

Poetry Series

**maria goodison**  
**- poems -**

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## maria goodison(06,10,1983)

Hi i'm a little bit of everything I feel that life should be lived and there is more out there then what we can see.

I have borderline personality disorder i do not feel that this has stop me from writing it has giving me a different point of view to life and the thing that go on in it.

I believe in past life, and that we all meet people that we new from a past life, some are good and as always some are not.

I try to live a full life with no hold back but this is not always easy.

I hope that in some way my poem's and story's can help another person life.

If you would like to talk to me more then I am on kik and would be awesome to talk to other ind32 your more then welcome to add me.

# A Birthday Like No Other

Another year and still the same the endless dreadful after  
shower of headaches and dead body covering the floor.

A wonder of (where the hell did big bird come from) and  
(Who the one that was sick over the chair) .

Buckfast bottles and someone hair, the unsmoked joint sticking  
out of your best mate ear.

That bruise on your arm that you know you didn't have 10 hours earlier  
the black eyeliner you thought was good to that black dress you wished  
you hadn't worn.

Another year and the idea that your that little bit more wiser to the horror of  
what have you done with your life.

To the unnamed number pin to your door and the smell that someone washed  
in cider.

For the birthday cake that was made with such love which also seem to be over  
your friends face.

A big thank you for all that joined and gave the night the best that they could  
but maybe next year let's just lock the door with a note on the door saying  
THIS YEAR IM ON MY OWN.

maria goodison

# A Content Life

Grandma in her rocking chair, grandpa taking care  
of the dogs.

A gentle summer sun is settling on the window sill  
there's a very old, fat, black cat claiming his spot in  
the last of the sun.

Grandma take the last sip from her bone China cup  
and pulls her knitting from the faded bag.

Grandpa puffing on his pipe, his slippers are very  
worn but he does not mind.

Still content with his and his wife life, as both reach  
81 years

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# A Letter From The Vampire Queen

Dear once bitten,

It has been such a long time from your last letter, so I have taking it on my self to write to you instead.

I do hope the last 300 years have been kind and you found what you went away to find?

The halls here have become dark and the vampire children have all growing up, you would be please of them each one has become everything that we were hopping for.

My black and red roes have change turning to yellow and green.

My dear sweet dark night how I think of your embrace and the cold winds that you bring with you, it's been 300 years and in that time how the world has become new again.

I know longer walk in the showed or hide my teeth and makeup does the rest.

I will end this letter but hope to see you at the 500th vampire's party, it has become dull being there queen but as always I will do what is needed from me all my bite.

VAMPIRE QUEEN.

maria goodison

## A Sub Confession.

For the night you came in to my room, i loved the  
thrill of not knowing who you were.  
The blindfold did it's job and kept me still and  
breathing fast.  
The cuff that tied my arm's, how i enjoyed the smell  
of leather.  
With the ropes that held my ankle digging in slowly  
how I long for that feel again.  
The night I became your toy was the most alive that  
i have ever been.  
To the sting of the heated wax and your finger tips  
feeling their way across my naked skin.  
I was not a willing woman but became obedient to your  
need's.  
From the poster bed to your teachen i long to never leave  
your side.  
To the marks left from your whip and the wisdom i  
now know.  
From your order's that you gave i understand that you  
own me now.  
To your cold lips moving up my leg, the shivering that  
please me so and how i beg you for more.  
I was by no means a forth coming woman hard I tried  
to fight.  
You that I call Master and stand proud to be your  
sub and slave.  
I give to you my thanks for everything I will  
always stay.

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# Again

I lost my self again same old story just in a different show i just seam to fad in  
and out and see the people look inshore.

I built the wall so high and strong, i can not find the end or a way to get  
throw.

I've laid the make up on so thick not even, i can not tell who face it  
is anymore.

I know i've lost myself again and just like always i step aside  
and let the world carry on for i am finding it is hard to understand  
why i have let this happen again,  
you would think by now i would learn from my mistake's.

maria goodison

# Another Day.

I hurt so bad it's so unreal, my head is  
mad i want to die.

I don't care how as long as it is so  
soon.

I'm fed up with the pain and being left  
alone.

The cutting does not work and i need some  
faith to carry on.

They are all asleep im wide awake it does  
not matter what i do, you still don't want me  
and it hurts so bad.

This does not seem to help written in you  
anyway.

maria goodison

# At My Feet

The vampires start licking at my feet  
looking for something nice to eat.  
Just to my side are red skulls  
looking for something that they can not hold.  
The slave's are screaming, crying, wishing for someone,  
for something to help them out.

I, myself, I do not mind  
all this dark that is in my mind  
the knife is cold and sharp  
it smiles well as it removes this human shell.

I would like to think that this is me  
the devil that plays in the garden well.  
I do not mind this blood dripping thought  
as I walk around this town.

The vampires smile at me as the slaves get bound  
and the red skulls keep looking around.

maria goodison

## Back Stabbing Faces.

Nothing ever seem the same and this just keep  
going with out any one needing it to.

To many face's willingness to be there with out  
the right pass code.

People claiming over each other to make their mark  
to claim the look in your eyes.

All willing to change their minds as soon as thing's  
get hard.

Back stabbing words and guns at night fall, you all  
Think your gold and nothing matters in till you win  
damn the cost of all that is involved.

Nothing ever seem to go along the road right and often  
trip's you up along the way, take your words and your faces  
and all the crap you bring for I don't need it anymore.

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## Be Strong If You Can.

Be a strong man when you can, be a man that is strong  
I know you can.

Stand tall so all can see that you are still willing to be  
there beats the rocks until they break and crumble turn  
to dust.

Make the bread so you can eat, heat the water on the stove  
for that bath you indeed need.

Hold this world on your head so not ne will fall or feel lonely  
anymore.

Be a man that's strong, be a strong man I know you can and when  
the day is done, sit down and hum a tune because you my  
dear is the strength that is in us all.

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## Best Not To

I may not be your shining star and a little unauthorised to make the cut.

A little weird you often say different but not in a good way, I find you hard to understand a mind field with every step that I take.

I may not be dressed to the nines or have that fairy face but oh my sweet I'm so much more than you give me credit for.

And if you should be plagued by your own deeds that you have laid please remember not my home address or number or even that I'm alive.

For I see no reason for us to chat or meet for coffee pretending that we once knew each other and there were no bad words, no wrong account, no nasty stabbing in the dark.

Let's just leave how we began and smile nicely at each other nodding Our heads without a word.

maria goodison

## Best Not.

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# Boatman

A grand boat slides through the grey mist  
with no sound at all.  
Souls that have once been,  
wait for the boatman to arrive.

A tall thin figure glides down the gangplank,  
to ask his question to each soul,  
before giving way to let them onboard.

'DO YOU REGRET ANYTHING? '

No words are said  
but a cold chill crawls round the boatman  
and a haunting sense of right  
fills the seats.  
Coins that were placed so loving  
now pay the boatmans way.

His long black cloak  
clings to him like skin,  
his hollow, skull-like eyes glow red  
and yet nothing is said,  
as the grand boat launches  
to carry the lost souls home.

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# Breaking Up

My bed is cold when your not there  
my fingers and toes go numb.  
Even the electric blanket does little  
in keeping me warm.  
The cups of tea taste wrong to me must  
be the way I'm making them.  
Our cat doesn't play like he did, I believe that  
he understands your not around anymore.  
I can't seem to figure out this damn washing machine  
it has a mind of its own.  
Then I spot you across the street sitting in the cafe, joking  
laughing and not missing me.  
How unfair this Break up has been, me in sorrow you  
unaware that I still exist.

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# Childish Dreams

Always wanted to travel and wonder  
around the world in a oddly naked way.  
Nevertheless other things occur and life  
became very real.

I had to put away my childish dreams and save  
them in a multi coloured fantastic jar, saved them  
saved them all for another day.

Fairytale and silly dreams do not keep the bills paid  
or the table full of food so you can eat.

maria goodison

# Christmas

How I remember when I was young  
and what Christmas ment to me.  
All the wonder, magic and belief,  
it still holds that special feeling inside for me.  
Sad I know but I still hang my stocking by the fire side,  
I still write that letter to Santa Claus.  
And yes, I know its silly  
but I still leave a mince pie, glass of milk  
and not forgetting a carrot for Rudolf.  
I still sleep with one eye open just incase  
and I still wake with such joy the next day.  
Christmas time, oh how you complete the year  
and how I love you so  
with all the shows and light,  
nothing can beat this time of year.

maria goodison

# Christmas Morning Regrets

I never believed in Father Christmas, I never thought it right  
to lie to children just like me and tell them that he, came down  
a chimney at night.

I was sure it was really mum and dad, that crept into my room  
I thought the shops supplied the gifts, I awoke to Christmas morn.

I never believed in Santa claws, or the magic of Christmas Eve,  
I never believed in helper elves or sleighs or red nose deer.

No I never believed in Father Christmas and I never considered it right,  
No I never believed in Santa claws, till he didn't come last night!

So I think next year I'll believe again, yes I really think I should  
Cause Christmas without the gifts and toys, is really not much good,

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# Court In Part 1

My dear how I do wish to make this clear  
with all the voice's in this year and all the tears that  
the people of this town have made.

Of all the plots that have appeared I have never seen one quite  
like this.

There are rules that were put in to place with such care for your  
own good.

