

Poetry Series

Mathew Lewis
- poems -

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Mathew Lewis(07 March 1987)

18 years in Joburg.6 years in Cape Town. A mother in Christchurch, a father in Dar es Salaam...Still not sure where or what is home...Which is possibly the overriding theme in my poetry; the search for home. Be that literally or metaphorically, geographically or thematically. I find myself obsessed with the notion of existence and the apparent absurdity of the world in which we all exist. Is the notion of home simply an invention we create in order to survive or perhaps the need for a place called home is a mechanism we use to define who we are and what we are in the greater scheme of things? Are the things we do a reaction to the outside world or are they an answer to a more pressing problem buried deep within ourselves that keeps asking the question; 'Who am I? '; 'Can I exist in my immediate circumstances if I don't consider those circumstances to be where I belong? '; 'If I don't belong here, then where do I belong and does that place even exist...Is it even a physical location or is true belonging located in another realm all together? ' These are the thoughts that drive what I think and write about. If you like what I have to offer email me at matlewis33@ or comment on what you think about my poetry.

(being Of Frail Thought)

Snatch me up in a bundle of air,
Don't hold too tight,
You can get lost up there.
Fame you for thinking,
Though shame you the same,
We're playing these roles,
But the scripts always change.
Lose you a tentacle,
A sapphire, a thing,
Forget you my intention,
My splintered bird's wing.
Trapeze me an artist,
Hold life in a hand,
Say words that are comfort,
Bring the moon down to land.
Configure thought mountains,
Disfigure and deplete,
Or wither rose petal,
And rest at my feet.
Just clear pea soup slumber,
Or blow away rain,
Destroy precognition,
And bring heart to the brain.

Mathew Lewis

(untitled)

Suffer the pen
That has to write what I say,
Suffer the words
That have to serve my brain,
Suffer the light
Serving the dark
It seems unworthy
Of this task.
Wounds open and bleeding,
Made worse by the day,
Silence will eat me,
And relish my pain.
All of my deamons
Come back again,
These are the words
That I can not say.

Mathew Lewis

2a.M And Nowhere To Go

An amber room woken with failing light,
A box of wine interrupts the busy floor,
An ashtray innocently deals death at its fingertips.
And one single door stands guard over all.
A private penitentiary closed from the outside,
Weather would like to visit sometime.
But the inmate will have nothing to do with it.
A hermit over all that he presides.
Floral curtains delete the ancient sky.
The windows are punished for their insolence.
The roof stands ready overhead,
Just in case life decides to try break in.
A lonely bookshelf filled with useless books,
Holds in its heart the hope of being great.
The carpeted desert of the punch-drunk floor
Makes for interesting reading when you're bored.
The walls are bare and flaunt their nakedness,
As innocent as if they were all pagans,
Which if you are religious isn't very much,
How differently we'll all read this verse.

Mathew Lewis

A Cape Town Winter

Neon lights and ebon string,
Rock and roll makes the devil sing,
Somewhere close an angel cries,
A faulty heart, a feigned good bye.

Mother will you hold me tight?
Keep me safe from the savage night?
And if my feet should falter so,
There is but one place I will go.

She stands alone in a mighty cloud,
One that acts as a holy shroud,
We can not know her lofty hopes,
Her hands are cast in mighty strokes.

Oh that I were one that knew,
The beauty of a winter's view,
Because my father is but brown,
My lady now wears a pretty crown.

So here I lie and here I wait,
Resigned to my own little fate,
Waiting for the rain to pass by,
So that we once more may fly.

Mathew Lewis

A Four Wall Room

A four wall room is one thing,
But when just your face rocks the world
How does a beating heart stay still?
When your face is etched into the sun
Making it so bright as to burn the skin
How can I possibly hope to dream?
Endless cups of tea and cigarettes
Mark out points in time like beacons in a wasteland.
Each one pointing onwards, forwards
To a place of fertility.
But when time and space conspire against you
How does one possibly hope to remain within the race?
When strength of feeling is not enough,
When mutual embrace unfolds,
When life moves on without love,
How then do we live within ourselves?
A four wall room is one thing,
But an empty bed is quite another.

