

Poetry Series

Jilted BUTTERFLY
- poems -

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Jilted BUTTERFLY()

...To The Sky I

I dreamt of a land like Coleridge - a distant Zanzibar or Xanadu
Where water flows up and birds can talk and dogs can sing well too

Where nonsense words from Edward Lear, Lewis Carrol or Monty Python
are understood as simply as if they were just spoken - three, two, one

where broken hearts and moral codes are swapped for vanilla ice cream
and lashings and lashings of ginger ale or beer.

a fantasy land where in our minds we run through forests and plains
with the wet cut grass sticking to our ankles and shins

where panting breaths and cheeky grins and dirty nothings are spoken
without the slightest fear of rejection or pain or discovery

where innocence and guilt are lost and in the silly moment
we lean towards eachother - unspoken contact unbroken

and hold that gaze forever - lost in the flight of fancy
where your wings take you up to the edge of the sky

Jilted BUTTERFLY

A Ship In A Storm

The sailors cling with whitened knuckles to the rigging,
A fierce gail blows, throwing spray and fears of sinking,
They look to the captain, his jacket torn and open,
They look to the skies, black and full of storm,
The captain cries, 'Come on Men – you know the drill,
Pull in the spinacker, shorten the mail sail'

A bolder band of sailors, such a storm had never faced,
They pulled on the ropes, together their hearts raced,
'All together men, this storm shall not defeat us'
These men, their captain, would follow to death,
'I promise a drink to everyman in port tomorrow night'
Bolder and bolder the men went on – their hearts set on the prize.

The first mate asked the captain through the teeth of the strongest wind
'Why does she blow so, captain, to show how strong she is? '
'No matey, never, it's shows how much she cares'
The first mate asked again to hear the captain's reason.
'This perfect storm, this perfect moment, when all our blood is racing,
This is the moment when she turns her face full upon us'

'And in her powerful spring-tide eyes, we are powerless to defend,
Our only hope is to hold on tight, grit our teeth and wish for a pleasant end,
Because when she's gone and the sea is flat and there's nothing left to do,
We'll thank the Spring for this storm where she showed us how to live'
'Aye Captain' said the mate, 'But first we must survive! '
The captain laughed and cried, 'Aye, first we must survive! '

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Air

A wisp of white smoke rises
floats, slowly twists around itself
it's translucence casts barely a shadow
which dances lustily and slowly
spread over the coffee table
and the back of the couch

you could try to grab the smoke
and clutch it between your outstretched fingers
you could try...

it defies with you with a special ignorance
that type of genuine ignorance that hurts the most
it's not pretending you're not there
for it - you really aren't.

Jilted BUTTERFLY

An Echo

sounding off the far mountain wall,
bouncing back quieter and softer.
more beautiful with each fainter repetition
and more sad too, the original brightness fading and slowly dying
quieter, quieter, quieter til we're not sure which one was last and which one
sounded only in our heads.
and maybe the last one, the one we imagine we hear.
Maybe it's the only real one.

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Beauty

distorting reality and perspective
making small things seem important
like a smile

while the big things seem small
and take up no more time than
a handshake

dragging the will to life
kicking and screaming to new
corridors of pain

while the will to death
blackens the afternoon with
it's presence

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Beauty II

A more sensitive soul would wilt
crumbling, crushed beneath the glares
smashed against the rock - the beauty

duty, a straight-jacket, forced to look forward
blinkered and gagged, functioning but not living
breathing but not free to act.

free to think though
and in those thoughts free
to do as I please to let it soar
to take revenge - to have the unhaveable
to kiss the unkissable - to ignore the unignorable.

In the mind the sensitive soul can be a warrior
strong to the last breath - to the valiant death

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Hazel Leaves

Hazel leaves cast dappling, dancing shadows on sunny, breezy days
Each leaf jiggles excitedly in place,
the smaller branches wiggle
and the boughs sway

Closely observed, the little mad leaves enraged with righteous indignation,
shake their entire tiny selves like the angry fists of revolution,
But, somehow, the effect is gentle and calming shade, where we can lie gazing
and be serenaded by the soothing shushing.

Each connected and each alone
Each excited and each calm

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Last Split Second

Sometimes in the heat of despair
we lost sight of perspective
It bends and curves and distorts
Like light round a black hole
and what we think of as truth is wildy out of proportion
yes the grains of truth are there running through the narrow waist of our
preception
but each individual speck is not the beach, the beach is more than grains of sand

is this your last split second? will you spend it looking at a grain of sand or at the
beach?

