

Burning of the Scarlet Hearts

A Hive by Landru

Contains:

THE SWIRLING
AT FOUR IN THE MORNING
DEAR CRISTINA
DAVID CARRINGTON-JONES
BUFFING THE GROUND FOR MR TUMBLEDOWN
WALKING AROUND WITH YOUR HAND HELD UP TO YOUR FACE
STRETCHY PULLOVER
THE SUBTLE ARTISTRY OF LOVE
A FAMILY OF ELVES CARRYING MY TREASURE TO THE WORLDS
ONE AGAINST THE MANY
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SHE NEVER SAILED RUBBER DUCKS
IN THE SHADOWS WHERE I LIVE
MUCKY OLD BURE
HUNTING FOR BOMBSHELLS

FINISH LEWIS HAMILTON
FIRE ENGINE
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON WITH LOTS OF SALT AND VINEGAR
PETER MYSKO
NEIL BEVERIDGE
WITHOUT BLEMISH
BILLY DRESSER'S SISTER
ROMMEL'S BROWING REVOLVER
CREATURES OF LIGHT AND SAND
NOT SO FUNNY NOW
BAFFLING PROOF OF THE SANITARY TOWEL
RED LIGHTS
HELICOPTERS
BURNING OF THE SCARLET HEARTS
HOWEVER BIG YOU GROW
ALL ON LYNCH
ARK OF THE PAGAN
IF YOU REALLY LOVE HER
THE BROKEN HEADED JACKDAW
THE LAUGHING GAUGHAN
FLUFFY
NO KIT FOR FOOTBALL

INTRODUCTION

After fleeing to Ireland in search of a better life I returned to the heathmoor above Aylsham pursued by the fuzz.

It is a land frequented by rabbits and the occasional deer. Snakes are reputed to strike without warning in the nearby woods. I have been visited by fairies. I'm a little reluctant to go out at night if I can hear sniffing outside my window.

On my fateful Cannondale I have been disturbed by the occasional horse-rider and a massive Rottweiler leading a small dwarf-like woman.

I don't know what the future holds. I have been known to rise from the ashes before.

All I could see was a black fog blotting out the Sun and dark clouds rising in the morning.

The Swirling

We did not come in dark clouds,
but billowing in the fury of ships,
disturbed the slumber of the Sun,
brandishing Bran's flame.

We burnt the decks-of-wood,
Our words like hidden conifers,
leading us to the land.
Where the fair and emerald,
rich in seeds:
Sword of light,
giver of life,
Stone of Fall,
spear of Lugh.

Vanquished:
the formidable fir Bolg,
Banba Eire Fodla.

We stood on the beautiful ridge,
knowing each hill,
each blade,
every kilt and pulsing wave,
were woven with our daylight spells.

Three days and nights,
laid in the house,
Banba Eire Fodla,
until defeated we shrank,
backwards,
into the dew-deep soil.

At four in the morning

At four in the morning,
should I stay for good,
or be on my way...

The morning kettle hot,
Against my touch,
And two purple beakers,
Specially ground,
with coffee.
I climb the stairs,
Spilling a drop...

A simple task before I leave...
The smell of sugar-cane,
Written in the book of sleep.

First Emily x
Then Benji x
Then Mummy x

Dear Cristina

Perhaps it wasn't to be,
In this life dear Cristina,
For us to be together for too long.

If only others had been,
More forthright, bright, and full of promise.

Would I have entered your life,
With so many taints...

When the vows and pledges of this world are no more,
And the scars of battle no longer blind you to my cause,
perhaps we will sit,
Unblemished by days,
Beside a night-stream under the Moon,
And converse with the crickets,
And the lilies of Creation.

David Carrington-Jones

I strode around the prison yard,
with David Carrington-Jones,
the spring was gone,
and there we were,
beneath the summer sun.

For seven years he spoke the truth,
for seven years and more,
They kept him til his heart gave in,
for saying it was rubbish.

We toiled below the razor-wire,
among the pimps and polish,
beneath the walls which kept us jailed,
until his life was finished.

His mother's words were:
'David son,
when you come out my lad!
I will be there,
it will be fair,
waiting at the exit...'

Buffing the ground for Mr Tumbledown.

Around the bend from topsy-turvy land,
You stood at the top,
Plucking up courage,
Eyes spinning,
The drip-white albatross in pea-green.

