

Days.....

Sunday,Tuesday,Friday..
Same..all days are the same.
Life..should you fear to call it that..
Had it's own pattern..not yours..his..
I knew it was male..just knew..
I..such as I was became time..
Ruled by time..not in any state of efficiency..
No production target goals..just time.

Her time was controlled by the necessity
Of work and preparation ...
She rose early..I would spend ten unpleasant
Minutes..my head buried in a pillow to prevent
The carriage of sound..and cough like a hag
A wretch until my guts seemed to burst from
the inside..
Eyes watering..I wore light shades..blaming
The damed pollen..I would make coffee..
A simple task you might think..
But not so when your hands are no longer your
own..spillage was cleaned in the panic of
haste..
To carry a cup of this hot liquid four meters to
Another room needed total physio-mental
Control..legs in almost straight line..hands..
Both of them, holding and item resembling
A vat of mephitic oil.

Time..she would shower..
"I'll just nip up for a paper"
I walked quickly..the line varied with
concentration..
Always had the right money..fumbling for
change is always noticed..
Round the corner..time..the shop had just
opened..
I knew this..time..
Feining a casual air of ease..after all I was
wearing my disguise..paint stained trousers..
A fleece with creosote marks and often
carrying a tool of some random choice..
"Just a couple of these for him please"
Yes..I would like a bag..
9% in two cans..surrounded in the Daily Mirror
Which always remained unread..after all..
I had more important thigs to do..
Back home..water was still pouring from the
Down pipe into the sud filled drain..
She was still in the shower..Time..
First can opened..the giration of walking had
Made it frosty..no matter..it was consumed
in two minutes..Time..
The water ceased to flow..empty can
concealed The new one behind the counter

JUST GOING....

Talked to him..
He wanted to go..
His eyes..a strange 2000 yard stare..
We drank from old cut ..glasses..
Helped for a short period..
When the large bottle was all but empty..
I knew he'd had enough..
Signs are deepest in the dying..
Strange..Men talk of darkness and introspection..
Women talk of gardens and live longer..
Flowers will always turn to the sun..
As they do..

Mornings..change..each morning comes..
Different times , from
But mornings comment some they do not..
If this is the last one I

To be honest..another key word..small in stature..
Just six letters but with a hugeness of being..
To be honest I feel just fine..
No gouging out a stomach lining..no eyes streaming in constant
weeping..
I make coffee , usually for two..
My hands and fingers are mine..not his..
He always spilled and drank warm liquid with two hands..
He wore shades..blaming the pollen or soap.

The difficult time..she
she detests..
We both know she has better..much better within her..
The usual scroll of time will never leave me..
The shop , for the first two cans..then later the next..
Pretending sobriety..but fooling no one..only me..
And even then , I knew..

Now..I break patterns , rather than plates..
I spend times away from the structure which had become
as normal as breathing..
Each day must have a meaning , a unique presence..
What I regarded as mundane..boring..always open to
The leave for later syndrome..after all there was ample
time , there isn't..
Has now become a search for doing..finding..searching..
Often small things..yet the smallest can and usually are
strangely gargantuan...Truth..Lie..Yes..No..Me..You..

Days..second time...

Mornings..change..each morning comes..
Different times , from the obscure to the "normal"..
But mornings comment some they do not..
If this is the last one for me..at least I've started it.

To be honest..another key word..small in stature..
Just six letters but with a hugeness of being..
To be honest I feel just fine..
No gouging out a stomach lining..no eyes streaming in constant
weeping..
I make coffee , usually for two..
My hands and fingers are mine..not his..
He always spilled and drank warm liquid with two hands..
He wore shades..blaming the pollen or soap.

The difficult time..she has now gone to a work place
she detests..
We both know she has better..much better within her..
The usual scroll of time will never leave me..
The shop , for the first two cans..then later the next..
Pretending sobriety..but fooling no one..only me..
And even then , I knew..

Now..I break patterns , rather than plates..
I spend times away from the structure which had become
as normal as breathing..
Each day must have a meaning , a unique presence..
What I regarded as mundane..boring..always open to
The leave for later syndrome..after all there was ample
time , there isn't..
Has now become a search for doing..finding..searching..
Often small things..yet the smallest can and usually are
strangely gargantuan...Truth..Lie..Yes..No..Me..You..

No rush now..Another opened..three
cigarettes smoked in chain..
All evidence in two plastic bags..hidden under
bags of kitchen rubbish in the copious outside
bin..

