

Poem 2 Feet and Well over 40. #1.

The following are some poems written during my first day at a Creative Writers group. The session was very intensive and the outcome might be termed as being somewhat surreal.

1. Gazing through the thicket.

Can you gaze calmly
at the earth? through
a dense tunnel of trees?
You can't!
I think of your generation
being crushed by fate.

2. Tarantula

Tarantula he said
so everyone could hear.
Shush, said his father,
some people are afraid of them.
Think of tea as it's being
poured into a china cup.
So delicately, too.
And the fine design,
visible it is, beneath the tea.
No you mustn't add a drop of milk.
Spoil the aesthetic splendour you will

3. Dawn.

Dawn is when it happened,
before it was the time to

put a halt, to any
slumber-land activities
inside the head.

Dark clouds were hovering over the city.
I was about to take a shower.
The shower cubicle was getting steamy.
The telephone started to ring.
You answered it,
knowing all the time.
You left before I'd finished my shower.
but who was the man who telephoned you?
That is, the day before yesterday?
He was with a boy
The boy holding a tadpole in a jar?
He could have been the boy's father I guess.
He had a bit of Transylvanian about him,
His father, that is.
You called out, "Goodbye."
And I never saw, or heard from you again.
Oh, yes there was the note.
Was it in F minor?

4. Why!

Our days diverge. So they say.
Why is that, I asked.
But there was no answer!
Just a silence.
It was, as if.

That's it!
There's no reason for any of this.
It's there alright, but...

5. Solitude

It began as people took
to wondering about
the meaning of life...
Aspects are being added
to it, as we speak.
By so many disciplines,
to boot. Two feet remember
And being, well over forty.
Covid was a word.
Just a word at first!
Before it meant something.
Something horrific.
Truly life threatening.
I didn't want to listen,
to the news.
For too long, there wasn't hope.
I was there waiting for a sign.
Why? Signs mean different things,
to different people.
Take a mushroom cloud!
As an end result perhaps.
Lush and green the garden
of Eden was. All lush and
laden with delicious fruits.

But then, pick the wrong one!

I went into my tropical garden.
There was a singing in the air,
I knew the song, so well.
A blackbird was singing alright.
For some time, too.
Still! It was over, too soon.
And there I was, just me,
just me and my solitude.
And how we clung on
to one another.

7. Telephone Call.

The telephone call came
as I was in the bathroom.
It's a land line. I'm a little
old fashioned that way.
Splashed some water
I did, all over me,
just to get the soap off.
I stood up and let the water
drip down over my body.
I grabbed the towel, held it
close to me and strode
into the passageway.
Fighting time I was, I knew that.
I reached the telephone, I did,
just before it stopped ringing.

8. Where the breath is

My breath is turning into steam as it breaks free.
It sort of goes Somewhere I haven't need for it.
Disperse as you wish. I no longer own you.

9. Gaze

Gaze and look around,
does the NEWS surprise you?
Don't you go and stare even a little
through the dense tunnel of trees
you may be crushed
by the next generation.

10. Fire, fire,

have you pulled the trigger?
Ammunition live, you have.
The enemy is there, somewhere
in front of you.
Camouflaged to some degree.
So you don't want to shoot
then be a target of inaction.
Dying, face down in mud.

The End.

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