Sliding,
Slipping,
Up then down then up again.

“Don't look at him!”

We loped around watching, sniggering.

Hey Tumbledown,
You don't half look silly for a grown-up...

Walking around with your hand held up to your face

He walked around with his hand held up to his face,
It was so funny,
he had them all in stitches.

His performances made quite an impression on the Masters.

It was his proudest moment.
It was stunning.

Stretchy pull-over

You have the one my mother gave,
I saw it on you,
The day I flew by.

If you have to wear it,
Wait for me to be inside.

It will be sizzling,
With all that wool around us.

The subtle artistry of love

You think you love when you do not,
You think that some things will never be forgot.

People on passing aeroplanes,
Glance quickly by before you change their ways.

Those who we think are with us for a day,
Stay in our hearts unchanging for all eternity.

A family of elves carrying my treasure to the worlds

Like a weary crow,
Wintering on the frozen earth,
I gutter-plough my pollen to the sky,
Clambering like the velvet coats of night,
Reaching for the glimmering sparks of day,
While my heart in fevered flesh upon the land.

One against the many

And then,
The third king waded out,
Strapping himself to the post.

Joining his hand to the sword.

As he sank,
In the water,
Bran flew out of the night.

Thursdays dark

It's Wednesdays when I mount my black beetle,
In the old lamp,
Which used to hang in the waiting room,
Just where the body was found.

There were no pieces of wool,
No debris or flack among the timber.
On Sunday I caught the wind,
And on Friday I flew through the stars.

Thursdays approach like a tiger,
panting its grace through the folds,
until the late afternoon,
when the moors burst....
and all hell breaks lose.

Red-hat day

Today is red-hat day,
it's a Thursday,
and you know,
what that means.

Return of the blue Cannondale

An old friend is meeting me at the gate,
The one I have nightmares about,
Losing.

It's the one I went on-the-run with,
Which was hunted all over the country.

The one she so admired,
on the road to Luqa.

Swapper

Swapper went to school with a marble,
came back with a train-set.
Now he's at the seaside,
wearing cowboy hats.
He's my hero...
Pretty girls and limousines,
six hundred press-ups,
iron railings on the way,
to the white-knuckle-ride.

And laughter round the windpipe.
blonde bristles,
bare against my throat:
knocked ten lumps of shit,
out of bigger twats than you,
ya spotty faced little prick,
voice foaming,
like a megaphone,
spitting tampons.
A black eye from the door handle,
mother grinning,
from the bedroom.

Father why do you bleed

Where the land and the sea,
Meet in harmony,
And the oceans and fleece touch the sand,
Where the yellow sun shines,
And the heavens-in-rhyme,
Father,
Why do you bleed?

Where the hills greet the sky,
You return the dark fields,
The furlough, the plough and the stars,
In the hedgerow you roll,
Your face in the stream,
Father,
Why do you bleed?

Where you bathe the bright seed,
In the west where you ride,
Sunning the air which we need,
Too strong for my eyes,
You light up the earth,
Father,
Why do you bleed?

On the heels of your soul,
Cross the skies where you fall,
The storm wind, the clouds, and the spring,
In the sunset you weep,
Reclined at your feet,
Father,
Why do you bleed?

kissing the face of Jesus

I have known you,
but three days,
shared poetry and prayers,
been by your side,
with music.

Held your hand at supper,
whispered secrets in the dark,
swam to your soul,
and melted like a flock of starfish.

All-the-world

From the brunette of my pit,
I swerved my bevelled spine,
to face the curtain of the falls,
tugged with a dulcet tone.
With radiant colours on my eyes,
walking hand in hand,
I reached to touch the tinted gauze,
abstraction in my palms...

From my cave of night I flew,
and stepped upon the ground,
the valley trembled in my path,
the world turned round and round.
Across the torrent in one stride,
the tulips far and wide,
I reached to touch the clear blue vault,
before the sky could die.

Around the Sun I chased the Moon,
the earth beneath my wings,
and laid upon the crimson soil,
a nestling of beams.
But when I scuffed upon the land,
ungainly and half-blind,
my golden scales and lizard's tail,
were all that you could find.

Beyond the field of thorn I rose,
near captured in their net,
and sneezed upon the land of Chill,
synged with my loving breath.
If I could tell you all-the-world,
then all the world would know,
If I expired my final breath,
before the cliff of souls....

