

Poetry Series

beresford mitchell
- poems -

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beresford mitchell()

All This Thisness

in my foreign-ness
i feel blackness
a disturbing outcastness,
isolatedness.
i want to have some isaac hayes ness.
some gold chainness
some black mooses ness
have the kind of deep powerful voice that commands attentativeness,
i want to elevate my boardroomness

i want to drop my computeress failings,
my fumbling 5 finger skillless keyboardlessness,
address my lack of successfulness
switch to some elitist gold clubness.
20000 bottomless dollar bottles of wineness
attempts at the new snobness and refinedness
can i adopt some over the top all done out shanghainess
some excessiveness
or tier two bling-ness
can i
can i
can i really be a part of this.

this feeling of outsidersness
not in control or really connected to this,
an invisible spray of black pepperness
is killing this will in me
to endure this
to outlast this
certainly not to prolong this
but to beat and conquer this
to become a part of this.

i want to howl like his holiness
that isaac hayes-ness
that walk on by this.
stop all of this shaft-i-ness.

i get tired of all of this,

this screwing you
and confusing you in the meetingness.
it is wearing this
old boy down.

i think i'll take a piss
on all of.....

beresford mitchell

Deja Vu Again

time is a reconciling
forgives my hearts defiling
turns off those flowing fountains
softly scales those awakening mountains
heaven encourages my every step
erases each night i wept
and smiles with a lovers delight
that blossoms in the stealth of an excited naked flight
pleasure will be mine, nursed thru this night
fill yourself before the morning takes
and the air of reality breaks
arms entwined rueing our souls
and you, once again, drag me over the coals.

beresford mitchell

God's Chaos/1.

She held on as tightly as possible.
Nothing would ever take her child away.
Nothing.

A feudal lord would never come between them.
Nor a drunken husband.
Or a difficult health system.
No drought.
Not even the prospect of another child could wedge between them.
She held it's little hand as tightly as possible, defying the certain odds, that weren't really odds, if you know what I mean.

-

He sat convinced this was the day to die.
Slowly reality came calling him back.
Where was he?
Here amongst all of this wreckage?
Destruction.
Floating where?
In the middle of hell.
Was this his roof?
Why was he here amongst all of this ugliness and grotesqueness.
He was a Painter.
Painted flowers and captured the beauty of our world.

His hand could hardly hold what once held brushes.
The sun turned his skin its own flaming red and a brilliant yellow.
What he wouldn't do for water.
Drinkable, not sinkable, dirty water,
infiltrated by man's man made nonsense and god's wrath.
god in spite of him,
shifting plates, re-organizing things, changing the balance of thing sup and
sending a greater warning to the greatest fools.
perhaps?

by why the innocent?
why them, why here, why now?

-
.
I will die.
I have lived a good life.
I am an honorable man.
I was a good father, a better teacher, a faithful husband.
I give myself to honor.
I will go as I am chosen to go.
I fought the good fight.
lived the good life, the moral life. the hard life.
And now here as the cloud in my head lifts I am ready.
i am out of here like a ghost.

-
The chaos was ruthless.
Bleakness was the only thing clear amongst the monumental rubble.
Where we once smelt the coming of spring we now smelt the expiration of life.
By the thousands.
A stench rising, almost as quickly as the wave came.
But the wave passed.
This stench lingered and took on a life of its own.
A life that told us we are stupid.
Stupid for still being here.
Did we not know what was inevitable.

I wondered if it was me what 5 things would I grab.
I thought.
My paintings, my clothes.
My money, my jewelry..
My photos of my family.

Death occupys everything, everywhere.
Dead.
People, once smiling, now
Sitting peacefully in their cars.
Their faces told us how they went,
Spoke of their last thoughts.
Frozen, deathly silent, stoically under vans and buses and houses.
Faces locked forever in screams, mouths sealed shut, gritted teeth, eyes wide
open,
Numb.

