boxes of milk teeth  
old sepia  
photographs, newspaper  
cuttings and all  
manner of anniversary cards ..  
But never the bodies

## That Point Where We Each Begin

That Point Where We Each Begin

Here, when we lay  
like this  
there is no need for  
words at all  
nor even mirrors ..  
Somehow  
we lose the want  
of them ..

Here, when we lay  
like this  
where clarity and  
clouding  
do each reside and  
simultaneously  
play their  
little tricks on us ..

That point  
when it all seems  
so perfect ..

Here, when we lay  
like this  
where we are lent  
a vague but  
otherwise agreeable  
ambiguity ..

That precious point  
when neither  
you or I are sure, where  
you might end  
and then, the me begins  
or vice versa ..

That then, must surely be  
the point  
we each become perfect ..



## Not Just Any Old Day at the Office

Not Just Any Old Day at the Office

Do you see what I mean ..

She asked ..

No, but I hear what you say ..

He replied ..

And then, they both laughed

as each took

a deep breath, before stepping

right into the

path of the 08.57 and oblivion ..

## A Few More Things Remembered

### A Few More Things Remembered

I doubt I shall ever forget how  
she always  
closed her eyes in the shower  
Yet kept them  
Both wide open in the rain ..  
But am sure  
I will always remember and  
treasure  
each one of those flowers she  
embroidered  
and sewed onto the patches  
she pinned  
to the knees of my torn 501's  
Which by the way  
were even more faded than  
the lilac and the  
cream one's on my mothers  
old pinafore ..  
I also remember how funny  
it seemed,  
they both smelled so similar  
and how I then  
thought, if love had a smell,  
it would smell of  
my lady, fresh from her shower  
and small cotton flowers

## Why Not Just Call It a Day

Why Not Just Call It a Day

I don't want to push my luck and  
break this fragile  
run of rare good fortune we have  
so very much  
enjoyed, in recent times, my friend  
But I seem to  
recall you have betrayed me before  
and since I don't like  
ultimations, I won't let you do it again  
so let's just call it a day, okay

## Upon Testing Positive

Upon Testing Positive

After all this time  
I had begun  
to think I might just  
get away with it ..  
But then,  
the self-same beast  
that almost  
brought sweet Gaea  
to her knees  
made me bow low to  
Covid too

## The Science of Passing the Buck

### The Science of Passing the Buck

Come on, I dare you,  
blame it  
on Covid, or the war  
in Ukraine  
or maybe, on Brexit  
or the weather  
for fuck sake ..  
Just say it's too risky  
and no one  
will notice, or question  
the truth  
of the matter or care  
either way ..  
And heaven forbid,  
if they did  
you could sue them ..  
But whatever  
the case, deny any guilt  
and don't delay  
in pointing the finger ..  
At some other  
poor bastard, as soon as  
you can mate ..

## When Wild Honey is Not Always the Sweetest

When Wild Honey is Not Always the Sweetest

I suppose at a push  
or a pinch or a shove ..  
We could try to  
survive on the cheap ..  
Like the students  
down at the harbour ..  
I hear they thrive on  
goats cheese,  
*Retsina*, yesterday's  
crusts and wild honey ..  
With maybe, a handful  
of pills thrown in  
just for good measure  
at weekends ..  
And if we only go out  
in the evening my love,  
when the sun has gone ..  
Your skin  
and complexion will  
both surely stay white  
and unsullied ..  
The envy again, of all  
those in the ghetto  
we are both somehow,  
each tied to ..  
Then, while you are busy  
tie-dying, shampooing  
and preening ..  
I shall focus entirely on  
love songs,  
our survival and poetry ..

## With All My Fondest Regards

With All My Fondest Regards

Thank you, my friend,  
for not  
getting back to me ..  
Before  
you did, that is ..  
I simply needed the  
time and the space  
to get my head  
back in gear again ..  
And the respite  
it gave, came at just  
the right time ..  
Just in case,  
you ever might think  
I had missed  
or forgotten you ..  
Well, I want  
you to know, I miss  
nothing ..  
And you, are not  
going to become the  
exception ..  
But I know you felt  
good when you  
read my last message  
by the time  
that it took you to  
format your answer ..  
Which was,  
by the way far too  
long in the making

to convince me that  
nothing  
had changed,  
for the better, except  
maybe, the seasons ..  
So I hope  
you'll forgive me  
when I wish you the  
best of good things ..  
And I pray  
you will always be  
happy together ..  
Yours sincerely,  
a caring, but otherwise  
helpless spectator ..



## Grandma Wears Denim

### Grandma Wears Denim

Grandma wears denim  
and I don't just mean  
to festivals  
or them button down  
ankle length gowns  
all the debutantes wear  
nowadays ..

Grandma wears denim  
and she's proud  
of those tiny black and  
gold stars  
temporarily pinned to  
the brows  
above those baby blue  
eyes of hers ..

Grandma wears denim  
with frayed  
seams and the hems well  
soaked  
in patchouli, just like the  
ends of her braids ..

Grandma don't care though  
she downs pints  
and drops acid, just like she  
always did  
back in the good old days ..

## Beneath Putin's Thumb

### Beneath Putin's Thumb

Somewhere out there just  
beneath  
Putin's thumb and the  
spiralling  
plumes we have each  
grown  
accustomed to, a swathe  
of crimson  
devastation and desolation lie

## How on Earth Did She do That

How on Earth Did She do That

I still occasionally find  
myself  
wondering these days  
how she  
ever managed to master  
that look ..  
You know, the one that  
begged an  
indecent answer, to the  
question  
she so very often asked ..  
*"Do you wanna  
make out, here and now"*  
And all,  
without making me blush ..  
Yes indeed,  
I still marvel at the way  
that her tongue  
was able to cruise quite  
so deliberate  
and slow, tween those  
pitch perfect lips  
and all, without faltering  
or stalling ..  
And how she could drape  
a shawl, or a  
shirt, or a sheet around her  
shoulders  
like that, and make it look  
cool, was  
so far beyond me, and yes,

so damned  
Yves Saint Laurent too ..  
So of course,  
I still wonder, do you have  
any idea how  
on earth, she managed to  
do any of that ..

## No Matter What Time it Is

No Matter What Time it Is

No matter what time it is  
there will be music, on Clinton Street  
and it shall always be  
winter, here on Spencer Bridge Road ..

## elle était unique

elle était unique

and now, on reflection

I think it

only fair to say, she was

a bespoke

one off, one-of-a-kind

individual

unique as a thumbprint

a snowflake

and all of those curious

scribbles

on a reed buntings egg

all neatly

rolled into one, and in

every way

conceivably possible ..

## Narrow Margins

### Narrow Margins

The olive branch  
he once  
held out for her  
Now lies broken  
and discarded ..  
Consigned  
it seems, to the  
margin of an  
otherwise empty  
page ..  
Yet he never  
once thought,  
even for  
the very briefest  
of moments  
he would regret  
quite so much,  
ever loving you  
and all in spite of her ..

## Dirty Linen

### Dirty Linen

Few men know pain like a poet knows pain  
nothing craves sky like a kite ..  
Yet the very essence of life lays discarded  
alongside those bloody overalls  
that she, discretely disposed of last night ..



## Internally Yours

### Internally Yours

There was something just  
a little bit  
ever so special about  
all of that  
simultaneous flexing  
the pulsing,  
the squeezing and those  
delicious  
after shock spasms they  
once shared  
on several, let's just say  
exquisite occasions  
Not to mention  
the salt they each shed ..  
Although to be fair  
*that* was an  
understatement, if ever  
there was, to  
describe the joint climaxes  
they then  
divided between them  
Okay, so I  
was never that good at  
rhyming but  
hope you can feel where  
I'm coming from ..

## Ciao

Ciao

Before I finally let go, I thought  
you should know ..  
Just in case, you had not  
already guessed ..  
It's true, I confess, I once loved  
you far more, than  
I even, once loved life, itself ..

## Premature Evacuation

### Premature Evacuation

She yelled get out  
I hate you  
don't ever come  
near me again ..  
But then  
even before those  
words had  
begun to register  
and the onset  
of regret  
to hit home ..  
He had slipped away  
and he left her  
with an  
intense feeling of  
premature evacuation ..

## Looking Forward to Change

### Looking Forward to Change

I never once thought  
for a moment  
I would ever be forced  
to admit that  
both life and love are  
such fragile,  
and transient things ..  
Like flakes  
in a snow globe, spilt,  
scattered  
and broken ..  
Yet I hope now more  
than ever ..  
She is proper grown  
and no longer  
the same spoilt child  
that she was  
all those years ago ..  
When we met  
for that very first time ..

## Primroses and Kites

### Primroses and Kites

Primroses and kites have so much in common these days  
both being far more abundant than ever before  
and not just confined to their old habitats, but everywhere ..  
How I envy those banks on which they now play and grow

## Laccaria Amethystina

Laccaria Amethystina

my word, how she could simply drape, a single purple shawl, a shirt,  
or even sheet, around those shoulders pale and fair  
then make each look, so very Yves Saint Laurent, and all, without a care

## Searching for Light

### Searching for Light

What we seem to have here, is another old man  
feeling his way, while still above ground,  
simply searching for answers ..

Just another old man, drowning real slow,  
in the muddle of what his own life has become  
now on show, displayed and revealed ..

After all said and done, he's just another old man  
messing with words, searching for light  
while still desperate, to find reasons, to die ..

## Algarvia

Algarvia

It was somewhere between  
*Villa Paradaria*  
and the *Taberna Tres Dukes*  
that I somehow  
lost count of the number  
of stockings  
and sun-bleached torn ribbon  
all strung out in rows  
both above and across the old  
narrow streets  
that which make up  
*The Fisherman's quarter*  
just off Ferragudo ..  
Yes there, where the sidewalks  
are still liberally strewn  
with discarded oyster shells,  
pieces of roughly hewn cork  
and fishing nets  
drying against the sides of these  
small upturned  
and seemingly resting,  
blue and white sailboats  
the locals here, are all known for ..  
And, where in those  
moments occasionally lost when  
nothing else matters  
between my strong black coffee  
and *medronho* shots ..  
I have, now and then been known  
to worry and wonder ..  
Do the resident ghosts here each



still cast their shadows all be it  
now ever so lightly ..  
Because I swear, I caught sight of  
her earlier ..  
In a roadside café  
with a Portuguese sailor  
where they were picking over  
the bones of grilled fresh *sardinhas*  
and sipping green wine  
from an old earthenware cup,  
which the locals all call *Vinho Verde* ..  
So yes, my dear friend,  
it is shamefully true, I must now  
confess, it was indeed there  
where I last mouthed her name ..

## Olivetti Moments

### Olivetti Moments

While doing nothing  
in particular ..  
It suddenly dawned on me  
we may never get rich  
while I try to write poetry ..  
But no doubt  
in time though,  
the parallels between us  
will become more apparent  
to those who  
dare visit, the few words  
I did write here ..  
And since most of them now  
seem to hang out on Hydra ..  
Whereas we  
make out daily on the beaches  
and the balconies  
of cheap Algarve hotels ..  
Where it seems on occasion  
that miracles'  
do still happen ..  
Since without fail, when I close  
my eyes lightly ..  
Through the flicker and blue  
and sun warmed terracotta ..  
I can still see you clearly  
almost wrapped  
in a white towel, but loosely ..  
Just sitting in front  
of my old Olivetti ..  
Loading black and white film

into the back of  
a borrowed Box Brownie ..  
Seemingly intent on  
capturing such moments as these ..

## Between Courses

### Between Courses

Between courses  
and from somewhere behind ..  
He drizzled wild honey  
from the nape  
of her neck to the V at the very  
base of her spine ..  
Then they made love there  
and then  
at the table and showered  
together until  
the water ran cool and the  
salt flower flowered ..  
What then remained  
of the evening  
was casually frittered away ..  
Dining on oysters  
and local wild fruits ..  
While sipping chilled dessert wine  
from cracked champagne flutes ..

## Three Summers

### Three Summers

Do you ever think back on  
those good old days  
when we could sleep on  
the beach, if we so chose  
beneath stars ..  
And if it ever dared rain  
or to blow even,  
neath the warm yet still  
salty and rough  
tarpaulined hull of some  
upturned  
old fisherman's craft ..  
And where, if my memory  
still serves,  
I seem to recall, we spent  
three whole summers  
just living and loving like that ..

## For an Old Man We Met on a Mountain

For an Old Man We Met on a Mountain

Upon the occasion of our  
meeting  
the same old man again  
on his way  
down from the mountain  
He still held  
an empty bowl by his side  
although his  
free hand, remained  
firmly  
outstretched and in front  
of his belly ..  
Begging crusts, crumbs or  
loose change  
from locals and tourists ..  
And all for the  
sparrows, he said he may  
meet on the  
way, to wherever it was  
he then  
thought he was going ..

## When Things Were Perfectly Perfect

### When Things Were Perfectly Perfect

I notice there are shadows  
forming now  
behind the silver backing  
of the mirror  
you once posed before  
without a care in the world ..  
While the flag  
you then waved and wore  
is now torn  
beyond the point of all repair  
a seemingly  
seamless reminder of those  
days of yore ..  
When we were both young  
and magic  
hung heavy in the air and  
everything just  
seemed so perfectly perfect

## Poem on a Plate

### Poem on a Plate

Obrigado, she said,  
let's go  
make like the locals  
and live  
as finely as nobles  
off land  
and the sea ..  
On freshly caught  
anchovies,  
black olives,  
and unpasteurised  
goats cheese,  
buckets of red wine  
white grapes,  
and wild honey ..  
Plus baskets  
of this homemade,  
still warm  
and delicious crusty  
coarse  
Portuguese bread ..



## Gladding

### Gladding

From the cliff tops and harbour  
at dawn or dusk  
we may still be seen squatting  
and *gladding* ..  
While to the right, *the Holms*,  
both *steep* and *flat do* rise ..  
Religiously with each new day  
and the tides ..  
Tho always angry, vicious and  
cold they be  
the grey remnants of waves  
that repeatedly spit, laugh and  
lap at our ankles  
while we squat here, like twats,  
on our haunches ..  
Today though, no more than  
a handful of old *Watchet* lads  
armed to the teeth tho'  
with terriers and stout sticks,  
go poking and probing in eel pits,  
found only around here-about ..  
Yes here, tween the razor-edged  
rocks and the out tide ..  
Some *still do go gladding* for conger  
with nowt on their minds  
but to fill, the kids bellies at supper ..

## Song for Gene Malloy

### Song for Gene Malloy

Because I love his words so  
very much  
I chose to write some more  
For a man ..  
They all call Gene Malloy ..  
Now maybe,  
it had nothing to do with  
the tone of his  
voice, or the gentleness  
of his old  
fashioned and principled  
ways, but more  
to do with the sawdust and  
pitch of his  
poetry and candle wax or  
the scent  
of woodsmoke and sage ..  
Tho' I guess  
it might just be his poetry  
plus maybe  
a drop or two of engine-oil  
that got stuck  
in the back of my throat  
upon opening  
yet another filled page ..

## Just Another Zen Thing

Just Another Zen Thing

While here we both lay  
like disjointed fragments  
of the very same whole

Elsewhere, spun honey  
pulled through a flame slow  
is mistaken for monastery gold

## That Last Time Look

That Last Time Look

Although far more  
than just  
a casual glance ..  
But less intense  
than a dedicated  
stare, of course ..  
That last time look  
simply cut him up ..  
How he so  
very much wished  
he had gone  
blind long before  
she had time to cast  
it ashore,  
from the bow of the  
craft that which  
then bore her name ..

## Ten Years After

### Ten Years After

Ten years from now,  
I am reasonably sure  
I may not remember  
your name, or your  
number, should you  
ever dare give them  
to me .. But have no  
doubt at all, I am sure  
to recall, that fire in  
those eyes of yours,  
the like of which,  
I had not seen before  
and may never again,  
until the day that I die

## Just Another Shot in The Dark

Just Another Shot in The Dark

When there is no one else  
and nowhere to go  
I just want to lay here with you  
alone in our secret room

V

When there is no one else  
and nowhere to go  
I just need to lay with you here  
alone in this secret room

Just Another Shot in The Dark

## So Long and Thanks for All the Fish

So Long and Thanks for All the Fish

Hey babe,  
don't feel sad, not for this old soldier anyway  
Neither you,  
or this war of ours made me ache like this ..  
But just  
between the two of us, did you really think  
there was  
any real alternative ..... x  
And so for  
now at least, *so long and thanks for all the fish ..*

## Now That My Lady Is Gone

Now That My Lady Is Gone

Now that my lady is gone away  
I would much rather  
be somewhere or somebody else  
I really don't like me or  
what I've become, I would rather  
be somewhere or somebody else



## What an Appetite for Attention She Had

What an Appetite for Attention She Had

The pain I feel today  
and every day  
for that matter ..  
Is I fear, absolutely  
necessary  
to at least remind me  
I am alive  
while you are gone ..  
Yet still,  
I wonder if you ever  
count the days,  
like I count the days ..  
And for  
the same reasons I do ..  
I very much  
doubt that you do ..  
But of course  
you would say you  
did though ..  
Now having said that,  
your lies  
rarely had substance ..  
You simply  
told them because  
you had  
nothing better to do  
at the time ..  
When your appetite  
for attention  
then knew no bounds ..

## Hidden

Hidden

moments snatched, covertly held behind our backs  
no surprises there then ..

## When Size is Not Everything

When Size is Not Everything

She said size is not  
everything  
I like small things  
as well and  
very often, instead ..  
Like honey bees  
bonsai trees,  
seed pearls  
and humming birds ..  
Not to mention  
those groovy  
mind blowing  
mindgasms that you  
so kindly give  
back to back when  
you fuck with my head ..

## Mr Perpendicular

Mr Perpendicular

Mr Perpendicular was never that particular ..  
When times were hard, he had been known  
to sell his soul, for the price of a Cheeseburger ..

## From Inside This Box of Broken Mirrors

From Inside This Box of Broken Mirrors

I really don't like who I am  
or what I have become  
But when living in a box  
of broken mirrors, like this  
can you really blame me ..

Or is it, by chance down  
to the circumstances we find  
ourselves in at the time ..  
Those, which are far beyond  
the locus of our own control ..

So on reflection, pray tell me,  
when will our  
seven year sentence be done ..  
I so need to know, for the sake  
of the both of us ..

## Ukraine in Winter

Ukraine in Winter

While our children die starving and cold  
in these holes  
they randomly punch in the snow ..

Despite most of the free world praying  
out loud, I can still see  
a blue and gold flag waving and proud ..

## The Gardeness

The Gardeness

She has thyme well placed at her fingertips ..  
Fresh from the garden and tenderly tended ..  
Not architectural by design but wild and freely ..

## A Reflection Upon a Youth in Passing

### A Reflection Upon a Youth in Passing

Oh' how  
I grieve the loss of function ..  
Oh' how  
I mourn the loss of form ..  
This  
magnificent decline of mine  
is so very  
determined and unrelenting  
although it  
commenced, the very same  
day I was born ..



## For all Those Forgotten Girls Out There

For all Those Forgotten Girls Out There

These words may well be my words, but they are  
intended for all those forgotten girls  
and the paper trails they each leave behind them ..

## On the Verge of Another New Year

On the Verge of Another New Year

Just look at all those pinched faces  
in all the wrong places  
Wide eyed and with so much to fear

With frost in the air and no pennies  
to spare ..  
Each praying, for a happy New Year

## The Things One Remembers

### The Things One Remembers

It was either New Orleans or in  
old Monterey where a  
crawfish jumped out of the pot  
and made a clean getaway  
On reflection, it's funny what one  
might remember on a  
cold winter day, like today, when  
delirious with a covid viral  
infection and nowt else much to say

## As a Matter of Fact It's a Fact

As a Matter of Fact, It's a Fact

Video may well have killed the radio star  
but  
Facebook sure killed the Christmas card

## Fear of Flying Solo

### Fear of Flying Solo

She could enter a room, without making a sound  
and even those dying, would become more alive ..

Yet as she reached for his hand, he kicked his heels  
in the sand and he begged her, to just let him go ..

So she took him an olive branch and whispered ..  
You are not going anywhere today my love ..

Unless on my terms, and until you are stronger ..  
Then, you may choose to fly solo, without or beside me ..

## Keep Each Seed Safe

Keep Each Seed Safe

Keep these seeds of mine  
I now give to thee  
safe and warm my love ..

Next to the eggs  
in the little nest that we  
both made for them ..

Somewhere deep in  
your belly and between each  
of those legs of yours ..

Take note, guard them well  
there are two of them  
and when ready, deliver each safe

Amen

## Love Letters

### Love Letters

She would read him at night  
in the dark  
until her eyes, they did ache so ..  
And her tears,  
beneath the quilt, fell like rain  
yet still somehow  
each one of them tasted familiar ..  
Like the ocean,  
she thought, that long ago dared  
to take him ..  
But what made it worse though  
was she could never  
be certain, those candles she  
burned day and night ..  
Would be seen from the beach  
and the treacherous swell  
it had always been known for  
and even beyond there and further  
through the remnants  
of now faded lace curtains ..  
Once a gift, on her wedding day  
almost forty or so, very long years ago ..

## Somewhere Else Maybe

Somewhere Else Maybe

Somewhere out  
there  
this side of the  
Tamar  
I found a little bit  
of heaven  
discretely hidden  
elsewhere,  
beneath my  
dear ladies navel ..



## Taken From the Diary of a Contented Man

Taken From the Diary of a Contented Man

If I was to die right here and now ..

Then I would

die right here today a very happy

man indeed ..

Now I could have said that yesterday

for sure, and maybe

the day before that even, but thought

it was a fluke back then

## So What Does Your Father Do

What Does Your Father Do

Neither the Butchers or the Bakers  
were exactly candlestick makers ..

But the Smith's, Parkers and Pettitt's

were either Boat-builders, cooks, nurses  
or medics, so what does your father do ..

## From the Cradle to a Grave

### From the Cradle to a Grave

While life goes on  
and memories  
dwindle and fade  
the same  
question is asked  
time and again ..  
Is the march we  
embark on  
from a freshly  
laid cradle  
to an unmarked  
yet not long  
dug grave ..  
A celebration,  
charade,  
parade or façade ..  
But then  
since there is no  
such thing as an  
unscripted life ..  
Poorly edited  
maybe or badly  
produced ..  
We shall just  
have to wait until  
the credits come out ..

## What a Bloody Waste

What a Bloody Waste

I don't care what you say  
she said ..  
Just leave me alone to get  
high in my  
own head, so he did, and she  
promptly  
threw herself from a bridge ..  
The driver she  
hit, died there at the scene ..  
All the  
newspaper headlines say he  
died instantly ..  
While she, on the other hand  
sits peeling grapes  
while writing her memoirs in  
an NHS  
hospital bed somewhere ..

## What Wasted Words They Proved Themselves to Be

What Wasted Words They Proved Themselves to Be

All those words you wrote  
now thrown away ..  
All those words you wrote  
but dare not say ..  
All those words you wrote  
that let you down ..  
When you pressed pause,  
stop, or delete  
instead of pressing play ..  
All those words you wrote  
borrowed, stole or  
plagiarised to try and make  
some of them stay ..  
What wasted words they  
proved to be  
when played across the ears  
of so many deaf disciples

## When We Were Hot

When We Were Hot

Even though, I know  
that nothing  
lasts for ever and  
one day I shall  
have to let you go ..  
For now,  
and maybe for  
a moment longer ..  
I just want  
the whole damn  
world to know  
you were, once mine ..  
And my word,  
how we did then shine ..  
Both hot  
and furnace bright ..

## The Most Perfect Love

### The Most Perfect Love

how he loved the way she  
always tried  
to manipulate the swell ..  
and of course  
the way she rode the ever  
undulating tide ..  
and how she wore him like  
a bespoke glove ..  
then used him, as a template  
to always  
make the most perfect love ..

## Amelie

Amelie

.

I know a little girl who could whistle  
long before she had any teeth at all  
Before she could talk or walk even ..

.

And that very same, brave little girl  
is called Amelie who has just turned  
four years old ... and get this folks ..

.

In spite of absolutely everything this  
old world has so far thrown at her ..  
She keeps on smiling ..

For those of you that might be vaguely interested, my seventh anthology was published yesterday on 1st January 2023 ..

It is called 'Chasing Light' and consists of 220 individual scribbles over three hundred, or so pages ..

The reason I mention it here though, is because all monies raised from the sale of it, will go directly towards Brain Tumour research .. and for the following reason ..

My little four year old niece Amelie, pictured above, was recently diagnosed with this devastating condition almost four years to the day after her Grandmother, my sister-in-law Geraldine died of the same thing ..

Amelie has just returned to the UK from Germany where she underwent eight weeks of daily Proton Beam Therapy .. that involved up to six hours each day under a general anaesthetic, excluding time off for good behaviour at weekends .. and that was after she had had the primary tumour removed here in England .. Since then, Amelie has had lots of ups and downs as a result of post-surgical complications ..

I am therefore asking if anyone is interested in helping a good cause, then good causes just don't get much better than Brain Tumour research, since only around 1% of all money donated to cancer charities goes to brain tumour research .. which is a scarily small figure in comparison ..

Monies from all my previous publications listed below will continue to be split between other cancer charities, including breast cancer & of course, Mental Health ..

Turquoise & Other shades of Blue  
Somewhere Behind These Eyes



Victims of Indifference

Beautiful Bruises

The Logic of Fools

Cotton Girls & Paper Chains

All the above are available direct from Amazon regardless of where you might live, lodge or hide around the globe .. and get this, they each cost less than four pints of warm English beer, but will last a lot longer ..

Anyway, here's wishing you all Peace, Love and All Good Things ..

p.s. if anyone does decide to obtain a copy or copies, please consider writing a review as these seriously do have an impact on sales .. Oh' n please tell all your friends too .. Neville ?

## New Wine From Old Vines

### New Wine From Old Vines

Like new wine, from old vines  
our love has survived  
the most cruellest of winters ..  
Yet our hunger  
and our appetites are now each  
truly sated ..  
While here, side by side, we shall  
still lay for always ..  
Safe, warm and so very contented ..

## Marina Girls

### Marina Girls

Forgive me if I do pause  
a while ..  
But I feel the need to  
breathe in deep ..  
The sea sage scented  
candles  
that you choose to burn  
each day ..  
Remind me, oh' so very  
much  
of all those *marina girls*  
I ever loved,  
or dreamt about, or dared  
to try and  
seduce, or merely touch  
with poetry  
..

## When I am Forgot

When I am Forgot

once driven

now

firmly stuck

though

much less like

snow

these days

and more like

some

old rusty nail

perhaps

dear lord

how quick I am

all but

completely forgot

## Something More Than Just Skin Deep

### Something More Than Just Skin Deep

I dare not tell you, just how much  
I want to find that sacred place ..  
Somewhere beneath the surface  
of her skin ..  
Where each one of those, sweet  
honey hued, shy summer freckles  
splashed so  
very randomly across both cheeks  
and of course,  
that nose of hers, each choose to  
hide in winter ..  
Or indeed, just how much, I want  
to take a running jump  
and dive head first, into the pools  
of deepest blue, those  
she views each aspect of her entire  
world through ..  
And although, I have some way to go  
Dear lord, I am  
so grateful for my eyes, my fingertips  
and for my tongue ..  
Through each of which, I feel and see  
and taste each day, a tiny piece of heaven ..

## Atarash? Kod? ga Hajimaru Shunken

Atarash? Kod? ga Hajimaru Shunken

Only a moment after she placed her left hand lightly  
beneath the folds of her new silk kimono  
and held it there, like that, for just a moment longer ..

It must have been that second moment surely when  
those fingertips carelessly, caressed her belly  
she first felt and became aware of Hajimi kodo ..

Then she could not stop the smile from forming, nor did  
she want to hide it from her lover, yet both knew  
she would need a new set of netsuke, before summer ..

To protect her modesty of course and save her blushes from  
the prying eyes and wagging tongues of springtime  
once the snow had melted and the cherry blossom flowered ..

The Moment a New Heartbeat Begins

## A Sure Sign of His Passing

### A Sure Sign of His Passing

Though still warm  
to the touch  
it was abundantly  
clear to all  
those assembled  
that he was  
no longer there ..  
But not yet  
too far away either  
as some  
of them feared ..  
And by all accounts  
he could  
still draw a crowd ..  
But the house  
they once shared  
on the other hand  
though ..  
Was already cold  
and so  
empty and bare ..  
A sure sign  
of his passing ..  
Strange as it may  
seem tho,  
no one really cared ..

## Heed

Heed

It is the hardest of lessons and the most tedious of knocks  
those aches and the tears that do so teach us the most ..



## Rape of the Sabine Women

### Rape of the Sabine Women

There was no rush, no rush at all  
except for the wind  
against that slow rise and the fall  
of those breasts  
and her belly whilst he paused  
to draw breath  
and she lay there, all but naked  
and so shamelessly sprawled ..  
Twas there, midst  
torn sackcloth and straw where  
she bled, that he  
spoke to her in tongues and said ..  
You may once have been beautiful  
yet by no means  
tho' the most beautiful of them all ..  
Since tomorrow  
we shall each march upon Antemnae  
and then take her too ..

## An Uncertain Certainty

An Uncertain Certainty

While plagued with such contagious self-doubt as this  
I really must  
somehow learn to love or to like her less, he thought ..

## How Very Agincourt

How Very Agincourt

No sooner had she bowed and knelt there  
before him like that ..

He smiled to himself and he thought  
how very Agincourt ..

Since she has more than just the one string  
to her bow, she is bound to go far ..

## More Than Nearly Dearly Departed

### More Than Nearly Dearly Departed

A single dawn before  
the anticipated  
day of her departure ..  
He stumbled  
upon his own shadow  
sifting through  
her drawers like some  
dark villain  
in a cheap B movie ..  
Then he noticed  
in a broken mirror  
that both her  
knees were bruised  
and bleeding ..  
As was her right cheek  
and left shoulder  
and there, before his  
very eyes ..  
Part hid, beneath the  
rough thrown  
sackcloth cover, she  
had been  
folded up like some  
discarded  
envelope and left there  
all alone to die

## Cause and Affect

### Cause and Affect

Come the day, when I am all but dust  
I fear the consequences  
of my searching, for a single outcome  
may well have a serious  
impact and subsequent repercussions  
upon all those whom  
I did once, simply either love or lust ..

## A Handful of Random Thoughts and a Sunflower

A Handful of Random Thoughts and a Sunflower

Don't think about her form  
think about water, pyramids and dolphins ..  
Don't think about her hunger  
think about clouds, butterflies and poetry ..  
Don't think about her lovers  
think about patience, charity and sunflowers ..

## Heartsure ..

Heartsure ..

We were never meant to fall in love ..

Not even

when we were young and so full of it ..

Somehow

it just fell upon us like an accident ..

Somewhere

much further down the line, that is ..

Which only

goes to show, that while the heart

may yet be

broken, or now and then, be mistaken ..

It seldom,

if indeed, it ever gets it entirely wrong ..

## The Day Before the Day Before Today

The Day Before the Day Before Today

Looking back upon tomorrow  
as if it was only yesterday ..  
Checking each late premonition  
but it's clear  
to me now my friend, there is  
nothing new to do, or see, or say ..  
First take a deep breath  
then take a breather, I thought  
I heard her say ..  
But don't dare make a break for it,  
or try to get away ..  
Since I recall I watched you drown  
in monochrome reflections ..  
Some may call them memories ..  
The day before, the day before today ..



## She Smelt Like 24 Carat Gold

She Smelt Like 24 Carat Gold

On reflection and in the heat of the moment she  
smelt much like  
24 carat gold may have smelt before her departure ..

## A Single Truth For all Things Being Unequal

### A Single Truth For all Things Being Unequal

every single little thing that  
does exist ..  
despite it being where it is ..  
also has its  
own unique distinctive scent,  
sound  
and taste indeed, whereas all  
those other  
things, as yet unseen, are also  
there but  
just maybe, waiting to be found  
and felt ..

## Just Another Way Out

### Just Another Way Out

She was all made up  
and such  
a pretty fabrication ..  
Built like  
a temple, yet sounded  
hollow ..  
Like some old church  
might well  
sound perhaps ..  
And maybe, likewise  
just as broken  
She was however,  
swiftly mended  
But yet, there are still  
those who  
might suggest she had  
more than  
just a hand in her  
very own, ultimate demise ..

## The Confession

The Confession ..

He was just another old man scratching around in the sand, so it seemed ..  
Maybe looking for some kind of inspiration ..

But no-one told him how hard it would be to find it, by staring into  
the bowl of your now famous turquoise umbrella like that, did they darling ..

When out of the blue and while still peering down on her warm face and torn skirt ..  
He swore he could make out a few faces and names from the past ..

Including those that continued to haunt him at night and on bloody anniversaries  
of course, such as these .. and he knew then of course, they would simply go on

Until he set each one of them free again .. So it seems, that was the moment he knew  
some kind of confession was long overdue and he decided to catch a cab to the police station ..

## Flawed #2

Flawed #2

there was no obvious bruise  
or dent, nor crease  
or tear ..

in fact, everything at first  
seemed quite simply  
perfect ..

everything, except that is,  
for the two of us,  
I fear ..

## Making Out On a Loop

### Making Out On a Loop

I think perhaps my love  
it would not be  
such a bad idea at all ..  
If we, were both to die  
right here and now ..  
Held safe, that is and oh'  
so very tight indeed ..  
Each held fast within  
the other's arms ..  
I swear though my love  
there would be  
no great urgency for us ..  
In fact, no urgency at all ..  
If you, but promise  
we might again, one day  
repeat or live  
once more, those very  
moments we just shared ..  
And should there  
be a heaven somewhere ..  
Then may I most  
respectfully suggest ..  
We might well, just have  
found it here  
on earth, and hid inside ..  
This very old  
but cheap, hotel of ours ..

## Smile

Smile

Pray beam bigly for me and burn brightly ..

The way like you would on a warm summer night

with the moon peering down on us full, silver and smiley ..

## With Her Head Full of Feathers ..

With Her Head Full of Feathers ..

She said her head feels filled up with white feathers ..  
He just smiled, kissed her cheek and said fly with me ..

So she blushed, took his hand, then lay down with him ..  
Like that, they slept soundly and dreamed some more dreams ..

When they awoke though, they touched lightly and slow ..  
With no rushing at all and not a hint of regret ..

Then after a while and both caught their breath once more ..  
She said, her head feels much better now, thank you so much ..

Twas in that moment, they knew, they would soon be flying again  
with no rushing or haste, no shyness nor guilt, or hint of regret at all ..



## Hello Again Marianne

Hello Again Marianne

Every once, in every while ..  
He just knew  
his gaze would eventually  
falter, fall upon  
and linger, over an image  
that would haunt him ..  
Like some kind of  
universal law, he thought ..  
He had no idea though  
it would be in  
good old black and white ..  
Or of Marianne ..  
Looking, like she looks on  
the rear dust cover  
of Leonard Norman Cohen's  
*Songs from a Room*

## Chasing the Carpet

### Chasing the Carpet

On both her bended  
and her  
bleeding knees ..  
They all  
watched her as she  
began to  
chase the bloody  
carpet  
round and around ..  
And then  
around some more ..  
Searching  
for any tiny speck of  
crack dust  
hiding somewhere  
in the  
shag pile and those  
creases  
on her discarded  
petticoat  
having been thrown  
casually  
across a filth strewn  
bedroom floor  
or wherever else she  
thought her  
next lick might be found ..

## What We Do & What We Don't Need Now

### What We Do & What We Don't Need Now

we don't need  
so many beams these days  
do we darling ..  
we don't need an inglenook ..  
we don't need  
no five plate Arga range  
do we darling ..  
we don't need no holy book ..  
what we need are  
smiles and laughter, plus  
a dream filled to  
the point of overflowing ..  
with the best of  
all good things, plus a huge  
double helping  
of joy, peace, love and hope ..

