



NOT ALL OF THESE ARE
ABOUT YOU

by Ian Barker

Not all of these are about you

Ian Barker

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Acknowledgements

In this, my second collection of poetry, there is a more eclectic mix of very old and very new work. As ever it comes as a result of experiences good and bad but, quite often just straight from imagination (and even the slightly-true bits are almost entirely fictional).

Anyone reading any of my poems who thinks, for a fleeting moment, "I bet he wrote that about me" should take note of the title...and not be so daft.

Poetry is quite often the Cinderella art carrying an image of navel-gazing pseudos in dusty rooms using words bigger than "wheelbarrow". It's true, there are events like this and readers who are able to lull the most die-hard insomniac to sleep; but they are, in my experience, the exception rather than the norm. Honest. :-)

In my first book "Can you tell the difference?" I took some time to thank particular friends who both inspired, encouraged and strengthened me; they continue to do so.

To all poets in the UK and US, famous, infamous or writing spindly lines on notebooks that may never see the light of day, some of whom have become good friends in recent years - thank you.

Finally, I'd like to indulge myself further for one moment and write a note of thanks to my wife, Lisa (even though she is sighing theatrically as I type this) - you're a truly special person with a heart of gold and I'd be lost without you.

About the author...

Ian Barker for many years wrote under the pseudonym of "Alex Sykie" in the belief that no-one would ever want to read poetry written by someone with such a pedestrian name as "Ian Barker". It turned out, however, that despite the name quite a lot of people wanted to read and hear his work (and could never spell "Sykie" properly anyway).

Born in London, England in the 1960s Ian grew up in the British home counties and Midlands. He has performed extensively in the UK at various open mics, public events and festivals. In November 2009 he emigrated to Omaha, Nebraska, USA where he regularly confuses people by pronouncing everything in a "pretty accent" once freaking out the local librarian by making the only request in living memory for a complete set of Kerouac and Frank O'hara anthologies.

You can read more of his work and contact Ian at his website:
www.omahapoet.com

Original "Alex Sykie" Biography from the Omaha Poet website

Alex Sykie was born in desperate times during the 1970s as a product of the breakdown of the marriage between his grandparents.

His mother and father, although both male and physically sharing the same body are intellectually very different and have rarely been on speaking terms since the year before they both left school.

Alex has an unusual family pedigree which contributes somewhat to a romanticism which in the past has been found to be very useful to him albeit in a rather unhealthy manner. He is, genetically, an Englishman with Welsh, Irish, Gypsy, Jewish roots but his heart belongs to America. His great-grandfather was a hawker (trans: an itinerant who went from door to door selling goods also known in England, perhaps unkindly, as a “rag and bone man”) who spent virtually all of his life as a bare knuckle boxer and would win what were in his day considerable amounts of money fighting in travelling events like the Appleby Horse Fair. He squandered the only shred of respectability by chance when he lost a modest greengrocer’s shop he owned in a game of cards forcing him to return to his horse and cart plying his trade from street to street.

With this kind of family folklore to prop up the early part of your childhood it’s surprising that, so far, Alex has managed to remain out of prison and away from mental hospital although on some occasions it has been a quite narrow escape.

Intellectually Alex is a pastiche of many cultures and disclaims religious beliefs in favour of a whole world view which is most closely aligned to Buddhism whilst being nothing at all like Buddhism. Put simply; live and let live, do at least one good thing every day – just because you can. Tell no-one you did it.

Alex has an unhealthy penchant for absinthe which he mixes with many types of soft drink but can recommend coconut, lime and pineapple juice with a dash of Angostura bitters. Please ensure that if you attempt to do the same you only purchase genuine absinthe containing sufficient quantities of good quality Thujone or you are never likely to attempt to cut off your ear in the style of Vincent Van Gogh whilst singing "Vincent" (by Don McClean) out loud very badly at 2am accompanied by your ukulele, all of which Alex does regularly.

Worryingly, all of the above autobiography is almost entirely true.

Ian Barker.

A note about the ebook version

Currently there is a huge surge in republishing and publishing of books and periodicals in the form of ebooks - in fact, you're reading one now so you're probably 'in the know'. As an author, I think it's a *good* thing - it gets my work in front of people wherever and whenever they might wish to read. Also, it's a relatively easy thing to do and very cost effective - it could even be argued that it's more environmentally friendly since we don't have to cut down a stack of trees or other suitable sources of fibrous material in order to make the paper and there are no chemical bleaches or glues involved. To be fair, I was never really one for saving the planet but hey, if it helps.

