

Looking for Company

a collection of poetry by

Tony Broadwick

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tonybroadwick@gmail.com

Dedicated to my all friends who stood by me through the thick and thin of a journey called life.

Thank you for having me; thank you for being had.

Contents

A request
Realization
Breaking down mistakes
Time
Confessions
Happiness
I Used to be Brown
Physical Limitations
Beautiful People
Hope
Decisions
Youth
Alone Again
Numbers
Most of Us
End of the Line
Disco - aka, The Meat Market
English 101
A Fool's Dream
Chains
Once is Not Enough
Growing Up
Today's Special
Nobody Said Nothin'
Tracks
Escape Routes
Handicapped
The Arrangement
Remedies
The Illusion of Infinity
The Naked Clown
Mona L

A request

"I'd like to take you for a walk, may I?"

I asked.

"Yes, were shall we go?"

She asked.

"See the sky?"

"Yes."

"See the ocean?"

"Yes."

"See where they meet?"

"Yes."

"That far, and back."

"But that could take a lifetime!"

"Yes, I know. That's the idea."

I said.

"Let's go for a walk,"

She said.

Realization

Tomorrow will be
another day,
the night
will end,
so you say.

For me,
The daybreak
Will change nothing.
I'm a victim
Of my yesterday.

Breaking Down Mistake

Making mistakes and learning,
Is that being lucky?
I wonder.

I'm not
making out anywhere,
missing out most of the time,
and taking
whatever I can.

Didn't come here to learn,
but have come to learn,
there's nothing to be learnt
from mistakes.
Miss them if you can,
Take them if you must.

Nothing's wrong or right,
Just or unfair.
Long as you can keep going
You're lucky.

Time

Give me
a bit of your time,
I said.

There's no
such thing
as time,
she said,
only calendar pages.
You can't
have it
or hold it.

Ha, ha,
I said.
Then how come
I'm running
out of time?

You're wrong,
she said.
You're just running.
Pretending
that the time
is running with you.
And when
you slow down
you feel,
it's passing you by.
Either stop running
Or don't stop at all.

Give me back
my calendar pages, I said.

Confessions

No, I've never loved anyone,
Only told lies.
And used my body
to use others
to kill my nights.
No, I've never let anyone
into my heart.

Went in a few times,
but never too deep.
Never let the water
get over my head.
No, I've never let anyone
reach my mind.

Always judged the others
as harshly as myself.
Very high standards.
I never passed my own tests,
and never could
trust myself.
No, I've never let anyone
have my faith.

Knowing that all must pass
and that longer
something lasts,
the deeper it hurts,
I never tried to hold
anyone for long.
Nor let anybody
hold on to me.

No, I've never
let anyone touch my soul.

Happiness

Why don't we
give and take?
Open up to people
and let them in?

Why don't we try
to reach,
touch,
and enter?

Why must we
manufacture
our own happiness?
Why have we made it
a rare commodity?

I want mine to come
From the warmth of your smile,
The light in your eyes,
touch of your fingers,
shadow of a kiss
or even
a phone call from you.

But where do I find you
to tell you my secret?

And sometimes,
don't you wish
that your phone too
rang more often?

I Used to be Brown

As a kid,
I was crazy 'bout the autumns.
I loved all 'em shades of brown.
But I grew up to learn
it was the wrong color.
I had been naïve to go
for yellows and browns.

But I ain't no fool, sir.
I've learned
and have changed
if you will,
over to green:
The color of the dollar bill.

Physical limitations

Chocolate machine.
Shining brightly.
Eye catching.
Mouth-watering.

Slot.
Inviting.
Empty,
and ready.

Hands
rushing into the pockets.
Digging for change.
"Damn it, I know I had one!"
"There!"
Came up
with a coin.
Fingers trembling,
fearing resistance,
nearing the slot.

Lowered the piece in.
Cling, clang.
Home Run!
Tiny lights
Winking acceptance.
Asking me to push the buttons
For what I want.
What I want!
Easier than I thought.
Mmm.
Tasted better than I remembered.
I want more.

Into my pockets.

Come on!

Please, come on.

OHCOMEON!

Hell.

Why is a man
always short of change?

Beautiful People

Beautiful people
Like the virgin snow
are like the snow.
Easy to penetrate,
Ever-changing,
And cold.

Try not to hold
or cling to them.
The wish can hurt.
Give them not
the warmth
of your emotions.

With warmth
they melt
and slip through your fingers.
And leave you
With an empty chill.

Walk away
After the first feel.
Throw the snowball
soon as you can.
Then you may remember
you've held it,
touched it,
and felt it.

The feeling is warm.
It will stay with you
long as you wish.
It's your own.
That's all that's your own.

Hope

Don't look so sad.
It isn't all that bad.
Could have been worse.

It's impossible
to shoplift the gin.
Would you settle for a beer?

Know something else?
The summer isn't over,
It's just moved to Australia.

Decisions

I felt miserable
and my reflection
looked worse.
What a morning!

I picked up the razor.
Good idea!
Started shaving,
but felt just the same.

Turned on
the gas stove.
Mixed myself a coffee.

My body
ached for love,
and the bones
longed for a high.
Both would have been ideal
Of course.
But I couldn't afford either.
And coffee wasn't the answer.

So I picked up the razor
and turned on the gas
and waited.

Youth

Erecting sandcastles
into the future.
No faith in yesterday.

Climbing for the moon.
Treading on hearts
and souls
every step of the way.

I'm sorry to say,
seeking pleasure is but
an abysmal quest.

Age will defeat you.
The spring
is only a month.
The winter lingers
Beyond the end.

Youth, I can still
feel you,
and almost touch you.
The fragrance of your memory
still lingers
on the sheets of my mind.

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