To brake them in the ways that you have with the things that you have done.  
The punishment will be most severe that I have the power to give, we have not  
use this in a 1000 years.

I can not stress how bad this is, there are no words to hold it down  
the disappointment within my self to know that we are born in the same  
image.

Is there no understanding of what you did?

No remorse of the crime marked on your head?

How you made this sleepy town shake with dread.

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## Court In. Part 2

You call this a safe small town, yet more crime go on then i have done.  
So I may of set a little fire and yes it may of got out of control, but still I claim if  
it had not been for you blinded eyes I would not of made the fire to keep warm.  
I would not of broke that window to feed the hunger inside my belly.  
I may not of mug that man to take the drugs that keep the cold out at night.  
If you so called understand was better and you did not fling the homeless in to  
camps that are by far way to small, dark and rats become you very best friend.  
Or what about the old and needy who I have seen by my own eyes be beating for  
only £5, do they have a right in your awesome small town?  
Or what about the really unlucky one that have there body parts stolen to keep  
you up and living.  
Yes I've seen this town and yes I've seen the paged that you hold.  
But what about us, what about the people that crawl throw the dirt and mud just  
to get a hand full of water that you give out.  
What about the slime bribe that get giving one that would put the German's to  
shame?  
The sex slave's that you your self have lock up in your seller, some no more then  
10?  
So I took a hammer to your doors, so I burnt your building's down, so I hung the  
worse people that I could find.  
So I took your rules and shouted NO MORE.  
And still a cover up you must do, to wipe my name from face of this world, well  
very well you must do what you must.

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# Dark Mind

In the death of this mind,  
many dream you will find.  
Not one of them good,  
not one divine.

In this, the heart of the demons land,  
this is where I plant the seed.  
The seeds of doubt, that formed this land,  
have made chains unseen,  
to bind me to this mind.

The devil sits and I by his side  
smile as the lost souls die.  
I listen to tormented screams  
and anguished cries of pain  
yet I still mix the pot  
with the iron chain.

In the death of this mind  
many thing you will find.

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# Deadly Then Nightshade

Deadly then nightshade, more stunning then the sun  
she stands alone, her gifts are hard not to know.  
Many have falling for just one day with this woman who  
Claims none for her own.  
She can not help her self as she twist the men's souls, for  
She is the meaning of sorrow.  
Deadly then nightshade she'll seep in to your skin leaving  
marks as her blades turn.

maria goodison

## Dear Lord

Dear lord, I know I'm nothing more  
than a simple teacher at this school.  
You see it's the last day of term  
and I need a little help  
to get through  
the rest of the day.

It's not that I don't like the kids in my year 10  
but they already glued my coffee cup  
to the desk and hid the marker.  
I'm not being funny  
but I really need that marker  
and somehow, I don't know how,  
the classroom pet rat is gone  
and its only half past eleven.

Dear Lord, help me please  
my year 10 make the devil look like fun.  
I'm hiding in the supply cupboard  
they can't get me in here  
but Oh know they are making Paul eat the blue paint  
and Mary is hanging  
from the top of the whiteboard,  
says she will not come down  
untill Simon stops cutting her hair.

Now don't get me wrong lord i love the kids that's  
why i teach but i would rather have on this day, year  
8 or 9 even Mrs coal's class they look like zombie  
which is absurd.

Dear lord if you would see fit in letting a few just dispar  
like the one that supper glue my register book to the wall  
or even

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## Dear Sir

Dear Sir as you are sitting in front of me please take care of the words that you are choosing.

The table may be set but I can say with truthful looks that this is not a interview for you to join the group.

The words that you say can and will be your undoing, also hurt the one you love in many different ways.

The secrets that you've kept are never kept still or quiet and the guilty feelings find their own place, they will and do crawl and sneak hidden in your face.

Dear Sir as you sit at this table and drink deep from that goblet of lies is there Something that you would like to say?

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# Different

I have a feeling that I am lost again and unlike all  
the other time I do not fear where I may land.

Kind words and gentle hand has made me smile  
when I think of you.

Unknowingly willing to sit and talk finding a friend in  
you, hoping your finding one in me to.

For all the glamorous people around I would rather  
spend one afternoon with you, doing thing that people  
do, taking a walk by the river or taking a coffee on a  
cold winter day.

It's not that I mind all the glitches and glamour that other  
people seek to find when around your every word.

But I would rather have a water ball fight, or even dipping  
our feet in the pond.

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# Dragon King

He has sleep so long and does not wake when I  
call.

Did they know to keep the dragon King asleep would be  
there undoing.

To bind him with spells and iron change did they think he would  
not brake free.

yes I claim I did help for my King did not awake when his queen  
called his name.

All the demons of the past play in his eyes, and his wings lift and stretch  
as his hart thumps his blood around his veins.

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# Each Day

With each trusting word I say,  
I tend to lose myself,  
a little everyday.

With each kind hug that I give,  
I tend to make  
the same old mistakes.

With each dream that gets dreamt,  
it makes my illusions spread under me  
and make my bed.

With each step I take  
my legs are getting weaker  
and my body becomes unwilling,  
it's time almost spent.

With each drink that's drunk  
and each meal that's eaten  
the rotting is slowed.

And soon I know,  
things will stop  
and nothing more will go.

maria goodison

## Easy Thing.

OK, ok, calm your self don't shout at me  
like that.

It's a easy thing to keep me glued, safe  
and sound.

All you need to do is treat me right from  
the start, but treat me wrongly and see how  
fast you can run.

Read to me from time to time i don't mind  
what about.

I'm an easy person that like to sit down by  
the sea, laughing in the summer rain.

To keep me bright it's not all that hard, just  
pick your socks up off the floor.

And from time to time wash the windows, maybe  
feed the snake.

To have such joy and no sorrow let me unwind  
leave the door locked and the mud out side.

I'll do the things a good woman should and not  
bother you with my day.

I will not let the paper print a bad word or let  
the fight's come throw the wall's.

You'll be the man and I the woman and things will  
be just fine.

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# Enslaved

I crave your darkness like no other,  
a home that has been lost to me.  
My mind cries for your weakness  
and screams for all your pain.  
Its a never ending story  
that will never fill.

I beg for your enslaved body  
and will play with it like putty.  
You'll be my foot rest,  
you'll be at my whim, my beck and call.  
You are mine and no other  
unless I say you can.

Your my enslaved, my trouble,  
my silly toy and you will serve me  
whether day or night I call.

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# Faith

You lost your faith when you thought I fell from the stars and all you could see was the darkness that remains.

You forgot to notice the rest of the stars and that wonderful moon that gives to your grace.

Your eyes are like stone, your mind getting to be the same  
your hands don't feel and your soul cry in pain.

How you have forgotten all that we done, the thousands of years that we've meet again and again.

Stop looking my sweet, for I have not fallen and I have not left I've just had to recharge, take some time out to be well just me.

maria goodison

# Father

Mother said I have to let things go  
and call you father, daddy or dad.  
The anger swells within me so  
at having to think your the one  
I've been looking for.

My childish dreams  
have been torn asunder and 'why? '  
is all I have left to wonder?

Asking why were you never there?  
Was it me that made you leave?  
Why no letter sent, no phone call made?

Mother says to mend the bridge,  
to let things flow and flowers to grow.

I'm sat across from you now,  
trying to keep the smile there,  
struggling to keep  
my fist from tightening  
and the rage in my voice  
from heightening.

Why you didn't come and see me?  
Why you didn't write or call?  
Why I'm left wondring 'why? '

Mother wants me to forgive and forget,  
to let the anger go,  
to let the lonely child fade  
that's crying out for you  
and finding only a void.

She begs for me to be nice  
and shake your hand once or twice.  
To tell you of all I've done  
and show you school reports.  
To take your advice

and don't forget to smile right? .

But where were you,  
when I fell apart?  
Where were you,  
when I hit the dark  
and could not find the light?  
Where were you,  
when I locked myself out?  
And where the hell were you  
when I was coerced to plead guilty  
to deeds I did not do?

Did you not have the time  
to make a call or write a few lines?  
To just stop and think  
'God! I have a daughter to! '

I'm sat across from you now  
and find your eyes are dark.  
Theres no sorry or explanation  
and the hollow words I hear you speak  
mean nothing more than a page you read in a book.

Well thank you so,  
Now I see your nothing more  
than the man next door.

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# Father Reply

My daughter how you've come in to your own and as  
you sit across from me, all the words I had to say  
now fade and go away.

Your green hazel eyes screaming out to me a empty  
sorrow feeling make it way across the table.

Your mother begs you to stay and I hear the take in  
of your breath, I swear my hart skips and my face drains.

It would be easy for me to say I didn't get your letters  
and try my best to phone but I keep forgetting your  
number.

You've grown in to a fine young woman and I can see your  
bright and understand that things are never black or white.

I know I was not a father and would never ask you to  
call me one, but in all the wrong that I have done I do believe  
you were better off not having me around.

I drank to much, always in a fight and the police new me  
by first name.

I lost count how many time I cheated on your mother, and then  
to make things hurt I ran away with her sister.

Your angry and yes I see you want to punch me but I'm still  
with in my right to say I'm here now, ready to be your  
Father.

To much to soon I can see the tears raining down your face  
and a small part of me want to give you a hug, tell you it's  
ok and I'll do my best to make it right.