## Her Thing About Blue Eyes

She Had a Thing About Blue Eyes

she was a poem broken ..  
punctuated  
only by a series of subtle  
pauses  
and a steady flow of lies ..  
she was known  
to argue with echoes ..  
find fault  
with perfection  
and frown upon sorrow ..  
but make love  
with a hunger and passion  
she reserved  
only for men, with blue eyes ..

## Let's Talk About the Weather For Once

Let's Talk About the Weather for Once

Yes, the weather is being kind to us ..

But then,

there is talk of snow too my love ..

And yes, of course

I spoke to the moon and to the stars

again last night ..

As indeed, I always do

and for a moment then, the sky was

filled, with my words only

and which seemed to form a prayer ..

Now though,

I sit here, sipping strong black coffee

and smiling vaguely

in what feels to me, like your direction ..

## Pre-date-Her

Pre-date-Her

somewhere in the margin  
she waits ..  
like an anaconda, pike or  
crocodile ..  
while the smell of flat fish  
grilling  
and the sound of us both  
splashing  
in the shallows ..  
served only to excite her  
even more ..  
although not a single one  
believed us  
did they darling ..  
they were all far too busy  
preening ..  
and of course, quite simply ..  
otherwise  
most deliciously engaged ..

## Someplace Where There Are Whales

Someplace Where There Are Whales

Where do you want to go right now  
she asked ..

Some place where there are either  
whales or dolphins  
and by about a million miles, he replied ..

## Come Late July

Come Late July

I do so love  
each of those  
perfect  
spherical orbs  
that  
both surround  
and serve  
to protect you  
baby girl ..  
So much so  
in fact  
I cannot stop  
my eyes  
from leaking  
diamonds ..  
Not since  
that moment  
anyway ..  
You told both  
mum and me  
about  
the new  
and so much  
loved  
surprise you  
had arriving ..  
Come  
this late July ..



## Flying on the Back of a Guilt Trip

### Flying on the Back of a Guilt Trip

It was more than just the scent of her  
he found lost  
in a conch shell, somewhere hidden  
on the coast  
and which then, got to him the most ..  
It was something else  
entirely, that drove him back there ..  
To that special place  
where they once played, and made  
love and where she  
waved, and laughed and blew him so  
very many kisses  
on the occasion, of their last meeting ..  
He could not cope  
with all the bruising and the red stuff  
or those torn blue stockings  
she once used to wear, yet he did know  
she was an accident  
just waiting to happen somewhere ..  
But he never thought  
not for a single moment, that she might  
take him at his word ..  
Quite literally that is, or that she would  
take a leap of faith  
when he told her, she reminded him  
of a pretty little bird  
and that they should fly away together ..  
Yes, it was something  
else that lured him back there, to those  
ragged cliff tops which still  
overlook that same beach, where both his

conscience and much guilt  
were waiting patiently, to take him flying  
and to prove him wrong ..

## Shadows Dancing

### Shadows Dancing

in brightest mid-day sunlight  
they danced ..  
albeit, barely touching but ...  
in perfect time  
and never faltered ..  
no ..... not even once  
or for a single moment ..  
until time itself  
did serve, to interrupt them ..  
when darkness came  
to steal each of their shadows ..

## Distilled Time

Distilled Time

Stopped clocks ..

Stilled

As time on a mountain

Quickens

But slowly so

And felt ..

Yet still as mountain air

Caught

And cupped

Then

Later savoured perhaps ..

## Afterthoughts Don?t Count

Afterthoughts Don't Count

He said

I am what I am

and I aint what I aint

he was wrong though, on both

counts, by a fraction of a second, too late ..

## Precisely As it Did Not Happen

Precisely As it Did Not Happen

Although as yet  
the following  
information is not  
a true, or likewise  
factual account  
of events  
that have already  
happened ..  
Since they have  
only happened  
so far, In my head ..  
If by any chance  
I do not make it  
out of here alive ..  
Then please  
accept my apology  
*write* here and now  
and this true  
confession of mine  
as indeed, its read ..

## A Time for Everything

### A Time for Everything

There is a time and a place  
for everything  
she said, it's just not now  
if you know what I mean ..  
But I do want you  
to know that is, I left  
a tiny little bit of me behind  
instead ..  
For you to find and then  
of course  
to eventually savour ..  
When we, my love are on  
our own, and oh' ..  
So very, very slowly later ..

## For Everfriends Everywhere

For Everfriends Everywhere

She said

I'll be your ever friend ..

Those days did end though, didn't they ..



## One Day Perhaps

### One Day Perhaps

one day, they shall write about this love of ours  
and the shadows  
that such writers cast will be of deepest green ..  
one day perhaps  
when they write about this love of ours, it shall  
be seen for what it is  
quite simply, extraordinarily perfect and always ..

## Redundant Crows

### Redundant Crows

More lonely than a scarecrow even  
standing in a fallow field ..  
What will happen now though when  
these semi-precious moments  
and indeed, our murmerations have  
all gone and flown away as well ..

## Two Odd Numbers

### Two Odd Numbers

No matter when, or where I see you  
and whether by some  
accident or conversely, by design  
I just can't help  
but think of Heinz baked beans or  
indeed, the Kama Sutra ..  
But get this tho, two odd numbers  
always spring to mind ..

## It Should Never Happen To a Vet

It Should Never Happen To a Vet

He was once  
so very handsome  
and wore  
a fine moustache ..  
But then  
while out one day  
clearing  
bloody minefields ..  
He got  
his left leg blown  
right off ..  
And no one, has ever  
noticed him  
since then, end of ..

## Taken From a Diary Found

### Taken From a Diary Found

He claimed that she  
was more  
refreshing even  
than bathing in  
a mountain stream ..

Far more  
exhilarating than  
that first  
free fall or  
his last wet dream ..

More risqué  
and exciting  
than when she first  
gave him head  
in the back of a cab  
when

all the lights  
were on red ..

Or even in the staff  
canteen ..

Oh' yes indeed, she  
really was  
something else ..

.....

dated but not signed ..

## Checking In

### Checking In

Having checked in,  
washed her hair  
and applied  
the navy mascara ..  
It was time  
for her, to catch up  
with events  
since her last brief  
departure ..  
And for him,  
it was an honour  
to stop by  
and to savour ..  
All those words  
she brought with her  
and left there, at the table ..

## A Brief Inconvenience

### A Brief Inconvenience

she called it  
a reality check ..  
and as she  
said at the time ..  
it was just  
another one  
of those  
necessary evils  
of course ..  
nevertheless  
she chose  
not to reveal  
all the details  
at once ..  
since she  
saw him only  
as a brief  
inconvenience ..  
until that is  
she decided  
to tell him ..  
you're not even  
a drop  
in the ocean  
mate ..  
not worth a light ..  
a complete  
waste of space  
and then  
that was it ..  
he was over

and done in a flash ..



## When the Walls Were Magnolia

When the Walls Were Magnolia

Where are those  
love letters  
he wrote for you ..  
I know  
for a fact, they  
were bound  
and then placed  
in a box  
on the shelf he  
once made  
for the wall of  
a room  
you once shared  
together ..  
I also recall,  
those walls were  
magnolia  
and the quilt  
then consisted  
of patched  
Laura Ashley  
with two pillows  
each of both  
lilac and cream ..  
That though was  
way back  
when the old  
leaded window  
looked out  
over the garden  
and courtyard

to somewhere  
beyond  
where the church  
of Saint Luke  
still stands tall,  
formal and proud ..  
Yet of all  
of those things,  
he cared  
to remember ..  
Without a shadow  
of doubt,  
it was surely  
the love letters,  
he wrote  
all those years  
ago now and came  
home for ..  
He wanted  
more than ever  
to leave with today ..

## Winterlude

### Winterlude

For those who don't  
already know ..  
Is that portion of time  
which consists  
of more than a yawn  
and a pause  
between dying  
and kickstarted breath ..  
It is without doubt  
that single  
portion of time when  
still waters  
harden and everything  
slows, to barely  
a halt and is likewise,  
held fast  
in a firm, gout like grip  
and only ever  
set free, by these  
occasional snow ploughs ..

## Always Singularly Noticed

### Always Singularly Noticed

You are that single  
big leaf on a  
small bonsai tree ..

The one  
that is always  
first noticed ..

A forget-me-not  
in a field  
full of sunflowers ..

A phoenix  
reborn in a  
meteor shower ..

Under no  
obligation  
to follow rules or  
religion ..

A wild card,  
an enigma in the  
wake

of a star burst ..  
As free as a virus  
shaped like

a porcelain vase  
and filled full  
of longing ..

A warm glow  
in the aftermath  
of our very own summit ..



## Just in Case it Still Matters

Just in Case it Still Matters

Just in case  
it still matters  
or for what it  
might yet still  
be worth ..  
Even with both  
eyes firmly  
held closed ..  
I have noticed  
your invisibility  
no longer  
becomes you ..  
And as always,  
I still see right  
through you ..  
But for  
a moment back  
then, it became  
perfectly clear ..  
You are still  
very much loved  
even though  
you are totally lost ..

## Leftovers

### Leftovers

A pair of fine brown brogues ..  
A brace of  
bespoke, bridle leather belts ..  
Two pairs  
of gents elasticated braces  
still in their  
original box and half a dozen  
freshly  
laundered handkerchiefs ..  
Eighteen  
assorted pocket knives, plus  
his old silver  
pocket watch, complete with  
albert chain,  
threepenny bit father-fob and key ..

## Let's Not Forget Syria #2

Let's Not Forget Syria #2

When it hit  
it hit without warning  
and it hit  
big time, so big in fact  
all the bloody  
clocks stopped  
in nearby Lebanon ..  
And at the last count  
they say at least  
eighteen thousand  
innocent  
souls were lost ..  
Does anyone  
anywhere know or care  
or dare to think  
just how many dreams  
that cost ..  
How much love  
how much history  
and how much hope  
was brushed aside  
in just over  
57.00079 seconds ..  
And all that before  
the aftershocks kicked in ..



## Agnes of God

Agnes of God

Although the echo  
of a long and distant  
sigh both came  
and then, it went  
again ..

Much like a much  
loved scent  
might pass one by ..

For a while  
at least, it lingered  
fragrant ..

Today though, it is  
well and truly spent  
and all but gone ..

Much like the  
footprints, he once  
left there, for her  
to find on water ..

And thereupon,  
she followed on  
behind ..

Just like some  
disciple might or  
young and faithful  
bride, or daughter ..

Always at least  
two steps behind  
mind and blindly ..

Through fear  
of being last in line,  
or getting lost

somewhere in that  
splendid  
golden dust  
of the wake they  
each created ..  
But then, a poison  
made her body swell  
and tho' she later  
did confess to having  
once been  
breached no less ..  
She was still pure in  
heart at least ..  
If not intact, or yet  
indeed, still perfect ..  
Still, the child  
she later bore alone  
and in great secret  
was conceived no less,  
along the self-same  
route they took ..  
And some now say,  
from such a  
passion, not since  
replicated ..  
Sadly tho' said child,  
did die and Agnes too  
in heavy chains ..  
Yet still, upon her  
very own deathbed ..  
She did also cry ..  
Jesus, I do still love you ..

## Almost Without Purpose

### Almost Without Purpose

From the tiniest speck on  
a windshield ..  
To something suspended  
on the surface  
of water and wiped off  
with an otherwise  
insignificant, oily blue rag ..  
To the cry of a bird  
or some other creature  
perhaps and yes ..  
From somewhere else deep  
in a forest at night ..  
Something that might just  
have gone mad or  
maybe ignored and unheard ..  
But if there's good  
reason and truly a purpose  
for everything ..  
Then it seems, some things  
have barely a reason  
and almost, no purpose at all ..

## Underdog Days

### Underdog Days

There were times  
when I had  
to remind myself ..  
She had a thing  
about losers,  
the homeless  
and for orphans ..  
Then of course  
there were also  
the times  
when I was forced  
to acknowledge ..  
She had a thing  
about justice  
and went down  
on abusers  
with an iron fist  
and a loathing ..  
But then again,  
there were those  
times when I just  
had to remind  
myself ..  
she loved victims,  
the wounded,  
diseased  
and the starving ..  
Yet though  
there were also  
a few occasions ..  
When I was

forced to convince  
myself ..  
She chose me  
for some other odd  
reason, entirely perhaps ..

## Forget the Name Remember the Taste

Forget the Name Remember the Taste

There was something about her  
that reminded him  
so much, of rice wine and sushi ..

But also tequila and guacamole  
Yet on reflection  
there was, a hint of lychee too ..

Although best of all, she carried  
the unforgettable scent  
of bergamot and poor man's pachouli ..

## In Less Than the Blink of Two Eyes Perhaps

In Less Than the Blink of Two Eyes Perhaps

there is an ache, I cannot describe  
a pain contained, so deep inside ..

yet still, as a river aches for the sea  
then I too do ache, for your company

and so, for a time we are immortal  
then gone quick, like a lightening flash ..

yes, in a shutter speed if lucky, tho' less  
than the blink, of two eyes perhaps ..

## In the Time it Takes to Say Goodbye

In the Time it Takes to Say Goodbye

In the time it takes  
to breathe a sigh  
In the time it takes  
to close both eyes

In the time it takes  
to draw a breath  
In the time it takes  
to get undressed

In the time it takes  
a clock to stop  
In the time it takes  
to pick a lock

In the time it takes  
to kiss her breasts  
in the time it takes  
to lift her dress

In the time it takes  
to form a smile  
in the time it takes  
to wait a while

In the time it takes  
to make a wish  
in the time it takes  
to blow a kiss

In the time it takes



to wonder why  
is the time it takes  
to say goodbye

## With Both Eyes Closed

With Both Eyes Closed

Even with both eyes closed  
it wasn't hard to see  
while the rest of the world  
had been blinded ..  
There were still those of us  
who insist, the greater good  
has already, been bettered ..  
Indeed, a long time ago now ..

## Storked

Storked

Besides Foia and several  
of her shyer  
and more subordinate  
sisters ..

The skyline around here  
is still  
dominated by the huge  
redbrick  
chimneys that once  
served our  
local canning industry  
so well ..

Tirelessly fueling the very  
heart of it  
throughout golden years ..

Now tho'  
redundant, yet still they  
stand tall,  
majestic and proud ..

Fingering  
sky in a way that only they  
can finger sky ..

And then, shamelessly  
point  
toward heaven like that ..

Invariably  
crowned by huge and  
seemingly  
permanent structures ..

Now serving  
to provide individual

residences  
for our snow white  
cegonhas  
plus one or two fat  
overwintered  
fledglings .. Each already  
hooked  
on discarded junk food  
and all  
without ever realising  
the white fish,  
anchovies and sardinhas  
have never  
had it so good in living history ..

## No Reason Required

### No Reason Required

She was so very easy on the eye  
even down  
to the crescent shaped scar she  
never tried to hide ..  
And which, so many of her lovers  
found intriguing ..  
Yet in spite of everything, I cannot  
for the very life of me  
remember why, we ever parted ..

## Upon the Very Cusp of Spring

Upon the Very Cusp of Spring

the sighting  
of those  
first few snowdrops ..  
and that  
single daffodil  
this brand new year ..  
felt like  
the beginning of spring  
and the making of a poem perhaps ..

## In a Moment of Poetry

In a Moment of Poetry

And now, on reflection  
it seems,  
I am not at all certain ..  
I should have  
ever believed, what my  
eyes then did  
tell me to believe, in that  
moment when  
I first caught sight of her ..  
At the time tho'  
I felt sure, she could walk  
upon water ..  
So perfect was she, as she  
stood there  
by the shore in her sandals  
and her shawl ..  
It was truly, a moment of  
purest poetry  
indeed, of enlightenment ..

## A Question of Waste

A Question of Waste

In a world of plenty  
why are there so many children,  
still going hungry ..



## Upon Learning to Fly

Upon Learning to Fly

She swore they  
could fly  
on their invisible  
wings ..  
Each held loosely  
together  
with pieces of string  
and the odd  
dab of glue  
most strategically  
placed here  
and there ..  
But as they rose  
upward  
he took note of  
the fact ..  
There was no  
safety net erected  
nor even  
elsewise, attached ..  
And so  
there and then ..  
He began to  
visibly fret  
and also out loud ..  
Hey babe,  
I'm not quite ready  
to die yet, he cried ..  
Well of course not  
of that,  
I have not a doubt ..

But are you  
yet ready to live  
though, she inquired ..

## The Marks on Our Ceiling

### The Marks on Our Ceiling

There are times, when I am forced  
to remind myself  
those seemingly innocuous stains  
on my dining room ceiling ..  
Were once, nothing more, than some  
intriguing red mark on  
my neighbour upstairs, bedroom floor  
Jeez, I so hope it was wine ..

## Huntress

### Huntress

She had stalked him on and off  
for years  
or so it seemed, back in the day ..  
Much like some  
native tribal warrior may have  
stalked their prey ..  
In the then, big flash city or in  
the bush even ..  
That is precisely what he used  
to think, way back ..  
Yet no cage, trap, or snare was  
ever primed,  
laid, or set though, since she  
relied entirely  
on self-presented bait and lures ..  
But still he  
could not forget just how many  
scalps she had  
collected, since that day when  
they first met  
in an old redundant elevator  
on the way  
to buying coffees, from the top  
floor café bar  
and restaurant, way back in 76 ..

## When Numbers No Longer Count

When Numbers No Longer Count

sleeping with the enemy  
is like fucking with strangers  
in a vast yet familiar bed

## The Price of a Single Soul

### The Price of a Single Soul

Although by no means  
perfect ..  
She waved a mean  
chalice  
on the dark side of the  
chancel ..  
And despite it being so  
tarnished, wore  
her heart on her sleeve  
beneath a  
breastplate of feathers ..  
Yes, the witch  
she gave us seven moons  
but only a single  
seed with which to play ..  
Just how many  
hurts, are you prepared  
to share tho'  
she asked, if I should let  
you have  
your way with me today ..  
A single fuck  
is all I ask, by way of trade  
for that soul  
of yours kind sir, seems  
like a fair  
and fine, exchange to me ..

## Our Sweet and Sticky Mouths

### Our Sweet and Sticky Mouths

Somewhere in the very  
welcome mess  
of good old here and now  
mid a pretty tumble  
of creased, white sheets  
and likewise,  
our discarded underwear ..  
I lay sprawled,  
with both my eyes closed  
and urge you to  
complete what from here  
at least, feels like it must  
surely be your  
latest mission .. now near  
accomplished ..  
And I wonder, but only very  
briefly so ..  
If it might be possible to feel  
any more relaxed  
or comfortable, than this ..  
But the length  
and the depth of my last  
gasp and sigh  
told me no .. so choose to  
dream instead of  
blue butterflies and tiny  
hummingbirds  
each sipping nectar from  
the creases and the  
stretch marks I imagine  
must by now have

formed, at each corner of  
my satisfied smile  
and notice again, I no longer  
crave cigarettes ..



## Folly

### Folly

Just for the record  
she seemed  
to appear from  
out of nowhere ..  
In the uncertain  
half-light  
of a brand new day ..  
And although  
without question  
or doubt, an enigma ..  
She simply  
would not have it  
any other way ..  
While impractical  
of course ..  
She was however,  
more than just  
perfect, in every  
other conceivable way ..

## Dance of The Wind Children

Dance of The Wind Children

no matter where on earth, on such windy days  
all dandelion children,  
must each go, their very own separate ways ..

## When a Fine Line Might Just Make it Okay

When a Fine Line Might Just Make it Okay

Before we go any further  
for a moment at least  
Maybe it would be a good  
idea, for each of us  
to consider, all the big dark  
secrets we presently keep  
Not forgetting of course,  
all our little white lies  
Before we weigh them all up  
and draw a fine line  
if we possibly can, beneath  
every single one

## When They Would Lose Their Shadows

When They Would Lose Their Shadows

The scent she always  
wore to bed  
was so much more  
inviting  
than just a simple  
invitation ..  
Or an understated  
statement  
might have been ..  
But rather,  
it was more,  
a complex extension  
of her own  
near nakedness  
and her subsequent  
intentions ..  
Oh' what games  
and gifts,  
she would later offer  
play and ply ..  
When his statue  
by the fountain  
in our beloved garden ..  
Would then,  
for a while at least ..  
Be sure,  
to misplace its own  
shadow,  
alongside that of her own ..

## Upon Wanting to Die

Upon Wanting to Die

There is nothing random here  
believe me darling ..  
Death would not become you  
since you are,  
as yet, far too alive and anyway  
I would surely  
miss you, oh' so very dearly ..  
No doubt for the  
eternity you think it offers ..  
However, if you  
would but swear on oath,  
to eventually  
return, as and when, that is ..  
Then I shall teach you  
all you need to know, to explore  
the wilderness of it ..  
Until such time as your curiosity  
is well and truly sated

## Woodland Rendezvous

### Woodland Rendezvous

It was whilst she was  
wearing her robes  
of reds, gold and black  
that he spied her  
through the sacred,  
bowed branches  
of an ancient and still  
berried yew ..  
Where it seemed  
she did sip  
from a scarlet elf cup  
having first  
bathed, in a hollow  
of sunly warmed dew ..  
And as she  
thus sipped, her robes  
of reds, gold and black  
slipped slightly  
and parted, just above  
the knee to her throat ..  
Which then lent  
for but a moment  
a view  
he would have been  
more than  
just willing, to die for ..

## Suspended Between Mirrors

### Suspended Between Mirrors

Since his eyes were  
so hungry  
to feast on her form ..  
He set about  
erecting a bank of tall  
mirrors  
either side of the clear  
water stream  
where she so often did  
bathe ..  
Tho' since he wanted  
to see  
her reflection so badly  
suspended ..  
He did yet lean further  
and further  
above and then o'er  
the water ..  
From the bridge he thus  
created tween  
those fine mirrors of his ..  
And as she  
descended, like an angel  
from heaven ..  
Unaware of his presence  
she slipped  
from her robes and into  
the water ..  
Where likewise, he too  
sadly slipped  
and did drown, in her image ..





## Beneath Her Pretty Dress

### Beneath Her Pretty Dress

Now isn't that  
truly something else  
something  
wonderful no less ..  
While no longer  
taught and flat  
but lightly bowed  
and more  
convex perhaps ..  
I hereby do confess  
I am already  
very much in love  
with what has  
just begun to show ..  
But for now  
at least, kept safe  
and warm and hid ..  
Beneath her  
pretty summer dress ..

## Under No Misconception

### Under No Misconception

Would you believe  
not one  
of the old fella's  
eighteen surviving  
children were  
misconceptions ..  
He still  
swears each of his  
nine lads,  
seven lasses  
and two, not quite  
sure abouts,  
were all deliberate  
and likewise,  
individually planned ..

## Still Calm, Safe and Free

Still Calm, Safe and Free

Still,  
as a windmill  
without  
wind on its sails ..  
Calm,  
as a new born  
held  
for the first time,  
in its own  
mothers arms ..  
Safe,  
as houses,  
a temple  
and cathedrals ..  
Free  
as a spirit,  
the wind or a  
bird ..  
And even more  
free than  
the love that  
flowed ..  
Throughout  
the summer of 67 ..

## Charming

Charming

She said  
do you see what I mean ..  
He said no,  
but I hear what you say ..  
She said  
well fuck you then mate ..  
He replied, great  
do you mean right away ..

## Bucket List

### Bucket List

It never even crossed  
my mind  
that growing old  
might be  
quite so unkind  
as it is now turning out ..  
Today tho' I realise  
that back in the day ..  
When that  
first flush of youth  
passed me by  
I had then failed and so  
miserably,  
to consider, take into  
account, or even  
acknowledge so many  
universal truths ..  
Therefore, my latest,  
updated bucket list  
consists of all those  
things  
I have not yet done ..  
So just in case,  
I come too soon or  
maybe, stay too late ..  
I want you to know  
my love  
I decided long ago ..  
To henceforth,  
approach life full on  
and not to stall,

or pause, or for one  
single moment  
hesitate, but rather  
always, do what  
feels good at the time ..

## In So Few Words Gone

In So Few Words Gone

I seriously hope  
the arrival  
of the text I am  
about to send  
does not disturb  
you from  
your slumbers ..  
But rather,  
when you do  
come to find it,  
in the morning  
that is ..  
You shall feel  
obliged  
and otherwise  
compelled  
to stand before  
your great  
grandmothers  
tall cheval mirror  
and read  
each word aloud ..  
Louder  
than a whisper  
or indeed  
a prayer even ..  
Since by then,  
I most sincerely  
hope, I shall  
be well and truly gone

## As Free As a Proverbial Bird

As Free As a Proverbial Bird

As free  
as a virus  
with nowhere to go ..  
As free  
as the wind  
but with nowhere  
to blow ..  
As free  
as a spirit,  
but after so many  
years  
knowing  
what I now know ..  
I think  
I would rather  
be some kind of bird ..



## Girl With a Blue Vase

### Girl With a Blue Vase

Now, on looking back,  
I remember  
clearly, how she used  
to carry water  
from the courtyard,  
to her mother's house  
and then back again ..  
More than two miles  
each way  
and every day, in that  
tall, salt glazed,  
lapis blue, earthenware  
pitcher of hers ..  
The same one that she  
carried home  
from the market during  
the infamous drought  
of twenty sixteen ..  
I also recall, how she  
carried it high,  
and so finely balanced  
upon the pale shelf,  
of her naked left shoulder ..  
And of how  
the sunlight then caught  
and played  
directly upon the silver  
buckles of her  
worn leather sandals ..  
Indeed those  
she would only ever wear

when weaving  
her way home through  
the scorching  
red sand and occasional  
contrasting  
patches, of respite cool,  
crisp, fallen leaves ..  
She might find on her  
way back again ..  
Yes those, which were  
once maybe,  
old windblown robins  
nests stolen ..  
From off the branches  
of long deceased trees ..  
But of course,  
they felt, so much kinder  
to the feet  
of lone travellers than that  
way back then ..  
Yet were still perfectly  
mismatched  
and as much out of place  
as the girl  
with her old blue vase  
did sometimes seem ..  
And though sad,  
I confess, I now see her  
far less and then only her  
silhouette ..  
But hear this, I know  
and only too well ..  
There is an old blue vase  
and a young girl,  
still out there somewhere  
just waiting to be found ..



## Love is ..

Love is ..

Life, is but  
a series of recollections,  
situations,  
circumstances and events ..  
Whereas love,  
is something else entirely ..

## The Ghost of My Self That Was

### The Ghost of My Self That Was

I did not want to fall  
asleep  
last night again  
without you ..  
And so, I sat alone  
on the balconet  
in the pouring rain  
with a full jug  
of wine, but minus  
the usual cigarettes ..  
It was there  
where I felt,  
for the first time lost ..  
Not like a visitor  
lost, or alone ..  
But more like an  
unwelcome guest,  
or a ghost perhaps ..  
In what was  
once, my very own  
perfect mountain home ..

## Take a Look at What You Could Be Missing

Take a Look at What You Could Be Missing

Just look at this, you could have had it all  
every single molecule  
and atom even, of my body, heart and soul ..

## The Perceived Necessity For Three Precise Approximations

### The Perceived Necessity For Three Precise Approximations

#### 1) For a Poet Once Envied

how much of your soul  
exactly  
did you leave for your  
muse to  
feast upon and devour ..

#### 2) For a Lover Once Loved

How much of yourself  
exactly  
did you choose to hold back  
while I tried  
to drown myself in you ..

#### 3) For a Cause Once Fought

How much time do we have  
exactly  
for the two of us to devote  
to a cause  
we know, to be already lost ..

## Three Days in May Remembered

### Three Days in May Remembered

I wonder if you ever give  
our last three days  
in May a second thought ..  
I know that I do  
and for some odd reason,  
even more so recently ..  
And although  
they happened long ago ..  
Precisely where  
and why tho' must remain  
our secret ..  
But just to put the record  
straight ..  
Here and now, for old time's  
sake at least ..  
Each day felt, so fucking good  
I think the single  
malt may well have helped a  
little bit to break  
the ice at least, and so forth ..  
Yet we did not rush,  
but took our time and each  
other freely ..  
Now despite so long ago, I still  
recall those  
three days of ours, as if each  
only happened  
yesterday perhaps ..  
Indeed, those gentlest of long  
drawn out sighs ..  
together with a corresponding



squeeze you gave  
while on your knees on each  
of five occasions ..  
Then of course, there was that  
last time, when you  
did beg to hold me tight and me,  
to just let go ..  
Until the point, of course I did ..  
The rest though  
while still occasionally recalled,  
shall now remain  
consigned to the pages of a single  
one off poem ..  
Scribbled quick and henceforth  
Shall be called,  
Three Days in May Remembered ..

## Mark Well the Purpose of Night

### Mark Well the Purpose of Night

Take note,  
and mark well  
the stillness  
of night my love ..  
Hark, as it  
carries the sound  
of our ghosts  
as they do laugh  
and they  
dance together  
upon the surface  
of water,  
like sunlight, yet  
ten times more  
invisible  
to the naked eye  
and even  
more silent than  
your unspoken  
thoughts  
would have us  
imagine ..  
And fear not  
those who would  
otherwise  
devour us for it also  
serves to hide us  
amongst  
its many folds ..  
So pray  
take note

and mark well  
the goodness  
and purpose of it ..  
While also,  
allowing us to dream ..

## Are We Nearly There Yet

Are We Nearly There Yet

It's at times  
like this  
I can't help but  
wonder ..  
How many  
more cheap  
hotel rooms we  
might  
have left in us ..  
And it's  
times like this  
I can't help  
but marvel at ..  
The length  
and the depth  
of our eagerness ..  
But even  
though we  
each share this  
hunger ..  
We still have  
our own  
quite different  
appetites ..  
No matter tho'  
how often  
we might ask it ..  
The same  
question that is ..  
*Are we nearly  
there yet ..*

We're not really  
looking for  
answers but  
just marking time ..

## Five Seconds Into An Encounter

### Five Seconds Into An Encounter

You have such  
a sad and tired, old face sir ..  
She said,  
as she tried desperately  
but failed  
miserably, to catch  
the strawberry ice cream  
with her tongue  
before it hit the kerb and  
an almost silent  
but not surprisingly sweet  
sticky splat ..  
Is that so, he replied slow  
with his most  
sincerest of well-practiced  
false smiles ..  
Although it was completely  
wasted on  
the seemingly precocious  
five year old ..

## Echoes Seldom Lie These Days

Echoes Seldom Lie These Days

Hey, whoever would have  
guessed ..

When I first slipped off  
your dress ..

That we would still be  
here together,  
even after all these years ..

And whoever might have  
thought  
we would have, as much as  
we have left  
to play with, at the sharp end  
of a very long day ..

They all told us not to bother  
and to mostly  
disbelieve each other, since  
quite simply there  
could not be a middle way ..

So the moral of this story is,  
don't believe  
in anything at all, since there  
are so few,  
universal truths, these days ..

Although, there may be one  
or two exceptions  
for example, echoes seldom lie  
and robins eggs are

almost always, some shade of blue ..



## Upon Recalling Youth and Poetry

### Upon Recalling Youth and Poetry

In all probability  
it was one  
of two Helens,  
that first  
pointed me in  
the very vague  
direction  
of the already  
famous  
Canadian Jew ..  
And who,  
as it happened,  
proved  
both to be a  
junkie and a poet ..  
At that time,  
I distinctly recall  
how we  
each huddled  
around  
an old gas stove ..  
On what  
must surely have  
been a long  
weekend, winter  
evening ..  
Listening to him,  
first clear  
his throat  
of the nicotine  
and the

thesaurus ..  
Indeed, those  
which both  
seemed to be  
lodged there  
indefinitely ..  
And in turn,  
made his voice,  
sound not  
only coarse,  
but also  
correspondingly  
sweet ..  
Like Grandma's  
cold honey  
oat cakes ..  
What I try not  
to remember  
now though ..  
Is just how many  
times we  
each failed to  
notice time ..  
And as always,  
missed that  
last bus home ..  
But then,  
the aftertaste  
and the pull of it  
began to  
kick in and was  
always too  
good to resist  
or leave behind us ..  
And so  
dear friend,

in truth ..  
We would sleep  
where  
we could  
and with whom ..  
Because  
back then  
we were young ..  
And would  
dream only  
of Janes and of  
Mariannes,  
Greek islands,  
black olives,  
goats cheeses  
and honey ..  
Oh' and then  
of course  
Mastering yet  
another,  
handful of chords ..

## Just a Man With a Thing About Bees

### Just a Man With a Thing About Bees

I knew once a man,  
albeit briefly.  
Who amongst other  
things had a  
real thing about bees.  
Particularly,  
those that lived in his  
neighbourhood.  
At first, I thought cool,  
how bloomin  
good that was.  
But he said no, it was  
not, they were  
all just out to get him  
and planning on  
killing us both, any day  
now, actually.  
Then would you mind  
if I ask, why you  
should think like that ..  
I probed,  
in a tactful and most  
professional way.  
Because,  
they all damn well do  
and are so  
bloomin determined  
and planning to  
kill us right now in fact.  
And they are  
in addition, far too loud

he retorted.

Oh' and I hate every  
darn one of em  
he yelled in what then  
seemed to me,  
like a somewhat frantic  
supercilious  
and markedly paranoid  
way ..

That's as maybe, I said  
as non  
judgementally, as was  
then possible.

But without them, I fear  
the entire  
world would be in a right  
proper pickle,  
now wouldn't it just ..

Indeed, we  
would all, most probably  
die, after the  
plants and the herbivores  
that is ..

In fact, we might as well  
just cut  
our throats here and now.

After which,  
he thought for a bit, then  
said, he don't  
give a shit and emphasised  
we've all got  
to go someday, or another  
sooner or later.

So can you help me, or not  
doc, he asked.

I said maybe, quite possibly

yes perhaps.

But tell me first, have you  
ever been stung.

Yes I have, but why ask he  
enquired with a frown.

It's simple, my fees  
are quite simply extortionate.

Then as he did  
gasp at the thought of parting  
with money.

A bee came along, with a bum  
full of honey  
and promptly, placed a sting  
at the back of  
his throat .. on the dangly bit  
in the middle,  
us medics, all call the uvula.

So he died,  
there and then, on the couch  
to my very own  
shock and amazement.

Oh my dear,  
that was so terribly sad and  
unfortunate, wasn't it.  
So what did you do, may I ask.

Well I promptly  
called the next one in fast,  
now didn't I  
and whom, I might add just  
by chance, had a very  
similar affliction .. Indeed,  
a thing about  
zombies no less, but that was  
another story entirely.



## Did You Ever Dare to Ask

Did You Ever Dare to Ask

Did you ever stop  
to wonder ..  
Did you ever think  
to guess ..  
Did you ever even  
notice  
there was someone  
in the  
background playing  
blues guitar  
while both of us got  
undressed ..  
Did you ever once  
consider ..  
Did you ever reason  
why ..  
Both me and the sun  
went down  
on you beneath that  
pretty  
summer dress and a  
perfect  
cloud free, cobalt sky ..  
So pray  
tell me, did you ever  
dare to ask  
those most important  
questions  
of them, her, or him ..  
Or even  
my dear friend, of us ..





## Duplicity

### Duplicity

Forgive me, but  
I am far too tired  
to make love  
tonight, or even  
contemplate  
a single part of it ..  
However,  
I have no objection  
whatsoever,  
should you wish  
to spend the night  
in one of our many  
spare bedrooms ..  
Either on your own  
that is,  
or with the lover  
I saw you  
sharing coffee with ..  
In what I once,  
thought at least  
to be, our very own  
special rendezvous ..

## Still Some Way to Go

### Still Some Way to Go

Without ever having known her  
all his poetry  
would have been such a waste  
of well worded time  
But then, between you and me,  
whoever would have guessed ..  
He loved her so much  
but was too scared to touch  
and so he left her feeling  
cheated, empty, broken, defeated  
a mere shadow  
of her former self, a hollow husk  
a poem, uncompleted

## Livestock Holiday

### Livestock Holiday

She was so hot and she knew it ..  
But looked  
so bloody cool ..  
Bloody being the operative word  
in that scarlet,  
tie dyed cheesecloth dress of hers  
and of course,  
the matching top, not to mention  
the machete ..  
But when she  
turned to face him, head on like  
that in the  
half-light, she near cleaved his  
breath away,  
and left him, well and truly folded  
on the doorstep  
of yet another cattle market abattoir ..