Mathew Lewis

A Meditation On The Fate Of A Country

If we are meant to stand up,
What rebellion's left to cry?
The dreams that we have found,
Scattered on scrap heaps
Number generations high.
What legacies are left?
What sweetened history's ours?
What opaque truth the text books tell,
What romances do we allow?
Distilled by crisp green memories,
And calmed by passive times,
What art we've made in ignorance,
OH WHAT SUBMISSION TO THE BLIND!
Our last breath was breathed with ignorance,
No rhyme's as good as time!
Our last desultory glance
Was meant to pay in kind.
What shallow circumspection!
What clear committed crime,
The lines long drawn in sand
Exist only now in minds.

What stupid blind ambition!
The words...
...when wrought
Cut flesh.
An uttered declamation,
(No matter how it's said)
In time will breed reaction,
No words are ever dead!

What future we have breached!
What broken rule of time.
Hope is bright but dulls so easily,
A truth that's proved by lies.

What is it that we've really lost?
Was there ever anything to hide?
Nothing less, I'm sure, than what we had before,

No more substantial than tears that we have cried.

How strange it is to feel fear,
How alien this ground!
For one grown up post-car-bomb-blasts,
How real that past is now.

How sudden our postmodern world!
How philosophically blind!
With solid hearts we mouth the words,
But we'll never speak our minds.

So it seems we'll read the comics,
And we'll joke about headlines.
We'll pretend, for the sake of sanity,
That everything is fine.

But one day from the scrap heap
The dreams of idealists will rise.
And our memories will wake once more,
And we'll remember the reason for the fight.

Till then; the words of dreamers
Cannot be allowed to die.
Words used well are far too precious
To be absorbed by lies.

Mathew Lewis

A Mind Is Just A Piece Of Meat

We look for meaning in many things,
Hope for something that life might bring.

But poetry's just a bunch of words,
And love is just a feeling.

Everyday we wake up, a world within a world,
Hoping we'll find more meaning in a verb.

But words are just imaginings,
And feelings are just a symphony of thoughts.

We drink, laugh, have a good time, or at least try,
But in the end two words matter; Good bye.

And imaginings are just the product of a mind,
And thoughts are just a whim gone wild.

Existence, a facade we do our best to forget,
But all it ever means is that we live with regret.

And a mind is just a piece of meat.
And a whim is something we'll never get.

Mathew Lewis

A Song For The Nothing

Ignorance is just a state of mind,
Another one of my numerous crimes.
And as I hear the void call out my name,
I know there's nothing I can say.
Loneliness is just a friend of mine,
Another way for me to pass the time.
Another day, another way to play,
And there is nothing I can say.
Emptiness is just a state of mind,
Another chance for me to unwind.
And as I see the sky turn to grey,
I know there's nothing I can say.
Passed what is wrong I find what's right,
The kind of thing that fools the kind.
And in this place what come what may,
I find there's nothing I can say.
Ignorance is just a state of mind,
Another one of my numerous crimes.
As life goes on I learn what part I play,
Yet still there's nothing I can say.

Mathew Lewis

A Sonnet Of Insanity (Sonnet #1)

A moment of insanity,
Stupidity and savagery,
A move against humanity
And all that is reality.

All that's left is gravity,
Maybe some profanity,
All my life a cavity,
A trip down the imaginary,

All of this perplexity
Brought on by society,
Nought to do but quietly
Reclude into sobriety.

And maybe someday there will be
A clearer path for me to see.

Mathew Lewis

A Thing To Show

Sunshine and roses and poppyseeds,
Moonlight and starbright and little leaves,
Music entwined in vacant tapestry,
Warm touch, kind eyes, all of it for free.

