

*For You
Or
Someone
Like You*

David Chislett

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Song For Catherine

There is a light in the sky with your name on it
I look at every evening
I didn't know you that well
But I heard the songs you were singing
My ears are emptier now that their ringing
Has gone
For one so young your noise in this world was so great
We're all a bit lost without you
I raise my eyes to the thought of you
And cherish what I remember
Catherine my girl
We love you
We will remember
More than that we will continue
When our paths cross
We will compare notes
None of us will have given up on you
You walk the hard path in a different place
The crosses that we bear in your leaving
Are nothing to the learning you've undertaken
Go well big spirit
Little girl
For we are all singing you name in your leaving
And we will remember

A New Development

I have hewn out some space
From the masquerade of life
Taken out the trash
The rooms
Are echoing caverns
Begging to be filled
The quiet
I might mistake for peace
Had I ever known such a thing
A still pool
Seconds before the drop
My consciousness
An ultra slo motion camera
Poised
But not still
The rest of my life goes on
I breathe
Dream
Even grow
Keep this space open

Washing Dressing Gowns

The warmest
Closest
Most comfortable of things
Will eventually need a cleaning out
Re-examination
Rearrangement
I am lucky
I did mine
On a hot day
The sun adding luster
To the newly dried
Soft and warm fabric

The Colour Of Secrets

Deep in your indigo eyes
I mine
Mystified by
Your ebony hair
Your downy complexion
Entrances
Your biscuit tan
Fills me to wonder
What is the colour of secrets?

The Rose Of Linden

In this red soil
Anything will grow
I have placed my soul into the ground
I have put my hopes
And the summer sun
Into this ground
While I stand above
I feel the feeding soil
I will be the rose of Linden
Before long
I will blossom
Then bloom

The Trees

Running away
On a jacaranda canopy
Mist light
Glaring
In the eye
And the mind
A tunnel
Of promise, threat and confusion
No side roads
The snap crackle pop
Beneath my feet
The breakfast I get
The light is this tunnel
And from running
I am spent

Walking God At Emmarentia

Speaking in tongues
Among the burning bushes
My eyes skate the mirrors
Of three still lakes
The highveld sky
Overhead
In purple grey
Jacaranda blooms reaching skywards
From beds of verdant green
Atop this grass
I see the city's reaches
Towers piercing heaven
The multitude of tongues
Reflect my inner turmoil
As I walk these red dirt paths
Watch the dogs and owners play
The cogs of mind joggle
For the right gears
Something inside my heart
Burns easier
A firm hand upon
Racing emotions descends
And I feel I am in control again
I swear the lake winks at me
I head back to the trees
And my car
The life I am carving
A message remains
From a green and blue reverie
That the living is the story
The rest will come right alone

Autumn Trees

The ghost of seasons
Gone and hence
Live in the minutes
Of the lives of leaves
I see their budding-dying clearly
In the pale
Winter fade
And no
I am not saddened
By those seconds
Strutted upon this stage
Instead I sense
The hours accumulated
In each green unfurling
Slow red dying
And I see a long life
In the patterns
Blowing in the wind
As leaf for leaf
The tree undresses
Setting each piece of beauty
Free

LBJ

Squadrons of little brown birds
Lie in wait
Amongst the branches of the fig tree
Shooting
To snare flying termites
Before diving back to cover
Fiscal shrikes
Sparrows
Swallows
Swifts
Dance and circle
Under the gloomy dusk sky
Jigging to avoid one another
As they feed
Performing at speed
Acrobatic
And sprinting
Their tiny breasts heave
With the effort
A sparrow sits
And stares
And chirrups
Until his heart slows

Like Autumn Leaves

Hauling back the days
A giant rake through autumn leaves
The colours remind me
Of moments lost to memory
Suddenly less keen
To reassess, review, reinvent
I stare at their form
Remember the moments
These shapes encapsule
I recall only the pleasure they hold
Not the thing itself
Like autumn leaves
The things themselves
Left alone
Can tell their own story

Daylight

Seeing the thousands of days
Being with you would hold
I doubt
All could be contained
I was looking forward to the win
But nothing will change
Optimism wanes in daylight
Embarrassed I slink from the plain
I bit off more than I can chew
My love was never going to be enough

Did You See The Full Moon?

