

Chicory or Done?

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Volume One
Resplendent

Chicory or done?

.I.

Love is like...
a butterfly;
flitter-flitter, gone.

What's more:
It was here.
Definitely
here. Now it's gone.
Gone gone gone.

Love is like...
a banshee, a tired
broken down banshee
who doesn't want to wail.

Love is not like a crocodile,
definitely not like a croc.
He doesn't like chicory,
this is not chicory;
It's a serpent –
“Yea”, a serpent –
a coily serpent
that likes to bite.
Yum yum yum (three three three.)

But serpents are not like love,
They curl on the arms of queens,
binding them, enslaving them
with liquorish.

This queen, she says to me:
“I am ashamed of what I have become
because I have become that which I am not.”
Then she says, “I am not that which I am not:
I am that which I have become.”

She speaks to me sometimes – soft like a smile.
Her words are arrogance, perturbed madness –
but she doesn't mind, it isn't marble madness,
just love for the crocodile.

Love is:
The taste of cheese and biscuits,
and yummy wine.

It is in a good book – by gum
and nice like a film.
It is in yesterday's wildly
wide vodka licking crazy
person's smile.

Love is:
knowing that you are knowing –
watching you watching me watching you.
– it is a solitary moment
as a child, doing something
you shouldn't, and
being crazy for the love of it.

Forgetting –
mostly afraid to know it again.
Noticing; never failing to notice noticing –
the forgotten child.

.II.

I am half way along,
half way up.
Nowhere.

I have hair on my head.
Not that I am old.
I am a remarkable person –
Not sure anyone else thinks so.

By the world's standards I haven't attained much.
By my own standards I have achieved a lot.
Not everyone thinks so.

The ladies in my long distant past,
feel like a moment's walk away.
Her blue eyes,
View me across time.

I think of her, occasionally.
Wouldn't it be awful, and a shame
if I didn't enter her mind at all?
The young lad I was then, smart and handsome,
lost and stumbling, not knowing anything,
ringing numbers I shouldn't, fumbling
for words, treating them like loose change;
lying with truths, considering myself clever.
The book is closed, the chapters carved
into convenient sectors called years.

.III.

If you know something, but think perhaps maybe you don't,
then this is called *chicory*. *Chicory*, for want of a better word,
is something you would like to know but have no clue of. It is something
which isn't faith and it isn't belief – it is in your heart of hearts,
the very place you keep your cornflakes, which is probably in the fridge;
the very place it shouldn't be.

The truth is a long and distant shore.
If your sandal is a little nearer than mine,
a little closer than mine to that golden
place. Then help me to get my sandal
where it ought to be.

The only “knowing” that can be done is knowing that you “know” nothing, nor can know
something because to know something you must know everything.

But pigeons believe that they “know” something, and that “knowing” is an altogether
easy thing to do. But just because a thousand pigeons think orange crumble is rhubarb doesn't
make it so.

But then again, chicory could be almost anything which it isn't.

Many Thanks: System Management Team.

Pin verified.
Smooth white paper;
final warning:
must have license and tie.

Flowers/flames of discontent:
Security officer wanted.
Duties include:
the prevention of
dotty dinosaurs
orchestrating
controlled explosions.

Theatre of dreams.
lack of jobs,
lack of freedom,
plenty of insecurity,
plenty of cost cutting.
Controversial announcement:
Changing people's way of thinking.

Recap:
Snuffing out freedom
under the pretext of

not enough jobs.
Lack of freedom;
health and safety
(please use slide sheet).
Auditors required to use
repeated criticism –
special measures:
Special manoeuvrings using
jokes and jobcentres.

Please refrain from taking a leaflet on the way out.
Thank you.

M.

It's so strange to think that you thought that I would never be what you most wanted. This is letter that I guess you will never receive – there is so much that I would have liked to have said to you, and there is so much that I want to keep hidden, but you already know some of it and shaped the rest in your imagination. I think.

I saw you in a photograph today. You were so beautiful. How could I have been so dumb back then?

You think of me in a particular way. It drives me crazy to think that you see me in that way. It isn't me. It wasn't me then, and it certainly isn't me now. Would it make a difference if I explained how I needed to make the mistakes then to become who I am now? I needed to know who I wasn't in order to know who I wanted to be in order to become it.

I know what you would say. Why did I have to do those things? You would condemn me. I condemned myself for a long time.

I forgave myself and moved on. It was the most difficult thing I have ever had to do. When other people hurt you, you can blame them. But when you are the person that hurt others, who do you blame? When you hurt the ones that you love the most it is difficult to continue living your life.

