

Poetry Series

Anthony Marriner
- poems -

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Anthony Marriner(1962)

Grew up in a mining community before leaving home at 17 and discovering that I was entitled to know the arts! Spent time working in London and Liverpool absorbing as I went along. Early 20s entered the criminal justice field: mad, bad, sad, evil and tormented are not just the preserve of an artist.

Utterly eclectic in my tastes in all things: -failed painter and backroom writer, so I make no claim on poetry!

Love travel, philosophising and all things Italian. Married with one child.

American Sky (Reworked)

Warm and dry Californian sky-
That first Spanish taste in Angeles' glare
No zephyr to purge Downtown's shadow.
Freed from the Valley's crucible
Cocooned in air-con, going East to the West
To see America's sky.

Mojave brightness caps light ochre soil,
Blue ever present, ruffled by haze
Nevada's inferno streaked with contrails.
Santa Fe railroad climbs an azure grade
Bisecting Arizona, Route 66 hitches a ride.
Reflecting the sapphire: America's sky.

One-eighty turn North, to the Colorado's deep child.
Strata of rust and sage, give way to cerulean vault.
Aeons of creation bringing light to the floor.
Painted Desert, its watercolour horizon
Frames a meteorite's arc- deep clear backdrop
A sunset volcano ignites America's sky.

Monumental red cathedrals, in dusty glory
Punching heavenwards, the stagecoach's goal.
Navajo light is weaving their claim.
Emerald blue Tahoe illuminates the Sierra's
Cold clear march. Through gold's wild man
To Manzanar, teardrop in America's sky.

Yosemite, primeval in majesty carves its space
Pines and firs lance upward, with meadows of
Colour breathing crystal air.
Angels returning to view as green cedes to brown,
Smoke black horizon drapes gauze on the sun.
The fires of renewal streak America's sky.

(2009)

Anthony Marriner

Cloud Cover (Reworked)

I don't see myself in this.
Waiting for the cloud to part,
for my illumination to begin.
When I'm warm I grasp it, mania ensues.
The need for clarification overwhelms me
I overstep the mark and your recoil begins.
Reciting Oppenheimer, caught in the brightness,
all I can do is wait for the clouds to converge.
You walk away.
Wanting to feel.
Wanting to hope.
Wanting to love.
Cloud cover.

Briefest of glimpses. You see me in there.
Promethean intensity revealing what is alive
but that which can't persist.
A love shaped by contrast, by shade: eclipsed.
Within my penumbra all is bleak.
I want to emerge and unfurl-to radiate
You remain.
Helping me feel.
Helping me hope.
Helping me love.
Cloud cover.

Red and Black are my world's only colours.
Falsehoods and deceptions.
Contradictions overshadow
what emerges inside me.
I am at home in Diodati.
Corrosion can be reversed
but its remnants still contaminate.
Acceptance of the haze is the beginning of purity.
You cleanse.
I feel.
I hope.
I love.
Cloud revealed.

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Intimacy Lost

The space creeps up, at first unseen,
Where once the clasp of youth had grown.
Can love persist such distance obscene-
Or shall life proceed in monotone?

We each still crave love's caress,
That maps our torrid union's history.
But time has dulled erotic progress;
Complacency, robs passions mystery.

Frigid darkness chases light away,
As silent pain fills up the void.
Reaching out, can my hand stay-
Or will rejection's answer lie with Freud?

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Myth Maker (Reworked)

Framed in celluloid
for the crime too;
the offence
of selling an ideal,
maintaining the Dream.
Reeking of bullshit,
the myth and the man.
All eyes look West.

Itinerant coarseness erased,
the horse he rides
is an East coast hobby.
Frontiersman, Indian-killer
or mountain trapper,
their positions usurped.
High in the saddle
he dons the white hat.

Manifest Destiny drove him,
across the Plains to live free.
In Rousseau's natural world,
House Full signs go up
the frontier is closed.

Farmer, miner, cattleman;
all tasted the corporate truth.
Open range?
Staked claim?
Freedom?
We still need a hero
for the folks back East.

The nation needs its Arthur
for chivalry and honour-
its campfire song of Roland.
A horse, but not of Homeric wood.
Our hero is the cowboy,
lifted from the earth.

In times of plenty
he rides with silver spurs.
The Great Communicator
knew his role and mythical worth.
Bad times reveal the stubble,
coyote howl and rheumy stare.

Do we still believe in cowboys?
A shadow with a gun.
The hat exchanged for black
a Lone Star pinned on.

(2009)

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Staring @ The Sun - - Un Hommage A Bukowski.

'It does START in the head
but it's in the gut where it gets you
A bourbon tang
DESIRE doesn't do it justice

Running down your brain stem
like ants leaving, crossing the threshold
Pin pricks
Supernova
Singularity
Each fibre aches

Liquid NEED: pure radiation
-lust
-desire
-corona of love

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Anthony Marriner