

The Troubled Years

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Blue haze

Intricate lines of blue
trace sketches before my eyes.
I gaze at them,
lost in their transient existence,
as they lose their identity in the soft cloud fed by my exhale
that hangs beneath the light like a luminous aura.
A formless entity.

I stare into its depths in mute recognition
occasionally offering a silent query that returns unanswered.
My minds fades, recedes deep within itself.
Useless images float before me.
I try to hold onto them but they slip through my grasp
like formless apparitions and I am left with -nothing.
Emptiness.
Like a void filled with the echoes of silence,
or a darkness lit only by shadows.
A feeling fed by numbness.
Nothing.

I reside in contemplation,
twirling the butt between my fingers
slowly watching my hand carve a slow trace
through the ether,
drawing the fuming incendiary to its destination.
Pausing only to correct my aim,
I plunge the ember into my flesh,
pressing hard to maximise the effect.

The air sizzles.
I recoil at the first bite,
the burning dagger stabbing at my recognition.
A wave of painful euphoria sweeps over me
and for a brief moment I can feel.
In an instant I exist, I am real, alive.
But then, as the ache subsides
and merges into the ambient static,
my briefest of companions is cast aside,
and I am left with - me.

Cold cold stone

Cold cold stone.
Yet again I embrace you,
my only lover.
But even you treat me with disdain,
your hold more one of an unwelcome act
than joyous greeting
as you impart your chill
into my heart.

I lay with you.
Devour your companionship
until daylight comes
and I am divorced from you.
Taken away to join
the outside world
that shuns my very existence.

But when nocturne's cloak returns,
the angels of flashing blue
return my sodden form
to its rightful place
in this cell
with its form of steel
and barren floor
of cold cold stone
and I am happy.

History

We can't tear pages from history.
Pretend that things are not the way they are.
We cannot deny what brought us to this point in our existence
or start afresh like the young lovers we once were.
And nor would I want to.

Remember that I love you,
and will be forever a grateful friend
of chance meetings and circumstance and a shy smile.
Of the night we drank ambrosia, danced the tango
and slept under a blanket of stars, never letting go.

We were paralysed once with beauty,
but age has proven to be our final poison.
And yet if choice was granted to me
I would happily drink from the same glass time after time.
Knowing that it will always end this way.

Contemplating suicide

He stands at the edge.
Absorbed in the pounding waves.
The seething fury that snaps at the rocks,
salivating with anticipation,
calling him to its watery breast
to embrace its deep dark depths.

He stands at the edge.
A surely grey sky scowls at him.
Like a nagging parent who,
when faced with unrealised expectations,
shifts the blame on
one who dares not talk back.

He stands at the edge.
The bitter wind attacks his body.
Slaps his bare skin like the hands of a lover,
who's heart, long since turned cold,
yells at him to go, leave, get out!
Cross the threshold and never return.

He stands at the edge.
Seagulls laugh, taunting him.
Vicious names spear his body,
penetrate as deep as any weapon,
drawing blood of one who does not belong.
Death would be a release.

The edge is clear.
The sea writhes with pleasure
at the taste of sweet young flesh.
The wind screams with anguish
at the loss of one so dear.
The sky shreds a lonely tear
having thrown away true love.
The seagulls are solemn.
Guilt has disarmed their tongues.

He looks at the edge.
Such a fine jagged line
that separates dream from reality,
pleasure from pain.
All is silent.
He turns and walks away.
Just like all the other times.

Jane

I don't think
that in all my days
I have ever met
a woman that has
meant as much to me
as you do.

In just one night
I feel that we have
known each other
for all our lives.

I want to say
that I will never look at
another woman again.

I love you Kate.... Jane.... ouch!

ADHD

I am the devil child.
I sing up the tempest,
and dance in its fury.
A storm in stripes,
I rage and blow
and lay all before me.
Gardener of the wasteland.

There is no good in me.
I am the spawn of evil,
beyond reach or reason,
beyond compassion.
A banshee in pyjamas
with the will to destroy
the love that you give me.

I wash you in my tears,
drown you in my sorrow,
until torment past,
I collapse into your arms
and with a final exhale
slip in to slumber.
Just like an angel.
-until tomorrow.

Love is

Love is making you happy.
Seeing your face smile
and your eyes dance with heavenly pleasure.

Love is taking away your pain.
With every brush of your cheek
until the tears cease to flow.

Love is being strong when you are weak.
Of holding up your world
when its foundations crumble and fall.

Love is waking you with a kiss.
A smile and cheery greeting
when sleep refuses to let go.