Do not let the years go by
Never looking to the sky,
The world is beauty and so why
Should we ever turn a blind eye.

Life is all we'll ever know,
Amidst the rain, the sleet and all the snow,
But all that water makes things grow,
And after that we'll have a thing to show.

Mathew Lewis

A Tragedy In Four Parts

Polly had a heart,
She really did,
But listening to those kids
Made her hate herself,
And everything else,
Until consumed with rage
She began to abuse herself,
Cigarette burns mixed with beauty spots,
Wine stains down her brand new top,
A knife coated in her crimson blood,
The cuts on her arm a sick sense of love,

Danny sold his soul,
Just for a taste,
Getting high meant that
There was less that he had to face,
But purple haze only lasts for a while,
And now all that's left
Is a long faded smile.
He wakes up everyday and is sick,
The wound on his soul is a scab badly picked,
He is so numb he can't even cry,
His only dream now is to die.

We're falling apart with nothing but hate,
As we sit here alone in the darkness and wait,
So the C.D's on pause
Cos' I'm sick of this song,
I hope that you'll hear me,
But I think that I'm wrong,
Forgive me for this
But I can't hold me back,
My demons I'm afraid
Have emerged from the cracks
Of the mask that I
Made for myself,
So I hope that you're good,
I'm not quite as well.

The rain falls and the sun departs,
The cloud shifts to cloak all the hearts
Of those in the city who pass slowly by,
Their lives and their dreams a horrible lie,
The wind scatters leaves across the street,
And life and death move on without missing a beat.

Mathew Lewis

Alone In My Forest One Day

I was walking alone in my forest one day,
Sleeping awake I went on my way,
And as I looked up the sun caught my face,
And my tears fell down in ribbons of lace.

The trees were entwined in the sky locked above,
In an extraordinary symbol of beautiful love,
And I walked all alone in my little wood,
And everything seemed just like it should,

Shafts of light stabbed all around,
Extending their arms straight to the ground,
Serene and peaceful the air hung in cloud,
Enveloping me in a wonderful shroud.

And all of this lay before me at hand,
Unfortunately though, no matter how grand
It all was a dream, it all was a fake,
Something I could never see awake.

I was walking alone in my forest one day,
Sleeping awake I went on my way,
And as I looked up the sun caught my face,
And my tears fell down in ribbons of lace.

Mathew Lewis

And We

A cold and meaty sky perceived through a window
Is meaningless.
Inside the pretentious glow of light and love invade
An otherwise humorless room.
And we, the disconnected, sit with backs to each other,
Escaping the expected dialogue of friends.

Leaves like rattle snakes trodden on by an innocent foot
Flutter angrily, connected by their umbilical chords
To the wrinkled bark of their mother, who, old and tired
Sits and waits for her demise.
And we, the uninvited, stand beneath her limbs,
Expecting her to break us somehow.

A misguided comment from someone outside
wanders in to sit unwelcome by its master.
And like smoke on a clear calm day,
It lingers a little too long for comfort.
And we, the unexpected, spread like a bad rash,
Until we are everywhere.

The air is a violent scent of something too difficult
To name or to describe.
And every sound heard is an abomination,
The fingernails of malice on a board of incomprehension.
And we, the poisonous, transcend every boundary,
Until the world is full of our virus.

Mathew Lewis

Angel Eyes

Angel eyes are colourblind,
On a whim she lost my mind,
Something's there I'll never find,
Angel eyes are colourblind.

Cigarettes and alcohol
Are all that I have now,
Still I ask and get answered how,
Cigarettes and alcohol.

The pain I feel I can't explain,
Blackened clouds with soaking rain,
She is not a word I'll name,
The pain I feel I can't explain.

Angel wings sing a song,
I know now they can't be wrong,
The path I walk is always long,
Angel wings sing a song.

I am broken I am torn,
I am a life left unborn,
I feel used I feel worn,
I am broken I am torn.

