

Poetry Series

Jim French
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jim French()

older than I have been, younger than I will be.
Smarter than I was, perhaps

A Penny For Them

A penny for them
she said
one day
when I had a far away look
in my eyes

A penny for them
she offered again

I had taken this offer
before
and was short changed
as penny was not
a fair trade for
my inner thoughts

A penny for them
was not enough
danger money
to purchase the spilling of beans
to expose to the truth enemy

A penny for them
she offered again
in the tone of the betrayed
of the untrusted

you can tell me anything
of the inner penny proffered you
if i can trust you with my penny
you can trust me with your thoughts

I opined my thoughts
of how she had gained size
she increased her offer
x2
for the pennies
that would cover my eyes

Jim French

Comments

Thank you
for your comments
that fly through the wires
across the world
from the ether

Thank you
for the time
it took to write
Your words
on your electronic page

Distance in miles
of feet that could not walk
to each other
separated by oceans
of hemispheres

Closeness
brought by
like minds
connected through
urges to write
of experiences
new and past

For your comments
I thank you

Jim French

Concentrate

When the me of 6 years
heard grown up speak of
concentration camps
the 6 year old I
Thought camps for people to think

The teenage me
thought
6 year old me
was stupid
as teen knew about
Jews and Germans
and 6,000,000 lost souls

The me of now
Knows the same as the teen
and
agrees
with me of 6

A concentration camp
is just that
a place to concentrate
not on the luxuries of
making the world a better place
or
who is to blame
but
of purity
purity
of thought and deed
and existence

pure thought
in every second
of your remaining
thoughts of

how to live

a little bit more
if you can
when everywhere
and
everyone around you
greet death

In the concentration camps
the six million had to exist
in their purest form
hanging on to the last breath
of every second that they had left.

Jim French

Garden Spice

There a place at the back,
My little oasis,
My place to absorb by candle,
Wind in the leaves,
Words on the page,
Ripples In the water.

My oasis tends me,
As I tend it,
I breathe it in,
as the plants need the sun rays,
my oasis is,
like my garden spice,
like the rays of many suns.

Jim French

Hate

I hate
the way
that people
say that
they hate
some thing
when they
just don't
like it.

Perhaps that
should be
I don't
like the
way that
people say
that they
hate something
when they
just don't
like it.

Hate is
too strong
a word
to use
for most
of the
times we
use it
so don't
use it
as much
as you
do

Where love
is concerned
I hate

that we
do not
show it
or say
it enough
and this
time, I
do mean
hate.

Jim French

Have A Happy Astronaut Day

Neil Armstrong
walked on the moon
looked back at the earth
and thought
Did I lock the back door before I left?

I went to work
in an office
by bus
and thought
Did I lock the back door before I left?

I may not have gone to the moon
but I think like an astronaut

Did you lock the back door?
Have a happy astronaut day
Now where are the keys to my space shuttle?

Jim French

I Love

I love

The smell of fresh bread
wafting through the ice air
from the bakery
on dark winter mornings

I love

the smell of coffee
as the vapour from the cup
twists its ways to my nose
as I look down at it
waiting to take the first sip

I loved

the smell of my daughter
when a babe
carried in my arms
of bath, powder and her

I loved

The sight of her first steps
as she tottered across the living room carpet
as I held out my hands for her
to come to me, or to stop the fall that eventually comes

I love the feel of my woman

as we cuddle for the middle times of the day
there has been a first
and there will be a last
but we are not there yet

I love the sound of my son

giggling an 8 year olds giggle
at a joke he alone understands
from me, from the TV, from his head
Who knows?

I love the way

That I haven't got a clue how this poem will end

Goodbye

Remember to love.

Jim French

In The Time Of My Dying

In the time of my dying
I saw many things
I felt my memories
form into a mass
of life before

I saw mum and dad
As young
In a long time ago
Christmas morning
When I got the train set I longed for

I felt my first tear
fall from my face
As my dog was hit by the car
and I held his lead in my hand
I felt my first guilt

I felt the sun
shine on my face
through my closed eye lids
As I breathed in the salt aroma
of my first time at the beach

I felt the music assault
my senses in ear and chest
at my first gig
wishing it was Pink Floyd
instead of a Flock of Sea Gulls

I remember the first time
I saw your face
And knew then
that a heart could miss a beat.

I remember feeling the rush
of my first flight
as the plane
raced down the runway

to take off

I remember warm nights
of friends
of wine
and chat

I remember cold mornings
of getting the bus
to work
as the ice still
stuck to the windows.

I remember too much
to leave behind
I remember too much
for this moment.

I remember
people
places
love
hate
boredom
excitement
I remember
I want more

I remember
I need more time
to relive it
I remember
I need more time
to savour
the feelings
of before
I remember
I need
more time
in my time of dying

Jim French

Life Times

I spent a lifetime one night,
Talking to you,
Never met,
But you know me,

You know me more.
Than people I have talked years to,
You know me from an eternity of my lives,
A past shared, but not remembered.

I know you,
From the memories,
Of before I was this me,
Of before you were this you.

Jim French

Mariposa

Mariposa
How you live
in my mind,
My soul'
My breath

When your eyes flash,
When time is our own,
I glance at the girl, who was,
Whilst seeing the woman who will be
And
Oh, how I love the woman who is now.

Even as you are with me,
I grieve for my time lost,
With the girl I never knew,
For the young woman'
Of the stories and photographs,
In the time before me.

If I were to dwell,
In the time before I
I would miss you,
In the time that is our now,
and I have missed too much already,
To pay the price to dwell again.

