
The Man in the Moon.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS
BY SAM CULLINGWORTH



PREFACE



This is a collection of poems that I have compiled over a six month period to provide a "time-lapse" record of my existence. Things I have felt, thought about, everyday occurrences to the more bizarre events. Hobbies, duties, spirituality and an awareness of environment in all its forms will hopefully be conveyed here.

If you have as much pleasure reading these as I have writing them, or if they were thought-provoking, then I have accomplished what I set out to do.

The Man in the Moon



I suppose I'm a bit of a goon,
'cos I live in the Moon.
But it's not all it's cracked up to be,
cold and grey, no water in the sea.
As my life ebbs and flows, I hang on tight,
and bask in the Earthly light.

I don't say "What on Earth!" anymore,
does it matter? I'm a bore.
Deep in the moon's large crater,
sad and lonely, though I'm not a hater.
Staring at the Earth, feeling anger,
I realise I've dropped a clanger.

Staying up here with the Moon,
I talk to her, she thinks I'm a buffoon.
Washing my clothes in Aitken's Basin,
going crazy, a pretend "ideal life" I'm chasing.
Does it make me feel better? Yes,
I don't have to dress to impress.

Frozen in space not time,
Face scrunched up like I'm sucking a lime,
Though all I eat is cold porridge,
I've never heard of Norwich.
And yet, if you didn't talk about me
I wouldn't exist. That makes me pissed.

For if I'm a figment of imagination,
why bother with this pagination?
I know I wax lyrical on occasion,
Wayne Sleep, more like, on this peroration.
So, while you sleep in your bed,
I will always be somewhere in your head.

From my vantage point in space,
the cornucopia of copulation looks ace!
Nothing to do here, the Moon is so drear.
All I can do is sit and sigh,
but O! The starry sky
makes my soul fly.

I bend over and touch my toes.
"You can kiss my ass!" I suppose...

The Great plan



The days go by so fast,
They weren't meant to last.
Hour by hour, minute by minute,
We are in it to win it.
Or so we think.

The second hand gives it away,
I might not see another day.
The inevitable tick,
I flick my hair,
Gone so quick.
Help! I'm bald!

The balled fist of your heart
Clenches, and you fart.
That's it, game over,
Not even a four-leafed clover
Will save you.

We wonder, as life bursts at the seams,
What it means, why we have dreams.
I always wake up before I die,
You never know why.
Shit happens, I guess.
What a mess.

Hanging around



Laid here, having a siesta,
Feels like I'm in the third trimester.
Waiting to pop, it feels like I can't stop
The feeling, the imminent squealing in my head
Leaves me reeling.

Half dead, I'm not quite there,
It feels like I've failed to prepare.
Hanging around, I hear every sound
My heartbeat, the dog scuffles
His feet.

Patience evaporates, I take a breath,
It feels like I'm waiting for Death.
Procrastination, all across the nation
Takes hold, my God I
Feel old.

What does it mean, to be in a hurry,
Why should I worry ?
Time is our keeper, don't waste her
Soon we'll meet the Grim Reaper.
Better get going then...

The Cycle



The menstrual cycle. It's called that because us men have to ride it. Yes means no, it's ok is not ok. I'm fine. Obviously you're not. Tautologically speaking, you are.

Once the male climbs on, he never gets off. He learns to tell the time by riding it. "Your dinner's in the dog." Ah, day seventeen. "I love you!" Day nineteen, the oasis.

I pause for breath. Ovulation day, what a relief! I coast along on a warm, sunny bridleway of love and unfettered affection, freewheeling into a cataclysmic orgasmic apocalypse of attempted implantation.

Wtf? So to speak. Grumpy isn't the word. She prefers her eggs scrambled, it seems. Glaring at me like a praying mantis, I look away, shuddering inwardly, hoping that she can't smell the fear...

I love her. Period.

It's a Dog's life



Without preamble, his muzzle swings round ominously, pointing at me. Aquiline features reminiscent of Lee Van Cleef, his eyes narrow with intent.

Growling, almost howling, he makes his demands known, snarling at me. Primordial fear rises, my hackles are up, adrenaline is king of my heart.

I crack under the pressure, gaze through the double-glazed window, it's snowing. Hypnotised by my captor, I attach my chain to him, and he drags me out the door.

An icy blast of wind, causes me to stagger, but he is unaffected, enjoying my discomfort. Legs like lead, zombified, I try to escape from him, but he is much faster and fitter than me.

Lurching into a gallop, he forces me along, satisfying his sadistic tendencies, then squats. "Clean that up!" He says, then leaves me in misery, standing over a fresh pile of excreta. Shit.

Pooped, I fumble with the bag, all thumbs and no fingers, while he keeps an eye on me. "My, that's a big one!", exclaims a fellow inmate, as I groan like Hercules at the Augean stables.

What a canine conundrum. Bonded by incarceration, we spend all our time together. The puppy I bought for Christmas has given me a life sentence. I'm alive.

