

The Separation Poems

Christopher Sanderson



Indian Summer 2005

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I'm out of here

My needs are clear
It's time to steer

A brand new course
Some fresh resource

I am on my way out of here
Where I go I have no fear

No desires lurking
Just keep working

Keep on skirting
Around what's bound me

Surround myself with what's impressed
Forget, forgotten the rest

You can check an you can test
I've finished with second best

It's time to be clear
This path I steer

This lurkin fear
This skirtins dear

Sounds around
Outward bound

Impress and clear
No more words I fear

I'm out of here

Abreast the Iron Radiator

I lay there sideways, frying inside, lying on the floor
You were there, lying somewhere, beyond the wall
Candles in the window, silk, silk sheets, sunken satin bed
We lay apart, together miles away, you lie, lie next door

And maybe that is all
All you ever wanted
To sleep alone, sleep for sure
Beyond that crazy midnight call

And then the curse moved in the treasure
Was it alcohol
Or was it rock and roll
Or was it just, just for sexual pleasure

Then in that museum place, a shelter, a rest
Away from London's pouring roaring rain,
Alongside the dinosaur, abreast the iron radiator
You fondled my balls, fondled balls put to the test

Before long we were lovers
Restaurant tables
Vomiting at the seashore
Caught up completely, we were little mother-fuckers

Now it's over, it's gone, it's over
Our stations are cold, our dreamscapes we've strolled, we've
created bronze from gold
Yet still the physical goes on
Last rites, physical goes on, even after it's over

Proposing

Now I'm used up can I use you
Can I write all sorts of stuff
White skirt, tight around the thighs
Heels only just holding on
Flying to every party
Catching up on all you've missed

An' old men can't help but be enchanted
You blow smoke right through their eyes
An' young men once besotted can't ever let it lie
An' the old guys help you pretending, that life's about
something more
Then blow you, they go an propose, supposing
Suppose, nothing, nothing's new

Propose some more

And can I go back even further
To my first ever misdemeanour
One hundred percent adultery
Fuelled by being thrust together
Fuelled by having some competition
Care, compassion, curiosity, comedy, champagne, and Chanel
69

I used them all to make the score
Took her to a cathedral, held open the door
Two wet students holding hands in the vestry
Fucking in the dorms, night and morn
Her ankle bracelet, her stiletto heel, her slow undressing peel
She took me everyway, took me everyday, everyday she made
me feel
We drank ourselves sober, and chased up and down the stairs
We screwed before rising, in the shower and again before
breakfast
We ran laughing holding hands, running in to class
We played squash, then we showered, then we screwed and
showered some more
And we ran laughing, teasing all we could
And the fever was on us, fever deep inside our blood
We rode the rides; we had the valkeries held at bay until the
weeks end
Week's end, when we had to go, no more to propose, we had
to propose, no, no more
Suppose, nothing, nothings new

The vase will not be broken

Old smoke stacks are burning
Their last coals of the day
The fires will be allowed to die overnight
In the morning the kiln 'doors' will be broken open

The class will express wonderment
And congratulate each other on their various works of art
The art teacher will ache for the student teacher's vase
She's on placement, doing history, history and he, he will have
his way

The class of 67 will tease her
- She will break down in tears
The students will join forever friends
And build an internet community

The lustful liaison will bear fruit
Miss Kelly will push Mr Ward in his wheelchair along
Brighton promenade,
He will have a hand made rug on his lap, a sensitive placement
The vase, like history, the vase will not be broken

Together alone

You are here
But I am alone
We are together here
Together alone

The spaces between the faces
Are further apart than they've ever been
We are being here being, being together alone

The words climb over the cliffs of our lips
And fall to the canyon floor below
We are here talking, separate sentences, words alone

You are here
But I am alone
We are together here
We are together forever, forever alone

Flesh and Rye

Around the maypole
Purple, blue, orange, yellow, multifarious garlands
Dance the dance of May, skipping in, skipping out
Dance the maypole dance, skipping, sipping innocence

Or did you even then
Have your eye on Valerie Smith's tie dye

Around the rounder's base
White, white, white, serge blue knickers, plimsolls and tee shirts
Pitch, swing, run, run on, catch, throw, run, gasp, grasp
Run the rounder, running round the son's of innocence

Or did you even then
Have your eye on Yvonne's breast and thigh

Around the fields of canvas
Purple, blue, orange, yellow, beads and bandanas
Strum, chord, drum, strum, chord again,
Strum the summer sun, summer sun of innocence

Even then it did you
Filled your eye, that festival of flesh and rye

Where to start

It's hard to know where to start. Or what to write, it would be easy to write poetry, as I already have, but that seems inappropriate somehow. Actually I phoned to see if this writing was a thing to pursue, or whether you would rather I didn't write.

Well I'm not getting far, and I'm feared of falling into some sentimental stuff, about places we've been and seen and emotions that have stirred (and stirring still) along the way. Again there, it does not seem right to recollect when perhaps we ought to find a safer place to store our memories.

But I have determined in this letter not to be practical, I'm sure we've plenty time for that, and anyway it isn't right I think to be always working at this time in our life, so I wanted this letter to have some life for both of us.

I am enclosing a cutting from the paper on an energetic psychology that is using EMDR you probably are already aware of this but perhaps for once I've seen something first, nevertheless I wish you well in your practice of your learning.

I am staying near my work in Wolverhampton, and Andrew is here until Thursday (if he lasts so long) he seems calm and he has cooked me my tea, I don't know what I can do to help him so I will plough on in sweet oblivion and innocence.

I think that Joseph would cope much better with what life throws at him, but I am worried and see that I have failed them both in ways that I still don't know. As a parent I have been serially unsuccessful

The seeking out of escapism seems to be what I do best, and to be honest these moments are times when I can consciously feel the enjoyment and pleasure as opposed to the numbness with which I live a lot of my life, Pink Floyd sing of being comfortably numb, and only in the last few days have the meaning of the lyrics become clear.

This is really difficult, I want to keep saying I love you, but am well aware I don't know what that means for me, let alone for you. I do not want to be a pest, to see you fly was a tablet I set down to myself in the very beginning, something about lack of self esteem perhaps at the time.

I am here until the 16th after which time I am unsure where (or for whom) I will be working, that ultimately I guess is a very determining or instrumental factor at the moment.

This is typed in gill sans typeface, Eric Gill designed the font, he was a sculptor from Cornwall whose work we saw in Penzance, it did seem appropriate to choose a font with care.

Now my mind is wandering, not that I am attempting calmness or lucidity, I am writing to try and communicate, one of my supposedly special skills in the workplace.

You have spoke on the last few occasions about the very thin fabric of commonality in our personas and our pursuits. Now I spoke earlier about the real pleasures that I pursue, most of which on reflection you have helped me embrace, I know that football is an exception, but it is the exception that proves the rule.

So that leaves persona, and I guess here the floodgates would open, except that I realise that I don't know me, that is I find it impossible to stand back and take a dispassionate view, and for certain I don't understand others, except to say that I am consistently unsurprised to see outcomes being quite the opposite of what those with so called 'seeing ability'

predict. I am therefore concluding that I do profess not to know you but I have the arrogance to think my guess would be as good as the next man.

I have written some quite angst poetry using you as inspiration, at the time of writing the red mist rises and the words flow, then when I come to type the words up the mood is more sombre and I wonder how to merge the two. Heaven knows how you would feel should you ever see them, this process I recognise occurred before at Norton Farm.

I am going to close now, no lovey dovey lavender and bluebells stuff. I'll keep my memories to myself, for my pathway to my sleep, to my dreams.

Blind the philistines

Better lines than words
Better blind than absurd

Cuckold to this life passing by
Walking the bridle path
While the slow boats whistle by

Beside the fields of rye
Beside the towpath
Dreamboats and dreams hopes lie

Agent provocateur stimulates discussion
In the smoke filled rooms
Of dominoes and draught bitter, bitter delusion

Brighter lights and busy times
Brighter whites to blind the philistines

Fingers folded the clay that moulded

The clay
Moulded
Sculptured
Warmed
Caressed
Kissed and blessed

The fingers folded
Detail's scolded
In frustration
Hands
They are the artist's enigma
To build them in a way to reflect a life

To show compassion
To show desire
Hands in motion
Yet still
Hands that work
And hands that kill

They are though for today art
Art for the gallery visitor
The register of culture in miniature
Yes today it's Modigliani and Epstein - The Pillars of
Tenderness
Less fragile perhaps than Alberto Giacometti
But tender all the same.

Sussed not sassy

Recently presented resentment
Resent intended descent
Pretence suspended, no doubt depended

Wait, wait while I say
Wait, while I say, say
I'm at a loss, at a loss
I don't know what to say

Recently, in the not too distant past
Presents were passed, cards were marked
Resentment if at large, was held at bay

Wait, wait awhile, wait, stay
Stay, wait, while I say
I'm at a loss
I don't know what to say

Re-sent the message not received
Intended for you found another
Descent delayed, laid upon the ledge edge

Wait; stay, say, say awhile
Say, wait awhile, stay
I'm at a loss
I don't know what to say

Pretend this is not for real
Suspend in disbelief and disappointment
Doubting that there is a way to stay

Stay, wait, stay, wait say awhile
Say, say, wait awhile, stay, stay
I'm at a loss

I don't know what to say

Passing by

The stars are popping, skip hopping
Into the blood blue, blue night sky
The show is a further station of the cross, it is show stopping,
Mopping up the blessed, blest Pope John Paul

The shooting stars fly east to west
Fading aureole carried by the borealis
Boy I'm blest
I am no longer second best

Freed from among the rest
The night time test is going west
Boy I'm blest
I've flown the nest

Popping eyes
Stopping lies
Dropping why's
And hints of evermore

The blue night sky
She'll show me where to lie
Hang my hat beyond the falling star
I've travelled far

To lift this lowered bar
Back up aside the Byzantine czar
Up into the ether
With John Paul meeting Peter

Exponential form

Colour, gold or silver or invisible white, I guess the truth is the colour was not seen

But for arguments sake, and by the way there is no one here with which to argue, so there we have it, the colour was invisible bright white.

The weight was between weightlessness and an immovable load, the burden though was fleet of foot and moving, moving to all parts of the physical being, seen through some 'in body' out of body experience.

So to give some basis for further thought, if that's ok, we'll give it the weight of the pulsating sheep's heart, pulsating in free gravitational space.

Mass, I guess, and force or distance travelled, combine to give some measure of energy or interpersonal magnetic dynamic pull.

Well it was here, there, took no time at all in flight, yet it consumed all around, and filled every void, it was the size of a cloud bursting, a cloud filling the soul.

In this case to add to the algorithm, or the proposition, call it if you will, we will give it the dimension of a round cornered trapezoid in elemental five dimensional space.

In these modern times communication engulfs nation over nation, this creation held the communication platform by its own choice, for its own time, without duplex or duplicity, no modem held it bound

For its power of thought transmission we will, I'm sure you'll agree, then give it a level of an infinite skill

There we have it then, we've got some components to consider, all that's left is the combination,

But unfortunately, as fast as we can create and combine, we must be aware that there is a strong destructive force not far away.

The next bit though is for you boys and girls to take on and complete.

All I'll do for now is give, give, me being a generous sort; I will give you one of many possible endings:

Pulsating at the pace of the dying heart, pulsating and fading like a decaying amplitude modulation, slowly arising, slowly declining, slowly disappearing, slowly reappearing, peering in decaying exponential form. In that one moment; here, and gone.

Sixteen's the word

It has been sixteen years I'd say
Sixteen years I've been losing my way
Its sixteen years
Sixteen years to the very day

And sixteen years before that score
Sixteen years plus some more
Another sixteen years
Sixteen years leading again, out of the door

Then sixteen years, before some more decayed
Sixteen years or more I'd stayed, stayed and played
With my mother and her lover of sixteen years
Sixteen years of unconditional love she gave

Royal Wedding

Life, death, wife, forget

Died, live, marry, forgive

Escaping Away

It as been a busy day
I have escaped a long way

Early on I was talking to Mr. Masefield
Resplendent in his business black suit

The cut was fine, lined with finest silk
The hair was brave, not a Locke did misbehave

He was with Elisabeth, is it Mrs. Stanhope Forbes
By the edge of the woods, turkey crop and scythe

They were wondering at the Moonlit View
Of Mr. Francis Danby's Eastern city

As they dared to forsake, partake
In Mr. Geoffrey Hill's grinning cake

In the background, surround sound around
Beside you, beside you, sang Mr Morrison, oh Astral Weeks

It as been a very busy day
I have escaped ever such a long way

Journeyed almost as far as Camilla
Who married again, this day, today

I did not go to the service
I spilt my tears among the radio congregation

Tears of joy, or emotion, or but for the grace of god go I
Or is it the North Wind

Blowing alongside the dust ball, beside the canal side basin

That which perhaps I am to engage with, in regeneration

A long term plan, you say. I retort; as if Capability Brown ever
saw
His landscapes more than nature, in full sway, in full public
awe

Here in Weston Park, under the mid-day, noon time dark
Clouds, clouds with Eastern rain and Southern comfort

It as, as I say, been a long day
I've escaped, escaped in a very busy way

Before meeting Mr. Masfield
I'd scribed a few words of my own

Memories of yesterday's funeral
Polish youth, in Polish dress, the Pope was thus blest

Memories of yesterday's other funeral
The receivers set the works to rest

Oh and lest I forget
I'd imagined and spoken, words under my breath

I'd spoken, under my breath
"Another day; escaping death"

It has been such a long day
Escaping in many a different way

Unlike the child dying in St. James Hospital
By the Poet's hand in the library compilation

'Out of Fashion' I recall the cover rolled
Although I did not study the small print

I did though take the flyer
To hire a china dragon, a dragon blowing fire

And I bought some books, go on, take a look
Yes it is John Stammer's 'Stolen Love Behaviours'

And Jackie Kay – Life Mask, although I thought
The cover was an Eduardo Palozzi creation, it was in fact clay

And finally 'Scenes from Comus' by yon Geoffrey Hill
Recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury no less

It as been, as once again I say; it as been a long day
It is not yet noon, evening soon, beneath the midnight moon,
except today, today, today I'm escaping away

