

Poetry Series

david e golledge
- poems -

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David E. Golledge

A Forest

Cruising through Middlesbrough
mid December.

Passing the ICI chemical factory
which indiscriminately
pours untreated effluent
into the river
which gives it a home.

It's brightly lit
and looks
for all the world
like a forest
of ornate, illuminate
christmas trees.

Lining, defining
the banks
of the Tees.

The irony kills me.

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Accumulator

The gambler had a run
of luck at the racetrack
recently. Several fancied
outsiders romped home to
win him a hefty accumulator. Later

he collected his winnings,
trapped his tidy sum
in an elastic band
to keep his sum tidy.
Gently pocketed the neat bundle.

Upon reaching his home
he stuffed his wedge
into the thicket bush,
bordering the path
to his abode. Hedging his bets.

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Angels

We flew so far.

Evading gravity, these magnetic spells.
Seraphs of the moment
touching the heights.
And the lows
when they came,
felt like private hells.

They are wrong.

Goodbyes never offer sweet sorrow.
Malevolent this moment
filled with rain.
And the daybreak
when it comes
does not bring tomorrow.

We are the fallen.

Raptures touched but feelings swing.
Wandering the moments,
earth-bound again.
And we the loveless
always come
absent of dream or wing.

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Assertiveness Training

A lot of people
On many occasions
Have told me
I'm a bit of a ditherer.
I just can't seem
To make up my mind
About anything.

Not even this poem.

Where's it going?
I don't know.
Should it stop
Or should it go?
Yes?
No?
Yes.
No.

Yes.

No.....

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Bee

Monoliths repose and I suppose
i'll do the same eventually.
Travelling home from A to B
what will i become, what shall i see?

My path unhindered, fulfilled my life
or a meaningless voyage,
chaos and strife?
And while onboard

i'm micro-size, an insect resting
in the hive before the fight
to fill and mate, the queen
stands at the garden gate.

A larvae destined to be free
one day

a flutter

by

 will be.

She welcomes me home
pinned straight to breast.
A brooch of me
to adorn her chest.

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Cappacino And Lust

She raised the steaming carton to her pout,
full lips meeting a head of froth
and chocolate
and there go I,
or at least the part of me
that lives between the thighs.
Caffeine and polystyrene
creating thoughts obscene.

When she pulled it away bubbles remained,
a delicate coat on her top lip.
I wanted to kiss it away,
to taste the chocolate
and her breath, but couldn't.
I was with my girlfriend that morning.

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Chaos Theory

A butterfly beats it's wings
and a gentle zephyr,
rising over half a world,
brings the tsunami

You flutter your eyelids.
Lashes flickering
against your tranquil stare,
and I gladly drown.

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Confession

How often?
I ask myself.
How often
have I thought
of you?

How many seconds,
minutes, hours
has your face
swam in my mind,
distracting my breath?

How many thoughts
of your mouth, your touch?
How many aching nights
spent alone, hearing
your hair caressing
my pillow, seeing
your starlit sighs?

And how,
could you not know
that I am in orbit
about your eyes?

Autumn is on the world.
Sunlight disturbs
the sea, yet Summer
has remained in this
alien land.

It's alive
in your warmth
and simple guile.

I love you.

You are my smile.

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Connection

It seems in retrospect
That all past want was
stupid and hollow.
Feeling was there but some divide
Which should have been absent
Was not.

She fills in the gaps.
She completes the picture.

She exists in places
I was unaware I had.
She is so deeply embedded in those places
I could not hope to escape her influence.

Nor would I want to.

We are connected,
Embroided in a bond
That is almost symbiotic.

We have become inter-dependent.
I am no longer a single unit
Yet I have never experienced such
Freeness of heart.

Time passes in double time
When I am surrounded by her presence.
For the first time in my life
Time has the power to frighten
And paralyse.

It seems in retrospect
That all past desire was
fleeting and shallow.

I have never been so hungry.

