

Poetry Series

**Francis Curran**  
**- poems -**

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# Francis Curran(30-10-65)

FRANCISPAULCURRAN@HOTMAI

An Irish-Scottish male, cursed with an English accent,  
living on the fringe in the heart of London.

Rootless -classless- clueless but plugged in-cranked up to amplify in part a notion  
of his being in a noise polluted world.

Sanity is the art of disguising ones own madness.

Francis Paul Curran -NOV 2005

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FRANCISPAULCURRAN@HOTMAI

## (b) Dylan

Sometimes the benevolence of the sun sets you free  
Outside the house to roam within my comfort zone.  
Your mother doesn't know yet (you know what she's like)  
And I not far behind in her bothering.

A glimpse through the mesh of the smudged net curtains  
Spots your sprouting bones off wobbling on the bike  
That you love so much; and how I duck as you look up  
To catch the chance to unfold your boundary.

I grimace for the near squeezing of dark and improbable  
Thoughts, the mad tearing around for your whereabouts.  
Not far off, there is to come the scorn of being late,  
Both your mother's barrels blaring down between my eyes.

She scrubs and scours the grimy streets  
Off your dry skin that she devotionally chokes  
With powder and cream, and inhales you  
With her Siamese face snuggled on your neck.

Winding down and tucking you in  
Brings me kissing on a dreaming head,  
You threat to turn over as I peck on the cheek,  
That cherub of a smile belies the devil in your day.

The petulant swagger and the brag and the boast  
Of a glorious goal weaved through a forest of hacking legs,  
Your squabbling mates outside your school,  
Bellowing that it bounced off the shin.

Francis Curran

## (c) Dead Horse

A sore seat's pedal on a sweltering road  
That only time ever passed through.  
And us on the banter of flowering girls  
And the anticipation of a rare dead horse.

No other lads had seen it,  
But it was there-

Gripped in the frenzy of grass the dead horse lay.  
It's raging eyes, stitched on the stillness of sun.  
In torrent of flies, hell bent on the crackle of skin,  
On the sweetness of flesh, the redness of meat.

The sludge of the knotted steaming gut,  
Seeping the lung of the baking soil,  
Dissolving, to be razed to the sky on this strange day,  
Around the offensive stench of a boiling horse.

One of us picked a hell of a stone, and hurtled it  
Towards the black cries of waiting crows,  
Whilst others blurted spurious caws of its demise.  
And amongst the werewolf's and the dark gypsies

Was a beast's heart caved in, and toiled to death  
As it lay there, idle as it could wish.  
We brag to give a right good kick, to clump such weight  
And grizzled bulk, with the thud of a measured boot,

In the glint of a rascal eye.  
But something around it that couldn't be seen,  
Buckled the gangling leg to give way.  
Wracking our shot and stuttering brains,

As the white clam of our hands tightened,  
Clenching for the menace, of an all too dead thing.

The grey upset of rain rubs,  
And the clamouring up of a villain sky,  
That blunts the sun and a lad's dare,

For we had seen it,

Were bound to say we touched it,  
Though we hadn't.

We leave him in his dead thinking.  
Scarper from those screaming eyes, glaring out  
At the gathering above; stricken in the notion,  
Of it's own sorry deadness.

Francis Curran

## (e) You And I In Song

Play me, go on play me,  
Play with me, play me baby,  
Strike a chord and strum me lady,  
Haven't got it on just lately.

I want to make you hum and whistle,  
Make you sing, i know your gonna make me  
Make me want to scream.  
I want to hear you sigh,

Need to feel your high notes fly  
So funk me go on funk me.  
Gyrating slick hot loving moves  
High decibels deep pulsing grooves

We synchronize our beats of two  
Into one and you, you raunch it,  
You're soaring dirty solo,  
Sucks and blows me sweet away.

We jam and pitch it higher,  
Raise the gospel roof,  
I praise you like a hymn,  
And dancing, you like to come when you dance.

And slowing down to a grinding smooch,  
Clinging tight in deep soul song,  
The sun, the moon, right through on  
The day, the tender night.

