

Poems 2507C

1. Fidelity

Can this word describe me?

in any meaningful way?

I asked myself!

to begin with,

there was, no beginning.

Just a partaking in,

of some kind. Then all that

All that had to stop.

We agreed upon that!

The pandemic was upon us

Then I took him

to a Becket play.

Actually, I think there

were two talking heads.

One woman was up to her head

in shingle, talking as one does

in such a situation.

Or so Beckett believed.

I wanted him to come

with me.

He wanted to a drinking go,

I wasn't happy.

He left.

I think, he wanted to tell,

well born,

about the play's contents.

Wellborn spoke as though
he had a silver spoon
and two plums in his mouth.
We parted at my garden gate.
I went upstairs.
I telephoned David
and went over to see him.
I had again two lovers.
Divided my time I did.
For 48 years, was I in touch.
Now, there is only me.

2. Tempted By The sea.

Walking was a little difficult
However, I persevered.
Walking on the dunes is tiresome
at the best of times.
After, some time I needed to rest.
Sweat was dripping down my body.
Soaking my clothes, it was.
I stopped and pulled my towel from my bag
and took my clothes off,
all that is except for my trunks.
My swimming wear, that is.
I hadn't planned on this excursion
to the seaside.
I hadn't the foggiest idea!
what on earth to do with my body.
I decided to rest to gather my thoughts.

The brass ensemble was playing

tunes to sing along to.

And yes, some people were a-singing.

The clock tower addressed the people

by the ringing of its bell.

Thirteen times the bell was struck.

Dong, ding it went, so many times.

An extra one, to summon in the new

siesta. Too hot to toil they said.

Global warming don't you know?

Of course you do! It's the talk of the town!

I closed my eyes.

I could hear the gulls a-squawking here and there.

I asked someone I vaguely new

to look after my summer clothes.

Was I ready to enter the sea?

Was I going to swim or just to float?

Either way, I would focus my eyes

on the cliffs around the bay.

I didn't want to float away

into a distant sleep, did I?

Or, into a trance like state,

governed above with the squawking

of a cloud of gulls.

It's the summer season, isn't it?

Don't you eat a bag of chips under

the sky. The gulls are watching you.

Sweeping down to pinch a bag of chips they will.

A bag?

Well after they've startled you and taken some
and the rest are on the ground, you won't be tempted,
trust me. Now, for my paddle in the sea.

3. Two men searching.

Long ago, an old man, set off to find
the reason for the things he didn't know
the whys, and what the hell for, things.

Perhaps the old man was searching
for the time he was younger, and could
accept the oddities and whys he would
later on, know the reason for.

But it didn't happen.

The young man had a photograph
somewhere inside his head.

He had a task to carry out.

He was a wishful kind of guy.

There was this, emptiness in his soul.

The young man just carried on searching.

He asked so many questions.

Sometimes he got a positive response.

His quest depended on that.

He didn't lose his faith, in himself.

He carried on, as he knew he would.

The old man knew he was

a little weaker growing.

but he still carried on.

He grew a beard that

grew, a little whiter with age.

One night he fell, one fateful night.
So heavy was his fall, he couldn't get up.
He lay as still as possible.
He knew he wasn't going anywhere.
The young man walked into a wood.
The roots of trees were old
and rainwater had washed the topsoil
down the hillside. That resulted
in more exposing of tree roots.
It was slippery, too. He had to stay alert.
The young man was careful with his footing.
The sun was going down, and he knew
he would be looking for a place to camp
as soon as possible. Night was drawing in.
He started looking for a suitable place,
just a little higher from the muddy path.
He didn't see the old man's foot
He tripped over it.
The old man came to.
He spoke, a little tentative at first.
The young man told the fallen man his name.
"My son, you have found me.
on the lonely road to nowhere."
"Father, are you terribly ill?"
"Not terribly ill. I have found the reason
for everything. There isn't one.
Life is what you make of it. I know that now."
"Stay quite still. I will assist you, father."
"No, Son! It's too late for that. Just hug me