I wish her well as she departs..
Time..it is barley 08.30..already I am on the
move..Same "workers garb"..different shop..
After all one cannot have people thinking you
are anyway addicted to alcohol..can one?
The bag is cheap..too thin..
Secreted under a coat..totally innappropriate
For hot weather..
Time..I have six hours..
I drink and smoke..smoke and drink..
Even talk to myself..moving from room to room
I am being creative..words flow like magic
mushrooms..
Time..a haste of small but noticable "Brownie
Point" jobs..completed in mini time and mini
efficiency..After all..I have things to do..

Out of worker mode..casual but blending..
I carry a large ,brown envelope..containing
nothing..addressed to nobody..
Another shop..same items..home..
Talking..smoking ..drinking..
Time..how much Time?



And from behind,
Back blonde-haired stranger,
Cautious among alchahol, ^{workers}
Is you ..
I feel ^While weakness
Such time..
No doubt, one day,
They will be stranger again,
As ^{you} ^{me} ..
Now, ^{chance} ^{effect} ..
As ^{you} ^{me} ..
As ^{you} ^{me} ..
As ^{you} ^{me} ..

No rush now..Another
cigarettes smoked in chain..
All evidence in two plastic bags
bags of kitchen rubbish in the
bin..

I wish her well as she departs..
Time..it is barley 08.30..already I am on the
move..Same "workers
move..Same "workers
After all one cannot
are anyway addic
The bag is cheap..
Secreted under a c
For hot weather..
Time..I have six h
I drink and smoke..
Even talk to myse
I am being creati
mushrooms..
Time..a haste of s
Point" jobs..comple
efficiency..After al

Out of worker mod
I carry a large
nothing..addressed
Another shop..sam
Talking..smoking
Time..how much T

Days.....

Sunday,Tuesday,Friday..

Same..all days are the same.

Life..should you fear to call it that..
Had it's own pattern..not yours..his..

No rush now..Another
cigarettes smoked in chain..
All evidence in two plastic bags
bags of kitchen rubbish in the
bin..
I wish her well as she departs..
Time..it is barley 08.30..already I am on the
move..Same "workers garb"..different shop..
After all one cannot have people thinking you
are anyway addicted to alcohol..can one?

Just Dancing

*Don't let me die in
Cancerous, crisp sheets,
Listening to hope, dying.
And you, watching in a shaded grief,
Knowing more of the truth than me.*

*Don't let me just pass away,
With those tearless eyes that wish me gone.*

*In ways, best known to me, I am already dead
But cling to tenuous beads
Which slip the fallen papist thread
And dance, in irrational, hollow sounds
On hard and polished sterile floors.*

JUST GOING....

Talked to him..

He wanted to go..

His eyes..a strange 2000 yard stare..

We drank from old cut - glasses..

Helped for a short period..

When the large bottle was all but empty..

I knew he'd had enough.,

Sighs are deepest in the dying..

Strange..Men talk of darkness and introspection..

Women talk of gardens and live longer..

Flowers will always turn to the sun..

As they do..

Days.....

Sunday,Tuesday,Friday..

Same..all days are the same..

Life..should you fear to call it that..

Had it's own pattern..not yours..his..

I knew it was male..just knew.

I..such as I was became time..

Ruled by time..not in any state of efficiency..

No production target gaols..just time.

**Her time was was cotrolled by the neccessity
Of work and preparation ...**

**She rose early..I would spend ten unpleasent
Minutes..my head buried in a pillow to prevent
The carriage of sound..and cough like a hag
A wretch untill my guts seemed to burst from
the inside..**

**Eyes watering..I wore light shades..blaming
The damed pollen..I would make coffee..**

A simple task you might think..

**But not so when your hands are no longer your
own..spillage was cleaned in the panic of
haste.**

**To carry a cup of this hot liquid four meters to
Another room needed total physio-mental
Control..legs in almost straight line..hands..
Both of them, holding and item resembling
A vat of mephitic oil.**

Time..she would shower..

"I'll just nip up for a paper"

I walked quickly..the line varied with concentration..

Always had the right money..fumbling for change is always noticed..

Round the corner..time..the shop had just opened..

I knew this..time..

Feining a casual air of ease..after all I was wearing my disguise..paint stained trousers..

A fleece with creosote marks and often carrying a tool of some random choice..

"Just a couple of these for him please"

Yes..I would like a bag...

9% in two cans..surrounded in the Daily Mirror Which always remained unread..after all..

I had more important thigs to do..

Back home...water was still pouring from the Down pipe into the sud filled drain..

She was still in the shower..Time..

First can opened..the giration of walking had

Made it frothy..no matter..it was consumed

In two minutes..Time..

