

Poetry Series

**Kevin Eaglesfield**  
**- poems -**

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# Kevin Eaglesfield(19th April 1967)

Just jotting things down as they poke out of my brain.

# A Derbyshire Christmas

Ey up, Ray, can y'ear scraitin?  
Summat's 'appnin in yon stan'in.  
'Say a gleg throw th'ole 'ere.  
'Utch up, Yoth an' gi'e ower shovin'  
Afore ah cloth yuh one.  
Well ah'll goo t'aar aase.  
Wey raight 'ere.  
Sum lass's gorra babby in theer  
Wi' ahl that 'ossmuck an' caa pasties.  
Ay's a pairler tho', sorrey.  
Stodgin 'is 'odge nah.  
Ay's wufflin' it dahn.  
Grand uz ote.  
Any road, canna be lozzin' abairt  
'Ere ahl nayt.  
Ah'm gaspin' mesen.  
S'corlunayajar.

(Translation)

Hey, Ray, can you hear crying?  
Something's happening in the cattle shed over there.  
Let's have a look through this hole.  
Budge up, Youth and stop pushing  
Before I hit you.  
Well I'll go to our house (I'll be blown)  
We're all right here (used when things are far from all right) .  
Some girl's got a baby in there  
With all that manure around.  
He's a fine one though (sorrey=local version of sirrah)  
Feeding greedily now.  
He's drinking thirstily.  
Fine (grand) as anything.  
Anyway, we can't be loitering  
Here all night.  
I'm thirsty myself.  
Let's call and have a pint.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Absence

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
If they're coming back.  
More than that makes it sadder,  
And lonelier and older,  
And heavier and quieter,  
And smaller and weaker,  
And blinder  
Than it was before.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# After The Storm

The storm was awful fierce last night,  
And even with the shutters,  
There were places where a candle wouldn't light,  
And some rain trickled through  
While we feared for the roof.  
All night long we could hear the church  
Bell clanging and clanking and Isaac said  
That Father Pegg was upside down  
With his leg in the rope,  
Which made us smile and think on it  
All evening, although we shouldn't.  
When we were about today,  
Had a bruised eye from a flapping door,  
And everyone had things to straighten and brooms.  
The big old sessile oak where the hunt meets  
Came down across the road  
And flattened Tom Skerritt's henhouse.  
All the men took their saws and axes and a horse  
And worked all day to shift it.  
The girls took bread and cheese and beer  
And watched them.  
The road was open by evensong,  
But me and Isaac looked agog  
When Reverend Pegg was limping.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Alive

What a day to be alive.  
Woodland fragranced air strokes  
And lovingly envelopes me, frees me more,  
Frees my mind and heart to leap  
And lap the sylvan nectar.  
Every blade diamond drenched,  
And every tree hand in lacy bewebbed hand  
As they gather their bramble petticoats  
And shyly show their fruits.  
So good to be alive.  
And below me men are crying,  
Dying in their filthy holes,  
Terror's rictus grin on their patriotic faces  
As He lovingly envelopes them,  
Frees them from everything  
To lap His foetid nectar  
And never want to leave.  
What a day to die.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Ancestral Echoes

She can hear her mother singing,  
And her mother's mother,  
And feel her father's music  
Through the rocks beneath her toes.  
Birds wheel and watch in silence,  
Unflapping, spiralling higher  
To let her hear.  
Lizards skitter  
On urgent short lived errands  
Through parched scrub,  
Than hide again.  
She stands tranquil,  
Arms out, fingers spread,  
Holding as much world as they will  
As an unflinching sun  
Bakes her brown baked skin.  
An inquisitive breeze lifts a dark lock,  
Lets it fall and strokes her  
While she murmurs names;  
Every name she knows  
Or has ever half known,  
While below, the river repeats each one  
And tells her more.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Autumn

Oh Autumn, oh Autumn,  
Without you it would shorten  
The Year,  
My Dear.

Your smell, your taste,  
You're calm and ripe and chaste-  
Nuff said,  
Let's wed.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Back

The time we gave them everything  
Has left us in this place.  
I've blinked and found the same boy  
With grey hair and sombre face.  
When I stood and wished you happy  
As I burned with molten tears,  
I little knew you'd steal a bit  
And keep it safe for years.  
And when you brought it back again  
And gifted me that shard,  
I marvelled that a piece of me  
Was still pure and unscarred.  
I'd smiled at fate, but she frowned back  
And turned her little knife  
And Eros shot black arrows  
At a nearly wasted life,  
But now although beleaguered  
And downtrod, I face the test  
And I'll stand and wish you happy  
As I give you all the rest.

Kevin Eaglesfield

## Back Soon

I touch the sacred place  
Where you bent and kissed my face,  
And sunlight motes  
Drift softly through your scent.  
I don't know what you said  
When you stroked my sleeping head,  
But my heart still holds  
Your whisper as you went.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Bags Of Next Door

Fireworked.  
Another family feeling the bang  
While one just sees the glitter.  
Course I'll put the bins out,  
And burn the broken wardrobe,  
And sort the bags out.  
And look inside them.  
Empty house and full garden.  
That spoil heap is my neighbours now,  
But it can't be washed by thick-armed women  
To find the precious ore.  
Every room's in one place.  
Is the opposite of household house drop?  
House loose?  
I know in cards it's hit and bust.  
Houses can be made of cards.  
There's good stuff there.  
New stuff, precious whole world stuff;  
An ironing board huddled in astonishment  
With a stunned Hoover.  
A bewildered fruit bowl you all walked past every day  
Before the apples shrivelled.  
Strong pans and baking trays  
That were part of all together,  
Years of fed again days  
Diluting to nothing in the rain.  
Bags of happy clothes and shiny belts,  
And his unworn shoes and tennis racquets,  
Lumped out in frustration and spite  
Because they're here and he isn't.  
Childrens' toys-they got to me.  
Orphaned neon fluff and dross and plastic.  
I suppose he'll buy them double now.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Bathroom Eyes

Someone wiser than me said  
That eyes are the windows of the soul.  
Her vivid eyes are so beautiful.  
They laser everyone she looks at  
And blind them,  
But you've not seen them closer.  
Her eyes are frosted glass,  
Open wide and closed.  
Something moves but I can't see through.  
A pink elbow of a thought or a  
Silhouette of a desire may lurk  
And bob and tease, but she never  
Presses her face to the window.  
I can't use stones.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Battleground

Once, on this lush  
And level castle field,  
Stood a mountain;  
Desolate, wind scoured,  
Scraping lightning from the clouds  
Like a flint,  
While my shaking arms  
Kept the sky from falling.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Beloved Violence

At the time,  
I knew it was my fault  
When dinner wasn't right  
And you threw it across the room  
And forced my arm up my back.  
I knew I was unreasonable too,  
To text you when you didn't come home.  
I ached far more inside than  
Than the blue and black and yellow showed.  
You were right when you told our friends  
How stupid and ugly I was,  
And I knew I was lucky  
That you chose me.  
Surely you were right as well  
When you said, ' No pain, no gain', in our room  
And said it showed how much you loved me.  
I cried so much before,  
Not from shock and pain  
As I got up off the kitchen floor,  
Or staunched my nose,  
Or waited for my breathing not to hurt,  
But from the guilt and shame  
Of making you do the things  
That made you hurt so much.  
From pushing you so far that you punched  
The words and situation, never me,  
Then had to cope with your own tears after  
I'd made you into something you're not.  
I used to miss you so much  
When you weren't there.  
Then I missed you when you were,  
But I stamped inside  
And you stamped outside  
As I reaped what I sowed.  
I was afraid you'd go, ashamed, a nag,  
Nosy, a burden, useless, interfering, lazy, thick.  
And my y.  
One thing I feel no guilt for though-  
Telling!