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# Feel Like Saying

I often think on the things I would love to say  
but often back out before the break of day.  
I would like to stand and shout,  
to let things all fly out and not worry or care  
about what comes out.

To fling a cup, shout 'it's not alright'  
and know I will not go.  
I'm going to stay right here  
and theres nothing that you can say.  
I've heard it all, it's just the same  
change the captals  
in the lines you use.

I often get angry at how I should be  
and ask why this woman is not free,  
not able to say what I really feel  
and slap that wall in front of me.

I dislike the way I'm made to feel  
and apologise to all that see me.  
I don't want to have this cup of tea  
or dress in pink and yellow.  
I don't want to cook or make the beds.  
To walk the dog or be there  
when the kids come home.

I often think on all the things  
that I would like to say,  
But yet somehow, I know not how  
I lose my voice and fade.

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## Finding Away.

I should find a way to say thank you  
For all that you have done.  
You went out of your way to make me stand  
without needing to know why I fell down.

You helped me be all that I can  
without asking anything I could not answer.  
I could not have come this far without you.  
I should give you a hug  
for every day that passes by.

I know this change  
needed to be done  
and now feeling freer  
than I have ever done.

I thank you for everything  
that you have helped Me do.

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# Firey

I am the fire that in your soul the angry words you spite out  
at a fool.

The wrongful deeds that you saw in to the earth, the Apple that eve took that  
made Adam fall.

The hateful eyes in the darkness that you seek and I will not back down not at  
all.

You can not control me so why do you try, wasting time and space in a blink of a  
eye.

I am the darkness the willing employee that happy to feel the fears of your mind  
the devil in a black satin dress.

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# Forgotten To Think

I've forgotten how to think how strange this is for me.

To forget a thought that you need the most  
the complex way you shake your brain in hope  
it might return.

Even trying not to think incase it come back oh  
how strange this is to forget a thought that had to  
make so much sence but now that thought got lost  
and the sense follow it to.

To loss the thought to think and think the thought  
had gone.

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# Four Dead Witches

On all hallo eve four dead witches are walking down the street  
singing and laughing also carrying bags full of treats.

'Oh give us something good to eat, boiled rats and bats  
Dipped in wax'

On all hallo eve four dead witches keep knocking at your  
door, singing as they tap their brooms on the floor.

'We don't mind, what we eat oh let's us have some chocolate frogs  
Or dried pigs ears.'

On all hallo eve four dead witches walking down the street singing and laughing  
Carrying bags that are getting bigger with every knock on the doors.

'We have such trick in store, warms up your noes and slugs in your stew  
Snakes in your car and bags on your roof, there nothing that we won't do.  
So give us something good to eat or we will turn you in to snakes in your  
Sleep'

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# Gambling Deal

I've had enough of this twisted land the one that I call home it  
does not matter if your pants are on fire.

You'll never know the deal, the jacks are height and the whisk dry.  
The sick stains on the wall, forgotten roll of the diced in hope  
snake eyes doesn't show, the queens are bad but she sits there  
all highly in the know.

This twisted mind just one more time and another and another till  
you can't go anymore.

The round and around of the roulette table, that game the Chinese plays  
that no one wants to join, the price to high with a kidney and a eye.  
The hatred in your eyes, how I wish to Plow Throw the table and rip  
that bow tie off you.

How this waterfall troubled and gold fish dead but no one seem any  
wiser, they fling their coins and wedding rings to make the dealer cut.  
How funny that this last bit is as you see grown men cry, the wedding rings gone  
but the wife in the wrong, if only they had just one more pound and  
it's bound to be different this time round.

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## Go Around, Come Around.

My big brother who is rather mean, pushed my sister over.

I tried my best not to laugh which made my sister angry,  
My sister who is only 7 scanned the room around her.

She found a half eaten apple and flung it at my brother,  
it hit him making him jump back at which he bang in to the fish tank  
and knocked it over.

To make it funnier the two kittens who by this point were woken with a jump,  
look at each other and started to eat the fish.

I could not help it I was on my knees the laughter over took me and I could not  
get my breath.

My big brother turned red and shouted out.

(I'm not taking the blame for that)

He pick up one of the kittens and like a bullet shoot the kitten at my sister.

The kitten flu quit well and landed on the chair, my sister who loved the kittens  
got really mad and rain full pelt at my brother.

And me who was stuck in the middle had a thought that this is going to hurt no  
matter how you put it, I took a quick step to the right.

My sister hit my brother and my brother pushed her over.

maria goodison

# Grandma

I am tired now my dear, said grandma to her grandson with the electric hair and the blue blue wellies on his feet.

But grandma it's only half past three.

Yes my dear this may be true but a nice cup of tea and a little rest for grandma feet  
they are not used to running all that way to climb Big Ben then roar down the hill.

Grandma please it wasn't a hill it was the sea that captain black beard sailed.

Well how about we say that grandma been court and held by long John silver?

The grandson stood very still and scuffed his wellies on the wooden floor his face like thunder  
his hands stuffed in to his pockets, wondering why old people make things so unfair.  
But he also knew that the old girl was kind and didn't't mean to spoil his fun.

OK grandma I'll make a deal, if I stop my fun then you've to promise to read this book to me?

Grandma smile to her grandson with the electric hair and the blue blue wellies,  
that stood very  
Calmly with his dreams still pined on his sleeve.

OK it's a deal my dear.

maria goodison

# Gypsy Dance

In the deep dark night where the snow drop live and you can find  
the faintest smell of jasmine around your feet.

Is where I like to go and dace the dace of the gypsy girl, that only  
the old one know.

The thing with this gypsy dace is no one can tell you or show you the moves it  
has to be found in your soul.

It was said a gypsy girl came on a winter night with a hart full of darkness and  
pain, so she prayed to the moon and the star in the sky for them to take the pain  
away.

The moon and stars whisper softly to gypsy girl and said, We can do what you  
ask but payment that this must be, if you can dace a dace that will melt the snow  
and make the snow drop fairs wake then yes we will take your pain.

So the gypsy girl dace a dace of the most powerful spell that her feet could do 3  
night 4 days that she dace till her feet could not hold her up and as she fell to  
the ground, the snow drop fairs awoke and bound her feet and kiss her head held  
her hand and whisper on the breath of the wind.

You have done well my child your payment has been made, as if a dream there  
was no more gypsy girl only the fantasies small of jasmine.

maria goodison

# Hard

You must take me for a fool,  
if you think I do not know.  
To think that I would never find out.

You'd think me silly to let this go  
so why puzzle why I'm mad?  
Why do you ask what is wrong?  
When it's your footsteps that make the noise.

Did you think I would not find out?  
And how naive of you to believe  
that I should let this go.

I've let you use me, through and through.  
I've let you tear me down in all I do.  
I've let you hurt me!  
So did you really think  
That I could ever let this go?

maria goodison

## How Fast.

How fast you spear my delousing and take away my dreams

As if your picking icing off of a cake.

Your anger become darker then the color black oh and how

You make the storm come down apron my head.

How you forest me to hate when I felt nothing at all, how quickly

You blame others for your own forgotten rules.

You choose only to believe in the wrongs of people, then wonder

Why know one come around.

There is clearly no welcome invite for you to stay or to talk interrupt

How they stand.

I wonder why they can see the truth behind your silver eyes, and how

You do not see it at all.

Maybe the mirror need to be dusted or even removed for it does not

Seem to be working at all.

maria goodison

# I Could.

I could do without this head.  
To take off and discard it.  
I could cope without the multitude  
running around my mind.  
I could deal with having some space,  
to spend a few and unwind.

I could sleep if I stopped the drugs I do.  
I could talk if I was not worried to.  
I could love if it would take away the pain.  
I so could do without my brain.  
Lets just flush it down the drain

maria goodison

# I Do Not Have Much

I do not have much to give but my feeling are strong and true.

I may bang my head and tear the house down from time to time but I'm happy that i can cuddle you.

I sometime lose my temper and fling a cup or two at you but find comfort in claiming in to bed next to you.

I do not have much just a point of view and the will to stand strong.

And still I'm overcome with your kisses and awesome cup's of tea.

You let me scream, shout and cry, bang my head and wish that the day never arrived.

You've not ask for a thing but you've made me laugh smile and sing.

I do not have a lot and keep asking why you stand beside me, how you're still with me throw all the dark.

But my feeling are strong and true i only want to be with you.

maria goodison

# I Found My Lucky Bag

I found that one lost bag that everything get flung in to that one bag that you hold a world of its own.

That one bag holds sweets for the kids that cry, and the tissue paper that every runny nose needs.

Your bus pass and that sock that always get lost in the washing machine but some how there it is.

The bag that no matter what you'll find your favourite lipstick that you thought your best friend had.

The deep you go in to this lost bag and quickly you remember why you lost as you pull out a sticky toffee chew that had clearly been forgotten.

But oh just in the corner there something that feels like you know it so you push your hand in and rumble around as your fingers clip that most important thing you had thought that you had lost.

A old little stained picture of when you mum was young and still at school, oh how this joys you so your cheeks softly grow red and you hold that one picture to your chest, tears slowly weep from your eyes.

You turn it over to read (No matter what I still love)

maria goodison

# I Hope You Can

I do not know if you can understand  
but it is not the voices  
that are singing in my head  
that make me want to slip into that bed.