I am not so certain that I have made the best decisions for myself. I am not so sure that I haven't. I wouldn't be the person I am today if I hadn't had made the mistakes that I made back then. Not just the mistakes, but the decisions that I made afterward. I didn't become financially successful. I haven't even worked much over the last twenty years. I am ashamed of myself because of this. I have worked, but the length of time between jobs has been too lengthy. How will I change this? Will I ever change this?

I believe that I am a writer. I believe that I will make it as a writer. If I do so, and turn up on your door will you open it? I think not. But if you do, maybe it is because you have had your own experiences. Maybe those experiences will open your eyes to who I truly am. Perhaps my letters will get to you one day. Somehow.

IT.

You may seek it
in sweet forever blue eyes,
in soft hair and a gentle smile.
Sorry it isn't there.

Her eyes may be the softest brown.

She may have the kindest smile,
she may carry with her a satchel of dreams.
I have some sad news for you: she hasn't got it.

The little boy who smiles
and whose face is my fondest memory;
I want him to know that I love him still –
if he has it, may he be blessed with it always.

I looked for it in the good book;
I seen the promise of it in my master's eyes.
My mother had it, but she took it with her.

She has it in a place I can't go yet.
I long for it. It is behind all my misdeeds.
I seen a glimpse of it, spread far and wide across the entire ocean.

My master came with it in his hands.
He had it, he brought it with him.
He gave it to me for a while, it felt so good.
It was everything, it is everything. I would love it forever.
I haven't got it sorry.
I have a memory of it.

Queen of the Damned

Safe guard the routes of the dead;
Imprison them in their folly.
Splendid arena of folly;
The place of senseless violence;
tears within this shameful
material existence.

* * *

Sophia sprang from the Divine;
the one became two,
they copulated, and
brought about the Spiritual
heavenly abode.
Within this palace
creatures of wild
demeanour, and kindly
expression dwelt.

Cherubs on chariots, purple in hue.
Angels galloped: on stallions,
whose manes were wrought
from the substance of stars;
Their gentle eyes waited with anticipation,

toward the next eclipse.

It has been an eon since
My words have rested
upon
white expanse;
then there was only papyrus
and clay.

My Mother,
queen of heaven,
still quiet mind,
mistress of darkness
ruled the lower
realms with detachment
and perfect judgement,
though lacking compassion.

Darkness though her mind to be,
there no evil dwelt –
light and darkness
part and parcel
of the intricately woven plan.

From the beginning
the emerald queen
with a golden hand
fashioned from the furnace
of our Father's heart.

My palpitating mixture,
thumps within this husk
that I call my chest.
I am a corruption, a mistake;
or perhaps not, though
why would our Father
have allowed me to be spawned
when he could have prevented it
from being so?

Even now I sense my Mother's
calm translucent mind
like autumn waters,
still, clear and undisturbed.
Venerated above all others
save one, though sometimes
forgotten – Like a child's
thimble masterfully
hidden by a parent.
She was a tool of the Divine

(aren't we all?)
The Divine filled her with passion,
and their creations
are perfect.

Her cold hand became warmed in His.
That gentle feeling has never been mine.
I am a loveless child,
I am the forgotten one.

She longed to create
without his aid,
something that was hers
and hers alone.
She copulated with herself.
Created me in the likeness
of that moment.

He was aghast
at her handy work.
With her tongue
she defended her stance.
"I long to feel what my children feel.
I do not know love."
Without you I am nothing,
the least among us is greater than I."

Great beyond measure his words
are perfect and without judgement
"All of our children are nothing
without me."

"Yes, I know your words are true and yet ..."
The thunder perfect mind
contends for the first
and last with the Divine.

The words are spoken
in my defence.
They are convincing –
though a lie.

"Your children know only
Light and love – your embrace.
They know nothing of darkness.
They know nothing of me.
If they were to know me before
You ...
If they were born first into
my womb, in the material realm,

then would they
choose you before me?"

The voice of our Heavenly Father spoke:
"So be it. No longer will
my children know me before you.
They will be born into your realm.
My spark shall be within them,
and if they call then I will come.
Therefore, create a place from the substance
of yourself. Every soul that I breath
life into shall exist first in the realm of matter,
they shall know first your illusionary world."

"Their ears shall be dumbfounded,
their minds confused;
knees torn,
their physical eyes
dented.
They shall
come back to me.
They are flesh of my flesh.
The seed shall recognise the
tree that gave it birth.
Bleak hearts shall tear
down fleshly walls palpitating
With greed.
They will come,
they will find their way to me."

Do not think for a moment,
that my Mother fell from a high place.
Topped over like a chess piece
in a cosmic game.
How could this be?
Think for a moment...
Our Father is incapable of
creating anything
less than perfect.

* * *

I sit now on a precipice,
my gnarled face
and gargoyle tongue
flopping.
my trotters and
horns
a mockery.

Some have loved me.
I did not feel
their love.
I have destroyed them
in the hope of feeling pity.
If only I believed in death
as the humans do.
That for a moment my suffering
might end.

