

Anthology of Garry

Presented by

My poetic side 

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The Airman

His shapeless mass of flesh and bone
stains, with blood, the ancient stone.
For from a nearby tower, tall and strong
he thought he'd fly, but he was wrong.

March 2017.

Forgotten Dreams

The house stands open
to the weather.
Walls cracked;
roof collapsing
A mildewed teddy bear moulders
in the crumbling fireplace.
Woodwormed floorboards;
rotting stairs.
Glass in the windows shattered
like broken dreams.
And everywhere the sour smell
of decay and lost ambition

The Morning After.

We stand as one in beauty
at the ending of the day
and in warm and tender loving
spend the night.

But I greet the dawn with sadness
and an aching in my heart
for when breakfast's done. my darling,
we must part.

Things That Make Me Smile

The smell of rain on sun-baked tarmac.
Dogs, chasing seaweed on the sand.
Fresh bread, baking in the oven.
Coffee, brewing on the stove.
The smiles on peoples' faces as they pass me in the street.
My daughters eating icecream in the sun.
The sound of raindrops on the window,
Just sitting for a while.
Fat men on tiny mopeds.
All things that make me smile

One Day; Maybe

It was an normal day in the city when I
heard the voice.

"Hello" it said

I looked about&all-around
but there was no-one there
just a lamppost.

I stood

Confused&concerned
and the lamppost spoke again.

I'd like to say it smiled
and winked it's eye,
but it didn't. It just said

"Hello"

in a tall thin voice.

Gobsmacked&disbelieving I replied

"Hello"

and waited
for an answer,
but I didn't get one.
Perhaps it didn't like me?

One day; maybe,
someday in the future
Lampposts everywhere will speak
and strike up conversations with people in the street
about the weather or the price of beer.
Like people but rather more concerned
about dogs

You Were, and Now You're Not.

You were the light at the end of my tunnel;
The rest at the end of my day
and I thought I'd have forever
to say the things I'd like to say.

But life moves on
And time goes by.
People change
and feelings die.

And now my tunnels have no ending
my days end in an empty bed
and I sit alone surrounded
by the words I never said.

To a Road Sign.

Gilwilly industrial estate.

That's the one I'd be,

If I was one.

How about you?

My wife said she'd be

Featherstone Heveroh Huff.

But that's just silly

I think she made it up

I Looked Away

I saw a songbird in the sky
I looked away,
when I looked back
A hawk had it.

I left my ice cream in the sun.
I looked away.
When I looked back
It had melted

I had you for awhile
But I looked away.
When I looked back
You were gone

I Wish My Friends Were Like sausages

I like sausages.
They never let you down.
You just take them from the packet
and cook 'em till they're brown.
You can grill 'em.
You can fry 'em.
You can have 'em in a stew
You can eat 'em on your lonesome
or make a meal for two.

I mean, sausages are brilliant.
They never disappoint.
You can have them at the weekend
and skip the Sunday joint.
You can have them with chips
or bacon or beans
with eggs or tomatoes.
Oh with so many things.
You can serve them on bread
or eat them with toast.
With black pudding and mushrooms
is how I eat the most.

And sausages are good to you.
They're kind and wish you well.
They never hurt or tease you
never laugh and say you smell.
And in your darkest hour
when you don't know what to do
there'll always be a sausage
to help you see it through.
They'll be there for you in houses
And they'll comfort you in cottages.

My life would just be awesome
if my friends were more like sausages

January 2017

To Sleep?

It's cold outside
But it's warm in here
The day is done
And sleep is near.

There's whisky in the glass
The glass is on the tray
The pills are in a pile
And there's nothing left to say.

April 2017

Reaching out. (a haiku?)

I reached out for you.

You just smiled and walked away

Walked out of my life.

Did he Fall or..... ?

Me and Johnny in the garden
Playing on the shed
Johnny falling, falling, falling
bleeding from his head

.....

Johnny on the tarmac
Colour it red

.....

Johnny lying in the garden
I think he's dead.

