

Poems 2507A

#1. At The Window.

There are a couple of men outside,
on the pavement. They are not locals.
Both of them have stopped and are
around them looking. They look puzzled!
Are they looking for the street names?
They are in deep conversation.
Are they in unfamiliar territory?
They look lost, to Mary,
who is looking through
her first-floor, window.
Could she be of help?
Mary speculates, on their predicament.
Don't they have a map?
Their suits look well-tailored.
She is wondering whether to
go down, and ask them
where they want to go.
she hesitates,
she's always hesitating.
Mary looks at her reflection
in the mirror. Oh dear!
She is not happy with it.
She decides, to tidy up her hair
and heighten her lips.
That done, she buttons up her blouse.
She slips her slippers off.
and puts on her stilettos,

Not very high, they are,
just enough to make her walk,
the way she wants.
As if she is important.
She looks again at her reflection.
She pouts her lips and says,
“You’ll do.”
Mary looks in to daylight.
She opens the window.
She looks this way and that.
but the two men are no longer there.
Have they found their way?
she asks herself.
Should she go and find out?
Again, she hesitates.
But then the telephone rings
Perhaps a friend is going to
ask her out for lunch.
She receives the call.
“Yes, it’s Mary here.”
She listens,
Her face drops.
It isn’t a friend.
It’s just a scam call.
She switches off the telephone.
Mary closes the window and sighs.
She slips off her shoes and reaches
for the latest chic romance
to hit the shelves.

2. The Recital.

The pianist entered the stage,
he took a discreet bow and sat down.
There were no words,
just the sound of fingers tapping
on a grand piano.
A late concert goer discretely sat
by himself. By the aisle he was.
Only a few noticed him.
A little grey and old fashioned he was.
That is, to the few that did notice him.
Deep and greatly played was the music.
A trill suddenly burst into the air.
A chord followed by fingers running
up and down the keys. What a sound!
Fingers tapping like they wanted
to open a magic box.
Some people knew what to expect.
Others didn't. The Classical concert stopped.
There was the clapping of hands
and shouts of Bravo.
The man in a grey suit stood up,
He didn't clap or anything.
He walked slowly to the door,
the door, to the basement,
what you would, a cellar call.
It was only then, that some
more noticed him.

Those close to him, that is.
They wondered who he was.
Slightly, eccentrically dressed he was.
It was only when the old man in grey
walked to the door and went through it,
without turning left, the handle.
How easy is that? Indeed,
the door was shut throughout.
Not everyone witnessed the stranger
leave as he did.
A number of women fainted.
Some men's hairs bristled
around their heads.
They strode away into the cemetery.
There were seats scattered around
and they occupied them,
well out of sight from other bystanders.

3. The Guest.

The guest arrived late.
He was a distant relative.
He wasn't, what you could
call, well dressed.
All he wanted to talk about
was the past.
Historical wrongs.
He rambled on and on, as if,
there was no tomorrow.

He spoke about particular deeds,
like, "I have sinned."
Clive of India, don't you know!
that happened so long ago,
In some far away country.
My wife wanted to change the subject.
To a positive aspect, to help mankind.
Like reducing microplastics, not to mention
global warming.
Frank began to talk about mass migration,
from countries, whose families
had between 9 and 13 children
He began to talk about
the nights and where it all happened.
My wife started to talk about the heat
emitted from fossil fuels, rather than humans.
The heat wave and what could be done
to halt its doomsday path.
Something positive, something,
we could do, to make things
better for everyone.
Even if the summers were too hot
to work in, without air conditioning.
My wife tried to change
the bleakness of the subject.
For instance, the vast amount
of telephone calls used to check
the vast amount of data on the
Internet. How much of it is useful?

And how much is generated
by AI? And will they tell us?
And can we trust them?
Think about the energy involved.
But every statement she uttered
Frank responded with a subject,
unconnected subject, Like elephants!
I mean, what's the connection between,
a telephone call and an elephant?
Tell me that! And don't say
a trunk-call!