Did you see the full moon last night?
Or were you
Like me
Asleep in the darkness
Oblivious to its yearnings and pullings?
Did you not hear it calling
To come and play in the streets
Like a howling wolf
Till all of your energy was gone and
Back home you would crawl?
Did your blood not boil and your limbs twitch?
Your eyes not roll and your drinking arm bend?
Well then, not tonight my lovely
Seems we are far more intent
On sleep

Summer Morning Rain

Its raining
My roses smile
A soft warm sound
On my roof
Reminds me to smile too
Lilies bob in the drops
Seedlings bend to feel the rain

Its 5am
The sun is up
Rain keeps dancing down
My heart rises to feel
This green world
Beauty reaches out for me
Unexpectedly

The Bright Light

What's the matter
Where the lights are on dim
Putting one foot
In front of the other
Is getting harder

Can I still be broken
When the new day is coming
The road is turning
From dust to tar
Under my weary feet

Turn the bright lights on
Someone
Turn my lights back on
So I can see

Monday dawning dark and rainy
Eyelids gummed to brain with sleep
Heart beat deep and sluggish
Not inclined to face the day

These cells are over active
The beating heart is wounded
Bearing scars from yesterday
Alarms clocks can ring away

Weather Man

Wind drives seeds of consciousness skyward
A high pressure system cooking up rain
Trees bend and flex to windward
The daylight goes night so sudden
Ears pop against the advance of the gloaming
Restless spirits all fired up for its touch
The rest of us seek shelter returning
Knowing the rain will not change much

Where is the line between experience and cynicism?
An imaginary take on an unpredictable universe
In my hope do I attach merely to longing?
A thirsty creature forever stuck on ideas of water
Ideas flicker in and out of my mind, hiding in brain folds

Orange moon slice

Orange moon slice
Dominates the sky
New beginnings beckon
I deny
The pull of it on my waters



Smog

Grey sky stands
Before me a wall
Not in its place
Not in character
Not nice at all
Worse are its hands
Which reach into me
Changing pace
Changing things around
I'd like to know what's missing
I can't seem to recall
All I can do is hope
Tomorrow the sun comes up
I can see clearly
Again

Roots

The world is my oyster
In my dreams a pearl
For all of my wanderlust
I prefer to stay
Another white man
With pretensions of rhythm
Call me delusional
But I'm a bastard with roots

Horizons

What I want to say
Is don't ever believe
That you've played your last hand
Or heard the last word
You're still breathing sunshine
You still have a ways to go
You're still thinking angel
It's a long long road to walk

In the end
It's not what you have
It's the things you know
That will pull you through
A broken heart
Might seem like much to bear
But it's a tool to use on the road

Fall

Autumn is coming
Poking its head from the bag
An abandoned kitten
Unnoticed
It emerges to
Stain the green of trees
With brown, half awake blinking
The timbre of the afternoons
Is muted
The sun filtered
Although still benign
Soon it will be killed
By its bigger brother
Before that it will be beautiful
Right now it's subtle
Teasing
Resentable

Dawn Kiss

The first red of dawn splashes
Roof tops and windows
Winks at me from across the valley
Lowering skies cannot stop
This exuberance from reaching the ground
On this balcony I merely stand
Unkissed, but not untouched

All Morning Grey

You turned the stars out in the night
When you opened your eyes to look at me
The mist had rolled
A long long tide to wrap us
In this eyrie
Day has broken over my head
My mind remains
In a midnight embrace
The scent of a lover
Stopping my senses
While routine runs away
Before the sun escapes the clouds
I must leave
Trailing clouds of longing love and you

Catch A Fire

I am nothing that you want
You said
You struck a match
That lit a bonfire in my soul
Now I stand among ashes
Of the pyre you had built
Immolation was the fire you started
The flames
Were not passion
But you going up in flames

The Morning Wars

Wage slaves grimace at me every morning
As I burn the frustration of dealing with their ilk
Into the road with my pounding feet
While they wonder what kind of man
Has time to run
Instead of work
I wonder what kind
Enslave themselves
To all those stories
Brother sun strokes my head through the trees
I breathe the clear morning air
I curse those slaves
With their exhaust fumes
Tardiness
And salaries