## Just a Series of What ifs And a Maybe

### Just a Series of What ifs And a Maybe

What if a single, simple universal cure for cancer  
could be found  
via some complex mathematical equation ..

What if hunger,  
pain, poverty and all diseases became things  
of the past and  
were reduced to nothing more, than a few  
dark memories,  
each one being consigned to history in a smiling,  
bright new world ..

And what if climate change could be reversed  
and there were  
no more droughts, famine, wars or deaths  
through self-harm or  
murder and whale culls .. Maybe then, we could  
all just give a little  
something back, and begin to live in peace,  
love and harmony ..

Yes, give peace a chance my friend and be sure  
to share some  
kindness, every once in a while, for a change ..

## The Tears of a Crowd Forming

### The Tears of a Crowd Forming

Hark, and come closer,  
what is it you  
feel through the soles  
of your feet ..  
Can you hear them  
assembling and  
numbered, each ragged  
and real ..  
Queuing in line and such  
vast numbers ..  
Unsightly, uneven in row  
upon row ..  
Yet as yet, still frightfully  
ordered  
and neatly composed ..  
However,  
take note, before long  
the sounds  
you shall hear will be those  
of our tears  
forming and falling, in some  
kind of obscene  
and collective defeat ..  
Indeed ..  
What began as a trickle,  
now rages  
outrageously, like a swift  
flowing river  
of saline corroding, all that  
it touches enroute ..  
So hark and come closer ..

Pray what  
can you taste, through  
your nose,  
your palms, your tongue  
and your throat ..  
No doubt nothing but fear  
and adrenaline ..  
So fight it, come closer  
stand directly  
behind me and hold fast  
to my skirts  
Oh' and pray, keep both  
your eyes tightly shut ..  
For I am afraid  
whilst there may be no  
scenic route near ..  
There may yet be more  
than enough,  
sorry sights, for both of us ..  
And be sure  
not to look at the babies ..  
Torn from their  
own mothers breasts,  
nor at too many freshly  
dug graves  
that might otherwise,  
whisper  
your name, as you pass ..  
And if you can  
keep far away from the  
lime pits because  
they will blind and will  
burn you ..  
While the dogs roam  
everywhere  
free and unchecked ..

Snapping blindly  
and drawing blood if  
they can, or they think  
they can ..  
And don't be fooled  
by the teeth overflowing  
from buckets ..  
Each pulled for the gold  
they contain ..  
But now and then tho'  
more randomly  
for nothing but fun ..  
Then later,  
shorn like beasts for  
the hair on  
their heads from which  
we all make  
first rate ghetto blankets  
these days and our  
famed winter mattresses ..  
But instead, fall soundly  
asleep without  
heads full of nightmares ..  
Or blinded by  
glare from the arc lamps ..  
Bouncing off  
yellow stained cloth stars  
haphazardly set  
against a backdrop of hate ..  
Just ripe for pinning  
come morning, to writhing  
grey mountains  
piled high with blue striped  
pyjamas ..  
Smelling maybe more thirties  
perhaps, than two



thousand and twenty something ..

## They Were Nothing But Fools

They Were Nothing But Fools

At the time, they seemed to  
be stuck in  
some kind of intricate web ..  
With the  
pair of them weaving through  
blank  
open pages, with nothing but  
an old  
darning needle  
and length of invisible thread ..  
But there  
were those, who quite rightly  
thought,  
they were nothing but fools ..

## Mantis Praying

Mantis Praying

Her smile

gave

nothing away ..

She still

cut his throat

when

the deed was

done ..

First thing

in the morning ..

Before

prayers

of course,

but after she

had taken breakfast ..

## Celsius Rising

### Celsius Rising

At first she  
thought he was  
golden  
and drew him  
in bright  
yellow crayon  
sat next to the sun ..  
Where  
for a moment  
or two  
he burnt brightly ..  
Before he  
became invisible,  
to her  
and to everyone ..

## A Handful of Monsters

### A Handful of Monsters

We already have a handful  
of monsters  
who each hide in the guise  
of grown men ..  
Three of whom are clearly  
narcissists ..  
But then, like all narcissists  
they would  
have us, think otherwise ..  
One is clearly  
deluded and quite stupid  
while all those  
remaining, are simply inept,  
power crazed,  
bullies with over inflated egos ..  
Yet sadly, it only  
takes just one, to fuck all of us ..

## Sans Echo?s

Sans Echo's

The acid chronicles went down the wrong way  
together with the sycophants,  
the plagiarists and the grockle's n emmet's ..  
But those were the Rayban days  
weren't they, when mascaraed eyelashes were  
the rage and reasons were superfluous ..

## Undeniably Piqued

### Undeniably Piqued

she was both sulky and shy ..  
like the top of  
some remote and obscured  
by cloud  
high mountain peak shy ..  
allowing nothing  
but brief glimpses at first ..  
and so hard  
to reach, but all the effort  
they said in  
the end, would be worth it ..  
it was a shame  
    though, when afterwards ..  
she refused to  
    let go and spoilt everything ..

## Woke

Woke

Can you please leave it out, I'm wide awake

now she said ..

While rearranging the quilt in her favour ..

Oh' no you are not,

you are simply well woke,

he replied ..

So they lay there like that, facing opposite

walls until

the first snowflakes arrived in the morning ..

Alongside

all the written complaints and fresh lawsuits ..



## All Good Things

All Good Things

Rainbows end where dreams begin  
on sea, on land or in the air ..  
Love rules, peace reigns, while hope  
itself, shall always spring eternal ..

## The Simple Art of Wondering

### The Simple Art of Wondering

Where would we all be without  
the sun, sky and the sea ..  
He enquired, ever so politely ..

Where would we all go without  
the moon, rain and the snow ..  
She answered, oh' so curiously ..

Where would we all be without  
such haunting questions as these ..  
They each whispered simultaneously ..

We simply don't know they agreed ..  
But that was alright because  
some things, are best left a mystery ..

## Unfortunately Yours

Unfortunately Yours

It is such a crying shame  
a happy ending  
has so far eluded us both ..

Though ever the optimist  
one can only  
live and hope for the best ..

Until then, how I wish every  
windblown kiss  
shall find its intended target ..

## Blame It On the Fall

Blame It On the Fall

I seem to use

autumn

as an excuse

far too often

these days ..

I seem to

blame her

for just about

everything ..

All the reds,

golden browns,

all the smiles

and the frowns ..

I seem to use

autumn

as an excuse

for it all, these days ..

## At Least to the Moon and Back

At Least to the Moon and Back

As long  
as larks rise,  
gulls glide  
and eagles soar ..  
Be sure  
that I shall  
love you  
and then some ..  
But so much more ..

## Uber Brides

Uber Brides

Now together again, defying storms and floods,  
yet still calling time on Uber brides ..  
Does that mean, our destination, is just round the corner

## No More Blues for These Tired Eyes

No More Blues for These Tired Eyes

Dear Sir,  
I write with regret  
to inform you ..  
There is a tendency  
these days  
for my eyes to play  
more tricks  
on me than usual ..  
Regardless  
of the time of day  
or indeed,  
the circumstances ..  
It seems  
there is a failing light  
and I have lost my way ..  
Indeed blue,  
is well out of reach  
and now  
denied me altogether ..

## What is Wrong With This Tongue

What is Wrong With This Tongue

What is wrong  
with  
this tongue ..  
Every  
now and again  
it tends  
to disobey me ..  
I can  
occasionally  
feel it,  
mouthing your  
name ..  
Mostly after  
dark,  
when we are  
both so  
incredibly hungry ..  
Yet though  
I deny it, I can  
still taste  
those rock pools  
and the honey  
of course,  
you were once  
famous for ..  
Then later, while  
smelling  
of bergamot,  
tansy and clover  
the way  
you would when



fresh  
from the shower ..  
I shall bury my  
head in  
your deep sweet  
scented pillow ..  
And like that,  
fall asleep, albeit  
fitfully ..  
Until dawn arrives,  
to insult  
and to taunt me  
again by your  
cruel absence ..  
Only then,  
shall I curl up in  
a ball like a  
foetus once more  
against  
your soft palate ..  
But barely  
and briefly,  
only partially sated ..

## What is it With Poetry

What is it With Poetry

Deliberate and oh' so  
very  
slow indeed ..  
Much like the opening  
and the closing  
of a palsied hand ..  
I remember being told  
or reading  
somewhere, long ago  
that poetry  
is now the oldest  
language known to man ..  
Read and spoken  
everywhere, much like  
a single  
universal tongue ..  
Heard, understood, loved  
and indeed  
then acted on ..  
Probing and empowering  
telling truths  
and likewise lies  
then sharing sublime  
secrets ..  
Taking moments sacred  
stored for  
posterity and later savoured ..

## No Gardener Required

### No Gardener Required

Oh' little garden  
perfect ..  
Any time of year,  
regardless  
of the seasons ..  
With your  
flawless yet so  
delicate divide ..  
Calling me  
with whispers  
from  
somewhere  
so well hidden ..  
Tho' not  
so very deeply  
rooted  
much like a  
sacred  
vineyard laden ..  
Where  
a single scented  
fuchsia now  
smiles and thrives ..  
Nigh on  
two point five,  
heavy  
calloused fingers  
wide ..  
Without any  
doubt well-tended  
and so

very carefully  
maintained ..  
Regardless of so  
many  
probing tongues  
and of course  
those prying eyes ..

## Little Flower

Little Flower

pretty petit fleur

I found you in the garden

and picked you there

## Dembe's Dust

### Dembe's Dust

Even as young Dembe  
sweeps  
a new days dust into  
another,  
even fresher pile ..  
He turns  
and takes a sly look  
back across  
a shoulder, spits and  
twists  
his face into a smile ..  
Time for tea,  
he asks through teeth  
so white  
one dare not stare at  
them too long  
for fear of going blind ..  
Then leans  
like some old man with  
fingers crossed  
atop his faithful broom  
and waits  
for an answer that he  
wanted but ..  
He knew would never  
come since  
Adame the house-girl  
was always far too  
busy darning  
holes in prayer mats  
and making

rice for the new Twobab ..

## Just Desserts and No Pudding

### Just Desserts and No Pudding

it is so very true  
of course  
that I once loved  
each inch of you ..  
indeed,  
everything about  
you darling ..  
each fresh  
and fine new line ..  
every single  
sculptured curve  
and then some ..  
and although I did  
taste every morsel  
and ecstasized  
over every portion ..  
in the end  
my love, it seems  
we both got  
what we deserved ..



## When Thinking Upon a Lemon Tree

When Thinking Upon a Lemon Tree

Take note of the  
lemon tree  
beside the gate ..  
Above  
the hosta's  
in a pot ..  
Those, near the  
table  
where we ate ..  
Yes it is  
the little things,  
like this  
and like that ..  
Adjacent  
to the balcony  
upon which  
we fucked ..  
On balmy nights  
such as this, I still  
do care to remember ..

## Where No Mirrors Are Required

### Where No Mirrors Are Required

The couple, in the corner  
were so intent  
on each other, they never  
even noticed  
that the mirrors were there  
and she,  
to be fair, ate more than her  
lover ate ..  
While again in the kitchen,  
a stove  
and a table, though both  
heavily laden,  
remained otherwise empty,  
barren and bare ..

## Psithurism Interludes

### Psithurism Interludes

One day perhaps  
I want  
and shall, invite  
you, into  
an open glass  
fronted room  
with ocean view  
and you  
will lay with me  
there ..  
On top of both  
our hastily  
discarded robes  
and where  
beneath a navy  
spiralled,  
Van Gogh sky ..  
You may  
choose to watch  
and feel  
me resurrect  
against  
the backdrop  
of a gentle and oh'  
so rhythmic  
psithurism ..  
Both more than  
merely  
grateful to a very  
welcome breeze ..  
Yet still

keen to leave each  
of those dead  
and drying  
orchestral leaves  
outside  
our deliciously  
and deliberately,  
unlocked open door ..

## Zilch Seeking Oblivion Surfers

### Zilch Seeking Oblivion Surfers

I'm sure  
I caught a tiny  
glimpse  
last night  
of what it must  
be really like  
to not exist ..  
Indeed,  
to just not be ..  
A simple  
nothingness  
no more or less  
stuck in  
deep and darkest  
space ..  
Completely  
unaware of zilch ..

## When the Limelight Sucks

When the Limelight Sucks

I think perhaps if  
I had to  
make the choice,  
I would  
much rather be,  
a sparrow  
than a swallow,  
or indeed  
a swift, since I just  
can't take  
the limelight or  
the highlife any more

## Father

Father

listen

I assure you thus ..

there never was

a love

so strong as his ..

twas

strong enough

to make

bad men cry

and strong men

weak

and children

follow in his wake ..

while

women lost

themselves

at his sainted feet ..

## Fruit Salad Skies

### Fruit Salad Skies

Can you see those  
clouds  
of pastel peach,  
plum and apricot  
up there ..  
Hanging like some  
untidy bunch  
of grapes unfolded ..  
An exotic salad  
pinned,  
but flawed like that ..  
Seriously  
semi-permanent  
and fragile ..  
Just waiting for  
the cream  
to be poured over  
slow ..  
And then, of  
course, an elusive  
but all  
inclusive cherry  
placed on the very top ..



## When One is No Longer

When One is No Longer

When I think of you  
as indeed, I do often ..  
You feel  
so very much alive ..  
But then,  
you are no longer ..  
And so,  
when I try to think  
of you harder ..  
As indeed, I so want  
to do ..  
You are no more  
the carefree  
young woman, I once  
used to know ..  
But rather the ghost  
of all those  
women I have ever wanted ..

## No Rules for All

No Rules for All

Here,  
where there are  
no rules  
anything goes ..  
Today though  
I wonder,  
if I dared to rest  
my head  
against your gold  
ankle chain ..  
You, might let me  
place it there ..  
Time  
and time again  
my friend ..  
Since here where  
there are  
no rules at all ..  
It seems  
that anything goes  
but oh' so  
very slow indeed ..  
Except for  
time itself which  
marches  
on regardless ..

## Strategic Untruths

### Strategic Untruths

when did you  
find out  
precisely, that  
so many  
universal truths  
are so  
very often, hid  
and so well,  
behind false  
smiles,  
spilt ink, fake  
news  
and so many  
other  
strategic,  
pre-fabricated  
and mass  
produced lies ..

## Just Another Random Recollection

### Just Another Random Recollection

In an ideal world  
which of  
course this is not ..  
Where  
would you have me?  
Come on,  
don't be shy now ..  
Where  
would you take me  
and what  
would we do there?  
Would we  
just fuck, or would  
we make love?  
There's one hell of  
a magnificent  
difference you know ..  
I know I do ..  
Because I distinctly  
recall, you once told me ..

## Marmalade Fingers

### Marmalade Fingers

I now much prefer  
marmalade  
to strawberry jam ..  
In simple terms,  
I like the unexpected  
sharpness of it  
dancing on my tongue ..

## Not Another Ending Surely

Not Another Ending Surely

You've been there too I see  
and without the clarity  
of your magnificent insights ..

I doubt another poem  
could ever be teased from me ..  
But then, thats love, isn't it ..

## Man Eater

Man Eater

I wonder  
and so many times  
just how  
many loves and lives  
were lost  
in the making  
of this,  
your most recent  
fantasy ..  
At least a dozen  
I imagine  
and each spun slow  
upon  
a finely tuned  
and then, oh' so  
gently turned rotisserie ..

## By Definition Only

By Definition Only

While pastels are always so very easy on the eye ..

I like to see things more precisely nowadays ..

Maybe that's why I seldom look the other way ..



## Seriously Wronged

### Seriously Wronged

She gave him  
all of her passwords  
and also,  
the freedom to roam ..  
Then rubbed  
each of his palms  
with silver  
and seriously thought,  
that the bastard  
would still more  
than likely, come home ..

## When a Diet Does a Fat Lot of Good

When a Diet Does a Fat Lot of Good

not surprisingly perhaps,  
he just knew  
it would be a good day  
when she eventually  
stopped asking herself  
whether or not  
it mattered that much,  
if the all too  
familiar thread veins  
and weight  
gain she had packed on  
during winter ..  
which was perhaps not  
surprisingly,  
a poor excuse, could not  
somehow be  
halted, sucked away and  
worked off ..  
or at least, spread around  
a little bit then  
redistributed and shed ..

## As a Matter of Fact

As a Matter of Fact

The funny thing is it's  
a matter of fact  
I just can't remember  
a single event  
that I've ever forgot ..  
Including  
names, dates, places,  
faces and people ..  
not to mention, so many  
other things lost ..

## A Very Temporary Arrangement

### A Very Temporary Arrangement

None of this is permanent, I trust you understand ..

We therefore,

need to call a halt, to certain matters which have  
somehow come to hand ..

It seems, there is no point in us pretending anymore  
and wouldn't it be foolish

to deny we ever even happened .. Since that would  
be more than just a crime,

it would surely border on a sin .. So maybe we just  
need to call this whole thing off ..

Before there is the slightest chance we might fall in love ..

## So Very Roughly Taken

So Very Roughly Taken

Beneath that now famous  
cheesecloth dress of hers

she tried so hard to cross  
her legs and hold her breath ..

Having never dreamed  
of being forced to kiss through

helpless, flailing arms,  
clenched fists and teeth before ..

## Clearly Departed

### Clearly Departed

Clearly departed,  
as indeed  
you most recently  
and likewise,  
now irrefutably are ..  
And for all  
those who may still  
be watching ..  
Take note,  
this is what happens  
when you  
inadvertently play  
tag and then  
get bounced off the  
bonnet  
of a speeding car into  
the gutter  
or sidewalk, or whatever ..

## The Mess They Leave Behind

### The Mess They Leave Behind

I don't care what you  
say, she said ..  
Just leave me alone  
to get high  
in my own head ..  
So he did, and she  
promptly  
threw herself, from  
a bridge ..  
The driver she hit  
perished  
there at the scene ..  
All the newspaper  
headlines  
confirmed he died  
instantly ..  
Whereas she,  
on the other hand  
sits propped  
between pillows ..  
Peeling grapes  
and writing poetry  
from a  
hospital bed  
somewhere ..  
Biding time, until  
her compensation  
claim comes through ..

## Two Ants One Question

Two Ants One Question

Like two ants  
dancing  
in a sugar pot ..  
Life can be  
so very sweet  
can it not ..



## In the Wake of New Gods

In the Wake of New Gods

Never fear  
I could not tear up  
or otherwise  
destroy all the things  
that made us look fools ..  
And anyway,  
who am I to question  
the validity  
of your new god,  
the latest iPhone  
and your  
unwavering devotion ..  
Tomorrow  
is another day though  
and in the meantime  
I shall take  
a back seat for a while  
and enjoy  
what is left of the view  
in the golden  
wake of your new god ..

## Requiem For a Lost Cause

### Requiem For a Lost Cause

Just between you  
and me  
I want to be so  
much closer than  
the gap  
between our two  
coats  
currently allows ..  
Then later,  
to share just one  
more red apple  
on just one more  
park bench  
and spending time  
together  
during this, my  
very last autumn ..

## As Yet Unfurnished

As Yet Unfurnished

Oh' so carelessly  
discarded  
still warm to the touch  
and likewise strewn  
with such magnificent  
abandon  
across the well-trod  
parquet polished floor  
of our much used,  
yet otherwise ..  
Still secret, rented room ..

## Just Because She Is ..

Just Because She Is ..

If there were more fitting words  
than either beautiful or perfect ..

Then I would not, for one single  
moment hesitate, to use them here ..

## I Think it Only Fair to Suggest

I Think it Only Fair to Suggest

you are quite easily

my greatest regret ..

well at least you

would have been,

had you only ever

so much, as once

dared, to said yes ..

but I will be blown

if I should ever

dare to say it again ..

## Shadows Don?t Share Secrets

### Shadows Don't Share Secrets

Shadows will never  
share  
your secrets darling ..  
So surely  
echo's won't tell  
your lies ..  
But the truth lies out  
there  
somewhere maybe ..  
So pray  
where did they all go,  
those  
people we once knew  
and then  
with them the cream  
of our  
years and our dreams ..  
I do so fear  
they might well have  
all been,  
somehow shadowed  
away ..

## No More Fancy Restaurants

No More Fancy Restaurants

Now that you are gone

nothing compares to you ..

Nothing but trinkets,

some vinyl and a collection

of unfinished love songs ..

## Another Local Legend

### Another Local Legend

ever since  
he began repeating  
himself ..  
his friends began  
to call him echo ..  
later when he  
began to talk both  
to himself  
and in tongues they  
all laughed at him ..  
later still  
when he saw  
something dark  
in each  
of them, they first  
became  
wary and then,  
very frightened ..  
so they all agreed  
to banish him ..  
sometime later tho  
when he tried  
to stop  
a locomotive from  
ploughing into  
their VW camper  
with them all in it  
and he  
perished in so doing ..  
he suddenly  
became a martyr,



a legend  
and a local hero  
all rolled into one ..

## Who Needs Foreplay .. When We Got Poetry

Who Needs Foreplay .. When We Got Poetry

From the very first  
moment  
they met ..  
Part way  
down and across  
from  
some hypothetical  
empty page ..  
Their love proved  
unconventional ..  
Yet it  
remained  
unconditional ..  
Thus,  
he said,  
who needs words  
these days  
and what are they  
worth anyway ..  
Just some kind  
of foreplay perhaps ..  
When after all  
said and done,  
what  
I desire most,  
is to make you go  
uuh, aah aah ah ..  
Oh' yes,  
yes, yes yes ..  
In succinct terms  
then,

I so want us  
to do this again  
and again, sometime ..

## Smeared With Affection

### Smeared With Affection

Without any doubt  
whatsoever ..  
Your eyes, are my  
spring my love  
those that  
somehow force me  
to see beyond  
the blues  
and the greens ..  
Yet while we are still  
at the mercy  
of such intimate liars  
and fools ..  
I swear I constantly  
find myself  
looking for colours ..  
Indeed those,  
that still live and do  
thrive, someplace  
else entirely ..  
Pinned albeit  
loosely, between  
these poor  
clouded, rose tinted  
lenses of ours ..  
And which still,  
by the way  
religiously haunt us ..  
Although by  
the time, we both  
leave here

come morning ..  
Our combined DNA  
shall be strewn  
with abandon  
all over the place ..  
Discarded,  
dispensed with,  
disposed of  
then used to betray  
us covertly ..  
Until all becomes  
still, calm and good again ..

## Tongue Spillage

### Tongue Spillage

Think hard upon  
these words  
that spill so freely  
from this tongue ..  
Like so very  
many dandelion  
clocks ..  
Each blown from  
here and there,  
to kingdom come ..  
And while I cannot  
blame you  
for the weather ..  
I do blame you  
for all those  
silly lies you told ..  
And likewise,  
for so many other  
things besides ..  
Like falling  
in and out of love,  
so very many times ..

## These Words Have Absolutely Nothing to Do With the Weather

These Words Have Nothing to Do With the Weather

Although you  
may yet  
turn, or indeed,  
still run  
away and try  
to hide  
behind the  
unfurled folds,  
of your  
faulty umbrella ..  
I hereby  
assign a mere  
lifetimes  
guarantee that  
I shall for  
always hear,  
feel, taste,  
smell and see  
you smiling ..  
Full on, that is  
and through  
the very many  
tangled beards  
and veils ..  
Those, which  
now line  
the path on both  
sides of this,  
your most recent  
of sainted  
departures ..

And although  
I should  
not blame you,  
for the weather  
darling ..  
I know that in  
all honesty ..  
I most surely do  
and for  
so many other  
things, besides ..



## A Girl in the Red Bowler Hat

### A Girl in the Red Bowler Hat

The girl in a red  
bowler hat  
made me smile  
as she  
bounced up  
and down  
and waved from  
the back  
of her elephant ..  
And then  
again, as she  
blew an innocent  
kiss, in my  
vague direction ..  
But that was  
so long ago now ..  
When all the  
colours held fast  
and were in  
the right places ..  
Oh' such  
halcyon days,  
when I dreamt  
of nothing  
but being, a blue  
eyed and shiny,  
red nosed  
clown for her ..  
And of course,  
for her elephant ..  
Sadly, such days

are long  
gone away now  
and nothing  
is left, except  
for a few  
dry smudges on  
the rim of  
some discarded  
and otherwise,  
obsolete  
colour wheel ..  
An occasional  
dream  
and of course,  
this old scribble ..

## Afterbirth

### Afterbirth

Gone in the blink of  
a baby blue eye  
that initial fear  
filled micro moment  
of awkwardness  
new motherhood  
invariably brings ..  
Okay, so tears dried,  
sighs sighed, milks  
flowing and guess  
what, babies cry ..  
Isn't that the way,  
the text books say  
it should, always be ..  
Well listen folks  
and hard, between  
the sleep deprived  
hallucinations  
and let's not forget  
the mood swings ..  
Someone really needs  
to say it, like it, really is ..

## When Absolutely Gone

When Absolutely Gone

When I am no more and gone ..  
I want to be remembered  
for the words I wrote, the deeds  
I've done and for the love  
I gave away and freely shared with  
absolutely everyone ..

## Silverback

Silverback

Dear lord, tis just as feared,  
I look like someone's grandpappy ..  
Both with and without the beard,  
a silverback, if ever there was ..  
But by gum, I am so very happy ..

## She May Have Been a Doppelganger

She May Have Been a Doppelganger

I swear I saw Meme Tereza  
yesterday  
waiting in a queue and praying  
that the next flight  
would depart on time  
    from gate fifteen, Tirana Airport ..  
On second thoughts,  
she may have just been asking  
the day to be kind  
    to each and every single one of us ..  
The plane though, was very much  
    delayed regardless ..  
So I guess, she might have been  
    a doppelganger, after all ..

## The Day She Wore Flour in Her Hair

The Day She Wore Flour in Her Hair

I saw her clearly edged  
in golden light,  
through sun rays poured  
and filtered  
through old stained glass ..  
She had flour  
in her hair and had been  
baking bread ..  
I simply cannot tell you,  
just how hungry  
we both then were, that day ..

## For Astrid Wren My Little Bird

For Astrid Wren My Little Bird

Now you are here  
we just can't  
take our eyes of you ..  
Yes you, and your  
big baby blue eyes ..  
Hey, just look at  
those hands of hers  
too tiny, to catch  
hold of his fat thumb ..  
She sounds  
like a puppy, while  
he stands there  
on guard, beside her  
just gazing down  
and happily,  
beating his drum ..  
For she,  
there is no doubt  
at all, is loved,  
perfect and beautiful  
all neatly  
rolled into one ..  
It was then, that he  
cried through his  
whiskers  
and he whispered ..  
I shall be brave for you  
Astrid,  
my dear Astrid Wren ..  
Just for you,  
my little bird, I shall



forever be wise  
and always, be strong ..

## A Thought For a Day

A Thought For a Day

every single day is special  
for someone, somewhere, surely ..

## A Moment of Enlightenment

### A Moment of Enlightenment

After spending  
almost  
forty years,  
staring  
at the same old  
stone wall,  
waiting for  
enlightenment ..  
Suddenly it  
dawned on him ..  
He had been  
well and truly  
zenned ..  
A long time ago ..

## Mused

Mused

It was that last  
verse  
that killed him ..  
As indeed,  
all last verses  
seemed to do ..  
But then,  
once he had  
died,  
just a little bit ..  
He took  
one final deep  
breath,  
filled his pen  
and lay down ..  
It was  
high time he  
thought,  
that his muse  
took over again ..

## Yesterday's Muse

### Yesterday's Muse

She hides  
and so well  
behind  
a makeshift  
façade  
of feigned  
innocence,  
hippy chick  
tie dyed tops  
and her  
collection of  
old torn  
Victorian  
lace ..  
She lives in  
some  
kind of  
smoke free,  
and sterile  
world of  
gold gilded  
fantasies ..  
Yet she sucks  
on Marlboro  
lights  
and tells lies ..  
The kind  
that only  
a spoilt child  
or psychopath  
might tell

on a bad hair  
day ..  
She cries a lot  
too at  
the drop of  
a hat ..  
She still goes  
to church on  
Sundays tho' ..  
Between  
giving head,  
that is  
and making  
bread,  
that is  
for old ladies ..  
Which  
just about  
sums up  
yesterdays  
muse  
and so perfectly ..

## Recollecting Unusual Positions

### Recollecting Unusual Positions

Simultaneously

looking down at her back

through the hull

of a glass bottomed boat

and up at the soles

of her feet and her skirts

from where he lay

in the gutter of some god

forsaken city or other ..

Anyone watching

would have thought it was

magic, or witchcraft

or something entirely not

of this earth ..

And they would have been

right of course,

since he was in the process

of dying alone

in that gutter, with just a few

fading photographs

and a memory or two of her ..

## Let's Play Sushi

Let's Play Sushi

She lounged like  
a reptile  
lounges, draped  
and long  
beside the hastily  
discarded  
kimono and pink  
flip flops ..  
Soaking up those  
excess rays  
and smiling behind  
the shades ..  
Today she is a slick  
lichen  
green chameleon  
with an  
opal pinned to each  
of those  
shell like ears of hers ..  
Sipping slow  
on chilled rice wine  
and playing  
chase around a china  
dinner plate  
with her lovers sushi ..



## While Out Busy Partying

### While Out Busy Partying

He was not good enough  
for her, but she  
was far too good for him ..  
Yet my how her  
bones they did rattle like  
a sack filled  
with old rusty spanners  
or something ..  
She had not got one single  
ounce of meat  
on her, at all but he liked  
her like that  
and she swore she would  
never dare to  
get fat and risk losing him ..  
Sadly, she passed  
recently as he, so they say ..  
Was out on  
the town busy boozing and  
partying and  
fucking her cousin the whole  
night, clean away ..

For little j always remembered with BIG love and respect ..

## Fear Silence Not

Fear Silence Not

Do not fear silence  
my friend,  
there is nothing  
to be afraid of there ..  
For it is long  
empty like discarded  
worm casts  
and old redundant  
conch shells ..  
Filled only with echo's  
and the laughter  
of long ago moments ..  
Still occasionally  
carried before the tides  
and the winds  
of yesterday's gone ..  
And as such,  
there is nothing to fear  
whatsoever ..

## All Bases Covered

### All Bases Covered

her name formed  
but a small  
part of the litany  
he once  
    wrote for her ..  
and which,  
he would mouth  
over and over  
    again ..  
indeed, she was  
both recited  
and sung and then  
pinned  
with such pride  
to the walls  
of great temples,  
majestic  
cathedrals and a  
few scattered  
shrines  
here and there  
for PR  
purposes and to  
    ensure  
all known tick boxes  
had each  
    been suitably crossed ..

## Would You Kindly Pass the Entonox Babe

Would You Kindly Pass the Entonox Babe

Hey listen up ..

I'm on my way so

don't you dare

push till I'm ready

to pull okay ..

Hey no problem

at all, we've got

your back covered ..

Lay back,

think of England

and pass the Entonox ..

## Steer Well Clear of Dorset Buoys

### Steer Well Clear of Dorset Buoys

Steer well clear  
of Dorset  
buoys, there be  
grave danger  
so tis said,  
always lurking  
somewhere there ..  
Maintain  
wide berths sirs  
and do take care,  
plus big  
precautions too ..  
For you have  
now been much  
and strong  
advised, to steer  
well clear  
and at all costs  
of Dorset lasses,  
lobster pots,  
and them bad  
old Dorset buoys ..  
Indeed, the gulls  
about yon  
heads and flaxen  
sails do cry ..  
Be most afeared  
of Bridport lads  
and just as much  
of West Bay too ..  
If you do know

precisely, what is  
good for all  
brave young souls  
and just as much,  
be fearful for  
your sorry crew ..  
For she, the siren  
has tis said,  
one god almighty  
appetite  
and needs be fed,  
she's more  
hungry than a flock  
of whales n true ..  
But for just  
one moment lads,  
forget foulest  
weather  
windy, warnings  
and all that jazz ..  
Just stay alert  
and wary be tho ..  
Far more so,  
on such windless,  
gert lush, sunny  
days as these ..  
Aye lads,  
steer well clear  
of Dorset buoys ..  
Said siren's  
out to get you ..  
Whether or not  
you be fisherman  
or priest ..  
A boatbuilder,  
soldier, baker

or some other  
well-seasoned  
salty sailor ..  
Pray don't you  
never forget this  
well intentioned  
saline, final warning ..

## Sibling Arrivalry

### Sibling Arrivalry

when she eventually  
    arrived ..  
he so much wanted  
to phone,  
or rather, dash across  
    to his folks ..  
with the glorious news  
and to share,  
    his delight with them ..  
but they were  
both gone and he soon  
    remembered ..  
    he was still an orphan ..  
oh' how he  
envied oblivious siblings  
that is .. until his  
senses returned to him  
    later that day ..  
when all was good again ..



## Once Upon Her Night Scented Garden

Once Upon Her Night Scented Garden

some time  
during the night,  
I quit kicking  
dead leaves  
and threw away  
my secateurs ..  
that was  
not long before  
I stumbled  
upon those old  
red brick steps ..  
all eight of them  
if my memory  
serves correctly ..  
and those,  
which then led  
to your most  
secret of gardens ..  
long before  
that is, the pink  
those gold  
and the cream  
anemones ..  
together with  
the topiary bay  
and a sweet  
night scented  
jasmine  
all got together  
and held me  
as their hostage ..



## Colour Envy

### Colour Envy

The following words  
are for those  
for whom, colours  
no longer matter ..

For those  
who may yet still  
be indelibly  
bruised, or stained  
by desire  
and by their very  
own passion ..

Each of the words  
which now  
follow and truly  
are for those,  
blown away by  
beauty  
and an urgent,  
uncertain longing ..

Indeed all  
of the following  
words are meant  
solely for  
those, who might  
be intent  
upon breaking  
each fresh new  
disciple ..

Before removing  
of course,  
all traces of old

colours and now  
obsolete predecessors ..

## A Slice of Sky

A Slice of Sky

Pastel

amethyst yellow

skies ..

Filled to overflow

with the

silhouettes

of gold eyed birds

in flight ..

I must make notes ..

For surely,

winter is only just

around,

the very next corner ..

## Bang Goes Another Theory

### Bang Goes Another Theory

There is something electromagtastic  
about the old dust  
    collecting on new computer screens ..  
There is something  
about the destruction found in re-birth  
and the proceeds of  
    artificially impregnated intelligence seeds ..  
There is something  
in all of the aps and the ampules that we  
now find discarded  
    and littering our almost everywheres ..  
I so hope you can feel  
    the enormity and asceticism of what I mean ..

## The Making of a Single Murmuration

### The Making of a Single Murmuration

At precisely  
the same time  
three  
thousand  
tiny heartbeats  
began  
to flutter here  
and there ..  
Six thousand  
sky  
hungry wings  
also began  
to dance as one ..  
Across  
the compelling  
turquoise skies  
and in all  
directions too ..  
Each smiling high  
above and then  
down upon our  
very own  
secret orchard ..  
Surely seen  
by other mortal  
eyes somewhere  
and likewise,  
each murmured ..  
Oh' yes indeed,  
as were, my very own ..





## Whatever Happened to Miriam

Whatever Happened to Miriam

There are times I still wonder,  
whatever

happened to Miriam ..

Our most

beautiful of water carriers ..

She had

her own secrets, of course ..

But hey,

didn't we all, back then ..

Yet I still seem

to recall, a long time ago now

I once had

her naked while standing

alone by a

fountain, with her broken

decanter ..

Only half-filled mind, with

herbs and wild

honey, like some enchanted

cornucopia

and likewise, so very inviting ..

My word,

how she smiled at me then,

whilst

replacing, the cream coloured

hand woven

shawl, back over her shoulders

and blowing a

kiss in my vaguest of directions ..

All before

turning and so very casually,

walking away ..