The only downside is that the current digital publishing industry is still taking its first baby steps into maturity. This means we're not quite there yet in being able to make the books look exactly as we could wish. For example; the formatting of text by most ebook reader devices is a little bit random and leaves a lot to be desired (and I don't single any one out here - they all have their problems). This is especially a problem for poetry. Most poems look or work a bit better when the stanzas, verses or paragraphs are laid out so the lines break at quite specific places. Unfortunately this choice of where the lines break is probably the single biggest thing that ebooks are not very good

at dealing with.

As a consequence of the limitations of the media this ebook does not try to lay out the paragraphs in the same way I would choose to were I writing them out by hand or using a word processor and a nifty little printer. The printed versions of my books have nice extras like charcoal drawings, embossed pages (because I think my poetry books should be aesthetically pleasing to the senses - I'm a bit pretentious like that) and text which dances around the page into shapes that fit the flow of the rhythm of the words. The ebooks, however, can be loaded onto all sorts of electronic devices, weigh nothing in themselves, are searchable, and are instantly accessible by the side of a glorious swimming pool or romantic beach...if you have the right kind of connection to the wired world.

Either way, I just wanted you to know...

Ian.

For...

For you...even though not all of these are about you

Cromulent love

A kind teenager sick-bucket poem with a stalkerish twist...to be read geekily, nerdishly and with an impending sense of capture by the authorities:-)

I don't know if I told you,

I love you loads,

large loads,

the sort that needs a sign and a police escort on narrow roads,

train loads,

heavy duty contain-er loads,

filled with hopes and dreams,

like a football field full of fifteen amateur league teams,

more than an ant colony loves honey,

more than a greedy banker loves his money,

more than wasps love Coca Cola,

(and that's a lot, especially in Summer),

oceans of love, tons of love,

a rewritten plot where Bambi's mum comes back from the dead

love.

Like I said, I don't know if I told you.

Knight in shining armor

You're going to call me,
spider trapped you,
bigger than than ever
and it's armed and dangerous.
I'm going to listen and try to be good,
to be understanding,
to ride to your rescue with my armour shining.

Last mistake

Decide

make

drive

place

click

tick

tick

tick

tick

spot

call

tick

siren

tick

crawl

tick

think

tick

tick

blue?

tick

snip

tick

boom

Lullaby

Part of the art of writing poetry is the ability to put yourself in the position of others or to create a believable fantasy world. Poetry is sometimes the purest form of expression of the inner mind. Sleep well.

The shadows hide things.

Malevolences who loom at the edges of my sleep.

As I start to sink into the marshmallow quicksand of my bed they huddle,

a gaggle of threats in the corners of the room,
plotting.

They know me.

They know the real me.

The me that runs away from trouble.

The me that's scared of everything.

Overspending me,

lying me,

cheating,

crying me.

I am deafened as they bang the drum of my heartbeat,
a roaring, storming crashing sea of a pulse in my ears,
relentless;

beating, beating, beating, beating.

Have mercy!

The night terrors whirl slowly in from the menacing giant squid-
ink black abyss of my bed-time sight.

Their voices whisper to me;

"bereft, bereaved, bequeathed: the pain".

They creep their fingers into my mind and squeeze out the
happy thoughts;

"make way, make way for the doubts,
clear out, clear out for the fears".

I shake my head,

desperation shake,

writhe to loosen their grip on me.

Swirling spirits, they gather themselves together,

form into something dirty,

something from the precipice pit come to feed on the sap of my
soul;

"we will riddle you, we will rack you"

the zepherous whisper as I burn in their hell.

"Money, money, money", there's the taunt.

I'm forcing myself to think of beaches and sunshine,

deep breaths, deep breaths,

but they're pulling at my tortured twitching legs again;

"we have you", the pain, the pain, the pain.

Lump

For the runners and those who lost the race...

This is the reality worm that spits on your breakfast so you lose your appetite.

This is the hitch-hiker who steals your dreams whilst you sleep, scribbles out days on your calendar and adjusts your priorities without asking if it's ok.

This is the bringer of a vain hope that God exists, or that at least love really can conquer all, despite the odds.

This is someone else's epic battle that you've read about and it loomed unplanned on your horizon whilst you are still far too young and have so many things left to do.