Mariposa
How you are
within,
My soul'
My breath,
within the time that is our now,
and in the time of our future.

Te quiero Mariposa, te quiero.

Jim French

Rain

From clouds
to soil
to rivers
through hills
over waterfalls
under stones
through sand
teeming with life
crossed by craft
burbeling
crashing
ebbing
flowing
in sea
to clouds
to rain
on
all of us

Jim French

Scent

If I could smell
I would drink your scent in
like a man who had crossed a desert
Quenching on oasis water
In a land of greys and heat

Since scent I cannot sense
I will create your scent from the memory
Of my time of scent

I shall steal and borrow

Of the memories
Of the air, clean on cooling summer nights
Of the trees, sweet after the rains
Of the grass newly mown
Of the Strawberries scent heavily escaping
And tantalising from a bite newly taken.

In the fecund time when scent returns
I will devour your scent
to beg, borrow and steal from it
to carry me to the next oasis

Jim French

Sitting Still

Sitting still
Waiting for the clock
To smash through the tock
that seems to take forever

Sitting still
waiting for the light
To break from amber to green
that seems always on red

Standing again
ready to stride
to the window
looking for you
for countless times

Sitting, still waiting
straining to hear
your approach
never arriving
as before again

never learning
always hoping
tick

tock
sitting still.

Jim French

Sunshine

There's the sun
just behind that cloud
I haven't seen it today
but, I know its there.

I know it hides in winter
waiting to catch me
unawares in spring
with its heat on my back

In the summer it seems
to be everything;
a thing to protect
my skin against
my eyes against
my thirst against

It can hang in the air
as a dropp of blast furnace metal
slipping into
the pink sea
at the days end

It plays hide and seek
through the branches
of the trees
through the railings
of the park

reminding me
that it will greet me
the first chance it gets
with the perfect pearl of heat
in the mid afternoon.

At my night
the sun hides
on the other side of the world
waiting for me

to walk out of my morning door
it may pounce
and
it may not
As.....
I live in Scotland
where the sun waits in line
behind the rain.
sigh!

Jim French

The Art Of Not Wearing A Hood

One day I decided
that I would not
under any circumstances
wear a hood
or
use an umbrella

Thanks god
for the sun
that shone on my face

Thanks god
for the wind
that blew in my face

Thanks god
for the rain
that ran down my face

I have one question!

did you have to create
seagulls?

Tomorrow God
I might just
find my hood!

Jim French

The Rungs In Me

There's a hole in me
It grew over 12 years of not seeing you
It deepened and darkened until there was no way out
After years I thought of moving towards the light

I built a ladder with emotions
I secured every rung through reflection
I built all the rungs I had in me
But I couldn't reach all the way

I thought I had time to climb higher
I thought I had time to see you
I thought we had time to have the difficult conversations
I thought we could work through them

My final rung was a phone call
From my brother to tell me you had died
I talked to my mum for the first time in 12 years
And finally I talked to you

In your chapel of rest.

I didn't have enough rungs in me
Rest in peace dad

Jim French

Tree

Rooted in soil
I reach to pull the clouds
After many years I may reach
In luck I may be nearer
If I were to grow on mountain

Against concrete I grow in city
In luck I grow in parks
Feel squirrels scamper
Amidst children in my branch

In City
In Valley
On mountains
The clouds ever call me

If I cannot reach
My seed scatters on winds
Of ambition never ending
Always climbing
I may reach

From the high places
Where I can be
From the walls and
Gutters of abandoned buildings
Cracks on Walls
The Sands of cliffs
I reach to pull the clouds

My purpose with the clouds
Must be known to them
As they stay so far away
Beyond my reach

This does not bother me
The clouds can distance with fear
I have nowhere to go
But to go up

This I must do

My purpose is ever to go up

Can you say this?

Whatever you may say.

it matters not

I will still reach

Jim French

Twin Towers

Two towers fell today
Two towers were pushed
by death in air

Death planned
By minds
That see nothing
Through hate

Thousands of people
Went to work
As in normal day life

Thousands of people
Sat at desks
thinking what to have
for lunch
what to do tonight
what happened last night
the good, the bad
the mundane, the ordinary

Out of the thousands
Who died
someones birthday became their death day

Of the thousands no more
Their thousands of people still here
who loved, liked
and maybe didn't like them
will think of them today

I think of them today
I never knew them in life
I knew them on TV
and in print
I live across an ocean from them.

There will be some today

who will mourn
There will be some today
who will celebrate.
For the wrong reasons.

Celebrate the thousands of lives
Celebrate the hundreds who ran to the towers to help
Celebrate that you were not there
Celebrate that you know this was wrong

I stood on the towers
In happy times
In tourist times
THIS WAS WRONG.

Jim French

Why Only Them?

Why do birds sing,
no, that's an old song
from an era pushed back in time
think of something new to write.

Okay,
Why do I write when I have nothing to say?
Why do I keep quiet, when I should shout out loud
against the things that P me off?
Why don't I take up a placard and march down the street
towards the soldiers and police?

There are no soldiers and police in my street,
or in the streets near me.
I have only seen them on TV
Heard them on the radio
or read of them in books

One man in front of a column of China tanks
Germans tearing a wall down bare handed
Students charged by police at Berkley
Mothers parading through south American squares of the lost
Towers of twin standing against Aeroplanes crashing through.
Mandela walking the long road to freedom.

It goes on and on....

And me?
me?

I can't even complain when some one skips me in a queue, or the food in a restaurant is crap.

Thank god for the people like them.

If it's not me or you that stands up

It has to be them.

Why only them?

Jim French