Stupified.
Horrorified.
Shocked.
Angry.
Suspicious.
Acknowledging.
Accepting.
Welcoming.
One asleep forever with a false smile on his face.
His ipod still playing.
Once his earphones were removed, we enjoyed a few moments of chopin before
with guilt shutting it off forever.
Another blared kitaro.
Many has their phones in their hands.
We read the last messages, discretely.
Here
Once activists,
Now haunting us with their spirits, their end and their once promising futures.
We look on with a greater silence, a greater despair, a greater quiet horror.
I know now chaos.
the tragedy of life.
And I read its last love stories.
I held onto my tears.
There would be ample time for those, but not now.
I need to be strong and brave.
I need to show the others restraint.
I need to let someone greater than me know, I can stand up to it.
this devastation. this omen.

I heard a story of one who walked right towards it.
His arms open in welcoming embrace.
His wife and child were washed away before him.
This was chaos not described in any dictionary or in any language.
It was neither political or social.
It was without judgement.

It was a chaos unlike any human nihilism or social anarchy.
This is gods' chaos.
Greater than Mao's or Lenin's or Hitler's.
Greater than Kaddaffi's or Bush's.
Greater than the planets' reigning and ruling power.

-

He puts the key in the lock.
Opens the door.
Relief.
He is home.
His head pounds.
He almost lost his vision.
He felt his blood pressure drop.
Felt confusion.
Weak.
Unstable.
He was hunched over.
Leaning forward to relieve the pain in his lower back and behind his knees.
His stomach had bloated.
Was it gas?
Was that pain between his shoulder blades real?
Was it related to his heart?
Not again.

'I need to sit down.'
He hears the beeper on his phone go off.

Thinks it might be his wife responding to his sms asking for forgiveness.
She surely could see he was in trouble, couldn't she.
But she had seen this all before.
In fact countless times.
The first time was in Rome and that was almost 13 year ago.
He had sat down and taken a coca-cola to recover.

This time, he didn't.
Last he saw her she was heading off to the appointment without him,
Left him behind in a trail of anger and disappointment.
He went home.

And was now reading his message.

BBC NEWSFLASH.
Japan government confirms radiation leak at Fukushima nuclear plants.
Asian countries should take necessary precautions.
If rain comes remain indoors for first 24 hours.
Close doors and windows.

Swab neck skin with betadine where thyroid area is, radiation attacks the thyroid first.

Take extra precautions.

Radiation may hit the Phillipinnes at 4 p.m. today.

Please send to your loved ones.

And he does only to find an apathetic reaction.

Responses of fake come back.

How callously jaded are we.

At least,

there is some truth in it,

to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

He sits and slumbers and turns to the net,

His head in his hands and his heart in his mouth.

-

The house, still looking perfectly formed sits strangely alone in the middle of the sea waiting to be reclaimed.

2000 bodies wash ashore.

It puts a strain on the blue bags.

We make our way through the rubble on impromptu streets.

More like lanes.

On man stand son top of a bus, only the bus is ten feet below the wreckage.

-

It is a frightening time and people are concerned.

People in Tokyo do not need to be concerned.

The bbc is telling the truth.

Avoid non essential travel to japan.

Avoid traveling to the region affected.

This comes from the british ambassador to japan.

She has never imagined a strength, a force greater than her love could ever separate them.

But something could and did.

Her nails still hold her daughters skin left there as her body was wretched from her loving clutch.

Striped and removed, quickly, almost cleanly, but certainly surgically..

Her daughter swept away after a quick but powerful battle between wills.
Hers and the seas.

And the sea would win today.
Her daughter gone.
Swept away in the black almighty swell.
No doubt she perished quickly, hopefully.
The mother lost forever now in her living.
By living she dies.
And dies a million times.
She cannot think.
Sit.
Be calm.
The chaos of her emotions has rendered her near imbecilic.
Come back tomorrow..
I suspect she will be there.