This is the teacher of new words, new statistics and new ways of saying things, like "whipple" and "procedure" and "chances" and "affairs in order".

This is the pink ribbon and the races in memory of you.

This is how you get to be yesterday's face in a photograph.

This...is... It.

Fight It. Don't give up.

Mum and Dad

I heard my mum and dad when I was ten.

They were not playing tiddly winks.

They were trying to be quiet, but I heard them just the same.

At ten, when you hear your mum and dad,
about 20 seconds before, you think "aha, that's mum and dad,
that is"

then time ticks rapidly past and you think
"I've not heard them make that noise before".

and then, as your ears peer against the wall
after 20 seconds more you think "oh no, that's my mum and
dad, that is"

when your mind clicks frantically fast and you go
"I wish I'd heard something else, like before"

Mum and dad didn't go on too long when I was ten, just little bits.
It was just a piddly fight but I heard them just the same.

My mother never gave me a hug

Eventually, you'll have to take responsibility for your own actions...

I could have been a writer,
a fighter,
a go-on-all-nighter,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

I could have been a genius,
a "do you think he's seen us?",
a known face,
a leading light in the space race,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

I would still be married,
all my sex would be unhurried,
I'd still have my cat,
I wouldn't be so fat,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

My plans would have become reality,
my path would not be insanity,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

I would have been good at maths,
I would have made far less gaffs,
I'd be admired, and liked
and people would laugh like their drinks were spiked,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

My hair would be thicker,
my thoughts would be quicker,
I'd have a full-on tango-man perma-tan,
but my mother never gave me a hug when I was a boy.

My shadow goes before me

My shadow goes before me.

It casts where I don't.

Slips into corners I won't.

Kisses faces I don't know

plays in places I'm too scared to go.

It's liquid black,

a stuck-on silhouette.

Molten me, melted into every crack.

Anywhere I can't get,

under your door,

it touches you, naked,

it slinks along your floor.

Not my baby

We call it, food preparation.

They call it, work.

We pay bottom dollar. They take it, no perks.

Starvation, close our eyes.

Exploitation, close our eyes.

Cry baby, as long as it's not my baby.

We tut at a slow Google.

We curse the providers and the phones.

We skip over pictures of little kid factories
filled with skinny baggy bones.

Child labour, close our eyes.

Rusting water, close our eyes.

Fry baby,

as long as it's not my baby.

We shout foul at 2 bucks a gallon for our tax-heavy fun
fill up on sweeties

and slurp fantasy coffees
and switch the GPS to stun.

Mugabe, close our eyes.

Famine, close our eyes.

Die baby, as long as it's not my baby.

How awful does your life have to be
that a suffocating truck
and an insecure future is a better option?

The true dream of freedom,
washing cars, packing boxes, minimum wage.

Cattle trucks,
roll and rattle trucks,
cross the border bitten by the frost trucks.

Desparation, close our eyes.

Separation, close our eyes.

My baby, as long as it's not my baby.

We call them parasites,
send them back to face their fate
clerical errors,

statistical oversights.

Torture, close our eyes.

Guilt, close our eyes.

Bye baby, as long as it's not my baby.

Poetry can change the world

I said to my friend once: "Poetry can change the world".

She said "Hah, don't be so stupid".

I said "It can, poetry conveys and provokes emotion in a way that nothing else can".

She said "No it can't, poetry's just rubbish".

So I read her a poem I wrote about child labour and asylum seekers

and when I finished

and I looked up

she was silently crying

and the tears were rolling down her cheeks

and splashing on the floor.

Porcelain princess

The drips on her nails say "busy today"

like the chips on the paintwork that she drives away.
She's the porcelain princess who's tougher than stone
with a soft-centred middle right down to the bone.
If you cross or transgress her she'll smash you to bits
this girl is a tigress with a pole-dancer's hips.
She's learnt to be fearsome,
she's learnt to be curt;
this way is far better,
she's harder to hurt.

She spits at the people who're full of conceit
and she loathes the liars, those full of deceit.
See, once you've been bitten when expecting a kiss
the lesson you learn is: give love a miss.

But this hardness is wrapped in the green of an angel
that strides towards doors of the sick and unable

where she washes the needy, unseen by our eyes
and caresses the hands of the ready to die.

The mad, the unwanted, the babbling few,
the burdensome, the quarrelsome, the too sick to move.

She bites on her lip to snip off her feelings
as she doles out compassion and makes life have meaning.