Private land

A place somewhere,
A tiny patch of soil,
Somewhere you can be yourself,
A little port of moonbeam.

A place where you are free,
a place where you can sit and watch Orion,
somewhere which is home,
a small island in the gulf stream.

There is a place I know,
there is a place shining in the distance,
it is a place for you and me,
it is a place called heaven.

Small birds sing

I can't say,
that small birds sing,
or that you are weird or anything.

When I listen to their sound,
it makes me smile,
it makes me want to grow feathers.

If you had been,
my one and only love,
all that I heard when the sun awoke,
If you had been there since,
the dawn of time,
my angel and my sparrow.

Little Wing

From the blackened branches you awoke,
and in my arms,
your sweet imploring went,
into the garden,
from the land of Giants.

Vestibule of light

The black-foot of night had cut and run...
above the window-ledge,
the sun melted like butter.
You sat quite still,
the doors wide open,
like a breath of summer.

Gusts of mistral waft your dampened hair,
thinking how it might have been,
inside the vestibule,
elements of fire,
lie shattered at your feet,
sparkling blue rainbows,
blends of light.

Blushing birds in red and orange,
a frost of sands,
into your chariot racing,
scarlet ribbons,
singing songs you whistle by,
no more,
my grey shadow.

Above the town I'll see you,
in a different light,
time spurred on by seasons,
tiny chunks of glass,
flying by the window,
spiralling to earth.

the wilting Rose

Will you remember,
in your garden far away,
my fleeting words,
my conduct generally...

When you are there,
with your dustpan,
mop and brush.

Will you recall,
how I just tried my best.

return to Franz Biberkopf

It's thirty years,
since first I paid you heed,
when I was young,
you often spoke to me.

How truth more complex,
Now trust betrayed.

Franz Biberkopf,
with your one arm,
you're a better man,
than I could ever be.

My heart in the branches above her

When we set out on our pathway,
from the gate,
up Garden Lane,
there were three words from my pillow,
which were tagged on to my sleeve.

If our teacher,
is not looking,
I will reach for her left hand,
though I dare not,
it would shock her,
and my secret would be found.

On our journey to the Castle,
we were chirping in the spring,
past the ivy and the fountains,
through the sunshine and dark trees.

By the hours and the flowers,
along the cages and the birds,
her smile was like a raindrop,
which had glittered down to earth.

There's an aching in the branches,
there's a trembling in the air,
a piercing cry of sadness,
if I seek but she's not there.

Waving from the tree-top,
hidden by a bough,
my little voice is calling,
but soon I'll have to go.

As you wind along your pathway,
through the crowds of yester-year,
know the heavens,
they are weeping,
for a soul I love so dear.

When you've stopped your chiding,
and your scolding melts away,
look high,
into the branches,
for the truth is still up there...

fear of flying

Quiet heart,
be still,
the seconds they are falling,
frail as you may be,
insistent in,
your steadfast longing...

Be patient now
on this,
your final voyage,
confine your beating to,
the stars,
of this fair ocean...

Be steady true,
be tranquil be faithful,
this woman is another man's,
even though her hands in yours.

damp wire on the wing

I dreamt I lived among birds,
among trees,
and the sound of the sea.

I dreamt I dashed among clouds,
free from the lie of the land.

But here I'm just one of the flock,
broken and down but not out.

Here I live among bands,
of vultures,
a man among crowds.

Marooned on the river of her bed-post

The path through the town is misty and white,
the lieder-writer appears to be in flight,
Like a boat with no ocean,
just drifting like an Ark,
the real world is waning like the beating of my heart.

Elizabeth is resting,
and the day fades into night,
she's sleeping on her pillow,
with the stars high up above...
driving empty tramways,
in a car without a glass,
the ghost of each encounter,
like a fog around our bed.

Like a tear without a cotton,
like a soul without a home,
I reach inside her mind now,
like a finger to the bone,
things I want to tell her,
but my words are made of stone.

I stroke along her hairline,
like a slowly drifting tide,
the clouds they pale around her,
like a harridan of geese.
Her face is like a picture,
her lips they taste of wine,
I wonder if she's dreaming,
I wonder is she alive...
Sifting through the market,
dancing through the crowd,
her hand is soft and gentle,
when I'm reaching for her love.

Riding a chariot across the bay of Naples

I will not ruddy-well wear my shirt inside-out,
nor speak in the cinema out of place,
and I will not put on little boots....
or run naked through the open air,
or talk to who I damn well like.