-

beresford mitchell

I Want To Hear America Singing

I want to hear America singing
To the sound of industry,
I want to hear america singing..... out in the open not in coventry The
shoemaker dinging
The woodcutter singing
Bringing home the logs
I want to hear america singing hear the sweetest song
I want to hear America singing singing loud and long
Except, there isn't much to sing about as we move along not Many who wish to
sing it blithe and strong
Not too many varied carols do i hear
Not too many joyful voices do draw me near
For, not too many feel it, in walt whitman's way for not too many choose to belt
along
On this labour day.

beresford mitchell

In The Absence Of Presence

in the absence of clouds,
under the united nations,

a crowd gathers

friends converge,

a family comes together
to remember an old friend,
wordsmith and storyteller,

a mythological leader of humankind,
taken into battle across the continents,
storming hellbent across the seas,
circling the globe, realigning it, pointing the sun in his direction,
striking into boardrooms of conservatism and polished mahogany,
the wide open spaces of minimalist 'just too cool, cool',
stared down by the generations,
the factions,
the hipper than hip 'black on black in black',
the windsor tie set that never seems untied,
the not quite casual, two button casual smart,
all with the icy eyes, chiseled stone faces awaiting to be seduced or to be the
seducers,
brushed aside, whilst
arriving with his entourage,
his refreshment tents well stocked with the spoils of victory
and the liquid trinkets of welcome,
his courteous valets with the warming eyes stand at the ready,
the booty unleashed from the large black,
shiny, leather bags of yesteryear, overgrown now,
outdated in form, but never in content,
a victory in the making.

a phantom of sorts,
the liberator on the precipice,
anguish averted.
ships sail to the next welcome port.

as the world moves on,
one must look at the program
to see who's standing here,
in memorial
and has come to bear witness.

to take a walk
thru his large, big assed rooms,
wonder, at your own pace,
in your own order.

come for the voice,
the voice that will never be silenced,
the voice that whispers in your head,
who's tone only you hear,
and remember in your own way,
that still, a lifetime later, compels you to move on,
to advance,
to live to fight another day,
here you stand.

in the absence of.....
the man.

perhaps, in the absence of flowers,
but not in the absence of memory, or love.

love for the opera of the man,
for his world beating prompts,
for the ballet of the man,
for his art form, the multi-artist,
for the presence that is gone,
but never leaves,
invisibly felt,
pressing you down,
not by its weight,
but by its healthy demand,
infiltrating your imagination,
magically whispering, 're-invention'
lifting you,

up, higher,
still higher
in exultation,

spirit rising!

reappearing with every Bossa Nova,
every breathe of Elis Regina, every strum of Tom Jobim,
every hit, every kick, every coke!
every time, you hear the word feeling,

in the absence of the man:

flowers.
moonshots.
presence.

compelling.

cool when tinkling on the ivories,
cool on the poets stage,
cool in conversation with advertising,
cool when silent,
cool in portuguese, whilst tripping in spanish,
imbibing in english, humming in japanese,
overflowing with the world,
luxuriating with endless pools of "hey Manhatten, Here I Am" librettos
leaking out of his well traveled,
sun bleached, loyalty granted - loyalty received,
culture gathering, border demolishing,
globe trotting, concorde fueled,
human experienced, tested, tried, true, worn with pride street smart pores...

in the absence of presence,
presence felt,
presence remained,
presence, like his beloved coke and international team....
endured,
always,
forever.
forever present.

Marcio.

you can't beat the feeling!

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Mother. Mother.

mother,

mother...

mother.

mother, mother.....

mother.

mooooooooootheeeeeeeer.

mooooooooooooooooootheeeeeeeer.

whyyyyyyyyyy?
why mother!

why you?

beresford mitchell

Not My Time

and were you amongst them
dive bombing in the darkness of the night
was it you who's meteor trail was visible by its own blurred fast moving light.

i wonder.

who are those hoodies moving in the shadow?

i can see the black roads
when i look ahead
i can see them dividing themselves amongst the dormant angels
in their silhouette
and i my fear i whisper
don't push me in the shallow waters
off to the right where they creep
throw me in the deepest parts
so i can't use my feet

here
amongst the aged old fading concrete
there is no sandy road
no grassy path
no freedom road to georgia
i am not accustomed to
violent bursts in the air
to being overwhelmed by maternal lamentations
nor to nights amongst the hermits rings
nor invisible chorus who take delight when the unknown voice sings
i know not what the fast moving sound of one foot arriving brings

are you here,
amongst these tormented beings
rising above this decaying decorative homage in
weathered flat bed
that hold the ground and descend
while madonna hopes to spread her wings
against the falling towers
amongst the ghosts of previous powers
i am alive

i think.