Any old Fool Could Tell

Thank you for your concern
I don't need
Any more explanation
Of how my expectation
Was its own self-fulfilling
Prophecy
I feel dumb enough already
Any number of doors seem open
But no-one is there when I knock
I have my resumé in hand
No-one seems to care
The road map I have fashioned
Is quite clear
But it's not important
Now that my heart and hands are over-flowing
There is here to share
Whatever else my failings
I am not so greedy
That I want it all myself
So thank you once again for your concern
Amongst my surfeit
I am quite the fool already
Thank you

Everything I wrote

I cannot share
Everything I wrote
With everyone I meet

Having spilled
The beans
I try to retract
And cocoon this heart in silence

But
Everything I wrote
Lives on its own
And talks to who it will
No retraction
No reverse

Shorter verse
Than this I spill
In quiet moments
Alone
You didn't hear them
Because no-one did

Impatience

I can see the gilt edge
Waiting behind the thunderheads
And the anxiety shivering
Through my limbs
Is much like the quiver
Of ozone and isobars
Dropping
Before the storm
But I must wait out
The lightning and the thunder
And get wet to the bone
Uncomfortable
Until I can see the rays of day
Breaking free from those cloud cages
Lessons in patience
The guru reminds me
Lesson in patience
My life marks time
In my impatience
And I cannot stop myself from huffing
Craving the soaking
Just for the feel of the sun
Drying my aging, cold bones
After
Impatient for my silver lining
Her hand in mine
This dream in my eyes
That day in this
That distance here

Life Pyre

Build me a fire
Good and high
So I can burn things
Out of my heart
Worn out life
Must go
I have been looking
At new ones

What must go
Is what I put there
Long ago
What I collected
For a rainy day
I see and reach it
But will need help to burn it
Build a fire

A ghost
With a body behind
Purgatory me
Drifts through ideas
Pulls with tides
New life together
Breeze from the blaze
Propels me

Drinking Lager

Sun sets
Days come and go
In perfect calendar order
Nothing changes
There is no reason for this madness
No moon, no sun
No pay check
Rubber balling across my prospects

Drinking lager
Shouting shut up
Shut up shut up
Shut the fucking fuck up
Let me get some peace in here

Love Is...

Did we find love
Or did love find us
Running through these streets?
Do I make love
Or did love make me
An image of its perfection?
Am I in love
Or is love in me
My veins
Brains
Imperfections?
I stand alone again
Braced against the breeze
Do I feel subtle arms
Am I ever in solitude
Or does this ghost remain with me?
Am I love
Is love in me
Do I need to seek?
If I had wings
I'd unfurl them to see
Instead
I imagine you see me
That you see me

Pieces of Me

It's raining pieces of me
But I can't even tell you
Where they are from
I am losing everything
Some I threw away
Some of it was taken
Some of it made sense
Most of it is random

I put a hand into this rain
I can't catch a piece
I am too clumsy
Not in control
I am falling to pieces
In a slow motion replay
Right before my own eyes
Too transfixed by the show
To do anything about it

Smile

Smile
She said
Capturing the uncertain bearing of my teeth on her
phone
My heart wasn't in it
So she had to take it again
Smile
I did
But you could see that I didn't want to
Other things were on my mind
Take me to the tree-line to be shot
I want different things
Tell me I cannot believe what I do
It disagrees with you
A semantic slip that sees
Us using the same words to describe different things
Fooling both of us
Into thinking we held common ground
If you're not careful of how you say what you say
You don't say it
You say anything else instead
Smile
With my eyes this time

The Very Best Of Me

Some sweet small voice
Whispers in my ear
Never give up
It says
Your turn will come

I have no choice but to believe
It is what I want to hear
Against my better judgment
I rail against my lot
Firmly believing
My turn will come
That the very best of me
Has yet to shine

Uncertain Emotions

I wear a grin
It's well used
Second hand
It has served me well
Before
This time
I am not sure that I want
Its usual effect
It falters
Into an uncertain smile
As my doubt emerges from shadowed corners
Where it has been hidden by my laughter
Mind the heart on my sleeve

