



Doubt no Choice

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Volume 1

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She was here

She was here
So very near
Her image clear
Then she was gone, gone among

She sees you
So very true
Your life is her life
Then you're gone, you've gone among

The children grew together
And they grew apart
Then it stopped forever
Unspoken broken hearts

To see was belief
Belief to feel disturbed
Feel the seals broken open
Space, a place to be observed

The adults pulled together
And they pulled apart
Dreamt of life forever
Broke already broken hearts

Travelled on for ever
In to dust bowl proximity
The destination became clear
Approach here, approach anonymity

Touch is the insurmountable cost
Itself lost in numbness, lost in fear
Guided hands, comfort hugs, buried with
the victims
Nought left - only the emptiness is clear

Tranquillity was passed in a moment
Sensuality was a past time missed
Rebirth brought salvation
Hope eternal sprang when they kissed

The kiss everyone remembered
The missive memory of such bliss
The family tribe dismembered
The letter from my sis'

Were they really brothers

Were they really brothers?
You would have thought
his lover might have said

His library was a labyrinth
Philosophers, philosophy,
writers less alive than dead

The marketers would be
beside themselves to
find he had a twin

Thoughts he expressed with
arrogance the somewhat
final uncouth fragile sin

Political

Alistair is on the radio
The newspaper it seems,
the moguls are to blame

Integrity – journalistic
rigour is lost; daily, the
daily record spoils the names

By tea, another
significant other resigns
Point the finger, unplug the dyke

Peter moves the smooth news forward
Venomously he quietly, persistently,
carefully,
literately, releases his pent up spite

Brussels bon voyage

The *Drum* tobacco is nine ninety five in
duty free
Coffee is neat at one seventy three
Consumers while away the hours
Play games, seek out serendipity

One last call for flight two thousand and
sixty four
Catch this call - for there'll be no calls
no more
Diplomats and autocrats taste their time
together
In departure lounges time lasts forever,
so goes folklore...

The Flemish voice; with a smokers
drawl announces

“draw back for take off, feel the
weightless ounces”
Thrill of acceleration, intensity of oxygen
impregnation
We're in the sky; the thigh is high, oh such
sensitive pounces

Tingle

Tingle; sugar coated blood scrapes away at
the veins; dull aches, torn cartilage wears
down the aged bones: throb, throb, the under
used calf reflects the unusual strain,
multiplicities of thoughts pass across the
troublesome mind

From the toe tips in the Mendips
A message to somehow mean
Take note, boy respect the feeling
Or gather blossom in the graveyard

Tingle; shins shimmer in the sunlight of
suspension; ankles, anchored weightless,
levitate in mid-air; wrinkle picker shoes, always
wore with a smile - with style; vanity – a
fashion follower blinded to the future
troubles cost...

From the toe tips in the Mendips
A message to somehow seem
Take note, boy respect the meaning
Or gather blossom in the graveyard

Shee vo humm

Shee vo humm
Shee vo humm

Cross my hands
Close my eyes

Shee vo humm

Drift, dream, float
Fly at ten thousand feet

Shee vo humm
Shee vo humm

It's night time in the sky
The imagery of pure imagination

Shee vo humm

Visions of faraway islands

Beaches; roll waves, splashy seas

Shee vo humm

Shee vo humm

Beach boy's sounds emerge

Shee vo humm

fine tuned aircraft engineer

The engines begin to idle

Shee vo humm

The long descent is begun

Shee vo humm

Shee vo humm

The pressure pop

sensation of re-entry

Like a glider

Shee vo humm

Graceful and weightless

Shee vo humm

The cabin chatter quietens,

Shee vo humm

cabin lights gradually dim

Good vibrations

Shee vo humm

through aluminium frames

Shee vo humm

Nineteen 37

Cocooned in this stateless capsule
suspended in contemplation

Shee vo humm

Travel to and from,
from nation to nation

Shee vo humm
Shee vo humm

Leave, arrive, find your way,
airport or railway station

Shee vo humm
A nation

Five pairs of oars
Paired in Persia minor
Jewels, spices, umber abound
Showered overt with sensual surrounds

Crimson crystals
Sail abroad in magnificence
Jade, incense
Infused with tactile touch

The stanzas were trimmed
From nine to three
Cut, cropped
Search for popularity

Lost words, long forgotten
Forty lines, maybe more
Worked on to the late hours
Withheld from the morning's light

It happened to a Laureate
Talk about across the troubled seas
Rhyme, align
The Politic, the Empire - the you and me

Where is Ninevah?
Where my Quinquirime?
Lost generations or forgotten dreams
Abreast our civilization's hearts and
flowers
Aboard our tear borne streams

Orange Grove

Orange grove
Mulholland Drive
From the mountain to the sea

Waves of Freesia
Floods of shimmering grass
From the garden to eternity

Orange men of Ulster
Belief, tradition or conspiracy
Fight on to be free

Decay, slowly die the flowers
Scorched, torched, grassland misery
Genetically fed or unknown disease

Good Friday (for Verity at Late Junction)

Blue sky, sunshine
A zephyr of a breeze
Summer dreams, sweet memories

Chocolate and Cinnamon
Birthday party
Sunday tea

Fly back from Guantanamo
Two years of nought but darkness
Return; again in darkness

Sweet, sour, hours of to and fro
Saccharin to our partners
Where chilled winds applaud