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Bonfire

November, with its frost and smells,  
Brings fond memories flooding back,  
Of the last bonfire party at my grandma's,  
Before she passed away.  
The night was tingling and alive,  
With excitement and expectations.  
Even Grandad, usually grumpy,  
Chuckled as he lit the fire.  
Paraffin made the wood and old crates  
Flare up quickly and light our eager faces  
As the sparklers were handed round.  
Then the barrage of colours and sounds began.  
Catherine wheels scorched orange holes in the air,  
Roman candles made us cower in delight,  
Fountains sprayed the lawns with glitter,  
But we stopped for supper half-way through;  
Jacket potatoes, hot-dogs and onions,  
Mushy peas and mint sauce and hot soup,  
Then red and sticky toffee apples.  
Great-Grandma watched safely from indoors,  
Excited as us at ninety by the show.  
The frost got thicker and our breath cloudier,  
But we noticed neither, nor cared.  
The efflorescent rockets and earth-shaking  
Bangers took us with them,  
Until the last one finally died.  
Tired feet were dragged home after goodnights,  
Thoughts of explosions and tinsel colours  
Filling our heads.  
Fireworks never last long enough for children.  
Neither do grandparents.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Brother

I haven't got a home to keep,  
I can see bills written in your face.  
I only have the clothes I wear,  
You freak about 30 degrees and sales.  
I haven't got a television,  
You unreality-trapped sap.  
I don't have a nine-to-five  
And the twelve-to-twelve's all mine.  
See these eyes?  
You can't, not steady,  
Especially behind a screwed up note.  
Everything angers you.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Bury Me

I'll tell you why I will be laid  
And, like a peachstone, soak awhile,  
While overhead, the boundary made  
Ahead the upright hacked out tile;  
I want to hear and see and feel,  
I want your tears and smiles and news.  
I'd like to touch you as you kneel  
And set the flowers that you choose.  
And when you soak awhile with me  
And gently settle, still they'll sit,  
To touch and take and shed and see  
Whilst we all hold hands for a bit

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Caged

It seems that since I knew you,  
You held behind your back,  
A cage to trap me unawares  
With door ajar a crack.  
And as I grew to know you more,  
Your scheme was growing too,  
Then suddenly the door was wide  
As, headfirst, I fell through.  
So here I dwell within the bars,  
Shut up without a key.  
Jailed, penned, enclosed and snared;  
Caged but flying free.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Camera Shy

Take my money, take my life,  
Burn my house and steal my wife,  
Beat me with a great big stick,  
But please, oh please, don't take my pic!

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Candle

Pure and fed by prayers and love.  
Watch the light,  
Warm yourself,  
And it will burn  
Forever.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Chase

Is it hormones pounding  
In and out his dead red legs,  
Or sentient terror  
And a knowledge of his end?  
What defence against the banging  
As his zig-zag heart  
Rends his chest  
And tries to overtake him?  
Does doom buzz between  
Keen, yelp-filled ears  
And make him wish and promise?  
Does the dread game feel arousing,  
The chase exciting,  
To die alive more than inch by inch  
And maggots?

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Church

Scrape-faced farmer,  
Clothes constricting,  
Fingers turning  
Hat in hand,  
Mumbles pious,  
Eyed fixed upwards,  
Shuffles hobnails  
As he stands.

Haughty squire,  
Fine clothes shaping,  
Jewelled fingers,  
Seated best,  
Voices loudly,  
Eyes fixed gimlet  
On the people  
He detests.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Clown

Now the laughter's died  
And the hand-sore rows empty  
Like popcorn filled sheep,  
He hurries damply to his father's father's van  
To put his make-up on.  
Expertly seasoned tones, quickly painted  
Hide the cold Geisha white and,  
Almost, the black tear that never dries.  
The laughing mouth inside the sad red one  
Reverses and purple eyebrows sober.  
Next a careful wig imprisons the feral  
Orange mane his mother used to ruffle and  
A mouthpiece fills in chessboard teeth.  
Bow-tie and buttonhole are lovingly tissueed.  
Satisfied, he winks at the mirror man  
For the thousandth withering time.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Confessional Box

Many people sit with me,  
Some in silence until they go,  
Some for harmless babble,  
But some have things to let out.  
Need to have their insides floating in the air,  
So they don't shred for a while,  
Or hope I nudge them back  
Through the partition, lighter.  
It's hard when next to naked loss,  
Or when they can't live another day,  
Or have inflicted hurt or abuse,  
Or just sob.  
Often more than one are there,  
And exorcise the last  
With their happy chat and smiles.  
Then the next may be lonely or cold,  
Or wrecked, or angry and rude  
As though it's my fault.  
Maybe they're involved with  
Underhand liaisons or work,  
Telling me what they'd never tell  
The people they should,  
Seeking absolution or release or  
Taking to another or better place.  
In my black confessional box.  
Four wheeled and for hire.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Cramped

See the tin robots  
Bang and bang and bang  
Against the wall.  
Spark, little men.  
All it takes is one.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Crushes

If your crush said to my crush,  
'Let's meet and have a chat',  
We'd be reduced to atoms,  
And the Earth would be razed flat.

Poles would flip, the oceans boil,  
The moon bounce like a ball,  
Mountains crack if we released  
The things we hold in thrall.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Dancing

Why so wrong to joke and laugh  
And feel relieved she won't return?  
Shove your righteous guilty wrath,  
We all know she's gone down to burn.  
Yes, children hurt and children weep,  
But now the millstone's from our necks,  
Our minds and lives are ours to keep,  
Like gliding swans, not storm-tossed wrecks.  
So please forgive if I don't pay  
My last respects or seem to care.  
Respect is earned, not forced, they say,  
And mirth at funerals unfair.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Dare To Dream

You gave me some hope today,  
Breathed a firefly my way.  
Does this mean you're coming?  
Dare to dream.  
All the best are spoken for,  
Some behind a fragile door.  
Thought yours was bombproof.  
Dare to dream.  
Dare to dream and punch right through,  
I'll take care of the rest  
As I finally, finally fetch you.  
Dare to dream and tread my world  
As the heart of every sun explodes unfurled.  
Can you lose so much to jump and follow?  
All I lose is living dead and hollow.  
Sure they'll resent us.  
Dare to dream.  
Does this mean you're coming?  
Dare to dream.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Daybreak

I stand, shoes sodden with the dew  
And greet the first faint glow of light.  
The sky fills with the spreading hue  
Of day replacing night.

Then birds leave roosts and start to sing  
To tell the world that it should wake,  
And shout their song of early spring  
To reinforce daybreak.

Thin mist hangs low from gentle Dawn  
And blankets fields and feet of trees.  
A favourite time is infant morn  
To treasure sights as these.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Dell In The Dark

Between owl and sparrow time,  
But you couldn't wait.  
Nothing moves except us and our shadows  
In our hushed and private bubble,  
Like we're in a shaker that God could play with  
And peer into while the stars fall.  
But that was before and gone,  
And night-day can take it  
When black is fresh and soft;  
Out of our heads with our smoky breath,  
And just as disappearing.  
A memory a street,  
A doubt a corner,  
And a possibility one of those stuck-fast stars.  
Pick one for me, Dell,  
There are thousands.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Divested Dead

I saw a dead man.  
Woke up, pitch-black, 2am,  
See-through man perched on my bed.  
See-through man with no clothes on.  
I spoke to a dead man too,  
After I'd screamed a bit  
And thrown a book through him.  
He confided clothes don't have a soul,  
So spirits are always as the day they were born.  
A good test of a true medium.  
Now he follows me everywhere,  
And I see hundreds;  
Unclothed soldiers swinging down the road,  
Slighted deceased on the common, duelling  
In the buff with pointed fingers,  
Unfettered footballers dribbling air in the park,  
Naked hitch-hikers,  
Strollers in the raw popping through walls,  
Voluptuous nuns and strapping monks praying.  
Old, young, maimed whole.  
Things I wince or twitch or blush at.  
I really really do not want to die.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Dragonslay

Young knight is weary, battle scarred  
And needs somewhere to pitch his camp,  
But stops because he hears a sound,  
And through the trees he spies a lamp.  
He draws his long sword and dismounts  
Advancing t'ward the yellow glow  
And, crouching low behind a rock  
Recognises dreaded foe.  
The light is not a lamp at all,  
But a dragon's fiery breath  
Escaping from its cavern lair:  
Now a fight til death.  
The knight remounts and leaves sword drawn  
And spurs his horse on to the cave.  
The dragon hears, advances too  
To meet headlong the charging brave.  
With mighty roar, the beast lets fly  
With flames that blister flesh and shield,  
The man gets in a glancing blow  
Determined not to yield.  
He turns his steed and gallops on,  
The dragon flames more gold and red,  
The knight is caught full force and falls,  
But, rising sees his horse is dead.  
A fury wells up deep inside:  
The battle now is personal.  
Sir knight runs under wing and claw  
And moves in close to strike the kill.  
He thrusts his sword into its neck  
And backs off to avoid the blood,  
The dragon gives a strangled scream  
And topples dying in the mud.  
The path is clear, it lies extinct,  
Its breath is gone, its eyes are wide.  
Wounded, spent the man walks back  
And takes his things from Charger's side,  
Secures his weapons, pack and shield  
Ignoring burns and inside pain.  
A welcome drizzle starts to fall.

He continues in the rain.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Dutch Courage

Fragrant breeze was blowing,  
And the wine was quickly flowing,  
So my bravery was growing  
By the min.

My head was slightly reeling  
From the mix and from the feeling  
That the woman most appealing  
Flashed a grin.