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Counterfeit

A thousand thousand
thousand facsimilies,
forgeries at fifty paces.

A gesture, a glance,
the sleek line of a calf
brings you.

Closer inspection reveals
the faultless faults,
the perfect imperfections.

Stares that stray close
but could not provide the
warmth of those sky locked eyes

They are mere counterfeits,
copies of your original,
platonic ideal.

You are endless.

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Crisp

It was a dry, crisp morning.

Jack Frost had stolen
through the night
taking with him
the warmth of the world.

Fragile, silver blades
snap sharply underfoot.
Stiff, arid lawns,
scarred and broken.

I ran out of milk
but had cornflakes anyway.

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Dark Skies

I miss her
even in my sleep.

The dreams illuminating
the moon's crooked smile
she took
with her warmth,
and soothing way.

"Sunsets are colder",
I have cried.

Her love deciphering
the stars array
has succumbed
to distance
and has died.

Loss is unfathomable
unlike twilight.
How tall, how wide
this yearning blue.

For science explains
dark skies away
but gauge heartache
it cannot do.

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Daybreak

Today drifts incarnate into tomorrow.
The intensity of the ascending sun
makes my feelings feel trivial and false,
competing as they do with a star.

Daybreak on her face brings envy of light
and it's transforming abilities.
It reveres her lines so much more
than I ever could.

She burns and is so real
and substantial and I'm an
ephemeral dream, as transient
as every passing second.

She turns her waking glance
and my form solidifies.
The promise of a day contained
within her morning eyes.

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Demands

She complained
I didn't give
enough.

Perhaps
she demanded
too much.

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Fulfilled

They say that nature abhors the vacuum,
that life always finds a way.
I believe what the cosmos
actually craves is love,
and that the universe seeds life
as a means of seeding love.

This expression of adoration
I give to you
is the deepest dream of the void,
the dearest wish of the stars.
This love between us
the true fulfilment of creation.

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Ghost In The Machine

If I could buy more
memory I would, the better
to savour this haunting.

These images and sound-clips
of you, this river of information
that overwhelms.

Ghostly overtures,
these things I create,
make hearts beat faster

and pupils dilate.
That neck, this mouth,
explosive this touch.

Those thighs, these hands
Wanting too much.
Every word and laugh,

an index without why,
lingering ephemeral, infinite
behind the eye. Your form

and movements, an expanding database.
This universe of aching
that begins with your face.

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Gone

When I'm gone I'll think of you.

On the opposite side of
the hour you're living
I'll ache with the sweetness
your memory is bringing.

When the moon descends
in the skies you survey
I'm your eyes as the sun
creates your day.

When I'm gone I'll think of you.

Like the falling drops in the
rain you walk in
I'll explode on impact
with your gentle skin.

In the solitude of twilight
my heart will believe,
no space between us,
I'm gone but won't really leave.

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Goodbye

Her indifference kills me.
The slightest glance,
all I need
but it's as difficult
to find as a rainbow.

Her coldness chills me.
A warm touch or word
All I ask
But they're as likely
As hell seeking snow.

Now...

The spell is broken,
the enchantment no more.
Bored with this shit,
feeling bruised and sore

... I go.

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Haiku - Autumn Descending

Autumn descending,
Leaves fall to earth like rain.
Blossom in her eyes.

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Haiku - Enchantment

Mesmerise the moon,
Run free and sweat in starlight.
Nocturnal glamour.

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Haiku - Fireworks

Bird lands on branch.
Cherry blossom fireworks
Celebrate the day.

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Haiku - Heat Of The Moment

The wind knows not why
the tree turns from it's caress
but it howls anyway.

Whispers in the night,
love doodles glow with the moon.
Grafitti by day.

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Haiku - Lost And Found

Embrace the twilight
the star-crossed youth said sadly,
opening his arms.

Breaking long silence,
clouds whisper to the desert,
and promise the rain.

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Haiku - Meeting

The meeting held,
Seconds pass. Minutes taken
never to return.