It is not the devoting rhyme  
that helps me to unwind,  
that takes me far away and slows my mind,  
so I can think for another day,  
so I can sleep without  
the demons want to play.  
It is not the fact that only I can hear,  
its not even the way that I feel,  
its not something that I can explain  
but hope you find a way to understand.

The elephant in Africa  
finds a way to stand every day,  
the bamboo knows it's path  
and grows and grows for all to see.  
It is not the voices that soothe me so,  
it is not the beat that moves my feet  
or the way it lulls me to sleep.  
It is not the light that is outside,  
it is not the tv that brings me to my bed.

Not the war or peace or hearing my childs play,  
it is a simple thing and still one I can not explain.  
Yet I'm still hoping  
that you can find a way to understand  
and will not push for anymore.

maria goodison

# I Miss You

I walked past your flat today and almost knocked on the door.  
I thought I heard your voice and hoped to turn to see your face.  
I almost called you on the phone,  
then remembered you would not pick up at all.

I went to the old bridge by the river  
and sat down alone in the sun.  
A feeling of sorrow washed over me  
and knowing that we would never play in the river again  
made the sorrow stick.

How I miss you and all we did.  
How I long for your jokes  
and how you'd pick on me.  
You showed me how to juggle.  
To stand that little bit longer,  
to wait and understand the other view.

To run when I feel weak.  
To sit and take in the world for what it is.  
To never listen to the lie  
and always pause to ask why.

Never to cry when feeling wrong.  
Never to run before looking where  
and always speak my mind.  
To forgive and not forget  
and take them out with out a doubt.

I walked past your grave tonight and left a smile by the side.  
For all the things I said I wouldn't be  
and all the people I would not turn in to.  
To find I've become what I hated most  
and how you would of laughed at me.

maria goodison

## I Tend To.

I tend to stay in the back where night become  
my willing friend.

Where my heart does not hurt and my mind can think  
i am happily left a lone.

I tend to sit on the rock's where the bat's fly  
higher above and I drink a goblet in your name.

I tend to stay in your dream's but only when you call  
for me.

I kiss your head at night and hug you when you are down  
and low.

I tend to stay behind the door and become apart of  
nights design.

maria goodison

# I Wish I Had Longer.

Being there watching you pass was the hardest thing I had to do, the pain I feel because you didn't tell me the truth.

Listen to everyone say he did this way because he didn't want you to hurt, well dad

you were wrong and it hurts more then it would of ever did.

We made plans you and me, with Christmas and your birthday how much I'm feeling mad at you but I still love you.

My brother your son came to me and ask what he should do, he went out and got you a Christmas present, with out knowing his thoughts.

I wish so hard that I had just one more Christmas with you one more birthday one more cup of tea and a chat.

I wish I had longer to cook one last meal and take you shopping even hear you sing my favourite song that I will never hear again.

I miss you so much this is not that fair I lost my father my dad my supper hero at the end of October for real I wish I could put that month in a box and stamp on it.

I wish I had longer dad to tell you I miss you more then I could say.

maria goodison

# I Wish You Where Here

Oh, how I wish you were here today, to have that feeling  
of being less emotional, empty.

The happy friends that are in my head are not so happy today  
and run wildly screaming in my brain.

Companies I think is what I need but can guess that the voice in my head  
may not behave the best.

How I wish you where here to ease this rioting that maintain its standing,  
I was so fast to lock the door and pull the cat in from the wolfs that run  
around.

I knew that this did not please him at all so I gave him a treat to relax his  
displeasure  
that I made him feel.

maria goodison

## If You Must.

If you must see the lightning before you see the storm, and if you must bang the drum before you know the tune.

Then where do your dreams go and the passion that clings to your walls, how do you

smile if your always waching the door.

If you must sit and grumble that the sun has risen and that the seasons never stay

the same, if you must listen in where there is no place for your ears.

Do not shout and blaim or slam the window for the convention was not yours to to play.

If you must run when responsible clearly tell you to stay and the daily toll start to feel like slime and evening when you think you've won, then find out that the hole turn in to a tomb.

Don't be a full and poin a finger just to make your self feel better, don't look down your noes and laugh.

If you must always look up then how do you know where to step, if you must find hardship in everything that around you.

How do you fine the joys and love that fills the dull days, how do you smile when a love one cuddles you.

maria goodison

## In One Night.

If i could see the world in just one night  
then i would take you with me.  
It would not be for long, only for one night  
but oh the things that we would see.  
I would take you with me because we could talk and  
joke, laught plus my sweet it will be something  
to do on a lonely night.  
At the end of the night when we have seen what we can  
we will come back home and drink some hot tea.

maria goodison

## In Spite Of My Self.

I laughed in spite my self as the cartoon drawing run  
mad in my head.

The cat at the window doing his best to call the  
birds from the tree.

The tea is warm the sofa cold how I wish I hadn't got that  
leather sofa.

The need to be my own self take over on days like this  
and finding my feet appear to vanish, I become the only thing  
that has been made by the twisted men I've had.

Still I laugh in spite of my self and play with the dark demons  
that live in my head, ooo I didn't think but yes a shotgun will  
do.

And yet I can't really do that it would make to much mess and  
it's my day off from being me.

The giggles spring up and I almost spill my tea, as the cat calls  
the birds and next door dog barks.

In spite of my self this day doesn't seem that bad and problem  
just seem to float away, it's not so bad taking time away from  
the person the person that was made out of me.

maria goodison

# Inside

I'm angry and hurt but do not  
know which one is worse.  
The tears that fall or the fist  
that bangs the wall.  
Then if i am lucky the dive will  
not be that bad.  
Going from happy to sad despite  
the world of hands.  
The knith come out and cuts my  
arm, its the only thing that i  
Control.  
My head fills with such madness  
that i do not see, feel, i do not  
care.  
I'll take the drugs that call and the  
drink that pour in to my glass.  
Some how it taste like blood but i will  
Not say.  
No one know what change is taking place.  
The hurt turn in to a new skin and holds its  
arms around me for I expect nothing else.

maria goodison

# It Has To Be

I know it can not be easy being you,  
having to be so perfect,  
looking down your noses at me.

It can not be easy  
having to walk on eggshells  
having to take care in the words you say.  
Having to be the one that does no wrong,  
having to be the queen bee of all the show's.

It can not be easy being you,  
having to change you clothes 2 times a day  
and making your shoes match your hair.  
Having to have that knowing look  
of I'm so much better than you can bear.

It has to be hard for you I think,  
to have to be so clued up,  
to have to eat that green milkshake,  
to have to be the same old weight.

maria goodison

# It's Not That Bad.

I know I think far too much but on this though  
it fits just right.

Your quite a mess in your life and nothing ever  
seems good.

It's OK to feel down and low we all feel like  
that.

I bet some times you're really moody and pushes  
people aside.

Well it's not that fun for your friends to have  
to keep in line.

As this thought skate around I can see your up set  
with me.

Don't worry your self i'm not an easy person to like,  
most people would love to hate but find that they  
can't.

So the kid's woke you up on a Sunday and your dogs  
has munched the paper.

Your wife has found a freshly painted hand print on  
the new off white sofa.

It does not have to end the day, just smile and hide  
in the shower everything will turn out right.

maria goodison

# Just A Hug

I gave you a hug this morning  
what a mistake i made,  
I needed to feel safe.  
You pushed me away  
it hurt like hell  
and I almost ran away.

I'm wondering why? What did I do wrong?  
How does this change the way I feel?  
I gave you a smile and made the tea,  
you shoved it back in my face  
I wish there was another place.

I'm asking why its so to and fro,  
not understanding this ground below.  
I open my arms to give you a hug, you pushed me aside  
I'm finding it hard to see throw my tears.

maria goodison

# Let It Be Calm

Play a song for me  
so I can enjoy dancing free.  
Open the door so I can breathe  
and make the bread to eat.

See the kids with their tiny feet  
play happily in our street.  
Sit and listen,  
just don't say a word,  
just feel  
my hand in yours.

Give me a hug and hold me close,  
so the cold does not get into this mind.  
Let it be calm,  
don't make a place  
for the anger to feel at home.

Rock the baby, so it does not cry,  
feed the cat, so he curls up and sleeps.  
Tell the mother-in-law  
not to come round  
that we do not need her today  
for my love, I think today  
should just be ours.

maria goodison

## Letting Thing Flow.

I'm sitting here,  
seeing things flow  
under the weeping willow.  
I hear the birds up high  
and dream that I  
could fly so free.

I'm enjoying the sun,  
believing I'm the only one  
and drifting away in my thoughts.  
The weeping willow keeps me safe  
and hides me from the nosey people.  
I have pen and paper  
to just letting go  
of all the strain in my life.

I'm sitting here seeing,  
unwinding so,  
letting things pass me by.  
I have no wish to get up and go  
no doubt in this show  
no wish to join the rat race  
no will to at all.  
No worries to make money,  
no need to feed  
the fat cats at all.