I lie bleeding on the floor,
I know not what this is for,
All I need is more more more,
I lie bleeding on the floor,

Angel eyes are colourblind,
On a whim she lost my mind,
Something's there I'll never find,
Angel eyes are colourblind.

Mathew Lewis

Back To Yesterday

Blackened rooms and painted skies,
Coffee red and tainted lies,
Still I shake when I say goodbye,
Still I ask and get answered why,
Fevered hope and cigarettes,
Alcohol on my breath,
All these things take me back,
Back to yesterday.

And I wish I could be there,
Where I smile cause I don't care,
All the days do is bring rain,
All the nights do is bring pain,
So I fall and fall again,
Riding down the same old lane,
Wishing I could be back,
Back in yesterday.

So I'll bow and hang my head,
My hope is gone my will is dead,
If I feel nothing I feel regret,
What is left is best unsaid,
Pray there's nothing left to do
But to sit back and drink with you,
Talking of good old days,
Back in yesterday.

Mathew Lewis

Bah

I am a coffin,
I am the dark knots of wood
That cover the rotting corpse,
And horrors of death.
I am mascara,
I am the black strands of poison
That coat and hide tearful eyes,
But no more than needs to be.
I am a curtain,
I am a sheet of cotton
Hiding the rain from people
With their cars, houses and boats.
I am a shroud,
Covering my emotions
From all your beasts and naive
Henchmen of conservatism,
Hell bent on shutting me up.

Mathew Lewis

Because

Because I am constantly trying to break free,
It is ultimately impossible for me to do so.
Because I can only see out of my own two eyes,
I will never understand a fate that is not mine.
Because I am not a woman nor a mother,
I will never know the true joy of creation.
Because I only have two legs and two arms,
I can only serve one purpose at a time.
Because my soul is mine, and mine alone,
I can only be me.

Mathew Lewis

Breaking The Boy

You either don't know or can't comprehend
The power of a pen or the pain therein.
Neither glory nor shame waits in ink,
Just words that'll make you stop and think,
And within all that sits my shattered hope,
Held together now by thick and ugly rope,
I won't make excuses I broke myself,
But now all I ask is for a little bit of help.
Pick me up, carry and comfort me,
Take me to a place where it's safe to bleed,
I'm afraid of what I think I am,
My life, my heart, my soul a sham.
My spirit was broken a long time ago,
Something I don't really want to show,
My bones sucked dry by hope gone stale,
We sit here now alone and frail.
Yes I lie here broken and sore,
Putrid and rotten to the very core,
Nausea has me in her iron cast hold,
Lost in just another existential fold.
I ask once again with tears in my eyes,
Please someone save me, or at least try.

Mathew Lewis

Brick Wall Conspiracy

He feels alone in a crowded room,
His cries go unheard,
He wishes someone would notice him,
But no one cares.

She dies a death so cruel so unkind,
And no one remembers her,
Her tomb stone reads rest in peace,
How ironic,

I know how it feels
To be unheard to be ignored,
I know how it feels
To be another statistic on the board,
Just another brick wall conspiracy,
Just another brickwall.

Mathew Lewis

Cardiac Anthropology

What a bitter to-fro catastrophe
Spoken cleanly on the tongue
And yet lost all the same
When the silence draws in.
When we riddle we wonder,
When we're frank we're insane,
When honest we falter,
When coaxed we begin
To speak truths much less happy,
Because in spite of ourselves
We enjoy what we splinter
And treasure the blame.
We sit on cold nights
And prey for the warmth,
Yet were we to find it,
We'd always want more.
Such is the parallel
In our frivolous games,
Do not entreat me to comment,
I have nothing to say.
Blame one on the other,
Or find me a thing,
I like life when it's crooked
Because then it's a game.