Tripping in a trance now baby,  
Whisper breathless to me lady,  
Out of body, out of mind,  
We're burning up now baby,

You and I, in song.

Francis Curran

## (f) Footprints On The Moon

We were strapped in tight, in two huge birds.  
In a dream moon landing trip.  
All around us things were humming,  
In our dream moon landing trip.  
We were blasting from the blue swirl earth,  
In a dream star spangled ride.  
All around us things were changing,  
In our dream star spangled ride.  
We were gliding on two pairing wings,  
In a dream soul soaring flight.  
All around us things were pulling,  
All around us things remaining,  
Forever up and out there somewhere.  
Humming, blasting, swirling changing,  
Pairing pulling things remaining,  
Orbiting the others pulsing,  
Never reaching, never docking,  
As to the other mass less.  
Stay a while, stay forever,  
In our dream moon landing trip.

Francis Curran

## (g) Girl In A Photo

The devil twinkling of an eye,  
The shape, the look of you,  
Not being privy to your scent,  
Sound of your words resound, resonating,  
Ripples the head; sets on thinking,  
Unthought things,  
Base things, but natural, absolute,  
Such as,  
I want to sleep inside you.

Francis Curran

## (h) Herr Doktor Dishes Out Bad News

Herr doktor, informs a hypochondriac,  
She has but six months to live,  
That her impending demise, was of such a brute, inexplicable bent,  
That he could not bring himself to speak its name,  
That it could be found on page forty eight  
Inside the top drawer of her bedside chest.  
He recommends the none payment of rent,  
The toppling of a police mans hat,  
The running up of a handsome debt,  
The truth to her friend that yes she's fat,  
A needle, a snort or a pipe of crack,  
A one way ticket on a far flung jet,  
And a right good seeing to from a local buck.  
Shooting on home, flying up the stairs,  
Frantic in flicking in skipping the page,  
Page forty eight...death by old age.  
The shock, dropping her dead on the spot.

Francis Curran

## (j) The Man Who Thought Too Much

The man who thought too much, took journeys,  
His train of thought derailed,  
Staggered from the mangled bent,  
Crawled through pitch-black silence,  
Turned wrong off the beaten track,  
Never to be seen again,  
This is his story...

The man who thought too much,  
Lost sleep, woke up ready for bed  
Missed the bus, lost the job,  
Lost dreams, roamed the streets,  
The swerve, the brake the screech  
The howl of horns blaring at him,  
Bowled and bundled over the bonnet,  
Tumbled him into a bottle,  
Blocking the neck with the bloat of his bulk,  
Wife's back twisted slipping a disk,  
Dropped down short in the shaking of him out.

The man who thought too much,  
Took pen to morning papers,  
Set circles ringed round vacancies,  
Booked non-existent interviews,  
Pinched the rent, taxied into town,  
Hid in pubs-ash-trays-pork scratchings,  
Bluffing his way through dogs, horses-football,  
Bitter lager builders took the piss,  
Sneaked back on site early,  
Youths abandoned one-arm bandits,  
Made haste with the pint,  
Landlords groaned, pensioners clinked,  
Bells rang him out of town.

The man who thought too much,  
Cabbed on home, pitched up the tent in toilet,  
Camped with Sartre, Asian Babes,  
Cranked the strained brain,  
Wanked the cock sore.

Grafted the hand on the mouse,  
'Adult chat-teen sluts-dirt sex  
Interracial amateurs-housewives-free pics!  
Xxx hard-core-submission fetish spanking,  
Oral sex-anal sex-voyeur web cam  
Instant access lesbian, gay huge cocks!  
Your place for nice or naughty girls,  
Watch them get fucked hard for the first time ever!  
No credit card details needed.'

The man who thought too much,  
Quickened the ejaculation,  
Lay in impotent thinking,  
Watering seeds of wild fire doubt,  
The missus couldn't coax it up.  
Stitching his mouth mute, cemented the ear,  
Soap, fresh clothes, mates, the mistress-fell away.  
He brought low company home,  
They sold him crap then left,  
Neighbours blanked him, the cursing kids,  
The wife despaired of him.