April 2017

The Last Goodbye

He was a kind man, softly spoken,
but never lost for words.

I knew him well,
but wished I'd known him better:
we had so much to do
and thought there would be time
to do them later.

This, sadly, wasn't true.

But maybe they're important
these things we leave undone
They could be what keep us strong
and standing tall.

For who knows?

If we'd done all of them
there might be nothing left at all.

What's the Point and Why?

" this algebra " he moaned at me
What's it for.? And why?
It makes no sense I just can't see,
my head's all out of joint
Carry one and move the ten
Tell me, what's the point"

"the point" says I "no point at all
We're born and then we die
And in-between we do stuff
And there is no reason why. "

Could You?

You could be clever
You could be rich
You could be famous
All over the world

You could be happy
And witty and free
You could be handsome.
But could you be me?

March 2017

Love is two

Love is you
And love is me
Love is when the parlour light makes three

And three's a crowd
As we all know
So out the parlour light will go

Love is me
And love is you
Love is when there's only two!

April 2017 (and Sept 1988)

Dead Red Limerick.

There's a bed in the shop and it's red
There's a man on the bed and he's dead
He lay down to test
Which mattress was best
"i like... " was the last thing he said

Feeling III. (A haiku)

Vomiting again.

Dizziness , headache and pain.

Drank too much last night

Words of Love

There's a tension now between us
when we, as parted lovers, meet
And there's a damage only words of love
Can ever mend

But if we listen to the spaces
round the simple things we say
These words are there,
unspoken ,
in the things we leave unsaid

April 2017

Silence is Golden? . . (haiku?)

Colour of silence.?

You turn away, say nothing.

Golden? Don't think so.

April 2017

Daft Enough to Die

If I were daft enough to falter
and die next Tuesday week
would anyone
be kind enough to care?

And if it were on Wednesday
when they laid me down to rest
would it just be me and t' vicar
who were there?

A Haiku a Day

A haiku a day
Won't keep the doctor away
Not like an apple

Wasted On the Young

Youth is wasted on the young.

So give me mine,
just one more time

I want to
waste it
all again.

In the Bath

Armed with soap and trusty sponge,
Hot water in the tub
I jump in and clean my creases
With a therapeutic scrub.

Then when my body's resting
It will really make me laugh
To know my bottom's working overtime
Making bubbles in the bath

Apri 2017

The Boy Next Door

A boy called Willy Jackson
Lived next door to me
But he died of an infection
Caught by drinking someone's wee

(sorry)
April 2017

4am and All's Well.

Chest pain, dizziness , out of breath.
Arm pain, nausea, gasp for breath.
An ambulance whisks me from untimely death
and drops me at the nearest a&e.
It's 2am and all's well
Though sticky pads, slapped here and there,
pinch the skin and pull the hair
from a chest waxed bare
by the pads of previous ecgs.
I lie still, relax, and breath.
It's 4am and all's well.
I am, as yet, not cathetered
Though machines around me flash and beep
and noisily disturb my sleep,
And leave me groggy and drifting deep
in the wash of broken dreams,
they reassure me i still live.
It's 6am and all's still well
Some other patients seem much worse.
as they twist and turn and groan and curse
and, fighting, wrestle with the nurse
as she tries to do her stuff
to ease their pain
It's 8am and I am well.
I remain, so far, uncathetered
and my file's still free from the fateful phrase
'Nil by mouth'

Hospital. Feb 2017

The Beauty of Tea and Scones. A Haiku

Definition: Brit

Desires exquisite beauty

Of hot tea and scones

April 2017

#haiku #haikuchallenge (desire)

Am I Me

They say I'm like you
And you're like me
Well what the hell
Do people see
Cos if I'm like you
And you're like me
Then who am I
Supposed to be.

Choreographing Breakfast

A mistress of her space
She moves,
with the airy grace
of a dancer.
No effort spared;
no gesture wasted
Choreographing breakfast
In her roadside trailer-cafe .