Seeing through to pray

Mist
Morning around dawn
Waters edge ripple
Moorhens dip, swans neck flip
Springs nature ramble trip
Before the morning tipple

Mist, silver grey, early day
Fields of hay, curds and whey, mist

Morning
Dawning around daylight
Shafts of light, lover's flight
Losing sight, ever might
A little tight
Drizzle another tipple

Mist, smoky haze, early days
Funny ways, window bays, mist

Waters edge ripple
Scattered pebbles and tickled trout
Vibrating pulsating waves, waves about
Echoes shout; ale and stout, ale and stout
Cast a clout
Undress and pour another tipple

Mist, white noise, kick and poise
Slick Latin boys, big girl's toys, mist

Moorhens dip, swan neck flip
Underneath, above, below as above
Preening dove, fallen love
Push and shove

Form a queue
Queuing for another tippie

Mist, sea frets and cloud covered sunsets
Place your bets, take the test, mist

Springs nature ramble trip
Refreshing souls feeding salvation
Wonderment creation, the cross' station
Exceeding expectation, tingling sensation
Tipping at Temptation Lake
Aching for another tippie

Mist, fuddled mind, blinded from behind
Forgotten kind, clocks to wind, mist

Before the morning tippie
Last night's wasted way
Yesterday's forgotten day
Job gone, no more pay
House lost, no where to stay
Except for another tippie, oh pray

Mist

Donald Shimoda

Just along the A5
Past Weston Park
An early morning drive
Ripe to be surprised

Inner self or outer self
Collective unconscious
Or something deeper
Daffodils in bloom deep within
The sunken soul

Like a ghost
Or a drowned man floating to the surface
The movement was a continuum
Without jar or jolt, the rising
OM, OM, OM for a lost love

Later, in peace, quiet, calm, tranquillity
OM cannot resurrect
From the pit of the body to the tip of the mind
There is no traffic to carry the urn of any kind

The ashes have flown on the wind
Unable to rescind the cindered lingered candle
A flickering, flickering, sickening, failing glow,
Extinguished, vanquished, decayed, dying atmospheric orb

But it did happen, and for that I thank more than I can ever
know
I write these words of thanks, to tell you, of what I do not
know

Is that how the flower feels
In pollination,

Some union with an Albion of kind
Was it received or reciprocated
Or was it bounded and bandaged, was it unrequited love

Like the kite blown along the breeze
Or Donald Shimoda in timeless flight
It is a Messiah's handbook that helps me discover
Recover to discover the greetings of souls
Souls meeting, greeting, together deep below, below as above

Reaping Rake

Your lips were shielded
My attempted kiss was fielded
I was at mid-on, you were in the deep

Have you lost the ache
Or did I make a mistake
Was another known, sown to reap

Your lips were dry
My finger tips did try
I was in a spot; you were playing a sideways shot

Have you lost the ache
Or did you make, on purpose take
A solemn aplomb chastity vow

Your body wandered
My advances squandered
I was seeping, you were wicket keeping

Have you lost the ache
Or were you playing the long game
No time for a quick one, coming came

Your last defence was tested
Tip of tongue, engaging, redemption rested
Your lips moist to wet, tongue tip nest and set

Was it lust or just a mistake
Afterwards you, did you ache
One more fallen swollen reaping rake

Watercombe; Thirteen years and more ago

And today in my mind I am revisiting, just for you, oh, and me

I came to this place
Almost twenty three months ago
Then, as now, the sky was blue
And the river tumbled and splashed

*Like a poet planted
Some time before the snow
Blue, blue, big blue Friday afternoon
Beside the lonely only one; River Erme*

In between the then and now
Turbulence as been maintained
Turbulent mind, turbulent body
Turbulent health, turbulent wealth

*From landing to leaving
Things were fluid an rollin
My head was full of love n stuff; my body was tired or alive
I was ill, I was well, I was poor, and I was paid*

The sheep graze these windswept moors
Lambs born amongst the driving rain
Alongside the gorse and reed
A crop cut grass pleads to grow

*Those crazy beasts keep mowin
There love-stock dropped and fawned
Where it's rough it's ready
Why should ever we misconceive*

And the bleat breaks that

Waterfall of springtime silence
Alone amongst a thousand acres
Chasing after mother, Mother Nature

*No more whingeing or whining
Springtime, springs once again
In a world beyond the shoulder
Whatever we can believe she can give*

Talking

It used to be so easy to make the call
So easy to start the talking

Space here for several years of falling love

But now talking of what
Small talk to just keep talking

Wasted Place, Sometime

Somewhere on the M5
Around Taunton way I'd say
The morning after nothing had happened

The blue, clear blue sky
Matched the mood of release
Relief from those scattered sheets

That dripping tap
Shrinking threads and wasting washers

Now I remember
Before Bristol for sure
The afternoon before the night when nothing happened

The grey sea mist from the estuary
Matched the mood of doubt, unknown quarry
Set up for the fall, recall the previous dishes.

That silken strap
Silken threads and tummy squashes

Now I remember
Down among the Chilterns
The evening, the actual evening, the non event

If it meant anything, it meant nothing to me
The wind drifted, the rainbow lifted on moor and gorse
No recourse, no negotiation, a stated situation, inclined
inclination

So I'm listening to Bukowski
You're watching changing rooms, you're watching TV

Now I remember
Some place obscure
Wasted time for sure

Sex, whore, wife, life
How would it feel to think your wife a whore
Lore would life suffice such a trice

Would the expectation stride in tight
At the fleeting site of gossamer light

Wobbly

Wobbly
Sleeping together
Keep your distance
Close your eyes to realize
The futile situation
A brutal station
Mutual pain
Acrid Rain,
Singles dance
Lost romance
Do not touch
Do not chance
Being kind
Keep a cool mind
Calm emotions
Steady nerves
Don't stir it up
Don't stir it up
So tired
Little time left to sleep
Anxieties awakened
Temperance shaken
Sleeping together
Oddly
Wobbly

Smothered lovers

Naked
Never
Except forever
When we were lovers

Together we discovered
We smothered our bodies with love and lust

Naked
Cleverly
We revealed
Our concealed others

Together we stroked and smoked
Hoped without talk to recover our lust and love

Naked
Together
Under natures covers
We were, weren't we, we were smothered lovers

Posing Nude

She more than made an effort, her figure creator
Every morning not yawning, but slipping on the tummy
vibrator

Melba toast was the most that passed those sweet red lips
Palates, yoga, stretching, swaying, swaying those swinging
hips

The artists and the painters they did not restrain her
Posing nude for her life class and for her figure friend dude

Running on the moors, treading timeless, lineless steps
Pumping iron, and swimming on, down the full length lane

Fully spread under summer sun, tanning, figure slamming
Cramming in the cranberry juice and the fat free yoghurt

All of this to manage the refrain between
Size twelve and size fourteen

Skin supplements, perpetual E45
Conscientiously keeping her beauty, keeping beauty alive

The hairdressers kept moving, they were kept on their toes
A trim, a bob, no perm, for my brunette, my Wendy Rose

More Gold than tin

There had been more gold than tin
Coasting in the Doldrums, dancing at the Dolce Vita
The wedding finger was wearing thin

That third digit, wedding finger indicator
Play the game; pay the pain, like Amazon rain
Catches up sooner or later

Come to terms

I'd forgot to grieve
Got up to leave
A mumbling stumbling goodbye

I'd not taken the time to cry
Too busy asking why
Caught up in my own insensitivity

Reading some other folks words
Looking at nature, studying birds
Wallowing in the following wind

Now it's time to come to terms
Wash out those wicked feelings, terminate those germs
Wish you all the best, with sincerity

I'm in the country and visiting the city
Writing and reading, words full of self pity
Drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes

The world as become my oyster
That's a tricky one; choices can loiter and be foisted
So I'll catch them in the spoken word, hoping that, that's not
too absurd

At the dogs again

The steam room and the sauna
They are my racetrack, my whore, sweet fleeting fauna

The swimming pool and the meditation star
They are my cigarette, my whisky, my pimp, my bar

Now this simple phraseology, this simple word psychology
This is my style, not yours, for that I make no apology

The tidy quiet room with laid back jazz and soulful blues
This is my non hovel, I've no desire to grovel, and it is what I
choose

Yet I read your works and marvel at your creation
Your escapades, your words, your touch, to which I bear, bear
no relation

But just to put your mind at rest, in you I did invest
In the Jacuzzi I must tell you, the plumes dress the nest

The volva and the vulva is caressed by volcanic water vests
The tattoos around the thighs open your eyes, boy, those
stirring feelings blest

And theirs girls there with their mothers
And ladies going on girls, there with their lovers

The lecher stretching don't take much fetching
When there's so much skin, skin waving, shaving skin

So for inspiration and amusement, when the whore's in lent
The spa's the place to rent, for thoughts an feelings,
ejaculations misspent

Thought transference

You thought your way into my thoughts
And you fought your way right out again

It was your thinking not your drinking
That propped me, stopped me from sinking

Your critical, cryptic crossword completion
Revealed, your subtle sense of reason

And your letters, your letters though sparse and thin
Your written words sold me, fever rising, muse within

Your turn of phrase with unnerving staring gaze
Was razor sharp and cutting, may I mention tension raised

The gifts you gathered, the detail mattered
Your thoughtful choice of gifts, so soft and carefully scattered

Even now on leaving, misbelieving there's no deceiving
Your thoughts I'm holding high, in my slinking sinking
thinking

Low flow the high blow

Low blow the high flow
Trip the tease that strips to please
Low flow the high blow

Waters edge the bather's pledge
Strip to please the tease that trips
Waters pledge, the bather's edge

Low flow the high blow

Void

Words without ideas
Words without love
Ideas without love, without words

Mute
Brute
Scoot
Shoot

Thoughts without thinking
Thoughts without drinking
Thinking without drinking, without thought

Dupe
Sloop
Troop
Stoop

Sight without seeing
Sight without being
Seeing without being, without sight

Blind
Mind
Find
Behind

Wireless spokes

Lightness after loss
Hope after dark
Life after all

Unchained, free, freed
From inert confusion
Delusion dispersed

Lightness before daybreak
Sleep with dreams
Sleep in peace

Unchained, released restraint
From created capture
Rapture reneged

Lightness during dawn and dusk
Walking without shadows
Walking with angels

Unchained, clasps recycled
From twisted thoughts
And wireless spokes

Lightness under the sun
Lightness under the moon
Lightness, not a moment too soon

Oh sweet gentle morning

Oh sweet gentle morning
Oh sweet water flowing

Cross pastures and meadows
Sweet breezes blowing

Sun bright, clear sunlight is shining
Blue, blue sky, fresh breath is aligning

Oh sweet gentle morning
Oh sweet water flowing

Along by the seashore
Eating mackerel on rye

Over blue misty mountains
Under cool wispy fountains

Oh sweet gentle morning
Oh sweet water flowing

From Arizona over to Egypt
The rock face and the delta

The air we are breathing
The clothes we are weaving

Oh sweet gentle morning
Oh sweet water flowing

In Piccadilly Circus
Over Wordsworth's London bridge

The tourists are flocking

The Cafes and pavements are rocking

Oh sweet gentle morning

Oh sweet water flowing

The sculptures are fondled not fumbled

The galleries are wandered, wandered and wondered

Expressions of beauty

Of love and desire

Oh sweet gentle morning

Oh sweet water flowing

And now we'll take tea

Our oat cakes by the fire

We'll open the paper

Enjoy the magazine

Oh sweet gentle morning

Oh sweet water flowing

Sacred events and sacraments

How to describe the load less travelled
Caress the ode Hesse less journey
As it is, as it ever was

Sacred coals, burnt scorched, no more imaginary goals
From now it's sacred events and sacraments
It is, is it as, it is as, evermore

Eye, seeing eye, eye, seeing
Be, being, being by, by, be, being
Cry, to the heavens and skies, cry

My, me, my
My my
Me, why

A funny sort of Therapy

A funny sort of therapy
Remember; rubbing pebbles from the beach
This time
It's all in the mind
A different kind of therapy
A full blame culture
Tearing like a vulture
Unloading every which way
Unloading each and every day
Unloading with no reprise, full sway
Unloading without relent
Unloading cares away

A funny sort of therapy
Remember; we weren't allowed to be alone
This time
Not trying to be kind
A different mind for therapy
Another game culture
Tear apart the vulture
Scolding no pain holding
Scolding each day unfolding
Scolding with no restraint, full slay
Scolding without relent
Scolding cares away

A quiet conversation

A quiet conversation
A silent contemplation

Wind chimes, slow days, passages in time
Wind, blowing sweet softly, sage, rosemary and thyme

A quiet conversation
Morning light, morning

A silent contemplation
Morning light, morning

Holding hands on Giants Causeway
Footprints wander this way, in the sand

A quiet conversation
A silent contemplation

Trickling stream over bouldered rock
Poppy, fetlock, gaze o'er the meadow

A quiet conversation
Morning light morning
A silent contemplation
Morning light morning

Stuttering Staccato

She wrote me a letter
Talked of garlands and May
Walk with me thro' the meadow
Tread with me, softly, she'd say

I replied in stuttering staccato
Struck a strangers chord, with echo and delay
Your kindness, gentle, finds and swamps me
I'm sinking, fast, I'd say

She wrote such words that turned me
Talked of where, and when, we'd play
Talked with me so full of passion
She'd twist the vine with me, she'd say

I replied most, almost, rolled over
Searching deep for every word
Your passion fever, finds and haunts me
My writing's past, you'll find, I'd say

Glowing at the attention

A little sad reflection
Fifteen years ago this day
In the land of Mr Pye
Building castles in the sand

The horse drawn carriage beckoned
The children's bonnets and the sun cream for protection
Protection needed you had reckoned
On this island free, free to begin, to begin to dream

We wandered up towards the headland station
We gazed the azure blue o'er to France
This was our first vacation
A consolidation of romance

Laying in the meadow dozing
Clumps of Jasmine beneath the peregrine by chance
Laying on the meadow headland dozing
Taking photo's to catch the sparrows, sparrows doing their
'flutter dance'

We'd travelled on the hydro foil of Condor
Sat on the deck in Channel Island sunshine
The light of lightness being longer
Holding hands in some pave crazed expectation line

We had the corner table
The restaurant was first class
The girls glowed at the attention
And you glowed at their sass

