

Anthology of Kev Youngson

Kev Youngson

Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Advice for my son

My son, on the cusp of manhood,
comes to me for advice
and asks
what he should do with his life.
I've been waiting for this moment
for longer than I have been a father,
rehearsed the wisdom I would impart,
and send not a boy
but a man on a path
of virtue and philosophy.

And I choke
because all I can advise
is that it sucks to work an office 9 to 5
where you spend your time writing poetry on the toilet
and in the cubicle next to you,
a man farts
and cries.

Stay your mind in the crashing waves

With calm waters you may splash and prance on the surface
bask in the warmth of the sun and its glory
lose yourself, ourselves, in the time of our lives.
These waters turn grey,
the sun blotted from the sky
shrouded by cloud.

Only those who stay calm in the crashing waves
can survive
and reach the shore.
Do not cling to me if you cannot stay your nerves.
I have held you above the surface for too long.
do not pull me under.
It will not go how you think.

I will swim to the shore with you
I will keep you above the deep
if only you do not trash wildly

I beg you
keep your mind.
You will drown otherwise
and I will not drown with you.
You will go alone.

There will be no sun on the shore without you
but I will choose solitude on the dry shores
to sharing the dark and the deep.

Take a walk in the dark

Take a walk in the dark
Where your mother told you never to go
Take a walk in the dark
The real dark where you can't see before you
Take no light, you will disturb the darkness, the depth
Take a walk in the dark
Where the silence pierces the ears
And the scratches of small critters echo
And the sound of your footsteps cause you to question if you are alone
Take a walk in the dark where shadows dwell
And the darkness plays games with your imagination
Notice how there's something telling you to look behind you and quicken your pace
Take a walk in the dark where uncertainty is the only certainty.
And there's not guarantee of what you'll find at the end.
Keep your stride, keep it true until the end
Take a walk in the dark and leave the fear of it behind
Fear only what standing in the light will bring you. Or what it won't.
Maps were not drawn by standing still
Take a walk in the dark
Bask in the quiet
Keep from turning back and seeking out the security of the light
Fight on, stride hard against the fear, the apprehension
Pioneer your life against the unknown
Take a walk in the dark
Leave behind those who call you crazy, a fool.
That you're wasting your time. Stand in the light where it is safe.
Take a walk in the dark
Where you find just how far you can push your limits.
Where today's dreams are tomorrows possibilities.
Take a walk
To the edge of the map
And see what you discover in uncharted territories.
Take a walk to see what you will find on the other side of fear

Kindling

You've not paid enough tax on your widow cleaning business.

Your cancer screening is booked for March 23rd at 10:15

Aunt Felecia's dog died while she was holidaying in Spain with Edna and Betty, her neighbours.

I take the time to read each letter addressed to the former occupier before throwing them into the fire.

I wonder how long she has until the cancer gets her. When the taxman will come knocking to know where his thousands are.

I bet Aunt Felicia was whoring about with a bunch of Spaniards.

Mild entertainment. At least it warms me for a while.

I went under Bliss

I went under for an operation,
They didn't count me down.
Instead,
I laid there shooting the breeze
With the surgeons,
And then I wake up.
Nothing in between but lost time.
Lost time and bliss.
Not like sleeping
Or dreaming.
It made me think of dying.
Wonder if it's not so bad
To just
Go
Go into nothing and not wake up.
To go In a single moment,
A moment split in half.
A life Dwindling,
Then...

The former path

There is a path by the sea
Where foam would spill over the wall
And over the way with soundless crash
Bringing with it pebbles and sand and breeze

Dusk would fall behind the horizon,
The pale face of the moon
Would adorn the waves
Of a clear black ocean

The path remains
But the nights are gone
Streetlights pollute the way
And walls keep back the foam

And off the shore, illuminated
Stands a farm of silent pale giants.
Industrial omens, spinning their arms in the wind
It's for our good we're told. Yes but so was the view.

Wilting Roses

Wilting roses fall from stem
carried by wind along the grass and dew,
Tears no longer salt the earth
But my world has not forgotten you.