Just to sit  
under the weeping willow  
and let things flow.

maria goodison

# Like A Mouse

All through the house I creep like  
A mouse.  
Wondering what could make that  
Sound.  
Creeping like a mouse oh, how  
I wish I was still in my bed sleeping  
Safe and sound.  
I face the living room door but it was shut  
With my hand on the handle I tremble  
with fear.  
A creepy slow bang came out at me and  
A small voice talked quietly.  
I stood and tremble short my eyes and open  
the door to find.  
The cat and dog playing cards, my daughter  
Reading to the grandfather's clock.  
And oh my how silly I feel as I creep back through  
the house like a mouse.

maria goodison

# Like Stranger

We have become like strangers  
in a home that we knew so well.  
Theres no please or thank you  
or I will be back for dinner.  
Like ghosts we have been  
passing through unable  
to see each others tears  
and feel each other fears  
they have become the floor on which dance.

Like strangers we forgot to ask  
and understand each rule.  
There was no need to fool around.  
No need to compare.  
No need to break, that was not fair.  
We have become like strangers  
and talking faded long ago  
the words just float and bob about.  
And we found a way to push  
each other to the point of no return.

The pain, the horror, the lonely space  
the deadness that creeps to fill every space inside.  
We have become like strangers  
me and you and as we drink our coffee  
we've forgotten to smile, so my love  
how do we carry on?

maria goodison

# Looking Not Seeing

Under the sky where the river goes by,  
sits an old woman asking why?

Under the bus station  
sleeps a homeless boy always asking why?

Under the wind trying to keep warm  
is a man not knowing why?

Under the farm with her hands bleed dry,  
is a woman who does not ask why.  
She understands the work that needs to be done  
and is humble for the way her life has become.

maria goodison

# Lucifer

The conversation is nothing more than me talking  
to my self.

It's so clear that i've become nothing more than  
an experiment to you.

You saw me broke and keep me willingly that way  
even though i adore your every step.

Your attention to me became a punishment and  
even after your fun i seriously wanted you  
more.

This pains me so but you have entangled me and  
even after you have gone i still find you irresistible.

maria goodison

# Made A Wish

I made a little wish today,  
I know I'm 30 years old  
but I had to try it anyway.  
I picked the dandelion  
and held it in my hand  
I closed my eyes and blew.

Somehow I forgot how old I was  
and not all dreams come true.  
But yet I wish and wish  
that all the housework would be done  
and all the beds made  
instead of the mess that is around.  
And in some way, unknown to me,  
the dishes would have cleaned themselves.  
I made a silly wish today  
and allowed myself to drift,  
to a time when making mudpies was very cool  
and playing hopscotch was the thing to do.

I shut the back door and let out a sigh  
as I was being silly now,  
the dishes were still unloved  
the beds still unmade,  
the ironing crying on the side  
and the cat still to be fed.

maria goodison

# Master

Master take me in your hands and let me willingly  
stay with you.

Master i follow you and ardor your every move i talk  
when only taking to and beg for your forgiveness.

Master i am only your and i am happy to serve you  
when ever you call.

Master you are my world my every breath the ink in my  
pen the water in my cup.

maria goodison

# Michael

We became friends such a long time ago and still remain friends to this day.  
Life had giving us ups and downs but we still give a phone call every now and then.

I don't live in the same town as you but how I find my self missing you every now and again.

They say getting older and wise just a part of life but I smile at the words and know I can still be a child around you.

We still meet up and have a giggle, still dare each other to do the things that we should not do.

Still able to calm each other or raise the barn, to stand and say this is not right or just have a water bomb fight.

How I have not just found a friend in you but something more like a twin brother.

maria goodison

# Monsters In My House

When its late at night  
everyone is fast asleep,  
I often fear this time of night.

I creep slowly out of bed  
and slide across the wooden floor,  
making sure the boards do not creak.  
I press my ear up to my door  
and listen for the monsters whisper's sneaking  
through my door, deep inside I know they are about  
joking at what fun they will have at my expense.

There is one that lives under the stairs,  
I've named him Fred, he likes to grab my feet when I walk  
up the stairs so I run instead.  
There one behind the hallway door,  
I've name him Gregg, he likes to pull my hair, so I slam the door  
as hard as I can.  
Theres one that rattles bins outside,  
not forgetting the one in the boiler  
when the light go out.

I often fear this every night and hope  
and pray that they are not hurry.

maria goodison

# Mum Your A Star.

To me you are a super start  
and I owe you so much more  
than the few words  
that have come in to my head.

For all the dreams that you gave up,  
for all the stories that you read.  
For all the dinner that you made  
and all the mess you cleaned up.  
For all the cold's, flu's and snotty noes,  
for all the sleepless night.  
For all the pranks that we played.  
For all the fights you broke up  
and all the lies that we said.

For not saying I told you so when it was clear  
and for all the ironing that you did.  
For all the plays you didn't miss,  
for all the angry words I said.  
For all the beds that you made,  
for all the cake that I still think about.

To me you are the best, a real superstar,  
you didn't run or turn away  
just said 'Ok lets start again'

maria goodison

# My Little One

Hear my words well little one as you fall asleep tonight.

My feet won't be there all the time but I will still stand by your side.

My arms won't all ways hold you safe but my strength will surrounds you till you can stand on your own again.

Hear my words 'oh, little one and try your best not to forget.

I won't all ways be here but it does not mean I do not care, deep inside is where I am and I am still a part of you.

maria goodison

# My Nephew

I saw my nephew fall to day and oh how I Felt his pain.  
He did not cry or whimper at all just look at me  
And pus him self up, he said with such a bravery in his face  
Auntie it's okay hands not dirty let go and play.  
How I smile and admire this gentle soul, kissing his forehead I said kings and  
knights would have cried at less.  
We played as if we were knights around King athletes table, All of a sudden my  
nephew stop, auntie you can't play this Game no girls were aloud around the  
round table I laugh and bowed and said, this maybe true but you have forgotten  
the  
Lady Morgan.  
My nephew look rather deep and put a finger to his lips, hmm he said well in that  
case I must become Merlin.

maria goodison

# Never Been Simple

It's never been a simple thing  
growing up around you.  
You never gave but always took,  
you played when there was nothing left to do.  
And shoved us aside when a new toy  
or something better came along.  
A father is not just a name,  
you have to work for what it means  
and it matter in this land.  
From time to time you call  
but only when you need something.  
You forget our birthdays  
but still shout the odds  
when your is mist.  
Your getting older and time look to be unkind  
you wonder why we don't stick around and make  
excuses to stay away.  
You can site at the end of that grand table and  
drink from that goblet of lye you say to make it all right  
in your head.

maria goodison

## Not As Young As She

No girl as young as she, a mother should be.  
She came in to the cafe and sat beside.  
All the empty tables yet to mine came she.  
No mother should as young as she.  
My birthday said she was 4 weeks ago I was 13  
4 weeks ago my baby was 1  
No mother should be as young as she.

maria goodison

# Obi

My cat you are adored and i love you so very  
much.

I belive you are just the best and make the flat  
a home.

The way you curl your long black tail around my  
wrist and fall asleep so safe.

Obi you serious are irresistible and i love the  
way you play.

The way that you chase any shadow's around never  
knowing why the shadow's just disappear.

And the way you purr so loud when everything  
is so still.

Obi how you are adored and i would not ask for  
a better cat then you.

maria goodison

# Old Rocking Chair

I sat in the old rocking chair,  
like I had when I was young  
I let it go, to and fro,  
Let my mind drift back to a time  
when I was young, just curled up  
in my mothers arms.

I sat in that old rocking chair,  
my mother had before I was there  
she still has it now,  
all banged up, near falling apart.  
Yet it still took me back to when I was young  
and I smiled as I let it sweep me to and fro.  
to a childhood that I knew so well,  
to a life that was not unfair.

maria goodison

# Old Spell That You Made

We always said that this time would be the last.

But sadly I did not know that such a cost would be place by you with such unworthy spell.

You did not tell till it was to late and the spell became to strong to brake.

You have to understand that what lie awake inside me know is something that I can not hide or put away.

A vengeful fire is what I am, it was you that dealt this hand you cast the spell without a thought.

The hate that I hold in my hand, the 1000 voice's screaming at me that you are the only one that will sooth my pain that will take this cracked mirror make it hole again.

I wish you had not made the spell, I wish you had not found me and still wishing I did not love you still.

maria goodison

# One Man Call

What is this all for, stood in a line with guns in our  
hands all looking smart in our informs.

Yet still in the deep of our minds we are still asking  
what this war is really for?

Why have we spent mouth sailing ships and stomping  
ground missing our loved one with shaking soul's.

What is this really for and is this grenade the  
right way to go?

Our song's of a happier time fall still as we crawl on are  
belly throw the dirt and grime.

maria goodison

# Out Of Body Thing

I had a very wired dream that you were here  
and that I left my body which I can say was different  
in every way.

I left my body to do what body's do best like go about their  
daily chores and drag life's little things.

Which doesn't mean much to the soul like make the breakfast and  
take the kids to school.

I had a outer body thing which became something yet nothing at  
all.

maria goodison

# Poet

They never said that a poet would win the  
no bell price.

They never said that a poet write what they  
feel and feels what they write.

They never said that it was easy for a poet to  
get the world to see there own point of view.

They never said that a poet could win a war or  
loss it.

They never said that a poet can see your tears and  
keep the laughter.

They never said that a poet works all year just to get  
one page out for you to read.

They never said that most poet's end up drunk in  
a pit of despairs.

They never said a lot of thing but this does not stop  
me from asking.

So why should it stop you.

maria goodison

## Really Look.

A bride to be start to wonder, a child clings to their mother

a father cry only once.