We played some games a little later
Maybe Scrabble, from the games selection, or cards, was it
Twist or was it Fish

We were oh so happy, even before our consummation
We were feeling, feeling lovingly rich

And when we had returned
The photographs cannot lie
I was caught adrift and snoozing
You as ever, were camera, camera shy

Now it's another May Day holiday
An island by the name of Kos
We are no longer at one together; I'm here tonight without
you
Remembering what, oh what on earth we've lost

Being tougher might have been kinder

Being tougher might have been kinder
Maybe I could have been kinder to myself

I could have seen the end before it happened
But being suspended I gave myself just too much rope

Was it the rough ride that life had bled for you
Or did my chasing chase relent and eventually embrace you

Being tougher might have been kinder
We could have been kinder to ourselves

We could have seen the end before it happened
Suspended we kept on each giving, giving just too much rope

Archangel Michael

On board
On board the Archangel Michael
Kos, a present from the English
For helping win the freedom war
Took from 45 to 58 to get the papers sorted
On board
On board the Archangel Michael

An anchor slip on the wooden ship
Island sun, nun forsaking nun
The purple sage has read you
The sprigs and twigs are treading through

On board
On board the Archangel Michael
A floating boat of hope
With worry beads, religions icons, an photos of the pope
And Greek Orthodoxy for the crew
On board
On board the Archangel Michael

A landing stage for boats to lay
A slip of sand, a welcome hand
The island blade has read you
The boats and coats, we're all just floating thro'

Nigh on caught the writers eye

The purple pink ink was sprinkling
Words deeper than the page could print

The deep red sun in the sky was sinking
Skies hues bluer than the blackest ink

The vermouth gin was drinking
Crazed, laced, deeper than aniseed, menthe and mint

The blue black sky had summers stars twinkling
Skies light, whiter than the whitest snowball cocktail drink

The drink distilled the multicoloured inks
The pink blue sky nigh on caught the writers eye

The instinct was to close, the amber nectar rose
The painter shaped his pose, the writer had another drink

Sweet memories being mended

My befriended mind descended
Lent itself a favour, or was it two

The bitterness is ended
It could not, could not be defended

My censored mind now is scented
Meant for long to labour, except now it's all spent through

The bitterness is indeed near on ended
Now it's the sweet memories, sweet memories being mended

But truly there's no fever crazy

And still I go on floating
Can't explain the feeling so
You can tell from my writing
It's not easy letting go

But truly there's no fever crazy
Nothing driving me, not live nor lazy
No absence making feelings fonder
No loss or absent minded wander

It's a most unusual face, to face
In the morning when I've slept well
I just get on with what's got to do
There's no remorse or rekindling, hurts not breakin thro'

But I know it's not me that's holding
This lack of scolding feeling is not of conscious making
There is something else, something unknown, going on
For how long, how long, how...long

Singer

Singer
Sing your sweet songs
Your hallelujahs
Your California dreamin
Singer
Sing your sweet songs

Oh Spanish guitar
Strum your tune away
Your footsteps in the sand
Your castles and diamonds
Oh Spanish guitar
Strum your tune away

Mocking bird
Fly your wings away
Here to stay
Here till Saturday
Mocking bird
Fly your wings away

Surest love

It's her surest love
That's what she's surest of
He's home to stay
Never gonna go away
Her sad refrain
He'll soon be back again

An surest love
What's those words you say
You were singing yesterday
Never gonna go away
Then that railway train
Will he ever be back again

Hear that mellow blow
From the horn and the piccolo
Surely, she's lost her surest love
Downtown now he's a gigolo
With her he's left his stain
In forever, will he be back again

She mourns the loss
On this isle of Kos
She'll paint again
Lover's love she will abstain, abstain
She'll still feel the pain
Ever will he, be back again

The boats have sailed
He's left no mail
His muse and his minder
He's off across the seas to find her
Remind her of the heroes slain
Never, ever, never to be back again

Strummer

Oh Cyprus summer
Began with yon Joe Strummer
His Spanish ways, oh Spanish days
Clash boys clashed from London to Andalucia

Now he's passed away
His Mescalero's have had their day
He's moved right on, he's left his all
Back catalogue, music, music lover

Silver threads upon the Rockies

Crumbled stone
Jumbled civilisation

Lemon grass among the poppies
Sandstone slate and marble

Worry beads, windblown seeds
Fish, bird, goat, hashish

Crumbled tome
Jumbled imagination

Silver threads upon the Rockies
Image, vision, thoughtless sparkle

Nervous weeds, unknown creeds
Idea, gift, wrath, blessing, path, way

Forlorn four leaf clover

Daisy chain, one more refrain
Forlorn four leaf clover

Buttercup, something's coming up
Sojourn, among the pampas

Herb garden, Cardigan Bay
Mourn, a summers lovers passing

Cabbage patch, locks off the latch
Storm brewing, crow clouds in the sky

Potato fields, his torch she wields
Warm autumn's harvest festival

Bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away
Across so many seas
Where are your thoughts at this moment

Can you stop, just now
Think of this place
Across so many seas

Take a moment
A small mobile meditation
Close your eyes
Bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away
Your muse, your love, your tree
Across so many seas

Did you feel the fleeting thought
Grasp that visualisation flash
Across so many seas

Less than separate minds
In splitting seconds bind
Touching skins together fly, bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away
Your friend, your love, your free
Across so many seas

Caught that synapse strobing
Mind depths you were probing
Together across so many seas

Now there's intermingling.

Souls engaged, lattice leaves, layers lingering
Open your eyes; you've bridged across the skies

Leaving gaps to wander thro'

Your mind was searching
For your favourite song
But you needed peace and quiet
Or some divine intervention

Those days you tripped
Your memory slipped
Turned down a gear or two
Leaving gaps to wander thro'

Your mind was searching
It's become a fashion thing to lose
You do it with a passion
Like a fever not to choose

Those days you dipped
Those drinks you sipped
Slowed down the inner you
Leaving gaps to wander thro'

Not lonely, moments

These only, not lonely
My own
Only
Not lonely, moments

Only my own
Once lonely
Now only
My own, not lonely, moment

Moment
My own
Only my
My moment

Only, only
My only
My own
Moments only

Our dreams to longer ponder

For those of us, who are boys no longer
Those of us, boys and girls, who are only left to dream
Boy she brings those dreams much more closer
Close and mean she brings along the longer dream

For days and daze in summer sun she wanders
Days for us, for to see, for to dream, dream our old forgotten
dreams
A skin of silk, a bosom without blemish
A thongs embrace, a place for upon, our dreams to longer
ponder

Oh yellow frock, your smock don't shock or mock me
My feelings peel, I steal away, to in my dreams reveal
A cappuccino, a turning wrist, hand upon my shoulder
Boys, boys, boys, I'm growing, growing, growing older
Fold away my dreams

It's coring though not screaming

I core away my evening
I core away, to try to find a feeling
Revealing evening's feelings
Coring through the old grey ceiling

Sealing old but not forgotten feelings
Without today, they have no meaning
Just before the dreaming
Coring, stealing, reeling

It's coring though, not screaming
It's welcoming, not scheming
It's open and it's leaving
Leaving you, to bring you, in my dreaming

It's a tightrope life I'm living

It's a funny path to tread
Trode with boots of lead
We never really said
Goodbye

Now we are just not talking
Lifting the telephone but choking
Dark nights alone chain smoking
Goodbye

Fearful for and of the future
Careless with the lucre
Time turns sour not Sucre
Goodbye

My words thro' my mind are sieving
This tightrope line, it's a tightrope life I'm living
Hope is here, odd, so oft it is forgiving
Goodbye

It always turns into a poem

It always turns into a poem, it must mean, mustn't it, that there is something else within, anyway, for now, I'm trying to write about something strange, some far from known before, or not even half understood, some strange feeling.

It's not anger, and it's not loss. There is a deal of not living up to reality, there is a deal of keeping your image alive, but it is not yet, at least I hope, not yet an infatuation.

And that's the thing that scares me, in this what is almost calm serenity; do I risk rolling over to an hungry infatuation, do I risk that, by keeping your image alive.

By using you for my poetry, for writing down and remembering, I'm seeing you each evening, and taking you to my dreams, do I risk an hungry infatuation, that will eat me, eat me half alive.

Or is this path truly more cathartic, is it a passage towards a closure, will this calm feeling grow into something stronger, bringing me, giving me, without you forever, leaving me, giving me, new hope.

More frightened still to ask

I'm writing this in Kos
For you it would have been another Fuerteventura

For me it's time with Andrew
And a little time with me

I don't know what you're feeling
I'm scared now to ask

I'm frightened to see a closure
More frightened still to ask

Far away warm feelings are easy
And blanking out bad times is not a task

It's not dealing with reality
It's living in the past

But I do want to say some things for clarity
Some things past you that I'd like to pass

My poetry and my reading
Thanks for that and more
The list of introductions endless
You've learnt me all and evermore

The paintings and the painting
The galleries and the exhibitions
You bought me pastels, paints and board
You showed me shade and depth without derision

You may think I already knew sculpture
And true I'd visited Leeds, to see that serene old Mr Moore
But you opened up the vista

Showing you, that opened, opened up, opened up my view

Then there's education

I guess that's where we met

You sometimes unkindly scoffed at my methods

But by example you led, standards to aspire, you set

On this last night, I'm writing this in Kos

The flights delayed, we're losing waste less days,

Now I know, or think I do, what it was like for you

In your horror of Fuerteventura

I didn't know then what you were feeling

I'd forgotten, so rotten, I've forgotten, forgotten how to ask

Joris-Karl Huysmans (1848-1907)

This is a strange old time to write
Gone well past midnight
Waiting for the early morning late night flight

There's drinks and smokes
And artichokes for the well at heel
For me the writing hours is how I steal

I've read Mr Bukowski
And the Hippocrates oath
They've both travelled well, truth to tell

But this new book I've bought, I was caught
By the slip notes and the cover, well, my, by, by my mother
That Huysmans 'A Rebours' (Against Nature), boy that's
something other.

Huysmans worldly ways are leading me, kneading me
I'll start with Edgar Allen Poe, or Paul Verlaine, then on to
Flaubert and Baudelaire
Oh he's stolen my every picture, as he passed this way, before
he passed away
But Joris Karl Huysmans, he has not gone, no not gone, only
gone and put me in the clear

Mighty Mosquito

Drinking Water
Smoking Cigarettes
Chasing midges, forsaking rest

Camel cigarettes
Subtle flavour
Packed in blue

Pesky, pesky midges
Mosquito's cousins I guess
Here's hoping, hoping I'm choking them to death

Because they've had three meals or more
They've caught me unawares
Teetotal non-smoker, he his the one, it is 'he who dares'

The antisan cream, the disinfectants, even germolene
Plus this net of finest denier, this nylon stocking sheen
Simply inept answers, to the awesome, buzzing, 'fighting
beyond its weight', awesome biting machine

So I've snapped it between the pages of this here book
A fitting death, I hope you will think
A fitting, close fitting death, he died, in a single scratch of ink.

Presented unwound and bound

I've saved the last words for you my girl
Before I set off home
You've been good company for me this week
Helped me through this time, real swell

Should you ever see this distant reflection
Should you ever browse this small collection
Presented for all, unwound and bound
I hope you'll have some satisfaction, with your own, reaction

Who knows where the futures taking
Who knows where the past has gone
Who knows how love is answered
Who knows, who knows, why we sing along

I'm gone

Sensual scenery

How long we've been
Been being cruel

How long we've starved ourselves
Of love's burning fuel

How many wasted opportunities
To enjoy each others sensual sceneries

Your sweet voice has turned to sour
I hesitate more and more, by hour and hour

Winking twinkling

Trinkets trickling sprinkling
Winking twinkling

Fascinated by:
Imaginary days
Supersonic rays
Polished teak inlays
Roads to Mandalay
Sunlight thro' the maize

Winkles, twinkle toes
Sprinkle, tinkle trinkets

Captivated by:
Golden rose
Clothes to pose
Cerebral cerebrovascular
Vernacular
Spatial spectacular
Sunlight thro' the days

Spiv's and drones

Spiv's and drones
And semitones

Baronets and earls
Nylons for the girls

Spiv's and drones
Baronets and semitones

Communists and squatters
Prefabs for the Potters

Spiv's and drones
Communists and semitones

Veterans and conscripts
Vouchers for the tit bits

Spiv's and drones
Veterans and semitones

Wobbly too

Wobbly
Strong cigarettes
Extremely cold water
Stiff, stiff drink
Touching your hand
Trembling
In sinking sand
Wobbly
One last time

No late night conversation

I don't know what your idea of friendship means
I don't know if being your best friend, is what it seems

So I'll try and dissect your words
Thro' my mind, as remembered they reverb

You don't want anything to do with being a couple
Well that sound statement's forward, that's not too subtle

You've thought about counselling, but decided that you're too
tired
You've worked thro the options, except the lad I've sired

You want for him to have a full parenting picture
You think it's weak, not strong, to let me, let him be

You say; if we don't have some contact with our boy
We'll lose what really matters, and when it matters, there'll be
no joy

So what does it mean, what exactly, is the meaning of, best
friend status
How do we progress, or do we guess, friends swirling, in our
own hiatus

I felt clearer, although the cost was dearer
When we parted, not started, getting nearer

And I can live with parting glimpses of anger
Recollecting and putting blame, lapsing into languor

Right now I think it is best, to not, not vocalise my thoughts
They may be off beam, because I am, I'm out of sorts

Yet I don't want to look forward, too many days away
Thinking our friendship means love, and body sway

I don't want to waste any more years thinking it's OK
There's real understanding, we understand what we say

When clearly it's not so, for instance do you know
How you intend to befriend, or turn to love or no

If we don't find out shortly, no use to pretend
Our loving, and our friendship, will both come to an end

No cards, no notes
No late night conversation

It's a funny kind of friendship
Without communication

There is no time left for making love
We're doing things that lovers aren't dreaming of

A last goodbye

Hands upon my shoulder
Clasp before you cry
Warmth flowing
Parting
A last goodbye

Hands around the waistline
Clench touch you try
Warmth flowing
Parting
A last goodbye

Hands stroke the neck nape
Massage nervous lobes you pry
Warmth flowing
Parting
Goodbye