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Liking Zoetropes

Liking flashing images in a Zoetrope
Promise, instants filled with promise
Vignettes of a perfect ruse
Each flashing image lets a little light in - a sliver
Glimpse a faded Eden
See its lush beauty in the sepia shades of the past.
flickeringly impossible.

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Monday

Clouds – as beautiful as they are - are still clouds.
Looking closely at each one in turn
Trying to find the elephant or the clowns
Or make out the dragon in flight – is all right.
But sometimes they fuse into one blanket grey
And cover my world and my day -
And I look up to see some definite design
maybe a red rooster or a delicate butterfly
But today they are all gone away.: (

Jilted BUTTERFLY

One Life In The Day Of Alexander Solzhenitsyn

I heard he died today
I thought he died long ago
I loved his novel about one day
I liked his simplicity - his tone
he survived the second world war,
he outlived stalin
he outlasted the gulags and communism.
I thank you, Alexander, for the perspective.

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Poorly Defended Peninsula

a searching light scrapes the war torn skies
protecting the peninsula from the messerschmidt.
bleary and tired and bloodshot are the eyes
following the search seeing only the spots lit
by the pale and palid moonlike glow
of the last line of crippled defense,
those old guard who silently still know
and still understand their vigil makes sense

while the rest of the country lies vulnerable
asleep uneasily, unprepared and naked
a scarred heart - with ribcage torn open

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Psycho-Stalker

Today was really hard. I felt like my mind was slipping.

I sent an sms

I tried to unsend it

I tried to take it back

But its lunging, clumsy inexperience blundered on

Bursting good will and pleasance - like an over-ripe pomegranate,

I asked her if i was bugging her.

I'm sure someone once said, that by trying to grasp love you crush it.

No, wait it was Dorothy Parker - she said,

"Love is like quicksilver in the hand. Leave the fingers open and it stays.

Clutch it, and it darts away"

She was probably a psycho-stalker too - she probably killed her lover by slipping mercury in his pimm's.

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Saturday

A clock ticking – imperceptibly its hand slows
As it closes in on the hour, on the final hour it goes.
Tic tock, tic, tock, t i c k t o .
Slowing, time is crawling now like a snail lost
An apple falls from Newton's tree and nearly stops
A sparrow in flight slows - his wings tied up in knots
These last few hours in their sluggish ooze
Make so much time for me in which to lose
My mind - as it runs like lightning this way and that
Dividing every possibility, probability and fact
Don't Think she said, don't worry, just act
Why is so hard, in this vacuum, to react?

Jilted BUTTERFLY

Silence

She shrieked and screamed and bawled and cried,
'how can something so small make so much noise'
soothing and cuddling and shushing she tried,
She played her soft music and gave her soft toys,
Doctors were called and psychologists sought,
But still no relief from the nightly terror
It brought our poor mum to the edge of her lot,
It drained her of energy and wits and colour,
This constant aural agony from the baby blue cot.
She got some pills for her nerves, to help her sleep,
But she couldn't take them for fear of missing the night
When her baby girl would be quiet, not a peep,
So she trudged on through with all her might,
Awake through it all and unprepared for the change.

No screaming tonight, not a sound not a squeak,
She lay back and cried and sobbed herself sane,
She thanked god for the respite - the first in weeks,
And eased she drifted off for a moment's fitful slumber,
Before waking seconds later and sitting bolt upright,
The terrible silence ripping her mind like thunder,
She sat perfectly still and panicked - in fright,
She couldn't move, not an inch - the sound of silence...
A greater horror no mind could contemplate,
She inched at first then sprang from her bed - tense,
And leapt for cot on the other side of too late,
This ungolden silence - tearing at her heart,
This rotten hush, this ungodly still, this noiselessness

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Statue

staring at the ground between my feet
rehearsing conversations - practising lines

Leaves golden, dry and twisted flitter across
the space from left to right - I barely notice

I wait for the the sunshine to warm the top of my head
I wait for smiles to warm the top of my chest

I wait...

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The Chaos Butterfly

if he flaps his delicate wings
a hurricane starts in my heart
a storm so violent -
we close up the doors and block the windows to keep out the gusts - the gusts

we didn't invite him
we didn't ask

and now we have to close the doors and block the gaps with old pillows which are
no longer comfortable.

but still he gusts.

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The Question Mark

a sound like ice cracking
loud and echoing up the hill
made the workers stop and look up
birds flew into the sky in fright
and children stopped their merry noise.
that sound was the question mark
striking against my heart.

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Welcome Diversion

Summer Suns sweltering heat sweats,
movement is trapped, confined
gestures are heavy effort - weighted
trickles of perspiration tickle the brow
a raised hand brushes and resumes it's feeble fanning
glare sears the gaze
as the heat melts the day

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