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Haiku - Out Of The Blue

Ripples widening,
searching, longing for repose
find it when dying.

The blue sky at ease
filled with the storm by nightfall
conquered by birds.

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Haiku - Rain

Walking in the rain,
Brolly closed, drops on face
Disguising the tears.

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Haiku - Red

Take them, she sighed,
dropping red leaves to earth.
Autumnal gifts.

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Haunts

Standing beside you at
close quarters, breathing
in your breath, your perfumes,
your aromatic effluences,
skin molecules invisible,
and parts of you
become parts of me.

Stepping out into the
street, breathing in the
metropolitan air that throbs
with the essence of it's
peoples, the pollutions
of the multitude, the fantasies
of buildings, the transport networks.

Breathing out my scents,
my flavours and part of me
becomes part of the city.
The haunting and the haunted,
a child sleeping in a municipal park,
a semi-detached dreaming
of the highest tower block,
an athlete sweating mists,
a ring road reaching for the motorway.

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Huxley's Death

Too much life.

Too much

fucking

life.

It's just a prison sentence,
the mind a cell.
I've died already
and gone to hell.

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Hydrological Cycle

From sky-locked oceans her beauty derived,
transparent dewdropp on weeping breeze.
The colours of everything to earth contrived,
embryonic rainbows on pregnant trees.

Feel gravity's pull and lack of resistance,
the fall of grace to stony ground.
The spread of life through her persistence,
a growing need, the world spins round.

To deepest depths and feelings within,
create emotions and tears and rain,
To moisten eyes, shake daffodil.
To clouds of joy and back again.

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I Am

I'm electron,
quark, the solar wind.
Searching, lost,
in Saturn's rings.

I'm neutron, moon,
the cooling sky.
I am the sea
no one sees cry.

I'm positron, world,
the tame, the wild.
The chill of the vacuum.
The heat of the child.

I am inside,
the end and the start.
I am without.
A falling heart.

I am the cosmos,
a universe of fire.

I am your eyes,
your breath, desire.

I'm the water of life,

the desert of Mars.

I am the lonely.

I a m t h e s t a r s .

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Illusion

Sometimes□
her face seems like an illusion.

The lines I've studied hour after hour
become mist, as difficult
to grasp as sunlight.
She's a recurring dream
I can never quite recapture in full detail.

Photographs convey only wonder.
Even this is tempered,
lacking the dimension of flesh.

We are apart,
and I can't seem to trace her eyes
amongst the multitude in my head.
She's forever beyond my reach
until she returns in her entirety
and we touch.

Sometimes,
physical contact
seems the only means
of confirming her existence.

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In Memorium

I'm forced to question
your very existence. This
disembodied voice a fragment
of you. These words on screen, falling

from the ether, mere
figment of an
electronic mind. Some distant
aerial feeding the airwaves.

The physical I know.
I have witnessed first hand
your contours, have captured
your curves and movements but

this distance in time and place
only ever decays knowledge.
Memory as atomic isotope,
subject to half-life,

real and not real,
this quantum existence,
fading with
the passing days.

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Insignificant

Your scent on my shirt
brings your face.

It spans the width and
depth of my universe,
creating worlds and stars
and tears.

The cosmos is shrinking
And so am I.

Blackbirds subdue the grey
clouds I think under.
Heralds of stillness,
silencing
the chaos of thunder.

You are not with me.

It seems your absence has made me
A defenceless target for
every falling raindrop.

Chilling dew excites my spine
in the same way you did only
your fingertips were real
and sensual,
not fluid insincerities.

The rain is insignificant.

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Lost At Sea

Thinking about you with
half the planet between us.

Several lines of longitude
dislocate time but your eyes
return to me, constantly constant
in the here and now.

I wonder if you think of me.

Whether our thoughts may meet
and embrace in ethereal union,
our dreams and desires
coupling freely in the air.
Somewhere
Somewhere

Somewhere,
above the ocean.

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Loved Up

This desire is almost
a biological imperative,
like the urge to blink
and breath.