Love is watching you walk away.
Of knowing when you want to be alone
until thoughts clear and you return.

Love is being what you want.
Whilst deep inside a voice cries out
what about me?

Night

Night clings to us like a velvet robe.
We lay wrapped in the safety of its embrace.
Its stillness, an epilogue calm
that follows the storm of our passion,
lingering in the distance with fond memory.

Night finds us sharing our solitude.
Although locked in each other's arms,
we are on other worlds.
You away somewhere
floating in a sea of dreams.
I exploring the inner depths
that make up my universe.
Returning occasionally
to caress your softness and just gaze at you.

Night pacifies our uncertain souls.
Mothers us into innocence,
and with a childhood trusting
we sway to its wishes
and slumber in its womb
until daylight calls
and our dreams take flight
to be lost forever
in the aftermath of birth.

A Beautiful Moment

We were just,
a beautiful moment.
A beat,
of a wing,
or heart.
A breath.
A sigh.
Caress,
of your cheek.
Your smile.
A kiss.
A blink,
of an eye.
And then,
you were gone.

Oasis

I made you my oasis,
and drank from your waters
that quelled the thirst of my solitude.

I made you my oasis,
and ate from your abundance
until full with the fruit of your love.

I made you my oasis,
and rested in your shade
lulled by the shadow of your mothering.

I made you my oasis,
turning you into my likeness
to feel at ease in your presence.

I made you my oasis,
and took all that you offered
like a child suckling at the breast.

I turned you into a desert,
and then moved on
believing that we had nothing more to give each other.

Adam

Adam is a crazy man.
He grins a lot, usually at nothing,
and is off travelling the world
without a care.
While I am sitting with Dante
with nothing else to do
than contemplate Nihilism.
Everything I cared about is gone,
because I gave him my love
and he took it with him
when he left.

Winter

Winter saps my energy.
Makes me dull and lifeless.
A brooding spirit,
that anchors my body
to these four walls.

Winter paints me with melancholy.
Shades of deepest grey.
Untainted by colour,
or smile,
or pleasant rapport.

Winter coats me in depression.
A nebulous cloud
that hangs before my eyes
like the darkness
that blooms in my empty heart.

Winter oozes sadness
that fills my mind with memories
of a girl who left
to follow the Sun
to a far away land.

Funeral

We utter words that litter the air.
Throw flowers that blow away in the wind like broken promises
of visits at Christmas and weekends.
"We'd love to see you sometime. It will be fun."

We comfort each other in the way that mourners do
always avoiding the truth
that we had really buried you a long time ago,
but you had waited until now to make it official.

Pissed again

The World begins to spin.
Breaks free from its moorings,
loses control of itself
and disintegrates before my eyes.
Once stable images become blur.
Outlines transpose into brush strokes
and lose their identity.
Now things tilt and I see
cold cold stone
rushing forward
greeting me.
It kisses my skull
with lips of concrete.
Richter gives a score of ten.
I lay in its chilled embrace
with semi-comatosed stillness
gazing at the porous ocean
swimming before me.
Crest and vale.
Crest and vale.
Something moves inside.
Internal universe contracts then erupts.
In an instant I become
Krakatowa, St. Helen's, Pinitubo.
My lava oozes around me,
a pungent fluidity
of my own creation.
Spectators gather
upon a footpath arena.
They share a common distaste
that echoes in a whisper,
"He's pissed again."

A moment alone

Cleaning up, I notice that
there are pieces of you scattered everywhere.
In nooks and crannies
upstairs and downstairs.
A note, some clothes, your tools, a sandwich!
You mark your territory with clutter and chaos
like a dog does a tree to say, 'this is mine.'
No Space is empty when you are around.
So now I dust and wipe you into the rubbish bin
and expel you from my house
in a temporary exorcism.
Then I notice something strange.
It is quiet, so incredibly quiet.
I can actually hear my own thoughts
instead of being bombarded with yours,
day in and day out.
In the lounge room, the kitchen, the bedroom, the toilet!
I breathe in the silence and slowly put everything in its place
knowing that you will soon be back
to clutter my life up again.

Marionette

It's not that I
actually don't love you,
or even want you to leave.
But sometimes
I can't help myself.
I have to make you suffer
for loving me.
I don't deserve it
from anyone.
But when I see your tears,
I hate myself,
because I caused them
even though I didn't want to.
I just saw myself doing it
unable to stop.
Sometimes I feel like a marionette
and I have no idea
who is pulling
the strings.

