

# Anthology of giantgentlebear



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*my angel spirit*

# Acknowledgement

to pain

## About the author

abducted by aliens-- abducted by humans

## summary

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## loose wing

concrete eyes -sinking before me as i swim to some guarded shore-left alone to walk from wall to wall-absurd fool  
chained against the past  
lips moving jagged wire stretching between the words -  
a piece of a forgotten day floats past in a stolen cloud  
whisky drinking leather lady - sliced in loves nervous embrace  
head to head floor to floor hip to hip -this secret tide you crush in silence  
40 years in writing - a million years in fear  
i whisper some great love song to the chain of frozen mirrors  
outside the darkness - creeps into the light  
so my day is forever night

## paranoid about the earths crust

walking in a hovering step-each supporting actor glancing against that hollow thin creaking shell  
i stay still in my wall  
pictures in frames like hanged men-  
dust dressed jars stand guarding there once touched hopes  
sunken plants along a wooden shore-cry for the pity that water brings  
time throws me another lie  
i knew i had taken the outside view  
yet in some POE like story-i have never moved  
a metal dancing girl stands beneath a grubby white painted wall-  
it must be Autumn as clothes like dead leaves are all a scatter across wooden beasts ,  
you see i fear the Earths crust maybe to weak for me  
and falling through its realms just to go to the shops

so many unread graves  
so many kisses from razors edge  
so many caesars saying goodbye

you see i fear the earths crust maybe to weak for me..

## WHISKEY WEDNESDAY

crying night i cut you - to watch the shrouds pour from your holy wounds  
listening to silent snow falling inside a summer room-  
tasting the lust from years dust  
Whiskey Wednesday -who saved ravens for her hair  
and dances before the marble and granite audience

making love in golden shallow lakes-  
surrounded by crowded spinning history  
physical -ultimate - critic  
Whiskey Wednesday - she saved Ravens for her hair-  
she caught moments for her eyes

Darkness came with all the chariots -with all the demons burnt and scalded -the hands melt into friendships grip.  
silent early the last breath-  
Whiskey Wednesday-she collected Ravens for her hair



## UNSETTLING

drank so many crucifixes - my skin became the tattoo within  
snow angel creeping with the dawn whisper  
buried on a throne of Bone  
  medicine -with the dreaming screen  
cardboard homeless birthmark  
clean shoes - stone suits  
jagged lips on whiskey hips  
  strong helpless weak open , shut  
digging holes in spongy earth  
taking a shiny steel spade  
slicing the top of my skull  
letting my brain fall back home

words should be safe  
words warn  
words

## Elephants on a beach-tears with every wave

standing by the ocean watching every word  
perhaps the ocean is watching me  
footprints over so many years all stolen by the view  
plastic bobbing corpses echo another life  
organic crucifix surfboarding ride  
a beaten sky throws the cloud some memory in disguise

who am i  
i can hear myself scream  
pieces of a drawing a nightmare in a dream  
sand flows from the wounds i let you rest in  
could i destroy that knocking on the door  
silence the turning head  
and carry another stormy wave

Romantic smooth melting kiss  
the smell of musk drifting along the chained reason  
an escape -and me left on a sodden rainy beach  
speaking in some mixed meaning-  
while a bizarre scene unfolds me spreading tears  
and three elephants from an indoor zoo strode strongly  
along each pebble strewn interlude,  
always at the very ocean edge-never inland  
im just waiting for the tide to return

## shot up like a cowboy -

she was a bra less girl in a 1970s Cheese cloth top  
Strawberry pattern against the hottest day of the year  
i was a shot up cowboy -sitting on a metal steed  
give me that day -it should never have gone away  
smash the glass and let it free

i remember Bob Dylan he was saying it all  
at 2am in a morning -all his words were drowning in a background of melting soul  
cheese cloth girl and the shot up cowboy  
then David Bowie kissed are hearts with Sorrow  
which seemed to be about your blond hair  
waking up on a beach -Wine bottles and friends  
maybe heavens going back again to what we forgot we knew  
Cheese cloth girl - kissed a shot up Cowboy  
on the hottest day of that 1970s year xx