## On Returning to Gullworthy

### On Returning to Gullworthy

There is an old stone bridge,  
somewhere  
way over yonder, that still  
crosses our Tamar ..  
Some way before she reaches  
*weirhead* and where  
the salmon, still leap in threes ..  
There is also a hovel,  
well hidden behind brambles  
and bracken,  
where old Betsy Drury once  
lived and cast spells ..  
I note there is too, a derelict  
cowshed still  
barely standing and where  
more than once,  
we played doctors and nurses,  
in old Dodges field ..  
Oh' my word folks, it feels I've  
been away for years ..  
Yet in spite of all that, I think  
I might just have  
caught sight of her recently ..  
Still wearing a smile,  
an Afghan, her beads and her flares ..

## Sweet Salted Caramel Eyes

### Sweet Salted Caramel Eyes

Just in case you  
had not  
already guessed ..  
I so want  
to drown in those  
big brown,  
caramel eyes,  
of yours ..  
Oh' but oh so  
very slow indeed ..  
Oh' yes,  
I so want to feel  
myself melting  
and deeply ..  
All the way down  
to that,  
stricken lost soul  
of yours ..  
Where I might  
just be permitted  
to dispense  
once and for all  
with this searching ..  
To discard  
the weight of my  
longing  
and to finally feel,  
for once at least,  
that innermost  
heat of you darling ..



## Dearth

Dearth

Can you feel  
the weight of my  
longing ..  
It is greater than  
when I lost blue ..  
And so  
I now wonder,  
where on earth,  
did the sky  
all go when you  
left me  
alone with my  
hunger ..  
Tho' should we  
by chance,  
ever meet again  
my love ..  
I am sure I would  
more than  
just disappoint ..  
Yes again  
and again, until  
all the cows  
have come home  
and you had  
lost what was  
left of your appetite ..

## Non Figmental

Non Figmental

Where else  
would you have  
me place  
this pen of mine  
before  
my tongue that is ..  
And then  
to write in pretty  
hieroglyphs  
along those perfect  
undulations  
of your exquisite spine ..

## Me and My Long List of Things

Me and My Long List of Things

Mark these words well, I once had a thing about each of the following

wristwatches

cheese

birds

sun dried tomatoes

anchovies

sun warmed sake

clocks

honesty

leather soled shoes

being on time

red wine

bizarre destinations

seafood

mirrors

doors

windows

justice

Oh' and of course poetry ..

and so my little bird, I wrote you this list, to remember, or to imagine me by ..



## Something About Shells

### Something About Shells

There is something  
about shells,  
the nature and form  
of them ..

The way that they  
capture  
the ocean and sound  
of her voice ..

There is something  
about shells,  
the weight and feel  
of them  
as they do call to us,  
o'er the cry  
of desperate gulls ..

Yes indeed,  
there is something  
a tiny bit  
special about shells,  
as they lay  
empty and waiting to  
haunt us  
with the call, the kiss  
and the  
mighty roar of the sea  
..

## Miss. Esme G. Cameron

Miss. Esme G. Cameron

Despite the fact she  
knew all  
the Latin names for  
garden plants  
and was a dab hand  
at ikebana ..  
She also played viola,  
flute and piano ..  
Every now and then,  
she would also  
appear in church on  
Sundays  
and was renowned  
for writing  
an occasional novel ..  
It is said  
she may have looked  
like a nun  
and dressed like some  
old librarian  
but she thought and  
wrote like a  
well-versed dockyard  
hooker ..  
Although to be fair,  
somewhere  
beneath her pince-nez,  
the tartan shawl  
and tweeds, our not yet  
quite famous  
Miss. Grace Pratt didn't

only sweat,  
but she also, did bleed  
some of the  
most exquisite poetry  
you are ever  
likely to read and the  
more risqué,  
the better it seemed ..  
But then that was her  
secret you see ..  
At times in-between  
her verses  
and stanza's or prose,  
only a handful,  
the privileged few, ever  
knew she  
would occasionally puff  
on a cigar,  
or one of those French  
cigarettes,  
that she always kept in  
a drawer filled  
with old fountain pens,  
a few saucy postcards  
and a single  
letter marked Flanders,  
France 1918 ..  
Grace Pratt helped me  
one hell of a lot  
while I was growing up  
and falling in  
love with this beautiful  
beast that  
we now all call poetry ..  
But the reason  
I write now, is I recently

read that  
Miss. Esme G. Cameron  
formally known  
as Grace Pratt, died at  
home in  
her sleep then aged one  
hundred  
and one whole year's  
young, but who's counting ..

Because she was worth it  
And for anyone who might be interested, Esme G. Cameron was Graces pen name ..

## That Certain Something

That Certain Something

It is almost  
inconceivable  
to imagine  
these days ..  
The might  
and the sheer  
intensity  
of love which  
almost  
everyone felt  
for him  
back then ..  
One can only  
Imagine,  
it must have  
felt much  
like the first  
flush of  
love we each  
had back  
in the days  
of our own  
youth ..  
But more  
intense even ..  
If indeed,  
that was possible ..

## When You Know You Are Blessed

When You Know You Are Blessed

when the queue  
is down  
to just one  
and that one  
just so happens  
to be you ..  
And  
when the train  
arrives  
bang on time  
and it  
starts raining  
the very  
same second  
you hop  
on board ..  
When the  
outside toilet  
seat  
is still warm  
to the touch ..  
And  
when you  
look in your  
new  
grandchild's  
eyes  
and she smiles ..  
Well  
then you  
just know that

you have  
been blessed ..

## With No Cage to Hold Her She Learnt How to Fly

With No Cage to Hold Her She Learnt How to Fly

He spent half  
his life  
making out  
she was  
the one in the  
wrong ..  
But the longer  
the silence,  
the sadder her  
song became ..  
And tho'  
he regrets it  
all now ..  
All the more  
chronic  
the ache  
became also ..  
So he chose  
to unlock  
the cage and  
leave the  
door open ..  
Allowing her  
once more,  
to fly free again ..



## Another Perfect Day

### Another Perfect Day

Tell me darling,  
are we okay ..  
Yes, of course,  
she replied,  
we are perfect ..  
What could be  
better than this ..  
Sipping cold  
beers on some  
remote  
desert island  
and all without  
Wi-Fi or  
internet access ..  
While we  
fine dine upon  
green figs  
and these tiny  
black olives ..  
Not to mention  
us watching  
the fishermen  
mending  
their nets and  
fighting off  
all of the gulls ..  
Then there's  
me of course,  
catching  
an occasional  
whiff from

a perfect grey  
smoke ring ..  
As it rises from  
one of your  
rare gauloises bleus ..

## Ghetto Girls

### Ghetto Girls

In order to survive,  
they had to  
acquire the imagination  
of a ghetto whore  
and quickly ..  
Therefore, making out  
the dark side  
of arc lights and with  
strangers,  
for bread was easy ..  
It was those late shift  
oven duties  
that made each of their  
skins crawl  
and stomachs turn ..  
But it just had to be done ..

## Shadow Dance

### Shadow Dance

Even though clearly we  
don't have  
enough ink between  
the two of us ..  
Can you imagine for  
a moment  
the dance our tattoo's  
might have made,  
as we make love with  
the sun pinned  
to the turquoise sky,  
somewhere behind us ..  
And can you,  
envisage the dark  
of our silhouette's ..  
As they cast freely their  
individual shadows  
and every single one  
of them, is laughing out loud ..

## The Sound of Darkness

### The Sound of Darkness

Listen,  
can you hear  
darkness forming ..  
See how  
the light it flickers ..  
Take it  
from me darling ..  
That roar,  
is not a sign from  
up above ..  
But surely, more  
a mighty warning ..  
Can you  
feel it too, my love ..  
I sense  
a certain darkness  
calling ..  
Yet fear not, it feels  
just like me  
being called, back  
home again ..

## The Grieving Silence of An Empty House

### The Grieving Silence of An Empty House

When the silence  
of their empty house  
proved deafening ..

Instead of leaning in,  
she turned away  
from him and his kin ..

But it wasn't  
always like that now  
was it darling ..

And the key may yet  
be found  
just where he left it ..

Should she ever  
need it again that is  
or in case by some chance ..

A stranger might be  
listening,  
or wondering even ..

What they know  
about loss, about lust,  
about longing, or love even ..

## When All Said and Done it's All Over

When All Said and Done it's All Over

I regret  
to inform you  
I am no  
longer the man  
you once  
wanted or loved  
am I darling ..  
I don't  
have a clue  
what happened  
to us,  
or for that matter  
to me ..  
It just seemed to  
happen  
and came out of  
the blue ..  
Like a stab in the  
back and  
a kidney punch,  
all rolled into one ..

## Down in The Hold

### Down in The Hold

The sponge  
she wielded so well,  
was full  
of some other fools  
sweat,  
long before she  
had a chance to wipe  
his brow  
with it, both cool  
and it wet ..  
But it was the least  
she could do  
under such difficult  
circumstances ..  
Given the promises  
he made  
and those that she  
had kept ..  
It was just one of  
so many  
unfortunate things  
we all guessed ..  
But nevertheless,  
it was both  
noted and welcome ..  
Yet despite that  
single act of kindness  
he died the very  
next day ..  
Somewhere down  
in the hold



up to his neck in  
the dead  
and the wounded  
and likewise those  
dying ..  
If you so wish  
ma'am, you may yet  
find him  
stowed somewhere,  
deep down in the hold ..

## Mary

Mary

There she was,  
carved  
in feint relief  
for all the world  
to see ..  
Held fast tween  
grey space  
and golden rays ..  
Those that  
yet survived  
to shine  
through broken  
stained glass  
window shards ..  
And smiled  
upon the alter,  
aisle and down  
among  
the gathered  
congregation ..  
There were  
of course those  
among them,  
who swore that  
it was Mary ..  
And one or two  
even left  
an extra penny  
in the collection box ..



## Too Many Maybe?s

Too Many Maybe's

While

his life seemed

so full

of maybe's ..

There

was barely

enough room

for a

single perhaps ..

## When Last Seen She Was Holding on Tightly

When Last Seen She Was Holding on Tightly

When last seen, she was clutching  
a long thin  
strip of navy blue velvet and near  
bent double,  
somewhere near to the grasp of  
her middle ..  
And in so doing she thus, allowed  
the hem  
of her slip, to go on public display ..  
Oh' come  
and sail with us, the sailors did sing ..  
Yes come, see how  
she swings like a brassed pendulum  
sways ..  
When last she was seen, she was seen  
holding a  
bottle green velvet, measure of satin ..  
Fit for a lady,  
or queen even, so fine a piece of cloth  
it then was ..  
Yet still, she was creased close to the  
weave of her middle ..  
And in so being, allowed the hem  
of her fine  
cotton camisole to splay far too near  
a torn seam,  
somewhere down near the midline ..  
And all of them  
sailors did roar, come and play with us ..  
This gall  
she can pitch, like a galleon might pitch

in a raging  
south westerly squall and when last she  
was seen,  
she was holding a new babe in both arms  
all wrapped in a  
dirty, cream coloured, silk shawl and both  
appeared to be starving ..  
And still the sailors did sing, come and play  
with us lass,  
we shall make it alright, come the morning ..

## Upon Those Words She Chose to Leave Behind

Upon Those Words She Chose to Leave Behind

I did not  
merely stumble blindly  
upon  
those words  
she left behind in such  
exquisite  
and likewise,  
well-rehearsed disarray ..  
And nor  
did I by any chance,  
as you might well imagine,  
upon her sudden,  
unscheduled departure ..  
Since we  
both knew I would,  
one day return,  
to firstly kneel and then,  
lay prone  
beside them all ..  
While quaffing each  
last drop of them and so  
very deeply ..  
For it is there  
I shall remain, till done ..  
And thus,  
my final abreaction is both  
quietly and so  
very solemnly completed ..  
Indeed then, and only then  
dare I squeeze  
that last drop of the poison in ..





## Accumulations

### Accumulations

He, being a poet  
and a collector of new words,  
old stamps and gold coins ..

Just as she,  
being adorable, collects new lovers,  
bad losers and fools ..

While together,  
they collected moments,  
made love and changed history ..

## When My Heart Fell in Love

When My Heart Fell in Love

When my heart felt in love  
all I could see  
were roses and cardinals  
and fresh laundered sheets ..  
When my brain  
was engaged, I could hear,  
taste and smell  
a desert, the ocean and sky ..  
When my soul  
was in synch with my spirit,  
I just knew that I was free again ..

## Feels Like There's a Stranger in the House

Feels Like There's a Stranger in the House

for some  
peculiar reason,  
there  
appears to be  
a stranger  
in the house ..  
and I'm pretty  
darn sure  
that it's me ..  
we just seem  
to have  
somehow,  
conveniently  
forgotten  
that when we  
were  
together ..  
we both lived,  
in some kind of  
symbolic harmony ..

## Ned?s View

### Ned's View

Just think  
about it before  
rejoicing,  
that's all I ask ..  
Before  
I swing or not  
and all  
for the sake  
of two stocking  
frames  
and a bloody  
brand new loom ..  
The world,  
our world,  
this world is no  
better off  
for most of it ..  
And while they  
call it  
technology,  
or progress ..  
It is not though,  
is it ..  
Nor is it a  
solution to our  
collective hunger ..  
I call it  
delusional ..  
And fear it may  
well be the end of us ..



## In the Wake of a Wish

In the Wake of a Wish

Maybe we can only  
imagine ..

In the wake of a wish  
and now wonder ..

But slowly,  
just how good we  
might once have been ..

## So Much More Than A Madness

So Much More Than A Madness

Without antecedents  
we have nothing,  
but can still choose what  
    we want us to be ..  
I know how to starve,  
to deny  
    and to punish myself ..  
But refuse  
to eat rainbows or play  
    silly leaving games ..  
I just need to know  
how many resurrections  
we are each  
    allowed these days ..  
Without feeling  
    something missing inside ..  
I really need to be  
famous you see, for the  
remaining fifteen  
    minutes, left of today ..

## The Dance of Overshadowed Children

### The Dance of Overshadowed Children

The dance of overshadowed children,  
above their shallow graves,  
always takes place in the grey space  
between dusk  
and the break of a brand new day ..  
Since that is always,  
where and when, they all gather to cry ..



## Talk About Stupid

Talk About Stupid

Talk about stupid  
when I first  
caught your scent  
in a shell ..  
For one stupid  
moment,  
I thought I could  
hear, feel  
and taste you as well ..

## The Map

### The Map

There was once  
a time golden,  
when it all came  
together  
and I would spell  
your name  
backwards quite  
simply ..  
Because it made  
It all seem  
magic or special ..  
And anyhow,  
it was always so  
very much  
easier to find my  
way home  
when I wrote it  
that way ..  
Yes, there was  
once a time golden,  
when it all came  
together ..  
When we lived on  
small talk,  
free love and so  
very much  
laughter we often  
ached all day ..  
Back when we both  
thought we  
might last forever ..

But of course,  
we never did, did we ..

## Barely Heard Through All The Whispers

### Barely Heard Through All The Whispers

Pray hush now  
and listen  
can you make out  
the words  
being muttered  
into beards,  
through teeth,  
across tongues  
and over gums  
around the world ..  
Well then,  
be sure to note  
each one  
of these I choose  
to share  
with you today ..  
Expressed,  
handed down  
and otherwise  
conveyed, that is ..  
Between one old  
forbidden  
lover and another ..  
Now barely whispered ..

## 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 the  
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 the 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 ..  
Sometime 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 upon  
a cigarette and smiled ..  
Knowing  
there was still  
a full half hour before  
Rainbow Rooms Incorporated  
was scheduled to close  
for the weekend ..

## Briefly Interrupted by Sleep

Briefly Interrupted by Sleep

This is not a turning point,  
a parking place or reversing bay ..  
It is nothing, but a brief red light stop  
at the end, of yet another, very busy day ..

## The Sense of Something Before it is Something

The Sense of Something Before it is Something

At the end of the day  
it is not only  
the daring to look,  
but the finding  
that really matters,  
    isn't it my darling ..  
For instance,  
take the silver  
off white glint  
    on a herons cheek ..  
Visible only  
in the half-light,  
or the tremor  
of a single leaf rejoicing,  
the moment  
it shakes off that last  
drop of rain,  
before fall and is free  
    once more ..  
And what about  
the apple smell  
    of a tap room, lingering ..  
And that of  
new puppies, young  
babies and old  
scent bottles found  
in attics  
and long lost  
camphor trunks  
    by chance ..  
Or that of the smell

trapped between  
pages of old books  
kept in libraries,  
out of reach of both  
prying eyes  
    and too tiny fingers ..  
While the sound  
of cracked church bells,  
nightingales,  
and worms turning  
cut through the air  
and compete with that  
of snow drops  
    emerging ..  
And can then, be heard  
in the distance  
above the cry of gulls  
and storm clouds  
    forming ..  
Come tell me darling  
what on earth,  
    are we each missing ..

## The Rape of the Wreck Known As M257

### The Rape of the Wreck Known As M257

The stricken craft  
M257 lay stuck  
hard and fast upon  
her leeward side ..  
With fore mast split  
from top  
through to her tail  
waiting on the tide ..  
No colours  
would she fly again  
nor proudly  
sail our seven seas ..  
She's waiting  
on the salvage crew  
to strip her clean  
of cargo, ballast  
and any bounty hid  
they may  
yet chance to find  
stowed inside  
a beach holed hull  
and all along her  
splintered oaken seams ..

## No Contest

No Contest

If you don't like losing  
then don't let them beat you ..

It only ever becomes  
a challenge my friend ..

If one attempts to overcome,  
overthrow or to defeat it ..



## Scammed

### Scammed

What kind of scam  
are you running ..  
I hope it's about us  
making love  
and not just about  
making money ..  
There's far too much  
hypocrisy,  
selfishness and lies  
going on all  
around us, these days ..

## Why Else Wish Him So Blind

Why Else Wish Him So Blind

While these eyes may not be

what they once were ..

Do you really think me so blind

that I cannot feel what it is you

are doing ..

When you play away like that ..

I know precisely who it is

you are now literally screwing ..

## Me My Bro and A Chainsaw

Me My Bro and A Chainsaw

Can you  
picture me,  
my bro  
and a chainsaw ..  
No,  
well that's  
perfectly okay  
in fact,  
it's just fine ..  
But let's  
state,  
here and now  
for the record ..  
Barbie  
and indeed,  
the prize  
topiary are now  
sadly both  
well n truly, fucked ..

## The Measure of a Single Year

The Measure of a Single Year

The making  
of a single year  
these days,  
means nothing ..  
No matter  
how measured  
or filled ..  
Nor whether  
by heartbeats,  
by breaths,  
or by tears  
or individual  
fallen leaves ..  
The length  
of a single year  
these days  
means nothing ..

## That Afterwards Feeling

### That Afterwards Feeling

Right here  
and now,  
how I ache  
for that  
afterwards  
feeling ..  
That post  
love making,  
easy  
just being  
here  
and now  
with you,  
kind  
of feeling ..  
The kind  
you  
might read  
about in  
posh  
magazines ..  
Or after  
having a  
full English  
breakfast ..  
And  
then maybe  
just sipping  
a few  
cold beers  
on a balcony ..

Or what  
about that  
last day  
of school,  
kind of feeling ..  
Like falling  
in love  
all over again ..  
Then  
there's that  
almost awake,  
part asleep  
kind of feeling ..  
And you find  
without  
so much as  
looking  
a fiver you  
knew that you  
had in  
a pocket ..  
But you could  
not locate  
it until  
the very same  
moment  
you felt that  
afterwards  
feeling again ..

## Advice on Learning to Fall

Advice on Learning to Fall

Remember  
my lovely,  
to always run fast  
and run free ..

And don't ever  
be afraid  
tho' my darling,  
to jump high ..

But remember  
my lovely,  
to always land  
lightly and roll with it ..

## Conchetta - Voice of the Sea

Conchetta - Voice of the Sea

She bade him  
come near,  
then to place  
an ear against  
her partly  
clenched fist  
and just listen ..

Like a dog  
he complied  
and he  
did marvel  
at the sounds  
that came  
from inside ..

Those  
that seemed  
to emit  
from her palm  
and her  
forefinger ..

To him,  
and him alone,  
they were  
clearly the sound  
of the wind  
and the sea ..

And it seems



it was then,  
that he knelt at  
her feet  
and he begged  
her to  
make him  
her slave again ..

## And All Before Our Awakening

### And All Before Our Awakening

Did you hear me  
just then  
check my breath ..  
Just to see  
if you were still  
breathing ..  
And did you see,  
the corners  
of my lips move  
due north ..  
Before forming  
twin arches  
and the broadest  
of smiles ..  
No of course not,  
my darling ..  
But I assure you,  
they did  
marry and match  
those subtle  
shaped brows  
of yours,  
while you were  
obviously  
dreaming my love ..  
So did you by  
any chance feel  
my pulse and my  
heart both  
racing, to be first  
to greet you

come morning ..  
Again not,  
I fear, so where  
were you  
then my dear ..  
And pray whose  
gentle  
eyelash flutter  
did wake us both  
from our so  
very deep slumber ..  
On the occasion  
of this,  
our first truly  
shared morning ..

## This is Us ..

This is Us ..

Your pain my  
love  
quite simply  
hurts me  
far too much ..  
I can not  
bear to feel  
you suffer so ..  
When  
you burn,  
I do blister  
and when you  
bleed  
my heart,  
then  
I bleed too ..  
Indeed,  
this ache we  
share is  
all consuming ..  
Who  
passes first  
I fear,  
shall never  
let the other go ..

## A Handful of Water

### A Handful of Water

I watched,  
but from a safe distance  
and took note  
of how you worked them  
between your  
rough, calloused and still  
bleeding hands  
until they were smoothe  
like pebbles  
    or pretty polished glass ..  
And my word,  
how they glistened upon  
the backs  
and the palms of those  
    hands of yours ..  
I recall how I marvelled  
at how they  
looked just like pearls,  
but were mere  
beads of water, yet no less  
precious perhaps  
than perfect cut diamonds  
in this desolate  
    landscaped desert of ours ..

## On Moving On

### On Moving On

should you ever find  
another  
lover which no doubt  
you most  
surely will when I am  
gone ..  
I could not for a single  
moment  
blame you for moving  
on ..  
though I would like to  
think  
you might think of me  
every  
now and then, maybe ..

## She Wore Him So Well

She Wore Him So Well

Somewhere just  
beyond  
the navy blue,  
the cream  
of her thigh did  
beckon and call  
with such  
exquisite promise ..  
She then  
did ride upon his  
mastery  
and so very slow ..  
Almost  
as though she was  
some bespoke  
and new velvet glove ..

## Tu Es Tout Pour Moi

Tu Es Tout Pour Moi

Oh' how I ache,  
for all those  
things you do gift  
but are yet still,  
to be remembered ..  
And how I do  
long for the scent  
and the sense  
of you near  
and all around me ..  
Yes and how  
I do bleed into  
sand, dust and dirt  
and again,  
upon rainbows ..  
And all for the sake  
of saving a pair  
of honour and souls ..  
But how you  
do frown when I lay  
down beside you  
and exclaim that yes,  
I do indeed love thee ..



## Floating Down On a Whisper

### Floating Down On a Whisper

I think it might  
have been  
yesterday when ..  
I caught  
a brief glimpse  
in some random  
cracked  
window pane  
of my nemesis,  
somewhere  
off Oxford Street ..  
And who looked  
so much  
younger than  
I ever did,  
back in the day ..  
Now I do crave,  
a whole day  
without corners  
or mirrors  
and no strategic  
retreats  
to distract me ..  
But since  
you insist upon  
using both  
codes and fresh  
metaphors  
each new day ..  
Then we don't  
have much further

to look for  
the right answers ..  
Since that  
old red silk scarf  
of yours,  
says it all anyway ..  
As it floats  
down on a whisper,  
to the most  
dangerous  
of sidewalks below ..

## Chat Up Lies

Chat Up Lies

I don't wish to stare  
but don't want to blink either ..

Through some irrational fear  
of losing a single moment of you ..

And while I don't wish  
to teach my granny to suck eggs ..

These words, as an icebreaker,  
at singles events, bus stops or parties etc ..

Tend to work far better  
than anything else, I have tried to date ..

## Twisted History the Rape of the Plains People

Twisted History *the Rape of the Plains People*

Having finally managed  
to remove  
the sharpest of jagged  
shards from  
distant high mountains  
and carrying  
    them home with him ..  
He made fire in a hollow  
with dry weeds  
and the leaves he took  
from some  
faraway forest which lies  
somewhere  
beyond the great grey  
    tumbling river ..  
Then he burnt both sage  
and saffron  
to heal and to colour his  
    rage and his anger ..  
In the wake of the rape  
of his people  
and all those whom he  
loved  
    and the land he revered ..  
Then later  
in silence he fashioned  
so many  
straight arrows from flint  
he had  
    stored and hid in his tepee ..  
The rest

is now history albeit twisted ..  
Yet before  
they eventually crucified him,  
they said  
it was a massacre and called  
him a savage ..

## How Many Ways Precisely

How Many Ways Precisely

How many ways  
might one be  
loved and truly ..  
From a distance  
maybe or  
up close, full on  
and presumably,  
in so many  
other ways too ..  
Oh' yes indeed  
how many ways  
not vaguely,  
or even remotely  
but precisely my love ..

## Somewhere Beyond Our Goodbyes

### Somewhere Beyond Our Goodbyes

Look beyond the symmetry  
of a perfect horizon  
and note how the silver edge  
arcs along those  
shifting, unfamiliar lines,  
like a smile arches upwards ..  
Come walk with me  
and let us sip the moments ..  
Let us each rejoice  
and ache together, for soon  
the tide, shall turn against us ..  
And then, we shall go  
our separate ways, with just  
a sorry farewell wave,  
yet such, exquisite memories ..

## View Before Lunch

### View Before Lunch

A kid  
on a swing  
an old  
couple tai chiing ..  
A young  
mum pushing  
a pram ..  
While a father  
and somebodies  
son fly  
a kite together  
in the distance ..  
On one  
of those three  
green hills,  
overlooking  
the valley below ..  
But as much  
as I enjoy people  
watching ..  
I must not be  
late home for lunch ..



## When the Balance Wheel is Broken

When the Balance Wheel is Broken

when the balance wheel  
    is broken ..  
when the main spring  
    has been sprung ..  
when there are too many  
complications  
and when the date  
    and time are both wrong ..  
maybe it's time  
to think of saying goodbye  
and though not  
afraid of death or of dying  
    I need to die slower ..  
since my fine house is not  
    yet In order ..  
I need to post more first  
class letters,  
write that last poem down  
then go wipe my  
computer, before I say my  
    final goodbyes ..

## Behold All My Literary Demons

### Behold All My Literary Demons

Hey you, listen to me ..  
I am already  
just a little bit dead  
and the rest  
of me is just dying ..  
So for those  
who might choose  
to visit, be warned ..  
I am not just  
typing out words  
metaphorically ..  
Since I am sure what  
will eventually  
remain behind of me,  
shall be none other  
than my literary demons ..

## Upon Leaving One's Shadow Behind

### Upon Leaving One's Shadow Behind

Together we shall  
defy both mirrors  
and darkness  
and live together  
forever in gardens ..  
But don't you dare  
suffer in silence  
my precious,  
instead let me in ..  
We need to break  
bread and to share  
all of these gifts  
we have been given ..  
Unless you are on  
some kind of  
mission and driven  
to discredit,  
and then shaming  
yours truly ..  
Which surely would,  
I imagine, feel more  
like chasing  
and killing your own  
precious shadow ..  
By the simple act,  
of starving it of all light ..

## Outside Nikolai's Café Bar and Restaurant

### Outside Nikolai's Café Bar and Restaurant

I found her, or rather  
she found me  
outside Nikolais café  
    bar and restaurant ..  
It was, whatever it was,  
depending on  
the time of day or year  
    and what they had in ..  
I was drinking  
sun warmed beer,  
she was sipping a long  
    ice cold green tea ..  
It was near forty degrees  
in the shade,  
    but there was no shade ..  
She came over  
    and asked for a cigarette ..  
I said I don't,  
but thanks so very much  
    for asking ..  
I'm not sure I know you  
from Adam  
    though do I ma'am ..  
She just smiled back at me  
and so I gave her  
    what was left in the packet ..

## Squeezed Between Our Now and Thens

Squeezed Between Our Now and Thens

can you still feel  
where  
we once were  
and where we  
have since been ..  
not forgetting  
of course,  
all those other  
places we  
both somehow,  
managed to  
just squeeze in ..  
between  
the gaps that is ..  
which still  
exist to serve  
and to separate  
all of our  
here and nows  
from our  
there and our  
thens ..  
I know I still do  
albeit occasionally ..

## Shallow Cuts Too Deep

### Shallow Cuts Too Deep

All the self-inflicted  
superficial  
scratches on both  
her arms  
were each meant  
to be special ..  
A token gift for him  
and a surprise ..  
She got it all wrong  
though,  
going in too deep  
like that ..  
And had already  
bled out,  
long before  
he had even read  
her last text message ..

## Hold It, Swill Then Swallow

Hold It, Swill Then Swallow

When my mind starts to wander  
of its own accord,  
which it seems to do increasingly ..  
I might just wonder,  
if you ever think back to the day  
when I begged half a cup  
of single malt, from a neighbour ..  
Indeed, I still query  
what he may have thought of me  
back then, had I told him  
it was not for me, but for the cavity  
that kept you up  
all night long and in so much agony ..

## Whispered

Whispered

no one was looking  
so he hid  
a whispered secret  
deep  
within the perfect  
folds  
of the new babies  
ear ..  
and she smiled back  
at him ..  
knowing for sure  
in that  
whisp of a whisper ..  
she was  
more than just merely  
loved ..



## Now Looking Back With Anticipation

### Now Looking Back With Anticipation

Slow down child  
don't wish  
your life away  
like that ..  
We know its late  
but the cogs  
and the wheels  
are still turning ..  
And while  
I dare not look  
back to see  
what the future  
might hold  
by consulting  
the leaves in my  
new china  
teacup darling ..  
Each swirling  
earl grey  
murmeration  
that I previously  
found there ..  
Now fills me  
to the very brim  
with much  
love and indeed,  
joyful anticipation ..

## Old Dick and the Swearmonger's Daughter

### Old Dick and the Swearmonger's Daughter

He was so good  
with words  
but then, always  
had plenty  
to choose from ..  
Since she,  
had a mouth like  
some old  
thesaurus filled  
with foul,  
long forgotten  
cuss words,  
blasphemies  
and such n such ..  
She could  
turn the air bluer  
than blue,  
or so they said ..  
But he loved her  
like that  
and so together  
they sat ..  
Making up new  
rude words ..  
For nowt but  
their own sense  
of fun and of  
course, the very  
coarse, crack of it ..



## An Uncertain Kind of Aloneness

### An Uncertain Kind of Aloneness

When we first met  
her hair was  
the same colour as  
tropical sand  
caressed by waves  
and the sea ..  
So when I close my  
eyes slow now,  
I can maybe still  
find us,  
on an empty beach  
somewhere  
and with any luck  
about to become  
naked ..  
Although we are  
never alone are we ..  
They just  
placed a camera  
and a microphone  
inside the belly  
of my mandolin ..  
How else can they  
possibly  
continue to rape  
and abuse us ..  
Now that our pride  
and dignity are gone ..

## The Wife of a Dead Russian Diplomat

### The Wife of a Dead Russian Diplomat

I was the second wife  
of a recently deceased and very high ranking  
Russian diplomat ..

Is what she said, when I asked her why she  
lived in such a remote  
Bulgarian asylum, instead of some mansion

The only faithful one too,  
she added, with residual regal composure  
and some disdain ..

The rest, except for one and that one, being me,  
are now already very dead ..  
Indeed it is because of him and his many fancies

I am forced to languish here ..  
I imagine the same thing must happen in America  
Excuse me, I am English and no ..

I replied, perhaps too loudly, I don't imagine it does ..  
Then feeling dreadfully guilty  
because I think, perhaps it did, I bought her cigarettes ..

I also gave her half my white Rakia  
which we drank in the square of some local martyr in silence  
It was thirty nine degrees in the shade of our orek tree ..

After all, it was a very pleasant way  
to while away a few hours, on what might otherwise  
have been, just another melancholy day ..

## A Taste of Hope

### A Taste of Hope

There is nothing  
quite like  
the smell of hope  
is there darling ..  
Indeed,  
if it had a taste,  
I do believe  
it would be yellow  
and always  
wear a magnificent  
sideways, stoic smile ..

## Womb Envy

Womb Envy

They are all  
very different, you know that  
don't you, he said ..

What are,  
wombs, he replied ..  
Go on, get outa here ..

No honest,  
it's as true  
as the sky is blue ..

Claire's got  
a heart shaped one  
she told me herself ..

And Sues, is simply inverted  
while our Jane's is kinda keyhole  
shaped, but then she's perverted ..

Go on,  
I'm intrigued now ..  
Okay then, Jills is just perfect ..

Well what about  
Angela and Emma's  
just between you and me ..

Angela's is somewhat  
spectacular and almost rectangular  
while Emma, aint got one at all ..

Fancy that ..  
No thanks, but I shall  
no doubt look into it ..

So what about Jenny  
she must keep her hand on her  
ha'penny surely ..

Okay, so Jens is outstanding ..  
What do you mean by that exactly ..  
I mean it stands out a wee bit ..

Sod that for a game of soldiers,  
I shall defo look into it,  
how very interesting cheers bro ..



## Amen

Amen

Would you believe  
I forgot  
if I said my prayers  
before bed  
and again, upon my  
awakening ..  
I fear I might just be  
subliminally  
damned and no, not  
sublimely ..  
That would be a fine  
thing now  
wouldn't it babe,  
he says, smiling bigly  
Amen ..

## Acid Days

### Acid Days

When I lived in  
a pyramid  
you would feast  
on dead bodies  
and take  
photographs  
of dead crows  
on a white sheet  
against  
a backdrop  
of masturbating  
angels ..  
Today it seems  
things  
have moved on  
quite a bit,  
since the acid days ..

## Suburban Sunflower

### Suburban Sunflower

The moment that she bit  
deep into her  
ripe city peach like that ..  
Was the very  
same moment, he closed  
both his eyes  
and imagined handfuls of  
apricots and a  
single suburban sunflower ..  
It was also  
then that he realised it was  
raining, he was  
no longer starving, but yet  
still hungry  
for a small portion of her ..

## From a Little Book of Sins

From a Little Book of Sins

such is life ..

such are relationships ..

and such are our tribulations ..

then of course, we write about them ..

and somehow create a kind of delicious circle ..

## Shadowbright

Shadowbright

she had such a way  
with words .. indeed, she did make  
darkness shine so bright ..

## From Big Things Small

### From Big Things Small

Why do you  
insist  
on making  
huge things  
out of  
small things ..  
and big  
things out  
of nothing  
at all ..  
Why do you  
still make  
mountains  
from molehills  
and stars  
from flecks  
of dust ..  
You are not  
an enigma,  
or a mystery  
but such  
a fabricator  
and do  
epitomize  
tired  
and well  
stretched truth ..

## Glow

Glow

she had a strange light  
all about her,  
which she wore like a  
pair of drawn  
curtains, to let all her  
shadows  
    breathe easy, she said ..  
and while  
those she did cast both  
fore and aft,  
appeared golden, not  
one of her  
    disciples then glowed ..  
but in that  
moment she stumbled  
    and fell, each  
one of those disciples  
    could tell she  
was far from perfect  
and her robe  
was but sackcloth, hastily  
    threwed ..

## Rank Order

Rank Order

Don't think for one moment  
you might be second best ..

That would be, ridiculous ..

Since you were by no means  
whatsoever, that high up the list ..



## Going Against the Flow

### Going Against the Flow

Why stare at me  
like that  
my darling with  
such ice cold  
apprehension ..  
A singular  
detachment  
if ever there was ..  
Don't dare  
tell me that you  
think you  
were misread,  
by any chance ..  
How on earth  
did we arrive here  
like this ..  
And while at it,  
pray tell ..  
Why have you  
now deserted me  
and no longer  
love me ..  
In spite of how  
much water,  
has now flowed  
both clean  
and so freely  
beneath our bridge ..