I wandered over bleary,  
Laid out tempting offers cheery,  
Her lip was curled and sneery  
'Hind her gin.

So now I sit with fingers  
Etched in cheek and drink that lingers  
In my hair and drips on cinders  
From my chin.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# First

We were both born in 1995,  
Me at the age of 28.  
Shoved aside before I  
Me, me, me'd for ever.  
Someone else to think about.  
Someone else to be scared about,  
And proud about, and glad about.  
And daft about.  
I used to watch you while you slept,  
Just to be sure.  
I suppose we all do that.  
Imagined every tiny working,  
As though with x-ray eyes,  
And knew the proof that  
There's more to life and death.  
My heart was your swaddling clothes.  
I told you the world,  
And cried as I lullabyed you  
Because you existed,  
And I'd grown another bit inside.  
My own big bang blew the universe sideways,  
And rearranged it  
With a new sun in it's centre.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Friend

She found him in the old town ditch,  
Approaching Merrin's farm,  
And tenderly she held him  
In her rags to keep him warm.  
And as he licked her grime-streaked face,  
Then shared her dark, hard bread,  
She carried him across the snow,  
And to her dark, hard bed.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Genevieve

What a very great lady.  
She's like the eye of the hurricane,  
Like a six foot wide barrier's around her.  
She sits behind it in calm and upright dignity  
While others twitter and bustle or scowl  
Or loll or shake or snore,  
Just like it's softly, gently snowing indoors.  
I told her she has a beautiful name  
Because she has.  
She nodded brightly and whispered  
That The Master was not very nice today.  
She thinks she's the Mona Lisa,  
Poses with one hand on the other wrist,  
And briefly half smiles every minute or so.  
I never tire of looking at her  
And to me she's priceless.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Gizza Job

I've had a few, but not much luck;  
Started with a builder,  
But the business went to the wall,  
Then the lingerie factory where I worked went bust.  
I didn't pass the refresher course at the sweet factory  
And the fishmonger's wasn't my sort of place.  
My soul wasn't in it.  
Next a bathroom fitter,  
But the company went down the pan.  
I worked for a very bad vet-too many put downs.  
Dustman-the job was rubbish.  
Coal man-I got the sack,  
And I sensed my number was up at the bingo hall.  
Tried a book shop,  
But the looks I got spoke volumes.  
I never saw eye-to-eye with the optician,  
And the dentist always looked down in the mouth.  
As a chiropodist I refused to toe the line,  
And I couldn't hack it as a lumberjack.  
Mind you, I came out with a nice package  
When I left the courier firm.  
Had some unusual jobs too;  
Worked as a clown for a while,  
But the boss was a bit funny.  
Then I was a clairvoyant's assistant, but she had to  
Let me go due to unforeseen circumstances.  
I just couldn't get on at the riding school,  
And definitely couldn't cut it as a barber.  
The phone shop I briefly tried  
Called in the receivers.  
Not long ago I started at an estate agents,  
But ended up going round the houses,  
Then my next job was at the egg packers.  
Wasn't all it was cracked up to be and I was laid off.  
Lastly, the laundry, which took me down a peg or two  
When the business folded.  
Now I seem hard pressed  
To find another job.



# Gods Of Love

Olympus gods came down amongst  
The mortals, for they'd heard them tell  
Of something ancient, new and bright  
And powerful, that there did dwell.  
Their thunderbolts rent trees and sky,  
Their mighty arms smote rocks to dust,  
The waters seethed, the magma boiled,  
The Earth shook with their jealous lust.  
Yet through it all they felt the pull  
Of something peaceful, good and pure,  
But hearts unused to love were blind,  
And forcing it made it hide more.  
Then, unexpected, homing in,  
A spark ignited one who paused,  
And looked around and shook her head  
At all the misery they'd caused,  
But as their minds were linked as one,  
So hearts of gods were joined as well.  
Compassion, love and wonder spread,  
And one by one to knees they fell.  
With hands gripped firm and eyes new wet,  
Ashamed, they mourned with heads held low,  
Then, as one thought, streaked heavenward,  
With wondrous seeds to sow.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Grandad's Time

When 'e were a lad  
Life was much less complicated;  
Mobiles were what you hung above cots,  
Microwaves were what shy girls did to catch your eye,  
And hand-helds were part of courting.  
When he went on-line he was on a train,  
A hard drive was Derby to Cornwall,  
And surfing was what they did in the sea.  
Spam was just a teatime treat,  
And a forward slash was best left unmentioned.  
The only grandad saw  
Was when the coalman came.  
Before fires were pretend.  
Sometimes grandad nipped to the shop,  
He didn't have a retail experience  
And each shop door led outside.  
He could still choose his coffees then though-  
White or black,  
And his idea of a ready meal  
Were his pack-up sandwiches.  
Everything was fried in lard because  
Olive oil was for earache.  
Male grooming was a bar of soap and a razor  
And smoking was encouraged by doctors.  
That was in the days when the doctor used to call,  
When conkers, marbles and running around  
Weren't dangerous games,  
When children and strangers used grandad's surname,  
When people sorted things out  
Instead of 'addressing issues'  
And used to say yes instead of absolutely,  
When tradesmen built or cleaned or fixed  
Or delivered and didn't have 'solutions'  
Or 'logistics' painted on their van.  
When every letter had a stamp  
And the post office could be reached on foot,  
When football matches kicked off at 3pm saturday  
And grandad could afford to watch The Rams,  
Go to the pictures, eat fish and chips any time

And hop on a bus on a whim.  
Christmas started in December.  
Mind you, they did have rationing, smog, tin baths,  
Capital punishment, polio, the cane, outside toilets,  
War and eight foot of snow every year,  
But they were happy.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Half A World

When you're half a world away,  
And half a half a day behind,  
When I'm looking through our box  
With bloodshot eyes,  
Tallying another day,  
The waves that beat me black and blue  
Are the butterfly wings  
That you smile at in your sleep  
While we dream of each other.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Half-Life

Doorstep sunshine.  
Drinking tea and supping air,  
And swapping, unbeknowns.  
Half dead marigolds,  
Half alive maybe,  
Squeezing out a little green,  
Want to see September.  
Blow and slump,  
And slump and blow,  
And rustle.  
Just like me  
When I was half alive.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Hallowe'En

October, with its rotting leaves  
And mists and flesh-stripping winds  
Holds one triumphant day for me.  
A few precious longed-for hours.  
At liberty then to move among my family  
And to call a great meeting after sundown.  
While mortals tremble under blankets,  
Thousands will answer their master's call  
To fill the sacred, unseen circle.  
Creatures fabled by weak-willed man;  
Black witches, hobgoblins, spectres, rats,  
Vampire friends and the sallow face of Death.  
All are there and more, keen and attentive.  
Undreamt of primeval creatures are present,  
So shapeless that a fleeting glance  
Would stop a living heart from beating.  
And, after a time, the circle is complete.  
The runes are read and the Earth power flows.  
All bodies are mine, all minds one.  
Reports are made and instructions given  
With praise, rebukes and a welcome to the new,  
Then, at my command the ring is broken.  
The dark gathering evanishes in the early fog,  
Evil forces now replenished,  
And the iniquitous roam again  
To pillage the puny souls of Man;  
A being so eager to co-operate.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Hear A While

Summer garden lazing,  
With my guilty idleness kit  
Of book, beer and stripy deckchair.  
I sat back, eyes closed, face to the sun,  
And let its rosy cheeks sear my face  
Until green spots danced behind my eyelids.  
I felt the rigid spiny skewers that held  
The 'Don't sit down' thoughts wobble and soften  
And curl inwards as I let them sink for once,  
And sank too, as though flattening and  
Spreading and made of ice-cream.  
I could hear every sound the world made.  
Not as a cacophany,  
But singly as I chose to hear,  
And knew what each one was.  
I heard the muffled flump of  
Well-fed puffy clouds and the  
Deep embracing sigh of the  
Languid gusts that nuzzled them.  
I could pick out the up an down glissando  
Of the breeze down here, twining through  
The trees and the random rasp  
Of the dancing leaves.  
Each bee on the lavender had a different hum,  
From husky and throaty to strident and high,  
And I listened to the woomph of  
Pollen bags filling and the squeak of  
Petals as they came and went.  
Below, I caught the click of many legs  
Scurrying and the tiny pop and gulp  
As ants farmed slurping aphids.  
The regular zither of a spider spinning silk  
Came to me then,  
And the non-stop crunch  
And stuck-bog suck of a feeding snail.  
I could even hear nuances  
That made the bluebottle's drone  
Seem oddly spiritual, and the pause  
Between each slap of its wings.