Pretty words and parting flowers

Then I rationalise it as jealousy
Making sense with no sense
There was I'm quite certain, there was a shaky feeling

Could I have been misled, for certain, or were you dealing
Pretty words and parting flowers
Remembering the movies, remembering 'The Hours'

That's when the balance began, began by getting lost
The red mist, angers languor, sense, loss
I sensed loss at any cost

Driving on to midnight, up country, over a fault free line
Up country the simmer settles, thinking process fettled
The madness mellows, swallows in the moonshine

Carpets of thorns and lilies

Other Men's words

The kerbstones that I've misplaced

Searching their words, for rhyme or reason

Staining seasons passed, it's now clearer space

Gravestones and epitaphs

Inscriptions defying descriptions, they're the words I'm after

Gathering spontaneity, picking grave to grave

A kaleidoscope of conversations, generation's future saved

The lilacs and the bluebells, cards from Mrs May

Carpets of thorns and lilies, long away days

Of all the deaths you've told and listened

All the bouquets you've pondered and passed

You've read other men's words

Passed their pasts, into some unknown, future place

Searched their faces, for rhyme or reason

Staining seasons passed, it's now a new beginning, new

beginning space

Feel sand, thro fingers flowing

Sandals, stepping softly, sandals, impressions in the sand
Seashells, washing softly, seashells, crustaceans in the sand
Lovers, walking softly, lovers, footsteps in the sand

Brass bands, jazz quartets, Shakespeare's manoeuvres in the
park
Wind sail, skateboard rail, a winters tale, o'er dune and dale
Sands and parks, lovers after dark, hands held among the
sunrise

Emotions
Seeping softly
Emotions
Feel sand, thro fingers flowing
Emotions flowing to the sand

Memories
Keeping softly
Memories
Feel sand, sparkle glints glowing,
Memories glowing in the sand

Strangers
Parting softly
Strangers
Feel sand, washed up
Strangers, washed up on the sand

Sandals, leaving softly, sandals, depressions in the sand
Seashells, crushing softly, seashells, crushed crustaceans in the
sand
Lovers, talking not so softly, lovers, steps backward in the
sand

Brass lands, ports and quarts, Shakespeare's sister, blisters in
the dark

Wind hail, broken rail, a frozen winter's tale, o'er time and
pail

Slander and shark, smothers in the dark, hands held, against
the final prize

Consigned to cognitive psychology

Staring out o'er, o'er waves, for to wander
No turning back, nowhere is the space behind
Closed eyes, unable to close the subconscious
Staring out over, out o'er the deep, sleep depraved,
unconscious
Evading sleep, risks run to keep, creep to keep, keep a clear
conscience
Consigned, resigned to cognitive psychology
Theory, practice, hypothesis, group therapy, mind my
mythology
Staring out o'er, o'er waves, o'er waves for to ponder, longer

Consigned to reflective sociology

Brickyard Stacks, fired by old coal slack, cracks for thro to
wander
Chimney yards, prison guards, no turning back
Closed doors, unable to close the conscience
Over out o'er the courtyard, marching unconscious
Preparing to sleep, wardens keep, reaping their subconscious
Consigned, resigned to reflective sociology
Rote, rote, together rote, rote on, into mythology
Stealing out o'er exercise yard, escape routes for to ponder,
longer

Arnold

Arnold

Pen strokes awoke to smoke drifts far away
Smoke over mountain passes
Staining plains bought with molasses
Awoke to stoke the boilers for to cruise

Arnold

Losing skilful classes, evening study, lads and lasses
Turning their thoughts from study days to discotheques
Biblioteques for the masses
Clues that cruise among the shuffling stiletto shoes

Arnold

Choosing or being chosen
Stealing or being broken
Your words are my words spoken
Your solitudes the line I've chosen

Arnold

Opening and closing, in between a depth of reason
A season of writing with love or muse to guide you
On ships across continents, under sun and moon your words
survive you
Choke, poke, poke the cinders in the breeze, for one last fire
beside you

Arnold

Before the dark side, o'er away an swoon
Centuries apart, loves lost lying lonesome
Walking some solitary path from madness
Crazy diamond, life giving island, reflected moon

Stranded for the summer

An island in the summer
Sons of summer sun
A beach, way down from my land, down for the summer
An island in the summer

Your islands downs, astound throughout the summer
Your island, save for, your son, it's your summers summer
You're my island, you are, my island for the summer
My island is yours, your island, island for the summer

Sand washed, sun dyed, dried out island for the summer
Bleach blonde, beach bombs, plundered summers summer
Blonde on blonde, beach bombs, blondes for your summer
Your summers summer, blonde beach bombs, blondes play on,
in summers summer

Oh my, your, my, our, sweet not sour, island summer
Sun dried, bleach dyed, blonde eyes, crying for the summer
Blondes lied, beaches tried, tied up for the summer
Tie dyed, bleary eyed, plied up, blinded for the summer

Island wide, eyelids slide, cried up for the summer
Turning tides, island rides, all supplied, sup up for the
summer
Ride away, we planned to stay, stray away, for the summer
Dreams lingered longer, stranded on the sand, stranded for,
another summer

Setting simple preparations

Distraction

Rise early in the morning

Without outward conversation

Conversing in silence, in prayer

Minds in meditative slate clean state

Washed by our own meandering

Centred, entering nothingness, not loss

Making space for some other, another one's, message

Making space for offering some other, another, open invitation

Making space and ambiance to surround you

A clear mind for to think, thinking clear thoughts through

To think without sinking, without drinking down the inner depths

Nor climbing to false escalations, or wieldy expectations

Setting simple preparations

To raise a tide on even keel

Not stealing another's visualisation

Except for some that share the cross

But it don't need to be a religion

And it don't necessarily mean faith

What it is I'm after

Is not to be led, not led, nor fed, by distraction

But to derive salvation from discovering an inner satisfaction

From doubt without to an inner clarity of vision

A lucidity returning, thoughts thought that I'd lost

Brooding for another's food I'm now removing

Wood shedding this blessing I'm smoothly grooving

And how, you know, watch me, watch me let my best friend grow

And how, to let my friend remember, letting go, for to let me grow

Rothko at the Tate

Maroon and Grey
Meditation Way
Babes to Stay
Tantric Play

Destruction disruption

Vesuvius
Molten rocks
For swollen scars
Eruptions
Disruptions for woken souls

Madagascar
Fallen stocks
For open stars
Corruptions
Disruptions for spoken calls

Ayres rock
Risen shock
For shaman shahs
Expulsions
Disruptions for fallen walls

With gravitas, love, love, love

This poem should be read slowly
Slowly
More slowly now
Slow real down
For this single word
Surreal slow
Slow now
With gravitas
And concentration
Pursed lips
Rasping throat
Breathe
Breathe again
Again breathe
Settle
Oxygenate the root canal
Feel the solar plexus
Begin to give birth
Give birth
Birth to a word
A word from the tombs of time
Relax, oh Frankie, relax
Obliterate all other your thoughts
Clear space, no space, anyplace
Slowly
Slow
Down low
Low
With gravitas
Conscious of the consequence
Memories of resonance
Give
Give birth
Birth to love

Love
Love, love, love
Love

Music of the spheres

Sphere	Lyrical	Satirical
Lyrical	Satirical	Sphere
Satirical	Sphere	Whimsical
Sphere	Whimsical	
Political		
Sphere	Physical	
Miracle		

No need to laugh

Pictures, paintings and photographs
Still life, portrait, landscape and phonograph
Quiet, loud, stone deaf, no need to laugh
Canvas, Razor blade, splash, slash the gaff
Riff raff, taffy and terry, top floor, up the caff

Prescribe instead

No need to verbalise
Just no need
Feel the faith
Hold it for yourself

Feel free
No need to describe
Or feel trapped
Without words to share

Stare in to your own blank space
Safe from prying eyes
Clear the need
Critics of your description

Prescribe instead
Wider read, journey's wed
Sun steps to moon steps
Coronets to coronations

Within the abbey
Within
Feel the faith
Hold it for yourself

Your faith
Yours only

Vanishing under varnish

Lillie pond
Eyes wide open
Petals laying
On water swaying
Stems proud
Slice the shining surface
Wandering by
Caught the eye
Canvas
Vanishing under varnish
Tarnished impression
Suggestion liaisons
Woken
Eyes wide open
And seeing
And being
Seeing movement
Being moved
Moved by petals
Petals laying
On water swaying

Slight craves

Ah
Clear thought

White waves
Blue sky

Message in a bottle

Hip
Twist top

Slight craves
Addicts lie

Message in a bottle

Don't get angry, don't get even

Don't get angry

Don't get even

Don't get down

Try to fly

No

Wait on

Work thro' anger

Work towards even

Build up from down

Now you'll fly

The wonder of rebuff dismissed

You want to communicate
That is
You want to say something
To cause some reactions

You want to communicate a closing
That is
You want to say something
To close words birth contractions

Now then here is the dilemma
By saying nothing
Do you communicate more than words can ever say
Or
By saying nothing
Do you precursor, and so prevent reaction

If your words are spoken
Can the meaning be more mistaken
Than if the written word was read

If your words are laid on parchment paper
Is spontaneity lost
The wonder of rebuff dismissed
Or redirection distressed, pointed out by no one other

Do you have the craft or guile
With words to smile or cry
Or look thro' sly eyes wily
With style to climb on high, while still saying, swaying, saying
nigh

Shuffle the raffle

Like a sparrows wing you were broken
Whilst I was feasting on Baudelaire
Hustle and harrow among dust bowls, soft words spoken
Never near, once more we, were keeping clear

The midnight hour, crescent moon, for you the only token
Whilst I immersed in Poe and Mr. Arnold dear
Shuffle the raffle, audits amongst the dawn's chorus woken
Ever steer the path, rudder less through, out the sphere

Autograph your dicrotic cast

Yon rook an yon fair raven
O'er the sea from Milford Haven
Cigarettes stamped 'A' by company Craven

Ashberry and yew, and years spent misbehaving
Words untrue, lines that slew, croons that keep on slaving
Crows and crows and thought yo yo's, leaving and waving

The hour glass tipped and turned to yesterday
The wayward path tripped to Everglade
The Sunshine orchestra is ready for the stage

Yon rook an yon fair raven
Grass and dales, pail with ships that sailed
Rails into the distance on cow folk's trails

Leaves of glass on shattered brass
Diamonds and grass from rusty pasts
Lust and laugh, autograph your dicrotic cast

Sunk, I've fallen out of love

My demented mind descended
Pretended it had been doing good

My times past have been lamented
Cemented dams opened to the flood

All past promises are now rescinded
Crescendo to the sound of going rough

Your likes, dislikes, flights of fancy are contended
They are sent packing, with the candle that I snuff

No more string less invitations extended
One too many open arms, becalm unfriendly stuff

The happy times are stored safe, for me easily remembered
But you've cut me so deep, deep with your indifference

So deep
Sunk, I've fallen out of love

Ken

Then it's a new life, ken
Stride for, from strife, to strike, ken
Blow away the smokescreen, ken
A new day, a new persona, ken

Stir it up

Stir it up
Don't stir it up
Again

Trip up
Tripped up
Once before

Slip cup
Slip of satin silk
Skip

Strap
Fond shoulder
Trap

Yep that glitterati literati stuff

Lavender swing and Russian vine
By it spreads like swine
That Prussian wine

Garden gate and summer fete
By ain't England great
At that washing plate

Shower and brush, I'm coming up lush
Oh that teenage crush
Rash it up, listen, throng and thrush

Library books and surfers touch
Yep that glitterati literati stuff
Ledbury's found, all bound and butch

Jazz and soul and rock and roll
Dwell upon that digital ball
Soak up that frock, astride yon cockle stall

Dreamy lair

Your essence waved, my wafted, air
I'd taken time and crafted, serenity to share
Then the blue sky turned to gold

Your effervescence duly staffed, my dreamy, lair
I'd waited less than wandered, in incandescent prayer
Then the clouds, lined with silver, softly rolled

Your presence presents, a trembling, bare
I'd opened, once again, this strange affair
Then the red moon rose, by the setting sun

Your lessons in love, lent in a gentle, stare
I'd been carefree, lest care made me beware
Then the sky opened all the way to heaven

Your defence, immense at first, wavered, there
I'd shown relentless perseverance, a scattered flare
Then you said take my hand our thighs to fondle

We wandered amongst the wonder stuff
We wondered, how we'd share
Then the night turned, scared, a day dull grey

The devil levels

Decorating cakes and winning medals
Elephants up the stairs push bike pedals
Crushing dust brushing up the pebbles
Footprints on hot coals the devil levels
Expecting wakes thirst slaking revellers
Bedevilled brakes Turin meddles dwell

Gave, given

I gave up all I had
I almost gave up alcohol

I gave up friends and family
I almost gave up rock and roll

I gave up any expectation
I almost gave up sexual strolls

I gave up dare and doing
I almost gave up blues and soul

I gave up thought and conversation
I almost gave up waves that rise and fall

I gave up more than this and all
The day my love you stole

You have given up on friendly pretending
You almost had me sold

You have given up on futures intending
You almost turned me cold

You have given up on dreams extending
You almost cast me in your mould

You have given up on pleasures lending
You almost dried my love juice, dried up on the Wold

You have given up on letters sending
You almost stole the words I've scrawled

You have given up more than this and all

The day your love wasted, haste, turned from new to old

Read by Delacroix

But you got no reaction
Not a single missing beat
In fact the breath was less
Less than a distant tantric bless

So it's time to stop the reason
The seasons past and full
Her emotions have been gathered
Gathered for the cull

The breath was not held
Ever less and seldom welled
The conversation was lukewarm
Lukewarm going on dull

And in between the spaces
Were once lay hope and joy
Now, there, in between the spaces
Lies less hope than read by Delacroix

Can this break the bond that binds and blinds
The empty sound to shatter, splatter scattered minds
This silent chord to carve, to cut some umbilical heave
Deceive more time wasting, receive waste hope believe

These are only words

Wherever you are now
Whatever your circumstance
Reading my words
You only have from me, my words

This sound I hear
This inclination dear
Into ether disappears
Into only my words

I could try to pace
Run at such a race
This space embrace
But, still you only have my words

I could remind you of a picture
Dedicate colours richer
Embroider with stitch and pitcher
Only, for you to only have my words