i am alone in this kingdom
this dark kingdom
this twilight kingdom
this kingdom of the nights dream
that host the dreams we share
of, the where are they in the hereafter
they behave as the wind behaves
and lift me
no nearer to them\but push me away
towards the sunlight
past the foreboding columns
and limple wings
past the fading stars
and the trembling stones
and thru the open door
that remains forever closed
to the field
high above
and place me with gentility
there.

beresford mitchell

Nova Blooms Pop Up Blockers And The Curse Of Spring

upload winter

spring

copy fresh flowers and nova blooms, save as the joy an april can bring

activate the pop up blockers

guide my hand

hit command

shall I delete you as spam

winter

spring

copy fresh flowers and nova blooms, save as all the joy an april can bring

activate the pop up blockers

throw away the ring.

beresford mitchell

The Cheerful Waitress And The Dirty Dishes Guy

She was sweet.
I noticed her.
She was petit and compact and tight.
No doubt strong.
No doubt, a healthy farm girl.
Moved to the big city,
Like they all do.
Shanghai was full of them, more now than ever.
And more every day.
And more refusing these types of jobs.
But not her.

Her skin gave her away.
It was like cream but brown and red and she had big rosy cheeks.
Her bangs were cut around her face to rest on her wide cheeks that stood high,
Giving her a proud look.
A look from somewhere near Mongolia, perhaps.
But she was of good karma and energy.
She stood on the third step.
The top step and watched over her area like a hawk.
It seemed she had about 12 tables in her section.
She was always smiling with a gleam in her eye.
Knew all of the other table attendants.
And was kind and respectful to the floor boss.
Everyone seemed to smile at her as they passed her on the way back and forth
while she kept her eye on everyone and everything and came twice to top up our
tea.

But what really gave her away were her hands.
Small.
Round palms and short fingers tapering into gentle points.
But this hand was powerful and rough.
Darker weathered skin still showing the chapness of being outside a lot and
never languishing in dove dish detergent or moisturizing lotions.

Years in the open air, no doubt, doing the manual labor of whatever, on the farm
were obvious and evident.
That gave her away.
They were course and rough.

I knew that feeling having had shaken many hands just like hers and from many times having hands of young girls like hers wrapped around my feet, massaging them, prodding them, pounding them, punishing them.
in total control of them.
taking me on a journey of pain then pleasure.

I noticed them when she grabbed the tea pot.

It was without any finesse.

No polish.

Nothing feminine about her actions, nothing particularly masculine either,
Just something asexual, but her pour was accurate.

And she put the pot back down on the table with little subtlety.

She returned my smile.

She had such a disarming smile.

Big, and genuine and slightly shy.

She returned mine then returned to her watch on the top of step three.

The four office girls behind us left and left a terrible mess of plates and cups and bowls of half eaten food.

The modern china.

Waste.

Left over's.

She went to clean the table.

He came out from the kitchen or serving area or Mao knows what area

His deep plastic container of rectangle blue leading the way.

It was full of dishes.

Couldn't tell if they were clean or dirty as I spent my time wondering where did he come from and where was he going.

His face was a dirty mess of unshaven scraggly facial hairs.

His hair:

Thick black long and matted hung over his dirty grimy what was once white kitchen workers short attire.

He passed and my energy changed.

And my appreciation of food did too.

The bbq pork tasted less sweet.

The curry suddenly lost its sting and the rice got sweetlessly sticky.

And then he spoke.

Loud enough to be heard over the last sounds of the breaking tea cup our waitress dropped trying to clean the table.

When does speaking become shouting.

I guess when it resonates in your closest ear and bounces around inside your

head causing brain turbulence.

