

Poetry Series

Ben No
- poems -

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Ben No(19/03/1979)

Ben No is a degenerate with all the literary talent of half a brick. Don't encourage him by reading this bilge he has the audacity to call 'poetry', it'll only make him worse.

A True Fairy Tale Is A Treasure To Behold

I went away
to a magical land
where sedatives flowed like wine
and there were no sharp objects
and a handsome prince
in a white uniform
attached things with wires
to my head
and gave me something to bite on
and jazzed me away
to an even more magical land
where nothing existed,
not even me.

When I came back
the handsome prince
told me I was better
but they might need to send me back
a few times.
So off I went.

This land was like the moment between sleeping and waking
but forever and ever
and ever.

The handsome prince
would put me in rooms
with all kinds of goblins and elves
and monsters
and sometimes I'd cry
because I was scared
so they'd give me
a special blue drink
to make me happy
(and quiet)
again.

After lots of talking
and lots of food that was

very small and round
(you needed lots of water
to go with the food)
and some more special blue drink
now and again,
they sent me to that place
between sleeping and waking
(forever)
one last time
then said I had to go home.
The handsome prince patted my shoulder and said,
I think you're ready.

So I came home,
and people who didn't know
about my magical trip
had thought I was dead.
And some cried when they saw me.
And some shouted at me.
And some ignored me.
But I didn't care much
because it turned out
that they had been right
in all the ways that counted.

Ben No

Blood On The Snow

Blood on the snow;
the falling white, like icy spikes.
The sky is low;
so oppressive it feels like
it's resting on
my scalp. Such a dull shade of
slate, that hopeless
grey of gunmetal and doubt.
And just beneath,
all that crimson spilt on white.
The contrast slashes at my eyes
like a blade. I mean, it's
like, at some other time, such
contrast just might
manage to be pretty. But
not now, not here.

I stare at him. Just moments
ago, there was
a man beside me, yawning,
telling me how
he missed his hometown and his
girl. Not now.
Now there's just a shell. A hole
in the world, where
once, seconds ago, a soul
resided. And
I'm gawping at this sight, hair
and flesh and bone, suddenly
in all the wrong
places, and as his blood spreads
it sinks into
the snow, as if the cold ground
beneath, somehow,
is hungry for it. And sound
bludgeons its way into my
head abruptly,
the scream and piercing whine
of bullets and

explosions and howls of fine
men now become
lost children, wailing for their
mothers, as they
clutch at bleeding stumps, or
guts trying to
escape into the open
air. And still I
cannot move, all sense of self
preservation
gone, because I'm transfixed by
this awful sight;
this vision from a nightmare.
Just red on white.
Everything is wrong. I stare.
The snow still falls,
the bullets still fly, and still
I cannot move.
The air is crammed, edge to edge,
with the smell of death and cordite.
Any
moment now, I could be hit myself. Just one
more empty shell
to add to the pile. And still
I cannot move.
Not even my frozen lips,
to say goodbye.

Ben No

Lights

red lines
and blue lines, intersecting and
encircling these two obsidian monuments
who stand haughty and implacable normally
but with such thrashing, screaming silken lights
they are rendered gaudy, look you can see
the scarlet shape of anger on one blank stone,
red light now ripcurled
and forming a frowning eyebrow
(and yes, it does look angry)
that then rejoins the dance
with the blue, who has been making
the other monument look depressed,
coiled ribbon of blue
twists itself into a noose, slides
down the face of this obsidian colossus
and then is back to the dance with the red.

They are communing with us. The lights.

They're trying to tell us something.

the shape-shifting and dancing speeds up
until they are a obsidian-obscuring haze,
and images appear there,
images it might not be heathy to look at
and then the lights are beams,
fired from the top of the monuments,
straight into the sky.
and they go.

the obelisks sit, once again haughty, once again implacable.

what did it mean? what were the lights trying to say? Did anyone manage to
understand them?

help us

Ben No

Sweet Childhood Memories

It's just how it is.

Sorry.

Condemned,

like a building no longer fit

for habitation,

where the dry rot has spread to our hearts

and the termites are the tiny monarchs

of our crumbling ambitions.

When I was a child,

we always thought such houses

to be haunted.

Maybe our young selves

heard an echo of some truth;

that a haunting was coming.

Not for these broken-windowed wrecks

but for us.

Sorry.

It's just how it is.

Sleep tight.

Ben No