Recreate a journey
Pray up to eternity
Praise gods gift maternity
But, still you only have my words

Seems your help is needed
Your adoption and adaptation pleaded
Between the lines re-seeded
Making, more than only my words

Turn this into meditation
Find your cross, your station
Deliver to your inner nation
Staying, saying only with my words

Slow down now
Introduce your own sounds around
Hear that distant bell
Foretell, your shell around my words

Slow down again
Listen to the raindrops
Splash your playful puddles
Wash, your water over my words

Slow down to a whisper
Kiss the touch that missed her
Remember your mother, your sister
Bring, your family into my words

Now you are calm and serene
Feeling goodness in between
Your soul and body clean
Sheen, your sparkle on my words

Tomorrow we'll do the jazz
The rock and the razzamatazz
Nights out with the lads
Blast my words, loud into the night

We'll pour the wine and whisky
Move up close, get frisky
Forget who takes the biscuit
Recall my words illicit

In front of the magistrate with remorse
Your honour, sorry, of course, of course
We were pretending, like the bourse
Reciting only my words

In prison cell and courtyard

Dwelling on what is, and what might have been
You thought it was the truth you'd seen
But it was only, only my words

Back at the beginning
A chorus chord for to singing
In you ears you can hear them ringing
They are; these are only my words

Burning no delphinium

That's thinned it down to jealousy
For one to someone's daughters husband
For another an old colleague or school governor
Perhaps some artistic friends at theatre
Even more there might have been someone's brothers
Never though my neighbour, the father of our dreams
Your words never ever led me, said to me to think him so

Then really it's about possession
This crazy daft obsession
Don't ever learn the lesson
The crescent moon turns sharp too soon
As we cut the cloth with silence
Men of words condemned by hesitance
Blown away and up in smoke by reticence

It's a madness bordering delirium
Scrawling this elemental prescription cerium
For you to read it's more than tedium
Extremes no grounds for seeking medium
Crazed and senseless past remedium
One more cigarette growing no delphinium
A glass of milk and back amongst delirium

Unfamiliar sorts

It's a solitary sport
These poems and photography
Takes unfamiliar sorts
To pose the prose for oratory

Aspiring Form

Aspiring form
Magic numbers
I could not find a rhyme
I searched my mind
And stumbled upon a rumba
Or was it a rhombus parallelogram

An imaginary rabbit
Occurred through some simulation
The magic words
I'd heard
It caught my imagination
Misfired
I'd aspired, once again to slumber

Behind me

I'm closing doors behind me
Softly, but definitely, behind me

I'm settling scores behind me
Quietly, but definitely, behind me

I'm crossing floors behind me
Lightly, but definitely, behind me

I'm packing stores behind me
Tightly, but definitely, behind me

I'm leaving shores behind me
Surely, but definitely, behind me

I've opened sores behind me
Sorely, but definitely, behind me

Breeze blue jay

Carbis Bay
Fortunes far away
A place to stay
For rejuvenation

Midsummer's day
Breeze blue jay
Walk and play
For recuperation

Celtic summer frocks

I'll think more than I can thank her
My minds been like a canker

I've walked along the waters edge
I've trod my footsteps in the sand

So stay awhile
Beneath this summer smile

Observe these soaring cliffs
Beneath of which I sit and sift

Soliloquy or fast
Passed places ever last

Moss and luxurious lichen
Waters from the kitchen

Its fibred growth turns grumbling rocks
In to the colour, of Celtic summer frocks

And sand, and sand, sand through twisted toes does tumble
Grains to maintain, maintain this odd refrain

Again sustained
By summers sun

Crampons for security

You're galvanised with energy
I'm corroding, turning rust to dust

Your stainless sheen is shining
My pitted mind is blind

You're climbing cliff-tops surely
I'm using crampons for security

Your certainty is winding
Yourself you're swiftly finding

My fallen shafts no laughs
These words, they're just gas

Crimson skin of Lincoln

Granite Boulder
Strapless shoulder
Ultramarine
Are you

Mother of pearl
Countess, King and Earl
Carbon blue it's true
You're diamonds thro' and thro'

Crimson skin of Lincoln
Your friends to whom you think on
Though only the amethyst new
Who or why the seagull slew

Cusp of Sea

Cobalt blue, cusp of sea

Remember

Remember

Remember me

Wave tops, roll mops

Rescue

Rescue

Rescue me

Down at yon Godrevy

Sea cold coca cola
Salt and aspartame
Champagne supernova
Big blue, Atlantic sea

There's burger and there's onions
There are barbecues for free
Away from mother Meavy
Down at yon Godrevy

There's kites
And ladders in their tights
Its natures might
Big blue, Atlantic Sea

Suns been up for hours
It's going down I've come to see
I'm captured by the wonder
Yon Godrevy, big blue, Atlantic sea

Endless stew

It's been four months of poems
Since she asked me to be going

That's long enough for other stuff
To take me off and trawling

So what stops you lad, what drives you mad
What holds you back, from your oats a sowing

Well if that I knew, this endless stew
Id have ended, by forgoing

Enjoy the fruits of summer

Avocado prawn
Avogadro's norm
Enjoy the fruits of summer

Forget the beef and grizzle
And the turkey swizzles
Instead let, the herb oils drizzle

Grilling roasted corn

June bronze in the bay
Big boy's toys
Chevrolets and corduroys
Jun bronze in the bay

Mercury vest
Speedboat zest
You can guess the rest
A little summer test

See the seals
And see the islands
Shelter from the storm
Incandescent incidental form

Jellied eels
The seagull's steel
Grilling roasted corn
Promenade on wind-sail torn

Skinny dip
Diving off the slip
Boys will be boys
Girls eyeing up, their bigger boys toys

Handkerchief and crackpots

Oh mighty Ocean
Oh mighty wave
Wave mighty ocean
Wave again wave

How deep is your basin
Your subterranean blue
How deep is your basin
Turning blue to green to blue

Photographs and snapshots
Handkerchiefs and crackpots
Lemonade and ginger
Wandering minstrel singer

The chiffon and the candy
Mother natures brandy
Mast and sail with Mandy
On mother natures blue

Great hue of an Ocean
You're bringing me swell
Great blue of an Ocean
See the Sea Dwell

Higher ground

I came to catch the light of summer
I came from higher ground
Caught the Cape in early summer
Caught the sunlight, going down

I said we

I
Said We
Back there
At the bed and breakfast
Where it was obvious to all around
That there were
Was only
Me

Then
I set to thinking
About the nature of it all
And the starting of me poems
And the dancing at the ball
I set right down to thinking
About that simple we
About it really meaning
Really it meaning
Just me

Soon in mind I had my thesis
My poetic dissertation
My MA Sensation
Wait
It's like the origin of the species
What it is I'm seeking
For locking up and keeping
Is the very, very beginning
The first thought
Running in your head
The first thought
Of that first word

So in the future

No words to ramble
Or forage in the bramble
No dictionary scramble
I'm taking quite a gamble
But in future
What I'm going to say
The words that are going to stay
Are my first thoughts
Start at nought
My origin
Of my species

I did
Say we
Back there
At the bed and breakfast
Perhaps it was obvious to all around
My mind shading towards unsound
It was in fact
Me
Not imaginary
We

Inclination

Endless complications
Wordless conversations
Forgotten combinations
Splendid isolation

Removed from all temptation
Distance dulled sensation
No communiqué or revelation
Dependant isolation

Craving re creation
Return on base to station
A pairing incantation
A wasting separation

Is this how it's going to be

I saw a flower today
You have one in your garden
I decided not to take the photograph
Is this how it's going to be
Is this the missed stitch
Forget again to kiss her

I swam at your club today
You go there of an evening
I, went at noon, leaving soon thereafter
Is this how it's going to be
Is this the missed hitch
Forget again to kiss her

It is the ever after

On the beach at Sennon
As close on earth to heaven
Sunlight smiles and laughter
It is the ever after
It's more than just a breeze

We're dealing with the wonderment
It's more than just a breeze
This rock face shorn
By waves of scorn
It's more than just a breeze

This last cigarette, a simple bet
It's more than just a breeze
This habit worn
For years forlorn
It's more than just a wheeze

Judge you

The landscape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a farmer it does a bit
No the landscape does not judge you
It sits there lying steady, ready for your eyes to flit

The seascape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a fisherman it does a bit
No the seascape does not judge you
It lays there lying steady, ready for your mind to knit

The townscape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a shopper it does a bit
No the townscape does not judge you
It stays there lying steady, ready for you to buy your kit

The mindscape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a thinker it does a little bit
No the mindscape does not judge you
It plays there lying unsteady, ready for your mind to flip

The lovescape does though judge you
And maybe if you're a lover it gives you seismic fits
Yes the lovescape is there to judge you
It flays there lying steady, ready for your heart to take a hit

Lapping, waves clapping

Ripples in the sand
Ageless land, ageless land
Fishing man and weaving hands
Ageless, ageless land

Motor boats and seagull croaks
Cappuccino with cakes to soak
Motor boats and wheels of hope
Ageless, timeless land

Lapping, waves clapping
Splashing in the sea
A pink champagne bikini
A splash of cloth, weaving, ageless mind receding

Moving swift

The Nokia's new
I'm driving thro'
I'm leaving for no reason

The Lexus boy
Air conditioned joy
Feels like I'm committing treason

Through this place called Drift
Moving swift, through the gears I shift
I'm going out of season

Not a pixel richer

Doing the Japanese
No time to please
Just point and click
And move on quick

Megabytes of memory
Seminar and plenary
Twenty first third century
Moving on past sensory

Cease the moment
Not the picture
Photographic truth
Not a pixel richer

On the beach at Sennon

Sennon
Oh Sennon
Imagine
Mr. Lennon
On the beach
At Sennon

Or even Mr. Rea
Words to disappear
Driving home for Christmas
Driving on to Sennon
Seven stairways to heaven
On the beach at Sennon

June, July or December
In passing times remember
That god's earth let you lend her
Return once more here to send her
Spend your lent
Heaven sent
On the beach at Sennon

Or what to trot

Time to dwell
My words to tell
Caught in the spell
Of lines that rhyme

Or don't
Or won't

Pubic roots
And pheasant shoots
You can see
To where my mind is sinking

Or can't
Or shan't

Baby belle
And pelvic swell
It's lust not love
I'm drinking

Or what
To trot

Plumb, aplomb, and sweet bon-bon

Lunch today
Was rocket and rye
Try if I might
Salami and fries

We're an international audience
The figs didn't stand a chance
The square rigger sailed, wind full on
Plumb, aplomb, and sweet bon-bon

Wild Ocean, sea spray
Dive bomber
What's that between your teeth
Wild Ocean's barrier reef

Cormorant and cockatiel
Peking duck for three
Old grey seal, who do you feel
Across the splashing sea

Safe shores in between

Deep, Deep Ocean
Deep black, deep blue, deep green
Deep, Deep Ocean
Samurai and Viking and safe shores in between

Was it a mirage
Or a marriage
Were you married
To the sea

Single form

Single form
Dormitory norm
Fags in all the pictures
You chiselled stone
Made broken homes
Sculptures first lady

Your workshop
And your garden
For wearers of Elizabeth Arden
As become
In summer sun
An annual communication

To exercise with a moulders touch
Your work was such
Drawing friends of sculpture
Their dreams to clutch
Yorkshire girl, your strings and swirls
You've captivated with such wonder such

This is Sennon Cove

It is June the 22nd
The sky is blue
The sea is green
This is
Sennon Cove

A coffee cup
A cigarette
A pretty girl walks by
Erotic glands exotic plants
This is Sennon Cove

Whites and blues
Sun gold hues
Atlantic muse
It's all good news
This is Sennon Cove

Surfboard suits
Rubber boots
De la mer fruits
Dolphin loops
This is Sennon Cove

Refurbished gate

The night of the rolling thunder
The day of the lemon tea
Raindrops and sunspots
Natures immersing me

Stay awhile, beside this refurbished gate
Feel the sun and feel the rain
Their love for each and every other
Replenishing my faith in fate

They roared in the pubs with laughter
They cried their tears alone
Work again on mornings after
Cracking, cracking stone

I digress
I want to return
If I may
To that refurbished gate

I did not feel
To do the scene
Full justice
So I'm returning there once again

Believe me
It's true
I was bathing in warm sunlight
Feeling the splashing drops of rain

The hedgerows and the sparrows
And pretty country flowers
Bathed in warm sunlight
Sipping spots of rain

Their masters were the gentry
To cloth and toff's they'd have to doff their caps
Their minds while being, were never more than addled
Their bodies wearing, tearing thin, chained and saddled

The paths are open now for folk to wander
The gardens awash with shrubs and trees
Daisies, foxgloves, buttercups
And lots I cannot name

Carrot juice with Mango
Cheers yon Caribbean
So glad to Lopwell
In 1864 you came

Now
Take a moment with me
Feel the sunshine
Bathe for free

By this refurbished gate
Trust to your own self
And thank the world
For fate

What was that all about

Looking out over Burrator
Remember that anger
What was all that about
Starting from nowhere
Stirring silently in your mind
Reminding, binding, riding, climbing
Into such a rage

The reservoir surface ripples
Re engage the rage
What was all that about
Some apprehension
Or missed intention
Rewinding, finding, minding, turning
Into such a state

The birdsong whistles
I hesitate
What was all that about
Feeling forgotten
Spoiled rotten
I walked on
Walked into, on and into
Into an open, real, alive, and living, space

Away again

Walt and Mathew
That's Whitman and Arnold
Not Walter Matthau
Though it was a close call

On Dover Beach
No leaves of grass
Or sunshine boys
Just odd couples

The original
Self published
Lyrical
Self publicist

Son of a reformer
Reformed himself
Tales to tell
Of love and wealth

There was a purpose
In triplicate
They nit picked
It was a close call

It's a dancing thing

Your feet, your hips
Your movement kissed
The Harlequin floor

From an age before
A night you'd scored
To slide ashore some more

Your fingertips
Your waving missed
The Harlequin door

From somewhere other than
A night you'd recovered
To glide afore some more

Your standing still
Your expectation dissed
The harlequin floor

From your own only place
A night you'd space
To ride the raving wave

*That's when I added another addiction
To my list
Of personality bleakness, tricks in fiction*

*If you'd kissed the floor
You would not have said any
Any more*

Tears have never flowed so easily. Revised

The bullet as been bitten
The cloth is about to be cut
Cakes and candles at the ready
Tears have never flowed so easily

In a world of doing good
Being good is only just enough
Breathing slow and moving on
Tears have never flowed so easily

In a world that's losing tough
Being tough is now too much
Drawing breath and bowing out
Tears have never flowed so easily

The bullet as been bitten
The goodness it as risen
Seeing stars and mothers scars
Tears have never flowed so easily

For you ancients and you moderns
For you parents and you barren
Lay your weapons blind your conscience
Tears have never flowed so easily

For love of lovers lost
For love of lovers found
Weighing depth and death beside you
Tears have never flowed so easily

The bullet as been bitten
Greatness is upon you
Carelessness behind you
Tears have never flowed so easily

Within hours of posting the poem above came the atrocious malicious criminal bombing of London, an indiscriminate attack on defenceless people of all ages, all races and all religions.