Then slips into darkness with the turn of her key
and returns to her gremlin and slumps for TV
where, lulled by the warmth and fatigue of long days,
she drifts off to sleep, it's better that way.

Prayer for the lonely

Lord, why can't I be normal?

Why must I dream when others do?

Why must I lie fizzing, alive,
when others drift in the sleep of the dead?

God, why must I live my life alone?

Is this your plan, to make me sad,
to let me live as an echo,
and miss the deeds of a sugared love?

Please, don't let this be
the only type of me,
an unfilled something,
a missing what,
with empty days and ringing heart
and nothing left but me, apart.

Run the other way

For a special kind of people...

<http://www.nytimes.com/2001/09/12/nyregion/12RESC.html>

To the sound of screaming,
turns the eyes and the ears of the ordinary
agape in horror at the desperation of a jumper
as he splashes through the glass
fixing a final flickering gaze on tear-welling faces who,
with tightened lips let pass a whimper "oh no, oh no oh no".

The rain of rock crashes chase away trivial reality,
the lattes,
the must-do meetings,
the synchronization of calendars
in a kerosene flash;
thanks to religious brutality.

There, urgent amongst the surging clouds
are those in black turned gray.

Gold-hatted knights who shout for your own good.

Scared like the brokers,

fathers like the chairmen,

rushing like the insurers

but they choose to run the other way.

Sleeper

For my father...

Propped, I hear the animal sounds of your breath as it ebbs and flows like a growling lion.

Your ringed finger forced into a shelf for you to loll against as the whiskey beats you to sleep.

Your chest fights against the force of the poisons in your blood as it pushes you deeper into your battles against the devils of the daytime.

Yet you look so peaceful and childlike.

We are joined in this way,
by the Xs and the Ys.

By your father and my grandfather.

By the ones who staggered this path of unsteadiness.

Who gave us a suffering, a torture, an avid avoidance,
a spirited running away and a drowning of feeling.

Did you create me or I did I distill from your essence?

Did you spring from your father
or would you happen anyway from circumstance?

Then you fall silent.

I strain to hear the baby sounds of contented breaths

- of lightened

exhale,

inhale.

The time tracks that have deepened into your face in the recent
years

ease out with every sinking breath.

Even so, I let the weight of time lean hard against you
and edge us closer to the cheap seats of an elderly exit.

Will you whimper or will you roar like a lion when the time
comes?

You snort and begin to rattle again.

Sleep on.

I want you here as you are now
and will tell great and exciting lies to the children
of the good things you did when I was a boy.

So this is what we've become

So this is what we've become.

Mission after failed mission of overtightened shirt cloth
incomparable to the air-brushing wizardry
of a celebrity book of spells;
calorie-counted celebrity inspiration, feeling the burn;
"one more minute, don't forget to stretch and warm down".

A plastic-propped peep into a better life
where everyone is shiny
and the right machine can make you God's own barista
without even having to watch the accompanying DVD box set.
All on the never never.
'til the never becomes the now.

In a surge of nature versus big business
our crude seas wash over us
in an endless tide of promises and slicked birds who
drown in the failures of our present way of life.

In the background;
an urgent pitch to call now and pay nothing for twelve months.
A lesson unlearned.

In the foreground;
stands a poet working out the best way to perform
the Heimlich maneuver on a dog whilst he waits for his toast to
turn tan.
So this is what we've become.

The farmer's boy

For Redvers Burt...

The dancing blades of grass which, in our better lean years stretched up spiked to tickle hiking fingers or grew shaped for oat-ear darts that in innocent minds could take out a schoolboy eye. Others too grew flat and wide to make good cat-calls stretched between thumbs that knew the art. They join the Ham Hill breeze with us in a mournful goodbye dance of eulogy to you.

These long-trodden ruts, with mud like pitch by farming day and ankle-snapping wallows by wartime night sucked at your boots and swallowed the uncapped cigarettes of the part-time tommys who perched, bayonets ready, over the vents of the train tunnels. This Summer they bake stone-dry undisturbed by you.

The secret corners of the meadows, like skirts unhitched unbuttoned cloaks, let you pick, giggling, your mushroom breakfast like that day we carried them back triumphantly as victor's trophies now sit doleful and forgotten for wont of you.