And if that doesn't do I guess one of the clues is when you notice everyone else in the restaurant has stopped mid sentence, their chopsticks, static outside of their mouths, their noodles drip down, their mouths are agape and all of their eyes are on the center of the speech.

The tea cup shattered into thick white pieces across the floor.

One clipped my grey khakis.

And spun on the floor.

I noticed the dirt there for the first time.

But my little heroine held herself together and smiled cheerfully at her own public misfortune.

It all came crashing down when my dirty dishes guy shouted across the restaurant at her, calling her stupid and "that that would cost her 6 rmb, and he would take it from her salary

Perhaps in the old days that would mean something.

But,

Today.

All it meant was Next.

No more bullying tactics, public embarrassment, or abuse of power amongst the peons.

Three minutes later there was another great crash.

beresford mitchell

The Day Joan Of Arc Met Satchmo

You know me as joan
but, among my own people i was called jehanette,
since my coming into france, i am called jehanne.

once a year i confessed my sins.
not far from the domremy, there is a tree called the Ladies tree, and near it
there is a fountain.
i have heard those who are sick drink the water from it to be made well.
i have heard it said that the fairies meet there.
i have seen girls hang wreathes on the branches.
and the ill, when they could get up, they would walk under the tree.
i do not know whether, after i reached years of discretion, i ever danced at the
foot of that tree, but i sang there more than i danced.

ah, but i do come here, to louisiana, from the party of many centuries ago.

i do not fear their soldiers
if there are soldiers on the road, i have my lord with me

"who go there?
that man
with the large smile.
and that brass musical instrument
who be he? "
i reached no hindrance on my journey of the king. bu this man he frightens me.
he has power.
a power i have not seen.
he seems blessed"

"i have brought my sword with me.
i have the sword which i brought from vaucoulers.
i loved that sword.
but i loved my banner forty times better."

"but, i see the people love that man more than i love thee.
and they are not soldiers."
"it is he who is attended by duly angels."
"if it is gods will to deliver them, then there is no need for soldiers."

" i have spent nights in the abbey. i have passed through Auxerre and heard
mass in the church.
my voices were with me often"

"but i have never heard them speak to me so loudly, as they do now."

"and here in this church, with a stage as an alter, where these people holler and
shout, amen!

surely, i must be drunk from the voices."

"here the voices are loud, and the feeling is joyous and it spreads unto the
streets,

the streets without banners with no soldiers in sight, the people scream
hallelujah in certain celebration.

there is a power that fixates.

people sitting stand, people standing gyrate and dance.

he plays they shout.

he shouts, they shout back.

it is a call and response.

they raise their cups.

it seems he heals.

and it all comes from this man called Louis."

it lasts long after he has finished.

the feeling remains

the people they go to places and

buy his round black discs that make the same sounds

then they take it to their homes

and they 'play it'

those who sit stand and those who stand dance and

those who can't sing, snap their fingers

and those who don't have the little black disc, turn on a little brown box

and the same sound,

it is him, this man they call Louis

and he is heard

all over this kingdom

that remains divided

against the work of god

divided between blacks and whites

unless this man is in the room

this man who has been imbued

this man who unites

the one known as Louis Armstrong.

beresford mitchell

Willy's Dream Of Aqua Blue

I'm going down to the river
down to where the lorries lie,
down to the river
to the bye and bye
going down to see a friend who lives
there
to see the world that transpires
there,
to see the kind of life we could have there.

mornings come with a welcome fog.
the mist tends to stay.
Lingers, won't make way
for a sky of blue,
until i brew
a pot of coffee
just for you, my lady.
these are things on which
i depend.
these small things to never end.

we huddle.
kinda cuddle.
we turn our collars up
we stir our coffee bottoms' cup
we lift it to our waiting lips.
gaze out, far across the restless bow
and imagine sailing ships.

we brace, to meet the wind
determined to rescind
the urge that percolates from deep within.
dropp the lines and lift the anchor!
head off across the lakes, sail down the grandest river.
turn south from the banks off hearty newfoundland.