I opened my eyes slowly,  
Feeling greater and lesser  
In equal measure.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# High Noon On Museum Square

The clock was striking twelve  
And old chip papers tumbled in the wind.  
Someone said my name,  
Then again firmer and louder  
As I stopped and turned.  
A girl stood there, hands on hips, feet apart,  
And armed.  
I could see the bulges and lines under her coat.  
Never figured they'd send a girl.  
Our eyes met as I froze and she lazily shifted  
The uncapped biro from one side of her mouth  
To the other, like a cigar.  
'We're tired', she drawled.  
'Tired of being tired',  
'Tired of being late and your one more comment',  
'Your one last vote or message keeping us there',  
'While decent people sleep'.  
She threw the biro aside and uncapped another,  
Red this time, tapping it thoughtfully on her teeth.  
'You still use pencil? ', she laughed,  
But not with her eyes.  
'Yes ', I croaked, fingers slowly  
Heading for my back pocket.  
'Well I'm here to rub you out', she hissed and launched  
The pen, dagger-like towards my head.  
Instantly I dived, barely escaping as the Bic  
Bounced off the spiral notebook I'd raised in panic,  
And a bottle of Tippex exploded on the statue behind me.  
'There's no escape', she mocked,  
'P.H. has a very long arm',  
'You gave us your photograph, fool'.  
Crouching behind a bench,  
I sharpened like I'd never sharpened before,  
Then rolled and hurled the shavings full force.  
A speck caught her eye and as she blinked and rubbed,  
Her coat parted and what I saw filled me with horror.  
'd be a massacre here  
If she used the copperplate.  
That hesitation was almost fatal.

Like lightning she was on me, wrapping three sonnets  
And a haiku on A3 paper round my face, suffocating.  
'All right', I almost screamed,  
'I'm sorry, I'm sorry. 11 o'clock cut-off'.  
The weight lifted and the paper was removed.  
I dropped the two-colour pen and pencil eraser  
I'd been scrabbling for.  
'Ok', the girl said,  
'That's all I 't do it again',  
And she patted my cheek and stood.  
'See ya', and she turned to go.  
'Who are you? ', I called, 'Which one? '.  
She paused, head on one side.  
'Me? ', she grinned,  
'I'm Lisa, dear! '

Kevin Eaglesfield

# I Lit A Candle In Church

I lit a candle in church today;  
A little fat tea light  
With a little dumpy flame.  
There were thirty one  
Little fat flickering prayers  
As well as mine,  
And when I squinted,  
Did they twinkle like  
One of God's crown jewels?  
I didn't need a prayer today.  
I watched them bob  
And wished everyone happy.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# I Want

I want to hold your hand a bit,  
And when you sit,  
I want my arm around your shoulders.

I want to snuggle up when cold,  
And not be told  
Inside my head I'm rubbish.

I want to look at you all day,  
And not the way  
I do now sideways on the sly.

I want to tell and point and share  
Because you're there  
And want to have my sees and says.

I want to want to hurry home,  
Attack the phone  
In case your voice is on the end.

I want to wake up with the sun  
And not the run  
Of passing out and coming to.

I just want you.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# In My Arms

I dreamed one day,  
Well, every day,  
Every night  
If truth be known,  
That you would lie in my arms.  
And now you do.  
You lie in my arms.

Kevin Eaglesfield

## In Prism

It didn't snow again this year.  
Easy on the eye drab  
And hanging damp.  
I didn't mind.  
I found my own colours.  
They were always there,  
But the plug wasn't in.  
All my greys and browns  
And off-whites and steely sads,  
And ennui and apathy,  
And weary 'if onlys'  
Chug and dribble and seep  
Like overused oil through  
The prism I was given, but forgot.  
They splinter, disintegrate,  
Split and fracture,  
And spread, fresh and taut,  
And vibrant and shocking.  
I can see every atom.  
I thank God for the greys  
So I recognise the colours.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Jack The Ripper

In her old black widow's bonnet  
And her ragged skirt of brown  
And her boots of different size  
And woollen shawl,  
She went slowly through the back streets  
Of the Mile with eyes cast down,  
Seeking fumbled thrillers' coins  
That they'd let fall.

Past the alleys, dark, ungodly  
And the taverns sour and hot,  
Vacant mind and empty purse  
Back to the yard,  
Where the decent never lingered  
And the hansom loathed to trot,  
And when cautious sunbeams crept  
They found it hard.

Inside the narrow entrance with  
A lantern he was kneeling  
Next a heap of something laid  
Out near the well,  
And both his hands were working as  
Though rifling or stealing,  
But the things that he removed  
He could not sell.

As she stood and gazed quite calmly,  
He then slowly turned his head,  
And he realised that he  
Had been found out.  
With a language coarse, indecent,  
Furious fingers dipped in red,  
He was on her like a flash  
With angry shout.

His arm was 'cross her windpipe then  
He pinned her fast with madness,  
Obsidian frenzied eyes and

Foam-spit seeping,  
And nose to nose he searched her face,  
Then stopped, held head with sadness,  
Cried in anguish for his mother  
Then ran weeping.

Mary stood and set her bonnet  
And smoothed down her ragged skirt  
And picked the dirty shawl from  
In the gutter.  
Then she climbed the rancid stairway,  
Not quite knowing why she hurt,  
Found a tallow stub and chewed bread  
As it sputtered.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Jump

Have you ever jumped into  
The water and missed the pool?  
I missed the sea.  
Tide went out mid flight

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Knots

When it's full, you tie a knot,  
To keep the rubbish in.  
Easier to throw away.  
You're good at knots.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Listen

I'm sad.  
Sad and scared,  
And waiting to be both,  
But at least I'm not dying, hey?  
At least I'm healthy and  
My son's not at war.  
There's always someone worse.  
I know,  
But my little world still shakes,  
And chokes,  
And hurts sometimes.  
Someone  
Tell me that they see,  
That they know,  
That they want to know,  
And that everything will be all right.  
Then I carry on carrying on.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Litteral

As we strolled by the A52,  
Laziness cattle-prodded  
By pantry gaps,  
One of the children stopped running  
Too far ahead or lagging too far behind  
And walked with me for ten yards,  
Remarking on the litter nesting in the verge.  
I mumbled from my scarf about  
Dirty, lazy people.  
Then it hit me:  
What if it was the same person?  
Horrified, eyes slitted and darting,  
I told the kids to be alert for someone  
Coffee and chocolate stained,  
Hopping along in one black boot,  
Crisp-flecked, smelling of beer,  
Mouth full of burger, wearing one glove,  
Carrying half a newspaper,  
And walking a very large dog.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Look

I stare at clouds  
And I see clouds;  
Badly packed rain  
That are only useful  
When they're not there.  
I gaze at embers  
Or crackling cosy logs,  
And I see a fire.  
Oil and water by the kerb  
Is spillage, not a rainbow,  
Tree trunks don't have faces,  
A squinted street-light never a star.  
But then I look at you.  
I look at you and it's  
Chocolate, treasure, honey, sweet soft wine, faces,  
Rainbows, jasmine, lights, stars and worlds,  
Right between the eyes.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Lovely Cuppa

Woah you're hot.  
Too hot for me sometimes.  
You sear my insides  
Yet leave me quenched  
But always sated.  
When I'm away,  
I yearn for your dusky,  
Bitter sweet warmth,  
Long to hold you  
And miss you more than anything.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Luke The Blacksmith

Luke the blacksmith died last Sunday.  
Fell asleep on his smithy cot.  
Mister Richard found him.  
People witter on that he had a past,  
A ladies' man and children all over,  
But he was always good to us,  
Patching pans and fixing latches,  
And sometimes he took our Jem fishing  
Or brought us things from his garden.  
When I looked around the empty shop,  
The silnce made my ears ring  
And the sparkless air made my eyes sting.  
Whatever the tittle-tattle,  
I know he's fixing the squeak  
On Saint Peter's gate  
And not hammering toasting forks.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Lupy

Brighty-darkey time again,  
But I'm used to it.  
God it hurts though.  
It's like being branded, flayed and crucified  
All at once, or so I imagine,  
Although reason's a luxury these days,  
So when I can, I write.  
Sometimes my writing's different,  
Or I destroy it when I'm away.  
The watcher can't get in then,  
Or the bullet-man in at the window  
With the colours coming out of his mouth.  
I want Manny with his goodbye grin,  
And a face each side of his head.  
He can stop the foam pouring over everything  
Like oil, so I can't grip,  
And we can build a ladder of bones  
To the moon.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Mangrief

Wy do I feel guilty  
When I see them grieve for her?  
When I see the men shaking,  
Clenching, fighting the need  
To voice it like an animal.  
To claw and scream and curse,  
And beat the table and cry.  
And be held.  
Some slump sniffing, blinking, fiddling.  
Others, flagpole straight, force hoarse psalms  
Through gritted teeth,  
And one or two, the rocks holding others up,  
Would balk to find disobedient tears  
Slide stealthy down their face.  
Later, one last time,  
They can all find a secret place,  
To be her child again.  
They can rail unseen, repeat her name,  
Until throat's as raw as soul  
And it's all right for a while.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# May The Ground Swallow Me Up

Dorothy Mateley was a thief,  
A lying, cursing, cheating mare.  
Her lack of shame beyond belief.  
Unscrupulous, unsound, unfair.