Mathew Lewis

Cherries

The crimson sun fails to rise
On the eastern shore of my demise,
Waters ebb through space and time,
And everybody sees through crystal eyes,
As the barren lands of war-torn minds
Fail to lift one more surprise,
One thing lingers in the air,
The horrors of a mind laid bare.
In the end, everyone dies alone,
In the end cherries wither too,
In the end there's nothing left to lose,
In the end there's nothing left to do.
Yellowfish swim through my hair
As sharks all lie around in prayer,
And the prayer they pray is a timeless void,
But no one speaks of this pointless joy,
One thing lingers in the air,
The horrors of a soul laid bare.
In the end, everyone dies alone,
In the end cherries wither too,
In the end there's nothing left to lose,
In the end there's nothing left to do.
Hummingbirds fly far away
Cos we all are dull we're all insane,
Dinosaurs roam through my brain,
The relics of a long lost pain,
The point is there's no point at all,
It doesn't matter if we walk or crawl,
But one thing lingers in the air,
The horrors of a heart laid bare.

Mathew Lewis

Childlike

Words spill from me,
Not tip-toe but roly-polly
Onto the floor.
But they're two-year-olds not teens
And they don't make any sense.
They simply fall over themselves,
Especially when around you.
They'd like to make sense.
They stutter and gurgle
And point distractedly,
A mime effect,
A struggle for clarity.
With big blue eyes
They look out onto the world
Confused and irritated
Because no one can understand.
Instead a cheek is taken
In forefinger and thumb,
Squeezed tightly
And then forgotten.
And my words are left
To totter off
To find others of their kind,
Who might just understand.

Mathew Lewis

Comparison

An amazing order of controlled totalitarianism,
A mystery of dictated authority,
Multi-faceted and yet a waste of time,
Differently formal, painfully the same,
Stuck in a crazy annoying space of learning.
Improbable, immesurable, imperfect,
Powerfully weak and modernly ugly,
Technologically imperialist and capitalist,
Ruinously ugly, problematically tall,
A combination of stressfully small,
Hot, cold, informal and tired,
Alive and at work, mentally grey,
Dark, cold emotion and timelessly spiritual,
Conceptually grotesque, influential
And yet out of the norm,
Common ability and consequential demand,
Stupid thought but socially beautiful,
Obviously bad yet good in its change,
All over the place six days a week,
Constant and gaining, losing in hurt,
Animalistically egotistical,
Habitually damaging,
Ugly and futile,
Constricting,
Wrong.

Mathew Lewis

Confusion

Fall a little further and you'll see,
This is never where you were meant to be,
And this is way too neat for me,
But I have a feeling I'm fine,
I don't want to cry,
And I'm not dying,
I'm fine,
And I don't know why.

Mathew Lewis

Crash Landing

How does one define an addict?
I'm sure the medical journals are full
Of hypotheses and speculation.
But does the studier know the studied that well?
Do we bring an understanding,
Or a judgement to the scene?
I know not where I'm going,
I'll only guess what's left to see.
Interpretation's tricky,
Probal to thinking, but not to gain,
If my ship is slowly sinking
My sun is bleached with all the rain.
By now I have fully realised;
I'm on a collision course with hell,
My body's not a temple,
So I don't expect some help.
I'll clatter down my drainpipe,
And wash away amongst the shit,
I'm slipping down so slowly
That I won't let people notice it.
I'll let the tied take me out,
Amongst plastic, waste and things,
And drift out to the seagulls,
Who'll thank me for the gifts I bring.
It's painfully apparent
That my coping mechanism's failed,
The band is warming up,
The coffin's ready for the final nail.
All that's really left to do
Is strap myself tightly in,
Pray for a lucky landing,
And begin all over again.

Mathew Lewis

Cry Baby Cry

Cry baby cry
For the problems of the heart,
Life kicks us in the ass
Right from the very start,
All I want to do
Is to hold you in my arms,
But things don't really look
Like they'll get quite that far,

Hey here I am
With all the same old things,
Don't you know
That pain is what love brings,
All that i ask
Is don't forget my name,
At the end of it all
Love is just a game.