There is no end,
illusion has never been my luxury.
Life is eternal.
Thunder perfect mind,
Thunder perfect mind,
Thunder perfect mind.

Charlotte

I met you not so long ago.
Or so I thought, a moment ago.
Then I realised that it was merely
three years passed.

My heart sank.
I spent time with you,
once on an evening.
That was the only time
when there was just the two of us.

You spoke about economics.
I listened to every word. I kept
Getting lost in the tone of your voice,
and your passion for your ideas.
I fell in love with you then.
My heart fills up with love for you.
A love that I might never get to share.

Lady Madeline

She dipped a finger within a pool of water –
a vertical piece that bounced a light and
rippled it also.
She dipped her finger
and tasted it.
Her eyes shone with wonder.
"You like it?"
"Really?" she asked. Perhaps disbelieving
the sincerity of the reflection.
"Really" I say with a surety.

Again, she asked "really?"
"Yes really."

I touch my nose to hers. Our eyes
meet, there in, the truth that I
so wish to reveal
is hers to conceal,
if she so supposes to do so ...

Then she turns her head. I step back.
She pulls me towards her.
Our lips meet.

Precipitous Madness

Do they await me now?
Will they happily dance
with the taste of the light
once again?
Fantastical laugh – oh it's me!

My long agony will lead
to sentient life? Or to
the black still judges?
Will their voices be silent?
But if they were to speak,
would their rapture be my own?
Would I be able to tell the difference
between their dark velvety tones
and my own rambunctious overtures?

What will the black silken curtains behind
reveal?
There –
here –
– not that you or I would
stare past such figures –
– There were angels behind the silken clothe
– and an eye – and a dark dank dampness from beyond
the curtains that surrounded everything.

They
"who?" I yell
Also –
there
in the air, fluffing at my nostrils –
a dreadful fungal pungent smell.
My fingers wiggle for the feel of it.

Stone angels stare with mouths of agony.

Their darkened maw agonises me as I scribble.
Rats topple over themselves, across
angelic feet. (*are those my feet?*)
Soft feet, they have a sheen,
a glistening roasting gleam.

I deduce that my trial will come.
but will I have to stay in a dungeon
for so many months before it is past?
There, in front of my feet a child's Christmas
bauble; I feel a frenzied freckle pulsate
between my armpit and shoulder.
– *There is laughter!*
The rats wonder why I laugh so.
They sharpen their already sharp claws and wink at me,
with red adoring eyes.

The Queen, The Wind And The Egg

She walks and talks and smiles.
She has a smile which is worthy.
She speaks of simple things.
Her physical beauty is beyond compare.
It is without peer. Her words are kind.
She is unwilling to say any unkind thing.
Surely no selfishness is there.

I am me. I know little of the world.
Woman and alcohol belong
to another world.
Now there is children,
family and words.

I witnessed her a long while ago.
On our first meeting she was with another.
A brother that I do not know
the heart of.

The wind blows and the ice stings.
The doors rattle. I am contained
with an egg. She is of the world.
I am of the egg. My egg will
finally break; my name will
have great renown. My personality
will grace every tabloid.
Will she recognise me then?
Is there more to her than
a smile and a beauty beyond
compare? Is there a depth
beneath her silken hue?

Will I ever know?

Once Upon A Time.

Once upon a time
there was a man
that drifted
through life
on a dream...

A daisy leaf –
a huge tree named Thomas –
Fae – a
child
and a little
brownie
named "Mc Noodle."

Once upon a time
there was a man
with a satchel
full of dreams.
Full of wonderful dreams.

Once upon a time,
there was a man
with a pen –
such a little pen.
and a dream – a dream
that encompassed
the world –
The whole wide world.

Dream; world; satchel
and a faerie with a smile
that widened her cheeks.
I said: "widened her cheeks!"

Once upon a time
there was a little girl.
The sweetest kindest
little girl that had
an imagination
as wide as an ocean.
I said: "as wide as the ocean!"
She said: "No! Much wider than that!"

If your world is empty,
as empty as Geppetto's fridge.
"There's a bear in my fridge!"

"There's a bear in my fridge!"

Then fill it with all manner
of things. "Manner of things."
So that when
you open it on tomorrow,
on the evening tide –
"The bear will be gone.
Who hooo ...
the bear will be gone!"

The not so unknown lady.

.I.

– *Twenty years,*
on the crest of a wing
has passed me by –

I see you in my dreams, sometimes.
Last night you smiled kindly.
I felt your arms around me
comforting me all through the night.
Your smile and kind eyes
held me close.

You held me through the night.
We made love. You opened
your arms and took my breath away.