## Clean Breaks

### Clean Breaks

Clean breaks are  
always  
the quickest  
to heal ..  
So just man up,  
move on  
and get over me  
swiftly,  
is what she said ..

## A Snog is For Life Not Just for Christmas

A Snog is For Life Not Just for Christmas

My word,  
how we kissed back  
    then ..  
Until both our  
tongues  
ached and then they  
became  
    delightfully numbed ..  
I also recall  
your breath and how  
it always  
    tasted so minty fresh ..  
With an  
aftertaste I just can't  
    put my finger on ..  
I used to  
smoke Marlboro's  
    back then ..  
So can't imagine or  
rather,  
don't want to imagine  
what mine  
    must have tasted of ..  
It must  
    have been love surely ..

## What He Really Wants for Christmas

### *What He Really Wants for Christmas*

I really don't want any  
of that crazy  
artificial intelligence stuff ..

I want new stem cell eyes  
and another pair of knees ..

Oh' plus an end to hunger,  
war and disease  
and maybe a lottery win ..

## Don?t Suppose You Remember

### Don't Suppose You Remember

I don't suppose,  
for a single  
moment after  
    all these years ..  
You still recall  
a series  
of otherwise  
insignificant  
    coincidences ..  
All of which,  
I hasten to add  
occurred  
within a micro  
second, or less  
of me  
calling out your  
    name ..  
If it helps at all,  
it was  
the very same  
day I talked  
to a wall  
    about our love ..  
And I swear  
that it heard me  
    but blindly ..  
That was when  
a dream catcher  
caught you  
and the wind  
chimes

chimed for me ..

## Mirrors Don?t Care Do They Darling

Mirrors Don't Care Do They Darling

Everything  
has an opposite  
no matter  
what or where ..  
Mirrors  
know the secret  
of course,  
but rarely share ..  
Although  
upon reflection  
darling,  
do you think  
that they really care ..

## Genuine Fakes Going Dirt Cheap

### Genuine Fakes Going Dirt Cheap

Look at how those  
trees  
slope at an angle  
all the way down  
to the side  
of that lake over  
    there ..  
    Jeez you guys ..  
don't you think  
they look just like  
some of  
T.S Lowries, just  
look at  
    those skyscrapers ..  
Each stroke  
of his brush leaves  
behind,  
    that guys a genius ..  
Who else  
could make whole  
run of the mill,  
street scenes come  
    alive like that ..  
Each stick man, dog,  
cat woman or child  
is a little  
masterpiece in its  
    own right ..  
Yesterday he was  
knocking out  
huge self-portraits



by Van Goch  
and some other guy  
from Paris ..  
Tomorrow it maybe  
Turner's  
turn, who knows,  
or a little  
Rembrandt perhaps ..  
He must  
surely make a small  
fortune  
each day selling  
genuine  
fakes like that to all  
these filthy rich  
tourists hereabouts ..

## Not Guilty as Charged

Not Guilty as Charged

Would you kindly  
please  
try to remember  
I only saw  
you naked on that  
one occasion ..  
When you were  
busy posing  
and still fresh from  
the shower ..  
Walking slow past  
your window ..  
While I was on my  
way back  
from the office ..  
Please do  
try to remember ..  
My case  
is due to come up  
on Friday  
and I think you are  
ugly anyway ..  
So why  
would you even  
begin to think that  
I might be stalking you ..

## It's Not What it Used to Be

It's Not What it Used to Be

Well that's that  
then,  
one more  
summer gone ..  
Thirteen  
whole days  
of partial sun ..  
Not in a row  
though,  
but scattered  
so very  
randomly  
between May  
and September ..  
Not like  
it used to be  
when we  
were so young ..

## Well Done

### Well Done

I don't want to be a cliché  
or dance  
with shadow children on  
distant balconies ..  
That's not what balconies  
are for now, is it ..  
I want to sit and watch you  
    read your kindle ..  
While the sun goes down  
and we both blister ..  
Before that is, we each turn,  
golden brown ..

## Haiku 4 Having Me She Said

Haiku 4 Having Me She Said

while widows may peek  
and wives they do worry so  
young virgins wonder ..

## Cruise Snobs

### Cruise Snobs

Here on the uppermost deck  
where there  
is not one single Adonis  
or Aphrodite ..  
A whole shit load of posers  
and masses  
of cellulite, bad manners  
and cheap bling  
appear to have been thrown  
together and then  
tossed like some grandiose  
ego salad  
around the hot tub and bar ..  
Which is maybe  
why I feel most comfortable  
down below ..

## Somewhere off The M35

Somewhere off The M35

Hey,  
look over there,  
she said ..  
Don't you  
think he looks  
a bit like  
Don Quixote ..  
Tilting at  
wind turbines  
like that  
off of the M35 ..  
Well to be  
precise,  
that was also  
the moment  
she  
rolled both  
her eyes and  
sighed deeply ..  
Adding  
now don't he  
look totally  
fit and divine ..  
No, not  
on your nelly,  
he looks  
a right proper  
twat ..  
Her best mate  
in the whole  
widest

world, swiftly  
replied ..  
And I would  
so much  
prefer it, if he  
be yours,  
rather than mine ..



## You Can Always Tell ..

You Can Always Tell ..

I do love you,

she said ..

I love you too,

he replied ..

Well

okay then but,

I'm sure,

I love you

much more ..

Well

maybe just

lately,

you do he

sighed slow ..

And they

both roll over

and sleep

until morning ..

He facing

the window

and her,

facing the door ..

## A Sight Well Worth Going Blind For

### A Sight Well Worth Going Blind For

The day began with a fragrance  
that reminded me of you  
as it drifted in from somewhere  
    outside in the garden ..  
And for a moment then, maybe  
even two, I dare not  
    move, nor open either eye ..  
Through fear of frightening you  
    away again, my darling ..  
But then came the touch and the  
aftertaste so many  
warriors and lovers have each  
    chosen to die for ..  
When you appear naked like that  
at the foot of their beds  
    tis a sight well worth, going blind for ..

## Feasting Upon Leftovers

### Feasting Upon Leftovers

Look,  
I am broken  
come  
now and feed  
off  
what they  
have left of me ..  
Spent  
and likewise  
discarded,  
I hold nothing  
but  
the truth ..  
Feel free to  
serve  
me up beside  
a side dish  
of your  
own choosing  
and  
then lavishly  
dressed  
in contempt ..

## Echoes Dont Tell Lies ?

This is not a begging letter .. but rather, it is a plea from the heart, my heart actually and just in case anyone out there might be in the slightest bit interested, I thought I would try to take advantage of what might be left of your collective and individual curiosities and inform you all that my 10th book, yes the tenth and quite possibly my last 'Echoes Don't Tell Lies' was published on New Years Day and will be available to purchase regardless of wherever you might be living or indeed hiding, anywhere in this funny old, sick old, sad old world of ours ..

I guess some of you will still be living in or around where I almost grew up although I know many have now moved on and of course, for different reasons .. Yeah I'm talking about you guys and girls up north, in London, Switzerland, Africa, the US, Oz and NZ to point a finger at just a few ..

Anyway, on this occasion, all monies raised will go toward Brain Tumour Research because it is so universally underfunded, so very important and means so bloomin much to me, my family and all those I love and hold dear ..

'Echoes Don't Tell Lies' contains almost 200 individual poems, prose and other philosophical ponderings, all written by yours truly .. So please don't be shy, but please do feel free to buy as many copies as you would like, maybe for a friend, a lover or indeed some other loved one since it is all for such a good cause and remember those immortal words of Tesco .. *every little helps* .. So come on folks, do something positive, something that will give ya tummy a really warm and lasting glow ..

Oh' and if you like what you see, please consider leaving an honest review with Amazon because they really do have an impact on sales and all for less pennies than the price of three pints of warm English beer so cheers in advance ..

Peace, Love & All Good Things, Neville ?

## Some Things are Best Left

Some Things are Best Left

There are some things  
that should not be  
seen, or heard or said  
or done ..  
I do not have to list  
them here  
now surely do I, since  
you will know  
precisely what I mean ..  
Such are the things  
that each reside inside  
our own  
unique and individual  
minds and thrive  
in gutters everywhere ..

## A Taste of Hope

### A Taste of Hope

There is nothing  
quite like  
the smell of hope  
is there darling ..  
Indeed,  
if it had a taste,  
I do believe  
it would be yellow  
and always  
wear a magnificent  
sideways, stoic smile ..

## Lavished

Lavished

Here, where all my prime colours  
are almost spent  
and pastels lay abundant but in  
complete disarray ..  
I crouch in the shadows and shade  
awaiting the pleasure  
I imagine your brush stroke shall  
eventually deliver ..

## The Whole of A Woman Shared

### The Whole of A Woman Shared

Sitting there like that  
with your legs  
slightly parted and your  
lips tightly closed ..  
Wearing my old check  
shirt and nothing  
else, except for  
the sweat we just shed ..  
I realised then  
what I had been missing  
all along and why  
upon his leaving, he also  
said, he loved you too ..



## Again Upon Reflection

### Again Upon Reflection

Somewhere,  
mid the seemingly  
awkward flow  
of all these  
tumbling words ..  
If you look  
long enough upon  
an old mirror  
and then,  
you listen hard ..  
You may just  
find a love poem,  
so much  
beauty and indeed,  
the very  
source of their  
original inspiration ..

## Another One of Those Café Moments

### Another One of Those Café Moments

The café was not exactly  
heaving  
but was not empty either  
and for  
some reason or another,  
the jukebox  
only played old sixties  
number ones ..  
Then after taking breakfast  
as shy as  
I then was, I watched her  
shaking off  
excess salt from nimble  
fingertips ..  
With eyes down, one more  
thimble  
full of tears was filled ..  
That was  
indeed, the moment when  
I realised  
I did not like myself at all,  
nor what  
I have since then become ..  
Blinded by  
her beauty but oh' so very  
fucking dumb ..

## Gaia's Secret Garden

### Gaia's Secret Garden

I feel like playing  
god again  
in Gaia's garden ..  
Surrounded  
by rainbows and then  
dancing  
like a candle flame ..  
Twisted  
and bowed  
caught in the draught  
of her most  
recent of departures ..  
I want to  
break the rules again,  
then lay  
exhausted for a lifetime  
upon the mound  
of Gaia's secret garden ..

## kirei ni tsukuruwa re te iru

kirei ni tsukuruwa re te iru

When he found her  
she was lost  
and so very broken ..

Yet she  
wanted him to mend  
her badly ..

Indeed, so much she  
begged him  
and that my friend is  
precisely  
what he did, with so  
much care  
and love and such  
attention, plus  
half a dozen lengths  
of finest  
and most precious  
golden thread ..

Then when  
she was whole again  
and more  
beautiful than ever ..

She did lay  
before him naked for  
the first time  
and agreed to take her  
saviours name  
kiseki no souzou mono ..

## Nothing is Free

Nothing is Free

Nothing is free, she said ..  
But expect to pay top dollar  
for absolutely everything else ..

## This is Not a Threat Okay

This is Not a Threat Okay

She was just  
another  
knee jerk reaction  
that's all ..  
Barely an impulse,  
not bad in  
the sack, but one  
hell of a liar  
and such a fucking  
poser too ..  
But I bet though  
not one  
of those photo's  
she posed for  
did her any real  
favours ..  
And as a matter  
of fact we  
may yet still have  
one or two  
tucked safely  
away somewhere ..

## When it Hurts So Good Why Not Just Bring it On

When it Hurts So Good Why Not Just Bring it On

She so needs to be noticed,  
she so wants to be watched ..

She is a little bit anxious  
but not keen, just to be touched ..

She wants to be punished  
and so fucking bad, it hurts perfect ..

## Not Yet Quite Forgot

Not Yet Quite Forgot

the last time I saw her  
she was laying with a stranger  
beneath an ancient quilt  
atop a memory foam mattress  
of many years lieing  
and would not look back at me  
despite mouthing my name ..



## How Many More Planets

How Many More Planets

How many more planets  
does mankind  
have to screw, before we  
learn what not  
to do and eventually begin  
to see the light ..

## When it Gets That Bad it Must be Broken

When it Gets That Bad it Must be Broken

Had it not happened  
when it happened  
and how, when  
and where that it did ..  
Then you would  
not be aware of just  
how bad it can get  
in a matter of seconds ..  
In fact, it can get so bad  
it might just as well be broken ..

## When I Found Myself on eBay

When I Found Myself on eBay

When by chance

I found myself on eBay ..

I realised

I might just have made it ..

But then,

was given up, or thrown away ..

## Sorry

Sorry

When my ghosts  
and your guilt  
get in the way ..  
It seems the only  
word left for me  
to say, is sorry ..  
And truly mean it  
for the both of us ..

## Just a Few Odd Diary Notes

Just a Few Odd Diary Notes

Each of the following brief notes  
was covertly removed from the  
long diary of a very short lived man ..

Seafood and eat it ..  
See her and run like hell ..  
Seasons we must be getting older ..

Now surely, two out of three aint bad ..  
But then, at the end of the day,  
who's counting ..

## Dare to Stray

Dare to Stray

along the way

one shall inevitably encounter

occasional and inevitable diversions ..

sometimes, it makes more sense and is safer to

ignore them and to deviate on one's own terms and time ..

## The Gaggling of Gaza

### The Gaggling of Gaza

Somewhere  
in the distance  
through  
the cross hairs  
and just  
a touch off dead  
centre ..  
He could barely  
make out  
what looked like  
an old  
oily rag waving  
back at him,  
mid all the smoke  
and dust  
from where  
a shell had only  
recently  
burst overhead ..  
Before  
prayers that is,  
and their  
later than usual  
supper ..  
It now appears  
a single shell  
had taken  
out both the old  
school  
and the new kids  
playground ..

There are those  
of course,  
who will always  
insist  
the direct hit in  
question  
was self-defence  
and not  
some kind of  
brutal  
retaliation for  
an earlier event ..  
But then,  
there are those  
of us who  
know full well  
it was part  
of some strategic,  
ongoing  
onslaught and  
determined  
attempt to silence  
and rearrange  
a small  
parcel of land,  
they once  
called Gaza, forever ..



## Once When She Tasted of Apples

Once When She Tasted of Apples

When she parted those lips of hers like that,  
I was reminded of an  
orchard that I raided long ago, back in the days  
of my misspent youth ..  
Then, when her back did arc upwards like that ..  
I was directly reminded  
of a sweetness, such divinely sun kissed fruits  
may impart and how one  
might easily get deliriously drunk, from imbibing  
upon and then savouring  
their delicious and such freshly squeezed juice ..

## Famine

Famine

I imagine her  
heady,  
with the scent  
of Bulgarian  
roses  
and bergamot ..  
But I am  
starving and  
full bellies  
seldom feel  
slack ..  
Still there are  
no calories  
in memories,  
my darling ..  
So none of us  
shall ever get fat ..

## Spillage

### Spillage

Swollen like a river  
flooded ..

Swollen like some  
thirsty  
engorged gourd ..

Swollen  
like some bloated  
stream,  
now far too deep to  
safely ford ..

Swollen like some  
blue vein  
throbbing, nigh on  
fit to burst ..

Swollen like some  
second  
coming, moisten lips  
and then  
quench this thirst ..

## At The End of The Line

At The End of The Line

When you get to the end of the line,  
what do you intend to leave behind ..  
Other than a full stop, or two, that is ..

## Ouroboros

Ouroboros

What is it with us  
and how  
much is it worth ..  
And what  
will it be the love  
or the lust  
that which, first  
gives up the  
proverbial ghost ..  
And for  
what purpose,  
or reason ..  
And pray where  
upon this  
oh' so tainted,  
sainted earth do  
I begin  
and you end,  
my love of loves ..  
I plan to eat  
you regardless ..  
Like Dali planned  
once to  
eat his love Gala  
on toast ..  
But not for some  
obscure  
symbolic reason ..  
I just want  
to be a perfect circle ..

## Altered Images

### Altered Images

I once had a thing  
about mirrors ..  
But lately, they just  
disappoint ..  
On reflection they  
skew and distort me  
then portray me  
in such a very bad light ..

## The Late Great Hieronymus Bosch

The Late Great Hieronymus Bosch

Tis sad, today so little is known  
about the once great  
but incestuous, Hieronymus Bosch ..  
Who waved his brush  
between 1450 and 1516 like no other ..  
And tho' he never took a lover  
left a wife, had two sisters and a brother ..

## The Joy of Silence

### The Joy of Silence

Hello, it's me  
again  
take note ..  
I wonder,  
do you ever  
even  
realise that  
we don't  
talk anymore ..  
Can you  
not see or  
feel and hear  
how  
very much  
we each  
love silence ..  
Or should  
I maybe just  
spell it  
all out for you ..



## A Feeling Found On a Hillside in Rio

A Feeling Found On a Hillside in Rio

When we climbed  
down into  
the great pyramid  
at Giza  
it was really like  
something  
    else now, wasn't it ..  
And then,  
to the very top  
    of Sigiriya, like wow ..  
But there  
can be no doubt we  
all came  
closest to the son of  
    our maker ..  
When we found him  
and felt Christ,  
    on some hillside in Rio ..

## Two Sisters

### Two Sisters

Dear lord,  
our inadvertent  
stumbling  
upon those two  
novice  
sisters, making  
love like  
that, in the long  
grass  
at Lourdes ..  
All those  
many years ago,  
was like  
something else  
wasn't it ..  
And even today,  
when  
I go back there ..  
In my  
head at least ..  
I think  
of them smiling  
and sprawled ..  
Of course,  
I also wonder  
what  
has become  
of them both ..  
And where they  
might be  
today, or what

they are  
doing and with  
whom ..  
After saying  
their prayers that is ..

## Prepping

Prepping

This hole  
I am digging  
for myself  
just happens  
to have  
enough room  
for one more ..  
But when  
word gets out ..  
There shall  
either be  
a mighty roar  
and rush,  
or maybe just  
another war,  
disease,  
and bloody flood ..

## No Comment

No Comment

Sitting there like that  
with knees to chin  
and blond hair strewn  
still damp,  
about her shoulders ..  
Just like some  
feathered well-worn  
shawl and fresh from  
her shower,  
but still shaking ..  
She was such a very  
pretty sight regardless  
of the bruises ..  
Yes those, she tried so  
hard to hide  
neath well-rehearsed  
yet shallow smile  
and borrowed bath robe ..  
The last time she  
wore a matching pair  
of cigarette burns,  
like those, worn today ..  
When asked  
how she acquired them ..  
Yet once again  
replied, no comment ..

## Apathy Rules Okay

### Apathy Rules Okay

I am now  
long enough lived  
not to worry  
the machine breathes  
and my  
very own species  
has stopped  
believing and feeling  
or asking  
the question why ..  
All such  
things are now an  
almighty irrelevance ..  
But I steadfastly  
refuse to bow down  
and succumb  
to such universal  
collective incompetence ..

## Why Not Just Call it a Day

Why Not Just Call it a Day

At the end of a very long day  
if you still think, you are calling the shots  
let's do each other a favour and call it a day, full stop ..

## All the Wrong Buttons

### All the Wrong Buttons

I don't  
have a clue  
what  
the hell you  
have  
done to your  
eyes ..  
and have no  
idea  
what we can  
do to  
try and save  
all the  
blue in them  
either ..  
okay so maybe  
I'm making  
too much of it ..  
but if I was  
to ease off just  
a little bit ..  
and it goes  
pear-shaped  
or belly up ..  
what on  
earth would  
you then  
have me do ..  
so maybe,  
on reflection ..  
it is time



now, to give  
up and just  
let you go blind ..

## A Million Miles Apart

A Million Miles Apart

Although we shared the same night  
we might just as well  
have been one million miles apart ..

## Upon Finding a Smile

Upon Finding a Smile

Although

it might well look lost ..

My face,

found a smile on my

way here today ..

So thanks for inviting me ..

## Amasser of All Dark Things

Amasser of All Dark Things

I am a collector of moments ..  
Things that inspire  
and those things that one craves ..  
Including  
all of those things that cry out  
to be kept,  
to be savoured and thus saved ..  
Yes, I am a collector  
of all dark things, deeply and oh'  
so sublimely, depraved ..  
So be sure  
I shall find thee, where ere thou  
might scurry or indeed try to hide ..

## Almost Famous Last Words

Almost Famous Last Words

Although this heart be stilled  
the world still spins  
albeit slow and now much darker ..

## Glare

Glare

Because  
it now hurts  
so much  
to see ..  
He no longer  
fears  
going blind ..  
But  
nevertheless,  
he still  
remembers  
to this  
very day  
the moment  
his  
whisky sour  
turned  
bitter sweet,  
under  
the glare  
of her  
baby blue eyes ..

## Oh? But For One Moment More Deeply

Oh' But For One Moment More Deeply

He cannot, not smile as he opens her wide  
and as she groans  
like a tree, feeling the weight of new fruit ..

While the swollen river  
beneath them, flows pulsing and pressing,  
compelling, constraining  
like silk and like satin, shaping and sliding ..

They then move as one,  
both to-ing and fro-ing, each knowing how,  
where and when, to take and to give ..

Then to bend and to tighten their grip and  
release before probing ..  
To ache, so sublimely to shudder and slip ..

And as he squeezes the fruit  
at the tip of each peak, then bites, but so gently  
each one so sweet .. Then come the thrusts ..

Like a stallion between  
the depths of her folds, her petals, those lips,  
he comes crashing like thunder ..

And she, like a waterfall loses all self-control  
yet in that moment, both knew  
there could be no stopping, or indeed, turning back ..

So he held her more tightly  
to take him more fully, twas then they did crash, tho'

never more complete, nor more wholly ..



## Three Summers

### Three Summers

It was never meant  
to be like this ..

It was meant to be  
perfect forever ..

And indeed it was,  
for three

whole summers ..

Then out of the blue,  
she went and she broke it ..

575

575

I know I still am  
because it hurts me so much  
I just dare not look

## The Look on His Face That Said Everything

### The Look on His Face That Said Everything

It seems to me, he knew better  
than to tell me  
he felt down, or depressed,  
    or more like death, perhaps ..  
So instead,  
he compromised and said,  
he felt sad, knowing I guess  
that I would relate  
to such a non-clinical stance  
as that and since  
sad required no intervention  
except for the  
passing of time and maybe  
    the birth of a smile or two ..  
Today though,  
for some reason, I feel as sad  
as when my father  
told me he felt sad, just before  
    saying his final goodbyes ..  
I could tell he was  
sad and not anxious or fearful,  
by the look he  
had in those tired hazel eyes ..  
When he told me  
that he loved me dearly  
and tried so damn  
    hard to forge that last smile ..

## For All Those Once Beautiful

For All Those Once Beautiful

For those of us  
once beautiful ..  
Remember this,  
we were  
only beautiful  
for a moment  
at the very most ..  
And whilst  
I know I'm not  
as pretty as  
I once used to be ..  
Let's drink  
a toast to beauty  
lost along the way ..

## My Very Dearest Sigmund

My Very Dearest Sigmund

Dear Ziggy,  
though  
never a real fan  
and much  
less a disciple ..  
I now  
feel obliged  
to confess ..  
And to get off  
my chest  
once and for  
all that is ..  
My quest for  
some kind  
of catharsis ..  
You see,  
I always much  
preferred  
Hannah who  
managed  
to massage my  
ego and id  
so very often  
and so  
delightfully ..  
Over the bows  
of her old  
Viennese piano ..

## Fleeced

### Fleeced

There is a black sheep  
in the green field  
behind where I'm sitting ..  
Yet in certain light,  
it looks almost golden ..  
But then, upon  
closer inspection ..  
When the creases unfold,  
I notice my own sad reflection ..

## Arc

Arc

the gentlest arc ..

the most subtle of curves ..

that portion of air displaced by her smile ..

## Where Truth Lies

Where Truth Lies

If the truth is not allowed to out,  
it shall eat you from inside ..  
But I wouldn't worry all that much  
there's not an awful lot of it to hide ..



## Entres

### Entres

Look,  
can you see how  
the sky  
appears slow  
and so  
deliberate ..  
Like someone  
as yet  
undecided  
which way to go ..  
Yet still,  
with so many  
monsters  
just beginning  
to emerge  
around midnight  
Is it really  
any wonder  
we are  
all so very  
hungry by midday ..

## Recall

Recall

Looking back then  
now ..  
Upon what might  
well  
once have been ..  
Is not so  
much a pleasant  
lifestyle  
choice these days ..  
But rather  
more, I am afraid  
to say, an  
increasing necessity ..

## On Waking Up in Rio

On Waking Up in Rio

When we eventually  
woke up in Rio,  
my hands felt too big  
and my feet  
looked so very small ..  
Until I lifted  
my head and I realised ..  
We had somehow fallen  
asleep on the way, top to toe ..

## From a Collection of First Times Remembered

From a Collection of First Times Remembered

At twenty three hundred hours precisely  
on the fifth day of December  
two thousand and twenty three ..

We crossed the equator together  
for the very first time ..  
And I had my first whisky sour ..

While she sipped her iced Cosmopolitan  
from a martini glass somewhere  
mid Atlantic and on deck number thirteen ..

## The Difference in Our Similarities

### The Difference in Our Similarities

aliens, sasquatch,  
fairies,  
ghouls, ghosts  
and me  
all have at least  
two things  
in common ..  
among which are  
an intense,  
shared  
fear and mutual  
contempt for  
almost everything  
human ..  
except for poetry ..  
we all have  
a thing about poetry ..

## Silly Me

Silly Me

Silly me,  
but long ago now ..  
I once  
threw each letter  
of your name  
and yes,  
in the right order ..  
Into an  
old wishing well  
and called  
upon the gods to  
grant me just one ..  
Then I burnt  
three small green  
candles ..  
Each with your  
name carved upon ..  
And swore  
upon the graves  
of those  
I once loved  
I would find you  
again,  
or would die  
in the searching ..  
Silly me,  
at the time I was  
quite unaware  
that you  
had banished me  
and that

wishing wells

worked for kids only ..

## Yesterday I Met a Monster

Yesterday I Met a Monster

Yesterday, I met a monster  
disguised as a man ..

He arrived in my clinic on  
a British racing green  
mobility scooter and was  
bang on time too ..

Now I wouldn't suggest he  
was dressed

to impress, but rather to  
shock and to  
make sure he got noticed ..

However, he would  
surely stand out in a crowd,  
any crowd that is ..

Yesterday, I met a monster  
dressed as a man ..

His clothes smelled of 1970's  
cologne and had  
a well-worn sheen to them ..

He made me feel  
dirty just by his, being there ..

He wore his  
hair tied back beneath an old  
bowler hat

and his beard was braided ..

By the way,  
he never took that hat off  
once and wore

far too many lapel badges  
for my liking ..

Yesterday, I met a monster



who spoke like  
a very well educated man ..  
And who wore  
his mighty collection of age  
inappropriate  
lapel badges, much like an  
old soldier might  
wear his campaign medals ..  
He was clearly  
also proud of the electronic  
tagging device  
strapped to his right ankle,  
since he pursed  
his lips and smiled when  
I referred to it ..  
Yesterday, I met a monster  
who raped an  
eight year old child then  
assaulted two  
others, all while they were  
on holiday  
in a tent by the sea with  
their parents  
apparently close by to them ..  
The monster  
in question, had only been  
released on  
supervised licence, a month  
previously ..  
Having served in excess of  
twenty five years  
of his life to date, behind bars ..  
The monster  
subsequently insisted he was  
entirely innocent  
of all charges, that he had no

recollection of it  
and therefore, it must have  
been someone else ..  
The monster changed his story  
several times  
throughout that interview ..  
He began to insist  
it was the voices had told him ..  
Then when that  
failed to tease out a diagnosis ..  
He began to cry  
and claimed he was the victim ..  
That all three,  
of them, two girls and a boy  
had egged him on ..  
He was so good a liar, he was  
almost convincing ..  
But by the end of next month,  
I am sure he  
will go down again for a very  
long time indeed ..  
Yes, yesterday I met a monster ..  
I just wish I had  
then enough guts to have killed it ..

## Advice on Avoiding Pedestals

### Advice on Avoiding Pedestals

Be sure to avoid all bandwagons  
and pedestals my dear,  
    at all costs and your own peril ..  
Don't worry though,  
    despite my burning up like this ..  
Should I die tonight,  
you can bet on all of my bones,  
    I won't go quietly ..  
But screaming and kicking with  
    all of my might ..  
    I refuse to be that kind of victim ..  
I mean a quiet one,  
and to become less than nothing  
but a small collection  
    of buried old bones, or white ash,  
stuck in a bowl  
and displayed, beneath a marital  
bed or indeed upon  
a mantelshelf somewhere quietly  
gathering familial dust  
with no hope of resuming any of  
my former unfulfilled  
hopes and quietly unacquired glories ..  
So just to be sure then,  
avoid bandwagons and all of those  
associated pedestals  
    en route and at all costs, since they  
serve no true useful  
    purpose on this sad old earth of ours ..

## No Certain Doubt

No Certain Doubt

Every now and then she  
wonders ..

Did he really save her voice  
on some  
newfangled digital device ..

Or did he  
somehow merely trap it in  
a pretty shell ..

Now that, would surely be  
more romantic ..

Yet still the uncertainty of it  
stalks her  
and sometimes, in the dead  
of night she  
reaches out and calls a friend ..

Then seemingly,  
history repeats itself again ..

## Before it All Began to Go Wrong

Before it All Began to Go Wrong

If I could go back in time,  
or even dare ..  
I would go back to those  
pre Helen days ..  
Those filled with laughter,  
three square meals  
and all made by my mother ..  
To tie dye tee shirt days,  
with patched jeans,  
patchouli oil  
and of course, long hair ..  
To when my father  
could make, or do anything ..  
To those days  
when me and my brother  
were both strong  
and our little sister had curls ..  
When Kitch was a pup  
and the Abbey  
called to us both most days,  
after school ..  
And we used to carry bows  
in the woods  
for no reason at all,  
but we did, because it made  
us feel big ..  
Just like choking on roll ups  
and pinching mams  
packs of ten cork tipped fags ..  
And I wonder,  
if we could go back in time,

whether you might  
choose to come back with me ..

## Some Words Speak for Themselves

### Some Words Speak for Themselves

Some words just speak for  
themselves ..

They need no advocate,  
or poet to recite them ..

#### HOPE

is surely, but one of them ..  
And should be  
bottled, clearly labelled,  
kept safely,  
then savoured and saved ..

#### LOVE

is another such word surely  
worth dying for ..  
Believe me, wars are still  
fought over it  
and tears frequently shed ..

#### PEACE

shall serve here, as my final  
example,  
the stuff dreams are made of  
and a contradiction  
in terms, since man fights so  
many wars  
in its name, just to achieve it ..  
Yet today, it remains  
distant and so far out of reach ..

## A Big Wish Wrapped in A Little Prayer

A Big Wish Wrapped in A Little Prayer

May you never want or need for more ..  
But far less, by far than  
you my love, shall ever weep or bleed ..

Amen



## It Took Three Coats

It Took Three Coats

It took three coats to keep us warm  
that winter ..

I remember each one of them well ..

In particular,

I liked the navy blue, quilted, Chinese  
peasant jacket

you always wore, because you looked  
so good in it

and cool, as indeed, you always were ..

I also liked, the off-white

Afghan my mother bought from some  
old market stall

and the hooded, woolen Moroccan thing  
that seemed to crawl

without strings, or wind, or any help at all ..

I still wore it though,

because you bought it, with real young love  
you'd saved for me, back then

..

## Uncommon Good Scents

### Uncommon Good Scents

although I can  
    no longer smell it on you,  
I know it must  
still be there, because it  
    always lingers so ..  
like early morning spring  
    mist, lingers ..  
suspended like the scent  
of so many  
wild flowers, in the quiet  
stillness of  
    fresh still, moistened air ..  
and though I can  
    no longer taste you either ..  
I know you  
    must be somewhere near ..  
because I sense  
    your presence everywhere ..  
the way I did,  
    when you were always here ..

## Lemon Lined Streets

### Lemon Lined Streets

I just thought you might  
    like to know,  
I still find riding through  
all these  
    narrow cobbled streets,  
each one lined  
both sides, with lemon  
trees and at speed  
on a borrowed red bicycle  
as exhilarating  
today as ever I did, when  
we were both  
    still naïve and young lovers ..

## At Seventeen or Thereabouts

At Seventeen or Thereabouts

The second time, or thereabouts  
we met ..

I was mightily impressed with  
the way  
that she looked, the way that she  
moved

and by her amazing dexterity ..

Since she  
could very easily roll a decent five  
skin joint,  
with just one hand, on the outside  
dust jacket

of my Dark side of the Moon LP ..

And all while  
strumming and humming in tune  
to Janis Ian's

little masterpiece, *At Seventeen* ..

## She Loved Him Because ..

She Loved Him Because ..

She loved him because  
he wrote  
and he spoke of such  
    little things ..  
Those, that might have  
otherwise  
been missed or gone  
under the radar,  
    or entirely unheard of ..  
She loved him,  
because he would fight  
for the underdog,  
the misunderstood,  
the unloved  
    and likewise, deprived ..  
She loved him  
because, he listened  
to the words of  
young children and was  
never afraid  
to admit on occasion he  
spoke to trees,  
to flowers and the birds  
    in his garden ..  
She loved him because,  
he stayed  
by her side, when it all  
    went wrong ..  
Yet still, he reminded her  
daily, time and again  
    that he still loved her both

madly and greatly

and she, loved him too

of course ..

After all, he was her rock

and her mountain

and she could not resist nor

deny her pride

or great affections for him ..

And neither

would have it any other way ..

## My Collection of War Zones and Other Disasters

### My Collection of War Zones and Other Disasters

I am no stranger to war zones  
or natural disasters ..  
I once drove an old green VW  
through the streets  
of Beirut, across Syria and on  
to the Lebanon  
for a laugh and sheer hell of it ..  
All safely wrapped,  
in a camouflaged aid package  
I hasten to add ..  
I also hit, New Orleans only  
a matter of days  
after Katrina had hit harder ..  
And I saw with  
my good eye, through smoke,  
the temple  
of the tooth, still blazing away  
not long after  
the Tamil Tigers left it in ruins,  
to rot and decay ..  
And yet, while I remain loathe  
to reference the  
aftermath, of that last Bentota  
tsunami, because  
a whole bunch of dear friends  
drowned in it ..  
I hereby confess, the Ukraine  
and the earthquake  
in Haiti, were no picnic either ..  
And whereas  
I am far from ashamed of them,

or my time in Africa ..  
When possible, I avoid sharing  
the fact I still allow,  
a wife to book all the gigs for me ..



## Wild Garlic

Wild Garlic

I love  
wild garlic time  
of year ..  
I love the taste  
and smell of it ..  
I love  
The sound  
of the stream  
that feeds  
and nurtures it ..  
I love  
wild garlic  
as a garnish,  
in salads  
and in stews ..  
Or whisked into  
a green  
and creamy two  
goose egg omelette ..

## Time to Call Time

### Time to Call Time

At the very same time  
the words  
for a poem I may now  
never write  
came to me last night ..  
I thought  
I felt the coolness of  
your palm  
rest light, across the lid  
of both  
my tightly closed eyes ..  
And in that  
very same moment,  
the light  
shined through them ..  
It was then  
I realised I was blinded  
and the room  
filled up with patchouli  
yet again ..  
So I decided to discard  
my prescription  
Ray-Bans, and call time ..

## The Cruellest of All Bed Partners

### The Cruellest of All Bed Partners

Just look at me, why don't you  
I am not broken,  
okay, maybe bruised a touch  
and disillusioned ..  
So why does it still hurt so much ..

Just look at me, why don't you  
I am not a token,  
but maybe, an accessory perhaps  
and though not broken, should you  
dare to look, you just may see the cracks ..

Just look around, why don't you  
I am not joking ..  
Reality is a cruel, conniving thief ..  
Once I thought you perfect  
but truth and time, stole that belief ..

Just look and see, why don't you,  
forget the games  
and delusions the dream is lost  
and all but shattered,  
reality and time are such cruel bed partners ..

## Forsaken

Forsaken

I swear they once moved like  
cats

and each was then golden ..

But

only one of them purred ..

