

Poems 2507B

1. In The Dark.

This piece of boiled sadness
is the worst aspect about it.

So much about life is about death.
It was the thing in the dark,
motionless and cold.

Didn't David know about the risk?
That is what your family and friends
are asking. Being half awake at times.

Yes, you were involved in wanting
something to take. Anything at times!

As if you don't have to work at it.

So many nowadays, only aspire
to having takeaway pleasures,
akin to being breastfed in a car park.

Is it really beautiful to feel the same?
around the clock?

Oh, so you want the same again,
because it makes you feel so good.

Can't you do a little for yourself?
Be interested in the world around you?

No, I guess you can't! Otherwise,
you wouldn't be under sedation
as you are now. Of course,
it's one strategy. Understanding
how the world, or part of it, works.

Having an insight, into things,
a few items that turn your head.

Your family and friends
how they wanted you to grasp
some straws. To bring about a change,
of prospect. Yes, it takes some time!
This wasn't how they wanted to
say goodbye. Not even a grandchild.
People have to think of good times,
even if it's not for them. They didn't
know, how you couldn't see the signs.
How you couldn't Google
anything regarding the risks.
Your life support system
will be turned off, tomorrow.
The doctors say you are,
in fact, brain dead.

2. In the World.

I was again
with myself and the world.
The world was punishing and
I was torn between
who I was,
and who I wanted to be.
So you do a bit of gardening?
You see a worm and pick it up.
You put it in the palm of your hand.
It wriggles it does, around,
to get back where it belongs,
underground.

where it feels comfortable.
Are you feeling comfortable?
“Yes.”
Then I’ll stop.

3. Tail Lights.

I was a waken by the tanker
taking a wrong turning
the driver was way off track
I flung the bedclothes off
and got up.
Walked to my window to take a look.
Exposed myself I did, there,
in the moonlight, to the stars.
My cottage wasn’t far away.
Just a garden from the road.
A small one at that!
I watched the tail lights
Flicker into nothingness.
as they disappeared from view.
I turned around and felt
my way into my bed.
The darkness wrapped
its arms around me once again
as I entered another dream.
The dream henceforth
turned into a something,
no one could predict.
Torrential rain.

Belly rumbles, too.
The storm came quickly
and I was swept away
into the nothingness around me.
Until, that is the tanker driver,
back again he tracked
and woke me up again,
some hours later.
He must have visited,
that truck hawk,
just a mile
down the road!
Lucky Sod!

#4. Old Gold Drapes.

Old gold drapes appeared
behind the windows.
It was a golden time it was.
But about to end.
The roofs were letting
in the rain. Outdoor privy!
Gas lighting, only!
A potted aspidistra, was
the only greenery around.
All was swept away as the
houses were demolished.
Uncle Harold went to live
elsewhere. With his sister,
my mother. All his things,

vanished. They were
too good, too bloody good,
to be ignored. Surely,
someone could have saved
a lot of it. I hoped so! Things
of beauty should be saved.
As for the old gold drapes,
they were a thing of its time!

5. Tripe.

I wonder how it would be to eat tripe. I didn't fancy it! It didn't look appetizing. I saw it once. I can't remember where I was. It didn't smell delicious. I remember that. But isn't memory dysfunctional sometimes. They say, tripe is functional that is where it was a-doing some time ago. I've never had to eat it. Was it on a cart? It was just after the war. I didn't think I was in a shop. I must have been with my mother. I was around four. The smell of it! That too, was enough to put you off. Nausea was the word that came to mind. And the colour, if you could call it that, it was a none descript one, if ever there was one. Can I get a taste for it? I haven't tasted it. Would a melon slice help it go down? It doesn't look at all solid. More like a rug you'd wrap around yourself on a rainy day. I can't think it would be comfortable, though. Perhaps it should have been rescued before it got into that state. It isn't a dainty thing at all. It looks a mess to be honest. It is just too damn ordinary. Does it look tender? Can it be turned into something elegant? Can anything be eaten with it? Could you think, how to wash, such a thing? Would you rather starve before you ate it? Could you eat it whilst listening to the news? All I wanted, was to turn my back on it. Alas, the end is nigh. So, think of where you are! You're ready to turn away? So, you think you're cool?

Go on, turn your back on it and find something with some colour in it: an orange, a tomato, or even some blueberries! Never mind, if you're like me, you'll be fine. Just fine, here, living in a world without tripe.

6. In The Spot Light.

I have to start something here,
something that will, a good impact, make.
The stage is set and spotlighted,
but only an empty chair is visible.
I was thinking of occupying the chair
but wouldn't that be somewhat presumptive of me?
The manager has told me there is no one but me.
I asked him if he would be kind enough
to take the leading role.
The manager declined because
he wasn't dressed for the part.
I told him not to worry, and that
everything, would work out fine.
The manager responded negatively;
he couldn't play a role because he hadn't been
presented with a script and furthermore,
he was hungry, having skipped lunch earlier.
I watched the manager take hold of his coat before he left.
The back of stage hand, made an appearance
and asked me when the play was due to end.
I asked him if he wanted to be the star of the show.
The back of stage hand, asked, "Who Me?
How can I be, a star without an audience?"
I asked him if he could a friend discretely telephone.

The back of stage hand, said, the friend
he was thinking of is not the type who
goes on stage, he's far too laid back for that!

I asked him, what he thinks about before he goes to bed.

The back of stage hand, sat on the chair.

I think he must have shifted some scenery
because he sighed as he sat.

The guy started to speak but I interrupted him.

“I don’t recall your name so can you tell me
how your friends address you?”

The back of stage hand, said, “My name is Oscar, so that’s how my
friends address me.”

I said, “That’s a great name for an actor.”

The man I can now call Oscar enquired,
“Am I going to receive a salary?”

I said, “I haven’t a budget to pay anyone.”

The back of stage hand, declared, “I’m sorry, I can’t perform the starring
role, I’m not a member of the Union.”

I said, “Don’t you fancy playing, yourself , just for tonight
then it wouldn’t be acting, would it?”

The could be, actor, stood he did, and left the stage.

I looked towards the empty chair.

The back of stage hand, switched the spot light off.

I found my way to the stage door,
the back of stage, hand was waiting for me
so he could open the door and show me out.

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