Compulsion

This is a break down
Post-modern post-mortem
Of an intimate case
Left my heart out
In the summer sun
My brain smiling on
It was deluded
Secluded
Projected
I stopped watching
Picked up the wrong one
The wrong thing
The bad time
Nothing
My lifesblood
Pumping round a system
Unseen
I walked an old friend
Down the aisle
Shed a tear
Made a scene
Nothing can make better
The wounds I hadn't seen
No matter how I tell myself
The circle completes itself
I feel I'm standing
Downstairs
And I cannot read the manual

Desire

Open hand
And open mind await me
I smile
Not entirely
Trusting
But this comfort seat
Has grown thorns of late
I cannot remain
Much longer
Suspicious as I am
I will leap
From this comfort zone
Into my future desire
I will

Oddly Becalmed

Your perfume lay waiting
Overnight in the car for me
No off the counter French monster
Just essence of you
Everything that should ordinarily
Be screaming run
Is off grazing in the field downwind
I play on the grass
And laugh and laugh
Right now everything is fine
When now is tomorrow
I'll worry about what to do then
But beyond these times
The grass and the laughter
Require attention too

Self Abuse

The sun was hiding
Behind the promise of your smile
My heart was wringing
The stumps of new beginnings
Were hurting in the half light
Ghosts of days before
Haunt my nights into early mornings
When jaws hurt from clamping
And chewing myself in two
Blame and recriminations
As anger was threatening
To redden my world
As indignation was rising
To return me to earlier times
My pride was going
To change my course again
The sun rose
This light flooded the room
This heart was lightened
Nothing seemed to matter
That much anymore

And Again

Expectation
Mother fucker
Keeps me on my toes
Another day in paradise
Can be hell
Just strands of everyday life
We all remember
You'd think I'd learn some basic truths
How to keep it real
But expectation's pleasant lies
Keep me up at night
Keep me wild eyed all day
None of this is any good to me
It does no good at all
I think I like the pain
Of being thwarted once again

Being Here

It's the end of the day
I am on my way
Under this lowering sky of steel
Jozi's twin towers
Truncated
In the air
Breath bated
My eyes overflow this bounty
My city my town
My vice my crown
This foul air I gulp down
Shout Hallelujah
Swing from the trees
Stare down the barrel of reason
My heart lifts my feet
With the wind at my back
These Highveld sunsets
Fire the fuel stack
Of my mind
With this wild west at my doorstep
Could I ever cease
To pump out rhyme and reason
With this fecund fast place
Under my skin
Every day is hunting season
When the sky goes out
The lights come on
It is my thoughts
Written in neon graffiti under stars

Let's Go

Light up the fires
Let's cruise
I don't have to pat my pockets
Or check the stove
Anymore
Step into the sun
Track the horizon
Let's go
It's taken long enough to get here
Let's not waste
Any more time
Hit the after burners
Head for heaven

Flat Footed And Sexy

No heel to curve that line of calf
Nor taughten a buttock or thigh
No skirt to flirt
Or hide the lines of knee and shin
The smallest sprinkling
Of summer freckles
Dancing in the afternoon light
Are all you have
To add to your allure
I stand
In the glare betrayed
Heavy footed
Clumping
Trying to keep my eyes in
And you are just flat-footed and sexy
With garden in your hair
A smile draped from your lips
A hand waved flair
Summer moment frozen
In my shutterbug head

No Kind Of Sleep Walking

The face of god accosts us
In waking moments
Through beauty
Reflection
Conversation
In our sleep the devil hounds us
Our demons
Let slip our knitting rest
Between the persecution
Of the outer standard
And our internal fires
We are stranded immobile
Desires
Ambitions
Plans
The words of all good men
Are indistinguishable
From the achievements of their nemisii
Intention's sweet pillows
Start dreams brilliant enough
But actions lay waste
To the dreaming souls moral exactitude
The steady hand slaps
The sleeping mind awake

Older Wiser Faster

In the choices I make
And the things I do
I can see myself getting older
Not so much the line
Next to my eye
Or the grey starting to show
As in a certain
Particular
Way of seeing the world
Were you to ask
I'd be hard pressed to explain
What it is that this means
Thoughts
Meander through my brain
In a herd of bleating fluff
I am just no longer
Such a vigilant dog

Push the button

Push the button
Move the key
Your intent in all things is plain to see
If the button is not pushed
That is not what you meant to see
Once the action is completed
Your intent is transacted
And everyone can see what you mean