## some knight

Thrones splashing around metal dog collar courts  
cracking blood red cider Saturday nights  
plastic melts across such great words spoken in loud silence  
footprint fear the new face  
another night in false rented grave  
falling asleep-woken from false prophet praise  
knife so smooth edged  
fascinated by the crimson carpet laid outside this temple  
crisp white clouds pulled up tight around  
a field of bizarre salad-like canoes racing along this biblical tide  
ET TU BRUTE  
no applause-was my impending death acted that bad  
ET TU BRUTE



## time

can you feel the wind son  
its your fathers breath across time  
my touch will be the roots you can travel upon  
every year a scar-  
i can feel the same wind-i travel the same way  
the great water fall

## TRUST BE -MY PAGE IS WRITTEN

What jagged empire you built in the spaces -clean and dusted -  
so many unpacked careful hours-  
thrown into the rage to float in this discomfort of conversation  
Crazy-sad words in balance upon this delicate hold  
a shifting wind blowing the burdens eager grace

Friend this bitter scent you are reading from an ancient rustic book  
a tattoo in name only stretched across the meaning  
years spent drowning at the mirrors command  
stealing woven magic wealth  
stealing speech -stealing a position

Friend i sleep more when this light  
is eaten by a God  
three whisky glass religion  
Rock blessed leather virgin  
sainted vomit dripping in a stone field

Friend -  
see the cut open flesh-  
i am all yours -  
Friend  
Fear is not my collection  
i never end  
Friend

## BARFLY

drinking busted yellow teeth through force fed fist  
laughing at every attempt to crawl back into the glass i left  
standing in those years i ate along with the burnt rainbows i started collecting -  
when the church of moving earth decided to create -a reason for me to question gods drinking partners,

snow angel with the missing pulse -  
hand held in a strangers heavy gripping thoughts  
six whiskeys 3 pills and my own hangman's noose  
going out in barfly fashion  
last supper - painted out truth-  
OCEANS OF WHISKEY



## RATS IN THE POOL

homeless thoughts carried home on the used crucifix  
the white space rots within its spinning gravity  
marble clean disinfected kisses  
single standard sized rose -cut and red against  
the washed scenery

realise that bollocks come in vases  
And words slip in parades-sipped conversations  
repair the dripping wallpaper  
guilty fields of combed careful prescriptions

sober faced churches preaching locked doors  
while drunks line up for Christ blood  
and eager clawing rooftops collapse  
when the sainted applause becomes the echo

went outside and buried my legs up to the knees  
forced my head to stay cold  
forced my growing heart to watch pinball stars heckle the shadow i knitted from the casting light  
time for another casket  
another thread of touch  
after all if its all Bollocks whats not to enjoy

## OUTREACHED

each scratch the masked decision  
empty tyre fitting bay where drunks piss on the words  
equal dancing deaths circle and disappear into seedless concrete prisons-  
two people in love squealing-a high pitched chant  
seems borrowed from another balancing act they saw swimming beneath there dripping dreams  
herds of misspent words gather on the bottom step  
windows become the beach the oceans fringe  
creeping through another midlife crisis  
fridge light flickers -door open or door sealed  
marble head stone reads publish or be damned  
shall i retreat shall i be beaten  
shall i hide and if i hide who can be found  
and will the hidden be looking  
an empty tyre fitting bay  
a drunken loving shrine  
space taken we all fitted in at the very end

## VOID IN A TIN BORROWED FROM THE 1890S

jailed MY SHADOW IN THE NIGHT-  
for telling stories to the trees -who bent over to listen closer  
and in the blood each letter stroked  
every word falling -every leaf adoring  
another pill -its easy then the stories can become a purple sky cut from the crystal dreaming day-  
darkness in its echo bed  
repeating the leaning truth- self portraits gather amongst broken glass  
another pill another drip of life -  
the shadow carries the wooden cross -lost and found  
the hand falls limp-cold as deep water fish -fingers uncurl  
drop to the ground the pill rolls -  
stops -lost and found.