You are not there
It's not for you this fresh bouquet,
I come here to remember
And see my respects are paid.

You gave so much
Your time, yourself,
It's only right I go on
with your lessons, I'm compelled.

I will play my part
Time will make history of us both,
But you will live on in those we leave behind
And I will meet you on the new coast.

You will live on in those we leave behind,
And I will meet you on the new coast.

Fields and valleys

Though fields and valleys keep us apart
I cross the great plains guided by my heart

It will take me to you, this I know
Through tempest, sandstorm, heat or snow

With each step I feel your heat
And I will be warmed when once we meet

I fight the elements with your love and devotion
It is your promised hand that keeps me in motion

Little I'm afraid this man has to offer
But his body and soul, and the chance to grow softer

To leave behind the hardship that this life has made
And be by your side, where I wish to be laid.

The Depth where you dwell

Rock bottom,
Hell,
There are so many names
For the same place.
For you ,Man in the mirror,
With pits for eyes,
Where nothing escapes
It's called reality.

This depth is where you
Dwell and fester
Not alone
But also without good company
You sit with your depravity
And rational.
The light above you dwindles
Always closer than it looks
But you never try
Truly try
To grasp

Why would you
When you don't need to
Not you
You're fine
Never better
Its them
They just don't understand

And that's their fault.

How do I

How can I say I'm fed up
With how my day
Brings me down
Without seeming weak.
How do I remark on the things
That trouble me
And depress me
Without seeming like I'm just complaining.
How do I say
That I sit on the edge of my bed after waking
Hoping the seconds so that little bit slower
Before I start work
Without seeming like I'm asking for special treatment.
How can I break from the mould
From the grip and claw I find myself in
The one that keeps the smile from my face
Without risking the future of those I love
How do I tell those I love
Who rely on my strength
Those I must not fail
Without breaking down to nothing before them.
How do I
How do I
How

Breaking Daylight

I saw in the breaking daylight,
Silent chaos,
Dwindling,
Hoping against
Lives we lead left unlived.
Its my turn to lead.
I have awoken to the day.
And what will come my way

And what will come my way?
I have awoken to the day.
Its my turn to lead lives
we lead left unlived, hoping against
Dwindling silent chaos.
I soar In the breaking daylight.

Let me breathe

Let me breathe
take this bag from my back
For a moment
The skin is sore and the bones ache.

Let me close my eyes
They sting for all they have seen
Tear will well
Images swirl beneath my eye lids

Let my mind cease
And not dwell on things with no end
Though do not let me wander dreamland
There are far darker things in those depths

Let me close my heart
It has invited too much
It aches
With each beat it makes

A letter home

This night comes with sombre rain
The skies know what is to come.
In the morn at day break
The tired souls of my comrades,
Following my whistle and order,
Will go over the wall.
And advance the plains to the enemy
Who will do just the same.
These men I lead are hardly that
They've known no love
Other than that of their mother.
Known no shame of a heavy drink,
Some have not even had their first.
And many, if not all,
Had never stepped foot outside of their home town
Before this ungodly war.
But we are told
We will be home for Christmas.
Yet these children
And myself I'm sure
Have seen our last already.
I hope only their resolve
Is strong enough
That they do not yet realise it themselves.
We strike the enemy at first light
Children themselves.
Many wishing
Just as I
That we could walk the other way.

Fading

Life has lost its charm and shine
It's faded in recent years of mine
Dread and regret wells within me
Like a bile thick with agony.

Things have not turned out as I hoped
Perhaps I'm alone, or maybe just like most
My youthful ambitions have turned to sand
I have resigned to live on as an unremarkable man.

I have no tales or stories to regale
My time on this earth must seem limp and pale
The Gods must think me such a joke
They will harbour no festivities when I croak

An undecorated gravestone that is my future
Here lies someone. A forgettable creature
It should not be too late to save myself
But for so many years I've known nothing else.

It's a crime against nature to live so little
So do not settle for an existence so brittle
Do what you can to inject your life with colour
And take those lessons on to many another.