Wednesdays' lecture will be,
on why I am so mentally deficient.
You will no doubt explain just where I have been slipping up,
How my abject failure has been due to a mental handicap.
You will tell me that my explanations are simply excuses,
Of course,
I am to blame for all the reactions of others.

On Monday I will be back in town,
But not to cause a nuisance.
I will not be chased through the shopping arcade for riding my bicycle,
And,
I will not tease Christopher about a piece of cotton hanging from his chin,
I will not glue a pound coin to the library floor...even if I had one.
Or walk in front of cars.
I will not scream at the bloody rain,
and turn the air blue,
when I hear my neighbour is in the garden with her family.
On Saturday I will desist from marching up and down outside the station,
chanting and gesticulating wildly.

But when a dry spell is predicted,
and the sun bleaches up from the saltbed,
I will build a bridge-of-barges across the water,
with the wind-blast,
and the shimmering,
strap in my horses,
to the white white waves,
call on the god of thunder.

What little bastard

What a little bastard,
he is,
what's that little bastard there,
doing
in my house...
y little bastard,
y little sissy git,
get out now,
get outta the door,
before I take me strap off t' yuss.

What's this little bastard doing here,
making a sound when he eats,
Where did he come from...
Just standing there,
What's this little bastard doing in my house?

Whose little bastard is he?
Stop crying or I'll hit you!

Emerging from the drum of death's shadow

Alabaster,
bone,
the tat of old tail-feathers.
Clothed in a red life-jacket,
birding.

My fire-devil,
like a sprung out steeplejack,
glad of the sky-chalk,
becoming whirlwind.

Carnage of the flowers

We crept out through the gate,
one by one,
tucked in close to the wall,
with hands at prayer.
Down the garden lane,
to the flower beds,
brute-back Deegan,
snarling in the distance.

Worming all over the grass,
tossing Peter's satchel in the oak leaves,
keeping a sharp look-out,
and breaking into a sprint,
we,
massacred all along the empty benches.
Prezulis the thief,
got to the buggers first,
intercepting them right down the middle,
then Spellis got stuck in,
flying in with both legs on the diagonal,
trashing a whole avenue of blooms,
seven, eight, nine in one leap.
He yelped,
lashing out with his foot kicking,
scything through the air,
losing his footwear.
Stray dogs slavering,
thundering through the park,
the snap of stalks,
sniggering like girls,
we chopped the lot,
beheading as we went,
showering the flower-beds with petals.

labels

Labels,
are for supermarket shelves,
for pots and pans,
for uniforms,
for ignorance.

Labels are for cats and dogs,
for Roman coins,
for people we don't know,
or,
give twopence for.

Crazy little festival

I went to a crazy little festival;
John Lennon Liam Gallagher,
Captain Beefheart,
Ginger Baker Keith Moon,
Jimi Hendrix and,
Jim Morrison.

Smashing the door in

We heard the smash of broken glass,
and then,
the leaded window-frame,
gave in,
two,
screaming fists.

Feet,
pummelling,
The sound of voices in the door,
running up the stairs.

Huddled close inside our beds,
me and Genevieve.

Jackson Pollock mattress

Visitors,
welcome to my room,
laid bare for your perusal;
the foam-flecked mattress.
Thrown clear: its shield of cotton sheets.

Observe the t-stained brat-drooled patchwork,
and snow-packed swan-glossed bird-stain.

The manky yawl of shame-faced brushwork,
It's honey-dewed inhuman soil,
The tints soured and turned to jasmine,
Slumped in the seedy gleam of silence.

General App

At slop-out I handed the request;
One helicopter,
£10,000 in cash,
A rope ladder,
And the key to their drinks-cabinet.
With a handwriting expert,
It ended up on the carpet.

Seeing Father Christmas

There's the old man covered in red,
There's a gleam in his cheeks,
There's a pole in the bed.
He's covered in soot,
His whiskers all black,
There are hooves on his forehead,
And prints on his sack.

Falling leaves

These are the falling leaves I have prayed for,
They are falling from the sun,
And land like bombshells.

I listen to their frank exchange,
In the garden.
Silence.

It's all for nothing.

Dublin with the pigs up my ass

I sailed to Dublin on the Ulysses,
And rubbed James Joyce's wooden nose.
I boarded the ferry,
With them hot on my tail.