April 2017

Dancing Eyes

I still
recall
how we first met
Catz JCR
1984
crowded bar
eyes met
love at first sight?
Not quite
Though
there was
much liking
me to to you
one way
I had nothing
you wanted
you had
dark hair
crooked smile
and
dancing eyes to die for
We talked
you laughed
I grumbled
Your friend
bought me a pint.
I was sad
it wasn't you.
We drank
you left
I drank some more
and went
to bed.

Alone
Months later
in a punt
random chance
beer picnic
bottle opener?
No chance.
Punt side cap removal
I taught you.
You tried it
hurt your finger.
I was sad
you were happy
bandaged hand
essay excuse.
We fell in love
your crooked smile
and
dancing eyes to die for
My car
and hairy shoulders
Years later
you still
have crooked smile
and
dancing eyes to die for
now own own car
I have
....
hairy back and you

You Left Me

I loved you
But you left me
You had other seeds to sow
You packed your bags
And said
"goodbye It's for the best, you know"
But you never
Actually managed
To leave the house and go
You're still buried
in the garden
Cos i killed you with a hoe
30th April 2017

Hand in hand

Hand in hand
Along the sand
Beneath the palms
You and me
Our severed arms
Roll gently to the sea.

Other People's Voices

If you serenade your lover
With other people's voices
Then she's only staying with you
If she has no other choices

Just Don't Film It

This set out initially to be a funny poem but something happened along the way

I used to have two goldfish

But one got sick and died

It happened on a Monday

And made me sad inside.

The other went on Tuesday

It was eaten by the cat

I simply threw the bowl away

And really that was that.

Peter was my hamster

I kept him in a cage

On Wednesday I got angry

And squashed him in a rage

I also had a rabbit

In the garden in her run

On Thursday I was bored

So I killed her just for fun

Then on Friday I get nervous

And I don't feel too good.

The only thing that calms me down

Is the sight and smell of blood

It's the weekend when things happen

Just my dad being friendly, see

But then he brings his mates around

And they're not kind to me.

January 2017

Haiku. Growing darkness

The growing darkness
Of my mind consumes my soul
With thoughts of murder

The Shadow of my Passing

Let the shadow of my passing
cast no darkness on the day
For we live each moment
Only once
then move blithely
on our way.

10th May 2017

Revealing Nothing

Revealing nothing
of the details
of the darkness
of my mind
I take your hand
And walk your life away.

Two modest haikus

Dark hair, dancing eyes
As gorgeous now as ever
Oh yes i sure am!
My classic beauty
Draws gasps from all who see it.
I'm lying of course

A little longer

If I could have you
a little longer
even for just
one more day
then my heart
would be much lighter
and i wouldn't feel this way

Poor Kevin

God, Kevin, When I look at you
You're ugly and you're fat
With sagging cheeks and rotten teeth
And your smell of long dead rat
I find it hard to look at you
I hate you more than words can say
Now I have to put this mirror down
And get on with my day

Them and Us

I saved the earth last Tuesday
And twice the week before.
It's getting kinda boring
I don't want to do it any more

I mean there's only so many aliens,
with teeth like 6 inch nails,
That you can chase around the universe
Before the excitement palls

I'm a teenage super hero
And it's really not that hot
You'd think super powers were awesome
But really, no they're not.

I just want to be normal
And have to go to school
I'd moan about the teachers
And all their stupid rules.

I'd forget to do my homework
and have to do it on the bus
I don't want to be a them
I want to be an us

January 2017

Back of School.

Back of school
Behind the sheds
Fags and
Playboy magazines.
Drenched
In angst
and teenage rebellion
Year 8 lovers
Tongues entwined
Minds on icecream.
23rd may 2017

Breakfast.

Forget the bacon butty
Leave the coffee on the shelf
Eat muesli
& drink water
Cos according to my doctor
it's better for my health. (?)

Stealing Mountains

Stark edges of the skyline
Shades of grey against the blue
I'm capturing the mountains
And giving them
To you

But you say that you don't want them
Don't need anything from me
& you toss them in the waste bin
But you still won't set
Me free.