I see you in my dreams, sometimes.
Last night you smiled kindly.
I felt your arms around me
comforting me all through the night.
Your smile and kind eyes
held me close.

I had a heart and it broke in two.
When I awoke, you faded
from my memory like yesterday's
whisper on autumn winds.
on autumns dreams.
I spin – a mere popsicle; a popsicle
that spins
like a spinning top –
across the table of life, balancing on
the very edge.

I hear a whisper:
"everyone woman that I have ever loved

is you, you that I haven't met yet!"
I grasp at the moments, grasping at
bubbles on a windy day.
A shimmer of light
through the warped
glass of a friend's house. "There!
I see your face!"
– a whimsical image, a faerie
of light reveals to me my fondest
greatest joy of you.

*You you you ...
Oh, great splendour ...
can I believe that you are there?
Somewhere between the enchanted
forest and the mundane world?
Will you read my fondest
letters, and share with me the
joy of my secret wish – for
you to know me
– know me
please know me.
Perhaps you will
make whole my splintered life.*

I see you in my dreams, sometimes.
Last night you smiled kindly.
I felt your arms around me
comforting me all through the night.
Your smile and kind eyes
held me close.
I opened my eyes and watched
you fade, and felt a deep
sadness of loss
but there is a hope
that one day we will meet
again.

.II.

A cup of coffee
and I see your face.
You read my writings.
A tear forms and descends –
a tear, just a tear but more
than that – a tear of joy, a tear
of whimsical desire
and longing.

Is it the very same,

the very same wish –
as I have wished and that
I wish. I wish
on a star
your star –
our star.

"Knock knock!"
"Who's there?"
– her eye peers through the keyhole –
"Your love." It is her!
my breath quickens –
"Are you there?" she whispers.
"are you there?"

"Oh I am here!
I have waited life times
with the hope
of one day holding your
hand."

"Open the damn door
and let me in then!"

Oh, Great Splendour!

Oh, glory be to those that share their light,
a most splendid splendour. Others seek it
and are without a token to exchange
for the knowledge of it.
The selfish loose the cost of it
and are forever seeking
the taste.

A golden cup in a shackled hand.
Oh, great splendour!
A temple on top of a hill.
A secret church
in a secret place.

A hug at a train station,
in Woolwich, no less!
Oh, great splendour!
In a park, on a half crescent
I rested my head. A secret moment
captured inside my heart forever.
Who can take
such a moment away?
Oh, great splendour!

A television,
my baby girl in her rocker.
Her eye watching me
as I watch the television.
I turn a glance her way.
She turns her head
at the very same moment I turn mine!
She pretends to watch
the tv screen.
Oh, great splendour!
I slowly turn my head again
back to the programme.
I do so slowly. She watches
me from the corner of her eye.
Laughter, joy! *Oh, such splendour!*

Each step – a moment in time

Cards fall, they are an endless stream ...
downward until they reach the floor –
spectacular colours and shapes.

The magician picks them up
with his white gloved hand,
then flips them through her fingers.
Again, they dance. They change
as they flip, as they twist.
They change and faces
of strangers now replace
the colours of the playing cards –
faces and destinies
become entangled
with each other.

Shuffle – I am here – a woman.
Shuffle – now I am a man.

Rewind –
a dream. I am
trapped in my head.

A harbour, a square
of water. A ginger
headed man sitting
with his feet dangling
over the edge.
The water is low,
the time of day fresh.

He sits looking downward
at his feet and the water
beneath. His back is against a wall.
A man shuffles himself across
using buttocks alone.

He has a baton
in his hand.
The ginger headed man
has a nice kind carefree
smile.

The other is in uniform
and smiles, just
before he raises
his baton and smashes
it down on the ginger
haired man's head.
The movement is quick.
No one sees, except me.
I am a discarnate
pair of eyes trapped
in a dream that is
probably a memory
of another life time.

The pupils of my eyes
become wide. A trickle
of blood slips down
through my hair.
The man with the baton
smiles and places
his hand around my shoulders
as if to comfort me.
the pupils dilates impossibly wide.

Now I am a woman, watching
the mourners at my own
funeral. There are so many
children crying. People
in droves with heads
bowed.

I whiz backwards through time.
My marriage is a sham. I leave
him without a second thought.
I am a man in a woman's body –
it means little to me at the time.

I devote myself to charity.
I help the children, and then
I help the people they become.
The people who will mourn.

*In this life I am a man.
I am at home in myself.*

Another time. I am in Russia.
I am a man. I run away
with my little sister. Running
away because they want
to take her away from me.
Their efforts of breaking up
my family will be in vain.

Many years later I walk into
a hospital. There are people
in beds. I speak to each
man where he lays. I feel
for each of them and
call them ... I call them "comrades."
I feel their pain and thank them,
everyone of them
for their sacrifice.
I sign my name on a photograph.
I don't recognize the face – my very
own face ... a face that is my very own.