This 'n' that



"A little bit of this, a little bit of that,"
I can't abide the chit-chat,
Where's my hat?
" I've gotta go Love.." Cough, cough.
Time to get off.

Damn. My tyre's flat.
"You need a bit o' that!"
Fuck me. Like my tyre, I felt flat
No escape now. Grunt, grunt.
Stop being a &%*.

"O yes please!" I paint a smile.
I look like a necrophile.
Underneath the patina I file
More oral crap. Parp, parp!
My ass sounds like a broken harp.

What is this "that", exactly?
It rhymes with "twat".
Don't give me that , you daft bat.
She tries to fill my brain with small-talk.
I'd rather eat pork.

Edgar was right. Small-minded conversation
Is shite. I don't want to hear about 'that'.
Life is too short,
"Pass me the port."
Glug glug.

Make bread not love



I need you now, more than ever.
Your body moulds to my hand,
taking shape in a frenetic frenzy.
You accept my flower, arose from
your bed after forty five minutes,
so fresh!

Doe-eyed, I stare, mesmerised by
your beauty. I am consumed by the
heat of satiety, I feel stoned, half-baked
in the heady euphoria of the
post-exercise aftermath. You smell
so good!

I feel your warmth, but you start to resist.
"You've got a crust!" After all we've
been through, I'd expect better.
But her spread wide open, so inviting,
leaves me drooling with desire,
smokin' hot!

You've gone cool on me. Almost frigid.
and you're leaving. Piece by piece,
you disappear, only a memory
to me. I savour them though,
even love requires food.
Use your loaf!

My Sun



My son is my world,
like a flag unfurled, proud,
I want to shout it out loud.
I love the little nipper!
Smoke me a kipper,
I'll be back for breakfast.

My son is like the sun,
if you'll pardon the pun, he has flair,
he's a breath of fresh air.
I can't wait to see him!
Like a fairy tale from Grimm,
He will live happily ever after.

My son is our universe,
like a money purse, wealthy.
I want him to stay healthy.
Above all, he should be happy,
even when I change his nappy!
My heart bursts with joy, lovely boy.

I can contemplate the grave,
like an Indian Brave, no fear,
The white horse can take me, I'm here.
As long as I know he's okay,
I have nothing to come back for, fair play.
I will love him for all eternity.

Attitude to decrepitude



When we are young, we take it for granted. A seemingly inexhaustible supply of years, coupled with a sense of invulnerability.

Old age takes that away from us. Each day lived successfully, an incredible gift.

"There's always tomorrow. "
I hear you say.

"What about yesterday?"
I riposte. The older we get, that's all we have. A shaky memory of what was, what we were.

I don't want what we will be, anymore. All that's left is the inevitable dirtnap, getting planted. And as we accelerate into old age, I mourn

The passing minutes, many perceived wasted. Here, there, and everywhere, soon I will pass through every part of the universe, supernova reincarnate. We will never die.

Two wheels my ass

They say "Two wheels is better than four." But if I asked my ass, he would disagree.

My ass knows best, after all. He's in close contact with the bike all the time.

At the start of the journey, it's all "Oohs" and "Aahs", but later on it's all "Running, screaming and dying." Just like "Jurassic Park."

I park my ass on the saddle. No complaints there. Fire up the bike, twist the throttle. My ass feels the vibrations, I am one with my machine. And my ass.

Hit the road! Ass off the saddle for the speed humps, back on for the sharp left turn, left cheek, right cheek, both cheeks. The road is dry, sun is shining, I'm bold as brass, me and my ass.

250 miles later, it's a different story. It's raining, I'm sticking to the saddle, my ass feels like I'm sitting on broken glass. Give me a paddle! It's no fun when there's no sun.

As the rain pours down, and the traffic piles up, I wonder about the veracity of "two wheels good, four wheels bad." obviously they weren't riding with me.

I am dichotomous now. My rear wants no part of it, and I have to concede. Motorway services, a soulless smile and a coffee, while I persuade my ass to carry on. As stubborn as a mule, he refuses.

Praying for salvation, I wonder if God made a mistake when he created Gluteus Maximus. The gladiatorial appellation hardly fits, except for their final words. "Ave Caesar. Morituri te salutante."
My ass is dead meat.

Dead buff



I've been told I look "buff" by
a nice piece of "fluff".
My heads swell,
you can tell
from my trousers.
She says "Wowzers!"

I stare at her muff,
whilst trying to look tough.
"Yeah I know." Is my reply,
nonchalantly staring
at the sky.
She looks me in the eye.

I quake inwardly, I won't let her
see me shake.
"Are you being funny?"
"Of course not Honey."
Heh heh. I'm too cool,
too cool for school.

I'm so hip, I can't see
over my pelvis, I look
better than Elvis.
So cool, my beer would
be frozen, I feel like I am
the Chosen.

Being buff doesn't have
to be tough, you could even
be a puff.

It doesn't matter, ignore
the chatter. Be yourself,
that gives you true wealth.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