Impossible to disregard,
it cannot be cancelled out
or entirely ignored, it's
grip tenacious and tender.

It is a benign virus
swimming through
the bloodstream, this
warm ocean that crashes
into the heart.

It's symptoms similar
to Class As, excitement,
perceptions heightened, music
in the fingertips, the world
glowing.

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Melting

You detach me from my life.
We touch and everything becomes senseless,
the world turns to existential void.

North is South, the compass confused.
Opposites repulse, primaries turn to greys.
Reality a mere abstraction, toyed

with by surrealists. Cubes and polygons
lose their clarity, perception pixellated,
TV screens shimmer with static.

The deeps inside, the bedrock of morals,
the endless abyss of the past.
all those things accepted as true.

Heartaches and emptiness,
all becalmed and less erratic,
melting into you.

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Missing

The light has gone
And all that remains is me.

Not of this world,
Not of any world.
Feelings adrift in memory,
Senses dulled by loss.

The warmth has gone
And all that remains is me.

But, a part of me is missing.
The part of me that's in you.

The part of me that is you.

You have gone
And all that remains is me.
Only when you return
Can I be whole again.

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My Friend

Shyness embodied in a sunlit smile,
unassuming beauty offered chance to be wild.
Hair flowing like a fall of gold,
the blue in her eyes to which I was sold.

A vessel of freedom, she's fragile and kind.
her gentle feet glide leaving stardust behind.
Taking faltering steps towards my heart,
the sweetness and truth that welcomes the start

of a match made in moonlight under clear winter skies,
stripped naked by midnight and innocent of lies.
In truth a glimpse of what it's all for,
the sense and the reason seen through open door.

Heading for this since the day of my birth,
she comes from inside, and heaven, and earth.
Only in love are we ever fulfilled,
without it we're thrown like leaves in the wind

in ignorance of what it means to live,
to feel warmth and pain, to suffer and forgive.
I can never recall finding such satisfaction
In all that I observe, this giving that causes

a strange reaction for her I don't deserve.
A mystery her motives for choosing me
to rid her of heartache and to make her see
that loving is good and not a mistake

just hard at times and when she breaks
she knows I'll be there to carry her through
the depths of the darkness and into the blue.
I'd give her the universe with it's silvery glow

the softness of ocean and end of rainbow.
Everything to her and hers to command
if she would only take my hand
and lead me to the place I want to be.

Me for her.
Her for me.
The time we have will always be good.
I feel it in spirit and flesh and blood.

The want I have now may never end.
Thank you my angel,
my love,
my friend.

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Natural

Test tube offspring,
Infants benefiting
Gamete manipulation.
Born wiser and fitter,
Bigger brain, stronger heart,
Will never know cancer,
an immediate head-start.
Those imperfect,
become the poor.

A child laughs
In the face of Darwin
Evolution
now a joke.

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No Success

The loves I've had.

A long list of self afflicted
plagioseres, occasional fire
halting woodland pioneers
my actions prevent
what could be.

The prairies I've made.

The price I've paid.

Succession after succession
but no success.

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Of Birds And Men

I hear the call of a cuckoo
disturbing the 5am still.
The bird is hidden but I know how it appears,
perceive it's Platonic form,
it's plummage and propensity to plunder.

I see a family of swallows, distant,
diving and swooping, resting
in the upper boughs of a Sycamore.
I do not hear them but I imagine
their clamour, have catalogued it
with a million other cacophonies.

I look at you, wondering
at your noises and characteristics,
despair at our inscrutable blueprint.
This impenetrable design that makes
full understanding impossible.

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Perfekt Cirkle

It's everywhere.

This ubiquitous nothing that occasionally
makes it all make occasional sense.

It's held in the untamed hearts
you ceased to see,
in the many things you
meant to me. And more.

It's in the voice almost
a primal scream, in a life
that's lost and turns
to dream. And less.