Oh' my

very dearest and precious

of loves ..

Where are you now and why ..

I need you

far more than my chest needs

to rise

and to fall again with each

breath

and the thrust of a new season

without you

..

## Thirteen Times the Cuckoo Called

Thirteen Times the Cuckoo Called

thirteen times the cuckoo called  
the first time heard since I got old ..

maybe twas a warning ..

thirteen times that cuckoo called  
at just gone twelve, this Sunday morning ..

## Smiling Depressives

### Smiling Depressives

The smile they all wear weary  
hangs heavy,  
like an old man's thin smile ..  
And with each  
side of their jowls curled up  
at both edges,  
in truth, the heart still worn  
loose on their sleeve  
slowly shrivels and then most  
surely it dies ..

## Retribution

### Retribution

listen, the reason I am still here  
and not elsewhere ..  
is because, I don't want you to  
think you have won ..  
I'm just biding my time waiting  
for the right moment  
to arrive before I share you with  
friends, in glorious colour,  
stereo and cool black and white ..

## Hush Now Little Wren

Hush Now Little Wren

Shhh the owls are sleeping

darling ..

It's near daylight and time

for all

Gods good little creatures

to creep,

fly, hop, run, swim or crawl

back to

their home, nest or burrow ..

While good

little boys and girls need to

eat their

breakfasts and make their

way to school ..



## What Makes Us Broken

What Makes Us Broken

We are only broken my love when

they look at us hard ..

The rest of the time, we are whole ..

But then nevertheless,

it still pays to be careful, quiet and

above all composed

and free from all forms of restraint

don't you think ..

Remember my love, we are broken

only when they all

look at us hard, so pray listen harder ..

Since the following sigh

and the gasp, are for your ears only ..

## Le Plagiaire

### Le Plagiaire

He being such a gentle soul and a lover  
of fine words ..  
Once took it upon himself one early  
summers morn ..  
To steal a string of hers, then weaved  
from them,  
such very pretty sounding love poems ..

## My Very Dearest of Coincidences

My Very Dearest of Coincidences

can you by any chance explain  
to me why,  
there is such a newness, to each  
of our days ..  
and also, why no two, ever feel  
or taste the same ..  
might it by some chance be love  
my love, or indeed,  
simply a series of perfect, exquisite  
and subtle, coincidences ..

## The Spilling of Orion's Last Great Secret

### The Spilling of Orion's Last Great Secret

Look beyond the lark,  
toward  
those dark foreboding  
angry skies ..  
There, upon the brow  
where crazy,  
ancient undulations  
hide from view  
a flimsy silvered scarf ..  
More amorphous  
than mercury ever was ..  
Yet know this,  
her majesty resides  
there still,  
reclined across the nape  
and back of  
our lord, Orion's nebula ..

## Don?t You Dare Die, Just Yet ..

Don't You Dare Die, Just Yet ..

Don't you dare die,  
at least not  
just yet, she pleaded  
and begged ..  
I need you to suffer  
so bad and so  
long at my personal  
expense  
and of course at my  
pleasure ..  
She shamelessly said ..  
But firstly,  
I want you to sweat  
and to bleed ..  
Before I hear you cry  
out my name and repent ..

## On Contemplating the Sound of A Lone Tree Falling

### On Contemplating the Sound of A Lone Tree Falling

there is something almost zen like, about a foot being stamped quietly  
don't you think,  
it reminds me so much, of a tree, falling in a forest, with no one to hear  
    whether it cries, whispers or roars, on that last fateful journey ..  
still, there are those, who assume it would surely, release one last gasp,  
or a sigh .. and although I can  
    dream, in truth, such sounds would be for you and heard, by your ears only ..

## Good Reasons for Spilling the Beans

### Good Reasons for Spilling the Beans

Did you really think I could not see you  
watching me like that ..  
Did you ever even stop to think I might  
not care at all ..  
I am what I am and I'm sorry I can't be  
who or what  
you want me to be, but listen, I am not  
a plaything or  
a fool, I can now see, exactly where you  
are coming from ..  
Even when you were gone it seems you  
were never  
entirely alone, since you took most of  
my good friends  
along for a ride with you, big mistake babe  
you just gave me  
good enough reason, to spill all the beans ..

## Hold the Sugar

Hold the Sugar

He left it there, on the table  
where they  
once used to make love on  
a fairly regular  
basis too, he just happened  
to add, while  
wrapping a tear in a clean  
    handkerchief ..  
He often wondered these  
days after so  
many years, whether she  
still retained  
such perfect recollections  
as he did, or if  
she worried about anything  
at all, except  
maybe where he left her  
mid-morning  
    coffee and rich tea biscuit ..  
But what really  
brought a tear to his eyes  
on that day of  
all days, was that he knew  
she could not  
recall whether he still took  
his strong, black  
    and with no sweetener at all ..



## Back When Jessie Had a Real Thing About Handbags

Back When Jessie Had a Real Thing About Handbags

Jessie  
used to use between  
eight  
and ten bags almost  
every day  
for two whole years ..  
Which  
averaged out around  
seven hundred  
English sobs per week  
back then ..  
And that, was just  
to keep  
the bone-ache at bay ..  
Jessie very  
rarely gouched out ..  
In fact, I don't  
think I saw her once,  
in those  
last eighteen months,  
or thereabout ..  
Jessie used to make  
a killing  
lifting handbags  
from off  
the floor and between  
the feet  
of so many women  
pissing,  
or doing what they  
had to do

in the cubicle, next to  
where  
she would sit waiting  
to grab  
another one, then  
scarper  
and loose herself  
in the bustling streets  
outside  
Charring Cross railway  
station  
and ladies lavatories ..  
Now and then,  
Jessie got clean when  
required  
to spend time in one  
of her majesty's  
finest of prison cells ..  
Oh' and just  
for the record, she was  
classically  
trained and one hell  
of a looker ..  
But she never fucked  
to make cash ..  
She said she loved me  
way too much  
to do anything like that ..  
And anyway,  
she had a decent job  
grabbing  
ladies handbags to fall  
back on ..  
Then one Friday night  
in nineteen  
eighty something ..

Jessie and me  
had an argument ..  
Right after  
her giro was cashed  
and a cheque bounced ..  
And although  
I forget, what it was all  
about now,  
I do remember Jessie  
being found tho ..  
With a pin in her arm  
on a swing,  
in some bloody kids  
playground ..  
Close by the canal  
we would  
occasionally walk along ..  
Jessie never  
did say goodbye to me  
and I'm not  
even sure, if I told her  
I loved her  
before she went over  
and I got clean  
without too much of a  
rattle ..  
But I hope I did  
and still think of her often ..

## A World That Was

### A World That Was

There was a time once, when it all  
seemed to fit ..

When the machine did what  
it was told  
and there was none of this shit ..

Long before  
we were programmed and told  
what to do ..

When we all had a conscience  
and purpose  
when our sky and the seas, were  
still blue ..

Yes, there was a time once, when  
everything clicked  
long before AI or prefabricated truth  
and all of this  
mind numbing, fake news bullshit ..

Yes, there once  
was a time, when our seas were  
the home to  
dolphins, whales and a whole  
heap of fish ..

Not just chemicals, discarded  
diapers, plastics  
assorted waste and other such shit ..

There was a time  
once when you could walk into  
a bar without  
fretting, neck one or two and walk  
out again without  
any fear of getting stabbed, shot

spiked or being  
subjected, to all kinds of other shit ..

## When it All Boils Down to Bad Men and Fools

When it All Boils Down to Bad Men and Fools

Run, darling run  
when you  
can no longer fly ..  
There are  
bodies that burn  
and there is  
death in the sky ..  
Run, darling run  
when you  
can no longer hide ..  
All the bad  
men are coming  
and so too  
are the fools ..  
Run, darling run  
when you  
can no longer cry ..  
When all  
the oceans are  
boiling but  
your tears have  
run dry ..  
Run, darling run  
since we  
are no longer free ..  
Trust nothing  
and no one my son ..  
While there  
may still be sheep  
in our once  
green meadows ..

Remember  
each one of their  
shadows,  
belongs to the wolves ..

## Watching Swifts

### Watching Swifts

Do you ever think  
it possible,  
or even likely that,  
there  
might be anything  
more  
enjoyable, in this  
world of ours, than  
the two of us ..  
Just watching swifts,  
as they duck  
and dive and scythe  
the sky  
with their wings  
and cut it into  
bite size fragments  
for us ..  
While we lay here,  
on our backs  
with just fingertips  
touching ..  
Here, in this warm  
beer scented,  
pub garden, while  
sharing  
the last torn slice of  
a king sized  
Margarita pizza ..  
Tho' yet  
still, with the promise  
of later, for us



both to look forward to ..

## A Man With a Bucket and No Hat

A Man With a Bucket and No Hat

a man with a bucket  
and no hat,  
alone in the desert ..  
is either  
one of three things ..  
maybe just  
very unlucky, or lost ..  
or quite  
possibly a bit of a twat ..

## Portrait of A Wild Garden

### Portrait of A Wild Garden

I wasted so much of spring  
thinking about  
starting work on the garden,  
before I knew it ..  
Between the bees, the birds  
and the summer ..  
They had all, beaten me to it ..

## The Ache and The Pull of It

The Ache and The Pull of It

To be honest and fair,  
I imagine,  
I probably feel much  
the same way  
as any other old fella  
might feel,  
under the impossible  
circumstances,  
of your most recent  
ultimatum ..  
Okay, in a single word,  
I feel SCARED ..  
But for you my love ..  
I shall always  
deny the lure, the ache  
and the pull of it ..  
Whilst also, avoiding  
and at all costs,  
the acute and likewise  
compelling  
cravings and of course  
the draw of  
me trying to fill another  
blank page,  
with her name written on it ..

## Perfect By Chance

Perfect By Chance

Until there was a we, there were far too  
many coincidences,  
for us to have become perfect by chance ..

## Unstruck

Unstruck  
hark,  
listen to the silence  
that sits  
between two notes  
calling  
    an unbrushed string ..  
within  
    itself, a masterpiece ..  
indeed,  
    a sublime symphony ..  
unstruck  
yet held somewhere  
deep  
    within an inner ear ..  
savoured  
and shared between  
the  
mechanisms of touch,  
feeling  
    and understanding ..  
not  
heard as such but duly  
    noted,  
regardless of whether  
picked,  
    plucked or strummed ..  
harken  
hard and practice long  
listen to  
the heartbeat hid deep  
within  
this most sacred of long

lost

unstruck and holy chords ..

## A Day Out in The Country

### A Day Out in The Country

The uniformity of the green field  
from my window ..  
Though still predominantly green,  
was interrupted  
here and there, by random smears  
of the deepest  
crimson imaginable and which in  
turn, reminded  
me of an old Goethe masterpiece,  
or Passchendaele ..  
Tho' on closer inspection, through  
my inherited pair  
of old, world war one, field glasses ..  
I could just make  
out the remains of at least a dozen  
stillborn lambs ..  
Each rendered lifeless, by a single  
over-excited dog,  
a mixed flock of corvids and three  
opportunistic gulls ..  
I also noticed, that the previously  
well displayed sign,  
requesting all dogs, be kept on their  
leads during  
lambing season, had been destroyed  
and was evidently  
ignored by hordes of tourists from  
the big city who  
were seemingly just out for a day's jolly ..



## The True Nature of Loss

### The True Nature of Loss

As she entered the room,  
I suddenly  
remembered the scent  
and the taste  
and the feel of orchards  
and harbours  
and sixteen other sacred  
places that  
    I visited during my youth ..  
And although  
I never quite forgot them  
I no longer  
think of them each day or  
mourn their  
existential passing, such is  
    the nature of loss ..

## That Gift of A Feeling

That Gift of A Feeling

The gift you gave me was more than  
a feeling, wasn't it ..

It felt so amazing, almost impossible  
to better or beat ..

It felt like something, other worldly ..

Then afterwards,  
how lovely were the thoughts that  
sprang to mind when  
you caught your breath and dared  
to touch me, all over again ..

## Impressions of A Senryu

Impressions of A Senryu

either I am now  
invisible, or indeed,  
they have all gone blind ..

## That Time of Year Again

That Time of Year Again

Around this time of year

every year that is ..

We see them in pairs,

in trees and in hedgerows ..

We see them

in meadows, in forests

on marshland and fields ..

We see them

dancing and making love,

on the wing ..

Then toying with thermals

like arial voyeurs,

and watching from some

proverbial wire ..

Yes, always in pairs though ..

## So Very Lightly Hued

So Very Lightly Hued

look there in the grate where all our ashes lay strewn ..  
like physalis leaves dried, the same colour as straw  
yet much paler by far than the true glow of our moon ..

## Too Long In the Tooth

### Too Long In the Tooth

Looking back,  
at what the future  
might hold  
for us both, I note  
there was  
something wrong  
after all,  
wasn't there ..  
I could feel it in  
the tone of your  
broken voice ..  
So pray, tell how  
are you here now ..  
Since I was told  
you died long ago ..  
Some time  
after we parted,  
but before  
we had said all our  
final goodbyes ..  
And although we  
each have the same  
journey to take ..  
Then let this be my  
solemn  
and eternal truth ..  
While I am  
so very desperate  
for a closure babe ..  
I am now,  
too long in the tooth ..



## Oh? to Be Vaporized

Oh' to Be Vaporized

love,  
like a vapour both  
transient  
and passing tends  
not to leave  
an imprint or scar  
to mark  
where, but for one  
moment,  
that it once did rest ..  
nor indeed,  
give any indication  
where,  
or in which vague  
direction  
tis now, so casually  
drifting ..  
and thus, my dear  
friend,  
there is also no way  
of knowing,  
or even of guessing ..  
just how  
sincerely invested it  
may once  
have been, long ago ..  
indeed,  
love like a vapour ..  
can be bitter  
and twisted, sweet  
tasting, or perfumed ..





## It is What it Is

It is What it Is

listen,

I don't mess with words

just eat me ..

my cunt is a metaphor ..

so why

call it poetry, she said ..

and when

done, you can discard me ..

take me,

or leave it, there are still

a few fish

left in this proverbial sea ..

where else

might we drown, come on

dip a toe ..

I double dare ya and then

I will surely,

go down on you too, okay ..

## Different Measures

### Different Measures

I swear it must have been  
while laying  
there in the dark like that,  
just listening to her breathing ..  
Maybe an inch  
or so out of reach perhaps ..  
Yet by no means more  
than a single outstretched  
arm away ..  
When it dawned on me that  
time and distance  
were both quite distinctly  
different measures  
and I realised before then ..  
Everything else  
had been nothing but a sham ..  
and I would likely be  
content to lay there waiting  
for cancer ..  
Or indeed, another magnificent  
heart attack before  
finally being prised away from her ..

## Eleven and A Half Minutes

Eleven and A Half Minutes

Memories are what remain  
of times passed  
and since this is irrefutable  
I shall bequeath  
to you my friend, a few of  
    my very own ..  
Indeed I have such a need  
to fill the silent years  
    with sorries and with prayers ..  
Each one for you  
    I owe you that much at least ..  
And while there  
is no need for accolades or  
    compliments ..  
When no other words will do  
I want you to  
    know I still love you like crazy ..

## Holocaust

Holocaust

Don't even ask,  
its acceptance we seek,  
not forgiveness ..  
We have done nothing  
wrong at all ..  
Except dare to breathe ..

## Excess Baggage

### Excess Baggage

She says  
that she knows  
what  
she wants but  
she  
doesn't know,  
does she,  
not yet anyway ..  
She say's  
she can and she  
shall but  
then, she never  
does,  
does she ..  
She swears she  
will spit  
it all out quite  
soon perhaps ..  
Well  
maybe she will  
one day ..  
Or at least she  
wants  
to eventually,  
perhaps ..  
But for now it's  
way too  
heavy and raw  
and too  
fucking thick to  
spit out

in one sitting ..  
After all  
said and done,  
she just  
doesn't know ..  
Who,  
where or what  
she might  
well become  
without it in  
tow ..  
And all safely  
stowed  
away in the hold ..

## The Breaking In of A New Summers Day

### The Breaking In of A New Summers Day

While early morning mist  
    still hovers,  
like some hungry spectral  
harrier might  
still hover, just above our  
once green fields ..  
Elsewhere, a village lost  
prepares itself,  
to come alive again though  
so very slow ..  
Yet long before the arrival  
of fresh light  
    and another, brand new day  
    just beginning ..  
Still painfully slow, to such  
a fanfare of  
old cocks, each groaning ..  
Only bakers,  
freaks and those waiting to  
be hanged,  
God fearing fishermen and  
unfaithful  
lovers, dare venture from  
the shadows  
    night insists on affording us ..  
Again, into these  
rough-hewn cobbled streets  
we each still  
call home and all the makings  
of yet another  
brand-new, summer's day ..





## Sucker Punched

### Sucker Punched

After the dream,  
reality hit ..  
Delivering with it  
one hell  
of a sucker punch  
and simultaneous  
knee to the groin ..  
It felt like  
some kind of  
unanaesthetised,  
outer body thing ..  
A near death  
experience perhaps ..  
But then,  
whatever it was ..  
I swear, I shall never  
try to touch  
her there, ever again ..

## Memories, Numbers and A Whole Heap of Love

### Memories, Numbers and A Whole Heap of Love

Twelve years without you  
feels more like a lifetime ..  
You would  
have been ninety two on  
the eighth of June this year ..  
And I hurt as much today  
as I ever did  
back then, when you left us  
on that most  
dreadful, twenty first day  
of the very same month  
two thousand and twelve ..  
Now we have  
nothing, but numbers  
to remember you by and our  
own cherished memories,  
plus maybe, a handful or two  
of mostly  
black and white photographs ..  
A hole in each  
of our broken hearts  
and a whole heap of love still ..

## Just Like Those Stains in The Sky

Just Like Those Stains in The Sky

I said look

at that stain in the sky ..

Pray what

does it remind you of ..

She said,

it looks like a bird dying

in some kind

of post orgasmic flight ..

You mean like

the stains on our sheets,

I asked ..

No, much more like some

fucking old,

Rorschach poemed parasite ..

And then,

we both laughed and tuned

our attentions

to those cracks in the ceiling,

yet again ..

## So Very Well Ink-Lined

### So Very Well Ink-Lined

It is now, three  
thirty-five  
in the morning  
and I've  
been reading  
you for  
hour on hour ..  
Indeed,  
how quick I got  
so very  
dreadfully lost ..  
Although,  
must now say,  
I have since  
absolved myself  
of all truth ..  
And shall now,  
go and willingly  
drown  
in the depths,  
of your  
inspirational ink ..

## Sonnet

### Sonnet

There were of course  
those,  
who would label her  
feral ..  
But he loved all of her  
wild  
and wickedly winsome  
ways ..  
Therefore, he chose to  
call her  
Sonnet because of his  
love  
for poetry and beauty ..  
And  
the freedom, that she  
did so  
enthusiastically display ..

## Chromatozed

Chromatozed

Just lying there  
silvered  
like some solitary  
chrysalis  
beneath a quilt  
fit to burst  
with a secret soon  
to be shared ..  
Quietly counting  
the moments  
until being re- born ..

## Wilden Free

Wilden Free

I don't like seeing  
animals  
    in cages or in zoos ..  
I don't like  
plants in troughs,  
    or in pots ..  
They all belong in  
jungles,  
    or deserts surely ..  
Or maybe  
some other wilden  
natural  
habitat, free to roam  
and bloom  
    somewhere like us ..  
On our way to  
    getting hopelessly lost ..



## Curtains Calling

### Curtains Calling

I can almost see the ocean  
from her bedroom window  
the wind is blowing a gale  
and the curtains are dancing ..

I am here only because  
of my love for beauty  
and my eyes are drawn again  
to those dancing curtains ..

This morning, they appear  
even more beautiful  
than the lady busy showering  
after last night's exertions ..

I have another ladies number  
I keep for emergencies  
she is more a friend these days  
and does not believe in curtains ..

## The Breaking In of a Boy

### The Breaking In of a Boy

I just knew I was going to be  
late that night ..  
the scenic route called me  
to the foot of  
her bed, where written in  
red candle wax  
on a dressing room table  
and caught  
in the reflection of an old  
broken mirror ..  
were instructions detailing  
precisely where  
I might lay my weary head ..  
these were met  
with a series of serious,  
if not truly,  
magnificent blushes, plus  
huge beads of  
sweat, the size of wrens eggs ..  
and I was right  
I didn't get home that night ..

## For All Those Wearing Pink

For All Those Wearing Pink

The woman in pink,  
and only  
a few paces behind  
those in front  
of her is running on  
behalf, of her  
own breast cancer ..  
Indeed,  
many, if not most  
of them  
and those similarly  
attired  
are running today  
for the same  
good cause and for  
an end to it ..  
Cheer them on by  
all means,  
but do give generously ..

## Temporary Blemishes

### Temporary Blemishes

Oh' my word, how I loved the feel  
of that smooth,  
yet still, undulating ridge between  
my fingertips and thumb ..  
And how indeed, I used to love  
the tastes of salt  
and cotton, on my very hungry,  
swollen tongue ..  
And even now, I can distinctly  
recall, how I would trace  
ever so slow, across the subtle  
curves of those already  
deliciously fading indentations ..  
Yes those, left upon  
the flat of her belly for only a few  
brief moments when,  
she first slipped out of her panties ..

## What Women Want

### What Women Want

I have yet to meet a woman  
who is not afraid  
of what I may, or may not  
write about them ..  
But still, they do each want  
the self-same things ..  
In effect, to have and then  
to own their  
very own poems ..  
And then, for each poem to  
reference their beauty  
and extol virtues that I may,  
or may not  
even be entirely aware of ..  
It therefore,  
seems to me that most of  
the women  
I have met to date have a  
preference for  
liars and above every single  
thing else,  
extraordinarily deviant poetry ..

## The Way of Us

The Way of Us

Yesterday, we were larger than life itself ..

Today though, we are now gone

and tomorrow shall become, just another memory ..

## Over Easy

Over Easy

Having spent the entire night  
making love ..  
When it came to first light,  
he was hungry again and so asked ..

How do you like your eggs ..  
She smiled,  
swallowed one of her pills  
and replied, invariably unfertilised ..

## What Else is A Metaphor

What Else is A Metaphor

If you don't like what you see, then quit looking ..

Talk about cryptic, let's break a few codes ..

And if love is an anagram, then what is a metaphor ..



## Trebrimar

Trebrimar

Since there is now nothing  
there except  
    for the spectacular view ..  
He placed  
a rustic wooden bench  
by the side  
of the road to provide a  
little comfort  
and respite for the weary  
feet of both  
    pilgrims and of travellers ..  
And for  
the ghosts of his parents  
who used to  
love watching the Kernow  
choughs,  
dolphins, surfers and gulls  
in the bay  
overlooked from their once  
more than  
    beautiful of cliff top gardens ..

## Welcome to Miami

Welcome to Miami

Upon waking, he had  
hoped she  
might have seen him  
in a whole  
different light ..  
Maybe, in honest  
rich colours or even  
some rare ones ..  
But hey,  
who could possibly  
know for sure  
and at what point,  
or what cost ..  
Do take note though ..  
He always made  
a big thing  
out of being a poet ..  
Then, not long after,  
good morning,  
she said, as she lifted  
her head and placed it  
back down again,  
swiftly, in the nest  
of both palms rested  
lightly on elbows ..  
And she  
yawned, welcome  
to Miami sir ..  
Just be sure to have  
a good time  
while you're in town ..

But in the interim,  
I must say  
that old Cuban  
stamp in your  
new English passport  
looks great ..  
Are you from  
out of state  
by any chance ..  
Right now, I'm not  
sure he replied,  
but don't  
care anymore ..  
Then leaned across  
and kissed her shoulder,  
just inches below  
the cool  
hummingbird tattoo ..  
She lay there,  
smiled and said  
don't dare tell a soul ..  
It was meant  
to be some kind of  
swordfish ..  
But hey, your  
fingertips and tongue  
on either side  
of my wings or my  
dorsal fin like that will  
sure do nicely for now sir ..

## Three Poppies

### Three Poppies

Here,  
where they once  
stood,  
in hundreds  
of thousands ..  
Each  
seemingly solid,  
firmly  
rooted and erect ..  
Still proud  
and mostly  
smiling or waving ..  
Today,  
I found only three  
and each one  
of them holding  
their heads  
bent and bowed low ..

## Dear Miss. Jennifer Jones

Dear Miss. Jennifer Jones

I can just imagine the joy  
they felt  
when they thought they  
had found you,  
or rather you found them ..

After all,  
I had been there before,  
done all that  
and almost wore your  
tee shirt out ..

The newness, the impact  
and greatness  
of those few delicious  
moments  
after school, still remain  
awesome ..

I just cannot thank you  
enough ..

Since each one of those  
three private  
lessons you gave me was  
a revelation  
and as such, I shall always  
remember you  
and fondly, my very  
dear Miss. Jennifer Jones ..

## Living Like Ghosts

### Living Like Ghosts

Here,  
where we all  
live  
like ghosts,  
hiding  
in plain sight ..  
Quite  
unlike any  
other  
apparitions  
you  
may well  
have  
met, or seen  
before ..  
But rather  
like  
some other  
awful  
visitation ..  
Staring down  
and just  
waiting for  
any  
subtle signs  
of hesitation ..  
Wanting  
to be  
exorcised  
then stealing  
the contents

of so  
very many  
unsuspecting  
lonely  
souls and all  
their  
bloody secrets ..

## False Promises and Little White Lies

### False Promises and Little White Lies

Let's talk about promises

shall we ..

Those you give and those

that you take ..

Those we share and those

between us we

somehow, always manage

to break ..

Let's talk about promises

and how so

many these days, are nothing

but fake or false

and a tissue, of little white lies

..



## Light Bites

### Light Bites

So how are things today? The spider asked the fly ..

All caught up .. The fly replied

I thought as much, the spider drooled, my appetites returned ..

## Thanks for Coming But ..

Thanks for Coming But ..

I don't need your pity,  
or your  
sympathy right now ..  
But those tears  
of yours, sure do look  
pretty in the last  
of my frayed sunlight ..  
And although,  
I really could have  
used some love  
a while back, it's way  
too late  
to question what  
on earth went wrong  
between us ..  
So no, I do not need  
your pity  
or your sympathy  
right now ..  
But thank you so very  
much for coming ..  
I am certain though  
there will be others,  
who are  
more than grateful  
and even  
mightily impressed ..  
I just wish things  
had been different ..  
So goodbye,  
my dear friend and

with much love  
and respect, I now  
truly wish you  
and yours, all the best ..

## By Invitation Only

By Invitation Only

He took the fast but less scenic route through  
her remote and rear territories ..  
Which would have allowed him more time,  
next time for a more  
deliberate and extensive exploration of her  
potentially available terrain ..  
Yet she seemed to love every moment of her  
invasion and of his trespass ..  
Not to mention, his unannounced searching ..  
Indeed, it now seems she could  
barely wait for him to accept the invitation  
to call on her, time and time again ..

## Outsiders

### Outsiders

Nowhere, is as cold as here,  
nor as vast,  
yet with no place to hide,  
or to shelter  
from all of this preventable  
fallout, indeed  
we are hopeless outsiders ..  
Somewhat  
fragile and inextricably lost ..

## Friends With Benefits

### Friends With Benefits

I doubt you will believe me,  
but I swear  
that bitch death,  
is swiftly catching up on me ..  
And so, if we are not  
still strangers by this time  
tomorrow ..  
Then might I respectfully  
suggest, we may  
just as well become lovers ..  
Or indeed,  
at least friends, with benefits ..

## Between Clouds

### Between Clouds

it's a dog's life  
isn't it ..  
well at least it is  
for some of us ..  
however,  
you just allowed  
a little ray of  
sunlight to creep  
in and play  
around the edges  
of an  
otherwise  
grey day through  
a small gap  
between clouds ..

## Guilty But Free as A Bird

Guilty But Free as A Bird

With her arms flung wide

And empty ..

Beneath those downcast

Bruised

And tear filled eyes ..

She wanted

Him found, felt and heard ..

Like the

Final symbolic ultimatum

He delivered ..

That which left her looking

And sounding ..

Like the inside of an elsewhere

Empty and broken

Discarded, overripe gourd ..



## Just a Few Thoughts on Getting Even

Just a Few Thoughts on Getting Even

I never get drunk enough  
these days,  
to think about culling you ..  
I just hope,  
beyond hope someone  
might come  
along one day and cull you  
on my behalf ..

## Just Me, Half a Love Song and An Idiopathic Itch

Just Me, Half a Love Song and An Idiopathic Itch

Sometimes I get the urge  
to write a love song,  
or maybe just a poem ..  
Not that a poem  
would likely be any less  
grand, or meaningful ..  
So please,  
don't get me wrong on  
that score Babe ..  
It's just they do tend to  
get more airtime  
these days, don't you  
think darling ..  
And anyway, who do  
you know who ever got  
rich writing poetry ..  
And who the hell fucks  
while trying  
to get their head round  
one these days ..  
Okay, so I know we used  
to and often,  
but hey, would you ever  
believe I still pray  
we might again someday ..  
In the meantime,  
more recently, I get such  
an intense urge  
to write a love song  
that if ignored feels like  
some kind

of idiopathic itch ..  
Which gets worse if I try  
to ignore it,  
or if I don't manage to  
scratch and make it bleed ..  
Still, when that's  
all over and done with,  
I shall undoubtedly feel  
whole, complete  
and so very well healed ..

## Just Like Some Well Read Woman

Just Like Some Well Read Woman

She was weathered,  
she was worn ..  
She was well creased  
before being torn,  
right down the middle ..  
And all along her  
spine that once was ..  
Much like some  
well-thumbed page ..  
Wrenched, from an  
ancient, holy book defiled ..

## One Without Frills Would Be Fine

One Without Frills Would Be Fine

Forget about beautiful women,  
nine times out of ten,  
    they are so full of themselves ..  
They have neither  
the room, or the time for men  
    like us, ordinary guys ..  
The ugly ones though, tend to be  
more eager and grateful for  
the time they are given  
    and for just about everything ..  
As a rule, they will  
    bend over backwards to please ..  
But give me a plain or  
    a pretty girl, any day of the week ..  
In fact one, without frills,  
hangups, baggage or attachments,  
    would be just fine by me ..

## Immaterial Things Such as These

### Immaterial Things Such as These

I wish I had a notepad  
and a pen  
with me, or by my side  
each time  
the makings of a poem  
I may never  
now write, finds its way  
into that  
portion of mind which  
serves as  
a reservoir in which my  
hopes, dreams  
and wishes, all seem to  
dissolve or  
    then shamelessly drown ..

## All Along the Watchtower

All Along the Watchtower

Yesterday was one of those  
let's drink  
the bottle dry days ..  
The brakes  
had well and truly gone ..  
There was no  
right or wrong, a surefire  
all or nothing day ..  
Then it hit me and it hit me  
so damned hard ..  
Who in this cruel and crazy  
fucked up world  
of ours, is more confined ..  
The inmates or  
the puffed up prison guards ..

## Letting Go of The Light

### Letting Go of The Light

I so needed to fly  
tonight ..  
I just wanted you  
to know  
that I finally let go  
of the light ..  
I so needed to die  
before  
you do, my love ..  
I don't  
think, but I know  
and only  
too well, I would  
not be able,  
or want, to go on  
for even one  
moment without you ..



## I Think I Like You But ..

I Think I Like You But ..

She said boy,  
I think  
I like you but ..  
Are you  
interactable ..  
I said,  
maybe ..  
But get this ..  
I am not  
entirely sure  
what you  
are getting at ..  
She then  
went on to  
ask me ..  
Do you have  
a wife by any  
chance ..  
I replied, yes ..  
That, then  
was the same  
moment  
she said okay ..  
But let's  
both now try  
to forget  
I ever even,  
bothered to ask ..

## As Sure As God Made Little Green Apples

As Sure As God Made Little Green Apples

Whether one is rich or poor  
or somewhere in-between ..  
For those, that do grow old  
there is a mighty difference,  
between those of us waiting  
and those of us wanting to die ..

## Maybe To Be Continued

Maybe To Be Continued

When I am no more and gone from here

I trust that you will carry on regardless ..

And

While I am so glad I cured myself of thee,

I shall most surely, soldier on regardless too ..

## Rituals

### Rituals

The daily winding of my late father's  
silver pocket watch  
who was never late for anything ..  
And of course,  
the constant thumbing of loose  
change, while watching  
her practice Tai Chi in the garden  
and the covert  
pelvic floor muscle exercises in  
the bedroom, which  
gave purpose and made her feel  
special and wanted ..  
While I try to rid myself of the fear  
of performing  
a new embu, in public, or reading  
one of my poems  
out loud, at the bar while listening  
to BBC news  
on the telly and then taking porridge  
for breakfast ..  
Unless on vacation, in which case,  
let's make it  
full English, with real Danish Bacon ..

## Comparing Uncertain Potentialities

### Comparing Uncertain Potentialities

If the sole inevitability  
of life is so  
surely, that of death ..  
Then  
the soul eventuality  
of love must  
therefore be a certain  
conjoint,  
or divine immortality ..

## The Object and Outcome of Dreaming Alone

### The Object and Outcome of Dreaming Alone

She dreams of forget-me-nots,  
fresh fruit  
and making out on lush green  
forest floors,  
all against a backdrop  
of sunflowers and of course  
rainbows ..  
While he dreams of the hunt,  
of sushi, red meat  
and of course warm rice wine ..  
She is desperate  
to take a gap year, to travel  
and get married ..  
While he wants nothing more  
than a pay rise,  
a quick divorce and to get laid ..

## Clocked

Clocked

The moment she stopped ticking  
there was a mighty roar  
from the empty, angry space she left  
    on the wall above our fireplace ..  
That was when all time stood still  
and I saw things then  
for the first time clearly and realised  
what an important role  
    it was in my life, that she once played ..

## Bitter Sweet Springs

### Bitter Sweet Springs

Back in the day when  
the water  
ran clear, deep and so  
freely ..  
From the top of the hill  
and on  
down by the old stone  
quarry,  
the blocked footpath  
and once  
oh' so green pastures ..  
Long before  
all of these darn dams,  
them  
darned ditches and the  
damned  
new builds came along  
and spoilt  
all our pretty views,  
and then,  
proceeded to poison  
our precious  
fresh water supplies too ..



## More Heritage Down the Pan & Fuck Ann Summers

More Heritage Down the Pan

If video killed the radio star,  
then Royal Mail  
most surely  
killed the Christmas card,  
the fountain pen  
and many other things besides ..

Fuck Ann Summers

Fuck Ann Summers  
let's make out with a feather,  
a couple of oysters  
a handful of strawberry ice-cream  
and a few strips of leather ..

## No One But Us Ghosts & a Haiku - Woken by Doves

### No One But Us Ghosts

Apart from me  
these days,  
I wonder who  
if anyone,  
thinks of thee  
as often ..  
Or mouths your  
name so  
very fondly  
and frequently,  
as indeed,  
I still tend to do ..  
No one  
but us ghosts,  
I may well imagine ..

### Haiku # Woken by Doves

how lucky we are  
how soft our morning arrives  
    woken by doves ..

## Making Green & Reflex

### Making Green

She wore a pretty yellow  
summer dress ..  
He wore a pair of old blue  
torn jeans ..  
When they came together  
come autumn ..  
They then made, the most  
beautiful of greens ..

### Reflex

Smelling of sunshine and apples,  
for a moment,  
I was blinded ..  
And having had a little orgasm  
in my nose,  
I felt sure it was  
the light about her made me sneeze ..

## You, Me and My Dog .. and Blame It on Saint Marlo

You, Me and My Dog

If I could be  
    somewhere else today ..  
Then I would  
chose to be anywhere  
    in Somerset ..  
Just as long as you were  
right there,  
    beside me and my dog ..

Blame It on Saint Malo

Saint Malo, is where  
    I found truth ..  
But where I also left  
my innocence  
    and indeed my youth ..  
So long ago  
    and very far behind me ..  
Yet now tho'  
in particular, I do recall  
her fingers  
like a harpist or some  
young croupiers  
so long, so slender, quick  
    and very cool ..