Those air raid shelters
Those dark deep pits
Our tube way army
Well fight those terrorists

This city of freedom
This city of flair
This city of justice, where democracy sits
We'll fight those terrorists

In London's week of celebration
A poverty and Olympic dream to kiss
Satan came without invitation,
We'll fight those terrorists

The stoicism and the hero
We remember that day, of ground zero
Our friends from all the nations
Well fight those terrorists

And once again true greatness
Once again the hands together grow
Once again emotions overwhelming
Tears have never flowed so fearlessly

Clearing

Clean blue jeans
Clean white shirt
Clear bright mind
Nothings hurt

The butterfly and the dandelion
The church bell and the morning service
This is village life
This is village green

National trust
Biddulph trusted much
Children play
Water lilies sway

Into the clearing
Into the cool, cool place
Clearing to reappear
Into a Chinese space

The bridge across the water
Reflected just below
Chiffon and children
Families, so happy so

The brothers from the Danube
The cheques for being next
Cameras at the ready
Steady England steady

Each thought in front another one
For thinking clear
Nemesis near
Nothings hurt

The goldfish and the daisy
Babes in arms
Fathers in the navy
Sunday's fair that ladies be lazy

Egypt and the tomb of adventure
Returning from centuries before
Red light lends an atmosphere
Getty or Saatchi or Baudelaire

Next week's down for painting
Landscapes in the clear
Space the place for clearing
A simple linking sphere

The tea room and the lantern
Cake and Yorkshire brew
It's magic by the fountain, truly
Calm and cool yours duly

Clean blue jeans
Clean white shirt
Clear bright mind
Nothings hurt

Water

This is the stream
This is the stickleback
This is the rainbow trout
This is a new way out

This is the panning for gold
This is flowing over peat
This is the rush of water
Cool water for tired feet

This is on the moor
Land of rivulet and stream
This is the top of the tide
Salt dried and sand beneath

The water trickles
Through tickling fingers
The trout survives
Were all alive

No mystique
No mistaken images
Cool clear words
Nature's daughter

This is the spring
And the dipping well
Swell to feel
On the tip of the tongue

To slake a thirst
From Pennines burst
Over the great white peak
Ice and water tears to weep

To the seashore
For to bathe and wave
This is the water
No complex concave

This is the water
Trickle and flood
This is the water
Water's good

Falling over landscapes

I wait for the day
Meanwhile I ponder
At your pictures painted under ground
Or recall four thousand days
Around your thorn

Today it was the railway sleepers
Carved into serpents keepers
And prayer sticks, 57, 58, 59
Falling over landscapes
Inspiration for sometime past

Scars of Gordale steady
Beneath enlightened gloom
Skies of doom, Dartmoor heavy
Filling rooms and closing voids

Sheepspace and snakes path
Snakes pass and broken glass
And Maggi Hambling
Painting crimson, pink

Faint return

Every time I turn
Some faint return
A faintest, returned
Remainder

An afterglow
Going slow
Faint returned
Away now blame her

Skies of blue
Fading clues
Evading truths
Remain the sane invader

I've paid my dues
I've read the news
I will not go away

These heavenly shoes
And bang on blues
I will not go away

Thinking how
In here and now
Courtesy to bow
Now then name her

Away from shame
Escaping blame
Play the game
Tame the lame pervader

I've paid my dues

I've read the news
I will not go away

Those heavenly shoes
And bang on blues
I will not go away

Inventing remains
Past refrains
Writhing pains
Stains the same evader

Cursing dames
Crashing frames
Wasting came
Slain the night Darth Vader

I've paid my dues
I've read the news
I will not go away

Those heavenly shoes
And bang on blues
I will not go away

It's a gas the book I'm reading

The teas gone cold
The cigarettes smoked to imperfection
The washings on
The post, the post made no mention

This is the last of the coffee
And the milk is on the blink
Saturday Saturday morning
Time and space to slink and think

No more avocados
No salmon laced on rye
Using nicotine numbness
Hiding on the sly

Camera at the ready
Tripping sculptures in the park
Looking for the wonder
Dancing in the dark

Working on the wanting
Wanting not to work
Faint lies free and freedom
Words of worth to shirk

Criticism critiques my path
Waiting for the laugh
It a gas the book I'm reading
It is my literary staff

Obsessed with words obsession
Searching for the lesson
It is a gas the book I'm reading
Press, less a writing session

Thanks to those that's reading
Thanks to those that write
Blanks are where it's leading
Waiting for the night

Now there is no horizon

The waves roll over and roll over
Rolling across the curve of the shoreline
Stereophonic splashes, washing over, washing over

Silently the sodium lights glaze the ripples
Incidentally highlighting the ebb and flow
All the while, buoys and marker lights, bobble and flicker

Through the blowing open bathroom door
After Yentob on Freud
Only pretending

Wanting to remember this time
Wanting to describe the space
Describe the deeper feeling

Sodium at the seafront
At midnight
No other sounds

Sea moving, air flowing
Painting is the real thing
Painting is the real thing

A photograph could not capture
You know he is almost right
But behind me is the sink

And down below the window
A solitary moment of a stranger passing
Not captured by the flashbulb, nor now the painter

Both unable to synthesise all the view
Although with these words, words scribbled down

Beside the corroded, glass cracked single glazed window

Cream windowsill inside, words

Cream windowsill outside, words

Sky blue mottled paint, from interior to exterior, words

I can see out into the blackness

Describe that now there is no horizon

Write and say “now there is no horizon”

Describe an infinite dimension space, black space

A complete starless night sky

How could the painter paint, paint nothing

Without depth, without perspective

Would the photographer touch, touch up

The thousand miles of nothingness

Between here and the next continent

Enable me to remember the background sounds of

Beach bound pebbles crashing

Crashing like a sack of marbles

Realising the roar of the last motorbike

Alone he serenades, and together leaves the shoreline
promenade

No mistake, I did not take another take

There's a piece of me that wanders
Wonders where you are

There's a piece of me that squanders
The label on the jar

There's a piece of me that's floating
Sorting light thro' dappled leaves

There's a piece of me that's moping
Scoping for relief

There's a part of me that's glowing
Blowing smiles in mischief

There's a part of me that's sowing
Stowing gladness after grief

Maybe it was the fish and chips
Maybe it was the lady by the lake

I saw her face and did not see you
No mistake, I did not take another take

My face is etched with smiles that came from nowhere
The sword of Damocles as been cut through there

Days like this for keeping

Church bells rhythm ringing
Wild flowers gently swinging

Weeping willows sweeping
Days like this for keeping

Days with smiles to gaze
Horizons views to raise

Playing on the keyboard
Playing in my mind

Hay down on the meadow
Sorrow now in shadow

The path to full recovery
The path to new discovery

Letting go was oh so painful
A skill no teaching fills full

To live and love again with laughter
The journey before, before the ever after

Bludgeoning with belligerence

Could have been the horses hoofs
Or the tin top clattering roofs
Could have been some other spoof
Contrived for me to write

Aloof from all around
Gardens without a sound
Clear in vision unbound
Bright and light the price to write

Would you have stared
Or stopped and cared
The words we shared
Riding on the downs

Bludgeoning on with belligerence
Wide awake with ignorance
Splitting the shared indifference
Waving passers by

Not a clue where this is going
The vanity though for showing
And to others keep on crowing
Of days like yesterday
Bugger the pain and hardship
Crack open casks of rosehip
Stolen flowers for friendship
Cutting quickly to the quick

It's a race now that were riding
Off the work that we are skiving
Sunsets and deep sea diving
Flip the other pip

Tossed about and scattered
Roars and shouts that mattered
Feeling bruised and battered
Smiling in the bath

It's a poem for the me
It's a poem for all to see
It's a poem to let it be
Days are moving in

Into midnight masses
Fine wine and jarred molasses
Girls are making passes
Days are moving on

Library

Architect
Of intelligent spaces
Places linking places
With spaces in between

Depository
Towers and gardens
Repositories positioned
In the seams

Reception
Opaque with light
Perception without exception
Words coming clean

Elevation
Along oval walls
Nation with a station
Courage by the dean

Glass
Hanging in mid air
Classroom to zoom
Ream for reading reams
Metalwork
Wood and fixings too
At home in simple construction
Sartre and his schemes

Parkland
Garden gaze to longer
Stronger from beyond
Arising for the cream

Seamless
Dreams and daylight blue
Wonder and the wander
Library, leave feeling clean

Tomorrow we'll dust

I don't want to do any more
But don't mind doing any less

I don't want to go any faster
And don't mind missing that new dress

Not that I want to get off the merry-go-round
No not that I'm looking, for burying, in the ground

Nope I'm here an am functioning, without any lapse
I'm here an am functioning, whole world is in my grasp

But I don't want spinning any quicker
Or kissing me deeper than just

Nope I'm right with the pace that I'm setting
Letting suns set, and tomorrow we'll dust

Bouncing back and falling down

The zephyrs
& the tidal winds
The lonesome guitar
& the sound of strings
The introspection
& songbird sings
The morning frost
On the ice cracked pond
& the skating & the sliding
& the laughing & the crying
Bouncing back and falling down
A familiar crack
A familiar sound
Drowning memories
Among the tidal frown

Happiness squelching

Lately there's been an understanding
Equilibrium, of time and space and place

Golden leaves and older trees
Elder wisdom, cresting on the breeze

Lime groves and treasure troves
Memories, remembered among tears of smiles

Stately days and grander ways
Art of youth, in bright light celebration

Bereft of angst and anticipation
Water like wind grass, shimmer and sway

Tranquillity swaddled in rain clouds
Happiness squelching, in warm wet sweatshirts

Return of the urge for creation
The urge to do more, than to be

Lately there's been a different feeling
Delirium, of thought and loss and trace

Aditi & the Aurora Borealis

You stepped from the bath glazed under my gaze
Curves in all the right places
Smiles all over our faces
Tenderness in stroking
Walking at just the right pace
Running in so many races
Tracing, untying, untwisting laces
But just now slowly, grace
Serenity, style, space
Hope, seeing sand swept traces
Polished personal cobwebs, blowing on the breeze
Willows wafting, lulling lilacs, all over, wandering wisteria
Mystery and mirth, and gliding geese
You stepped from the bath; and I stopped and I started
Happy
Thinking of places
And smiles on faces
And winning races
And helping with laces
Now, finding Aditi
For the girl of Abydos
Lead her to, the northern lights

Ambivalent right

Cast in granite
Chiselled in stone
Shuttle eye colliery
Capped black gold

A freezing breezing north wind
A black and silver skyline
A plateau on the treetop
A sculpture in the park

Yorkshire for reflection
Yorkshire not to talk
Walking watching skylines
Thoughts from moods provoked

OK so you were right about the poems
OK so you were right about the past
But, maybe transparent and predictable
But I have the will, the will to last

So as you read this notelet
As you scan the text
Feel the anger and the anguished
Feel for, for whatever next

And always live to remember
Remember black and white
Decide in gold and colour
Decide ambivalent right

Words in stone and granite
Miners underground
Half the world life travelled
Stand on the crest, resting mound

Some things work
And some things don't
Sitting outside in sunshine
Smoking long slow cigarettes

Some things are right
And some things aren't
Technologies concrete pinnacle
Broadcasting visions and light

Some people feel for perception
Some people actively do
Windmills harnessing energy
Sculpture, souls harmonising you

Some ways are words misquoted
Some deeds are left undone
Nature gathering her seasons
Leaf, life, liege; escape no treason

Noriah Mobasa 'waiting to argue'
Peoples and couples in tension, talking back to back
Noriah Mombasa 'woman stretching in the morning'
Waking and being in one

Reinata Sathimba
Half a man, large head and the massage
Pleasure, joy, pain & action
Walking downhill, down to friendship

Sensual solid stone marble
Carved and honed, and blended with bronze
Stroking, caressing, forgetting
Reminiscing, bonding with the bodies beyond

Cracks and faults, purposeful disjoining

Injections and particle explosions
Disfigurement of natural flight
Wandering hands and warmth
Memories; of just one more night

Breasts hidden behind the second dimension
Crests pointed and tight
Hooks and sharp edges just jutting
Strutting heroes, strutting lifelike

Warming with Gio Pomodora
Bronze to layer over within
Inside all darkness and coldness
No light, no sun, nowhere to grow

Sunburnt and bronzed on the surface
But vacuous, between inner and out
So sunburnt only on one side
Cold and dim from the north wind
On the face fearful of the sun

The Acer leaves blowing and falling
The Elm all crooked and bare
The Maple and Fir, able strong and stable
The seasons slaking their soul with care

Reds and gold's and cherry
Yellows and greens and lime
Browns and bronze and beauty
Blues and whites and time

Sitting amongst Paladino
Arms reaching
Never enough
Never enough

Fondling Robert Wierick's testicles and torso

Feeling cold hard thighs, open ground
Seeking the warmth anywhere
None, none to be found

The majesty and honour of Bourdelle
Emile's horse, all upright and proud
Honour and majesty and long life
Strutting, shouting, proclaiming, proclaiming loud

Innocence or 'who me' expression
Auguste Rodin
A bronze, a nude
An 1886 image with life

The desperation and the wearing
Tedium and torture of possession
Keeper of keys
But loser of hope