The man who thought too much,  
Found dread in the door bell,  
The telephone-the mail,  
The bank fell out of love,  
Friends advised it to end the affair,  
It sent out unscented letters.  
'Dear John, this is the hardest thing,  
Can't believe all these years, its come to this,  
These past few months, you've put me through it.  
Never answered my letters or calls,  
Stood me up God knows the times,  
I can't-won't take it, I care for you but face it,  
Its over: take care John.  
Ps, in the event that you have paid the outstanding balance,  
Please then disregard the above.'  
The wife came out from behind the chocolate,  
Glared her way to a manicure-the hair do.  
All high heels and hands on hips,  
The lip gloss and that little black dress.  
Took to clubbing with the girls.

The man who thought too much,  
Rubbed out buttons on the remote,  
"Heh heh! how ya all doin?  
You know, it's just great to be here with you folks out there...  
No really, we've got a great show for you right now,  
Coming up, on the David Goldstein show...  
How would you feel? what would you do?  
If you discovered your best friend,  
The buddy you cycled to school with,  
The best man at your wedding,  
Your bowling partner,  
Had been sleeping with your wife for over twenty long years,  
I know folks, but wait a minute,  
How would you feel? if you found out,  
Not only has he been makin whoopee with your wife...  
But, he's also been at it with your twin daughters!  
Both of em that's right, and... and your beautiful little grand-  
Child, Mary Jane Godwin, there's a picture of her there,  
Ain't she sweet? is in fact his own flesh and blood daughter!  
Uh huh...what about that?  
Well, that's what happened to fifty four year old kitchen porter  
Billy Noel Godwin from Wisconsin  
And here he is folks to tell us all about it,  
Just after this short break, we'll be right back"

"Are you like me, over 50?  
Worried about leaving your loved ones behind?  
Struggling with the burden to cope?  
Well, don't worry, there is an answer,  
The Silver Citizen Pension Plan really can make a"...  
Cheap shit quiz show! "Doreen I'm soooo sorry!  
You enjoy the day? " "oh, I've had a wonderf"...  
"Give her a big hand ladies and gentleman,  
Doreen, all the way from lovely Inverness,  
She leaves with nothing! "  
"Happy life style makeover! " "celebrity plug celebrity plug  
De de de de de dehh chat show! "  
"He's mad-he's bad-he's maverick cop! "  
"Gimme d badge, ya piece too, you're off the case getouda here! "  
"We're J.a.m.m.i.n...we're s.p.r.e.a.d.i.n...sweet love all around,  
My coca cola! "

"Now on men and motors, page three stunner Heidi"...

The man who thought too much  
Signed on the dole,  
Scurried home for the pissing rain,  
Only to find unthinking better looking ex work-mate,  
On the rumpled sofa, too stiff in the pose,  
The mottled wife, fumbling the buttons.  
Days later,  
The man who thought too much,  
Stood on the ledge, scanned the ground,  
Looked to the stars, closed the eye,  
Raced on through his life not thinking.  
Years later,  
The man who use to think too much,  
Became the elected Member of Parliament  
For East Strathclyde

Francis Curran

## (k) When No Flicker From A Candle Held To A Mouth

When no flicker from a candle held to a mouth,  
Gone are the days and the night put to sleep,  
Hushing the muted tongue on death ears,  
A blink of an eye and the shutters nailed down,  
On the loops and twines of a life's mere instant,  
Settling red dust on the tombs of crumbled bridges,  
Wringing out the tick of a stuck clock,  
Clanking the fading toll of a bell's muffled gasp.

When no jolt of the heart to electric surge,  
A circuit breaks on the route of a thought.  
And the rubbing of words off a blank page,  
Ink slipping up through the nib of a pen,  
And a book, back to pulp to wood to a tree  
Flat lining a deathbed of rusting leaf.  
Root- to bulb- to seed,  
Mountains to rock and pebbles crushed  
To sand to silt, that's washed far out  
To an empty sea.