## If Looks Could Kill

If Looks Could Kill

that look on his face was  
the look of delight  
one might well expect from  
    a lost man found ..  
whereas the look on hers  
was clearly one of  
anger, contempt and disgust  
one might have  
guessed would be found  
on the face of a  
    woman historically scorned ..

## New Freedoms to Roam .. & Dissent

### New Freedoms to Roam

My word,  
how he did marvel, at just how quick  
she rid herself,  
of what must have felt like some kind  
of discreet  
well starched and likewise, cumbersome  
    prison garbs ..  
Best not to mention here, all those other  
associated yet  
    clearly, unmentionable inconveniences ..  
Nor the near  
100% protection so many pretty petticoats,  
the nuns did  
    repeatedly insist, collectively afforded her ..

### Dissent

He was once, so very  
beautiful  
and he meant so very  
much ..  
Though she kept him  
at a distance  
and yet, despite her  
hunger ..  
She denied them both  
and sadly,  
did not dare to touch ..



## Made Like a Mountain & A Brief Conversation in A Bar About Bears ..

Made Like a Mountain

Dear .....

Should

you ever feel sufficiently

inclined ..

Don't be afraid to turn away,

I am not

too proud, to make, like some

mountaineer

and thus, quite simply take you

from behind ..

A Brief Conversation in A Bar About Bears

Hey there old man,

why do bears live so long in the wild ..

Because they are smart,

because they are so fast

because they can sleep throughout

winter and because

they are all, such ruthless killers son ..



## About to Be Forgot

About to Be Forgot

I swear that last night  
by candlelight  
I assume the same one  
that you claim  
to burn brightly each  
night just for me ..  
I faced the future alone  
and was blinded  
by the shame of your  
past and our  
tainted, shared history ..  
But don't fret none,  
it's all gone dark again ..  
And I am about  
to forget you completely ..

## For My Granddaughter on Her First Birthday & Before He Got Broken

### For My Granddaughter on Her First Birthday

take this little cushion  
    darling ..  
place your head upon  
    it lightly ..  
close your eyes then  
dream  
both sweet and long,  
my very  
    precious Astrid Wren ..

### Before He Got Broken

Before he got broken,  
he was handled  
far too much and while  
all his rough edges  
eventually became very  
much smoother  
and so well-rounded ..  
Though still razor sharp,  
he remained soft to the touch ..

## For All Those Occasions When Sometimes is More Than Enough

For All Those Occasions When Sometimes is More Than Enough

Sometimes,  
when everything is perfectly aligned,  
the light displaced, can be blinding ..

## Crumbs

Crumbs

It was while I was  
sitting alone  
at a table for two  
and staring  
into the depths of  
my second  
double espresso ..  
I tried to  
make some sense  
of all  
the crumbs my  
breakfast  
croissant had left  
behind,  
on the side plate ..  
It was also  
the same moment  
I thought,  
if I was to try hard  
enough ..  
I might just find a  
certain  
familiar face again ..  
But failed  
just as miserably,  
as I had  
done yesterday ..  
And the day  
before that even ..  
In fact, all  
I could see through  
the tears

and the steam was  
the back  
of your torn leather  
sandal strap  
and frayed hems  
of blue jeans ..  
Each caressing your  
Achilles  
and all that then  
remained of your  
exquisite vulnerability ..

## Pretty in Purple and Pink

Pretty in Purple and Pink

I think it only fair to say,  
most of her life  
is spent hidden away or  
    otherwise hiding ..  
It would seem she has an  
exceptional fear  
of intruders, explorers  
and so many  
other natural fun seekers ..

She may look like a bean  
but tastes much  
like a prawn and she's  
    always hiding ..  
Not because she is shy,  
or really  
    that mega anxious at all ..  
But because,  
she hasn't realised yet

Just how much  
joy she can give, or how  
    much, she can get ..  
Or how pretty she is in  
both purple  
and pink and for one  
moment  
at least, would do well  
to consider  
    really letting herself go ..

## They Lied About the Five Minute Warning

They Lied About the Five Minute Warning

The word, on the street, was there would be  
another world war ..

Those that laughed, have since all gone quiet ..

You see, there was never  
going to be the proverbial, five minute warning ..

## Just Another Take On Life

### Just Another Take On Life

While the run up might  
be different ..  
The defining moment  
will always be  
remarkably the same ..  
Some things tho  
never change do they ..  
Somehow,  
they just become even  
more indelible,  
somewhere on the way ..



## Black Pearls

### Black Pearls

She was, in every sense  
a real delight,  
but very strange indeed ..  
She said,  
that she was nothing  
but a pirouette  
carried like some fragile,  
long lost  
windblown seed,  
upon a gentle breeze ..  
Although,  
she was so very sad at  
having crashed  
so very far from home ..  
Yes, she was  
in every sense, a little  
gem, but oh' so  
very, very dark indeed ..  
And whispered,  
she was nothing but  
a silhouette  
and asked, if I should  
like to watch  
her bleed black pearls,  
to hide the hurt  
of being left so far behind ..

## Now Out in The Open

### Now Out in The Open

It is so very cold here,  
out in the open like this ..  
Even beside you,  
I still shiver and freeze ..  
As eventually, I began  
to realise  
there was no longer  
any warmth  
left at all in your tone,  
your touch,  
or the way that you feel ..  
Indeed, your truest  
of colours have  
either been leaked,  
had run away, or are now  
very long flown ..  
However, it seems they  
are no longer hiding  
right out, in the open ..  
Yet still, it is  
cold here, right down to  
the bone and beyond  
and such a very long way  
from the home  
we once used to reside  
and make love in ..  
When out of the blue  
I recalled  
from the platform how  
much I always enjoyed  
the smell

of coal burning  
and the warm breath  
of steam rising,  
as it unashamedly kissed  
me the very  
same insane moment,  
I eventually, dared to let go ..

## Cryo Babes .. and .. The Hurting Game

### Cryo Babes

It is already not that unusual  
for a child to be born  
not knowing who their father  
is or indeed, was ..

But sadly, soon it may become  
increasingly common  
for biological mothers to have  
passed away too,  
several hundred years or more  
before their offspring  
has time to thaw out, let alone  
to draw breath ..

### The Hurting Game

I cannot hurt, harm or humiliate  
you any more than I already have ..  
I love you, far too much for that my love ..  
So why not, let's call it a draw, at least for now ..

## The Full Five and Three Quarters .. & Gloat

### The Full Five and Three Quarters

The readjusted tie dye sarong  
was merely  
surplus to her requirements ..  
After all, she  
had been sky diving, ziplining  
and feeding  
the sharks since first arriving ..  
Mountains  
of assorted and then seemingly  
discarded lingerie  
were not at all out of place up  
on the top deck,  
where the barmen just smiled  
and slipped  
in another double, alongside  
the full five  
and three quarters she  
still owed him, from yesterday ..

### Gloat

Instead of trying to destroy me  
why not take a few deep breaths  
and wallow in my insidious yet  
    overdue and long drawn out decline ..

## If the Cap Don't Fit .. & .. Glare

If the Cap Don't Fit

No matter how old, or how brave, how strong, how right or how  
wrong, if the cap doesn't fit, then don't try to force it ..  
You'll just wear the bloody thing out, so why not hand it to some other  
poor sod who may benefit more and might even wear it ..

Glare

Because  
it now hurts  
so much  
to see ..  
He no longer  
fears  
going blind ..  
But  
nevertheless,  
he still  
remembers  
to this  
very day  
the moment  
his  
whisky sour  
turned  
bitter sweet,  
under  
the glare  
of her  
baby blue eyes ..

## Grand Mort .. & .. The Transient Value of Slaves

### Grande Mort

No matter where you may  
live or hide ..  
Whether beneath a bridge,  
or in some  
high street shop doorway  
somewhere ..  
Either in a cave, or castle ..  
Just be sure,  
that she shall one day find  
the spores you  
leave behind and devour you ..

### The Transient Value of Slaves

It does concern me greatly, to think what might become of thee  
when your fingers  
eventually callous and can no longer knead the coarse flour for  
your masters daily bread ..  
Yes, it does worry me so to think what might become of thee  
when your fingers freeze  
and you can no longer twist, or weave quickly and so skilfully,  
the fine silver thread,  
your master desires, for his new blouson and breeches, or the  
white cotton sheets you  
place daily upon his four poster bed .. It fears me greatly and it  
fills me with dread, to think  
what shall happen to thee, when he tires of this pretty young  
slave girl like so many before ..





## Lost Back in Africa .. and On Selling the VW

### Lost Back in Africa

It was while he was watching  
her wearing  
the white woolen cot shawl  
    like that ..  
Tied by her nannie, to protect  
her head  
from the sun, as she played  
    in the park ..  
He thought she looked like  
a young  
Arab *sheikha*, or beautiful  
princess  
and for a moment or two,  
found himself  
    once again lost back in Africa ..

### On Selling the VW

Selling the VW  
was an absolute wrench ..  
A bit like selling  
the bolt hole in Bulgaria ..  
After all, it was  
part of their everything ..  
All they shared  
of course, but not only  
what they  
made or then owned ..  
But their entirety,  
their history, their hearts  
and their souls ..

Yet still they have each  
other and one  
just can't put a price on  
the kind of love they share ..

## A Neighbour Loved

### A Neighbour Loved

The weight is falling  
off her  
and I am scared ..  
She is,  
after all, a survivor  
of cancer ..  
Yet she still wants  
to dance  
like she did in her  
teens  
and get this ..  
Today her smile  
remains  
just as infectious  
as it did  
back then too ..  
Sometimes,  
I feel like yelling  
her name  
from across  
the road and into  
her garden,  
then telling her  
in whispers ..  
Oh' my love on my  
word, I swear  
I do still adore thee ..

## A Different Kettle of Fish

### A Different Kettle of Fish

What an entirely  
different  
kettle of fish  
it is today,  
don't you think ..  
A whole new  
ball game, for this  
our brave  
new world ..  
Quite different  
to the one  
we all grew up in,  
isn't it ..  
Now we have  
Covid 19  
to contend with,  
not to  
mention iPhones,  
or that AI ..  
Is it really any  
wonder  
so very many of us  
look back  
fondly to when  
steam was  
king and when  
honour  
meant everything  
long  
before textspeak  
and all

acronyms

were frowned on DYK ..

## Thinking Back on Polly

### Thinking Back on Polly

Polly left school at  
fifteen,  
even before she  
had time  
to take her exams ..  
It seems  
asthma got to her  
on the way home,  
on the top  
deck of an old red  
school bus ..  
They say, she died  
alone up there ..  
But how  
on earth, was that  
even possible ..  
After all, it was a  
school bus  
for Christ's sake ..  
No one even knew  
she had  
fucking asthma,  
or how bad it was ..  
And I sometimes  
imagine if she had  
not left us  
early like that, then  
we might have  
got it together again  
and maybe, one day  
even have fallen in love ..

## Remembering An Orange Room

### Remembering An Orange Room

Don't ask me for how long,  
I'm not sure these days ..  
But for a while at least,  
we lived, we ate,  
we slept, breathed and we  
made out in a small  
orange room, that glowed  
by the ocean,  
at both ends, of those long  
summer days ..  
But then, all our shadows  
became darker,  
and without any warning  
they came in off  
our mountain and covertly  
stole your last breath  
and took all my sunbeams away ..

## Clean Sheets

### Clean Sheets

Those fresh laundered sheets  
of hers  
were a time limited pleasure ..  
Enjoyed  
by so many, but briefly like  
fragments  
of fluffy white clouds against  
the backs,  
front and the sides of those  
who  
would occasionally visit her ..  
Always  
warmly welcomed, yet never  
once loved ..  
But enjoyed like a kiss from  
a cool gentle  
breeze, on a hot summers day ..



## Calling the Bluff

Calling the Bluff

Yes, I do have  
a few obsessional traits ..  
I also have  
a dozen or so machetes,  
plus a taser  
and a shiny new Walther CP88 ..  
So remind me  
what is your problem exactly ..

## Irksome Quandaries

Irksome Quandaries

at which point along this continuum precisely  
might one expect  
to find traces of infinity, discarded or residing ..

## The Reason Why Colours Make Out

### The Reason Why Colours Make Out

When colours merge with  
no discernible edges  
and bleed into each other,  
the way they appear  
here through the windows  
    of my man-cave ..  
Take note and be sure to  
make time to  
    drink each one of them in ..  
For something  
brand new and so close to  
perfection, is soon  
    to be birthed here again ..  
And whilst unable  
to stop or to quell all these  
joyful tears from  
forming upon the reverse  
    of my dry lenses ..  
A freshly watercoloured  
vista in well  
warmed pastels, damp as  
my very own  
two cheeks and as cool  
    as morning dew then emerges ..  
Yes another day  
is crafted and like so many  
    flawless predecessors ..  
It remains only as  
a brief, unframed, unsung  
and unsigned  
masterpiece, traced lightly

across my personal horizon ..  
And together, we named  
that briefest of moments, Dawn ..

## Barely Touching

### Barely Touching

With tips of fingers  
barely  
touching, but still  
each one  
feeling every fine  
line being  
so purposefully  
traced  
and then indelibly  
etched ..  
Oh' so very lightly  
indeed ..  
Firstly, this way  
then that ..  
Both up and then  
down again,  
until they are all  
essentially  
criss-crossing ..  
And all  
before they  
eventually dare  
to circle  
around, in figure  
of eights  
and approach  
the very gentlest  
of her covert  
clefts and those  
divine undulations ..  
Indeed,

can you imagine,  
the sheer  
joy upon stroking  
and probing  
those magnificent  
creases ..  
Each hid beneath  
the collective pleats  
of Sunday best petticoats ..

## Gitanes

### Gitanes

the light there was  
exquisite ..  
a bit like Florence  
the sun was  
always overhead ..  
still, it was  
time for him to go ..  
she really  
wanted ice-cream  
but instead,  
they both shared  
one last  
French cigarette ..  
before he  
hit that road again ..

## Gaea's Garden

Gaea's Garden

Gaea got it right all along  
each of her seasons  
are such fine examples  
of concurrent resurrection ..



## Mad Dog in America

Mad Dog in America

Mad Dog  
punched a hole  
in the wilderness ..  
Then built  
a ghetto to wrap  
around himself  
and the pack  
that followed him ..  
There were  
of course those,  
who both  
feared and who  
thought him  
some kind of crazy ..  
While one  
or two others  
perhaps,  
had not got a clue  
why they  
admired him from  
what they  
thought was a safe  
distance ..  
Those one's  
reminded me so  
much of sheep  
I just had to laugh ..  
Two shots later  
and he is  
still in the running  
while I am

stuck here building  
a deep bunker  
for me and mine  
and all those whom  
I love and hold dearly ..

## Benign Bridges

### Benign Bridges

Some things are not worth  
fighting for ..  
Wars are a prime example  
such a waste  
of lives and precious time ..  
While bullies,  
dictators and liars are not  
worth supporting ..  
That's what bridges are for ..

## Just As Sunsets

Just As Sunsets

As we sit here  
together upon these  
only recently  
displaced fragments  
of ancient mountains ..

And we contemplate  
the single orange  
segment going down  
upon the far horizon ..

A cold chill sets in  
but slow, and we both  
begin to imagine we  
can still feel its dying glow ..

## Stuck in Zagreb .. & A Few Notes to Self

### Stuck in Zagreb

Being stuck in Zagreb for forty-eight hours  
was not the big deal  
we thought it might be, once the rain had  
well and truly stopped  
    and the skies became blue again, after all ..  
We had our anchovies,  
olives, house white wine, black bread and  
    of course, each other ..

### A Few Notes to Self

Without life,  
    There can be no purpose ..  
Without purpose,  
    There can be no meaning ..  
Without meaning,  
    There can be no hope ..  
Without hope,  
    There simply cannot be ..

## Fit For Purpose

### Fit For Purpose

It rained again today  
and one could  
barely make their way  
toward the bar  
without first treading  
on someone  
    else's sodden feet ..  
Nor for that matter  
could one  
adequately sway from  
side to side  
with the bass line that  
leaked so  
deliciously from those  
three huge but  
otherwise, magnificent  
redundant  
    Wharfedale speakers ..  
Then a chord  
    struck firmly home ..  
The Three Dukes was  
never meant  
for dancing, courting,  
disco's or enjoying  
oneself, but for serious  
    drinkers only ..

## The Catch in A Love Song .. & Upon Turning the Other Cheek

### The Catch in A Love Song

Maybe because,  
or in spite of all our loops  
we somehow  
manage to find ourselves  
    here again ..  
Back where we each feel  
we belong  
    and are most comfortable ..  
Looking back  
there was no afterwards  
    was there ..  
We were just so fucking  
    full on ..  
And although it may seem  
crazy now,  
you were so hot I wrote you  
    into a love song ..

### Upon Turning the Other Cheek

Having already hurt him  
and big time ..  
He offered up the other  
cheek, but still  
he let her wash his feet  
and dry them,  
with her hair and shawl  
as some kind  
of penance, or reward ..  
She got real  
turned on by that and so

he made  
them both bleed more ..  
No it doesn't  
hurt he said, and after all,  
it is only pain  
and not like my losing you ..



## Pants

### Pants

Is it just me,  
or has some global conspiracy  
by any chance  
just been conceived and being  
perpetuated  
by both designers and greedy  
manufacturers of  
gentlemen's undergarments  
everywhere  
these days .. Okay, that may  
be pushing it  
a little a bit, but at least its true  
here in the UK  
and US of A, plus the Ukraine,  
Brazil, Bulgaria  
and Croatia to name but a few ..  
That was a very  
serious question by the way ..  
Can anyone  
anywhere, explain why even  
the most reputable  
of manufacturers have begun to  
make these items  
in child sizes only and without  
any guidance  
or instructional label to advise  
which way  
around they are supposed to be  
fitted or worn ..  
I'm asking for an old friend you  
understand, cheers ..



## The Repatriation of Shards

### The Repatriation of Shards

What shall become of us now we  
are broken ..  
Two parts of one whole, with each  
of our shards both  
fragmented and torn, like twin pages  
lifted and pulled,  
from some ancient book perhaps ..  
And although written  
in tongues, now largely forgotten,  
we might still be  
remembered, in a few old prayers  
whispered, or hushed  
that echo, in and around, chapels  
and churches, or those  
heard, through thick dusty curtains,  
of magnificent  
mosques, temples and cathedrals ..  
Yet still, we are  
nothing, but a few bright coloured  
splinters of glass ..  
Desperate and aching for sunlight  
to free us from  
these redundant altars of rock, wood  
and brass ..  
Pray pin and replace us, high in those  
lofty, vacant and hungry  
stone mullioned windows, where we  
have always belonged ..



## Deep Secrets

### Deep Secrets

Somewhere hid  
and deep ..  
Between all those  
creases  
and the folds  
each one unique  
to her ..  
There lies  
a double fluted  
pleat ..  
A signature  
sublime and rare ..  
More perfect  
than an  
orchid smiling ..  
Yet even  
as their sweat  
did mix ..  
She placed  
a finger light  
against  
her pretty lips  
and commenced  
to whisper  
hush, don't dare  
to tell a single soul  
you have ever been here ..

## Short Changed on A Long Greek Island

Short Changed on A Long Greek Island

I gave her three and a half weeks  
of a single summer,  
she gave me a bowl of green olives ..

We made out, on the beach, in a  
telephone booth,  
and on the deck of an old man's boat ..

Not to mention, cheap hotel rooms  
and those balconies ..  
I thought I would not be lonely again ..

But boy was I wrong, I gave her three  
and a half weeks,  
she gave me a bowl of green olives ..

I gave her, my number and a promise  
in return, she gave me  
another bowl of green olives and the elbow ..

## Rough Justice

### Rough Justice

There is a long dirt track  
that leads me  
way back, to a door I left  
behind closed,  
    a whole lifetime ago ..  
And boy  
I swore then, I would  
    not go back there again ..

There's a whole  
barrel of booze hiding  
there too  
in plain sight, can you  
not hear  
the crowd roaring,  
or feel them, all ducking  
    and diving and scoring ..

There's a whole  
trail of mistakes in a wake  
that I made,  
    in my rush for the exit ..  
And casualties too  
by the score but then who's  
counting, this is war  
    and don't we all know it ..

## In the Beginning of Our Forever

In the Beginning of Our Forever

Now, is the very  
beginning  
of our forever  
and while  
there is a reason  
for everything ..  
Except us,  
or so it seems,  
unless love  
is a good enough  
reason  
of course ..  
Then out of our  
reach,  
distant horizons  
remain,  
steadfast but so  
remote  
and stretching  
before us, like  
infinity stretches  
imagination ..  
And so my love,  
maybe  
we should each  
pray for longevity ..



## Some Things Change Too Much

Some Things Change Too Much

It's funny how we change isn't it,  
over time, I mean ..

I note, you keep no photographs  
of me now, my love ..

From which to make, any such  
comparisons ..

Yet have several overflowing  
albums, full of complete strangers ..

## Some of The Things I Just Can?t Do

### Some of The Things I Just Can't Do

Try as hard as I might,  
I can't see the light  
you insist, does exist  
at the end  
of each of my tunnels,  
which keep getting longer ..

Try as hard as I like,  
I just can't seem  
to work through each  
of the to do lists  
I continually update,  
they keep getting longer too ..

Try as hard as I might,  
I just can't seem  
to move forward ..  
To let go, to forgive  
or forget, each of those  
wrongs, left so very one-sided ..

## Bemused to Death

### Bemused to Death

In those last three days before  
winter kicked in ..  
We exchanged a grand total  
of fifty-seven words  
and eighteen sideways glances ..  
But hey, whose counting,  
they were nothing but numbers  
way back then  
and a forced smile, whenever  
one might be squeezed in,  
    would burn, like perma-frost ..  
Boy, did they hurt  
    and like hell, they sure did ..  
I am now, a very poor griever  
and can't wait for  
a thaw to begin, I just need to  
start writing again ..

## Inaudible Sounds

### Inaudible Sounds

although I know I am  
at least, an equal part of it ..

the silence here,  
is quite simply killing me ..

from somewhere deep  
within my core ..

I feel like some  
kind of wild rotten apple ..

with it scratching  
and gnawing at my insides ..

kind of like an earworm,  
doing the rounds ..

trying to break free  
from some invisible loop ..

yet somehow,  
failing magnificently ..

I don't even know  
why I bother to mention it ..

after all, it's nothing but  
a series of inaudible sounds ..

## Halfway to Hanoi

Halfway to Hanoi

I was barely halfway to Hanoi  
when I grew tired,  
of just about everything ..  
Of sleeping  
with strangers and so many  
other things besides ..  
Indeed, I am now almost too  
ashamed to even  
think about most of them ..  
That's when,  
she said, welcome to your  
very own oblivion  
so now consider yourself  
well warned ..  
Just be sure I shall feed you  
if and when you  
become helplessly hungry ..  
But in the meantime,  
please accept my sincerest  
of greetings  
and these ones too,  
from your personal Dachau ..  
On reflection,  
I seem to think, it might have  
been then,  
I fell hopelessly in love with  
those big blue  
mascaraed eyelashes of hers ..  
And when she did  
eventually notice me staring  
at them, she smiled ..

And asked how many hurts  
was I prepared  
to share with her there today ..  
While all the while  
curiously examining a fresh  
burn, she was  
busy creating upon her near  
perfect nakedness ..  
And in the very next breath,  
the scent of fresh  
napalm, began to fill our arena ..

## Medlar to Blet

Medlar to Blet

Leave them to hang on the tree a while longer  
and let them overripen there ..

After all, it is their autumn and their tears shed ..

Yes, allow them to weep slowly

into an old open bowl, cup or Coptic jar until they  
are filled and eventually  
preserved and fit, for the children to enjoy them ..

## Another Moment Lost

### Another Moment Lost

Maybe we should have  
made love  
there and then between  
the statues  
of Adonis and some other  
lesser known  
deity when we each had  
the chance,  
time and the inclination  
    of youth ..  
Oh' how the gods each did  
frown down  
upon us that day and our  
    naive hesitations ..



## Unilaterally Mine

Unilaterally Mine

My lady is a natural,  
she tastes of sunshine, saltwater rockpools  
and of course, my love ..

## Hail

Hail

Young Nikolai took  
photographs  
of them falling from  
the sky on his  
new second hand  
iPhone ..  
He showed them  
to us later,  
before the crops had  
sufficient time  
to fully recover their  
composure ..  
Indeed, it seems they  
had all been  
flattened in a matter  
of seconds ..  
At least one cow  
was killed  
and every single one  
of the village  
terracotta pan tiles  
had been  
simultaneously  
shattered along with  
several unprotected  
car headlights  
and windshields ..  
Actually, many  
of the village girls  
had said,  
from where they hid,

some of those  
hailstones, were as  
big as a grown  
man's fist, but they  
hit at least  
a dozen times harder ..

## Looking Beyond Spring

### Looking Beyond Spring

Like raindrops on  
old cobbles  
falling, I can sense,  
see and feel  
each individual  
splash ..  
And like young  
fledglings  
in their warm safe  
comfy nest,  
each one of them  
hungrily yawning ..  
I too feel  
so very blessed ..  
Like buds,  
on a branch each  
patiently  
waiting and taking  
a rain check  
until the coming  
of a new spring ..  
I do still look for you  
everywhere,  
but I can't see a thing ..

## If Only Things Had Been Different

If Only Things Had Been Different

Don't tell me you never  
think of us  
these days, or what we  
once were ..  
Not to mention where  
we might be,  
if only things had been  
just a little  
bit different back then ..  
But in so  
many big different ways ..

## Blemished

### Blemished

Dear lord, how you've aged and so  
disproportionately ..  
Like old rope, empty oyster shells  
and cold lava flows ..  
You remind me so much, of the very  
first blush, on the cheek  
of an otherwise, perfect cut red rose,  
bleeding out, yet while  
drowning amid, silent death throes ..  
Yes it was then, I took note  
while sipping from some discarded  
champagne flute  
that blush, after all, was nowt but  
a bruise and nothing  
at all on this planet of ours lasts long  
and nor is it perfect ..

## Heavily Enlightened

### Heavily Enlightened

I'm not sure what I was  
doing exactly ..  
When it dawned on me,  
I now had more  
friends dead, than alive ..  
But it hit me  
hard and it hurt like hell,  
when it sank in  
and I eventually realised  
I was entirely  
alone and just one more  
pathetic nobody  
but with a whole heap of  
graves, to fill in ..

## Maybe It's Time to Share Father C's Secrets

Maybe It's Time to Share Father C's Secrets

When Father C came to me  
the first time,  
he came completely empty  
handed ..

That was long before he was  
ordained though ..

The next time, was in a very  
vivid dream, or so  
it seemed and which for some  
reason, was recurring ..

On those occasions, he came  
with a sparrow  
and a robin, nesting in each  
of his already  
warmed and open palms ..

He then looked  
a lot, like a saint might look,  
I thought ..

And now, I think he planned it  
like that all along ..

Later upon my waking, he smiled  
and bid me follow him,  
with ice-creams and a pocketful,  
of chocolate  
and those cheap candy bars ..

Only recently  
I heard that Father C has since  
served time for  
touching up lots of little boys ..  
Apparently  
both in and out of the school



where he  
once taught and even in those  
damp, dark,  
and dusty rooms behind church,  
where I once  
sang in the choir and he used to  
carry me  
twice each week, high on those  
broad shoulders of his,  
but only on choir practice nights ..  
However, I'm now  
pleased to report, the last thing  
I heard, he was again  
under close police surveillance for  
a handful or more,  
of quite recent, indecent offences ..

## The Way it All Ends

### The Way it All Ends

It all seemed to happen just  
like that ..  
Before the eyes could blink  
and the brain  
could assimilate, or reason ..  
It wasn't even  
a blur, but rather a smudge  
uncontained,  
within such a blinding light ..  
And then seared,  
unforgiving onto all available  
retinas ..  
Indeed, no one even heard it  
coming either  
and fortunately none of them  
are thought  
to have felt a single thing ..  
Which is,  
of course, insane under such  
circumstances  
but maybe, a blessing also  
and now  
more than likely unprovable ..  
Without  
a shadow of doubt though all  
our very best  
mountains began to melt into  
deep pools  
of molten, white hot glass ..  
Whereas below,  
the oceans boiled themselves

merrily away  
to absolutely nothing at all ..  
and the steam  
they exuded served to scare,  
scald and scar  
everything above the clouds  
and all those  
heavenly bodies that which,  
only moments  
ago once used to reside there ..

## Catching Up With a Debutante

### Catching Up with a Debutante

Deb always used to waddle just  
a little bit,  
    well more like a duck actually ..  
I thought it was  
very sexy though and I fancied  
    the pants off her ..  
I guess it was something to do  
with the way she  
wore her blue nurses uniform,  
    cut long, but tight ..  
Later, I found out it was to do  
with her hips,  
which were each sharp as brand  
    new razor blades ..  
Deb had dark hair and pale skin  
and was thin as a  
rake beautiful, which of course  
was all the rage,  
back in those days, oh' and I do  
think she was Irish  
but she never let on and carried  
    no accent about her ..  
Her boyfriend had some kind  
of problem tho'  
    unable to walk without sticks ..  
Oh' my word,  
how I did hate him and just for  
the record Deb once  
left her charm bracelet behind  
on my bed where  
she knew I would find it when

she returned home ..  
Now I do seem to recall, I once  
thought and I hoped  
she would be back to collect it  
one day, but she  
never did though and think I may  
still have it somewhere ..  
Nevertheless and regardless I am  
sure the last time  
I saw her she was still waddling  
but slowly along  
High Street and with twins in an  
old push buggy ..  
I do not suspect, for one moment  
she caught sight of me ..

## Glimpsed

Glimpsed

Did you, by any chance  
See how  
Her eyes lit up ..  
That same moment she  
Spied all  
The pretty glass bottles,  
Laid out  
In rows, across our old  
Mantel-shelf ..  
Like a rainbow army of  
Flickering  
Lifelike statues ..  
Each one reflecting tiny  
Glints,  
Slivers and whole chunks  
Of light  
Refracted ..  
Just like, prisms dancing ..

## Wilderness

### Wilderness

There is an unfamiliar feeling  
befallen this wilderness  
and I was so hoping for snow ..

It makes me feel hungry  
and uncomfortable  
in a full up, empty kind of way ..

I could seriously do with  
a touch of frostbite right now  
to feel and to feed off ..

To satisfy this hunger a moment  
but doubt, having tasted it,  
it will ever go away or leave me ..

## Emophilia

Emophilia

Let's not talk about the weather  
any more ..  
Let's talk about emophilia instead  
or something  
along those lines and less boring  
for a change ..  
Ok, so what do you want to know ..  
Everything,  
I want to know everything about it ..  
You mean  
about emophilia, or the universe  
and its entirety ..  
About emophilia silly, the universe  
is just too big  
to cover in what is effectively our  
first meeting ..  
So where do you want me to start ..  
I want you to  
start by telling me how much you  
love me doc ..  
Because I'm pretty sure I fell in love  
an hour ago ..



## Briefly Mentioned in Dispatches

### Briefly Mentioned in Dispatches

In the field,  
they treated him like some kind  
of young god,  
because to them, he most surely  
    was a god ..  
And though there were so many  
things that  
    needed his immediate attention ..  
In effect, those to  
be mended or fixed and somehow,  
made good enough  
to remain and to fight in the field  
    yet again and again ..  
At which point, take note, it was  
while in the thick  
of it all, he was forced to leave so  
many, where they  
    had either fallen, or lay broken ..  
And not through  
any personal fatigue or the jitters,  
we hasten to add  
    but some administrative errors ..  
And by George,  
by then, he had already run out  
of those dreadfully  
    inadequate, fresh dressing packs ..  
Those issued earlier  
that same day and only a matter  
of moments  
before the young god himself had  
    fully bled out ..

He had been the son of a carpenter  
no less, yet was  
    crucified in some bloody foreign field ..  
And though only  
briefly mentioned in dispatches shall  
    never be forgot ..

## Another November

Another November

I am not that keen on November  
yet you still wear my poppy with pride ..

And while I have not the slightest  
desire to either re-live, or remember ..

Since I have nowhere except for these  
old shell holes, in which to hide ..

I shall continue to lie here alone  
while ghosts dance on the lay lines above ..

## Letting Go of Your Ghost

### Letting Go of Your Ghost

Even though we were over  
    a long time ago ..  
    It still hurts like hell today ..  
And even now,  
when I find a trace of you  
somewhere  
and recount what we once  
used to call our  
    uncomplicated love affair ..  
Take for instance,  
a flake, or a wisp or a taste  
of you on some  
old, chipped and likewise  
discarded  
    porcelain tea cup perhaps ..  
Or your sweet,  
unmistakable scent on an  
    unopened envelope ..  
As I stumble somehow on  
    your intimate DNA ..  
Such little things mean so  
much more to me  
these days and effectively  
prevent me  
    from letting go of your ghost ..

## Superfluous Twists

### Superfluous Twists

She really had him going  
    back then ..  
In a matter of moments,  
he was  
threaded on a measured  
length of thin  
discolored paupers twine  
along with  
all the others, doubled up,  
and last seen  
    clutching at silly straws ..  
He then became  
a pretty but nevertheless,  
well drowned  
    laughing stock and clown ..  
In fact, so very  
much so, he never did sit  
    on a fence again ..  
Some called it a very steep  
    learning curve ..  
While others, made such  
casual but  
caustic remarks about far  
too numerous  
consequences and all of  
those negative  
repercussions associated  
with his swift  
    falling from favour like that ..  
But then,  
shit always tends to happen

doesn't it, on  
the back of superfluous twists ..

## Essence

### Essence

She smelled, almost of sunlight,  
of saffron, of rain,  
of sacred temples and of cathedrals ..

Yet she tasted of blueberries,  
of sake, Egyptian cotton and coffee  
and so very many other things besides ..

Including those sacred, freshwater  
rockpools, our forefathers  
once used to hunt and to bathe in ..

And boy, she could move, like all those  
wild animals could move, once painted  
by them, in red clay, on blue rock cave walls ..

Once she felt happy, like being wrapped  
in summer, in winter before the feasting  
began, amid the dancing and the downpours ..

She sounded back then, I imagine, like a  
prayer, or a poem might sound, suspended in  
amber and even today, I adore the essence of her ..

## The Look

### The Look

She looked at him,  
then turned  
away again fast ..  
Like he was  
just one more old  
man in a  
very large crowd ..  
But then he  
was just another  
old man in a  
very long row of  
standard  
issue white metal  
hospital beds  
and he knew that ..  
And as well  
as the look that  
she gave him  
in passing, maybe  
it would  
have been kinder  
and easier  
for them both  
if she had  
just turned away  
and not  
smiled at him like  
that since ..  
He knew that look  
only too  
well perhaps ..



Indeed, it was one  
of those  
knowingly over  
familiar  
quasi-flirtatious  
yet still  
uncomfortable  
looks  
reserved for all  
those on  
whom empathy  
could not  
possibly be wasted ..  
He had used it  
himself  
countless times on  
those who  
probably hadn't  
that much time left ..

## Selene of All Skies

### Selene of All Skies

Although, she is always here,  
half the time,  
she is also, often out of sight ..  
But she comes out  
every night, just to say hello  
to all her fans ..  
And while there are some  
who may think  
she is crazy, there are those  
who swear she is  
their queen or a goddesses ..  
But do take note,  
that little white number she  
wears while on  
vacation, becomes more or  
less removed  
or discarded and therefore,  
redundant  
merely moments, before she  
disembarks ..  
And for a moment or two we  
may lose her but  
briefly in the glow of her own halo ..

## A Few Things Wrong With the World Today

### A Few Things Wrong With the World Today

Everyone is far too busy taking fucking selfies, these days  
to notice, or have any clue about what is going on in the world ..

Most are not bothered that folk are still starving and dying  
here and there and everywhere and that bombs are still dropping ..

Many seem to think that the world owes them a favour  
and a bloody living too, when in truth, generally don't deserve a thing ..

So many feel hard done by and want to be spoon fed, don't they  
and everyone is a victim and each crave compensation for nothing ..