Eyes that are no more than sockets
Clothes no more than hangings
Fingers shaped and size distorted
Knuckles, muscles elbows and wrists

Ankles knees and feet
Shaped by sight
Auguste Rodin;
Power, emotion, might

I walk into the shop and begin to ask...
The face she say's "no it's been gone a while"
Miffed that I almost asked the question
As had a thousand more, before me

Laughter from perceptive communication
Smiles and brightness
In two sets of eyes

Lightness and warmth
Brought to a cold winters day

The magic of human compassion
The tenderness of evolutionary life
The absolute kindness of people
Wonderment of feeling of life

Ten feet tall

The story of the rose
The story of any growth at all
The story of the petal and the thorn
Pouring scorn, on love dreams ten feet tall

Careful of the white dress
Careful of the summer ball
Careful of the suntan and the slipper
Walking lawns, in love dreams ten feet tall

Into the gondolier
Into the waters fall
Into the expectant expectation
Pressing fawns, in love dreams ten feet tall

Around the museum
Around the mall
Tripping teenage tourists
Blessing dawns, in love dreams ten feet tall

Down by the old quay
Sailor's diner, rock and roll
Sipping slipping tipping tulips
Forsaking home, in love dreams ten feet tall
In love dreams ten feet tall
In love dreams ten feet tall

Sell your soul
Find your sailor man
Live
Live your love dreams
Live them ten feet tall

Sell your soul

Sell your soul
Live your love dreams
Live them ten feet tall

Live them, soul, live them
Live them, live your love dreams
Live them ten feet tall

Slipping off to a solitary room

Words selected carefully
To avoid thought
Thought of why
Why don't I cry
Why don't I try
Why am I unable
To know what to do

What to say
How to stay away
There's been no word
No communication
No thanks
No
No nothing at all

So there is nothing left
Nothing there
I dare not ask
No love to share my fear
What good would returning do
How do I suffocate
How do they blossom without me

So then it's jealousy
Is that why I want for you
Or is it knowing
That now you are gone
Fearing that you
Ever shared the depth
Of love that I

OK so we can be pleasant
But as a mask before

Slipping off to a solitary room
In a frenzy, in a stupor
How daft is that
How crazy to be calm
It's not true

And true is who
I must be

Slow streaming video

Burning fires
Of polished pretensions
Extending wires
And shocking lost retentions

Flames of burnt out paper
Floating words to dust
Lava java on the edge of craters
Tears and stains, turning good to rust

I write of letting go
I dream of hanging on
The scream of the violin
Slow streaming video

Bay of Plenty

Say, say, say what you're thinking man
Say, say, say what's in your dreams

Wave your scarf so gaily lady
Wave, wave, wave, wave the silk that's underneath

Say, say, say what you're thinking man
Say, say, say what's there in your dreams

Ride out to the Bay of Plenty lady
Ride, ride, ride across the heath

Say, say, say what you're thinking man
Say, say, stay where ever man, wherever ever seems

Toast to the champagne carousel my lady
Toast, toast, toast my lady, toast to liege and leaf

Off the rails at the races

So close to tears
Shaking in missed belief
The suddenness of your small response
All the right words
In all the wrong places

The bodily functions react
Reflex brings aboard
The sweaty palm, the beading forehead
All the right connections
With all the wrong faces

Caffeine and lack of sleep
Thoughts of past intervene
The gambling mad makes the telephone call
All the right entries
To all the wrong races

So close to tears
Shaking and losing belief
The closure is close upon us, only a weekend away
All the right voices
In all the wrong spaces

All the right voices
Off the rails at the races

Minimal masculinity

My words are of love
Yours are of conflict
I talk of building
You're more secure in breaking

My edge is dulled
You're razors are sharpening
Crimson eyes reflecting glasses
Seeing through sideways glances

Blank expression
Sarcastic stances
Emasculated minimal masculinity
Forgotten love forgotten femininity

The one not able to give form

And when the darkness came, those last few songs of summer
Your lightness had all but disappeared, the end to the decay of
summer

The fleeting glance of faces passed, what memories do they
carry
Their shoulder bags, diamonds and pearls, are they gay for
summer

The stream wanders from the mountain, the evening primrose
opens, just once more
The geese are moving onwards in formation, but they too
return without hope, their final call of summer

Statues and figurines, ballet dancers too, the meditative poets
and painters they brush us with their danger
Sadness in their eyes, seeing through, without breath, farther
than, bleaker by enriched, the nothingness of summer

For direction the simple questions are asked without
thinking, the way to the station, the cost of the fare
But the more difficult to elaborate, the one not able to give
form; the loss of love, the wonder why, the dark side of the
summer

The words, expression of mood, working through, with some
sort of reason
It is in the mind, the thought, our one alone, a place to move
on to, our free escape, from the weight of summer

Emerson

I have met some gentle people this past week, some folk who had love and compassion in swathes.

And I have worked, but you could hardly call it work, so much pleasure it gave.

The language, literature, voice, meaning, all have been explored.

But more than that, we have been taken to new places, reached feelings not often explored, several magic moments.

I had though time to return to type, being chosen by my friend to help her organise the Thursday evening reading, which actually turned into music, poetry, theatre and chapel, again I was the project manager.

And of course I thought of you, and there was anger as well as compassion, but with eighty others it seemed, in some sort of similar predicament, it was an odd place for healing.

Your words do have efficiency that we have been seeking this week, especially in a form called the Ghazal, led so well by our leader Mimi, a Persian lady exiled as a girl on the Isle of Wight, now rediscovering her roots.

But your efficiency leaves me stranded, I have so few words of explanation, you have taken me everywhere but now lead me nowhere, there are no words of explanation, your brevity is incongruous in such a situation.

And without an explanation my mind can only rage, make up stories in my maddening mind, from the vast spaces in between your communications.

So I guess I go on clinging, hoping where there is no hope, escape for a while, to laugh, to smile, to cry, cry tears of love not despair, escape for a few moments, but always so far to return, to return to you.

Stolen from myself

I thought I saw your son today
But then again, it could have been anyone

You said I read so well today
When again, to frame my mind, I climb into another one

Don't take the easy route, avoid you say; the clear, the
compartmentalised and boxed
Instead remember gaining confidence, after fear, somewhere
away from near, become the stronger one

Tears are the souvenirs I've taken, the fears I've stolen from
myself
Those sensitive ears you fold, my words once choked, your
ears now release me, anyone

Into the landscape, into the steel and glass
The past me would have quit here quite glibly, quickly letting
go, caught in one

But today deserves more than that, the care you shared is bliss
to return
It would be remiss of me to squander, this chance to wander,
the further one

Letting the words now take me, free flowing noun and verb
Ironic or perhaps absurd that I should fall laconic, with love of
mother nature earth, at one

Lemon tea, snatched kiss on the lips, linger, the lemon song
singer, zeppelin floats above
Looking back in revision, in seeking, or bringing, precision,
the word I find is circumcision, the circumcised one

I thought I saw our son today
But then again, yes then again, you know, it could have been,
anyone

Pictures held so tight

Joseph, you were conceived with the spirit of Sark
The flower on the moor, overlooking the sea
Reading stories of Mr Pye, your sisters catching butterflies
The island without cars, true, only a tractor, to take us from
the sea
And bicycles, for riding from beach, to beach
Then carrying ourselves unsteady down the many hundred
steps
Your sisters in innocence and light, ice creams and sparrows
are the pictures held so tight

Now that our time is over
That a new time comes upon us, not yet quite begun

Your physical conception came a little later, from a calendar
you could work out when
I heard of you in Plymouth, your moving news came with your
mum, over on the plane
We lay in the grass at Flete house, not knowing that
previously it had been a maternity home
Nearby is Mothecombe, where later, so often you would play
I was ecstatic, your mother more pensive, even so you have
made her oh so happy
But I have let myself become disjointed from everyone,
everyone including you
I tried to be a bread winner when love and presence would
have been of more use

Now that our time is over
That a new time comes upon us, not yet quite begun

I began this piece in my mind whilst meditating
Smiling upon the memories of Sark
And that is what I must continue more to do

To think of and be thankful of the good times
Not to be morbid in some self indulgent sorrow, no, that's no
use
But I don't know what's happened, I don't know what's gone
wrong
And without some sort of closure can't stop the questions
going on

Now that our time is over
That a new time comes upon us, not yet quite begun

Is the score now steady

Seventeen years
Faithful
In mind
In body

Not so for you
When did the flirting turn to flossing
When did the candy
Turn to hard core

Mindful of the madness
Lurking
Is the score now steady
Or have you, an ever open door

And in your masturbation
Your quiet dreams you see
Is it me, or some other one
That ties you, or sets you free

Untitled

I'm walking to the water
I'm drinking of your truth

Living with you through your dark moments
Laughing at the sadness of our, misspent youth

The mist is lifting, the white light shines, still
I would kill to be your lover I would kill to set you free

Now there is lightness, and a surety, a certainty for you
Tonight I respect that, and I wish it kindness

And that I'll take away
To try and find my new found freedom

Lay to rest the frenzied mind of malady
Go away, go away, and let us be

I will take you from my pedestal
And put you back among the mortal men

Move my feet from fields of clay
In the moment, of ever, when

Luscious juice of love (The bubble)

The bubble is a space, which may later become clear
For now, please, have vision, visualise if you will, the bubble
Wonderful translucent creation, hand held globe, a perfect
sphere
With a skin so thin
It may be pierced by the smallest sharpened point, yet
It has strength, as it blows on the breeze, feel the flexes, the
sphere
Ellipsoidal now, collides with air currents
Floats away, off, on its loose passage

The pictures in the bubble, suspended in the luscious juice of
love
They are memories, smiling out of all sides, sparkling
realisation

The plastic bag
The woollen overcoat
Your smile
My deference
Our morning walk along the beach
Holding hands
Laying in love
Interwoven bodies, minds elsewhere

That is how it is today, even though we have parted
Even though I have not yet read the poem you sent me earlier
Even though nothings changed
But now I have lightness, it was not there before
Before there was nothing, no purpose

So now I've pictured the bubble
And considered what happens if it breaks

Because of course we must recall the bubble
A symbol of fragility, the thin skin being
So easily broken

Then instead of being lovingly suspended the photographs
will fall
Clatter to the floor, frames and glasses shattered
Scattered to all four corners

On a separate note I thought:

*For now you are free indefinitely
But if I hear your cry, I will return immediately
Yet in a while, we may have to say goodbye, completely*

I will read your words in full this evening
My mood may swing again, who knows what drives it,
For now
Pictures in a bubble, a metaphor
A poem, for later

Death is no delphinium

You know now, don't you, death is no delphinium
Standing tall, however small, barely in your kingdom
Ancient days of ancient men, wisdom speckled summers
Spiked and spooked, passed by rook, towards condo
minimum
Sane to be glad, less happy so mad, eating apple pie
The stars are your sequins, the glitter our hesitation
Your you is yours, who for you to give it
Lest though you grow, forlorn missing freedom, for you know
Now, don't you, death is no delphinium

Mountain

There's a mountain of distrust
Which you could move with the softest touch

Meanwhile, a mountain of stone as become your home
Which I dare not enter

I have to grieve. I'll take my leave
A poet's words are not the answer

You said I could stay there forever, now you've asked me to go
What have I done, but follow the sun, and forgotten the snow

I'd like to play, but play goes away
Into the cupboard, under the stairs, play is away, for another
day

How you show with such wild abandon, your gay interest in
other men
So bright your eyes, so light your laughter, I have to turn away

You would have been one among many I was one of the few
You and your seraphim, me little boy blue

I was one among many; you would have been one of the few
I was suspended, you could have been true

And now I see the concrete more clearly, we could not have
been here together
My esteem for your perfection prevents our minds erection

The robes and gowns and thoughtful frowns, the thoughts
exude, caught by your erudition
Your play for today, would take everyone, easily

Then this is the gift I have given you, your own place, your
own space
The grace to rebuild your face; invite yourself, once again to
the inner you

But it was not given freely, this key, I had determination to
remain caged
At first enraged, only now a more knowing, still though
imitation, sage

Church Steeple

Motorway
Fairground ride
Church steeple

Flying geese
Wayward dove
Simple feeble people

Now let me explain
Hope for no more embellishment

The time was nine
The place was mine
At least for the moment

It was dusk
The sky was closing down the day
The lights of night were now my vision

There truly was a crescent moon
And a single solitary star
And geese and flying doves

But, between the trees
What could I see
Those lights in infinite distance

Was it
The sodium illuminated
Motorway

Or
A fairground ride from yesteryear
All lit with joy

Or was it
God's fluorescence
The lightly lit, church steeple

All naked and bare

This broken veil
This crescent rail
This stairway down from heaven

Some hidden truth
Some far off youth
Some parchment pen now leaden

Words hung and caught
Words without thought
Words treading the bed I'm fed on

In the modernity of eternity
I'm here naked and bare
Toenails not painted
Ankles not braced
I'm here all naked and bare

The cucumber sandwich
The finely mown lawn
The place where truth never dawned

Some forgotten youth
Some chipped broken tooth
Some lips sealed for whenever

Broken veil, twisted rail, stairways sail
Hail, toenail
Painted, all naked and bare

In the quiet early morning

Nature's adornments
Borne in my mind
How can I capture thus
The ochre and the dust

The swirling bee
The apricot tree
The elm reaching for the sky

The engines roar
The highways that soar
Into faraway distant lands

Honeysuckle and bramble
You unscramble my mind
In the quiet early morn

In tune now
Roses of Picardi
By tulips bloom

While I assume
From the ancient orient
The Acer's swoon

This garden
This morning
This moment in time

In Forest Row
I grow
To be some other mothers lover

Thank you for reminding me

Tell your friends
When they come around
Thank you for reminding me
It's safer when I'm not there

They can fill my spaces
Replace my dust with musk
Thank you for reminding me
It's safer when I'm not there

Turning off
Turning off is what you do
Learned for your profession
It's become another you

But I'm not some reluctant client
Not some disorientated youth
I'm from a seventeen year long relationship
Searching for some truth

Yet it's me that's the bully
Me that's in the wrong
Turning off
Turning off, your latest song

First you took everything
Then came back for more
Thanks for reminding me
My words are what you gnaw

The only thing to which I cling
Is now made clearly responsible
Thank you for reminding me
This piercing song you sing

Maggie Bevan: Miss Smith grows older

I first read this poem out aloud very recently, in a voice class, in fact I only read the first verse, the class thought my voice sounded much clearer, more precise.