When no beat of the blood comes to the thumb,  
Menstrual cycles synchronize a halt.  
The unborn sucked from the red-hot womb,  
The top dog sperm, slipping off an egg,  
Ejaculating back to a stiff- limp shaft.  
All life and dead things tumbling off-  
A matters spinning speck,  
Tarried down to an ancient glow,  
Beyond an eons blackness,  
Beyond nothingness,  
Dense as air, as water -iron.  
Beyond- before,  
The gaping cracks in a theorist's critical point.

Francis Curran

## (m) Doktor Spengler Finally Flips

At the kampfbund deutscher kultur center,  
Obergruppen neu director,  
Doktor Helmut Schinkel Sturmban Spengler,  
Grew an inanimate tree.

A proud black forest uprooted, tumbling treads upstairs,  
Slotted snug fit into floors, splintered under thumbs,  
Gave two bad and a 'good un, '  
To each a cross to bear.

Hammered the final vampire blow,  
Entombing the screaming silent dead.

Herr doctor concocted a spiralling lie,  
Clipping the wings of a murder of angels.  
The parabolic flight of a bird of truth,  
Flew too close to a psycho sun,

Flaring a melt down of feathering soot,  
Blacking out the blistering and peeling sky.

Herr doctor, undissected monkfish,  
An ocean sunk, crustaceans and sea birds signed a pact,

A squadron of screeching heinkel gulls,  
Dive-bombed a tonnage of heavy-duty shit,

And jackbooted crabs armoured in gastropods,  
Storming their way up cratered beaches,  
Smashing to smithereens, half flung up fortifications,  
Breaking on through, to build a bridgehead.

The lightning flash of a blitzkrieg march,  
Through west end neon sushi bars.

Cantankerous chefs strung up to be cured,  
Blunt surly waiters, felt the sharp shredding edge,  
And the cold steel point on the routed rump,  
Sliced- diced, and tenderised.

Herr doctor, prescribed action man strange pills,  
Said, they'd sort his head out,  
But put the squadie out of sorts.  
Cultivating an iconic moustache,

Took to cottaging the no go gents,  
Night cruising the boarded blacked out clubs,  
Shacked up stringing lady boys,  
Accommodating, the occasional fist.

Barbie gave birth stillborn,  
Guns laid down their arms.

Herr doktor, sheared priests heads red raw,  
X-rayed hot-wired fed them volts,  
Baptized them foaming mad,  
The propped up toothless pope grew horns,

Inquired his way to his first line of coke,  
Running bare arsed amok an order of freaking nuns.

Herr doktor, thought the unthinkable,  
Fucked the unfuckable.  
And misering at his own contentment,  
Doused the self in diesel,

Striking a red-hot sulphurous match,  
Doktor Spengler froze to death.

Francis Curran

## (n) Lifeblood

Out at mans feet lays creation,  
All sorted and shifted, its nature's  
Ups and downs, indexed dusted: down  
At mans feet lays himself  
And everything that ever moved,  
Done always as it had to be done,  
When mostly done for it could  
Be done; everything passes being  
A possibility at some point.

Francis Curran

## (o) A Chronological Rant On Life

Go on my love, here he comes,  
This is it, here he is,  
Oh my god, things have changed,  
We've changed.

Big head little limbs,  
Massive smile draws you in,  
It's too quiet check on him,  
Listen for his breathing.

Powdered milk piss and poo,  
Baby wipes sludge food,  
Nappy changing wailing,  
Sleepless nights.

Lots of Lego-no leg over,  
Plastic soldiers card and glue,  
Action man, spider man  
Tom and jerry top cat,  
Bob the builder in a fix,  
Mickey mouse nursery.

In a trolley pushed by mum,  
Supermarket tantrums,  
Smack on leg does the trick,  
Double scoop with flake on top,  
Slides swings and roundabouts.

Toffee apples sparklers fireworks fun fairs,  
Grannies come to spread her joy,  
One hairy kiss for every toy,  
"Mummy needs to cut your hair": ok,  
Drink milk, pyjamas on, brush teeth story time-

Mirror mirror on the wall,  
Who scribbled crayons in the hall?  
Up the stairs? bedroom?  
Cluttered mess, broken toys, missing pieces  
Torn out pages, plastic pistols cartoons

Birthdays Christmas.