Loving sister family member waves good night to her younger

brother.

The world keep turning day in day out sorrow come just after

the fall, the pride that once built the walls fade away and lost

forever.

A family tree is pick and pulled, you don't belong you never did

it's time you went.

A silent lover look on in dismay as her soul mate flattering someone

other.

Uncontrollable let the river flow, let the storm take over and just this

once let them see your something more then they ever will be.

maria goodison

# Reason

I should find a reason to get out of bed,  
try my best to move my legs.  
I should put clean clothes on,  
but the washing machine is already full,  
and I've forgotten  
how to turn the damn thing on.  
I don't think time has a place in me.

I should brush my hair  
but know the brush will take offence.  
I should feel something more, anything  
but it's icy inside my soul  
and I'm beginning to like it that way.  
I should forget like a child  
upon the first day of school  
but still it hurts me so.  
I should find a way to pick the letters up  
that have littered the floor,  
but there will just be more tomorrow.  
I should put a plaster on my cut  
but it's funny for the first time,  
I don't seem to have any.

I should find away to close this book  
to stop and start again  
but I can't find it in me to.  
I should look for a way to say goodbye  
and see things in light anew.

maria goodison

# Religion/Politics, Politics/Religion

Politics, religion, all the same lies.  
All the same people climbing this world  
for all the same highs.  
One tell us to hug, the other to fight,  
forgive and yet stand for our rights.

Politics, religion  
the same old moth eaten pillows  
with the same old stuffing.  
One to tell us to pray the other  
to vote, both impacts us more then we know.  
Religion/politics, politics/religion  
I see no difference between them at all.

Both have made us bleed and doubt what we do.  
Both are born from death and greed,  
making us feel guilty and ashamed  
for thinking like wolves and not sheep.

Both tell us to do what they want,  
neither will tell the truth,  
one need us to be weak,  
the other not to think.  
Both have their hand in the pot  
grabbing for the last cookie.

politics, religion  
I just don't see  
the difference between the two.

maria goodison

# Sadness Fills The Room

She sits as the sadness fill the room,  
unable to stop the tears that haunt her so.  
She stays still and hopes  
that no one will come ask her how she feels.  
The kids that congregate as they do  
trying to find something new to do  
as they do not understand yet what has happened.

She smiles at them and prays  
they will never know the loss of someone.  
She sits and holds a child's jumper without thinking  
cuddles it in to herself  
as if this small morsel will keep her safe.

She does not recognize the people around her  
but keeps nodding to them like a puppet.  
How could they know how she feels  
or the horrors that come to her  
as she shuts her eyes  
and sees her daughters life fade.

Drained like a puddle,  
she sits there  
trying to keep the pain locked inside,  
sad and cold she hates the world  
for being so unkind.

maria goodison

# Save A Day

To save a day  
lets run far away  
across the seven seas.  
Like adam and eve  
we'll hide amongst the trees.

Just you and me  
oh lets run away  
and sit by the boats  
at the edge of the world.  
I'll earn our keep  
by playing drums  
as you dance around.

To save a day  
lets run away  
we'll cross lands  
that cars dare not go  
and climb like monkeys  
to the tops of trees.

You and me what wonder we'll see  
we'll fight the bad and win the day  
then carry on home for tea.

Oh, would it not be nice to get away  
if just for this one day.

maria goodison

# Sex

How you embarrassment me so with feeling this way about you,  
with all the men and woman I have taking to my bed not one has ever made me  
feel the passion like you do.

With the tearing flesh on flesh the pining you to the wall, the obedient need to  
have you tell me what to do.

How I adore you and need to have your body obey me in every which way I can  
think.

Craving seducing teeth biting deep, nails digging in the power creeping throw my  
body.

It starts to feel like a wild panther ready to kill, uncontrolled with no rules.

How you've made me feel ashamed of the feeling waiting for you, just one night  
that all I need then I can get back to being me.

maria goodison

# Showtime

I am nothing but my long road,  
my gains and losses,  
words and silences,  
refusals and coerced agreements.  
A dancing marionette collapsed between acts,  
A stumbler seeking answers with a  
white-tipped cane,  
A drowning struggling in a dry sea,  
A insomniac scratching the dust for dreams.  
Will you love me for my yeses though they  
make-believe?  
Need me for pretending there are know no  
Or simply remembering that good things come to  
Them who waits.  
The steps of someone that scores in to my mind that  
Changes the movement of the ground you stand on.

maria goodison

# Snow Is Falling

The snow is falling and jack frost has looked  
for his wife on my window pane.

The sky is gray and it's time to pull the jumper  
out that my mother knitted for me.

The rain plays its true and the wind is calling  
for someone to know winter is here.

The tree's have all but turned to brown, gray and the  
flowers pull their head in to go to sleep.

I sit cuddle up at the window and see the world  
slow down and watch this little town change.

Bright day turns to-night and we find reason to turn on the  
light at 2 in the after noon.

The snow is falling and i smile as i drink  
my hot chocolate inside, just a few day and it's time  
to drag the christmas tree out and dust the fairy  
light off.

The snow is falling and jack frost will be back tonight  
to see if he can find his wife.

And i my self-will smile as i drift off to sleep cuddle up in the  
knitted jumper safe and warm inside.

maria goodison

# Sorrow

I had a dream late last night  
that chilled me to my soul.  
It made me cry out loud  
to find you not by my side.  
I had a dream you see,  
it was about you and me  
and how we used to be.  
The games we played  
the trouble that we made,  
and the laughter that we both gave.

I had a dream late last night  
that it chilled me to my soul.  
I almost forgot how we used to say  
that we were king and queen of all the world  
and no one could see us at all.  
I had a dream last night  
it made me cry so much,  
not to find you  
on the other end of the phone.

You have a neice now my brother  
and I saw father  
he asked how I was doing?  
I'm sorry I lied, I said i was alright,  
but inside I'm still a mess, my hearts in tatters  
its been left far behind.  
I wish the best for you  
do not get me wrong  
but it does not stop the pain thats there.  
You always said we would pay for our sins,  
I think you've paid more than most.

I should go now the sky is gray  
and your headstone is looking dull.  
I had a dream late last night  
of how much you mean to me.

maria goodison

## Special Time Of Year.

I have this special time of year, that I adore in every way  
from October to January I'm the happiest person in the  
world.

The autumn leaves changed their colours, it seem to me that they  
make this final display be for they shake and start to fall.

The playful wind that ruffles your hair, is just like children tickling  
you.

And don't forget Jack Frost that keep looking for his wife year  
after year and the frosty fairies that help him look.

How I love this time of year, how you can intrigue your mind with  
the story that got past on around that home made fire.

To having someone to kiss you when the 1st fall of snow appears  
to bring good luck for the year.

The Christmas dinner that you wait for with happy, happy smiles  
knowing that nothing can beat the quick sneaky spoonfuls of Christmas  
pudding, before your mother see you and give that cheeky slap on you  
hand.

Boxing Day brings hangovers with 'why did I do that' and  
'how the hell did that happen' and most of all the 'I'm not drinking again '  
The special feeling that come to us all when we join in and welcome the  
New Years with no hate in our harts we love each other, I really do love  
this time of year.

maria goodison

# Spider And Fly

SPIDER=I welcome you to dinner, and have something nice in mind for you.

The fly breath deep and buzzed his wings.

FLY=I think i should reconsider on that thought not everyone is nice, Thank you but i have to get home it's getting late.

The spider shock her body and made her web vibrate the fly jump and shiver in dread.

SPIDER=I give my word that nothing bad will come to you, just you and me friends? maybe a bottle of wine perhaps a game or two?

The fly stop still and look in to the spider 8 eyes.

FLY= i've rethought your offer and agent all better judgment i will join you for supper.

maria goodison

# Stronger

Now I know who I am  
this world will not change me.  
Now I can feel this body living  
you will not keep it any longer.

This life is mine, not yours  
and this how the game is played.  
All who want to have a go  
will only fail compared to me.

Now I know who I am  
this world is not going to keep me down.  
I'm stronger without you in my ears.  
I'm more than the credit you gave.  
I'm better than you thought me to be.  
I'm the hell that you will not talk about.

maria goodison

# Sunflower

Their something I've been trying to explain to  
you for weeks, i hope the words are not sounding  
to complex.

But over the last few years when i look at you and  
hear the way you laugh out loud and sitting in your  
company.

You remind me of a sunflower with warmth and glow that  
a sunflower bring.

I wish i could keep you so and take picher of you every day  
so other will see the ray of sunshine you bring to this world.

You somehow make the day seem bright and you help  
make the sun stay longer.

you are to me a friend that i love and a sunflower  
staying bright and strong even when winter come

maria goodison

# Teacher

Dear God i know your busy but please help me,  
you see it's only haft past 11 and my year 10 are  
driving me crazy.

I need a little help to keep cool and not fling this cup at  
Paul who keep trying to make penny drink the green  
paint, Marry who i would just like to say was very sweet  
at the begging of the year, keep taking Peter pencil's  
and sticking them in her ear.

Dear god it keep going, Billy cut Lucy hair now she  
wont stop kicking him.  
Lee keep calling Greg a fool now Greg caching him  
round the room with the supper glue.