The water ceased to flow..empty can concealed..The new one, behind the container for rice..

Pattern..she in robe..hair wet..coffee..

Easier for me now..

Upstairs..hair dryer..make up.. Time..

No rush now...Another opened..three
cigarettes smoked in chain..
All evidence in two plastic bags..hidden under
bags of kitchen rubbish in the copious outside
bin..

I wish her well as she departs...
Time..it is barley 08.30..already I am on the
move..Same "workers garb"..different shop..
After all one cannot have people thinking you
are anyway addicted to alchahol..can one?
The bag is cheap..too thin..
Secreted under a coat..totally innappropriate
For hot weather..
Time..I have six hours..
I drink and smoke..smoke and drink..
Even talk to myself..moving from room to room
I am being creative..words flow like magic
mushrooms..
Time..a haste of small but noticable "Brownie
Point" jobs..comlpeted in mini time and mini
efficiency...Ater all..I have things to do..

Out of worker mode..casual but blending..
I carry a large ,brown envelope..containg
nothing..addressed to nobody..
Another shop..same items..home..
Talking..smoking ..drinking..
Time..how much Time?





Days..second time....

Mornings..change..each morning comes..
Different times , from the obscure to the “normal”..
But mornings comment some they do not..
If this is the last one for me..at least I’ve started it.

To be honest..another key word..small in stature..
Just six letters but with a hugeness of being..
To be honest I feel just fine..
No gouging out a stomach lining..no eyes streaming in constant
wiping.
I make coffee , usually for two..
My hands and fingers are mine..not his..
He always spilled and drank warm liquid with two hands..
He wore shades..blaming the pollen or soap..

The difficult time..she has now gone to a work place
she detests..
We both know she has better..much better within her..
The usual scroll of time will never leave me..
The shop , for the first two cans..then later the next..
and the next..
Pretending sobriety..but fooling no one..only me..
And even then , I knew..

Now..I break patterns , rather than plates..
I spend times away from the structure which had become
as normal as breathing..
Each day must have a meaning..a unique presence..
What I regarded as mundane..boring..always open to
The leave for later syndrome..after all there was ample
time.. there isn’t..
Has now become a search for doing..finding..searching..
Often small things..yet the smallest can and usually are
strangely gargantuan...Truth..Lie..Yes..No..Me..You..

Days..one day..one hour..less even..
Patterns of time..Not yet in complete control..
But he is getting smaller with each passing moment..
I know he will always be there..waiting..
He must learn to wait and wait..
My mind..what is left of it ..has other more important
messages to give and accept.

Before..when the pebble fell into still water..no pattern
evolved..not even the smallest outward movement..
Now..patterns , though small as yet ,eminate from the
selfish centre and move in concentric rings..
Not yet defined as I would wish..but noticable to the naked
eye and opening mind..

Days...I've started another..some , much better and greater
than I..cannot say that..
For this day..I can..

Velvet.

I awoke with stomach churning in hate
Yet found none to vent its wrath upon,
Until the mirror met my gaze -
And I knew.

Blod.

I met a woman who cried in the past tense,
A tear in retrospection was a choice.
Although 86 and "good for her age,"
All wished her gone.

Life so busy, so fulfilled
So many places she had seen,
So many times, now yellowed pages,
Yet all wished her gone.

Hours, sitting, listening, to revolving mirrors of memory,
None really listened, although they heard.
But all, in truth, wished her gone.

When finally she died,
They rounded like compassion,
A sense of loss filled their profile eyes.
Yet all wished her gone. And she was.

Five Goodbye Poems

I

Liked to have waved at your plane
Or a train window streaking rain
Or a bus in sad eyes of goodbye
But one night you just weren't there anymore.

II

We'll make those 'see you' promises
And know in their speaking
That this is the only time
We'll ever have.

III

And just about now,
When you need a friend
Stop looking at me
I'm waving goodbye.

IV

Don't look like that,

Even in pretence,

I'll remember you smiling

With eyes which always said ~~hello~~ nothing..

And from behind,

Each blonde-haired stranger,

~~In those sunny clothes,~~ ~~with~~ ?

Is you.

I feel ~~tense~~ in weakness

Each time.

No doubt, one day,

They will be strangers again,

~~As you are,~~

Now.

~~As you~~

~~are~~

} characteristic striving for
effect — the something
more demanding of you +
of the reader.

As you are ...