Yet each time caught she vowed she knew  
Naught of the deed and called on God  
To crack the ground if 'twas not so  
And make her sink into the sod.

She held a job atop the mine  
With boys and women washing lead,  
But soon she felt greed's faithful shine.  
Her eyes sought other glints instead.

A boy laid breeches to one side,  
And worked in drawers to keep them clean,  
Then all looked on as, ' Thief! ', he cried,  
'Two pennies gone, has aught been seen? '

Seeing Dorothy's crafty smile,  
And thinking her a-dip again,  
He said she must have took them while  
He worked and asked to search her then.

So hotly she denied the crime,  
That those below must hear her screech.  
'May God the earth open this time',  
'And swallow me', was her beseech.

Then with a soft and rumbling sound,  
The floor subsided as she yelled,  
And, spinning, thrashing, she sank down,  
Complete with work tub she still held.

She came to rest just three yards deep  
And begged for help from those who saw,  
But dislodged boulders from the steep  
Sides fell and watchers heard no more.

Eventually they dug her free  
And laid her body on the ground.  
Her tub was nowhere they could see,  
But on her two pennies were found.

They disregarded hidden gaps  
That could collapse into the mine,  
And tales were told, when morals lapse,  
They'd seen themselves judgement divine.

(Based on a true event entered in Ashover Parish Register, Derbyshire March 1660)

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Mermaid

Not with cascading shimmering tresses,  
Head bent slightly on her delicate neck,  
Gazing at the gentle sea  
Does this one perch.

No.

This one slumps,  
With hair knotted tightly  
Through white grasping fingers.  
Tail slapping the dirty sea  
As we would kick in grief.  
Claws wrists then head,  
Then wrists again.  
Growls and moans  
Through snarling gritted teeth.  
And rocks.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Merry Kissmas

From the crosses in your chestnuts  
To the x-es in your sprouts,  
Reminders there to osculate  
And put your lips about.

Make sure you've got your mistletoe,  
Pounce on them when they call,  
Use every berry from the sprig,  
When lurking in the hall.

Grannys, parents, kids, the postman,  
Give 'em all a smacker,  
Then later, sherried, fingers crossed,  
Kiss your Christmas Cracker.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Mighty Oak

He's so old, old doesn't mean anything.  
He just is.  
And He touches inside my head,  
Like something opening a window,  
With a sweet, cut grass, bumble-bee, ice-bright,  
Wood smoke draught.  
Soft warm fingers gently  
Exploring my face from the inside,  
Leaving trails in the treacle He finds.  
I almost hear Him sometimes,  
Like I've placed a shell to my ear,  
Or it may be I hear the quickening hiss  
Of blood in my veins as I strain.  
I almost see him sometimes  
From the corner of my mind,  
Like a speck of dust in my eye,  
Or a ghost.  
He brings me such peace.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Miss You

Peach roses smell of cinnamon,  
And lichen spattered stones  
Seem softened where I lean.  
Where I idly lean  
And miss you.

Kevin Eaglesfield

## Mix

I konw taht tihs lkoos slily,  
But kldniy paslee jsut pguolh aeehd.  
The ltertes are a jmlbue  
But I tnihk slitl esay raed.

Kevin Eaglesfield

is a witch.  
I think she cooks children and eats them.  
One bit of her glasses is black;  
That's her magic eye  
And she can see what you're thinking.  
She has three black cats with bits missing,  
Like fur and ears and tails,  
And she smells like cats too,  
And has devil-spots hands and moles.  
The plants in her garden are all  
Poisonous for spells,  
And if you go in her house,  
You fall down a trapdoor into a well.  
If she touches you, you're in her power,  
And have to do what she says,  
And she wears big slippers  
Because of her claws.  
died last week.  
She was about three hundred,  
But I know she'll fly back  
When the moon's full.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# My New Eden

You walked across this barren land  
Of naked rock and empty skies,  
Where nothing thrived in dead grey sand  
And all around moaned wind's sad sighs,

But as you strolled, behind, unseen,  
The air grew warm and life broke through,  
So every footstep filled with green  
And, spreading, second Eden grew.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# My Sam

My Sam got turned off today,  
And you should have seen them.  
All the way to Tyburn lined,  
And fighting for a place.  
He jumped as well, my Sam,  
With a wink and a kiss.  
I didn't watch after that.  
It's a monstrous sight  
And there's enough to rue,  
But we've got the spoils  
And we'll be all right.  
Least I know where he is,  
And no more mopsys.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Night

Hung up on clouds,  
A blanket of black,  
Covered in pin-holes,  
A torch at the back.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Nina's Diary

I don't know why  
I didn't want to read it.  
Yes I do.  
The bomb crater's already too big  
To climb out of.  
Maybe if I saw my name  
I'd see things I already hated,  
But wrong-end telescoped.  
Perhaps I wanted my Nina  
Intact and safe as well,  
Written and bound and published,  
Not the Nina who could be anyone  
In a new book.  
I can't forgive the way she died,  
Or what I said an hour before.  
Did she have time to write about that?  
I burnt it.  
Arturo doesn't speak to me now.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Not Enough

I could battle the sea,  
Steal its tang and sand,  
Its song of infinity.  
Bottle the sea.  
You're worth more than that.

I could pick on stars and snuff  
Them all, bundle moonbeams,  
Show the sun who's tough,  
Package the sky.  
It doesn't come close.

The stab when they look,  
When they're back,  
When they touch.  
You know!  
Everyone's ever.  
Mine for you in a box.  
It isn't enough,  
And never will be.  
You are.

Kevin Eaglesfield

## On Stilts

Above the mire, the bamboo house  
Stands oil-rig proud in choppy seas,  
Whelps yapping, snapping at the legs,  
Sunk deep and stained in old disease.

Sometimes, on the fattened wind,  
I catch a filthy hint of much  
That horrifies and warms and shocks,  
And shudder when I want to touch.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Oriana

She dances;  
Sultry, proud, hypnotic, dangerous,  
Veil and scarf and ankle bells  
And heartbeat finger cymbals  
Weave an ancient spell that once  
Made gods choke on ambrosia and blush.  
Soft-breath'd, disbelieving watchers  
Now unsafe in numbers,  
The pure corrupted and the  
Confident corrupt impotent.  
She knows with dare-filled eyes,  
And sweet and personal mocking smile  
That here she tears up will and word,  
And scatters the pieces  
From her fingertips as she moves..  
She has all passion and ice,  
And rime and fire,  
Zephyrs, storms and hope and scorn.  
And knives.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Our Nights

There might be Spanish guitars  
Beyond an organza veiled balcony,  
Where cicadas purr  
In the hot, still night,  
And the warm sand  
Gently breathes the ocean  
In and out forever.  
There should be.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Our Sky

Our sky won.  
Tiny pinpoint laser lights  
Seared and shrivelled  
Harridan's hybrids,  
Popping them like boys' ants.  
My eyes had cried backwards  
To hide things.  
To hide the punctures.  
Tears ran down inside  
And echoed as they dripped  
From my clenched and silent heart,  
Frozen in its last smile.  
Echoed like a lonely night-time tap.  
Now we surf the bore tide.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Palmer Passing Through

The horse walked slowly, steaming  
Into the yard below, its hooves ringing  
Loudly on the salted stones.  
The black of its coat contrasted the snow  
And seemed to absorb the light,  
Its outline faintly glowing.  
A furtive figure flitted from the shadows,  
Uncovered a lantern and moved towards the rider.  
I held my breath so as not to fog the glass,  
And saw that the figure was James Wright,  
Shielding one side with his coat.  
The rider had a cruel, pock-marked face  
As he bent, and the two muttered,  
A short burst of laughter  
Cracking through the still air.  
James shook his head and  
Let go his coat to gesture.  
The other, a head shorter and clad shabby,  
Dismounted and stepped forward as the lamp  
Was held high in defence.  
Spitting a few words, he raised his hand to strike,  
Then instead patted James' cheek  
And handed him a small pouch.  
They stared for long seconds,  
Then James took the bridle and beckoned  
With a curt twitch of his head  
As the stranger grinned.  
They moved from my view then,  
And I heard the stable door groan  
As though woken too early.  
The rider and horse  
Were gone by morning.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Payback

I walked then with the sun full on my back  
For twenty-seven steaming footsore miles,  
Saw no-one else along the hard dirt track,

Met no-one crossing stubble fields and stiles.  
I heard the carrion birds every now  
And then, picking over tree hidden piles,

And knelt to silence them and pray and vow,  
To gain strength holding my faith and my sword,  
Then wipe away mad grief and stand somehow.