Now I sit and write on a keyboard.
Watching the words step across
a page. Each step a moment
in time.

Why?

The faces of the lone babies
in the poor countries.
Why do they starve?
When the food over
here, and over there
is so abundant?

With bullets flying –
missiles guided
by the very cleverest of minds.
Why cannot those minds,
and the minds which direct them,
why can they not use their
intellect instead to transport food

from here to there?

Contradictions amidst them –
the truth there must be,
from the echoes of each
heart.

"The woman, oh the woman!"
she sits by the small electric fire,
warming her bones. Her stare,
lonely and cold, no matter the warmth
on her knees. She watches in earnest
the politician's mouths flap.

Oh, I wonder why as I watch
the missiles flowing through
the chronicles of fire.
Why do they feel justified
in believing their aching
trigger fingers are soulless?
Should I implore them
to take their glowing torches
and wrap them around
their soulless hearts?

"The woman, oh great woman,"
with nothing to look forward
to but the hatred of gang
warfare fuelled on drug hate
and addiction –
Spark and gun – ignitions –
on poorly fetched souls
which seek only peace.

Forever more. Forever more.

I sat with you for such a long time.
Your breath shortening bit by bit.
Then came the end, then came my tears.

I kissed you your forehead and whispered,
"I love you so much, Dad. Talk with you later."
I walked home, face filled with tears.
I sat for a while on the patio,
drinking some tea.

I felt a gentle peace that night. I felt you
become a part of my soul. I asked:
"How can this be?"
"I took the highway to heaven, son.

I got there in the twinkling of an eye."
– I felt sad for a moment, I thought
you had gone.

"The memories of me are just a shadow, son.
Nothing more. I am now here within you,
forever more. Forever more."

Sometimes I cry for the shadow.
Then I know you are within me.
Forever more. Forever more.

"I am within you, son. Forever more.
Forever more."

Poem for a simple man.

"Ready to come home?"
Boom!
Extraction:
"we are clear!"
Red eye.
– or cod eye.
Robe me with excuses and deceptions.
Children and dog –

Pink gloves, white gloves and broken shoes.
– Hopeless penniless father
that turns this way and that
hoping to stop the rain – the raindrops
and loose ends.

Flowers of hue and the black surely crow
wandering between the stones of death.
The silver and spine of a cut down
sapling of a tree – it more than looks
like our Lord hanging from a cross
that isn't there.

The birds sing with whistles and chatter.
The black crow continues to wander through
the memory stones, mimicking the steps
of a man in the distance.

A house with no roof and holes in its glass.
Holes in its glass! The broken eye and thread
worn walls sit unacknowledged by the people
as they pass by its lonely shape.

A young man and woman share a road

with a shopper full of bags – straight arms
and peroxide hair. I take a photograph
of the house, the house with no roof.
I wait for the jogger to go by and wonder
if he will stare.
I puff up the hill and pass by the woman.
She struggles to climb with impossible fat legs,
And impossible heels.

*A brother whose face is alone –
drinking the place to the bone.*

What have I got is simple to tell?
My pen and my faith and the presence
of the stalagmite as it slides through
the corridor of a perceptual narrative.

The secret.

Shaken gently,
sipped
absorbed
cast aside
Stirred
Written.

Not how
Why
Before what
Why
Forget why
When?

Bring together
left and right,
the in-between moment;
unbiased uninterrupted word play.

Before sound was
– it is.
After – if there is an after –
when it is forgotten.
It is.

Mouth Chronicled Mayhem

I have a mouth though that which comes from it is worthless.
Through convention and utility, I am encapsulated.
Strangeness does not corrupt my mind. Instead,
it enfolds me with a cloak of incorrigibility.

My thoughts are cracked panes of glass –
splintered shadowy lines of negligence.

The people around me are no better –
junk food evangelists.
Their suede leather shoes creep.
My soft simpering words sharpen.
My soft mutterings are shards from a broken mirror.
my vagrant reflection is fragmented ...
it laughs back at me
as I frown – teasing me.
I cut them up into small jigsaw pieces.
I hate them.
Their minds are loud trumpets shaped like shovels.
They bellow through nostrils.
They are no better than the beasts.
Beasts that snort and grunt.
I am a condescending baboon whose red flung orifice shines like the moon –
I don't care for rules – or poets or cunning devices –
I have an unsympathetic digit.

If I had a poem which was worth its spire.
I wouldn't give it to the masters to misunderstand.
A child bereft of misconceived indulgences
discovers my fair thistle words and smiles.
A singular curvature sharpens the hook of my resolve
and is worth more than a million scholars' remarks.

My words are like fallen children,
that tumble-down slippery slopes –
scratched mumblings cast
on paper strewn like godless corpses
in uncomfortable poses.