It's in the ocean waves
appearing briefly to burn
then crash then fade.
It's in the perfect bloody circle
a bullet with your name
once made.

Beauty, even in death.

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Perhaps

There were just
the two of us
in the room.

Alone.

Together.

So how come
the whole world
seems to know
what happened?

My trousers are on.
I'm no longer aroused.
I'm clean and
have washed
the smell
of your sex from
my face.

So why is it so
obvious what we
did last night?

Is it my knowing grin,
or a glint
in the eyes
you went dancing in?

Probably.

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Promises

Next time we meet
I'll try not to watch your mouth.
I'll try but can't promise.

I'll try not to imagine that mouth
meeting mine, your lips
brushing my neck breathing warmth
down my spine.

Next time we meet
I'll try not to watch your hands.
I'll try but can't promise.

I'll try not to imagine those hands
reaching to caress, your fingers
tracing shallow nail-trails
up my stomach and chest.

Next time we meet
I'll try not to notice your breasts, your hips, your legs...
I'll try but can't promise.

I'll try not to imagine having
limitless access to your thighs, no barrier
physical or otherwise
to the scent of your body,
the taste of your flesh.

Next time we meet I'll try to stop these
images coursing through mind and vein.
I'll try but can't promise.

One look at you and I'll know
such vows are as easy to hold as rain.

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Quantum Thinking

Chaotic dance of electrons,
this noisy walk to work.
Traffic, people,
particles and gravity.

Birds describe perfect
parabolas in clear
blue skies, the white
of infinity in the
geometric high rise.

These endless potentialities,
perpetual probabilities.
Every movement,
every blink, every footstep
on hard pavement,
creating the real

me
and my thoughts,
electromagnetic pulses
flowing directionless through time.

So much solid matter,
so many immense spaces of terrible,
terrible nothingness.

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Reflection

Those fine sad eyes
That tear me apart
Once burned with life.

Do you see me still
reflected there?
Have I remained inside
or have your exorcised
my presence as you would
any other fools?
Do you still care?

Who am I to question?

Those blind mad lies
that killed your heart
came from my lips.

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Repetition

She tells me I do not
say those three magic words
'I love you' enough
but I believe that saying it too much
makes it lose it's potency, repetition
renders it weak and uninspired.

She tells me constantly,
expecting reciprocation
which she does not get.
I refuse to be prompted,
knowing the sentiment will
issue from the voicebox
and not from the heart.

I wonder which source
she would prefer.

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Signs

Governed by signs.
Restriction, limitation, warnings and
consequences of failure to comply.

We are walled in by words.

No

'have a good day'.

No

'be kind to each other' or

'speak to the person sitting
next to you, they may need it'.

No

'be happy'.

No positive message,
No holding hands.
Just alienation and
blunt commands.

Travelling to work,
surrounded by thousands
whose silence is conditioned
by every word.

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Sleeptalk

Lying side by side.

Inverted comma's
in a speechless coma.

Above and below,
the infinite possibilities
offered by sleep.
Between,
the concrete indifference
of a brick wall.

repose
dividing
the undivided.

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So, Silence

I often want to write
so much that I can't.

It's similar to being
so tired that you
can't sleep.

Tossing,
turning,
frustrated in the dark.
A writer
waits the creative spark.

The essential essence
of the words are felt but
the filtering process
has crashed.

The phrase won't flow.

An information overload
has dammed the
river of thought.

The statements congeal
around my tongue
and refuse to come.
My mind and hand
suddenly dumb.

So,

Silence, a blank page
And a restless night
and every time the brain alight,
shining with the stars.

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Song Of Experience

I'd like to spend every waking hour
In your sight but I can't.
No nursery or school for you,
no workplace for me.
Twenty-four-seven protection guaranteed.
No gap in the armour,
no achilles heel to be exploited,
no flesh to bleed.

The world is twisted.
Leaders without recourse, inbred dictators,
democracy those flying pigs
someone once saw.
Criminals embraced and favoured,
perverts beyond the law.
And you.
Potential victim of the DSS, the 8mm,
the uzi, the motiveless blade.

