



Jimz.pomez

**Yes, poems – as if the world
needs another book of poems!**

Well, here they are...

Jim Marjoram

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Lovingly hand crafted artwork and calligraphy courtesy of Mr M. S. Word.

Follow my other ramblings at <http://jmarjoram.blogspot.com/> - or not.

*Dedicated to all those who probably have a fair idea that I would have dedicated it to them,
but I don't want to risk missing anyone so just write your own name here*

_____.

In memory of Min who walked/stumbled with me for 22 years

Introduction

After 57 years of farting around, stumbling between suicidal depression, creative delusions, religious entrapment and revelations of love, I decided to gather up many of the pieces of paper floating around and put them together in this wonderful little volume.

I was tempted to sort them in tidy chronological order, but I think each stands on its own, irrespective of what stage in my journey it was written. And besides, I can't remember when I wrote half of them anyway.

Each one just is what it is - some are a loose collaboration of words attempting to scrape together the remnants of a cathartic moment, others have more obvious intent, and some are just plain preaching.



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Daily Things

Things - daily things

Oh, the washing, facing the tormenting of grey drops

The webs in the corner of bustling long legs, they can have their lunch today
and tomorrow, as I pass them by...

Dust bunnies bouncing in windy corners - waiting

Yeah, I see you...

Daily unravelling, a preoccupation with what is and what was

Piecing together what will be -

Do the dreams of expectations past fill the cracks of today?

Will that childhood vision be remade?

Will integrity crack and break the other life

The other life that tried, that wanted to be shaped

Shaped by better dreams, other dreams, alien dreams

Things - important things

Oh, the mundane, fighting for reality

Webs in corners, forgotten youth's revelation

that first flush of spirit wrapping warm arms around dreams of flight

The long slow walk from freedom to the new man

Yeah, I see you - now

When the dust has settled, the expectation gone

When the tired heart lets go -

Do the dreams of the future fulfil past aching

Will the honest heart find honesty

Will life crack through Pharisee bones

To find new shapes, new dreams

Familiar dreams, childhood dreams?

Washing and dust bunnies, grey drops and webs

Backdrop the spotlight of hope

The Scary Now

The changes tear
Eyes squint to strain
Wind spiked tears bleed down cheeks
Salty tracks crack with a smile
To what am I led
 With delightful wisps of promise?
To where am I dragged
 Through gravel loss and sweet meadow gain?

Past chains drop link by link
Yet bruises still grip, rusty skin stains burn.
Face the warming sun, the breeze green grass
This moment, this moment
Is freer than the last, but -
There is no past to compare now
There is no future to despair now
This moment is I am, is who am I?
Is untried baby steps, is floating
Is not-fear, peaceful confusion

An open space, so open
Could I have dreamed?
Am I still hoping, to heal the bruises?
 Scrub the rust from tender skin?
Nothing is as it was as I thought
And this new light blows
 Through everything
Singing and sighing
Like spring's first blush

Further up and further in

The days of grace, shine like new stars
Gasping in silent awe
The rush of revelation, the new peace
Slipping into memory foam padding
Like an astronaut pressed hard and helpless
Breaking free from gravity

The deep processes of neuron fires
Burning new paths
Further up and further in

Embrace of love
Embrace of death
Embrace of life
I didn't know that I didn't know
I love that I don't know
I hate that I don't know
I reluctantly show, I was wrong
I gladly show, its bigger, oh so bigger

The deep changes keep changing
Churning
The deep love keeps burning
The words fade and the passions ignite

The deep processes of neuron fires
Burning new paths
Further up and further in

Today...

Early mist, eddies, foggy eyes
Morning light denies
Creeping thinking fingers of why
Today, is the worth of change
Too magnetic to refuse
Or does the warmth of the night
Pull tight
On sheets that fight
For the right, to cover my dreams

Does the day pass
Too fast to last
The tide of thoughts
Pouring from a cracked mind
Into pools left behind
Moment by minute
Barely mine

The night space is different somehow
Pull the day together
The thread of peace
Through every neuron
Summarising, ordering,
Creating, regretting
Embracing this jumble
Resting and forgetting
Covering my dreams

One Year On - A Reflection

(12 months after Min died)

On what premise should love's seed take root
Why do hearts agree to entwine?
It's a tango line dance left footed clumsy
Red rose thorn through the lip

A journey of lesson's rewards
Chalkboard revision
Playground derision
Laughter, swings and slides

Familiarity cushions falls
Open arms understanding
Reach through eye's deep wells
Embracing an inner child

Run hard with bleeding feet
To beat the passion tide
Racing to fulfilment
Dreams burn inside

Peace is won on rodeo pain
Lying wounded in straw and dust
Questions fade in sad smiles
Deep answers unspoken

The light returns to the foundations of time
Fleeting flesh resigns

Freeing the spark to ignite new stars
And birth the new song

Kings Cross

Back in the 70s I lived near Kings Cross in Sydney (the red light district for those who may not know). I spent a lot of time wandering around there, fascinated by the people, life, glitz, pain and passion. I wrote three poems back then that reflect some of that. Not the happiest of observations, but very real at the time.

bohemian

Bohemian's night wave
Ever bright, never right
Moving through neons
Whores boredom's delight
A farce, tight through the night
Boots glitter with steel
Raking laughter through gutters to sheol
Hot malt sweet air slices the chill
Inciting tempers, baiting the kill
Mechanical hearts!