22nd May 2017

Strange Hobby

I have a little hobby
I keep it secret in my mind
but I think that I will tell you
Because you seem so kind
On sunny days I wander out
& take a little walk
I drop down to the village
& find someone to stalk
I really don't mean any harm
I just watch them walk round town
until they get into their car
then I take the number down
I try & find out where they live
& if it's not too far
I go and pay a visit
with something nasty in a jar
I pour it on their doorstep
In the middle of the night
then rattle all their windows
& give them such a fright
13th June 2017

Ruins?

Broken windows
Shattered sunlight
long lost dreams&fallen walls
Failed ambitions
Dropped like plaster
Ghosts of children
Haunt the halls
20th June 2017

Night Rhythms

There's a calm
That falls each evening
As the day gives up its light
And with it
gently resting slumber
turns to sleep
& slowly
settles softly
To the rhythms of the night
29th June 2017

My funeral, My Choice .

My funeral is gonna be awesome.
There'll be loads of food.
Pies and crisps and sausages
And sandwiches..
Not salmon-spread and crust-cut-off sandwiches, thin-sliced listless-with-lettuce sandwiches
But thick-cut jaw-stretching
You-could-live-on-these-for-a-week sandwiches.
There might also be fruit.
I don't know yet.
But it's my funeral and I get to chose.
My funeral will be fantastic.
There'll be wine red, white and rosé.
Maybe even sherry.
And beer, lots of beer.
Belgian beer and rich, thick dark English ales.
But no lager, if you want lager bring your own.
I'm sorry but it's my funeral and I get to chose.
My funeral will be the best.
No religion no speeches or solemn music
Just laughter and jokes and drunken singing.
Though people are allowed to shed a quiet tear.
I will I fact you all have to cry
At least a bit.
And say how much you miss me.
You do.
It's my funeral and I get to chose.
My funeral will be brilliant.
I've wrote a poem and everything.
And you all have to listen.
And you all have to cheer at the end
And say how much you enjoyed my poems.
You do.
It's my funeral and I get to choose

My funeral is gonna be awesome
It's gonna be so great
So good I want to have now
I don't think that I can wait.
So I won't wait.
It's my funeral and I get to chose.
Although on calm consideration
I think maybe I'll wait .
Though it's my funeral
So I won't get to choose!

The Last Waltz

Please let me
Misspend
my youth with you
We'll waste our time
& dance away the days
Whirling&twirling
To a stately middle age.
Then
When I go slow
And the music's fast
Please understand If I can't last
A dance.
Just let me sit & watch
with rheumy eye
the world & its dancers pass me by.
Then slowly, softly take my hand
& gently bring me up to stand
For one last waltz
With you.

All Downhill from Here

Up the last steep hill out of the trees
Onto the ridge and a cooling breeze
Sit on the summit, with a clear blue sky
A flask of coffee some crisps and a pie.
And though the path snakes ahead
For a couple of miles or more
It's all downhill from here.
With wind in my face and sun in my eyes
I smile and sigh and realise
That despite assorted ache and pain.
I might never feel this good again.
And though my path snakes ahead
For a couple of years or more
It's all downhill from here.

I hope my Death Comes Unannounced

I hope my death
Comes unannounced.
No calling card or invitation
requesting my presence to eternal rest.
No crisp white sheets
Or lingering death bed speeches
Just raised eyebrows and wide eyes
Mouth open
in mild surprise
I hope my death
Comes unannounced
With no time for second thoughts
Or religious conversion.

Just a gentle blow
A grunt of bemusement,
Loud enough perhaps
To turn heads & note
my untimely passing
I hope my death
comes unannounced
Drifting in
On the quiet evening air
&taking me when I least exp...

All that will be left

One day I will be no more.
And return to whence I came.
No more tales to tell or gifts to give
Nor memories to make.
And all I was will slowly fade
There'll just be I be a space left on the sofa
And an extra slice of cake.