Is the poem significant, does it use language well, are there common themes that the reader, and speaker, can latch on to.

I was attracted to the poem following a comment about the need for space in poems, for writers to think about how the time between the words may be explored, someone said “after a word, pause awhile, the silence will have its own message and its own energy”. That struck a chord.

I hurried to find this book of Gregory poems, I had a vague recollection of a first line that so fitted the discussion, in its own ironic message, flipped upside down somewhere along the way.

*I hesitate then I do not speak
For some daft reason no words come
Turning to the window I glimpse my face
Feel mid day sun inflame the cheek
Hear a jabber of chirping birds. But dumb
I hesitate. Then I do not speak*

It was a morning lecture, we emerged passing glass windows, through wooden doors, into the midday sun, the gathering chattered, beside the garden the birds chirped and sung, and out here I was talking. In the lecture, I was dumb.

Is it too literal to think it happened so also for the writer, and in the simplicity is their a darkness not yet explored, is the dumbness an ailment, an infection, a psychological fault line,

the verse stands alone, but more; it leads us in, on into,
another's world

*I've forgotten: what I could have said
slipped off shadow-like, undefined
I must shine the pane; re-feed the birds.
Ah, how those poplars pray as nuns, unwed
and those woolly clouds flounce behind
Well, I've forgotten what I could have said*

The punctuations rife, and here I'm in too deep, the flows lost
a little, then I see the country house, the cotton cloth, a
softness, a failing memory, days of summers gone, we have
been moved, moved on. Already intricate rhythms, and the
rhyme; behind defined, the dumb did not come, where, where
are we going.

*Possibly the question was unclear?
Something tangible, tangled – meaningless?
A blackbird swoops down bullying the air
and now a mathematic spider near
him fluently unreels herself. Why yes!
Quite possibly the question was unclear*

*Can't have been important. Never mind
Couldn't a spider teach a man something?
Even if merely 'take your time'? A wind
Is up out there – the cobwebs designed
To cope with stress. But what will autumn bring
Can't have been important,. Never mind*

Here we are in the middle of the poem, connected by a spider
blessed with the concise ability of the math, are we bullied
into now believing this to be fact, not fiction, but did the
gender switch as she unreeled, was it clear or on purpose

made unclear. Did the difficulty with tangible and tangled halt us on purpose?

Then hidden away *'take your time'* ah, ah; the message from the morning, *'take your time'* that's why we, that is why, that is why we are here.

Not happy though to have hesitated, and moved on, now we are led, though not gently to a close:

*yet I'm hunting for a certain phrase
That spiders gone. I wonder where?
Things soon change. Wind blasts such traffic noise
this way; dead leaves to clear; shorter days;
nasty factory stacks laid bare
I'm hunting for a certain phrase*

Is this a different story, is there some desperation attached to the visible decay, is there a mind being lost, are the faculties capabilities receding, pleading with no one other, other than the self, will all become clear, I don't think so:

*Meanwhile the conversation has moved on
A new business I cannot understand
Thoughts of winter chill me to the bone*

*Miss Smith reflects, when her visitors are gone.
To take herself efficiently in hand
Meanwhile, the conversation has moved on*

The hesitation, had in fact, caused so much pain, by hesitating the conversation had moved on, moved on in the poem as in the debate; I hesitated, but I did not speak.

Perhaps we are allowed to play awhile maybe it's not getting dark after all:

The tone, was it melancholy, or accepting, or defying, or resigned or all combined, for certain it was questioning, and through the use of question Maggie opened the reader into thinking more easily of their own answers and open their own imaginations, she let us play.

Blackbirds singing at the dead of night, or the *blackbird swoops down, bullying the air*, vivid images from nature but was down needed, was it an extravagance perhaps. In fact without the middle five verses the poem may still work, see what you think, go on, play:

*I hesitate then I do not speak
For some daft reason no words come
Turning to the window I glimpse my face
Feel mid day sun inflame the cheek
Hear a jabber of chirping birds. But dumb
I hesitate. Then I do not speak*

*Meanwhile the conversation has moved on
A new business I cannot understand
Thoughts of winter chill me to the bone*

*Miss Smith reflects, when her visitors are gone.
To take herself efficiently in hand
Meanwhile, the conversation has moved on*

Ah! Where have the seasons gone? How quickly now we've jumped from summer to winter, how little we understand the business she cannot now understand. With this little experiment the conclusion surely must be, to leave the work of Maggie Bevan untouched, and let her know, loudly and concisely: We were touched.

Thinking over the poem and the critique overnight I summarised; a strong beginning, a meandering middle and a trite end. Was this unfair, I wondered if in the middle section there was a loss of confidence, a reliance on nature to carry the message, yet again I wondered why 'take your time' was laid so silently, almost emphasised in its insignificance, by being preceded by merely.

And the end; to take herself efficiently in hand, well maybe I would have used the word efficiently in my industrial world, but it seems out of place here, almost glib, and belittles the strength and now our parting shot: meanwhile, the conversation has moved on

I've seen your words, nearly

I'm so glad you're here
I would have been so lonely without you

I've grown
I've been
I've seen your words, nearly

I will go on
From concrete thro' consumption

I am so glad that you were here
It would have been
So lonely without you

Rendezvous – Secret Rendezvous (Poem)

I tripped you; you slipped, so easily
In the dark early morning, a long way before seven
In the dark early morning, mid way from eleven
I slipped you; you tripped, so easily

Is this how we are to meet, this treat I bring to greet you
In between the anger, a place for past denial
In between the anger, on trial, loves laboured smile
Is this how to treat, to greet the bleat, that meets you

Leaving lines and letting go, grieving times and feeling slow
Is the time for acceptance, a time to say goodbye to you
Is the time for acceptance, for no more, secret rendezvous
Grieving times are going slow, feeling low another blow

The glass topped table, a reminder of the fable
Now a sacrificial letter, words in flames, words in ashes
Now a sacrificial letter, words in flames, paintpot splashes
The remains of the unable fable, labelled aside, the glass
topped table

I gripped you; you ripped, so easily
In the dark early morning, now nearly seven
In the dark early morning, a long way from eleven
I ripped you; you gripped, bleeding, easily

Heaven knows what they meant

Birdsong, sunlight, blue sky, early morning
Letters written, poems sent
Heaven knows, what they meant

Smiles for miles, knees tapping to the music
Blesses bitten, prayers sent
Heaven knows, what they meant

You wanted to write that un-writeable myth
To start at the beginning before reaching the fifth
You wanted to write so clear and so true
To start at the beginning before feeling blue

Trials and tribulations, garlands and celebrations
Words chosen, feelings lent
Heaven knows, what they meant

Piles of books and piles of paper
Sort out later, that's my bent
Heaven knows, what they meant

You wanted to write that un-writeable myth
To start at the beginning before reaching the fifth
You wanted to write so clear and so true
To start at the beginning before saying you

On the mountain top, beside the stream,
All in gods creation, from ice age sent
Heaven knows, what they meant

The myths, magicians and pathos too
Scattered on Lesbos, girl's boys rent
Heaven knows, what they meant

You wanted to write that un-writeable myth
To start at the beginning before reaching the fifth
You wanted to write so clear and so true
To start at the beginning before reaching due

How little do I show

There is so much I know
There is so little I know
Concrete set in concrete
Feign with abstraction

There is a public me
How little do I show
The clothes I wear the hair I tear
Do you see the death inside of me

More than any answer

Clear cloud sky
Taken high
By
Surrealist investigations

A word
A touch
A question much
More than any answer

From in trepidation
To glowing expectation
A laughing long sensation
Words of joy

I wake before 5, with words being my first thought, then I think I could meditate in this place, I soak in some positivism that's been missing for a while, I am a soft touch

Found spaces in between

In 1967

A place near on to heaven

A boy of seven teen

Found spaces in between

The words

He lifted to observe

And scatter

Over the green

And pleasant land

Justify the breath

Perplexed reflection of the suggestion
Exercise breath, exercises life
Justify the breath take a long
Walk from death
Destruct and reconstruct the
Feel to reveal, that concealed
With some space, some place
Not recently visited, spirit of
The flame, with some different
Game, nothing more the same
Since we went away, went astray
Faint hearted, footloose, toes open
To the air, release the care
The pent up stare, share with
All, in the round, the sound of
Breath, the sound of life not
Dreams, the presence of a
Sense of some kind of
Achievement, derailed bereavement
Separate words, mixed up nouns
And verbs, collected thoughts
Offer nought but fair
Reflection, confection for
The lunch, missed out on
Brunch, and breakfast
Without bacon, taken back to
That other time; that flow, that
Rhyme, that line without thought
Smothered in hope, & conviction
Stiction, friction, listen to the
Singer, jingle jangle speckled
Spangle, rings around the
Fingers, sing loud, proud
Without edge, loud with

Clarity, to pledge, no
Cricket wicket sledge, stick
To what you know

Janis "you may come back to this, or you may never read it again"

Voice of a child

Combine harvester, bales of hay
Stay up till the sun goes away
Bonfire night, the chumping's done
The big boys have stood it tall
Mrs. Kitson will be there
But she'll not stay long
Sing a song
Then be gone
The bangers and the rockets
The splinters and the cinders
The shortest night
The earliest morning
The days of bare feet and golden locketts

Chumping – a Yorkshire word for collecting wood for the bonfire

Or maybe death

She covers the virgin, on her passage
To womanhood, desire
Or maybe death

Allowing her a storage of days
To plan and think of times ahead
Eventually

For a brief moment to dream
Replaced by another
Charming, Prince charming

The year over
Womanhood, desire
Or maybe death

*Thanks to Jules for helping make this, and for Mimi for giving us the tools,
and for approving it as 'coherent'*

Black cherries

Picking potatoes
Soaked wet through
All for five shillings worth
Of fireworks Standard blue

We climbed our tree
See, only boys in our village
We climbed our tree
And swung amongst it's branches

Then Christmas came
Snow on the field
A brand new football
Sheffield Wednesday I was
And Colin Tinker, he was
Huddersfield Town

And my dad played that day
It's the only one I remember
Frost and snow, 25th December

In the spring we dammed the stream
Seems like yesterday we swam
And ran, ran for all our lives
We had the old Austin A5
A cast off
For the children to play
No one expected we would
Could, get it going
But we did

Driving round the football field
Everyone had a go
But it was mine

And drive it I did

Then at night
Street lights not very bright
We crept about the gardens
Swiping, stealing, call it what you will
Strawberries, apples, pears, peas in pods
And goose uh! Gooseberries

Then to the big house
Over the six foot wall
For the real cherries
Black, black
Going back
Remembering now, back, a long way back
To black, black cherries

To separate places of learning

Now it seems that he will eat anything
But there was a time
Blessed perhaps for his mother
That his diet confined
To chips and tomato ketchup

Now I see him, no longer beneath the car
But finally by the door, fitting his shoes
The last steps before they both go
To separate places of learning
He to pontificate, she to pick up the pieces

Cigarettes were always there, among the
Scrimping, scraping, saving for that week
In Scarborough, watching Bonanza
To blow up in smoke, it was their shared extravaganza

Now in the new house
A place for everything
Boxes no longer under stairs
But in wardrobes, with mothballs
Sprayed, with the garlands of may

You see he was always the tidy one
He was Cliff Richard
I was Jethro Tull
Though, he must have looked in the mirror
But my guess, by chance, he never needed a second glance

Riding home up the valley
From the Christian Fellowship coffee shop
I see him through the bus window
A wave, a smile
It's easy

He was always there

Likewise, the laughter from the other boys

At last we came to the stream
To see the glistening stickleback
To tickle the rainbow trout
That although it had a colourful name
Was, from the surface, just plain brown
However, the delight it gave
The little fright has it slivered through your fingers
From underneath the stone
So, that your hands, covered in soft mud
From the riverbed came to life
In some light and flash
Likewise, the laughter from the other boys
Brought a smile to your face
Under the spring sun sky
More than anything
You go back to this place
This river, stream or rivulet
Where you built your first dam
Where the course of nature was changed by man
Albeit
In the guise of a child

Need to hear it first

In a field, in the actual air
The curved air
The music of the spheres

Your mown grass is no stranger
The danger to begin with
No longer there

I want to change the me

I want to change the me
I don't want to be
The me
You fly away from

You came to me
To be
With the one
You fly away from

If you see
That other me
Across the bridge
We played on

I am me
No way to get
Away from

It's me you see
However far
Away from

And being me
The change I see
Will some reflection be

Will it be
A further me
To stay away from

Or changing be
Will you see
Some place to stay on

I stayed away
Waiting on
Your wave
From way on

Played and waved
I stayed
And dazed the blaze
I laid on

You came to be
And seeing me
You stayed on

Swaying songs
Carried on
The land
We laid on

We laid
And played
Carried on
The same old song

We carried on
The same old song
Holding on
The piece of me we laid on

I want to change the me
I don't want to be
The stain
You plaid on

I'm going to be

You'll see
A different type
Of me

However deep
Inside you see
I'll recreate
Another me

Beyond the me
That now you see
There'll be
More than me

The me that floats
The me that flies
The me that climbs
Ten times high

The me that reads
The me that bleeds
The me that feeds
On evermore

You're going to see
Of that you'll be
Sure to be
Aside of me

Reside in me
The be
That's me
For all to see

Alive with me
Creation see
Inviting me

Polite to be

Being free
Inside of me
Delightfully
A striding me

Finally
Loving be
Tender for
This milder me

The smilins either madness, or I'm really movin on

An I'm laughin an I'm ironin
An I'm smiling eye to eye

An Mr Morrison's singing of the lord of the dance
An I'm dancing barefoot in the clouds

Yer've gone, I've burnt the sacrificial letter
This smilin's either madness, or I'm really movin on

Blue sky, September sun, gentle breeze
This smilin's either madness, or I'm really movin on

I'm mindful of the miracleness
An no, I'm not praising to the lord, yet

Nope its just me, mindful of the miracleness
The smilin's either madness, or I'm really movin on

Cotton irons so easily
Butterflies blow so breezily

Seizing on the moment
Sitting by the light

The smilins either madness
Or I'm really movin on