Chapbook

I see that familiar
Piece of trash
Fumbling
Dancing
In the wind
It carries the grit and grime
Of the high street pavement
And the stains of muddied puddles
I pick my chapbook
To stop it mocking me further
I handed it out
Only ten minutes ago.
I put it in the bin
Where I see another one
And wonder if my hopes
Are getting cozy in there too

The fires

The tinderbox has been struck
Fire blazes in the wind
Burning all it touches
A misdirected rage
Once lit hard to quell.
This fire has smouldered
For too long
And burns
Across the dried fields
Of a nation parched
Of virtue.
Now a vengeful blaze.
How long before
The winds
Turn on those
Who struck
The first match
And brings the fires
With it.

Memories in waves

Memories of you come into focus
and go
Like waves breaking on the beach.
And each time they go,
Just as the waves strip away the loose sand,
A piece of it fades away, replaced
With what I imagine
used to be there.
A jigsaw that falls apart with each blink
And I sketch in the gaps.
Because of this
I forget how things used to be
I forget how you made me feel
And I fill the gaps with a sketch
An imitation.
Sand that wasn't there before.
Soon enough its no longer memory
But fallacy.
And I have forgotten
What you did,
Why I left,
And wonder if it was my fault.

Birth of another tortured artist

"I'm just going to die alone" he jokes without joking
And people will say no don't be like that
You'll find someone, they're just around the corner
But
I'll tell him "yeah
You will
Unless you fucking do something about it."

"My job is destroying my soul" he tells me.
Oh don't worry something will come up
You just have to be patient
Some might say.
Well I tell him "Quit your job
And inject some meaning
Into your life. Don't live comfortably. Get comfortable being uncomfortable"

"I need a way out. I need something to do"
He moans and I scream
"Do you do anything you Idiot?
Do something, just anything"

"Maybe I need therapy" he says
"Some do" I tell him "but not you. You need a slap"
But not a malicious slap
A therapeutic slap that comes from a good place.
Some people need that, some need more.

It isn't nice, the advice
I give him so I'm told
But the truth is rarely a comfort

"What can I do?" he pleads
"I think I'll learn play the guitar"

Well that's a start at least.
Because the world
Can always do
With another tortured artist
"You could always write poetry"
I say.

After

And what comes after? Not for me But the world?
What of the people I know?
How long will I be in the mind of those I leave behind?
How long will they dream of me?

And when those dreams fade into history
That is when I truly die.
To no longer be thought of
That is when I truly die.

If they go a day without me in their thoughts,
Will they feel guilty?

I don't want them to feel such guilt
But its comforting
To think
That they want to keep me

And years go by, once in a while I may appear
From the dusty regions of memory
Who will think the last thought of me?
Someone I love, I hope

Redmarsh

Mindlessly I stroll
Along the beach.
Sand soaked by the tides.
Rainbow array of pebbles pockel my way
And seaweed scented breeze
Draws snake like wisps
Of sand over the dunes

Ahead of me another giant
Falls, crumbling industry into smoke and dust.
Demolished towers, furnace.
Once proud now pieces
Making way for the new or nothing.

Behind, collapsing cliffs
Stolen away by the sea
Erroding closer and closer.
And inch or a mile each day.

Decay surrounds me, my home,
Childhood memories
Man and mother nature
A vendetta against a town
Condemned to history
With no place in the future.

One two till six

There was a woman
Screaming at the wall.
One two till six.
Rage and anger bulged
In the veins of her neck
It was outside a pub
Though she wasn't drunk
She was just outside it
Pacing, lamenting
She raged at the wall
At the person she thought it was
About paedophilia
And trafficking.
A crowd of social smokers laughed
She's local, a regular.
One two till six
One two till six
She repeated
There were wisps of sense
Just wisps
And once they were spoken
The disappeared into the wind
And I wondered if I had ever heard them at all.
I recognised her as a woman
Who asked me for change once.
One two till six.
A man came out the pub
Lit a cigarette and said
Come on Emma, give it up
The wall isn't talking back
But she raged on
Voice hoarse
One two till six

Then asked a passer-by for a quid
Before turning back to the wall
Perhaps it is coincidence
That the address of the pub
Stencilled on the wall
Said 1-2-6.
Emma picked up her bag
She walked as if nothing had happened.
Maybe there was, is, truth
Entwined with the rambling.
Wound so tightly together
That the truth is lost forever.
We might never know.
Whether Emma does
And simply can't say
Is something else entirely.