And above the moor is the startled cry which shrieks from the fluttering height of a hawk breed called by a name none of us

left can can bring to mind yet it sprang to your smiling lips as easy as your rambler's stride outpaced us all; though you told me and we rehearsed the right Somerset burr it passed through my memory and out the other side. I should have listened to you.

This Winter, when the hail fills the ditch and the narrow snake lanes are drawn again in pastel shades of frost and and the crows shiver in the bare trees at the bite of a bone-cutting wind, who will remember to crack ice on the pond for the fishes if it's not you?

When classes gather on rowdy trips, chattering school days out poke at the billhook and scythe on the hitch, and with murmuring lips rehearse the curls of a brogue tongue we've lost and peer at the ruddy-faced sepia snaps of smocked men crushed by the effort of lofting up those hand-built hayricks, will they know one of the little boys was you?

Who is left to remember the willow switch the strike of which peeled the smell of the sweat steam from mud-dusty hide to tear the plough through cake-crumble soil with shrill pursed two-fingered whistles and shouts of "here boys" and "walk on" to plait the criss-cross pattern of our farmland fit to burst later with Autumn plenty if the who is not to be you?

How will we know the ways of every niche to string the berry-bearing twine amongst the nooks and crannies of glass or the bud to tweak or root to lift and clumping ball to split? The way to

cast, broad and measured in a cupped hand gnarled by
ungloved laboursleeps unwritten with you.

The joys of horse and rattling, rich reward for boyhood toil,
bucking cart, riding high on the hay, your father pacing at the
rein; a tiny returning champion, skin like leather; all now squared
into an oil fairytale to perch in maidenless parlours and
picturesque postcards who know nothing of you.

I knew you.

I will remember.

They took my sky away

I came home and they'd taken my sky away. I used to look out with that distant kind of smile and step away from the ups and downs of the day by glazing over and floating into that deep blue distance.

I used to stand and wonder if the clouds I saw had been to other countries. I wondered if they rained on Africans who were happy to feel them do their thing and on Parisians who would grumble with a Gallic shrug and hasten their pace towards Montmartre.

I used to wonder if the sand in the raindrops was really from the Sahara or if it was some bits of a riverbank from just down the road.

I used to imagine what it would be like to soar up like a bird amongst those clouds; wondered if they would be soft or if they'd be wet and bumpy or cold and lumpy.

I'd look around and see the March daffodils make patterns like a landing strip for some airborne God and the hidden Spring primroses as they nestled amongst the sticky-bud bushes.

I'd drift on in my head amongst those clouds and look down on my home and the city I love in such a complicated way. I could see the silly fights people had over nothing and the foxes in the woods.

But when I came home today I found they took my sky away with the wrong kind of crane, cement mixers and a sheer climb of ugly bricks. Profit it seems, is more than a match for my daydreams.

To be happy

To care means to open the blinds just enough so my dogs can lie dozing with their coats brushed by the Spring sunshine.

To love means my heart does little skips when I look at my wife and she hasn't noticed I'm looking so I can see the complex mixture of browns that blend so perfectly to make the color of her eyes. It makes me smile.

To be there means to make The Little Kid put on her Aztec hat, not because it makes her look cute, which it does, but because it stops her face getting red and puffy in the bitter wind, even though she looks sweet with those fluffy red cheeks.

To be at peace means to notice the snoring of the dogs as they lie stiff-legged in that sun, plush against the carpet and to smile, again, at the silly sounds a little dog can make whilst it sleeps.

To be happy means to take all of these things, live them fully and let them sink slowly into what makes me who I am right now; a happy man.

To be lucky means that I can tell you about them.

Turtle Beach

Remember that day, on Turtle Beach, living fossils that scoured the sand; (powder crystals, white like they're bleached)

with lumpen claws which, in a slow and careless wave managed to brush aside Darwin's great plans.

Beaks shoved forward, scaly necks stretched, with mouths gaping, snouts snapping with an echoing snip from the effort of land crawling just to lay their eggs with eye-scrunching strain in hopeful clutches.

We stood and marveled with our cameras, all red eye flashes and whooping fingers, whilst the tide dragged at the night-time shore trying to peel away stragglers from the pack of unwary voyeuristic foreigners.

The musical swish of the wind-rattled palm trees, made the bobbing fishing boats dance, painted in the yellow ochre of candle lanterns that perched like watchmen on the bows where it brushed just enough of their pilots to make them appear like ghosts dipping into the blackness as they flicked out their nets or dragged wicker pots from the stern.