Don't tell me you didn't mean it

Ride Of The One

Dawn's light brings promises as vague
As the night

My eyelids clang open
Skeleton springs up
With its meaty mind engaged
No sentiment to question
Why I
The passenger do and die
Wondering all the while
Why in this valley I find myself
Soon
I promise
In contrast to the vaguery of the quickening sun
I will be free of my shackles
And then we will see
How free
I really am
To choose
But for now it is to the cannon
And the loping inevitability of my death
Which every breath draws nearer
Shouting
Fuck you
As it makes about as much sense
As anything else

Stooping Morning

Newborn daylight
Drifts towards me
Asking if I am awake
Hiding in the clouds
Of morning mist
I am already up
To this coy day greeting
I get up and turn my back
Determined not
To fall for this
Subservience
But to make my way in daylight
Full and loud
And simple

Quiet Life

The silence that boxes your ears
When you shut the car
A door somewhere has swung closed
Reverberating down my corridors
I can no longer pretend to myself
Nothing has changed

Suddenly
Spaces where there was only noise
Silence where there were so many things
In the aeon it took for me to focus my eye
One moment in time
Everything has changed

This room is prepared
Swept
Bed turned down
I spent all my life working to this point
These hands know just what to do
My heart has soared to the heights
My mind still shivers
Caught in some cul de sac of the past



It is the door of my past clanging
A gong
Whacked into line
An alarm clock
Resounding
The pressure drop that announces change

Just because this life is much quieter
It doesn't mean that the wind doesn't blow
That the rain no longer falls from my eyes
Nor that thunder no longer wracks my heart
I am just no longer scared of the lightning
Flattered it might still strike me again

Stand Up

Stand up
Stand up
Do you want to be counted?
What is it in this world
That generates all this mediocrity
From which to be free?
Surely so much energy
Is wasted
By this differentiation?
But I cannot sit and smile
While everyone thinks of me
That I am just like everyone else
A devil within me
Pricks and prods me
To
Stand up and be counted
Among those
Who will not lie down
Among those
Who wonder and mutter
And I am not very good at standing
I worry
I niggle
I am convinced
But my courage lies expelled
Against my trouser leg
I would prefer to sharp shoot
From some bell tower
Rather
Than walk down the high road
But stood up I am
So stood up I remain

Whatever I am standing up against
Better not be able to see
How my trigger finger shakes
And my knees seek to bend
Because called out
I do not want to be

Sleep Walker

The dog roots amongst the grass
Complaining of inner turmoil
The gibbous moon
Lights the scene
While my loves watches
Her toes curl into the dewey ground
Frogs croak to each other
Falling in and out of love with their tunes
The gentlest breeze pushes her hair
As her eyes adjust to the gloom
1am in Jozi city
And all is quiet
1am in Jozi city
My love walks the night
I am dead asleep
Picturing her out there
Waiting for her to return
To her warm bed
Hopefully
Think one last time of me

Try and Remember

Let's try and remember
Shall we
Let's not set off all the guns
At once
I put a hand on your knee
Shall we rather think than shout
Smile than sneer
Try and remember
For one minute
Shall we
That you don't know me
Maybe your behaviour
Is inappropriate
Maybe you don't care
How am I supposed to?
I am not going to prove you right
By trying to prove you wrong

There is somebody living here

There is somebody living here
Amongst this clutter
Not just the unwashed sink
Or the unswept floor
But amongst these beer bottles
This unmade bed
It is the thought
That has picked up the broom
And filled the sink
Bought the soap
And been to see the friends
But that none the less
Still seems to be hidden
They are the ghost
Unseen
Out of corners of eyes
Pining for meaning and ideas
Pushing and trying
But not as yet seeming
To clear the most basic mess
From this life
But yes
There is someone living here
Looking in every corner
For hints of themselves to themself

The Door Is Open

The hour is early
It's dark
Cold and quiet
I have woken
Slowly and peacefully
The change in my world
Is apparent
Yet not obvious
It takes a small while
To label it
The door is open
While I slept
It crept ajar
Let the wind in with it

The Actor

Tip a toast for me my friends
For what did I not do?
I moved forward
I tore strips off self
I did not drink too much
I spilled words on everything I saw
But I did not lose myself
I had good times
I grew beards and shaved heads
But amongst this
I did not become anyone else
I regressed
Reverted
Rediscovered
And invented new things
Loved
Lost
Darted and dared
But I did not break or fear or fail
For all the things I did not do last year
I raise a toast
May I not do them again
As for the things I will do
You will be of them
Next year I will say the same again