You must be made aware,
experience no match for care.
Your innocence corrupted and lost,
the shame and the cost
of this age.
I wish it wasn't so.

I wish it wasn't so.

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Speeding

Heading out into a clear night
and the universe unfolds ahead.

Full visibility, Alpha to Eta,
Orion's Belt above the dashboard and
a ripe pink moon rises
in the West.

The glow of orange cities
brightening the horizon.

Heading into the night
a lone traveller maintains a constant
four score and ten,
moving closer
with each second.

A lonely soul made criminal,
speeding to catch the balm
of his laughter.

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Squircle

Life and i
had a bit of
a disagreement
yesterday.

We couldn't quite
get it together
somehow.

Felt like
a square peg
being forcefully
hammered into
a round hole.

Today should be better.

All that pounding
must have rounded
my edges a little.

Perhaps i'm now a circle.

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Starstruck

Remember Marie the time
I banged my head when studying
a map under a bus shelter
and saw lights?

The map of the South London
transport network was transformed
Into a flashing blueprint
of the suns that keep the universe alive.
The nodes and roads
Became constellations.

Pegasus, Perseus,
Monoceros, Cepheus.
Eridanus, Delphinus,
Piscis Austrinus.

Cygnus, Auriga,
Vulpecula, Corona.
Coma Berenices,
Aquarius, Pleiades.

Triangulum, Sextans,
Andromeda was there.
Serpens, Lacerta,
Cassiopeia's chair.

The Plough turning lovely
In it's golden field.
Brixton Garage protected
By Orion's sunny shield.

Starstruck
In Streatham.

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Suddenly You Were There

Suddenly you were there
And it seemed you always had been.
Slowly growth of care
Fates arrows land unseen.

Suddenly I have wings
And now understand the sky.
Slowly dive to vapours
The cloudscapes you hold in each eye.

Suddenly I'm a child
The stars a mystery again.
Slowly thrill of being
You empty the world of pain.

Suddenly one life ended
And became the sum of two.
Slowly souls in union
My heart I give to you.

Suddenly I'm aware
And now I know the game.
Slowly realisation
That we are both the same.

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Tactical Retreat

We sat on a cold bench,
3am winter, Trafalgar Square.
Speaking of nothings,
chilled to the quick.
The sensual heat of earlier mulled wine
and a Midsummer Night's Dream,
a distant echo.

We sat on the cold bench,
tactfully avoiding
all the things we wanted to say
and truths remained hidden,
concealed in trivia,
the hard facts unspoken.

You, attached,
me yearning for you
but unwilling to articulate,
scared to detach you from him,
the enemy unknown,
knowing I could become your enemy

in time and tide.

sitting on the cold bench
3am Trafalgar Square.
Silently needing a warmth
we neither could provide.

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Terra-Form

I don't feel truly
at home in the metropolis,
The angles and concrete
solidity contradict the
softness and fluidity
of flesh and blood,
of grass and sea.

I wish I had Simak's
Terraforming machine.
I'd metamorphosise myself
into a creature at home
amongst these glass monoliths,
see paradise in alleyways,
geometrically perfect avenues,
Euclidean curves in cul-de-sacs,
Precincts, the multi-storey.

I'd feel a gentle breeze in the
wind tunnels between high rise,
the warmth of the heat island,
inhale the fragrant vapours
of the dust bowl, hear the languid
exhalation of the parks at night.
I'd see rainbows in neon,
headlights and shop displays,
crystals and wonders drowning my eyes.

I'd wonder about the wide open
spaces beyond, the green
connecting city to city. Question why
anything would want to live there.

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That Day

And on the Embankment
I put my arm around you,
wanting to add the physical
to the arsenal of our friendship.

You shivered
and pulled away.
Shock or disgust
I could not say

but you were obviously
in love with your boyfriend
on that particular day.

david e golledge

The Confident Cyclist

The confident cyclist holds his
handlebars with one hand.