Magnifying glass in hand,  
Sweep the grass scan the land,  
Oh what fun in burning bugs.  
'Get in! your dinners ready! '  
Grannies come 'where's her money? '  
"Show me yours and I'll show you mine",  
'Wait till I tell your father! '  
Bikes fights cuts and bruises,  
Spin the bottle, Chinese burns,  
Catapults, comics, birthdays Christmas,  
And time does nothing but pass.

Computer games, mobile phones,  
Text messaging, blistered thumbs,  
Fatty four eyes fancies you,  
Nice tits Tina doesn't.

'Mums going to cut your hair', oh shit!  
Adults barking orders-  
Read that- write this- add that  
Take this detention,  
Line up- shut up -settle down don't run,  
'Its sir to you O'Brien! '

Psycho bullies out of cages,  
Giving dead legs on rampages,  
British bulldog, football  
P.e, cold showers,  
The crack of wet towels smarting skin,  
Snot green phlegm.

Head master never there,  
Only seen singing hymns,  
Singing out familiar names,  
To see him after assembly.

Pierced ears, doctor martins,  
Fred Perry, parkers, tracksuits- trainers,  
Leather denim jackets,  
Fashion branding wanking,

Mother's puzzled by the smell,  
Coming from your room.  
'Gran's come', "not arsed,  
Going out to nick from shops"  
ONLY TWO CHILDREN ARE ALLOWED-  
ON PREMISES AT ONE TIME.

First snog, first grope,  
Body popping head banging  
Rock music dance music,  
Checking out the latest moves,  
High decibels pulsating grooves,  
'Let's sing... let's shout,  
Rock your body on the dance floor'...  
'1- 2- 3- shake your body down,  
1- 2 -3-make your daddy frown'  
'Oi! ..turn that bloody racket off! '

'Mum wants to cut your hair! '  
She can wish all she wants,  
First smoke first beer, mad school disco,  
'Do you want to out with me? '  
First date first love, loads of kissing  
Love bites, exploratory fingering, examinations,  
'You're chucked! ' you're choked.  
Birthdays Christmas parties.

On the dole art college, first bank- first job,  
First wage first pub, 'get up your late for work! '  
'Oh no oh shit, how come I'm skint? '  
Borrow money of mum, steal cash from dad,  
Granddads dead: "gran's come", 'gran...  
You know granddad's classic motor  
In the shed? ... well, can I? '

Pub crawls, nightclubs, you've pulled kebabs,  
'Get up your late for work! '  
'I'm ill not going, going out getting stoned"  
Big spliffs- big bongos red-eyed hot knives.  
Foreign shores with the mates.  
First loan first car first gig first shag.  
Going down missionary doggie style bedsits.

'Hi ya dad is mum there? ...  
I know mum, I'm really sorry,  
I've been really busy; I'll pop round  
Tomorrow night, I might just bring me laundry'

Second love, this is it,  
Lots of shagging, mortgage,  
Bucket load of bills.  
Reluctant shopping with the wife,  
'Ahh, look at you! , when's it due?  
Girl or boy? or are you not that bothered? '  
'Yes, I am, I want a boy,  
Don't want no sweet princess of mine,  
Fucked by unkempt tattooed swine,  
It's a boy or nothing'

Eyeing up the young fit birds,  
Horror as they blank you back,  
Must lift weights go jogging,  
But you know you never will.

Come on love, this is it,  
Oh my god here she is,  
Things have changed, we've changed.  
Sludge food -piss and poo, baby wipes sleepless nights  
And time does nothing but pass.

Francis Curran

# Gone But Everywhere

You are  
The sound of the wind whispering through  
Stirred trees,  
An apparition in certain songs,  
And the glare of the sun's rays  
That's too bright for my eye.