They don't approve of us

Pretend that nothing will change
in the shadow of our eclipse.
As the umbra descends and the voices of judgemental others
rain down upon us like the Gods of destruction,
I will forget that I am afraid of the dark
and as long as you hold my hand
we will make our moment last forever
even though we will never be the same again.

Masquerade

I take off my masquerade at night when I am alone.
It hangs upon the hook like an empty sack.
This grinning shell, all painted smiles and pleasantries
that hides the person you never see.

In the quietness of my solitude, when the voices have become echoes,
and the blanket of darkness returns.
The leering facade sometimes frightens me
and I curl myself into a ball and try to hide from it until sleep's respite.

It stays there until morning when I slip it on, weary and resigned
to face the world in my role plated armour
full of bells and whistles, laughter and games
of 'make me smile' and 'one more time Pleeeeeeease.'

You have become so used to my wrapping,
that I dare not leave it behind.
Even though at times it is heavy and weighs me down
I have come to depend on
this plastic lifeless facade that you call me.

Send in the clown.
Where is the clown?

Here I am.

Colours

In the picture that you owned,
you are standing in a sea of daffodils,
yellow like the Sun.

You in your burgundy dress
against a sky blue background.

You had a smile so white
that they would have used you
for a TV commercial,
if they had discovered you.

You would have loved that,
finally being so incredibly famous
and just so wealthy that you could have left
all this grey behind you.

Watch it disappear in the rear view
as you rode towards
the kaleidoscope of your new life.

"I will never forget you."
Your words would fall back to me
like a casually thrown bouquet
tied with golden ribbon.

That's all you ever talked about
going far away from here, from me,
to where the world was always brighter
as if we had nothing here
that you could ever want.

You became so impatient for escape
that you would often free your mind
and let it roam your delusions.

But always, when you opened your eyes
the contrast stole the happiness from you
and you sank into the darkness once again.

Until, in a desperate attempt
to surround yourself in colour,
you opened up the crimson inside you
and swam in its aura forever to dream.

That is how I found you
after you had emptied your pigment
and turned yourself monochrome
as if you had become a chameleon
and taken on the hue of your surrounds.

The truth is you could never leave
these four dull walls, this broken furniture,
this palace of grey.
We all know the picture was a fake.
You had it made by a friend.
A digital delusion forever unfulfilled.

But I will always remember you
standing in a sea of daffodils
yellow like the Sun.
You with your burgundy dress
and smile so white.

The Sickness

Softly now
you come,
silent in the night.
You with your unrelenting past
full of beautiful tragic faces
that one by one,
like leaves from a tree,
fall to the ground and wither.

I both loathed and feared you.
I saw with open eyes
how they tried to appease you
with their little white prayers.
But you had no time
for incantations.
You just painted your umbra upon them,
turned them into shadow,
and then slowly,
like the drawing of a veil,
you were gone.

Crime of Passion

Jagged blooms splashed with red
here my lover lay her head

In a field of stone by the sea
that took my lover away from me

She fell she fell she fell away
the water plunged upon its prey

What is left but for me to mourn
my lover from two lovers torn.

Waiting for Death

It was a night,
deep in Winter's grip.
Quiet as if the house
sensed there was something wrong
and muted all sound.

This night
drew each minute out slowly
as if they were elastic,
wanting each one to be
meretriciously noted.

Remembered,
but not cherished.

Waiting for death,
is the longest one of all.

There is nothing they can do,
this soon to be orphaned pair,
but sit in the lounge
transfixed in the hypnotic
contortion of the fire.

Silent and waiting.
Surrounded by macabre shadow dancers.

Waiting.

Holding hands white knuckle tight.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Father

I have memories of a Father
Stern and remote.
Through whose silent authority
Mother maintained order.
He was the stranger.
Away during the day

In the field
bending his back
breaking the earth.
Away during the night,
in the pub,
bending his arm,
or someone else's.

He was a man of stone.
hard
cold
as if hewn from granite
without a heart
or guilt or remorse.

With Father
there were only two rules.
Ask for nothing,
and stay out of the way.

Parting

Your dreams ended, so soon, too soon.
Like severed blooms you withered into a memory
and left me with nothing
but a parting scrawl and golden clasp
that bares your face with its facade smile.

How dare you leave me with this jaded image
that I cannot hold or caress.
What use is this pitiful remnant,
I never wanted an artefact.

Damn you that you have done this to me.
You have stolen yourself from my embrace
and made me an island surrounded by this misery.
Damn you,
You knew I wanted to go first.

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