Ambidextrous assuredness,
avoiding the potholes in the road
and his fellow voyagers.

His free hand assists
pumping pedal pegs.
Up
down □
up
down,
his wheels spin round and
miles are gained with
thoughtless ease like years.

Not a new bicycle but old and weary,
the once loud shout of it's
shiny coat now muffled
with rust and grime.

The chinks in the chain
once blinding in
sunlight now lacklustre
and indifferent.

It's countless revolutions,
round and round,
round and round,
tick tock
tick□
tock
the tedium of watching
the clock.

Tired tyres.
Losing their grip.

The confident cyclist
holds his bike with one hand
in much the same way
he does his life.

david e golledge

The Divide

Heading towards Peckham,
following the Rye
one misty Winter night.

My footsteps fretting
the dusty streets,
disturbing the urban decay.
People passed, people lost,
The downtrodden face of social malaise.

And there,
over the rooftops,
the flashing apex
of Canary Wharf.

An icy pyramid
shimmering brightly high
above the litter blown ground,

floating
beside the moon.

david e golledge

The Journey

Travelling lines
of white and grey,
following the global
asphalt highway
and I know you
imagine me
surrounded by flowers.

Occasional blue signs
reveal distance
and place,
but could not
contain the map
of your face
or stretch to breaking
the union between us.

Kilometers roll by
with each turn
of each wheel.

The further
I become
the closer I feel.

david e golledge

The Sheep Look Up

The trade towers toppled and the deaths
were reported in full gory detail
to troubled western eyes.

Snuff pornography peddled by the media,

regardless of family grief and fear
and today the world is different somehow.
More angry, more terrified.
More uncertain, the future unclear

Where will it end?

When will this stupidity disappear?

The leaders dispute the revenge,
squabble over retaliation.
A slap to the wrists of those
given weapons & taught to kill,
Frankenstein's monster firing back at will

Acceptable casualties and friendly fire.
Collateral damage, our own funeral pyre.
Retribution measured in megaton,
Mutually Assured Destruction,
More innocents tossed and torn.
Nicaragua, Vietnam, Salvador, Hiroshima reborn.

There'll be no stand.

No march on capitol hill or number ten.
No voice saying this is where it must end.
We're tired of bloodshed and of war.
It's time to turn the enemy into a friend.

No radical ethical shift, no pacifist zeitgeist.
No god to intercede, nor sense in powerful eyes.
Just recrimination, intolerance
more hatred, fuelled by lies.

Less stability as we watch the heavens

with eyes that should weep
descending further from the monkey
and closer to the sheep.

david e golledge

The Unforgiven

A heterosexual couple
walk into a gay
West End bar.

Like a typical scene
from a typical
Hollywood western,
when the silent,
enigmatic gunslinger
after weeks in the desert
enters a saloon -

conversation stops. Dead.

Laughter subsides.
Burning cigarettes
are held undrawn
on the edge of lips.
Heads turn.
Eyes stare accusingly.
Nipple rings
cease to ring.

Unlike the cowboy movie
where the gunslinger
eventually shoots
everyone in the place,
the couple turn
and quietly leave

wondering
what they are guilty of.

david e golledge

These Words

She thinks her words are weightless
as her silence. Assuming they
escape her mouth like feathers
to be caught on updrafts light as the air,
their worth lost to the clouds.

Preferring to rely on the deed,
she is indifferent to the things
she says or does not say, considering
them devoid of meaning or impact.
But her words and their lack
fall on me like bricks.

Declaration as deed
tearing bone and skin,
cutting,
cutting the man within

and I bleed.

david e golledge

Tune In

Turn off the i-pod, take out the earbuds.
Silence the MP3 player, walkman,
Minidisk, mobile, and listen.

Listen to the ceaseless hum of humanity.

The echo of 5am footsteps,
The low murmur of distant traffic,
The muted siren, the low whir of the
Overhead helicopter, traffic news
bulletins streaming from TVs.