Player

Practice makes me the luckiest man I know
And if that's not perfect then
I don't know what is

Lip Reader

What you say is irrelevant
Random waves of sound
Breaking on the rocky shore
My eyes are trained on you
To see what you do
Reading your state of mind
From the moves
You choose to make

I don't need to hear you say you love me
Muttered endearments only tickle my ears
Don't set my pulse racing with joy
Even your poetry does not move my soul
I have heard this all before

What I love about you is
You need say nothing
Yet you choose to anyway
Your love is written in your actions
But you tell your friends
You laugh at my stupid jokes

So move your lips my darling
I read love in their curl
Not their sound

Bridging

Count to three
Or count me out
Doesn't matter where you begin
I spin
I duck
The weather changes
I begin again
I reach
You reach
Together we build a bridge
If you wait
I change
And I begin again

Again and Again

At home I step into a gem cavern
As the sun descends behind Assvoelkop
Staining the sky
With an obscene profusion
Of red and orange
And my abode
Is transformed
From a one-bed bachelor pad
Into a calm retreat
Jacaranda flowers complain to the sky
Resenting the withdrawing sun
And while I am gobsmacked
The thunder
Smashes
It all from the sky
With rain
Reprise

Addict

Slide kid gloves into the day
A play suit that reads:
Handle with care
Look up and meet your eye
The impact lights a fire inside
No delicate negotiation
Can stop this immolation
Still
Pulling the gloves snug
Hope burns eternal
It's a long-term drug

Caiku

My cat friend
He purrs and bites my finger
With me he walks the line

Chocolate Box

My jigsaw life
As never before
Bordered feels
All the blue sky
Straight pieces
And corners
Laid out
None the less
Not all the pieces
Lie face up
I cannot yet group
The colours
Together
I am waiting for you
Your unique hand
I am missing you
From my unknowing heart
I need
Your colours
To turn
The pieces
over

Descartes

I sit and speak in isolation
In contact with just machines
If I think about it very slowly
I die
I cry
I pass it on
It's not that I am feeling lonely
I am a mind in the vat of the world
That reaches me at third remove
This is the way it is
If your mind can reach me
In this cross traffic of flashing light
I might change my mind
My life
My cry
But I am sitting
Writing very slowly
Breathing life into these thoughts of mine

For You Or Someone Like You

She looked at me like
I am some kind of crazy
And gesturing at my life
She wanted to know
What the hell was I doing
And what on earth
Did I expect
You can't just rearrange your life
On some vague hope
Thinking that someone is coming
You can't just empty out your diary
Because you want someone special
To be there
She said
But I smiled
I did it for you I said
Because it's the life I want to lead
I hadn't even met you then
But I needed more living room
I needed more space to breathe
So it's for you
Or someone like you

Gorgonzola eyes

So blue and swiftly crumbling
From tender happiness
Into
Pitiful tears
I cannot support you
In this marching emotion
As much
As I admire you
Or wish
To devour you
On cracker or rye

Your aspect
A precarious artwork
The edge of perfection and mess
And spreading will not rescue you
But put you to good use
The complexity of you
Stops me
When I should be passing by

Gorgonzola eyes
I love you
But I cannot make you mine

Naïve Melody

(apologies to the Talking Heads)

This is where I live
Where I lay my head
Home is where the heart is
Right here
In this house
In this town
With these people
The sleeve-heart
I have borne so long
Made wherever my hat lay
The warmest bed in sight
Has retreated to my blood breast
Heart is in the homestead
It beats in time with
My family
My friends
Roots I have put down
Sharing that time
Life
And food
My heart beats stronger
Eyes focus sharper
And my hands
So long clasped about that sleeve-heart
Are wide open
Are waving you in

Timeline

I'm waking up with me
Groaning in the half light
All this justification
Never changes a thing
I roll out of bed
Turn to face the day
Pack away the dreams
That kept me sleeping

A passing hand cannot touch
Say this is the real thing
Eyes that glance off me
May as well not see
I turn away
Like so many times before
Knowing there is no truth
Just this timeline
Ticking for me