In the ripe trodden grape  
And red juices of rare meat  
I taste you  
Still.  
In dark roasted coffee beans  
And burnt toast, I can smell you  
In American cigarettes puffed under parasols.

You are  
The blur of a woman's half face  
Unravelling in the hum of heaving pubs.  
The blue haze and electric drone  
Of neon nights and the affirmation  
Of our nature lived out on a screen.

And there,  
Among the silent masses,  
Congregated on creaking escalators,  
Elevating lost souls through plastic cloisters,  
Fake marbled vestibules that extol the glory  
And bring upon the high altar of a bargain  
And the holy grail of a quick buck,  
Back out spilling into the squinting light,  
The breathing lungs of bustling streets.  
But now,  
I only ever see you,  
When I close my eyes.

Francis Curran

# I Miss The Wind Chimes In Your Garden

Like a hypnotist's spell counting to ten;  
I was gone for the murmuring of summer's last breath,  
And first heard the breeze chime in your garden.  
To come to you sitting on the tread of a door,  
Smoking a roll up with a book on your knee.

You looked up to greet a rattled eye,  
And beamed a broad smile that lights up a face,  
As the sunshine poured from your beautiful mouth,  
And I knew as your tumbling words spun in my head,  
And melted the ice that thawed and froze  
Between us and the turning of our seasons.

That both these souls belonged in a bed

You reach over passing a cigarette,  
I said, 'That blows a year's hard slog in quitting'.  
And the wild and black curls of your hair,  
Lingered kissing on the summit of your shoulders.

And you, un-witting in a flimsy white top  
Bestowing me the wonder of your breasts.  
The brimming oasis of a dark nipple  
Rouses me sunburst and snow blind shock  
Slap bang in love before hitting the floor.

The boom of your electric- pulsing mind  
Spirals me staggering back for more, spinning  
In the cacophony of intermittent collisions to come.

Francis Curran

# There Flies The Wayward Arrow

There goes a ball on a penalty spot,  
And with it, dying dreams dashed, and hope hoofed  
Up over a cross bar; into the juddering arms  
Of a delirious roar, singing and swaying in praise  
And proclamation of crowning champions.  
For a giant gobbling silverware, that's grabbed and snatched  
From other giants, clinking the well cut glass  
And slapping on backs in a hallowed boardroom.

There is the wake of silence, and spilt tears  
Muffled in the walls of a well-thumped changing room.  
The fading homage and defiance of a chant,  
Spilling out, the indefatigable devotion  
Down the other end of a steel boot black country town.  
Sent packing back to dismantling and dreaming,  
And the slogging of its guts-  
Out, gruelling in such long and crippling seasons.

There, on the last leg and final bend,  
Drops the fumbling baton and the gold  
Within grasp, now to be kissed and tallied  
To a grateful nation, that flashes past  
The dead coronation of greek like gods,  
Tumbling from a podium onto old fat men  
And drooping flags between slumped knees;  
Shoving a rolling head out of a back door.

Francis Curran

# You Can Have The Earth (In The Virtual World Department Store)

It challenged with an elbow digging at my ribs  
And dared if I had what it took to burn  
Behind the wheels of high-octane super charged imports  
To climb dig and float, fly-jump over buildings  
All wits and reflexes guiding a mental snail  
Through the furthest reaches of the universe  
A hero tumbling asteroid fields  
And all that stands between civilization  
From swarms of dangerous intergalactic rocks

I could liberate the masses or become their oppressor  
If I was firm and strong in the building of my kingdom

It offered active service in the renegade commando corps  
And a chance to strike down on the sand  
The fanatical heart that stealth's in death match multi kills  
To polish up on sniper skills in epic missions skirmishing  
In brutal wars; abducting groups of four  
And beam them up to paradise

It said I was sure to get sucked in to  
The most authentic sea and freshwater fishing  
Experience ever, and I, now more than interested  
But then my son in knowing of these things  
Nails me that I'm in the crap section  
To spare him we should leave at once  
And me in thinking  
I could do with a spot of the old pike fishing  
From the bank side of an armchair  
For it would spare the missus  
The maggot's snug tucked in the back of the fridge

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