A reception committee,
called out my name,
And asked where I was going.

For two hours in huge wheels,
On the ring-road.

During the rush-hour,
A kind man stopped and ran,
The length of a street.

Then to Dublin port,
heading the other way,
Just as bewildered,
Just as singled-out.

Throwing bricks at lampposts

I went all the way,
from Woodhouse to Utley,
Throwing bricks at lamp-posts,
I knew no better.

It was Jacko and Lynch;
They were my friends then.

Paralytic on the deck of the Titanic

I oozed,
Like thawed out ice-cubes on the sway,
You did that to me.

The boards were sighing on the swell.
That night,
In the living room.

Our breath became brutal,
White with the cry of penguins,
I gasped for air.

Island of sinful words

We stared,
Through the stooped and foggy brig,
At the porthole.

'The library's closed today,' she droned,
'It is Friday.'
'We do not have the staff,
Until Monday,
When the week begins.'

The door spins,
And light spills into the fair-ground.

The bars feast upon my skin,
Casting shadows,
On yonder palm hills.

Riding a chariot across the bay of Naples

It is not with lark's wings,
Or the smash of chisels,
That I carve my way,
Through a heart of steel,
On a route of blue flame.

But with a chariot,
Drawn out,
Across the bay of Naples.

A steaming froth of silver,
Nostrils flared,
Over the spray I dash,
Lighting up the continent.

Mass of scars

He lifted the host,
And,
Blessed the wine,
We were young then.

A band of light,
Came streaming from heaven,
It cut the air,
It shimmered us in dust.

Orange then paper thin,
Droplets poured out of my head,
Hacked and spun,
in the torture chair.

The hundred pounds

Dad walked ahead of me,
In quite a hurry:
We arrived at the door,
Of the loan shark.

'A hundred pounds,'
To buy a bicycle;
Would solve everything;
a job
a ride to the next village.
would,
In all likelihood,
be the outcome.

Secrets of the dead-sea scrolls

Before the reading-time,
no angel,
but living at the edge of caves,
the brooding shark-filled corpuscles.

An ogre,
once defiled,
ankles on the footlights.

For those who crowd around him.

Whistler believes in fairies

Long after,
we had rid ourselves of their myths and fables,
Whistler still believed in fairies.

Fatso screamed with laughter,
Whistler still believes in fairies..sir.
look at him blushing,
he even wrote an essay,
about them,
how deplorable.

Always happy

Always happy always smiling
My aunty cried,
Never gets cross,
always goes to church...

Look at him grinning,
In the mirror white-faced,
Always happy always smiling.

A nice big gleam,
As we hurried into the streets.

Daddy's best yurt

Daddies best,
was kept for the refuge-man,
for visiting priests,
and for the Robinsons.

We weren't allowed in,
even at Christmas.
not even,
to do up our laces.
It was always empty when he got home.

My family are made of rocks

My family are made of rocks,
Some are made of dynamite,
They are like old mirrors,
Some are like new slippers.

My family are made of stone,
Wood and stream,
They peel like wallpaper,
Beach-huts seals and thunder.

Some are like skeletons,
Some are like tennis balls,
Dark in the midnight sky,
Covered in rain.

My family are like rocks,
Thumped at the face of cliffs,
Like snakes and vampires,
The listening squirrels of angels.

My family are like rocks,
Glistening pieces of salt,
They breed like bloodsuckers,
Over the edge of my dreams.

My family are like rocks,
On islands of the Milky Way,
Facing the coast like ancient bricks,
They march out west,
Into the fiery inferno.

Sebastian is crazy

Sebastian is crazy,
he won't do a damn thing we tell him.
You know what he did last night,
his mother said so,
He's a madman.

In the white room

The white room,
is my mother's room,
it is filled with chalk,
and pure white linen.

There are lines of beds,
but I always sleep on the floor,
there it's perfect.

The windows are pale,
and there are laces all round,
the long and shaded house.

It is a place of peace.
It is a place I go to,
sometimes in my dreams.

Behold the golden cockroach

She stood in the House of Commons:
unfit to travel,
not fit to travel,
under arrest.
They were a new breed,
of outcast.

Winged bible of the Astronauts

From the book of knowledge,
we found our store,
godless creatures of the sky,
like eagle-owls with wings of gold.
Swooning in the temple of our stars,
the cross-bearing,
witch-finding angels.