Thanks Joe

I am living a Joe Jackson life
That one where
Pretty women are out walking with gorillas
Down my street
I figure
Some tropical sunshine
Might do me some good
I've been too long
In my igloo
My heart leaps
And I see no real reason
Why I too can't be stepping out

The Nature Of Things

I look up into the belly of the sky
Blue blue eyes that stare
Chance encounters
Turn in the weather
My heart beats as strong as ever
Firm hands grasp slippery dreams
Creases in faces point to laughter or screams
Could be that I don't understand
As yet I am not a man
What you want and I desire
Cross each other by night
Loose wires
Follow painted lines or lay them down
No-one stops at red lights in this town
Against your will
I measure
The strength of my own
Who gets to have their own way
Who has the final say
Today I will follow what is in my heart
Head
Soul
On top of my mind
Today I will be what tomorrow I want
Today is the image of what I have had
The echoes of thoughts spatter my skull
The daily struggle of saying I am

Spindle

I want to run amok
On the spindle that ravel
These days out into my world
If I could pick out the
24 hours
That I liked
Somehow re-direct
The others
Would those voids
Somehow become filled
With new options?
De ja vu
Is no comfort
When the bad days
You know you thought
You avoided

Momentary

The morning is afternoon already
Almost
Work lies around me
Immersed
Impressed
Cocking an eye
To the outside world
I wonder
How long is this road
How far is now?
The effort I expend
The dreams I am dreaming
These move me through time
Fold space about me
A warp from a previous now
To a new reality
I cannot describe how it is done
Still
I wonder
How far is now?

Outer Space

Since a child I dreamed of space travel
Here
On this day
I am in Johannesburg
When last night in London
Having slept and changed location
I have shucked
A hurt
Somewhat bitter anger
And donned a tiger
Of ambitious determination.
Could I astronaut any further
On some interplanetary vessel?

Fever

The dawn breaks
My fever
Bringing reason to my senses
As darkness lifts
I see clearly
The rambling dreams
Of my illness
Just as the day has broken
Crowed into sight
I swim clear
Of the clogs in my brain
I swim back
Into my vision

Familiar

I am stripped bare
The summer winds
Are blowing pieces of me
Off my bones
I stand in the rain
I am fading away
This rain and these winds
Are feeding my growing
My roots cut deep underground
I wave my arms
Dance a reel
Sing along
But I have missed the pageant
The ticker tape parade
Here in my cave
I am working away
As the sun shines
As the day dawns
These things are growing practice
I am drifting away
I will fly

Drought

The river has dried up
The well is empty
Rains don't fall
At this time of year
My tongue cleaves
To my mouth
More powerfully that I attach
To this life
These words
The last trickle
As monsoon turns to drought
My heart
Turns away
I can't swallow any more of these
Half-hearted asides

Dictionary

Your face was mis-spelled in the rain
The night where I found you
I don't read American
A slip of mis-representation
I can pour over
Encyclopedias
Or check
The meaning of what I saw in dictionaries
Doesn't change what I thought then
No matter what I understand now

Crystal Clear

Flowers turn
Face the light
When rain is done
Deserts
Spring to life
Storm clouds clear
I'm breathing fine
Navigating by touch at night

It's evident
This is circumstantial
Every corner
I chose all accidental
Didn't I?

Goodbye fairy lights
I can't wave now
My hands on the wheel
I haven't given up the fight
This is my true life
This is how I feel
Crystal clear

A Scent

Four beers down
Eight to go
The distance from
Where I am now
To where I came from
Love's ghost has downed me
Even though
This break of day
Will never be mine
She pointed the way down the road
I love her anyway
It's not like me
To cry in a film
My heart needs to expand
Days like these just cram into my head
My heart weeps with the pain of the joy of the load
Never before have I seen so much road
So you can kiss me off
My spirit awakens
I have smelled the new day

Because

Listening to the Smiths
Water skiing over
My teenage angst
With a smile
My wake destroys
My heart beats in time
With Morrissey's whine
But tears no longer
Spring to eye
The man's poetry flows
In unbroken verse
Through Marr's riffs and notes
And I think
I finally did get what I wanted
I finally did learn to read
Ask me