4. The Tremble.

There was a tremble!
A terrible tremble.
The best china was shaken
off the shelves.
Shards of it had to wait
to be away, taken.
For now, there were
other urgent things to do.
The ground was against itself
grinding.
The red earth was a-moving,
shaking wildly, by itself, it was
against the force against it.
There was a hazy red dust.
That couldn't be contained.
It was everywhere,

shaken by the forces
deep below the ground
and rising.
People ran into the streets.
They took their pets
into the streets, wrapped around,
a towel or a piece of cloth.
The pets were scared too.
Again the tremble
did its thing
beneath everyone's feet
Some gathered the things,
they could.
For others,
there was nothing to do
but to tip toe,
towards the music.
The band was still playing,
in the wide, open air.
As if it was on the Titanic.
There was nothing to do
but to sing to the roof
as if singing to the rooftops
would appease the gods.
Even though there were,
no rooftops, to speak of,
just the slates, on the ground.

5 Some Things Are Real.

Don't speak with my neighbour,
she doesn't like people who smoke.
She will call the police.
I heard her shout,
"I'll shout until the police arrive."
Banging doors, she was, too.
I wouldn't care but I was some years ago
visiting another neighbour. And you know,
the two were passing each other, a joint.
One of them has found Jesus,
and is the one against everyone who smokes.
And no, I didn't partake.
I haven't smoked for yonks.
Too busy, writing poetry.
It takes a lot of thinking.
How to make the world make sense.
With a touch of magic,
not too much, you understand!
I don't want to frighten off the horses.
I wanted to speak, with the guy who drove the black car.
However, he passed in such a hurry, in a black cassock.
Opened the car door he did, as a police man might.
Perhaps a god is waiting for the man in person.
I couldn't catch up with him. He thinks, a messenger, he is,
to give a message to us, not aware of those on high.
Suddenly, a woman with blue tears running down
her cheeks, came running by. She passed me.

So upset was she. I couldn't bear to interrupt her.
So distressed was she. Will she tell someone later?
Perhaps someone has told her, she has sinned.
How the heavens do react!
Believe it, or believe it not, the heavens are angry.
We are roasting in the heat we've burnt.
Then a close, neighbour, said, he was assaulted,
by a refugee. Because he was a gay man.
The refugee was being housed amongst us.
At our expense, too.
My neighbour also mentioned he had some shit,
smeared over the handle, to his garage.
He is helpful, in keeping the close, tidy. Full of plants, too.
Who would, behave in such away?
Someone, who wants to live amongst us!
A human hater! A guy who hates people like us!
What the hell! A refugee from southern Europe.
Perhaps, he came to Europe,
from a little further south.
Some sexualities, can be a taboo in some places.
Three gay men have assaulted, been.
Two, of them, around a mile or so away.
One struck until unconscious.
Another, was struck by clubs.
Five men swinging them, to cause injury, pain or worse.
Ambushed he was. After that, afraid he was, to go out alone.
At least we're keeping planet Earth
further from over populating, being!

Now I have to say something.
I had to ask for a shopper.
I had a slipped disc and Sciatica.
I asked for men of colour.
Some people came from Ghana.
They were very good. So respectful, too.
Once I had an English man.
He took a long time to do my shopping.
I asked him why.
He said he knew a lot of people
in the store. I said I need some letters read.
He said, "I haven't time."
I didn't get the letters, read.
I gave the shoppers up, after some physios.
Exercised myself, I did. During, Covid, it was.
Another neighbour came close to me;
he wanted to speak to me. I turned away.
I couldn't bear, to listen any more,
to his yellow lies.
So I turned my back on him and went home.
I went upstairs undressed and slipped into my bed.
I was alone again in my refuge. I closed my eyes
and wished myself to sleep.
I wanted, there and then, to catch up with
my purple dreams. Oh, they are something else.
So real, you wouldn't want to know, or would you?

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