A world away from this evening; the toes that joyed at the sucking of sand dampened by the warm foam of a receding

sea curl now into the unfriendly nylon pile of evening news and TV dramas, readying for sleep before the chill of tomorrow's commute and office politics of the punch in punch out, don't-be-late warning-mornings and the school runs amongst the young mums parking heedlessly.

Funny how we're all just turtles on turtle beach.

Welcome to my city

A (modified) villanelle for Milton Keynes

Welcome to my city a modern Pan's wonder land

It's not just about the concrete cows

A thousand builders, a million cars built with beauty from bricks
and sand

Welcome to my city

Multi coloured with a hundred tongues

we're criticized but we're so much more and

- it's not just about the concrete cows

We vault the heights of consumer fashion

our citizens set trends, you shop to drop

Welcome to my city

Our h's and v's, our transport passion;

beware the roundabouts coz we don't stop!

It's not just about the concrete cows

So leave the grids and see our parks

our canals, our lakes, our open space

Welcome to my city

- It's not just about the concrete cows.

What do I say to Kirk?

I don't know what to say to Kirk. Kirk's the problem. You can explain at length to the sad and the shocked, but shaggy portly golden dogs have no use for the science of mutation and bad luck. If it doesn't bounce, flap or smell like food then Kirk just doesn't get it.

He's got that blankie still. Rotted with the drool of comfort years and glazed with some real sweaty summers. Snuggles it close as ever. An anchor in the squally seas of change. Creaks those cranky joints together with a huge Kirky-boy sigh and thumps himself into the cloth with squeezed-together eyes. I swear he used to smile.

Now he just rumbles on that blankie, day and night with those wobbly-paw half-yelps of him chasing down sleep sheep or some night rabbits. Or he just guards at that bottom window and sighs through his nose at the disappointments. Waiting.

Early days he'd point the flop from his ears, whiskers shivering, and bob his head like Ali if he heard a car coming up the road. It's knocked the shine out of his eyes, all that fruitless checking and weaving.

Now all Kirk's got left is the stare-and-stare, glassy eyed, into the distance. Not a flicker except a blink to wet those

big brown pleading pools. But he hasn't given up even though I've explained it all to him until we've both had enough and wack down by your couch. I've written to everyone else and told them, cancelled things, notified, crossed the T's, but, I just don't know what to say to Kirk. Kirk's the problem.

Winemouse

Public pictured indiscretion;

lost their handler in the roar of China White's.

Cries to Blake "please don't leave me"

and gets finger-mouse to say the words.

It's a whole new kind of cocktail

the Jimmy Hendrix rocktail.

She's not all that methadone pretty

drags a sticky-lip fag with the bendy ash,

he's that junk boy pale

sketched in sallow pastels.

We forgive them both for their liquorice voices

with his lightbulb moments rhymed by his vices

and the laugh of punching reporters

with the crystal taste of happy still in his mouth.

Zombie

Guide me, tell me what the sickness is. Is your stare the look of mortal sin, that richter grin on your clammy skin? Tell me, is that the look of tempted fate, the fatal conclusion of the all too late?

Tell me, can I do something, can I sooth the thing that eats your heart, can I kill the demons on your behalf? We were so good together, we fought the world and nothing could beat us, we were the ones they said would last, we were the ones who set the pace, we were the ones who'd win the race. Tell me, are you still in there? Did we get caught by the snare of the evil vixen, warmed up witch with a bloody mixer? Is the person I met so long ago breathing the breath of the living death or do you still flicker your fires behind those glassy eyes?

Show me, show me something to give some hope.

Let me know that you're not lost, that the bridge too far has not been crossed. We were so good together, we fought them all, the biggest problems, we led the way and the others followed, we were the ones with the bright tomorrow.

Have you left me? Are you gone forever? Hand in hand with your smokey satan? Did the odds beat you, have you lost the game? Will things ever be the same? We were so good

together, we fought the world and nothing could beat us, we were the ones they said would last but the flames and spoon were just too fast, you poked the hole but they set the pace, led you to the call

of the inner space. The deceitful warmth of its other world womb hides the fact it's your living tomb; we'll pull the works from your skinny limbs, pump in life and earthly things, but the call of the siren's song goes on and carries your mind to the world beyond. A place where nether creatures fly where shaking needle wielders die and sparks of love, of happy days are wiped away by their wicked ways. You're set adrift on darkened water because you chose to kiss the devil's daughter.

End..

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