Mark found the stapler and staple Lilly jumper to her chair,  
I've been looking for that stapler for almost a year.  
It's almost lunch time now and lord if i could have a  
few less kids back after lunch i would not mind at all.

Dear God just a selected few like Paul.

Lee.

Marry

Mark.

I also know that there mum's and dad's would be over joyed at having  
not to clean up after them for a few days or more.

I know that kids will be kids and not all are bad it just seam that, that  
rule was mist when you help make there 4.

maria goodison

# Tell Me

Tell me a story that I do not know  
one that is old, that is not knowing.

Sing me song that I've never heard  
and sing it true and be proud.

Tell me a rhyme that makes no sense,  
just let the words run around.

Show me a book that no one has seen  
and let the words spill out on the floor.

Let me dance with a crowd  
and have the memory that follows on.

Tell me a story, dont hold back  
I wish to know this world I live in,  
but not one in a box or on a screen.

Sing me a song that only the old will know  
explain why it came to be  
and how it faded out the same,  
oh sing that song to me.

maria goodison

# Thank You My Dear's

It's hard to speak and think sometime  
and even harder to let things go, unwind  
and chill by the open fire.

It's a pain to remember the past and word's that  
get stuck on your clothes.

It's hard to stand without your friends  
by your side.

Supporting, understanding and carrying you  
when you have lost the strength to walk.

The family pick and pull your foundation apart  
yet you'll always be there with open arms and  
a smile, saying it's ok i still love you even  
more to day.

At the end of the week you sit and hold a glass up  
to the world and say.

Thank you my dear's for without you all i would  
not be me.

maria goodison

# That Not Me.

I don't want apart of this so called deal as if you would  
Listen to anything that I say.

The flash cars and hands of money to what cost did it come  
at, the bright lights the staining smiles, do you really believe  
that when it's over the people that you see will stay?

I do not feel that I need anything to do with that deal you  
whisper in my ear.

Laughing out loud carry on telling the group (she'll be back)

Is it really so hard to believe that I've just walked away.

All the flash cars and all that money, so many people pressing  
there hands to make Imprint on your skin.

Well I'll hold my coffee cup up to you and hope that you'll make  
it threw, but I am quite happy with what I have and wish to just  
be me.

maria goodison

# The Beast At Night

The night the beast came to pass the viking king  
stood his ground.

He did not bend nor did he shake as he down  
the ale in his goblet like good king should.

'I will stand strong with my sword in my hand i  
will look that beast in the eyes'.

The queen with pride on her face lifted her goblet  
with such grace to her viking king.

'I'll mount that beast that beast head above my fire  
place'

The hall erupted with such joy the clapping the shout's and  
joyful cry's.

'To night the night this beast will come but he will not put fear  
in my kingdom anymore.

maria goodison

# The Bottom Of The Garden

Down the bottom of the garden  
where the children hide and play.  
Secrets are kept and all that see them,  
shield them with their souls.

The feet go quiet and bums go on seats.  
Minds unwind, ready to see  
the magic of the fairy's  
and their woodland kin.  
As fairy's fly and pixies dance  
the flower come alive.

Down at the bottom of the garden  
where only children are allowed,  
is a safe and happy place  
where no harm will ever come.

maria goodison

# The Devil Or Friend?

Hmm i don't really know about you or the things you do.

Will you be a friend to me or the devils right hand man?

Will you help me or hold me back, will you prove your worth or shame my name in many Land's.

Will you have what is needed to understand and walk with your head high.

Maybe you'll slime like a snake after the needed rain.

Will you be a nice drink or the poison that run's throw my veins.

The devil or a friend not shore which one you will be.

maria goodison

# The Town I Live In.

I live in a town which is far from the normal  
I have a name for where I live I call it bedlam  
And everyone know where I mean.

It's somewhere where the dreams get lost and replaced by garbage  
Bags, and the streets are filled with belly tops and jogging bottoms.  
The woman were their hair up high and big hoop earrings the men are  
No better with there basketball caps and jeans down round the knees.  
The fighting starts on a Friday night and over flood the streets the house all go  
very still as you see the peeks peeking out their heads to see who has gotten the  
Boot.

I live in a place that I call bedlam and for good reason to, the burning car out  
side my door tell you the truth about where I live and for my sins I have to live  
here to.

You don't leave yourdoor unlocked for any reason at all, and never  
Go outside at night.

I have a special name for where I live and if you live here to then I need not  
Say anymore as you would understand when I say I live in bedlam.

maria goodison

# This Old Town

Coming back to this old town and thinking  
like i do.

It's been a long time going down this  
street.

I don't remember where the post office is and  
when or how that swimming pool shut down.

I'm looking down the street that i once to know  
and play with my friends and i can not seam to  
find the Eco that it left with me.

I'm starting to think it was just a dream me living  
here at all.

It's been far to long since i came to this old town  
and I've lost my sense of direction.

'Oh' dear me the pub not there i spent long hour  
in that pub.

They change the road to just one way 'Oops how do  
i get out of here'

It's been to long and now i have kids of my own and  
i work two jobs to make ends meat.

I drive an old banger for a car and the cat lost his  
tail last week.

It just don't seam right coming back to this old town  
after all that i have seen.

maria goodison

# Tree

I know of this tree that has taking me, year in year  
out it stays the same.

It's a funny old tree yet it has kindness and charm in its  
Roots.

A melody that stays with in your mind, it does not really  
move and has never had a leaf for the wind to move but  
when you stand beside this tree it's very clear, this one  
tree can talk as you press your head to it's trunk it groans  
and squeak and there a very vague rumbling deep within  
this one big tree.

maria goodison

# Twisted

Twisted cruel carved by man's hands, I'll burn you  
Till there nothing left.  
I've come to love your hurtful ways and decided that in some  
Weird way I need them with me.  
I'll wear the outfit that you make me wear so slutty red hooker  
Boots that I would love to burry in the garden as if I had burred  
You.  
And still I find my silly self sitting by the phone, finding new ways to  
Keep my eyes on the door.  
Twisted as you wanted me to be, now left alone, found wanting  
You for so much more.  
Is this what you mentioned, about teaching me keep, me keen, promise  
Everything yet give me nothing so I can not complain.

maria goodison

# Upstairs

My upstairs neighbor drunk again as I can clearly hear him falling over things.

I wonder if he really knows how paper thin the walls are  
and that I have to start work 4: 00am even though I do not  
wish to pry in to that private life, but I can without a doubt  
hear each word and silly shout.

How funny it is to hear him as he's clearly having a go at the  
not control or maybe it's his floor I honestly do not know as  
I can feel the thumps threw the ceiling as down my walls.

The bathroom door, that gets the kick and I do believe he tried  
head butted the door what a prat, why drink that much.

My upstairs neighbors is very drunk as I'm watching him fling  
his phone out the window I wonder how long before he realizes he  
should not do that at all.

I grab my pillow that took me a year to buy and try my best  
to block the happy happy hardcore music out, as my cat comes  
and hides under my cover as the vibration is making my teeth  
Sore.

My upstairs neighbors is drunk again and has no respect for  
any other person in my block.

maria goodison

# Vampires Queen

Come sit with me and hear  
the story of the vampires queen.  
With just one look from her eyes  
it made you bear your soul.  
She stole the boys late at night  
with just one smile.

Come sit with me and i'll tell the story  
of the vampires queen.  
So deadly was she that prayers were made  
to gods we did not know.  
Her eyes were crystal green  
her skin so white that nothing could compare.  
Her lips were red and she'd nibble the bottom  
which turned the men to jelly.  
She stole the boys late at night  
and with willing minds  
she turned them to be her slaves.

So if you hear a bang late at night  
or a faint voice calling your name  
stay fast asleep i beg.  
For the trap the vampires queen sets  
is one you will not survive.

maria goodison

# Walked Away

I should have carried on and walked away  
and never stayed for that drink.  
Never laughed at your jokes  
and slapped that smile from your face.  
I should have been a better person, listened to my brain,  
and stayed well away till I caught that train.  
I should've never answered your lying smile,  
it was a simple task.

maria goodison

# War

The world is still and the wind makes no sound,  
the river forgets to run  
Freedom just one more leap.  
The trees have seemed to stop growing at all,  
the grass turned yellow  
and I can see through the wall of next door.

Guns lay empty by dead bodies, kid's toys are broken  
and I can still smell the rotting flesh around me.  
The mushroom bomb or so they say  
was the best way to clean this land  
but how much cleaning does it take?  
to make them see it is not worth the cost  
of all living things.

maria goodison

## We Care About You.

Things have been hard and unevenly most of the time,  
you wish to up and leave.

Clean the mud from your shoes and brush the dirt from  
your hair.

It's not easy being us and facing the world like we  
do.

But we keep going and fight because we have to, there is  
no one else that will do.

Things can get confusion and roads sine can change where  
we are going.

If you can then keep this in your mind, that you are not  
alone or unloved, that your worth more then the most.

I know sometimes things can seem harder then we would  
like and getting stuck is apart of going on.

But don't get disheartened or down, don't think there  
is no one out there.

For we are the last of our kind and stand between the  
border lands of hell and heaven.

maria goodison

# We Done What We Said

We done the thing we said we would and  
sit here happy and content, smile as the  
days past us by.

We made it to a Gran old age and seen  
are kids grow up.

We done the thing that we put on are list  
and a few extra to.