Roped in our nets:
Moons like marsh gas,
the Reaper's coat of many colours,
spitting like gnats,

To the promised Land,
the desk pool of miracles,
across the sands,
on our bird reborn.

New orders in the light of night,
the fire-winged serpent,
red giant glowed,
above Lazarus.

Stained in our seat,
old shepherd,
kindred spirit of the walking clouds,
sharing our passage and our souls.

She never sailed rubber ducks

I'm reliably informed,
by the blackboard,
that,
the girl I once knew,
never sailed rubber ducks at lunchtimes.

While I was playing with my train-set,
on the rug in short trousers,
she was not in anyway involved,
never once,
did she,
cross the fields,
and in the lake,
sail rubber ducks during meal-breaks.

In the shadows where I live

Where do I find you,
Son that I have lost,
The boy I knew,
My mother's pride and joy?

Where have you disappeared,
On what pathway are you gone?

If there's a possibility,
You may return,
I will be waiting by the fireside.

Mucky old Bure

Dirty old Bure,
Polluted with the skins of men,
You have made me what I am.

Now you remain in my blood,
Your poison your foul disease,
And your scum.

Hunting for bombshells

They smuggled us in
to the common room.
The girls in the sixth-form,
behind the curtain.
Armed with only my sister's name,
Half a pack of Dunhill,
And a bottle of Clan-dew.

Finish Lewis Hamilton

I spoke to Martin in the yard today,
He's tall with a chin full of spikes...

Did you finish that oil painting,
The one you were working on,
Did you track down the geezer,
Who did that to you?

Fire-engine

One weekend when it poured down,
I built a fire-engine from boxes in the garage.

A long wagon with wheels and ladders.

We crayoned in the living room.

Reluctantly I climbed aboard.

Cynthia was in the kitchen.

Alfred lord Tennyson with lots of salt and vinegar

From the chippies we sprinted,
Down Lawkholme lane at eight,
the citizens of our fair town,
drunk as lords....
Me and Chris,
Skully and Meg,
Tubby and Phil.
Burning our hands.

Hoisted quickly aloft,
I clung to the top,
Where the horn and the steam,
Like a Big Daddy,
Thundered on either side.

“Blinkered!”

We sighed
And prayed to heaven.

Peter Mysko

I plucked up courage to say 'hello,'
You were in the corner,
I was on my own.

You were big,
And dark-eyed,
I was small.

For years I put you to the sword.

But it was not your fists,
Raining down upon my head,
Which inflicted all the wounds.

Neil Beveridge

Neil Beveridge,
I will never be like you,
With your runny nose
your temper,
your loud-mouth brothers
and half-penny rags.

I will never live in your filthy house,
Steal all the underwear from the line,
or show all I've got at the window

Without blemish

The house was empty when you called.
I hoped it was you.

We wandered along Miles Rough,
We talked,
And ate all your crisps.

To the wreck,
Past the burnt-out cars,
And on to the gates.

It was one summer long ago,
You pulled off my shoe.
I remember that.

Billy Dresser's sister

She walked down the hill to the bus-stop.
Each morning.
With the light of the sun through the glass.

Billy Dresser's sister.

I didn't know that...
She was so beautiful.

Rommel's Browning revolver

A gun was found today,
Under the floorboards.

I have an inkling it flew in from Chicago,
Marked 'automobile parts'...

Dum-dum bullets...
Firing pin?
Museum de Belgique...
Stamped with a swastika.

What I had it for is anybody's guess.

Creatures of light and sand

We are
Like dreams,
Imagined in a far off place...
All that we touch,
All that we hold,
Just a trick of the light...

And as with every dream,
Colours visions and streams,
Slipping through our fingers,
Gently passing into night.

Not so funny now

You laughed,
You hooted,
You sniggered.

Along with your friends.
On the sofa,
Where we had shared our times.
The way you did in the evenings...
You had us all in hysterics.

Sloshing away on the blower.
Peering into the night,
Your cardigan splitting,
Your strap loose and overfed,
Your pants at half-mast,
Pissing yourself.

Baffling proof of the Sanitary Towel

Mysterious puzzling lees,
Sodden and intimate curls,
In the bleak and cracked dark,
Of the closet.
Revealing,
Your secret movements,
Before the Exodus.
In the heat of the moment.

Last rain of the summer.
Drowning in sorrows,
Discovered long after.