I could smell old smoke when I crossed the ford,  
And through the village, taste the greasy air,  
Where what was once and mine and tender loved roared.

Among the crushed and burnt and dead and black,  
I held him close and slit the throat of Jack.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Peace At Last

Suddenly the pain was gone,  
He felt so young, his head was clear,  
And gently floating in mid-air  
Without surprise or any fear.

Serenely looking down he saw  
Himself surrounded on a bed.  
'We've lost him, doctor', a nurse sighed.  
'That's it', he thought, 'I must be dead'.

'You haven't lost me at all, nurse',  
'In fact, I think that I've lost you'.  
'No more worries, hurt or stress',  
'I'm glad at last my time was due'.

'I can't wait for a bit of rest',  
'With those who left me years ago',  
And as he spoke he drifted up  
And on towards the peaceful glow.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Pieces Of My Heart

One was stuck fast in the tree,  
The one with letters;  
Sticking like a tardy Ninja's star  
In someone broken's back.  
Another two I found among  
Limestone dust and feet-packed rubble  
Where we stood, tied up in awesome,  
Drunk on air and us.  
Our pub had kept one bright and warm,  
Sparkling in the calm and dusty browns;  
Shiny as then when we were immortal.  
Ragged ones of course are there,  
Gently laid on the table,  
The sofa, the bed.  
Always there.  
Scratching eyes and throat and mind,  
Carving swiss cheese holes  
In the little piece that's left,  
Piercing my beggar's knees.  
I brought them all today again,  
Cut and burnt and maimed again,  
To sprinkle where you lie  
So we both know where they are.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Pirate

I met a pirate once outside the shops.  
I'd gone to fetch some brown eggs for my mum-  
They were better for you than white.  
'Are you a pirate? ', I asked, forgetting my manners,  
One eye on his sword and eye-patch,  
The other looking for a policeman.  
'Course I am, Shipmate', he said  
And he sounded like a pirate with all the 'Aaarghhs'.  
'Where's your boat then? ' I asked in awe.  
'Er, just down there ', he replied, pointing.  
'Out of sight of the king's men '  
This was odd because we didn't have a king.  
Maybe he'd been at sea a long time.  
Anyway, 'over there' was the river  
And all rivers lead to the sea  
So it must have been true.  
'Have you killed many people? ' I whispered.  
'Aaarr too many to count, Jim Lad', he growled  
And I didn't mind that he'd got my name wrong.  
'I even lost me leg in the Spanish Main',  
'Fightin' for Cap'n Flint's treasure'.  
I looked dubiously at his two good legs.  
'Pirate magic', he confided, bending down,  
'It grew back'.  
A wink from his good eye.  
'Now we sail at midnight, Lad', he said seriously,  
'So keep me secret and I'll slip you this doubloon',  
And he pressed a ten pence piece into my hand  
And closed my hot hand around it.  
And I didn't tell a soul.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Postcard From Heaven

Fate stuck her little fingers in  
And gave my chest a tweak,  
Just nipped the feeble blood vessels  
And stopped the heart, so weak.  
Then after all the floaty stuff  
And fog and blinding lights,  
I found myself upon some stairs  
Whose end was lost from sight.  
So gamely I began along  
The golden climb ahead,  
Now thankful that I couldn't have  
Angina, being dead.  
Then after maybe half an hour  
Of plodding, two appeared,  
One's hand clenched the other's scruff  
As downward he was steered.  
He babbled strangely, hissing as  
He fought to no avail,  
And as they hurried past I saw  
His horns and little tail.  
So on I went for what seemed days,  
Until I reached a gate,  
Set among thick barbed wire coils  
Where sentries lay in wait.  
Between them sat a girl in white,  
Hand held out snapping, 'Pass! ',  
And flustered I began to pat  
My pockets for the lass.  
Inside my coat I found a chit  
That wasn't there before;  
'One permit, life to afterlife',  
'Just single trip, no more'.  
She took the slip and scrutinised,  
As all officials do,  
Then smiled and rang a silver bell,  
Said, 'Ok, go on through'.  
The gate swung open at my touch,  
A man was there to greet,  
With wings and halo, pinstriped smock,

Said, 'Follow me, I'm Pete'.  
And that's all I'm allowed to tell,  
My dears, until your time.  
Except the food here's to die for,  
And the weather's always fine,  
And all the family say hello,  
Accommodations nice.  
I'll close now, audience with The Boss,  
He needs some more advice.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Pressed

They call and cry and crave and flirt  
That have their fruitpress lives;  
Tangents and greener grass  
Squeezed through grim-faced slats.  
Me to turn the screw back one,  
Upturn the grim-faced corners,  
Then when it becomes wine again,  
They drink  
With as you were.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Rainbow

Trying to avoid the cracks,  
I didn't hear you creeping up.  
By the time I raised my head,  
My tears had turned to salty steam  
Which caught your neon smile  
And fractured like a rainbow,  
Except blue.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Redcoats

Brush the cloth and shine the brass  
And beat King William's drum, boys.  
Ale and bread and cheese and ale,  
And tales to stir the blood, boys.  
Gather round and name your price,  
We'll barter til you join, lads.  
Take the shilling, take the oath,  
For God, for King, for duty.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Reflection

Reflecting, inward chewing,  
Rubbing dust between my fingers,  
Up to my wrists where  
Ancient heartbeats dwell,  
Sometimes rueful sad nostalgia  
Touches here and now's calm shoulder,  
And like a Belgian poppy  
Welcomes shells.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Reverse Vampire

Scared of the dark?  
Scarred by the dark.  
It burns.  
It scourges me,  
And boils me,  
And desiccates my eyes.  
Shaves my worthless pounds of flesh,  
And turns my blood to dust.  
Sometimes, when I want to die,  
When what I do pokes the freak's cage,  
I turn off the power,  
And sit in righteous writhing,  
Foetal curling damnation,  
And scream with others' souls.  
It will take more than one night,  
So it's safety match on sandpaper.  
A small dose of humanity  
Innoculates again.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Robin's Retreat

He staggered, stumbled, struggled onward,  
Strapped arm pulsing, burning, raw.  
Matted, sweat-caked, reeling, lurching,  
Clothing rank and tunic gore.

He fell again, half-sobbing lay there,  
Fingers clawing leaves and mud,  
Found a branch and grunted upright,  
Shuffled gasping through the wood.

At times, the men he'd just left empty  
Rushed him, grim-faced, black knives drawn.  
Cursing, shouting, flailing weakly,  
Phantom soldiers smoke was shorn.

But each time left him further deathly,  
Drunken vision tunnelled more.  
Ringing clamoured, thought recoiled as  
Once again he hit the floor.

Moonless, furtive three were poaching,  
Guarded, found the man near gone.  
One's quick fingers started working,  
One ran home, and one for John.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Scarecrow

Wild storms do not perturb him,  
Nor snowflakes chill his grizzled brow.  
In heat and rains he keeps his watch,  
Help up out there somehow.

Just rags and straw and string and wood,  
Yet strange enough he feels a friend.  
A sentry for the hard-pressed farm from  
Fragile shoot to harvest's end.