The shouts of market traders,
welcoming the coming day,
the loud yell of the tower-block,
the insane chatter of the parks,
the green at the heart of the cities.

Listen:

The rain's staccato on pavements,
The timpani drum of thunder,
the wind brushing through trees.
The modernist cacophony of birdsong,
the endless buzzing of bees.

Turn off the i-pod. take out the earbuds.
silence the MP3 player, walkman, minidisk,
and mobile.

The music of the metropolis,
Get connected and get down.
Tune in to the symphonies,
the songs of street and town.

david e golledge

Unrequited

Just what exactly
do I have to do?

Not by way of apology
or excuse to make things right.
Not a meaningless gesture,
no gift or caramel centered word,
no empty jokes to achieve a smile.

What do I have to do
to make you feel the same?

How do I make your heart pound,
your pupils dilate the way mine do
when you enter a room, your pores widen
to enhance your contact
with my warmth, my touch,
my perfume?

How do I make you wet
and aroused at the
very mention of my name,
make you crave my body
with a hunger painful in it's
insistence.

How do I help you to
see you the way I do?
How do I make you feel
that when you see me
you're further from where
you were and closer
to where you should be?

Please tell me because
I need to know.

This unrequited adoration
sometimes feels nearer to hate,
killing me gently with it's slow

and bittersweet poison.

david e golledge

Unspoilt

An icy shape dropped from above
into a child's hand.
Symmetry within,
unique without twin,
into the infants command.

Her innocence unspoilt
until she destroyed
the snowflake she held in her palm.

The heat from inside
melted, she cried,
for you I wished no harm.

The world gave in to man's embrace
for creation of paradise.
He planted and sowed
an Eden he hoped,
but the price was surely too high.

Her beauty unflawed
but she was outlawed,
her forests he would have to flatten.

The heat from outside
melting, he cried,
this was not supposed to happen.

david e golledge

What's Different

She asks -
what's different?
And I can't really say.

It's intangible,
unquantifiable,
but the world seems to spin
with less gravity
since her coming.

I don't float now,
I'm just less weighed down.
Lighter.
Brighter.

Less distracted by doubts, questions,
misguided thought.
Only she could bring
the cohesion I sought.

She says -
I don't want to be the same,
and she's not.

I try to make it obvious,
blatantly so,
that the stars seem to burn
with more abandon
since her coming.

I'm not blinded now,
just more aware.
Clearer.
Cleaner.

More unwilling to cover, hide,
adopt disguise.

I'm naked when lost
in her gentle eyes.

david e golledge

Winchester Palace

Spectral light shimmers, trickles
like dew across
glass stigma to gently

f
a
□
□l

f
to the waiting hands
of god.

Flower power.

david e golledge

Winter Returned

And Winter returned,
towards dust we travelled.
Her meaning become meaningless
as windswept as the sea.
Her importance no longer

important to me.
She disappeared,
faded out of sight.
The when and the how

I can't quite
picture.
The rain she stopped came

back in a downpour.
The love I had

I had no more.

david e golledge

Yet One Slow Kiss

Her tightened lips
closed and cold,
a flower in bud
colours untold

yet one slow kiss
warms north and south,
those soft petals softly
caress my mouth.

Yet one slow kiss
spills honeydew
and nectar on the
breath was blew
with life...

Her clenching hands
gripped and fell
to lap in fear
of broken spell

yet one slight touch
and starlings dance,
their gentle wings gently
return romance.

Yet one slight touch
and rainbows span
and quietly give to
her this man
with love.

david e golledge

You

The excitement
you cause
is something new.

The urgent calling of
Your skin,
Your movements,
the essence of You

is enough

to stir my bones
to shaky motion.
Involuntary reaction
beautiful
as the ocean

perhaps as deep.

The want
You show
is good and true.

The silky invite of
Your thighs,
Your mouth,
the smell of You

is enough

to vandalise words
i once began.
Speechless desire
mysterious
as this man

perhaps as true.

david e golledge