

Anthology of KDymond

Presented by

My poetic side 



About the author

25. London.

summary

Primadonna

Death of a Natural... Wordsmith

In Memory of a Man

She.

Primadonna

I'm a young woman, I do as I should.

I don't eat too much, in case I get fat. I don't swear in the street, in case children hear.

I don't wear clothes that leave little to the imagination. I don't have the last one. I don't forget my P's and Q's. I don't spit in the street.

I don't lie to others. I don't go in the rain without an umbrella.

I don't litter. I don't fight with others.

I don't disrespect. For, I'm a young woman, I do as I should.

I eat chips and don't fret about the effect on my waistline. I drink beer and don't care if it's 'not very ladylike.'

I express myself in the way I see fit, Whether it shouting or laughing or writing down shit.

I swear, sometimes, Not in front of kids.

I like alcohol and I've dabbled. I climb trees and I play-fight.

I've punched and I've kicked. I think things I shouldn't and often say them out loud.

I draw on the walls.

I'm not very quiet, nor am I too sane, And I laugh at myself. For, I'm a young woman, I do as I should. I do as I should.

Not what you say I should.

Death of a Natural... Wordsmith

A big green book unfolded and words flowing,
Dancing along the page in a jig, true to its Irish roots.
He wrote as he spoke and he spoke as he wrote,
I presumed.

I've been to a bog and I've witnessed all this,
Pictures he creates with words.
My imagination is often weak, yet when I read this,
It's not.

I moan, "poetry is for losers!"
I'm trying to be cool, again.
I love this anthology of words and
Will even use it in my future university degree,

Unbeknownst to me at the time.

So shut up younger, arrogant, try ? hard me.
You don't know anything, yet.
Not enough. You're young. You're a moron,
Sorry, but not sorry.

Dizzy Rascal used words, I loved his words.
Jezebel, pull up your socks and stand up tall.
Different to Heaney, of course.
Of course, but still a wordsmith of sorts.

Await the ambush of artsy farts,
abuse at how I could compare the two...
Oh dear!
The wordsmiths use words with such ease and flair.

I can't even compare.

But I'll try and make people laugh.
Not on purpose most of the time, I expect.
Until finally, I can call myself a wordsmith, of sorts.
Not like Dizzy or Heaney.

Or Tinchy Stryder or Carol Ann Duffy.
I'll write like no one, because no one writes the same.
No one's mind is on par with another.
No one's imagination can think like mine.

He wrote a play, I've written a play.
He is inspiration and ammunition to my weapon.

The weapon I'll use, like he did.
A pen.

No gun, no protest, no shovel.

Quietly, behind the scenes of media,
And public mayhem.
I'll make my point with written speech and,
Well, You'll probably laugh.

In Memory of a Man

"You're more than a man"
Your eyes, they're dull.
"You're handsome and friendly"
Your heart, it's null.

You're spoken of softly
Your hands, so cold.
You're praised in a sentence
Your face, so old.

"You're patient and pleasant"
Your voice, a bark.
"You're calm and good mannered"
Your mind, so dark.

You're gloried and Godly
Your hit, it burns.
You're described as brave
Your kick, it's firm.

Truth fades when you're dead.
Positives only prevail.
Your memory lives on,
In a misguided trail.

She.

I will wear that dress.
I will wear it and look pretty.
Flirty.
Sexy.
I can be sexy, you see.
I don't need your permission.

I will wear my hair down.
I won't cover it, or hide it away.
It's long.
Sexy.
It makes me feel sexy, you see.
I don't ask for permission.

I will paint my lips red.
I won't worry, that you'll find it provocative.
It's daring.
Sexy.
It shows that I'm sexy, you see.
I won't get your permission.

Tell me to cover up, I dare you.
Tell me I'm dishonourable, I dare you.
Call me a whore, I dare you.

I will stand up for those you cut and left scarred.
I won't be silent, I will do what I want.
I'm powerful.
Sexy.
It means that you're powerless.
I'll never need your permission.