Intent and gnarled he stands alone,  
Deterring thieves through countless days,  
Then sagged and soft they take him down,  
And reward him with a blaze.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# See Me

Hours freeze  
And no-one sees,  
Except one less beige  
Or seamless.  
If I could be the ones who see  
The bellowed coal a-sparking  
And the quickened blood a-running,  
Hear the planet sing.  
All because you smiled  
And touched my hand.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Senses

I close my eyes, explore.  
Feel you.  
Feel everything.  
Feel you here.  
Hear your softness;  
'I love you'. 'I miss you'.  
Assured.  
Amazing.  
Wonderful,  
While I breathe your hair  
And smell love and vibrant life and you,  
And taste everything.  
Dreaming.  
Tastes of you.  
I see you.  
I hold you.  
Holding, loving, laughing, singing, crying,  
Dancing, wanting, wishing, tenderly  
Wanting.  
Always.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Sepia

What's your name, my love?  
You must be at least a hundred now.  
I know you've been around a bit-  
Passed on so another generation  
Can lie on top.  
Perhaps I should turf you out,  
But then I may regret it  
And anyway, when I stare hard  
Your stern face seems to smile.  
Careless aren't we?  
You could be vital, then and now  
With your high-collared blouse  
And your hair pinned to death.  
Did we cherish and lose you?  
Did you live and die only with us?  
Or did you merely touch us  
And lurk as a reminder of  
Passions long turned to dust?  
Smile, you're safe with me.  
I'll pass you on.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Skeggy

Jack's just been to Africa,  
Snakes and lions and all that.  
Eddie went to Disneyland-I saw his Mickey hat.  
Rob's dad took him skiing,  
Until he broke his leg,  
But just you wait, it's my turn soon,  
Next week we're off to Skeg.  
My friends didn't even see the sea,  
No paddling-what a shock.  
No fish and chips or donkey rides,  
Not even sticks of rock.  
No deckchairs, football on the beach  
Or sandcastles with flags.  
No gritty picnics in the dunes,  
Or candyfloss in bags.  
No dodgems, pier or fairy lights-  
They made them go, I guess.  
They'll all think I'm a lucky lad  
When we've been to Skegness.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Skeletons

Murder, mutilation,  
Execution, disease,  
Ancient bewildered, suicide,  
Accident, lingering,  
Or BANG- lights out.  
Nice touch that afterwards,  
Everybody grins.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Skyhand

A hand appeared yesterday;  
Was just there with a soft,  
Sucking, gurgling noise like  
Bathwater down a drain.  
Hanging in the air like,  
Well, like a giant hand.  
And dirty.  
It's a very dirty hand  
And someone's cut it off.  
The bones and ragged pallid flesh  
Can all be seen from space,  
But birds fly through it  
And it still rains too much.  
Maybe the mad man on the crate is right.  
Maybe God's died.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Slatternhouse

You can't be seen like that.  
What will people think?  
Is that old paint round your windows?  
(Which haven't been cleaned, by the way)  
And look at the state of your path.  
Your hedges look like they've been  
Dragged through a hedge backwards,  
And I'm sure the postman doesn't appreciate  
Having to support your  
Trollop of a drunken gate every morning.  
This is a decent street,  
Not some malodorous slum.  
Now get that ivy cut,  
Birds could nest in that,  
And you could grow potatoes,  
There's that much dirt round the sides.  
And, while we're on the subject,  
Those shutters are far too small  
And show far too much.  
Don't pout your scarlet door  
And bat those sky-blue curtains.  
A harlot's not a home.  
Shame on you.  
You're grounded.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Sonnet

I love how we're wrapped in our old-style world,  
Drifting like a frail piece of thistledown,  
Floated by evergreen breezes and curled  
Around and in and through our song that's grown.  
I've forgotten the sound of nothing there,  
And hollow inside and the smell of brine.  
You make the emperor's safe cloak I wear  
As we sweeten vinegar tastes with wine.  
So hold both hands and smile into my smile,  
And a thousand waves could crash where we stand,  
A thousand hurricanes tear at us while  
A thousand earthquakes shake and crack the land..  
You take a tired worn man and make him more.  
Now every day he knows what hearts beat for.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Stalactite To Stalagmite

I've been waiting for you for so long.  
I always knew we were the same,  
But we weren't ready then,  
Needed to grow, and I've watched you grow  
In so many ways.  
I've always watched you,  
While the world softly dripped time over us,  
And stretching, adding,  
We slowly reached out,  
More and more ready,  
Until we found each other.  
And now that we touch,  
We'll touch forever.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Stargazing

Shooting stars came by at three,  
But we were on the hill.  
Something scarce to see together  
And marvel at,  
Not caring for the why, deaf to theories,  
Just ready for the beauty and the magic  
And sharing the wonder.  
We watched for a while, whispering,  
Sure some colours were new,  
Seldom blinking, so greedy were our eyes.  
Two stars appeared together,  
Side by side and vivid gold,  
But as they flew across the sky,  
They turned and twined  
And playfully merged,  
Dancing and sweeping,  
Brightest through the rest,  
Laced together in graceful symmetry,  
Landing gloriously on our outstretched palms.  
Tickling our hearts  
In silent awesome approval.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Stars

If every time I held your hand,  
Or felt your smile,  
Looked heart-flipping into  
Your beautiful eyes,  
Or said I love you,  
A star appeared,  
There'd be no night.  
Just light.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Stay

If I took everything we've touched,  
Each and every fingertip,  
Everywhere we've seen and trod and lay,  
Simple and wonderful  
Alone times,  
Fairies and wishing stars and God willing,  
And wanting,  
If I sprinkled all my  
Happy tears around your feet  
Edged your petals with dewdrops,  
And set my kisses around your head  
As pretty, floating dandelion puffs,  
If I stood on my knees,  
Held your hand,  
Tried my hardest not to,  
Asked you quietly with my eyes,  
Would you ever stay?

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Sunday

Slept late today.  
Kept nearly not being awake.  
Leapt out quick when I wasn't looking,  
Swept my clothes on,  
Crept around and kissed your head.  
y  
And you're still here.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Surf

We can roll with the surf,  
While the wind whips our hair,  
Takes our breathless laughter,  
Saltwater drenches clinging clothes,  
While we taste the sea,  
And roll with the surf.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Ted Remembers

I don't remember 1917;  
That was the year I was born.  
I don't remember my father either,  
Who had all the fun in France.  
I remember my mother seldom smiled again  
And her face like a doll's  
On the same day every year.  
I refuse to picture her face  
As one of Hitler's little helpers  
Brought the house down.  
Of course I remember the dancing soon after,  
And the grateful signorinas living for today,  
With aprons-full of shrapnel from tomorrow  
That exploded, massive and silent.  
I remember every day of 37 years building carriages,  
And the flighty, flirty lady who insisted  
On sharing my life.  
I remember our special church,  
And the colourful people laughing,  
Then all too quickly back in our special church,  
Colourless.  
I miss Nellie.  
And I miss the children we never had,  
If that makes sense.  
Maybe next time.  
I remember all the tools I've held,  
All the lawns I've mown and seeds I've sown,  
All the hands I've shaken, things I've eaten,  
Ties I've tied, shoes I've polished,  
And the songs I've sung.  
I remember friends I've made, tears I've shed,  
Summers, snows, fine smooth roads and bumpy rides.  
And I remember  
My Nellie will be here at six.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Temptress Snow

So long since I've felt  
Your gossamer touch,  
And you've Pavlov'd me,  
Almost dribbling at the thought  
Of seeing you,  
And feeling like a boy again.  
Still you twist me round your finger  
And mess with my feeling.  
I know there are others,  
Dangling just like me,  
But I'll share.  
I just want to touch you again,  
But when we do,  
I feel your piercing cold  
And aching, burning heat.  
I know I'll finish numb,  
And you'll jump from hard and ice  
To slush and melting in my hands and back,  
But please don't pass me by.  
Change the world again for a while.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Thank You

In all the hard-head rubbish  
That I cloak and hide behind,  
A simple child's thank you  
And how my heart unwinds.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# The Old House

Her paint is brown where once was white,  
Her eyes are black where once was light,  
A dress of ivy covers eaves,  
And rooms are deep in dust and leaves.

Her garden, once so neat and clipped,  
Is overgrown and lawns are ripped  
Where trees and thistles now stand proud,  
And bramble thickets overcrowd.

Rust ate through gutters long ago,  
And rain pours onto paths below.  
Where pond and waterfall once stood,  
The fall is stilled and pond is mud.

Her floors have gaps where worms have been,  
And slates show spaces in between.  
No-one wants her now she's old.  
They leave her steeping, damp and cold.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# The Old House Revisited

Fresh paint has changed the brown for white,  
Her eyes, once dark, are filled with light,  
The rooms are furnished, floors are new,  
And trees are lopped to clear the view.

Her garden, once so overgrown,  
Is dug and tilled and lawns are mown.  
Shrubs are planted, brambles killed,  
Rubbish burnt and pot-holes filled.

The gutters, rusted long ago,  
Are new and paths are cleaned below.  
The pond is clear, the rushes tall,  
To frame the sparkling waterfall.

New slates have covered holes above  
To seal in laughter, peace and love.  
They want her now, she's not too old.  
A cosy log fire exiles cold.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# The Same Sky

When you see a patch of blue,  
She's burning through with love for you,  
And when she drapes herself in cloud,  
Every sunbeam stands out proud.

And every sunbeam smiles with glee,  
Celebrating love for you and me,  
While gentle breezes kiss our hair,  
Rainbows gift-wrap love we share.

When clouds above begin to part,  
She sends down love to fill your heart,  
Then thunder turns to summer rain,  
To bring proof love begins again.

When lightning flashes, bringing light,  
It emphasises love shines bright,  
From mighty oak to blade of grass,  
The awed world trembles as we pass.

