

Anthology of 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.

The dying fire

If I let this fire die out I will surely perish,
Alas these final licks of flame I will gladly cherish.
I have failed in duty, and to traverse the snowy mountain pass,
I will shiver until the long sleep takes me, beneath the ocean of stars.
I'm sorry, I will not see you at the end of the way,
I sincerely hope you will not cry and search nor pray.
I have loved and lived my life to full,
It's only right that I pass in a lull.
Do not weep, I go willingly to my forebears,
And I will watch over you, I will wait for you there.

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
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