Towers of Sand

Poetry is in no way
A practical way of life
No great living can be made
By obscure writings,
Insane thoughts
Cocooned in fancy words.
So why do we do it?
Why cling to a dwindling art
In a world where art
Is becoming less of itself
And more of a shell,
Brittle propaganda.
Poetry, art, becomes this worlds dream
Forgotten, dusty, crumbling
Like towers of sand
Us poets we cling to it, those fistfuls of sand
And we fill out pockets with as much as we can
And we drop a few grains here and there
In the cyber jungle.
Leaving clues of a tradition
Maybe one day
There will be enough sand
For at least one more tower.

A Terribly written confession

It's been a tight week in a tight month
And you've made me dinner with what we have.
You say I'm sorry it's not much I hope it fills you
And I scrape some on to your plate.
You say won't you be hungry?
And I think - I've been hungry all my life
But not for food.
No I won't be hungry darling.
The fire doesn't take tonight
And we've no more wood
No more coal or kindling
So you find another blanket for us
But I wrap you in it
You say Won't you be cold?
I think - I've been cold all my life
But not from lack of warmth
No I won't be cold honey.

I'll never be either of these things again
Hungry for women, fame and fortune
no longer
Cold to companionship, loyalty and love
No longer

You've made me wealthy
You've made me warm
Do not worry for me
You did more for me
Than any other could.

They charge rent in heaven

I met him at those golden gates and he said 'Welcome Brother, I am Peter'
'I've got two brothers, you ain't either of 'em' I told him. 'Where the hell am I?'
I'm walking on clouds and I have some robe thrown over my shoulder.
'The end my brother. Paradise, Heaven.'
The gates opened and a warm soft light came through 'Welcome' a sensation said
Around me and from deep within.
I rub my palms together 'Well why didn't you say so'
He took me round the joint
And fuck me.
Would you believe, Heaven charges rent.
Takes a lot of power to keep it warm up here, and to keep those clouds floating Ol' Peter told me.
And those robes ain't cheap to make. No sweat shops or cheap child labour up here, no sir.
Oh and you farm your own food.
Milk your own cows
...Rough and smooth I suppose.
'Some fudging paradise' I said. 'Hey what gives, I didn't say fudging!'
'There's no profanity here either brother'.
'Well alright, I guess I can't be surprised at that. Tell ya what. I'll be happy with just a nice thick steak
how about that? Huh?'
And peter said 'Oh no brother. There's no killing of animals here. We're all vegan'.
'Well sugar how about that' I say and ask 'There must be some decent tackle up here'.
'Whatever do you mean brother?'
'Y'know, tackle... broads, women, poontang'.
'I'm afraid there's no pre-marital sex up here brother,
Unless you intend to take a bride in paradise'.
'Well gosh-darn. Nah, I was never any good with women down below,
Don't see much reason for it to be any fudging different here.'
And then I ask where I can get some heavenly whiskey.
'Oh there's certainly no devils drink here brother'.
'Peter ol' buddy?'
'Yes brother'
'Fudge this'
I threw off the robe.

Walked out those gates
And jumped head first of the nearest cloud edge I could find.
It's hot as all hell down here. So all my whiskey is neat. But there's plenty of meat
And only an occasional demonic ass raping.
But if you can get past that, it ain't half bad.

The Trying

The moment you think you're good
You've gone bad
And it's a hard journey back into the dark
The dank wet alley of doubt
Where you sit on cardboard
And smell the scraps of cheap restaurants
And hobo piss and hobo intercourse.
Never leave here.
Never think you're too good to be here.
Because if you aren't kneeling
In the puddles, with holes in your trousers
You aren't trying to get out
And it's only in the trying
That you're worthy of leaving.