whilst I'm still alive. I'm so happy now.
You have found me and..."
And with that said the old man breathed his last.
He opened his eyes and mouth as if to take another breath.
His son kissed his father on the lips and lay besides him
for the night. He was so very tired, he slept until dawn.
He opened his eyes and had a think.
He thought about his father's tattoo.
Now he wanted to see it.
He struggled taking off his father's coat
and rolled up his left sleeve.
There was no tattoo.
He left the scene of the old man's death.
He considered the old man's death, a closure for his quest.
He hoped his own father would, have or had a stranger
there, to help him on his way.
He turned his back to tell the authority of his find.
Later on, the young man did wonder,
if he had looked at the old man's right or left arm.

4 Smoke.

The smoke was drifting far away from the blaze,
That is, from the warehouse on the riverfront,
that had suddenly exploded.
The sun was going down,
behind the plume of black smoke.
"What a blazing sky!" a somebody said.
He took out his smartphone

and took some photographs.

He walked closer wanting to take
more. So wonderful were his subject.

The warehouse was a newly built compound
on the riverfront. So secure it was, too.

You needed passes for entry. It's called security.

Boats came and went to carry,
whatever the hazardous product was.

The warehouse was no longer there to see.

Yes! But underground storage facilities?

So many subterranean levels!

However, the crowd didn't know that.

Neither did the majority of the workers.

Smoke was all around it.

the fire crew were prevented from
attending to the fire as stuck they were in traffic.
it was after all, 5.30 on a Friday night.

Senior civil-servants, leave early, to beat the traffic.

Traffic was at a standstill, even for them!

Further and further out the smoke, progressed.

There was no way in hell of stopping it.

People tried to catch their breath.

They wished they hadn't stop to take a look.

People gasped in wonder. Such a pity!

the cars and lorries were soon abandoned

Drivers took a sideways glance to view the spectacle.

Bumper to bumper sounded the impacts.

The concertina crash was, inevitable.

Fires, too broke out.

Overheated the cars became.
Ambulances and fire-engines
were on their way. The police, too.
The greyness was a-turning, darker.
There was the sound of choking.
People called for help.
the smoke was too damn thick.
The helicopter crews above couldn't help.
They couldn't see a damn thing below.
Just blackness with explosions at its epicentre.
They called for further assistance.
Things were getting serious!
The wind was non-existent.
The smoke was going nowhere
but upwards and outwards!
The police were there trying
to assist by stopping people
getting closer. But what could they do?
People were a-shouting every time
they heard a loud explosion.
There was no stopping them.
But they soon collapsed, in a fit of choking.
The fumes were toxic alright!
Even the police had to fall back!
They called for people with
breathing kit to join the crew.
And still the toxic smoke was bellowing out.

5. A Jar.

A meditation on being full, half full or half empty.

The jar is empty. Is it there to be awakened? There must around the jar be someone with something. Something to put into it! When it is about to be filled, will it be too small, or far too large? Questions are like this.

They need answers! If the jar is to be half filled how will that be efficient? Is efficiency an element here? Storage space can be a problem. Is there plenty of it? The empty jar is there. The lid has been unscrewed. It is there by the jar. The mother of two children is on the telephone. Is the telephone call very important? Mary likes it when the telephone alerts her to a call. It may a friend be, to ask how her day has been. She is telling her friend how her day is going. Her drawing room door is ajar. She's had a full day until now. Her children are at school. They are taking in the lessons. They go to school after a full breakfast. Mary knows some children go to school with nothing in their stomachs. She is not assessing how empty or full the jar will be after she has emptied the bag. The paper bag was torn, towards the top. A little of its white contents had been lost. Was the jar too small, or was it large enough to contain the bag of sugar crystals? It was large enough to half the jar fill. So, would that mean the jar would be half empty? How about a full plate? Would that mean a full plate of hot custard would spill over as a spoon was dipped into it? So being full isn't as practical as you might think.

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