Some complain about emoji's that mean absolute zilch then they want  
to break something and complain about history and change it ..

Such a selfish mentality prevails I cannot relate to it at all, dear lord  
what is the world coming to .. I just hope there's not another world war ..

## Yukiko Snow Child

Yukiko Snow Child

blinding white sheets glow  
where cool cherry blossoms smiled  
hunger suckled away

## Culled

Culled

creeping thunder herd  
counting elephants crying  
ivory stolen

## Crushed

Crushed

gentle walk in snow  
white crunches beneath both feet  
snail shells break quietness

## Amaterasu

Amaterasu

A view, through evening mist  
is perhaps  
the kindest time of day to look  
at her and see  
what might otherwise be more  
than her beauty ..  
Just add a touch of candlelight  
to catch a glimpse  
of transient perfection, indeed,  
the rim around  
her halo shines brightest when  
I close my eyes  
tightly to take, all her radiance in ..

## Casual Ties and Other Loose Associations

### Casual Ties & Other Loose Associations

Hello friends and that by the way, includes those real ones, those imagined ones and also those, who might otherwise one day, wish to become one .. Now then, before anyone just scrolls by, or deletes me, either because they think they know what's coming, or just can't be bothered, which of course, are two very easy options. I just want to mention that my twelfth anthology has just been published ..

Yes folks, that now makes a proper dozen, or 12 if you tend to think more in numerical terms and for anyone out there who might think Anthology is some kind of amazing publishing agent or a bit on the side, or perhaps both, then you are indeed wrong .. An anthology is a collection of .. nah' I can't even be asked .. so why not, if you are interested just Google it. Or if you went to Delapre High School like me, maybe just nick a thesaurus and hold someone hostage until they read you the proper definition ..

Sorry, I began to digress, didn't I .. it's just me thinking back upon my schooldays and in particular, on Delapre High which at my age, is one helluva nostalgic trip and for a moment then, I thought the missus might have slipped another acid tab into my cocoa or Lucozade without me noticing .. But hey, what I am about to say is very important to me and I want to get it off my chest before Christmas ..

### 'Casual Ties & Other Loose Associations'

is the full title of my latest BOOK and it is now available from Amazon almost anywhere on this planet of ours and wherever you may be living, hiding or indeed otherwise locked up ..

As usual, monies raised and this is the most important bit, will be divided between Brain Tumour Research, Breast Cancer and Mental Health charities. If anyone wants to know why I always choose these particular three good causes, then please feel free to message me ..

By the way, if anyone is kind enough to actually obtain a copy by any legitimate means, I would be seriously grateful and it might also make you feel good and kinda warm inside ..

Oh' n get this, it is priced very reasonably too at around the same price as three pints of very warm English beer, if you live in a posh area .. Or if you are in the US, it will set you back \$19.56 USD .. So why not treat yourself, or a loved one, or someone else's loved one for that matter? You just know its gonna make sense in the long run and if you like what you see, maybe please tell all ya mates and family and do consider penning a proper official Amazon review because believe me, numbers and size do mean a lot more than many tend to let on .. And finally, all previously



published anthologies are also still in print and universally available .. Cheers in advance and here's me wishing you all the best for 2025.

Neville .. ?x

## Kindness and Absent Friends

### Kindness

It costs nothing does it, kindness that is ..  
So why do so many avoid, or ignore it  
and act like they are pulling their own teeth ..

### Absent Friends

I notice there are  
red berries  
on the trees again  
this autumn  
and in such great  
abundance ..  
But no wax-wings  
to cull them  
nor any squirrels,  
bullfinches,  
or other rodents ..  
Last winter,  
was hard on them  
too my love ..

## Casual Ties

### Casual Ties

As casual

as all those loose ties seemed  
at first ..

It was the loose associations  
that she  
then made, which collectively  
tied her up in  
cold bloodied knots and held  
her there fast  
until the very end of her days ..

## Team Building

### Team Building

Although I am all for equality  
these days,  
I can't help but think, every  
now and again,  
it might be quite nice to have  
a few slaves around to  
keep all the servants company ..

## Lying & Truly

### Lying & Truly

Let's not kid ourselves  
shall we ..

There seems no point  
in us now  
pretending everything  
is still okay ..

When it gets this bad,  
even the thought  
of turning back would  
be pointless  
and therefore serve no  
useful purpose ..

Yet if I was to say I am  
not bothered  
at all, by the thought of  
us both letting go,  
or that I was not just a  
tiny bit scared,  
then would most surely  
be lying & truly,  
so whose kidding who then ..

## Unreasonable Logic

### Unreasonable Logic

Real men don't read poetry  
they scoffed ..  
But then, neither do they cry ..

Still there are those  
who insist on preventing  
their own wounds from healing ..

Such fools, both follow  
and howl at the moon ..  
Like so many fools before them ..

Yet while they marvel,  
at the makings, of a broken man ..  
They deconstruct whole dynasties ..

## Green Tangents

### Green Tangents

How would you defend against a nuclear strike?

We would plant more trees ..

So how would you prevent more cyber-attacks?

We would be sure to plant more trees ..

Okay so what about natural disasters, like famine,  
earthquakes, floods or maybe

another pandemic, world war three, or for example  
invasion from another galaxy?

Rest assured my friend, we would plant more trees ..

## Such a Waste of Fine Words

### Such a Waste of Fine Words

While these words  
may not be perfect,  
they are for you  
and for you, alone ..  
They were not  
randomly plucked  
from any old  
thesaurus but were  
conversely  
chosen, with great  
care, with  
respect and indeed,  
so much love  
that when I finally  
threw them  
away I was shocked,  
deeply hurt  
and surprised they  
did not fall  
and form a love poem  
like I had always  
intended for you darling ..



## Still Art For Art's Sake

### Still Art For Art's Sake

There are bits of me that  
clearly  
don't work anymore and  
are therefore,  
more or less redundant ..  
Yet still,  
all that is missing today are  
a set of fine  
sable hair brushes, a pen,  
a note-pad,  
a box of assorted pastels,  
a place with a  
view and job lot of canvasses ..

## Signs of Things to Come

### Signs of Things to Come

My wife, she wears  
the trousers ..  
While I wear a really  
pretty dress ..  
I think there may be  
something,  
they are adding to  
the water,  
around these parts ..  
For instance,  
take my daughter  
Dave, who is really  
in such a dreadful mess ..

## A Hand Full of Ashes

### A Hand Full of Ashes

Is this for real, I asked myself  
and in my sorrow,  
despaired both long and hard  
    because I knew it was ..  
Yet still, the gulls,  
gargoyles and most of the girls  
collectively despised  
    and frowned down upon me ..  
So I bubble wrap  
my day and manufacture one  
of those false smiles,  
    that you were most famous for ..  
But the wind got  
    there first and blew them away ..  
Long before it caught  
like a fire, in the draught of my  
    late father's house ..

## Shanty

### Shanty

With anchors dropped and duly set, where ere we ever docked ..  
Upon these salty seas of ours, seven heartbeats were truly felt ..  
Weigh anchor when the deed is done, several other vessels shot ..  
One in every port at least, say's I, each fucked, to kingdom come ..  
Come virgins, wives n mistresses, we cannot, leave half cocked ..

## Close Shaves and Final Cuts

### Close Shaves and Final Cuts

When they shave me for  
the last time,  
as they always tend to do ..

Please be sure  
that they use my old razor,  
or a proper one  
and most definitely not one  
that has been  
borrowed or some electric  
whirring thing ..

Oh' and if by chance they  
should fail to  
nick my waxy chin, cheeks,  
or saggy jowls,  
just be sure that, I forgive  
you and indeed  
everyone absolutely every  
single thing ..

But please, make sure that  
the guy with  
the razor makes a test cut  
before applying  
any rouge or makeup they  
think necessary ..

And should by any chance  
I bleed at all  
during the above outlined  
procedure ..

Then reschedule all planned  
celebrations  
and go get a decent physician

out to me pronto ..

## Watched

### Watched

He watched her from  
his balcony  
towel drying her hair  
and later  
while having breakfast  
opposite ..  
He had hoped to catch  
her applying  
sun oil before the sun  
rose too  
high and it got too hot  
to handle  
his 8x42's or hold them  
still enough  
to see clearly through  
the heat haze  
and her wicked shimmer ..

## Hidden in Sight

Hidden in Sight

These words were not  
hidden here ..  
But rather left to be  
found by those  
curious enough to look  
for their true  
meaning and maybe,  
to then find themselves ..



## Something Only Part Remembered

### Something Only Part Remembered

Do you,  
by any chance remember  
when our rings  
first clashed  
on that three quarter bed  
in that  
cheap hotel room ..  
I know I do  
and I seem to recall  
it might  
well have been Blackpool ..  
I remember  
the tingle and the shock  
of that first  
Shazam moment almost  
as if it  
were yesterday ..  
My word,  
how quick and intense  
was  
that guilt trip  
we simultaneously forgot ..

## Yours Truly A. Victim .. & Maybe Just Maybe

Yours Truly A. Victim

Because I won't hurt you, you hurt yourself ..  
But then,  
you always tend to blame everything on me  
don't you ..

Maybe Just Maybe

The difference and the distances  
between resurrection,  
resuscitation and reincarnation  
are but a mere heartbeat,  
a blink and a few breaths away ..

## Strategically Lost

### Strategically Lost

It was there where we lay,  
I got so dreadfully lost  
and for a moment or two  
was quite beside myself ..

Drowning,  
but slow in those  
deep luxurious folds  
our shadows  
did then jointly cast ..

As we became naked  
together  
and bathed in the warm  
afterglow  
of old cranberry glass ..

Which by some chance  
she had strategically  
placed on the mantelshelf ..  
next to her previous lovers ..

I am now a man of infinite  
leisure and can do  
anything she wants me to  
and in abundance at her pleasure ..

## Holding Back the Smile

### Holding Back the Smile

As slow as the night took hold  
of them both ..

She proceeded to remove each  
of the gold rings  
and to discard her robes for him  
as was instructed ..

However, she refused to offer  
a hint of a smile,  
or to relinquish the slave band ..

## Dementia?s Cruel Kiss

### Dementia's Cruel Kiss

There were clearly things lost  
within himself  
quite unlike any puzzle or maze  
he had previously  
    known or ever got lost in before ..  
I know what I know  
    and I know what I saw, he said ..  
Yet still, I'm not able  
    to make sense of them no more ..

## Afterwards #2

### Afterwards #2

After the act, she took his heart and soul  
and used them both  
as a hostage and a shield to hide behind ..

And though whilst never truly lost  
she was so perfectly misplaced ..  
Dark as a drawer full of shadows folded ..

Oh' what joys and sorrows lie ahead  
he thought, but would gladly set you free,  
just so as he, might capture you once again ..

## The Consequences of Failing to Prep

The Consequences of Failing to Prep

Have you noticed how all of our  
exhausted swifts  
are having such a hard time of it ..

That late last clutch, may mean  
the death of them  
and it has not even snowed yet ..

No matter how good yours were,  
nothing and no one can prepare you  
for parenthood, or for winter ..

## Before Spill Kits and DNA Became a Thing

### Before Spill Kits and DNA Became a Thing

The crack in the wall  
at the apex  
is no different today  
than it was  
twenty five years ago  
when I first  
noticed it was even  
there at all ..  
But let us not forget  
the stain  
on our ceiling is still  
the very  
same one in reverse  
that our  
neighbour still covets  
even today,  
but remains desperate  
to hide on a rug  
covered bedroom floor ..



## Ways of Falling Out of Love

### Ways of Falling Out of Love

Falling out of love,  
is not as easy  
as one might think it is ..  
For example,  
there are those who  
do so, in such  
shallow slow motion ..  
They may not  
even be aware it is  
happening to them ..  
Whilst there  
are also, those who  
would free-fall from it  
blindly and fast ..  
Without so much as  
thinking it through,  
or the consequences ..  
Whereas others  
might tend to go with  
the flow of it ..  
As yet tho, it remains  
impossible to advise  
the best way to go about it ..

## Like Butterflies in Snowstorms

### Like Butterflies in Snowstorms

Thanks for reading me wrong  
and for deleting me ..  
You have completely undone  
and released all  
the good that was ever in me ..  
So surely, it's high time  
for each of us to move forward ..  
Nothing at all, really  
matters now does it, in the end  
it all comes down to  
pretence like an image projected  
onto some opaque  
mirror or screen that does not  
bleed, but it feels  
nonetheless .. and today, we are  
lost and in one hell of  
a mess, both shattered and torn  
at the seams to the core ..  
Blown like some rare and fragile  
butterfly into a blinding  
colourless grave held by a snowstorm ..

## Quick Fingers

### Quick Fingers

Despite those long, cool and slim fingers  
    of hers,  
which by the way, she was so very well  
known for ..  
No amount of silk, gold thread, or time  
that she  
    spent trying to mend him, would suffice ..  
And at close  
of day, he was still well and truly broken,  
    end of story ..  
Oh' yes, she was a weaver but she had  
    a witches touch ..

## Signs of The Times x5

Signs of The Times x5

If you don't join my gang,  
I shall go and find  
someone to beat you up ..

If you won't be my friend  
will you maybe  
consider being my lover ..

We need far fewer walls  
building these days ..  
But many more bridges ..

Please take your time,  
don't hurry, life is so full  
of tribulations and worry ..

Love, life and lies  
foibles, follies and friction  
facts we never signed up to ..

## Because It Felt Right at The Time

### Because It Felt Right at The Time

Long after the poet had passed, I took his book,  
the one that he wrote  
and an old bible, I no longer required, which was  
far too big and heavy ..  
To a church, I never once attended, but always  
intended to, one day, perhaps ..  
Hey, who am I kidding, but that's where I left both  
of those toms, on a pew  
at the front, near the altar and all of its associated  
religious paraphernalia ..  
And I swear, to this day, I don't have a clue why  
I did that, but I did though ..  
And for a while at least, I'm sure, I felt better for it ..

## When it All Seemed to Fit

When it All Seemed to Fit

There was a time once

it all seemed to fit ..

When our bodies were

perfectly dovetailed

and our lights were all lit ..

## The Joy of Silence

### The Joy of Silence

Sound words

heard

though barely

whispered ..

Quiet gently

broken

by a longing

scarcely

even touched ..

Then she

sighed and so

deeply ..

I thought that

maybe

she was dying ..

But she

only gasped

and urged me

continue,

for the sake of

both of us ..

Then hushed,

quite unselfishly ..

## Masterpieces

Masterpieces

Masterpeices

are not

the easiest of

things

to stumble upon

these days ..

Their inner glow

usually

seems to serve

as a beacon

or as a warning

not to try

and precure

someone else's light ..



## The Horse With the Red Umbrella

### The Horse With the Red Umbrella

Two worlds linked perhaps  
but only one  
    precious moment recalled ..  
Pray do take  
notes tho' since the horse  
with the red  
umbrella, is much more than  
just closely  
    juxtaposed to yours truly ..  
And my word  
how it does sadden me so  
when I drive  
or I choose to stroll with my  
limp along that  
famously narrow causeway,  
with those spires  
    firmly in situ, all around us ..  
As indeed, I do now  
solemnly turn to face yet one  
more green county  
with my freedom intact and I  
no longer fear  
    looking back over my shoulder ..  
    She was always,  
    such a loser any day and anyway ..

## Barely Visible Indentations

### Barely Visible Indentations

They were always  
such delicate  
and pretty little  
indentations,  
that I could never  
quite get  
my head around,  
nor fully  
understand why  
she ever  
tried to hide them  
in the first place ..  
After all,  
they served only  
to mark  
briefly the site  
where her panties  
had once been ..  
And then,  
leaving behind  
them faint  
ribbon like criss  
crossed  
undulations which  
reminded me so  
much  
of old fashioned  
opaque,  
pink and blue  
forget me not's ..  
Those which,

I once used to trace  
with my  
fingertips and my  
tongue  
and the edges  
of my thumb nails  
before  
spooning into you  
for the night ..  
Each of us warmed,  
feeling so safe  
and perfectly sated ..

## Breaking a Myth About Bad Words

### Breaking a Myth About Bad Words

Quick  
while I can't stop  
writing  
and I'm just here  
waiting  
to mop up  
any stragglers,  
as they either rush  
by or they  
float around me ..  
So please,  
feel free to ask any  
questions ..  
Okay, but only  
if you are certain ..  
Then tell me  
about bad words ..  
Sure,  
but let's just get  
one tiny  
thing straight first  
shall we ..  
There is no such  
thing as  
a bad word  
in its own write ..  
It's only  
those people who  
variously  
abuse and then  
who tend to misuse

them who are  
really that bad ..  
Now where to begin  
oh' yes,  
let's start with hate ..

## Flushed

Flushed

Oh' yes indeed, I do yet still  
vividly recall  
how a single outstretched  
palm might  
    somehow, comfortably cup  
both of her  
    small but exquisite breasts ..  
And which,  
then might tremble beneath  
the very  
lightest of his most precise  
and equally  
determined touches like  
a brace of  
    beaten and likewise flushed  
or startled,  
painted doves, from the cover  
provided by  
densest heather and golden  
gorse bushes ..  
I also recall, how she turned  
and smiled  
    in my direction, before that is ..  
She fell, or threw  
herself upon an ancient tartan  
coverlet that we  
had covertly removed earlier  
from her maiden  
    aunts now famous, four poster ..

## At the Very End of Darkness

At the Very End of Darkness

Where did the light come from  
and who turned it on ..

I mean that golden glow the very  
same colour as halo's ..

Locked in a room with no windows  
or doors but filled with orbs  
with no present, no past or before  
yet still glowing and darkly ..

## At The Risk of Reaching Out

At The Risk of Reaching Out

Sometimes reaching that little bit further,  
is all it takes to make  
or to break all those moments lost perhaps ..



## Sunday School Afternoons

### Sunday School Afternoons

Don't you think it's funny  
how we each cling  
to certain familiar things ..  
The sweet scent  
of old saw mills in forests  
and the subtle hit  
of wildflower and cottage  
gardens on the way  
to nowhere in particular ..  
Except for maybe,  
a surprise roadside picnic  
with the folks  
and grandparents on those  
amazing carefree  
and always sunny Sunday  
afternoons that we  
once used to love so much  
before the return  
journey homeward bound  
in Dads old green van ..  
Not to mention  
the sound of all those clear  
freshwater rivers  
where the grayling could be  
found and spawned,  
year after year and the crazy  
idea every single thing  
would sooner or later be perfect ..



## Heaving Mountains on Still Days

### Heaving Mountains on Still Days

When time lapses  
into a single  
collapsed moment ..  
And the world  
stands cautious for  
a microsecond ..  
I might find myself  
wondering  
if any of these small,  
smooth, polished  
stones and pebbles  
you once gave to me  
are likely to  
ripple any less when  
tossed into some  
vast ocean than let's  
just say, their much  
greater counterparts,  
in some iconic  
fountain or another  
somewhere ..  
Not to mention all  
these huge and much  
heavier mountains,  
I am still left here to wield ..

## When Dressed to Kill

When Dressed to Kill

She was quite unique  
and in her  
own way, stood out  
from the crowd,  
like the front bonnet  
of a metallic  
British Racing Green  
Alfa Romeo ..

In fact, it was whilst  
she was still  
firing blindly like that,  
from the hip  
and on all cylinders ..

Like some  
manic assassin,  
in tears, tiara and her  
torn matching  
green silk party dress ..

That I just so  
happened, to catch  
sight of all  
the charcoal black  
mascara  
smeared unladylike,  
across each  
of her flushed cheeks ..

As she began  
to pick over those  
numerous,  
anonymous human  
remains laying

still and face down,  
in such  
hideous and very  
long rows  
piled high in deep  
    uncaring gutters ..  
And when  
precisely it dawned  
on me in  
a world of back  
on back  
uncertainties, I was  
sure if looks  
could kill, then she  
would have  
clearly made one hell  
    of a serial killer ..

## Love Seeds

### Love Seeds

You may well ask why  
I am busy,  
planting all these little  
love seeds in  
    terracotta flowerpots ..  
And why  
I sprinkle them each day  
with new hope  
    and with fresh rain drops ..  
Well it just goes  
to show and to prove that  
I can learn  
how to love and to trust  
her again and not  
    give up on her completely ..

## Taste

### Taste

Your latest aftertaste is extraordinary,  
like a fine wine  
containing a richness of wicked subtleties  
plus half hidden  
innuendos and blissful notes, just waiting  
to be savoured again ..  
and which by the way, goes on to leave  
such a pleasant sweet  
sensation and glow behind on what might  
otherwise be my  
singularly lonesome and redundant palate ..

## Part of A Whole That Needs Mending

### Part of A Whole That Needs Mending

There is part of a whole  
that needs  
to be mended and crying  
out for attention ..  
Yet while I still struggle  
to forgive you  
for dying like that ..  
I doubt, no matter how  
hard I might try ..  
I won't find a patch that's  
anywhere, near big enough ..



## Remarking on A Flight of Fancy

Remarking on A Flight of Fancy

This is so much more  
than just fun,  
or a flight of fancy, she said ..

Can you not  
feel it in those  
pretty wings of yours ..

Although I learnt  
a long time ago,  
it's okay to look back ..

I dare not go  
anywhere  
near them, these days ..

It's all in the way  
we plummet and fall  
from the sky, you see ..

Much like Icarus burned,  
so maybe we all  
should have just listened more ..

## Sussing the Pot Plant

Sussing the Pot Plant

The green pot plant  
standing  
all alone, on the cool  
bottom  
black step of our new  
and still  
    shiny spiral staircase,  
appeared  
to be moulting along  
    with the dog ..  
My dear good lady wife  
always notices  
such things and said, it  
was a fine example  
of subtropical,  
    variegated weeping fig ..  
Then she asked,  
if I thought, it may ever  
    feel lonely ..  
I said, I doubt it, after all,  
it's got the dog  
and a view through our  
new triple glazed  
French windows, across  
the garden  
into the forest beyond ..  
She just smiled,  
wiped both of her eyes,  
and then,  
    wept back to the dishes ..

## Repression and The Senegambia Highway Man

### Repression and The Senegambia Highway Man

I once met a gentleman twice, who purely  
by some chance,

I only recall, bumping into, the first time ..  
It was just off from

the brand new, Senegambia highway ..  
I never did manage

to learn his Mandinka name though ..  
He was tall and so

very thin however, my dear lord, it was  
easy to see that he

was quite literally, starving back then ..  
And so, I gave him

a handful of rice, Adana the house girl  
had previously given me ..

Plus a small piece of something, I took  
to be meat, from

the back of my very old host, Hanna's  
very temperamental,

antique refrigerator and then, at least  
for one moment or

two, he did seem, reasonably contented ..  
But when I met with

him again, the very next day, we both  
kind of knew by then,

that he was very much in dying mode ..  
He had a hole in one

of his legs you see, so big you could  
poke a big stick

right through it and see clearly from one  
side to the other ..

But his eyes were by then sadly already

dead in his head

And the truth was, he was totally blinded ..

So I gave him the one

hundred and twenty five dalasi which

was all that I had on me

and told him to go grab a bush cab to

the Banjul infirmary a.s.a.p.

That same evening, one of the cooks

at Old Uncle Noah's

Fish Restaurant, came and told me that

the guy with no name,

they called *Happy* never quite made it ..

And all the scraps he had

saved in his carrier bag, were promptly

divided between,

a young orphaned albino, riddled with

skin cancer and his four

three month old abandoned puppy dogs ..

Oh' and since I happened

to be passing, would I care to make a

small donation to some

other lost causes .. I said, sorry but no,

I've got a plane to catch ..

And while you may think it strange that

I have hardly ever even

thought about that guy, or that day again,

until a moment ago, that is ..

Now on reflection, I guess that's what we

in the trade, used to call repression ..

## Implications of Doing Nothing

### Implications of Doing Nothing

What we seem to have here  
my dear  
is a new social documentary  
depicting an  
    anguished, sigh of our times ..  
Yet still one  
should not try, to deny there is  
a certain innocent  
beauty in all of the rubble that  
so very many  
casualties casually leave behind  
in the rust and the  
    dirt and the blue caustic smoke ..  
That might otherwise  
burn old skin from young bones  
and make each  
    one of us either go crazy or blind ..

## Inprised

Inprised

Securely locked up  
and cloaked  
in exquisite shades  
like some  
bird of paradise  
standing  
proudly in its own  
magnificent  
multicoloured light ..  
Is surely,  
the way I last recall  
seeing her ..  
Although now I fear  
my eyes may  
have deceived me ..  
Since such  
intrinsic beauty later  
proved to be  
nothing but a series  
of callous,  
contradictory illusions ..

## Double Checking Our Favourite Positions

### Double Checking Our Favourite Positions

counting backwards  
and down in  
reverse alphabetical  
order I did note  
at that time, we were  
    both on letter Z ..  
oh' my word, whatever  
next she asked  
and where might we go  
    from here ..  
I don't have a clue her  
    lover replied ..  
maybe we ought to try  
throwing a dice  
or something and take  
    it from there,  
before agreeing on  
    what feels most comfortable ..

## Just a Few Things That Made Up a Day

### Just a Few Things That Made Up a Day

Although as yet, we have not  
been formally  
introduced, or for that matter,  
met in the flesh  
so to speak .. I have occasional  
dreams, in which  
you feature and wherein I play  
a small supporting role ..  
In the opening scene, you are  
always wearing  
a brand new, white bath robe ..  
With your still  
damp and sun-bleached, fresh  
apple scented hair,  
held loose, in a cool, matching  
white towel ..  
You are sitting, on an old straw  
coloured rice mat  
and have a bowl of fresh hand  
picked cherries  
nestled snugly, between your  
feet and your thighs ..  
There is a pink gecko lounging  
on the ceiling  
and outside one of the two open  
windows, a pair of  
red and orange fire finches are  
singing, having been  
woken and warmed by a new sun ..  
I note that the sky  
is still perfect and blue, as it was



yesterday at noon  
while cream, bronze and salmon  
chrysanthemums  
each dance and wave back at me  
in the very lightest of  
light breezes and from a lime green  
glazed pot, on the balcony ..

## Some Things She Once Said

Some Things She Once Said

She once said that she lived  
somewhere  
near Gdansk, in a rented  
apartment with  
    her beautiful young daughter ..  
Surrounded  
by surplus tall chimneys,  
spare bearded  
    scholars, artists and geeks ..  
You know,  
those who I guess may think  
laterally,  
    kind of sideways and deeply ..  
Proper textbook  
    bohemia, or so I imagined ..  
And just maybe,  
the kind of place I might once  
have felt quite  
    happy to live in, so to speak ..  
She went on to  
    suggest she had been hurt once  
too often  
and was now, taking a break  
    from reality  
and tho' her ego may be dying,  
she insisted she  
still feels pain and can be hurt just  
the same, so be  
    very gentle with me, she begged ..  
Oh' dear lord,  
at that time, I then thought if we

ever did meet,  
it would need to occur in a park,  
or a public place  
and at least, somewhere safe like  
    good old Ukraine ..  
But even then, I doubt I could've  
    kept my hands off her ..  
Instead, it was then, I fell for the  
smile, her dark hair,  
brown eyes and yes, much to  
my surprise, her  
    vulnerability and her honesty ..  
Sometime later,  
after we fucked a few times and  
made love often  
she found me on Facebook but  
insisted I block her  
for the sake of confidentiality  
and the daughter,  
she loved, more than anything  
this messed up  
    world of ours, cared to offer her ..  
Yes, it was then we  
shook hands and promised each  
other to always be no  
    more than lovers and ever friends ..

## Insatiated (A Neologism for Our Times)

Insatiated (A Neologism for Our Times)

Since this thirst  
could not  
be quenched,  
by all the sweat  
you have  
ever yet shed  
and regardless,  
of whether  
upon your long  
toiling,  
lovemaking or  
on so very many  
battlefields ..  
I hasten to warn  
thee it is  
still far too sweet  
for this  
hunger of mine  
and I do  
occasionally fear,  
that it can  
no longer be sated ..

## Playing With Words

### Playing With Words

She said,  
do you see what  
I mean ..  
He said no, but  
I hear what  
you say, and tho'  
I'm aware,  
that you search  
for yourself  
each day in my  
poetry ..  
Somehow, you  
still tend  
to get lost in my  
ludicrous  
words en-route ..  
But that's  
fine by me babe  
I regard it  
as a journey and  
quite like  
the course you  
take anyway ..  
Oh' plus the fact  
you feel able  
to pause to linger  
and play,  
with each of my  
metaphors ..  
But then my love,  
I love how

you smile look  
away and pretend  
it's all just  
some silly old game ..

## Once I Felt Like a Sky Hungry Kite

Once I Felt Like a Sky Hungry Kite

I still don't know how

I feel today ..

But I do know, I once

felt like a magnificent,

sky hungry kite ..

That is, until you chose

to eclipse me

and then your shadow

blocked out,

every ounce of my light ..

Now I stumble around in

the darkness

feeling my way forward

a bit at a time

searching for morsels to eat ..

But I doubt very much like

the phoenix,

either resurrection, rebirth

or revival will

remain on the menu all week ..

## No More Mr. Blue Skies

### No More Mr. Blue Skies

Pray can you still hear the cries  
of all these anguished  
    and stricken, landlocked gulls ..  
In particular, those  
that echo around and likewise,  
still haunt, these now  
empty oceans and once clear  
    blue skies of ours ..  
Can you still hear them sigh as  
they each carve,  
slice and scythe, their own way  
through such dense  
and likewise, unnavigable beige  
    mushroom clouds ..  
Then as they exit in their haste,  
into some deep,  
dark and hungry black hole now  
somewhat curiously,  
filling with tears and with misery  
that once did  
    belong to the whole human race ..  
Such a sadness begins  
to descend and a grand sense of  
total nothingness  
begins to prevail where once we  
were wrong to  
assume that indeed heaven might  
    one day be found ..  
How wrong you all were, to place  
such hope, trust and faith  
in power crazed bullies, billionaire



despots, bigots and liars ..

## Some Kind of Curious Something

Some Kind of Curious Something

I think it was while we were laying contented,  
in two, conjoint heaps on  
the top sheet, I first became aware of some kind  
of curious something and nothing  
that surely must have been us, sated and complete ..

## Aide-Mémoire?s

Aide-Mémoire's

it's the little things, isn't it  
that make us remember, but then, along come  
the bigger things, to help us forget ..

## Listen Loud Just One More Time

Listen Loud Just One More Time

He so wanted to tell her all over again,  
just how much he loved her ..  
Not only that, but he wanted to chant it  
out loud, so the whole world  
could hear him and in universal tongues ..  
Indeed, all those words he once  
dare only release, in near silent whispers  
and left in the perfect shells  
of both her pretty ears he so needed to shout  
out just once more, but this time to  
argue and to resonate like unanimous war drums ..

## This is Where Spring Begins ? Haru Ga Hajimaru

This is Where Spring Begins ? Haru Ga Hajimaru

In the heat of that particular moment,  
he recalled, how he had once  
traced her name, with the warm pad  
of his index finger, in the thin  
film of ice, that had formed overnight  
on the inside of their shared  
bedroom window .. And then, how she  
had turned into him, all smiley  
and snug before whispering haru ga hajimaru ..

Haru Ga Hajimaru ? This is Where Spring Begins

## Corporal B and Me

### Corporal B and Me

Even though, we were both on the same side ..  
Corporal B clearly hated me  
and made my life a total misery for as long  
as I knew him and believe me ..  
Fourteen months is a long time indeed to be  
hated and bullied by anyone ..  
For what it's worth, I began to crack in twelve ..  
and think it may well have been  
about the same time, he shoved me from the  
back of a barrage balloon that  
he first got to me and I began, to imagine all  
kinds of peculiar things ..  
Like maybe, he didn't care for me too much,  
or when he threw me twice from  
a reconditioned Andover troop training craft  
at thirteen thousand feet ..  
Anyway, having thus spent his entire life as a  
bully, perhaps no one would  
blame me surely, for wiring his car to look like,  
he was on some IRA cell, hit list ..  
Ha, me and my mate Monty both got fifteen days  
jankers, for that sweet pay back ..  
But boy, was it worth it and get this folks, I bought  
myself back into civvy street  
pretty soon afterwards and although, I may not have  
been that much of a real hero ..  
All the lads back at flight HQ cheered and saluted me  
while being marched off the premises ..



## Requiem For A Refugee

### Requiem For A Refugee

When the wind  
drives low  
from the east  
in gentle wafts ..  
The sound  
of so very many  
infant children,  
each crying  
in some remote  
bombed out  
and distant ruin  
or drowning  
in some dubious,  
foul-fitted  
and sinking craft,  
may yet still  
be heard yelling,  
or moaning ..  
The fact is though,  
the first time  
that I heard them,  
I was busy  
working on one of  
my last alibis ..  
When most likely  
by chance,  
an unexpected  
gust came  
from nowhere  
and it  
casually blew me



clean away ..  
And whereas we  
all know  
that kind of thing  
should  
never really  
happen ..  
You can bet your  
life that it  
surely does happen  
and every single day ..

## Where Are All The Grassy Knolls When You Really Need One

Where Are All The Grassy Knolls When You Really Need One

His exit, from the world stage, was more  
of a fall from grace  
without a single sympathetic ripple but  
much rapturous applause ..

Some words you see, speak for themselves ..  
Much like certain dictators,  
liars and clowns do, but hey, get this, he was  
far too busy redesigning  
the truth and opposing reality to notice how  
fast the tide of opinion was  
swiftly turning against him, yet still, it was a  
combination of the swell  
and the backwash, that eventually took him,  
plus his cronies out in the end ..

Which incidentally folks, along with all those  
mammoth presidential lies  
of his and their collective absurdity, amount  
to nothing less than gross  
universal war crimes against the better half  
of humanity .. Not to mention,  
the complete disregard, for any rights, needs  
or beliefs of all those others  
both on and off camera, whose bodies now  
lay littered and strewn around  
for the whole world to see in a cage without  
obvious boundaries or bars to  
contain any of their ridiculed collective ego's ..

But then, me writing about  
that slime ball won't save lives or really change  
anything at all, except maybe  
the way I feel about my own integrity or perhaps,

ease my conscience a little ..

## Queues

### Queues

Having lost her place in the bread queue, she found  
herself hurried along  
by a prod from a sharp knee, in the small of her back  
and in yet another long line,  
just waiting to be tattooed, disinfected and shorn ..

It wouldn't have done any good to grumble, to resist  
or to moan, there were piles  
of such moaners, stacked high either side of the road  
and so little time, not even enough  
to kiss goodbye to her folks, her children or friends ..

Everyone there was both starving and cold, yet even  
when the ovens were full,  
they still kept on feeding those fires of theirs, until  
tears filled the dorms and the smoke  
did rise and the whole of the sky turned waxy and black ..

## One More Open Verdict For the Road

### One More Open Verdict For the Road

She came out of the sky like  
a rocket  
and for a moment, or maybe  
not quite  
that long, he thought she was  
trying to  
re-route herself, from some  
kind of crazy  
    kamikaze dive or something ..  
But then,  
how wrong could he possibly  
be and how  
far from the truth .. she could  
not fly at all  
could she, and on reflection,  
it seems that  
    she either fell, or she was pushed ..

## The Weight of Enlightenment

### The Weight of Enlightenment

I am almost too ashamed  
to admit that  
it took me years to realise,  
the warmest  
glow comes from forgiving  
    and from giving ..  
Still, they think they stand  
on firmer and on  
higher ground today than we  
    ever did and still do ..  
Oh' my word, how wrong are  
    each of those fools ..

## Some Kind of African Life

### Some Kind of African Life

After twenty nine pints of O rhesus positive  
and dying three times ..

Not to mention eight hours straight he spent  
in their hands under the knife ..

They worked on him solid and not one gave  
up on him, until they  
eventually handed him back some kind of life ..

And although the guy  
who stabbed him twice and took his phone,  
his passport and watch  
got clean away, he nevertheless, forgave him  
and vowed, that one day

God willing, he might again return to his Africa,  
providing his wife and two kids  
would ever dare let him out of their sight again ..