Be Still

Be still my heart
Do not beat for her
Each thump would be wasted
Each pulse of blood would leak

Be clear my mind
Do not be clouded by sensations
Each thought could betray yourself
Each consequence would be your own

Be tough my body
Do not use your strength
Each thrash concludes weakness
Each moment of patience is a victory

Be clean my soul
Do resist temptation
Each step away brings brighter days
Each day comes with opportunities

Skipping Stones

Knuckles ache, fingers crack
Peeling them away from the steering wheel
Reaching for the cardboard cup of coffee
For bitterness and reprieve
Steal back the livelihood thieved
By 5am alarm clocks
Break lights, reduced speed limits
Anxiety creeping as the journey extends.
Daily 9 o'clock pit stop no further but no closer
Radio buzzes with audible traffic
Horns blare, words of the urgent language
Audio overload, lane change aggro
Tempers flare, nostrils flared, teeth grinding, grip firming, blood boiling, blood stained gums, a day
long crick in the neck
And sore knuckles. Cracking digits
Destination sits somewhere on the edge of a circle, somewhere on the other side,
At the end of the diameter
And the end of the dream
just a couple pit stops away
Always.
There's always tomorrow
To go to the lake
To skip stones in knee deep water
To breathe.
To release the grip.

Lost moments

I see you enter, wet, over the tendrils of steam
rising from my coffee.

your smile brings me far more warmth,
your perfume sneaks through
surrounding sweet aromas of pastry
sending my heart racing
for a moment before you sit at the table
next to mine.

my mind is set a blaze,
concoctions of fantasy.
the scream of the steamer,
clattering mugs pulls me back.
you're not here for me
but I'm here for you,
and I wish you could see me.

I leave before you do
knocking your arm as I go.
with heat in my cheeks and my throat caught
I'm too afraid to apologise,
focusing too hard
on not making a more foolish scene,
breaking into a half run
through the sun shower,
as if I have somewhere to be
when something grabs my arm.

its you, handing my wallet over
with soft warm eyes,
I will away the fog
and thank you.

you smile with pity.

I see there's no hope for us,
for me, with you

We will never die

'We will never die'
your shoulders sag
the weight of imagined pain
from years to come
lifted from them
'We will never die'
the storm in your mind
is broken
impermanence gives way
to falsified immortality
'we will never die'
the lie stings even my own tongue
but its so sweet to your ears
I will bare the toxin
knowing this burden will not last
wondering if I have truly saved you

Hell in heaven

There's not much to this life of mine
No adventures or fame, but no petty crimes
there's only a path of broken dreams
and it's all coming to a close it seems
there'll be plenty of dry eyes once I pass
A man who spent his life at the bottom of a glass
don't pity me, it's better than you think
I'm happy so long as I have one more drink
I hope there's a hell in heaven
for people like me
A hell in heaven, guess we'll see
I've not left a trail of broken hearts
but you'll find in some lives, I've played my part
Theres always that one who got away
but I was never enough for her to stay
Her father didn't think I was up to much
and those weren't impressions that I could crush
the bottle was always my one and only
her love couldn't save me, she left me lonely
I hope there's a hell in heaven
for people like me
A hell in heaven, guess we'll see
I never did nothing to make my mother cry
but I know for me she has no pride
I threw away my time, I did no right
I've lived such a simple, sad, sad life
I'll take what I got to wherever's next
I've got nobody to give whats left
don't pity me, it's better than you think
I'm happy so long as I have one more drink
I hope there's a hell in heaven
for people like me
A hell in heaven, guess we'll see

Such a crying shame

We saw the world that we could make
dreamed a life for our own sake
held a hope it would come to be
but I couldn't have known what she'd do to me

Take my soul and bury it deep
cauterise the wound so it can't seep
and leave me to my own disgrace
of having my trust completely misplaced

To another her heart was given away
and in our home did they lay
the sanctuary for our matrimony
Far from the truth they did show me

It was all my doing she did claim
all my love she found quite lame
I will always be fond of my Lydia
But now I don't regret giving her chlamydia

Lamentation for the human race

I'm terrified for this species

In doubt it has much to look forward too.