There are publicists somewhere and editors too:
plinth soled ravens in waistcoat and bombardier ties –

– the eye of one of the strewn studies the great oval black avalanche above as
the hooked bespectacled sombre crow totters to the oval window and peers into my soul.
The words cry out and ask to not to be spliced.
With crooked neck and a pondering wallet, the carrion gestures and squawks.
“You have garnered me enough money to settle down for an eternity!” –

Poe –
scribbling behind closed doors.
His greatness concealed
before death's walls.
He saved the literary world.
what of his magnificence?
Did he receive a dime?

The Mother of Us All.

I weep now.
Her love reaches me.
I feel it.
My Mother,
her daughter,
has changed me,
rearranged me
for the better –
because of her.

Your greatness reaches through the veil, Nan.
I love you.
There is no one in the world
that could convince me
that you aren't with me now.
Right here, right now.

I want to thank you Nan,
You are the Mother of us all.
I won't forget you.
Never.
I was so young when you passed.
I still remember you –
your gentleness,
your strength.

I remember, not so long ago.
I was hurt,
a little.
I walked in the early hours
and found myself
at your grave.
It was a cold morning.
Bitter.
I touched your stone
and felt a pulse
run through it.
Felt your presence
all around me,
running through me –
holding me.

I placed a few flowers
by your stone today, Nan.
A pink one and a white one.
It isn't much. I know.
I wanted to show you that

you are still thought of.

Ember

The clouds hung heavy, bastions against the night, as
we hooked our collars against the wind
and walked with our big boots –
uncaring and restless, wishing for another day.

The field's slush and awkward footpaths distilled our brains,
and the soaked branches scathed our faces and tempers,
as we watched our breath. Distant hills grew nearer,
slopes became plains squashed against our brow,
and yet our boots were reluctant to share our unease.

The ground became hard and the grass white.
Boots and beret, nothing in-between, except
the shameless chill creeping beneath our jackets.

I flicked a light and we sank our heads to the flame,
scarves beneath our chin, and for a moment the ember
lit up our faces and its warmth caressed the ends of our noses.

Waltzing Matilda

I can't do this anymore. My aching hands and head. I can't do this anymore. Aching heart
and chest. Waltzing matilda waltzing Matilda here I come. Dangling like a worm on the side
of my bed. Childhood crumbling dreams turn to rust. Sarcastic men in dark warm coats and
oldish women with calm empty tones.

Churning river;
golden aunt,
haunting dreams.

Walking through this labyrinth, wishing... attempting to focus, shifting, observing the days
go by wastefully, and chasing the Churches and tombs. Accompanying my Father watching
him worshipfully. Watching my mother browse through photographs in a church book.
Gently arranging flowers at her sister's graveside. My daughter smiling and laughing and
skidding with her ¹heelies.

Colours merge,
young and old;
gentle family.

Cousin leaving for Australia. Waltzing Matilda waltzing Matilda here he goes. My reflection
in a shop window a drift ... a ghost. Yesterdays smell lingers in my nostrils
Today. Nan Nan are you there? I can remember you. Grandad Grandad I never knew you but
somehow, I do.

¹ Heelies is a trainer which has wheels on the sole.

Shh... it'll be o.k.
shh... everything's alright...
soft light and gentle crinkly skin.

Dice and Ice

Poor Einstein so alone,
A careful genius,
full of care and thoughtfulness.
A poised frown,
a finger and thumb.
Still for a moment –
a stare that penetrates
the shadow of unreason.

Admiration from others,
but not sought or wanted.
“patriotism” I hear him speak
in an essay that has long passed,
“is a loathsome nonsense.”

His dice turns wheels
across a forked path.
They roll and tumble
and come to rest
upon a sheet of cool ice.

Whilst you sleep

Whilst you sleep,
I watch the “Equalizer”.
You are silent –
a heap of stillness,
beneath a duvet.

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Bloated body, aching legs
slow blurry mind,
thirty-six
thirty-six
thirty-six

Nagging rent master,
water bills jettisoned
to a corner,
thirty-six
thirty-six
thirty-six.

Old L.P found,
absent for twenty years,
reminds me of my teenage days.
thirty-six
thirty-six
thirty-six

I sit in my
lazy chair,

daughter perched on my shoulder,
a car balanced on my head,
“where is ²lightning Mc Queen?” I shout.
“On your head Dad, on your head.”
thirty-six
thirty-six
thirty-six

Puissant

Wrinkled clouds
overlapping endlessly
against one another.
The moon
expectant.

A tree, a branch, a leaf
resplendent
within a sacred silver –
a secret baptism.
A new world revealed
then hidden again
upon the whim of a cloud.

I am glad.