The raindrops fall, just like our tears,  
To wash away our hates and fears.  
Every colour, smell and leaf unfurled  
Are unique, made just for our world.

The wind can feel so cold and sad,  
But my love protects and makes you glad:  
It mends all wounds and heals all scars,  
And sets my soul among the stars.

The sun and rain may come and go,  
But I forecast our love will grow,  
Til all we see are us and ours  
And nothing's outside love's sweet power.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# The Sound Of The Drum

The humdrum beats its booming dirge,  
Matching my pulse,  
Both of them loud and unheard,  
Even to me.

It's today again.

And tomorrow's today again,  
Advancing to the humdrum,  
But never gaining ground.

Singing like a moonlit graveyard  
And shining like a pit.

Dancing with the ease of mountains  
And taking no-one's hand.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Tiny

I heard them before I saw them,  
Came down the half-buried steps  
With their bleached beige rail and sat,  
Part ting-a-ling and fairy wings for them  
And breaths that made the air feel black.  
Hugged my guts because they hurt.  
A man and a woman in the surf.  
About our age.  
About our look, but they would be.  
They splashed, held hands, kicked,  
Danced, hugged, laughed, kissed, ran.  
Shared.  
Then they walked, shoes in hand,  
another hand loosely in the other,  
And the lightning arced from their fingertips  
And I arched my back like a killer  
Fighting the chair, but did not move.  
Just became part of the rock I was on.  
Dark and old and cold with a hard shiny heart  
That splintered like a tiny bomb.  
And the tiny splinter hit a tiny splinter  
And I saw or felt a tiny spark  
That was not warm and was not bright,  
But it gave me the strength to stand.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Treatment

Every day he arranges his tablets  
In the shape of a shaky smiley face  
Before he takes them,  
And calls me Jeeves as  
I slowly help him dress  
Before he pretends to comb his hair.  
He likes his bed downstairs,  
Says he always wanted to live  
In a bungalow.  
When he has tests,  
He calls the doctor Dracula,  
And the tubes of life-giving poison  
Are anti-kryptonite potions.  
Down the corridors, with his stick or wheelchair,  
He asks people if they've seen his sheep,  
Or challenges them to a race.  
When the pain pulls him up,  
He says it smarts and offers  
To rub some on my head.  
It pulls me up too.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Trick

I may be just an old dog,  
But I've been taught a trick.  
Learned some folks hearts are fickle,  
And my heart's merely fick.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Turn

Newton and Einstein showed us,  
But did they see them from the outside  
Whilst inside them?  
Did they watch each single ray of  
Forward and back and feel them  
Slowly pierce their lives?  
Or, lifted impaled on the tender needles,  
Fall because they had to?  
Did they try to outrun the charging beast  
That tossed us on its horns  
To land on our backsides?  
Take my calloused hand  
And we'll turn the bull at last  
And save ourselves this time.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Twelve

Picturesque liquid charm.  
Green swathed beauty and sleepy peace.  
Wordsworth leant on his stick,  
Wafted by rich turned loam,  
Cradled in the palm of peaks  
While all of nature fluttered.  
Another man leans on his stick,  
Screws it all,  
As though the peaks  
Have closed their fingers.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Underneath The Magpie Tree

High among the damsons,  
The magpie cocked his head,  
To better catch the light that drew  
And trapped him through the leaves.  
His mate, for joy, perched just above,  
Considered underneath,  
And blushed a darker black  
And shone more white.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Veteran

He knows he's not a person now,  
A curiosity, a relic one day a year.  
The only day he feels a person.  
A wreck in a wheelchair,  
Spoken to loudly and subtitles  
For his perfect English.  
He sits, respectful, sad, quiet,  
Shoulders draped in memory's cloak.  
Yes, the oldest can still cry.  
They know how old, how few left, how many years  
And the time, but the numbers mean nothing.  
A hundred or ten thousand,  
They can't grasp it after two generations  
Of pathos, not pain.  
Their loss is clean, simple and whole,  
Not Death's fingers pinching heads  
Off half their world at once,  
Smashing thoroughly and at random  
With His bony fist.  
They don't see what an arm or a leg or a head  
Looks like by itself, or what colour insides are,  
Or wipe their workmates from numb faces  
That were just as old then.  
They've never known their town chessboarded,  
Black and white, grief and relief,  
And guilt at relief.  
They'll never know because he did.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Vodka Lady

You still want more of less  
Especially the forty.  
Do you speed through the rest  
To reach the forty at the bottom,  
And race through dignity and respect  
To reach the blinkers  
Lying in the dregs?  
Ex is the forty of exist,  
But that's the bit you dance with,  
Spinning like a fairground waltzer  
While the outside doesn't matter  
When it's blurred and far away.  
You'll fall so far when it stops.  
I know what you'll land on  
And how few hands to help you up.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Voices

I heard the tinkling voices then,  
Whispering with glee.  
Excited little chattering  
That sought some sport with me.  
They said that I had lost my mind,  
My heart was stolen, gone.  
That babbling, teasing little sound  
Got louder and went on.  
And all the other noises  
That will make a forest's song,  
Were drowned out by the cackling  
Of the scornful fairy throng.  
They called that I was lost, a fool,  
Those mocking elfin sprites,  
And capered oft from branch to branch,  
Hopping with delight.  
I smiled, indulged their fancies  
And endured along the path,  
And every stone did taunt my love,  
And every bush did laugh.  
But as I reached the stile again,  
The voices seemed to go;  
The teasing was the peaceful brook,  
The sneers, cow's gentle low,  
Accusing eyes, the sun's warm face,  
The jeering, magpie's bill.  
I turned and touched my cap to them  
And went, on fuller still.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Walled

Take my bones, Kind Sir.  
I am so very cold  
And have no light for comfort.  
I hear you, very close,  
A thousand miles away.  
A hands-breadth between  
Life and where I am.  
I cannot clasp your arm or knock,  
Nor shout nor gasp.  
I cannot find my child.  
Can you feel me, Noble Sir?  
Do you sense me burning still?  
Will you hear me scream  
With all the force of nothing?  
The moon should crack  
And the world's beasts go mad.  
If you will only take my bones.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Weekend

Kids

Gone

Phones

Off

Shy

Looks

Small

Talk

Cork

Screw

More

Talk

Sly

Looks

Candles

Bubbles

Cuddles

Bliss.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# When Kevin Met Sally

Shuffling through the dead grey mist,  
With outstretched hands and creeping feet,  
I felt my fingers held and kissed,  
And heard a steady tender beat  
That matched my heart and made it strong,  
Then fog was gone and stars appeared  
To spell our two names ten miles long,  
As straight for them we steered.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Whitby

I want to stand on Church Stairs,  
And hold your hand forever,  
With solid at our backs,  
And the abbey square at hers.  
I want to flit my eyes like skipping feet  
Over red-top tiny crooked houses  
Down tiny crooked lanes,  
And fancy where The Count drank,  
With his heart of Whitby jet.  
I want to close my eyes and be the sea,  
Hear the chains and motors and shouts  
And cock-sure herring gulls,  
And feel the harbour arms  
With ancient rods and bombing boys,  
And Cook and Scoresby's boots  
Faintly on the cobbles.  
I want to stand and hold your hand,  
And breathe it in forever.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Wind Of No Change

I can hear the wind;  
The mournful, eyes-down stirrings  
Now denied a light losse dance.  
It sighs through empty alleys,  
Stroking buildings all in grey.  
Caress my shoulders sadly,  
Or is your laugh the same?

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Wishful Thinking

I blush and stutter when I see you,  
Feel my grown-upness melt from my brain down  
And my big-boy's confidence  
Disown me in disgust.  
The puppy-like desperation for another minute,  
Sentence or God-forbid an arm touch-  
Well, a seven year old would do it better.  
I think you think I'm sweet, old-fashioned, simple,  
But I can't help undressing you with my eyes,  
Especially when you walk away  
So I think I can't be caught,  
When my thoughts are confident big-boy's thoughts,  
But they are simple.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# You Are My Sunshine

I woke first, studied you, smiled,  
Then quietly drew the curtains  
To let the eager sunshine in  
That was rapping on the window,  
Rubbing round the glass like a cat.  
Unpent daylight streamed in  
And gently cupped your features,  
Ran raptured gilded fingers  
Over your cloudless form  
And through your burnished hair.  
Then sated Sun withdrew his hands,  
Set them clasped behind his head,  
And sat back, basking in you.

Kevin Eaglesfield

# Zip

Look hard, don't blink.  
Let your mind grow blurred.  
Start at the crown then peel me down.  
Arms first, then step inside  
And zip me from within.  
Winter in my soft cocoon  
Until it's time to fly.

Kevin Eaglesfield