Mingled with what-might-have-been,
Scarlet and blocking the road,
nameless.
We covered you over,
the corner of ruins.

Red lights

Loud on the road,
commanding,
right where we are
standing.

There is the taxi,
there is the lollipop girl,
A bus full of students.

I race down the hill,
loaded with orange,
six seven eight,
red lights in succession.

On the wrong side of the street,
but what do I care.

Helicopters

They fly by day,
they fly by night,
they're overhead,
they're in my sh...e.

I heed their blade,
I hear their groan,
It's just a joke,
it's all in fun.

By every cloud,
on every road,
where 'ere I go,
they won't be long.

I keep quite still,
I hold my breath,
the sheath of corn,
a field of wheat.

Burning of the Scarlet Hearts

Like a fleck,
Of shattered Moons,
Spiraling into Spring,
When true love wanes,
And winter falls again.

Betraying every splendour,
Which you had given then,
My heart was just an ocean,
Which the sky had dipped within.

Bearing every moment,
And every rack of salt,
If you could wet the colours,
And the stars that drip like rose.

Heaven's loyal heartbeat,
words that scorch like ice,
The universe is aching,
With an hour-glass of seed.

Scorching every mountain,
Decaying every bloom,
The places where my thoughts end,
And the lakes which speak of love....

Silver is the colour,
Hands that sprayed with gold,
Spangled with my life blood,
Glowing hearts grown cold.

However big you grow

However big you grow,
little flower,
just sitting there on the doorstep.

However big you grow,
no matter what your mother says...

Whatever place you go,
in the sunrise or the sunset.

All on Lynch

At playtime,
it was 'All-on-Fatso!'
His corpulent and ruddy mass,
protesting beneath,
a clutch of writhing bodies.

Until a stranger entered,
our midst,
a lad with 'ginger' hair.

A stranger destined,
to end his days on a locked ward,
ambled shyly towards us.

Like a bird-of-uncertainty,
Stood at the edge of our classroom,
drank the dirty paintwater,
bereft of all our brushes.

With a sour smile,
his gentian lips,
murmuring,
muttering,
"All on Lynch!"

Pleading to be tied with skipping rope,
to be dragged by his shirt,
or pushed over the low wall.

Ark of the Pagan

We carried them in,
after the long drought,
the books which Solomon had given.

And dried in the Sun,
for twenty years,
until the heron came,
clutching a single spray,
swallowed up the fog lamps.

A pole-cat of priests,
the suitcase of Elvis,
A crowmarsh of woodpeckers,
birched at the backward river.

A six-headed rhino,
lama's eggs,
in the black mirrors,
coated in mistletoe;
Aristotle Hercules,
My clown's make-up.

A plunder of Vikings,
the comb of Rameses,
woad of a Highlander's torch,
a gander of goblins,
drip-white-coal,
distilled with the torque of persistent regret.

A bootnail of Horace,
13 round clothes-pegs,
My auntie's seduction,
the palace of the two winds,
runes written in semen,
a lamb's brain,
and one candlestick of nuns,
hovering near the confessionals.

If you really love her

When this world is lifted from the hollow,
and she can hear you crying from the heart,
that's the way of these things,
sometimes,
as your weiring petals,
slowly fall,
to Land.

the broken-headed Jackdaw

There on the floor,
he broken-headed Jackdaw,
head cocked to the side,
and chasing round the world.

They brought him in from the sea,
the brought him in from the road,
the broken-headed Jackdaw,
to listen,
to my words.

He doesn't seem too miserable,
he doesn't seem too sad,
but now he's as tranquil,
as the night.

the laughing Gaughan

He swaggered up from the pub,
and leant against our fence,
with a bottle and a glance,
at the light.

Tommy Gaughan,
drunkard inebriate,
half-literate,
could hardly stand,
stuck up his fingers,
at my mum...

Fluffy

You crept in,
while we were slumbering,
a soft furball made of soot.

Who got carried away with his duties,
whose eyes shifted in the dark.

Whose legs splayed on the lino,
Who slept with his arms,
around my foot.

Who just wouldn't stop nibbling,
who disappeared along with my stuff.

No kit for football

I stood shame-faced in the changing room.
NO kit for football?
again...
y little squirt,
he spat into my ear,
and slapped the side of my head.

No kit for football,
that's a lame excuse,
if ever I heard one.