Brave New Day

Sitting in the darkness
Morning rings the bell
Asks permission to start the day
The blush of its coming
Stains the eastern sky
In gold, orange and deep mauve

In darkness with all these words
I am grateful for illumination
Fling wide the gates of existence
Accept whatever morning brings
I am awake
The day is yet cold
The passion of the sunrise is welcome
Still
My feet from habit retreat
My dreams become concrete

Domino Days

Days fall domino
One into another
Knocking on consequence
Beyond sight
Falling fast
With such ease
I'm taken by surprise
But as their dotted faces
Spread from this point of action
I know at least
I did the first tip

Dream Chiever

The pixie dust of dreams
Settles in the palm
To mix with sweat
The achievement of dreams
Leaves nothing but grey powder
In your hand
While the lights in your mind go out

Nothing To Lose

I know that I can safely say
That I did indeed
Fall in love
And lost the nothing that
I had to lose
For such a short and little stay
I am missing
So many things
For someone with nothing to lose

Love will give you things you've never had
Fill you up and make you whole
Feeling you've got nothing to lose
You won't realise
And you won't try
You won't take it seriously
Enough

I'm a fool
I lost what I gained
With empty hands
I wait
But now I know
That when I feel that pull
I can't lose
The everything of loves nothing
Again

Previously Owned

The writing on the wall
I see in my rear view mirror
So much easier to read
In reverse
I resist the temptation to turn
And double check
Instead
Double clutch
Hit the road
No more tune-ups
No more add-ons
Just someone
Who likes the wheels
The way they are

Xenophobia

A coffee-made smile I crack
Across my unwilling face
My eyes roll back
I hesitate
What here do I say?
You're out of step with time
Your thoughts are a crime
If you want to kill and hate and maim
What are you doing here?
There is no excuse for what you've done
There is no going back
Your face is shown
We know your hand
But now that it is our move
I am not sure what we will do

Right Now

This very instant
As I tower up from where I sat
I am unravelling
Bleeding like mist
Into a morning sun
My strength
My perception
Deepen
I sink further and further
My wagging ears
Perfunctory
Blown speakers in a wrecked car
Even now
My mind coalesces like rain
Miraculously
My fingers pass through objects
X-rays through flesh
My brain hammers my experience
Ice-picking reason
Socialising me to death with persistent doing
Knowing more than ever before
I diffuse Oros into water
Going weak and see through
Simple clarity keeps me dissolving further and further
Away from ego
Away from things
Into the stuff of it all
Falling though the sudden gates of parted clouds
Into an undreamed
Beyond

Purpose

The stars are aligning
In my personal heaven
The wind is lifting
Beneath my beating wings
Scattered pieces coalescing
From the outer reaches
Purpose drives my engines
This is my grace
If I am back on track
Where do you stand?

Life Inexorable

The count is lost
Am I just down for it?
Nostalgia makes me weep
For times gone
Just as weepy
As I miss those yet to come
Self pity, doubt?
I no longer know
Patience has
Gone AWOL
Life inexorable
Thunders on

Elvis Air

In my life I have seen
Far enough away places
I just can't relate
To people who live there

Rock n roll and flying aeroplanes
Have taken me further into life
Than I though to go
And sometimes wish I hadn't

Heaven help me
Please
To get over myself
Because on my own
I am just dumbstruck
In this world I am living
In this world I am lost
So submerged
So part of it
The living in this world
Is taking me to places
I never sought to visit
Is showing me things
I never wanted to know

You can't not know what you have learned
Life busts me about the chops
And instead of throwing in the towel
I have been returning the blows

If I had known
What song and restlessness would bring

I wouldn't have drunk so much
Stayed up so late
If I had known
What lies outside there
Maybe I would have done something else

This is not a rock 'n roll eulogy
This is not some idle complaint
This is the recognition
Of my fate
As I buy another air ticket
As I flip the record and press play
Not just one more time
But again and again and again

Always

We share night
But I miss you
Always
The blinking Southern Cross
Shows the way
To where I lay my head
If that sounds
Like I am not doing my part
I'm sorry
But the night has taken me out
And showed me many things

A New One

The day presents itself
Nothing has ever happened
Darkness lifts from my eyes
Smoke clears
Winter
Lets go
Of my heart
I don't know
If it's day
Or a false dawn
I leap elated into the blocks
Ready to run