It's our big berth.
Beautifully built for two
Boldly formed for the longer hauls.□

Lording over our mighty god's ever changing weather calls,
With her masts that whip about
And flap and crackle in the wind.
She's brave. She stands tall
She'll heal her wounds and heed the call

She'll master every wave.
Ensure we'll never tip.
Make sure we'll never roll
We'll never fall,
We'll never flip,
Down below.
Down to, you know,
the sailors graves and the preserved ships.
Stoic and silent, adorned in barnacles on rusted iron tips
Pointing back at you, daring you to breathe,
Way down there,
where blackness swarms over the brilliance of blue.
where things that swim are few
And are hard to see,
Way down there at the bottom of the sea.

no.

no.

no.

I dream of the upside,
knowing when you're happy you sing.
your voice glistening across the waters,
skipping like a stone,
it's velvet tone a calling
the fauna from
from India to Africa,
they'll join us, escorting us
las dephinias joyfully leaping from wave to wave,
from fiji to st. lucia, and onto the canaries.
A cheerful chorus of marine giggles to support your lead.

and you'll guide us by the light
of the sun or of the four moons
in the darkness of night
you'll be the one.
you'll be my compass

to keep me an even keel
directing us all to safe waters
you'll point us around the storms
get us to safe port by noon
and soon,
we'll be wanting more.
we'll then set sail from a distant shore.

i'll introduce to you the colours
of turquoise, green and indigo blue
i'll change your mood with every change of aqua colored hue
we'll sail around the world, around every horn and every point.
we'll feel the thrill of the being alive
now, we're eternally young in every living joint.

we will reveal our selves
not conceal ourselves
we'll heal ourselves
feel free to strip it all away
the truth will lay us bare
it's truly magical out there
on this lady of the sea.

when we chart our course
i'll be looking to the sun
asking of myself
will we dare to enter frozen waters,
when iced will we withstand nature's slaughters,
will we dare to keep the faith when our faith falters
will we fail to falter when everything falters
will we stay the course when the course alters
will we survive on a curiosity that thrives
on our wits and guile
will we measure out our lives in knots and not in miles.
will you count the the times our faces were worn out in smiles.
Smiles from all of the places we've been.
will we enjoy the pace of tranquility
find the peace in our own humility
marvel at how truly small we are
when we come up against a squall
frightened, panicked, feeling small
introduced to fear.

will our wits steer us clear of
torrent rains and angerier waves
that could effortlessly take us away from here.

a sense of permanence would do us well
as we rock in natures boiling hell
i will look to see your calm
although i'll know your fear
i pledge to be brave and sail us far from here
defying natures wicked will
our ship carves through the gray and thrusting winds
championing the swells until
i sail towards the flaming celestial sphere
where the skies are clear
and find myself standing right back here.
with a starbucks in my hand.

true,
i went down to the where the lories lie.
i stood under urban sky.
i knew it was here where i would die.
and that 40 footer with the red trim?
was the one we would traverse the globe in.
a shot of tingle filled my brim.
and i began to cry.
for this was no lie.
it meant nothing if you weren't there.
there to share.
i love you.

beresford mitchell

You Said Watch For Me

i finally went to sleep
and dreamt about waking,
dreamt about the effort you're making
and the arduous time its taking
for you to reappear.

i can't for the life of me
figure out
why you're not here
i feel you drawing me near
it's clear
a little closer each day

did something get in the way?
must i drop to my knees and pray
you didn't lie
on the day that you died
you said,
'watch for me.'

well, i know precisely.
it's been two months short of three
three long years
since you left us all behind
so please be kind
and kindly reappear
it's my birthday
and at the top of my list
i want my birthday kiss
and a shoulder rub
i want a few praising words
and a loving hug
i want you back
i've got that childhood bug
i've got that long look on my sullen mug
that proves a son needs his mom
so come
come on mom
and show your face

bring the sun into this place
be a light
be a breeze
be anything but a tease
please,
please please,
do something that reveals a trace...
shows that smile come over your face
when you give me my long overdue,
right here, right now, foreverlasting,
loving
embrace.

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