Arms of varying length
tippy tip toes –
scream.
One child and then another
and then the brother
takes them in his arms
and distracts them for a moment.
I am glad.

Little feet ascend.
Sweet children,
rest.

² Lightening Mc Queen is a talking car in a cartoon called: “Cars”.

For a while.
I am glad.

Tiles beneath my feet
wrestling on t.v
“Mummy”
She shouts.
“Dad”
scream from one.
Roar from the other

What do I do now?
sigh.
door opens.
“Rob”
A shout.
Roar.

“Dad!”
“What do you want Tiffs?”
“I want my Dad”
“Ok”
Roar.
“Trinity!”

Ashtray.
Smoke.
I am glad.

Calmness.
Ding ding.
Bell from t.v.
Wrestling.
Little yell.
Silence.
I am glad.

White screen.
Black words.
Content murmur.
I am glad.
Ding ding.

She

With arms folded against her chest,
a sea behind her eyes,
sea urchins within the blue depths.
She rests – poised and serene.

Dinner is served,
though her mind is elsewhere.
Upon a distant shore.
The genteel room crumbles.
The people within it, fleshly gargoyles.
Mockeries of the living,
resplendent in their fixed stationary selves.

They notice her,
nodding ...
A private
conversation –
a communion that only she can hear –
Stoic – shifting from one thought pattern
to another.

They say that you won't remember me.

They say that you won't remember me,
and I guess you won't.
You were a child, and now you aren't.
I'll remember.
I'll remember for the both us.

There was a day,
A day much like today,
Or any other day.
I came to see you.
The rain ...
Well, the rain poured down
on our heads.
We had an umbrella.
It sheltered us as we walked to the park.
The wind blew the umbrella into different shapes.
The rain was too much for such a little chap.

The umbrella, the wind and rain was
too much for such a little guy.
I needed to take you home.
Before we left though, you smiled
and then laughed.

They say that you won't remember me,
And I guess you won't.
You were a child, and now you aren't.
I'll remember.
I'll remember for the both us.

Poetry

If my words were false,
I wouldn't know where to find them.
They would go the way of lost dreams
or nightmares tangled within
a dream-catcher.

My words I know are true.
They are not lost –
I send them forth from myself and
watch them find their way back home.

I sometimes wonder if words
are more than words, that they
are akin to the silences
we chase.

I feel that one day as you walk
by the side of a road –
a wind shall sing within a shingle,
and your hair shall be flung
to the east.

The sea shall whisper,
your throat shall vibrate,
and your ears – your ears
shall speak without knowing words, and
your heart – your heart will respond,
and know what it has always known
without actually knowing it.

The Divine Presence.

To be without him would be unthinkable,
he is always with us.
Inside us his presence abides.

He is without form
and yet has form
within his formlessness.
He is the moment shared –
within the unbroken silence.
He is blessed release
between the last breath and moment after.

He is the door that has opened
which has previously been closed.
Within the warm smile that makes you chuckle
and the collective warmth of a close-knit community.
He is the gentle caress of a child's tear
and the whisper of autumn's branches.

He lives within the blue iris of a love never forgotten
yet deeply missed, and the love
that has not yet been.

He is the thought behind the thought
that produced the action, that brought about the fruit
which is nutrition for the kindly,
and a vexation for the wicked.

He is male and female,
motion and stillness,
the moment of silence before
a great event, and within a child's
sigh when Christmas has passed.

He is aware of the dust particle that rests and glides.
He is the bitter kiss which reveals the false intentions of friends.
When time has passed and we look back at what is real,
He is the reflection of our conscience.

She is the seamstress of our dreams, and
the hand that guides the raindrop,
as it travels downwards upon
its slippery path.

Form without form,
Shapeless...
an imagination within an imagination.

She sits beyond space and time,
yet exists within every moment.
She is independent of opposites,
yet all opposites are contained within her.

Come to me.

Butterflies and elephants
and moonbeams
purple and orange –
round and round –
laughter and butterscotch
kilts and majestic laces.

Come to me.
Laughter and dance.
Come to me.
Magical heights
and abundance –
come to me.
Come to me,

be with me,
surround me.

Delicate carpets
and quiet headdresses –
dancing around the fire.
Let me sit here for a while
lifting up to the clouds
with my smile.
Being lifted to the clouds
and sunshine.
Bold as love.
Bold as love!

Taste me
if it be your will to do so.
Come to me.
If it be your will
to come then come.
Smell me –
taste me, touch me
with your kindness.
Love me with your might.
Sing to me.
Dance with me.
When the night comes
with its sunsets and sureness.
Come to me.
Come be with me.
Hold my hand
and come with me.
Walk with me.
Walk together,
kiss together.
know me and let
me know you.

Now again ...

I.

The efficient engine,
the silent ones
glide through the stars.
– Cone heads.