We laughed and joked skinny dipped in the  
river in the middle of June.

And found away to understand each other to  
still hold hands at are old age.

We done the many thing we said we would and  
i have to say we made shore we did not miss  
a thing.

So here we are in the summer sun rocking still  
holding hands still finding a way to love  
you even more and thank you for everyday.

maria goodison

# What A Shame

You called me complex one afternoon and it has  
stayed like the stars and moon in the sky.

You said you did your best to understand but you  
still left.

You made the illusion that all was well and right  
then found comfort in taking them down one by one.

You made me feel the rain on my skin then with a  
hash hand you keep me out so the rain seep in.

You gave your word that the world was good and  
nothing would chill the air.

But all i see are demons running around looking for  
a fight.

You said i should not hide that it just was not good  
that i should stand and win th war.

But which war do i win and you've forgotten to  
give me that shelled you also led the wolf to my  
door.

maria goodison

## What Is It I'M Looking For? ?

Don't know what I'm looking for and can not  
tell if I have found it at all.

Need a helping hand or two, to get me out of  
it all.

Find this damn path again, it seam's to have  
vanish from my feet.

Don't know how it got this bad and how to go,  
maybe I should stop to look back but I've never  
done that.

I've always wanted you to see the party girl under  
me without really looking at me.

Looking for it, I have to know why my mind wonders  
to and fro.

Uneven ground, uneven mind, uneven due to bound my  
soul.

maria goodison

# What Man Has Made

In the dark of the night we follow the men  
that carry the light.

We trust the words that are spoken so kind,  
holding their hands and hopes inside.

We seek with eyes that are blinded by lies,  
and hope that there is one  
that speaks the truth.

One that will tell us stories of the old  
and not give way to pave the road with fools gold.

We take time out to hold our glass up  
and sing a little to those who have gone  
and can no longer stand by our sides.

We keep the love locked up safe  
and often pray that no one can tell  
that we have failings.

We do not love how others do  
and will not fail how you wish us to.

We do not give in to your words,  
we've become stronger than you want us to be.

Now does it not seem fair and right  
to have our toys and play with you?

For we are the making of all  
your lies, cheats and kisses  
that you so often give.

maria goodison

# When I Die

When my time come I've often thought of how i will go.

It will not bother me if i am poor or if i have friends around me at all even if my beloved cat stay and washed his paws.

I want to feel the wind blow throw my hair and the green grass under my feet.

To have my thought still mine and no be like the rat race at all.

When i go i want to fly and feel the rain upon my face the river rushing by my side, the smell of rose under my nose.

When i die i hope so much to float away just like a cloud and let the sun shine on everything.

Leave all the pain and hate behind, when my time come that is.

maria goodison

## Where Does This.

Where does this leave me, somehow i think all alone,  
out side in the cold.

Should i be so wrong with the way i feel about  
you.

But why should i be damned for being in love with  
you.

My feeling are low and tears keep falling down the  
side of my life.

So tell me where does this leave me oh i know on  
my own all alone.

You hurt me so with your words and you do not  
care.

I'm falling apart with the way you are being to  
me.

I've broken every rule of mine just for you know  
I'm unwinding, getting lost, left out side on my  
Own.

maria goodison

# Why Does It Matter.

Why does it matter, what blood I have in me  
who cares about my family tree.

Your question blinds you, make you unwilling of  
knowing the truth.

Why does it bother you the way I cook the meals or  
tend the beds.

You keep asking for my name yet everyone know me by  
my nick name.

So you want to understand more find the root of all the gossip  
but your not willing to listen with your own ears.

You want to be loved but confess that you can not love back, your faith  
is like a child skipping from one God to the next.

What does it matter where I came from, who cares how I found  
I was free.

maria goodison

# Witch.

I remember you from long ago  
and like a game of chess we played.

You took me for a witch  
and hauled me over coal,  
you dunked my head  
and would not let me go.

Yes, I remember you,  
cracked minds and evil smiles.  
The smell of my burnt flesh,  
spilling into the night.

The unforgiving words,  
that set fire to my grave.  
All the knowing nods  
and fearful, angry gaze.

I do remember you, as I was flogged  
and stretched out upon your cross.

I remember the way you sang,  
that fire would cleanse my soul.  
And how the village came  
and crowded round,  
to see the witches soul.

maria goodison

# With Out A Face

I let my naked mind fall in to this dream  
of horror and yet the dream still make me  
seek it so.

Sate at a Gothic table all lay out in fount of me  
good thing to eat, i take a sipped of the sliver  
goblet in my hand.

At the other end i note a figure with out a face  
and yet i know this figure, is my dark lord looking back  
at me.

He dancing round me to a tune that i can not  
place.

He take me in his arms his embrace so safe so  
cruel how i wont to run yet beg for more from this  
man with out a face.

We stop dancing just one Senates he say to me.  
'Are we ready to take our place'

I awake its over I'm sweating and still i want  
for the faceless man to come knocking at my door.

maria goodison

# Without Thinking

I am without thinking more than you know.  
I am the pillow that your head will sleep upon  
the tear that rolls down your unforgiving cheek.  
I am the calm before the storm  
the anger that make you dig down deep.

I am without thinking more than you know,  
I am the river that will always flow,  
I am the dream that you dare not speak.  
I am the reason for your love,  
the child's hug and the knock on the door.  
that tent that a homeless person will use  
the light that make dawn so inviting.  
I am without thinking  
and all that I am can be found in your hands.

I am the need to make you feel better,  
I am the pain to let you know you're alive.  
I am the old and new reborn  
I am all and all that I see though everything is me.  
I am the thought for all your gods  
the passion and posing for all your deities.

I am the wolf that eats your sheep  
I am the grass beneath your feet.  
I am the caretaker who has all the keys,  
I am without thinking all that you need.  
I am the star that lovers kiss under  
the sun that warms your back  
the ice in your beer and the plaster you fear.  
I am the boogie man under the bed  
I am the flower that smells so sweet  
the forgotten dream  
the whisper in your ear.

maria goodison

# Wonder

All under the covers, safe and sound  
I started to wonder at it all.

All the things we say and do,  
all the looks we give the world,  
all the passing smiles just to say 'it's ok'.  
I've tried my best to understand,  
to stop that hammer from hitting the ground.

All cuddled up safe in a ball,  
I thought like I have never before  
and still finding my feet,  
I'm still wondering at it all.

maria goodison

# You Confused Me

I wish I could tell you how I feel at this moment as you read the lonely deserted woman stands, trying to wonder what went so wrong.

I thought the dinner went quit well the conversation alongside it was warm and uplifting.

The talk of our future together was so real I could of touch it and walked threw the house you said that we would have.

You called me your broken China doll, how close your words really were.

So tell me now you've let me fall and believe in the promises that you were so fast to stain on my mind, but under all the deeds you've said there were no foundation for me to stand, nothing more then Twisted rants from what I thought was a interesting man, but no you were just like the rest a split from a text how unexpected and dull.

maria goodison

# Your Darkness

Your darkness is the key and it call's to me  
I know it is cold, but I will take it in to me.  
Your darkness grows deep, I know you have become lost and I will seek you out  
so I can feast on your loneliness  
Your darkness is a beckon it screams for me.  
Your pain is like a get away and I will enjoy it every day.  
Give your darkness to me and you will find your freedom.  
Your darkness is the key and it will always call for me

maria goodison

# Your Mine

I will take you away from this world, and bring about a brand new day.

I will enjoy you in every way and not let you feel wrong at all.

I will take your doubts and fears, let the witches make a spell that will last forevermore.

I will play the sweet song that just for you, let you dive into the pond.

I'll make you mine and entangle you, I'll swap your soul so you will not seek anything more.

I'll make your mind play for keeps and I will keep you happy by my side.

You'll never need to look back there will be no need for that,

I will keep you as I have seen fit and you will enjoy every bit.

maria goodison

# Your Name Please

I would laugh if I could remember how and yes I would  
take a walk with you if only I could know your name.

I will pay you with a gentleman smile and kiss on your  
forehead.

I would cook you the finest dinner that you have ever seen  
that would light your taste buds with flavors that you have  
never seen.

If only you tell me your name and maybe give me that smile  
that I know would be the sweetest that I have ever seen.

Oh ok to far, I understand my apologies to you, I meant no  
harm.

A lady as such your self should have a name, or maybe if  
I turned my back you could maybe write it down, your name that is.  
How I wonder about the sound your name will make when I say  
it.

Now come don't be shy, just your name not your soul I promise that  
i will not tell take to my grave.

maria goodison

# Your Not A God

It does not matter how it was said, you lied to them  
and bent the truth.

Does not matter how it started as long as  
they follow you to the brink.

Does not matter if it was with good intent as long as it  
keep there foolish believe and the coin of gold around  
your feet.

As long as they are there to bow and not ask quashing  
of how you came about as long as you seem the perfect idol  
and not a fool.

It does not matter if they are poor just as long as we follow  
you and beg, pay homage to your side.

You do not care if it's wrong or right just as long as the flowers  
get laid.

It does not matter how it's teach as long as you said it must  
be true.

So tell me this my lord, master, keeper!

How long till you forget you were a man of human  
birth and blood.

Your not a gold not at all but still you let them think you are  
still you let them build idols and still you let them bleed and  
die.

I still know the secret that your follower don't i knew you before  
you became a god.

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