porch light

The ringing of silence invades his ears
He listens to the voices and steps of distant revellers
Wending home to a morning after

The porch lights silhouette silk hair
And his eyes glitter in street fluorescents

A love song from a wailing tom
hopeful excuses, avoided, perhaps a tear
or a smile and a sigh
A look and he's seen and understood

So the door closes and the light dies
And he turns to count weary steps home

mutton

She sat, pensive and transfixed at her own mirror image
Brush poised to stoke away vain fears her hand then flowed
And bristles pulled at memories of the future
Each decisive stroke jerked and slowed trailing off at static split
ends

Mutton dressed as lamb, some would say - A glance would confirm
Lipstick a shade too bright
Rouge a shade too red
Lashes a thickness too black
And eyes that glared
conceit and pride
softness and tears, welling up and over the brink of self pity

A lifetime taken its toll - the world beaten out a mould for her
and those who would pass and see
would pour a little more of her into it
She had a place, amongst the shabby people
The dead artists and those who would not die
Fluttering through past flames of glory, or illusion
She would be there, stoking the blaze
Alive with the fear of an empty room

Delicately she would skim the top off her bowl of life
Seeing each time how little was left
slowly congealing
like the blood in her veins
and the bitterness in her soul

Change

Wheels of paradigm should not be so inclined
To maintain the grinding of the soul's seeds
Flouring petals denied their bloom

Wheels of paradigm may never be inclined down slopes
Less explored, dust and hopes
Ignored petals allowed their glory

Slumber cyclic dreams, self-fulfilled fear
Comfort of the known caress
Lulled, gentle turning and returning

The broken mind knows its mind
And doesn't mind its paradigm
A broken mind seeks to find
Another mind beyond its kind

Fingers of change push in to the damp soil of the heart
Lifting and turning, feeling smothered bulbs
That long for light to shine radiant petals
Breaking through broken wheels that were inclined
To explore dust and hope

The cycle of growth breaks dreams
Of comforting caress
Exposing to sunlight, creating duress
To change, to roll wheels
Kick heels, new ideals

Dry bulb's sleeping petals burst colour, life
Undreamed, unformed, never too late

Patriotic Eyes

Although we choose to remember the valour and brave actions of those lost and the heartbreak that brought to families, we should be more aware of the bigger picture and the reality of all those affected. Of course, I've never fought in a war, so may not be qualified to write this, but after all I have seen and read, and what my heart says, I think it stands.

And what of our future;
Glories of war, past and present,
Lies and myths float on the phosphorous clouds
Inhaled by Red, Yellow, Black...
We have fought with patriotic eyes,
 As have they!
Who can see death without tears?
How many knew the reasons?
 Innocent, ignorant, martyrs.

A dawn's early mist drifts and carries fatigue,
Echoes of shellfire -
 Scarred earth -
 A child's terror,
Nightmare vision and Godless chills
And prickling hackles
Making beds for propaganda - patronising, patriots,
 Fanatics.

At the setting of the sun
And in the morning
We will grieve them,
Lest we remember.

We Are One

When a heart slows, beating into the mist
When footsteps disconnect, reality bleeding
Eyes tunnel, voices funnel
The overload begins, the mind retreats, neurons firing in slowmo
Curling foetal, dreams warmth embracing
Clawing rest, wresting the peace
It will come, it floats through
It curls and folds, it draws and caresses, it speaks
Can't fight it, Process light it, Fuse ignite it
Oils flowing, warming
Flames passion, intimate touch
Breathe and whisper
We are here, we are one
We sleep and dream, live and scream
We shout our love through the mist
The overload retreats
And we rest in the afterglow
We are one
We are

Certainty

Sometimes, day light, every day

Sometimes, night light, every night

Death and taxes, for certain.

The beat runs its own beat

Pulsing its own rhythms

I'm running out of sync, stepping on bar lines

loosing melody, slipping in harmony

Oh but life-beat is certain, deep-beat pounds

love-beat at the heart, my heart takes on the heart beat

Internal synchronisation, locked in time codes

Rhythms fall in surprising places, new rhythms

Is certainty the pulse never ending?

Is certainty the love-beat never ending?

So I run in counter rhythms, counter melodies

free and in time, just in time, but never late, never early

Certain is the joy, certain is the freedom

certain is my harmony, perfect harmonies in three parts plus one

dancing and intertwining, moving through and around

melodies in melodies bouncing from beat to beat

Oh I'm complete,

Certainty, sweet certainty.

Fruit of Life

Age defies, grows and dies

Love, deep - a lake of longing

Smooth, calm, drifting, sparkling

The heart's seasons ebb and flow

Cycles of passing through realm to realm

Leaving and arriving

A violent sadness subsides

Peace comes slowly, joy infuses its rest

New growth brings new fruit

Roots once deep seek new soil

I can smell it, feel it...

How can pain and joy be friends?

How can they lift a soul in hands of passion,

Compassion, old hands, old friends

Does the fruit of life find its ripeness in eternity?

Does life lost find its completion as it falls to the ground

New shoots bringing forth a new species

Tastes unknown, unthought, unbelieved

Age defies, dies and grows

Love draws His own to peace.

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