Good Friday
Liaison de Lamoure

The water falls
Spanish guitar slides and strums

Whispered words over
Underscored songbirds in unison

Layered behind the violin
Bassoon behind the moon

Drawn in by the drone
Moments too soon, too soon

Sorrowful strings seep out and over
Timbre of stroked tapped canvas

Wander back out of the forest
Fall into the fearful darkness

Bellows blaze and blow
Hear the scream shriek of crow

Into Istanbul
Saxophone summer mystery

Chords, carousels, bass trombone
Rhythm section in full blow

Construct crescendos
Wind down, in and out

Ethiopia's singing superstar
Behind Bertol Brecht

Score, scrape, and roughen up the surface
Introduce a smooth blue lead guitar

Crack around the drippy potholes
Stalactite to stalagmite

Steadily increase the heartbeat
Feel for a follower's frequency

Drop on top that single bleep
Repeated with amounting irregularity

Go nowhere
Circle for a moment

Redirection fades in from faraway
Scatters out the waves and tones

Drive on at midnight
Finger tap on the wheel

Windscreen wipers splash the spray
Locomotion goes away

Drive on way past midnight
Fingers tap upon the wheel

Windscreen wipers splash the spray
Lamentation, my friend, is here to stay

Hunt

A sky of aubergine and plum
Splintered by shafts of crimson and gold

Across the fields the hounds and foxes flay
Brass buttons, scarlet duplets, ribbons gay

Horseman, back from the apocalypse steps,
Canter, he strokes the sweat rolled necks

The claret jug and pink champagne
Stable boy, secretly, slowly, strokes our lady
Jane

Mansion house to farmer's yards
Ferrets and foxes draw their cards

Tired, the prisoner of the tortured sleep
Falls, rolls, stumbles up Crowthorne Creek

Five bar gate holds back the bay of the crowd
Beetroot blood on cart track; animals
scream black and blue

Camouflage; aubergine and plum
Fox cubs lost among the pink champagne

When the whites of your eyes (Short-sight)

When the whites of your eyes don't see the light of day too often, then my friend it's time to call a halt

Yes when every awake moment bequeaths some form of escape, the time is nigh to seek gestalt

Clutch not onto straws unless to hold them in your hand, then gaze, gaze real hard, mean some meaning to your life

Remember, no conception this from stimulant, no alcoholic haze or nicotine dullness, this is just you and you

Softly, so softly stroke the silk that lies between your fingers and your thighs, this is you and only you

Alive to tactile sensory sensation,
stimulated from within, from within,
by you

You may feel a little pleased with progress
- but progress one moment only

Know full well this house of cards, is not
yet ready to turn to stone

So stop, stop now - work hard to
recollect, recollect those thoughts of *if*
only, avoid *if only*

Escape if you wish, but escape to
nowhere, nowhere more than the oxygen
of you and you

You may feel a little pleased with progress -
but progress for one moment only

Untitled (Alias another Rothko)

Imagine if you will
If you will, can you imagine?
The lightness in our waking
The waking of our own creation
See the imagined in our mind
Mind the image imagined
Imagine seeing the mind
Seeing the imagined mind

Down,
Down to the horizon
Follow the fine,
Fine, disappearing line
Compress your thought
Think your thoughts concisely
Impress your thought
Make unexpected thoughts unlikely

Inside the meditation
Surrounded by sedimentation
The basin of creation
All of this for souls salvation
Soliloquy to sensation
Begging
Beg to return to meditation
Overwhelming expectation

Back now
Somewhere near the beginning
Somewhere angels singing
Amidst the mourners mourning
Back – go back further
Become the base
Belief, basis, basic belief
Mindful considerate of this deliberate release

Art College

Art College
Art and Architecture
Young Turks
Swirling skirts
Gangster's molls
Christmas dolls

Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac
Christine Perfect's Chicken Shack

Technical College
Engineering and Electricity
Young men
Stiff shirts
Girlfriends
Sunday tea

Northern Soul
Otis Redding's Dock of the Bay

Coincide
Cross the divide
Shave the days into nights
Union bars, steel guitars
Youth in spirit
Growing apart, growing together

Amazing Blondell
Principal Edwards Magic Theatre

The text books bind
The engineers mind
Straight and true and able
Pockets full of logarithmic tables
Thermodynamically stable
Calculating the impedance of cable

Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd
Page and Plant's Led Zeppelin

Indentured Apprentice
Golden Boy
Time off for good behaviour
Time off for inappropriate attire
Under his skin
Touching nerves so thin

Andy Fairweather Lowe's Amen Corner
Jimi Hendrix's Experience

Days off for DJ's
Excused
Losing time falling behind
Someone has to fall away
Rising to the top
Completely unable to stop

King Crimson 'the Court of the Crimson
King, Stevie Wonder's Innervision

Work in figures
Work in words
Work in space
Plastic like plasticine
Sculptures in Polyethylene
Paint

David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust
Andy Wharol's New York Dolls

Work out past times
Rationalise fates own rhymes
Dreams and disappointments
Certificates and senior appointments
Work to play
Play engulfed by work

Simply Red
Van the Man

Night time poet,
Day time infill worker
Duty bound
Play away you shirker
Night time poet,
Day time infill worker
Duty bound
Play away you shirker

Choice

Mackerel and Rye

Tinned in tomato sauce
Packet from the corner all night store

Sat at someone else's dressed down table
Another person belongs this space

Could afford the best in town
I mean the most delicate delicatessen

Doubt no

Choice

Swinburne and Shute

Faded paper paperback by Pan
Not for sale in Canada

Read someone else's book
Another person belongs this requiem for a
wren

Could afford the leather bound
I mean the signed first edition of
'A town like Alice'

Doubt no

Choice

Walls and Windows

Magnolia and Tartan
Basket weave and knotted pine

Someone else created this place
Another person
belongs this kitsch and swish

Could afford the penthouse suite
I mean the most
existentialists royalist royale

Doubt no

Choice

Walk or wait

Make the first move
Indecisive to the very end...

Someone else made the pace
Another person belongs this place

Could have carried on
I mean continued, more
than incremental growth

Doubt no

Choice

