Some Poems

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OOLIVER DELGARAM-NEJAD (2012)

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LECTURE (08:58)

A SHUFFLE OF BREATH,

FRACTURED COUGHS,

A LAUGH OR TWO,

ALL BRAINS TURNED OFF.

OLDER

THE SIGNS CREEP,

ALTHOUGH IT SOUNDS CLICHE,

THE LITTLE THINGS:

THE MORNING SHAVE,

FEEL BUT A BLINK ...

A SIGH REVIVES

ANY THOUGHTS MISPLACED

IN MEMORIES LOST,

To stress, and age.

PEOPLE WATCHING

Don't WATCH THE PEOPLE, WATCH THE PATTERNS.

THE HABITS, THE GESTURES,
THE SHARED REACTIONS.

Looking

TO REVISIT A BENCH,

IN THE PARK OF NONSENSE
WHERE AS CHILDREN

WE FELT COLOUR AS DRUGS:

A POOL OF RAIN, REFLECTS
FLEETING WINGS.

As the MOSS-OAK BENCH,

AGES.

Waiting for Songbirds

A CIGARETTE DRIPS,

BETWEEN FINGERS AND LIP,

As THE DARK OF DECEMBER,

HANGS.

WHIMSY

TO RECOLLECT

FLUORESCENT CHILDHOOD DREAMS:

A STUFFED BEAR,

CLUTCHED FIRM IN HAND

AT THE LOVE TORN SEAMS.

CANNED LIFE

I WAS BORN ON A BELT IN THE FACTORY OF MAN,
ROLLED INTO A HOME, LABELED AND STAMPED.

MY LIFE WAS MADE HONEST BY INK ON A PAGE,

AND MY FUTURE CONTROLLED BY A SYSTEM OF WAGE.

MY WHOLE LIFE THUS FAR, TWO
DECADES OF LAME,

INCOMPETENT BUREAUCRATIC,

INSTITUTIONAL REIGN

HAS SEEN US SHUFFLED

DOWN THE EDUCATIONAL LANE,

WHERE WE ARE UNIFIED PRODUCTS

FOR UNIFIED GAIN.

A BACHELOR'S TRAGEDY

WHEN YOUNG AND STIRRING FROM HIS BED,

BEFORE HOPES AND DAYS SO BRIGHT,
HE WEARY LIFTS A CHEEK OF YOUTH,
AND TAKES TO TEENAGE FLIGHT.

AND WHEN RETURNED IN THE HALF OF

To shades of amber light,
He scans a home so blankly left:

HIS PRISON CELL BY NIGHT.

Insomnia

THE SPIRITUAL HOUR:

THE CLOCK,

STATIC, STAGNANT,

GLOWERS.

NURSING HOME

WHEN I AM OLD,

GIVE ME WHITE WALLS

AND FALSE FAMILY, DRESSED IN GREEN.

BRING ME PILLS

To slow my growth,

AND SUFFOCATE MY DREAMS.

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