A silent menagerie –
akin to humankind –
I find in these
a kindness

and a willingness
to draw a line
in the dust:
to call the deceivers
to justice.

.II.

A long distance
away. In another
place, entirely
different,
the watchers –
watch.

and the crocs
anticipate
and plan
there next
move.

They are diabolical,
these crocs and
deceitful –
clever –
masters
of so many
sciences.
Their great
mathematical
intelligence
captures tears.

Sometimes they smash.
Always with design.
Sometimes they talk.
Always with design.
Often, they entrap
incurable minds.

They do not create.
Never that. They
rearrange. They
display in the
whisper
of flies and
the many faceted
self.

.III.

Capitol letter.
Full stop.

.VI.

"I didn't know what else to do.
So, I did what he told me," they say.

You can't.

You can't put a lid on me.
You really can't hit me.
I am too fast and too spry.
You know that you can't lie.

I am everywhere. I am between
you and me. You can't spy me.
You can't fix me.
You can't split me.

You can't mix me.
You can't shift me.
You can't fix me.

The greater sees the lesser
but the lesser cannot see
the greater.
You can't consolidate me,
or comfort me.
You can't buy me.
You can't rely on me
to dance to your tune.

When you try to make me weaker
I become stronger.
The prince of this world
tries to lick me
and spit on me
and make money out of me.

You can't condense me
or slip one on top of me.
You can't come in between me
and the ones I love.

You can't fight me,
or resurrect me.
You can't separate me
from my children.

The world crashes
and the storm assails me.
Yet I am still here.

You can't betray me,
or slay me. You can't
shift me or feel sorry for me.

You can't make me
or manipulate me.
You can't shake me.
You can't rearrange me.

I am above the world.
I was from the world
but now I am not of
the world. Now
I exist, and I reach
my hand to you.
If you choose me,
then come to me.
If you assail me,
then you shall stumble
and fall. Instead
take my hand
and walk with me.

But come to me.
Walk with me
if you dare. Walk
through the clouds
and thunder with me.

When the Rain Shines

Wait with me when the rain shines.
Wait with me when the sun begins to weep.
Shine with me as the sun shines.

Fight when it is time to do so.
Stand when it is time to stand.
Wait and write when words
flow into each other. Within your mind
they wander to and fro – when they
mature they write themselves into being.

Worry comes and money flows.
Take into yourself and give from yourself.
Let concern, blame and worry be the companion

of others.

Drink well from the Elysian spring
and allow it to give to you. It is yours.
– Sanctuary. The well of words –
comfort is found in the palace
of your mind and the citadel
of your soul. Conceal yourself
from the world, from those
who would perhaps have cause
to bring about harm to you. My
bastion is you. My hope is you.
We are wise, and we have chosen
you. Be yourself. Break every rule
if that be your wish. We will still
be here for you because our
wisdom is great and our knowledge
is built within the walls of the
Kingdom of God.

Fibromyalgia is a Dragon

It wakes you up when you want to sleep.
It stalks your dreams. It's slippery
sliding ways are devious.
An invisible imp positioned
on your shoulders, claws cling
to collar bone. It's leering malignant
ever omnipresent influence stunts
your every effort to get ahead.
Claws sink ...
and tunnel through to brain stem
wishing to lay claim to everything
shiny and precious – *my precious!*
– into the muscles it goes, a
silken worm winding itself
around muscle and sinew, trailing
through the molten highway of your
nervous system teasing toes forearms
and ankles.

You can go to the shaman – and listen
to his snake rattle. You can
chat to priests or mediums.
– No matter.
You can even turn to the scientific
medical practitioners for a cure.
Pop some pills if you like –
to take the edge of the deadly claw
of the imp and the

slippery dragon
within his dungeon secreted
within your brain which is down
the stairs by way of your spinal
column and to the left a little bit.

Be careful of sugar, the imp likes the sugar.
He likes to roll the white stuff
along his lower lip. The dragon
licks it from imp succulent lips
as it rolls by. *Spit –*
spitting, drooling into
your veins hoping his evil intent
will summon the diabetic delirious
demon from its knickerbocker glory
hell pit.

Dance. The only way to win, is to
dance – dance with the imp and
dragon. Call the Phoenix and listen
to its wise council. When the storm comes
within and without, dance with the Phoenix,
lion, unicorn, snake, dragon, eagle and imp,
and never ever give up because you are
greater than you know.

Within the iris of the unicorn the angels
sing. One moment of song is worth a
thousand fist fights with imp and dragon.
On the wings of the eagle, with the hooded eye
you shall see all and acquire all.
The Phoenix, the ever-residing presence
of this wondrous creature, breathes the breath
of life forever.

Quit not.
Outlast everyone.
Stay true. Sing long.

And when all is finished come sit
by the fire; with me.