Time..she.would.shower..
 "It'll just nip up for a paper"
 I walked quickly..the line varied with concentration..
 Always had the right money..fumbling for change is always noticed..
 Round the corner..time..the shop had just opened..
 I knew this.time..
 Feining a casual air of ease..after all I was wearing my disguise..paint stained trousers..
 A flash with crescent marks and often carrying a tool of some random choice..
 "Just a couple of these for him please"
 "Just a would like a bag..
 SS in two cans..summed in the Daily Mirror
 Which always remained unread..after all..
 I had more important things to do..
 Back home...water was still pouring from the down pipe into the sud filled drain..
 She was still in the shower..
 First can opened..the girled of walking had made it frothy..no matter..it was consumed in Two minutes..Time..
 The water ceased to flow..smumy can concealed..
 The new one, behind the container for rice..
 Pattern..she in robe..hair wet..coffe..
 Easier for me now..
 Upstairs..hair driver..make up.. Time..

Days, second day.

Mornings, change each morning comes.

Different times, from the obscure to the "big".

But mornings comment some they do not.

If this is the last one for me, at least I've staid.

To be honest, another key word, small in its state.

Just six letters but with a hugeness of being

To be honest I feel just fine...

No gouging out a stomach lining, no eyes start

wiping.

I make coffee, usually for two.

My hands and fingers are mine, not his.

He always spilled and drank warm liquid w/

He wore shades, blaming the police or soap

for the mess.

The difficult time, she has now gone to a world

she detests.

We both know she has better, much better w/

The usual scroll of time will never leave me

The shop, for the first two cars, then later the

and the next.

Pretending sobriety, but fooling no one, only

And even then, I knew...

Now, I break patterns, rather than plates.

I spend times away from the structure which

as normal as breathing.

Each day must have a meaning, a unique pre

What I regarded as mundane, boring, always

The leave for later someday, after all there

time, there isn't.

Has now become a search of food, finding

Often small things, yet the smallest can be

strangely gargantuan... Truth is, Yes. No...

Railway

Simon Rye

Twinkl-

I mumble with stomach churning in hate
Yet found none to vent its wrath upon,
Until the mirror met my gaze -
And I knew.

File: Double / memo

4

liked to have waved at your place
Or a train window streaking rain
Or a kiss at end eyes of goodbye
But one night you just weren't there anymore.

V

And from behind,
Each blonde-haired stranger,
~~Coarser~~ ^{stronger} ~~stronger~~, ~~stronger~~
Is you.
I feel ~~you're~~ ^{your} weakness
Each time.
To death, one day,
They will be stronger again,
As you are, I understand it all perfectly.
Time offers us few certainties.
None more devastating of us
than the inevitability
of the inevitable.

As you are . . .

Just Dancing

*Don't let me die in
Obscured, crisp shadows,
Lethargy to hope, dream
And you, watching in a shaded grant,
Dancing near of the truth that is.*

*Don't let me just pass away,
With those tearful eyes that wish me gone,
In tears, just known to me, I am already dead
But cling to someone inside
Whom slip the hollow pages through
And dance in lyrical, hollow sounds
On hard and polished sterile floors*

Five Goodbye Poems

1

Liked to have waved at your place
Or a train window wrenching rain
Or a bus in dim eyes of goodbye
But one night you just weren't there anymore.

No rush now...Another
cigarettes smoked in chain...
All evidence in two plastic bags...h...
bags of kitchen rubbish in the copli...
bin...

I wish her well as she departs...
Time.it is barley 08.30...already i...
move...Same "workers garb"...different
After all one cannot have people
are anyway addicted to alcohol...C...
The bag is cheap...too thin...
Secreted under a coat...totally inna...
For hot weather...
Time...I have six hours...
I drink and smoke...smoke and drink...
Even talk to myself...and from re...
I am being creative...words flow like
mushrooms...
Time...a haste of small but noticab...
Point" jobs...completed in mini time
efficiency...After all...I have things to

Out of work mode...casual but ble...
I carry a large...brown envelo...
nothing...addressed to nobody...
Another shop...same items...home...
Talking...smoking...drinking...
Time...how much time?

Mrs. George Penn

I

Liked to have word at your place
On a later date, when you

Days.....

Sunday,Tuesday,Friday..
Same...all days are the same..
Life..should you fear to call it that..
Had it's own pattern...not yours..his..
I knew it was male..just knew

No rush now...Another opened...three cigarettes smoked in chain...
All evidence in two plastic bags...hidden under bags of kitchen rubbish in the copious outside bin...

I wish her well as she departs...
Time-it is barely 08.30...already I am on the move...Same "workers garb"...different shop...
After all one cannot have people thinking you are anyway addicted to alcohol...can one?