We're become shells. Some have already finalised their transformation into a thing with nothing inside, from a person with something within.

It's all about output. Performance. What can I show people that I do. Some people are not themselves they are instead only what they can be perceived as being.

They have nothing underneath that thin layer. Even their opinions, which they borrow from each others performances, are wafer thin. Attack it and it falls apart.

And these people, who knows nothing beyond what they find in videos shorter than a healthy fart, will be teaching the next generation.

And those poor souls will know nothing

How could they.

They will live attached to machines, invisible ball and chains. Hell people are like that already. We used to snort cocaine and now we inject ourselves with content. Sweet sweet content.

They will have no memories either. Why would they. Everything they witness is immortalised in digital form

Remember when.... no but I can look at it. I can look at the pale imitation of a true experience.

They're all going to be the same model too. Exactly the same.

Designer humans.

Same factory.

We won't have sex anymore, we can't get it up

or wet

because we aren't

the Adonis or

the Aphrodite

of the porn we're addicted to.

No we're the flabby ragged spotted gaunt

shadows

of what people used to look like,

hooked on virtual

reality.

Where we're all heroes,

all gods of our own universe.

Who the fuck is gonna fuck that.

Leave procreation for the elite.
The ones who don't fall pray
To drop fed gratification

There's no colds anymore,
no cancers
Or aids.

How could there be when we never leave the room. Never unhook from the intravenous drip that keeps the heart healthy enough to keep beating.

No
We fear death by connection error.
Isolation from the main server.
It's a basic human right! We'll say...to have a connection.

Yeah.
I really feel sorry for the future of the Human race,
And even more for those who don't realise that the future is already here.

Wanted: Love

I always thought that I wanted love
Then I met you and I couldn't get enough
I knew then you were too good for me
And look at us now, I was right you see

I never had luck with love before
I once knew a girl damn rotten to the core
She took me by the hand and took me by the heart
And led me down somewhere deep, somewhere dark

Took me too long to see the writing on the wall
All I could hope was for someone to break my fall
That's when you came to me in some kinda dream
Then love was never grim as it first seemed.

I never looked for you but I wish I had
Think of all the years we could of spent being mad
Madly in love like we are today
From now and always, when we're old and gray.

One day we're going to have kids of our own
And I'll tell them all our stories and they're gonna moan
Because I tell them all the time
Just How lucky I am that you're all mine

Present

Am I Here?

when I write, am I present

is there enough of me on the page.

have I actually tried today, done what I tell people

and bled onto the paper, enough to laugh

enough to cry

enough to rage at the words I've written

Am I Here?

or elsewhere, wishing to be done? away

from the page, the pen, the responsibility

telling myself I did a good job, clocking out early

Am I Here?

in this moment, lost within

so that I can avoid making eggshell poems

and stain glass prose

and instead

write icebergs

Dull clear skies

Some days even with clear skies
the sun just doesn't seem to shine
scuffin' my shoes across the ground
wondering when things will turn round
they do eventually, this I know
things have to come and things have to go
tomorrow is always a brand new day
I've just gotta hope the sun shines my way
This isn't a lonely journey as you may think
there's plenty of guys here upon the brink
we'll give each other hapless smiles
but not a word will be spoken for miles and miles

Riverbank

The river bank crumbles beneath my knees
Sediment slides into the current and I sink slowly closer to the wash.
And I should just lean forward
My heart wills it
My gut senses it
Land in the water chest first, and see where it takes me.
Some will call it brave
Others call it stupid
Maybe it's both and neither.
Certainly, to not drown just a little bit in life is at least one.
But who can truly tell.
You might have something worth drowning for.
And the decision is made for you already,
You simply have to fall into the waters
And see where it takes you