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POEMS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

for two children
who have an ^o in their name

i.

åsa åsa has an ^o that sits
upon her taller a
some say it's a bird
and some a hat

but whichever it is
the best is that
the one won't fly
the other be blown

away

ii.

paul^o paul^o
with the dancing ^o
there's nothing he can be
that ^o won't show
it comes out of his mouth
like a bubble
whether he's being good
or in trouble
he can be ill
or feeling sad
the ^o pops out
and cries *be glad*

then when his heart is light
and his eyes are bright
his ^o gets touched by a passing breeze
and up he's swept - good job there are trees
to catch him and bring him back to earth
(see his ^o laughing for all it's worth)

in a very strong wind
where couldn't he go
paul^o paul^o
with the dancing ^o

today tomorrow and so on

i
go
lonely
into
puzzled
midnights
asking
for
vision

and
surface
in
grey
dawns
traces
of
blood
about
my
lips
sick
with
tasting

the
sun
rots
my
felts
and
by
lost
middays
i
am
a
stadium
for
worms
crawling
in
from
five
continents

when
the
sky
sucks
the
sun
back
indoors
i
am
a
sorry
space
any
convention
can
rent

my
hulk
drifts
into
dark
oceans
unconvinced
my
experiments
in
papyrus
will
uphold
me

do
i
lack
faith
a
map
or
an
albatross's
blessing

i
go
lonely
into
puzzled
midnights
asking
for
vision

		LORD
		PROVOST
		o H
		f
		EDI G
THE		NBUR
LORD'S		APPEARS
DAY		INTHENUDE
OBSER-		SAYS HE'S
VANCE		DETERMINEDTO
SOCIETY		BE IN ON THE
MAKING PLANS	ACT FROM NOW ON (WHAT'S	
FOR A		CALLED
LOVE		HOL-
-IN		DING
ON		HIS
SUNDAY		OWN!)

DOUBLE ACROSTICS

ONE

ladybird ladybird

*a double acrostic for pat
on her forty-first birthday*

living's a labour we're scared to do well
 anxious should it prise itself from dogma
do this do that - dour voices in our head
 yammer against the maundy of the freeway
 boasting of succour in that rule of thumb
 institutionally waggled at the illiterati
risk did for icarus as he tempted to soar
dreams stalk a body when it's acting-dead

ladybirds wing this signal on their shell
an earthy desire to fly invites no stigma
 dots of sorrow and joy black-spotting red
 yoke loss to fulfilment but evoke display
 bidding impulse or longing not to succumb
 in torments of bleakness - the illuminati
 register prime pigments at each cell-door
dance primal ladybird fleck of the sacred

*each line contains 41 letters and spaces
 lines beginning with the same letter rhyme*

TWO: winged phoenix

we are rapt expressors-depressors of the indeterminable flux
inklings of which make hackwork of our dreams paring to an i
nebulous collectives (ancestral pools) so not a self is born
geared to its universal truth but must in penitentiary grope
enviously inwards yet fractious it can't furnish one memento
delving's a waste of spirit - however much we spit and gnash
our hopes away nothing comes up

phoenix is the wiliest bird -
ho-ho it rasps dying with fiery laughter and its plumage red
on the third day resurrecting and attracting such rich scope
empires cities religions have stamped their logo on its wing
no sun (new era) can be without it - it's the coming of dawn
impeaching nightmare rule and showing grace to star and magi
x-rays deny it - confined in ashes it conceives its own glow

*each line contains 60 letters and spaces;
each line ending with the same letter rhymes*

THREE time clocks birthdays and us - astronomical ramblings

a double acrostic poem for andrew (35)

as time crooks it seems not to work
smoothly - this ticky-tock mechanic
trying its damnable buckled best to
rule out space for meeting - a fool
ordering the planets has less panic
nothing easily avails
or maybe within us the wish is cool
masking a cunning diffidential plea
i know in my own make-up is genetic
cursing the males - a soulful alibi
all's good grist to life's momentum
letting us both do as we have to do
a subtle boon
clocks though are choleric to taboo
life's rituals keep love-doors ajar
observing yens we die to do without
chimes for a birthday trigger stars
keel them clock-wise in a timed sea

*each line contains 35 letters and spaces;
the two half-lines count as a line;
all lines ending with the same letter rhyme*

FOUR

a rumination on two boiled eggs one eaten the other about to be

*a double-acrostic egg-timer of a poem
for dave on his twenty-ninth birthday*

beware time at its saturn ebb
or bar its charismatic echo
it flatters with confetti
liaises an unreal trail
energy loses its core
denies a new thread

effort's a bore
guiltwacking
gimcracking
stagnates

salivates
getcracking
grailtracking
excitatory lore

dreams newly landed
eggs being mythic ore
let this vision prevail
in a cut shell's graffiti
orisons were feasted - ergo
be alive to the next wise orb

*first and last lines have 29 letters and spaces
lines starting with same letter rhyme (more or less)*

all
those
found
sleeping rough
on christmas day
will be rewarded
with gifts of gold
frankincense and myrrh
so that they may be
suspected of stealing the gold
accused of sniffing the frankincense
and locked up for using the myrrh
for necromantic purposes

crucifixion will be in order
for those reaching the age
of
thirty
three

jack

o
n

t
he

e
n
d o f t h e

p
h
o
n
e

talk to me talk to me
don't chew it as though it's a bone
make any sound - even a moan
but talk to me talk to me
show me how much you've grown
bring me a bit nearer home

t
a
l
k

t
o m
e

t
a
l
k

t
o

m
e

dad

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