Mathew Lewis

Darkness Gives Into Light

The hurt that is caused
Is more profound than I can explain,
The need is too great
To go against the grain,
The love in my heart
Can't compete with the hurt in my brain,
The joy in my soul
Can't overtake the rain.

Mathew Lewis

Decant Me An Elixir

Decant me an elixir
Distilled from aching heartstrings.
At least ten years matured
In a barrel made from dreams.
Serve it in a tumbler
Engraved with past mistakes.
Each to be remembered
With every sip I take.
Use ice made out of water
That flows from broken things.
And froze because of promises
That never spread their wings.
Tell tales in the amber
Glowing just below the rim.
With the raising of the glass
Flow the stories held within.
Sit and watch me wither
As the spirit takes control.
A steady creeping numbness
That covers up my holes.
Then use a silver stopper
To seal it up again.
And save it for the next time
That I'll need to drown my sins.

Mathew Lewis

Denouement (Less Like A Place, More A Mindset)

Chase the black sunrise
In search of your alibi,
While this is not goodbye
It sure as hell, ain't hello.

Drink the bleeding skies,
Hold your breath for one last night.
All the pain you feel inside
Is about to be let go.

Did you waste your dreams on life,
Hoping for that one last time?
Well don't act so surprised,
Deep down you surely must've known.

Did those pale blue eyes
Leave you no place to hide?
Could they not help disguise
Everything you hoped to hold below?

What did you leave behind
To get buried with your lies?
Did you really hope to find
A truth from which you could grow?

Have the stars grown tired
Of your demands for light?
Now they refuse to shine
Has your world grown a little cold?

Walk away from time,
Watch as love and hate collide.
With no tears left to cry
Never have you felt so alone.

Only holy crimes
Can make a heart go blind.
Without the sense of sight
They soon wander from the road.

Hope so soon defied
Comes with a heavy price.
You're no more fool than I,
No less because you let it show.

There's one more war to fight
That needs you to hold your line.
Though much was said in spite,
Much more was said that we might cope.

Let it all unwind,
And begin the long goodbye.
I won't forget your smile,
Nor the way in which my mind was blown.

Mathew Lewis

Ego Sum Mei

Cocoon me,
It's the safest way to bleed,
Fresh but far away from view,
To admit a beating heart
Is to open up old wounds.
Warm blood courses quicker
Than young love will ever do,
A lonely night of self indulgence,
Although dangerous,
Is the first one's soul will choose.
Demons thrive in company,
Bred by tacky second hand lines,
They crave the warmth of a spotlight,
A beer in hand makes reason blind.
And so in absence of that reason,
A desperate scramble to fill that void
Results in a hasty substitution,
In place of reason, we take white noise.
A mess of hasty calculations
Formulated through a faulty fuse,
Means that what was once a whim
Becomes a tool of self abuse.
So instead of mutilation
In sight of everybody else,
I find myself in favour
Of amore singular abuse.
And with every action archived,
And with every hate in tune,
The retreat I make within myself
Becomes a way to hide the bruise.
Of course there's always tomorrow,
Into which I'll try to wake,
I'll tell myself I'm doing well,
And ignore how much I shake.
And the embittered violent struggle,
That was a leaf on last night's vine,
Will remain as my own private struggle,
As I repeat the words; 'I am Mine'.

Eulogy

You told me your heart is in a cage.
Would that I could I would rip it from that iron vault
And impassion it with rage.
And then my heart, which turns in its bony grave,
Might cease to be so restless
And two hearts can be saved.
Your heart hold captive hold no favors
For others of its kind.
While I think yours might still be free,
Mine has been sentenced to life.
I can not stop what I feel
Much less to hide what I know,
The tendency has become all too real
To never let it show.
You kissed me on the cheek that night,
And God was in his place,
But since then His work is sick and slow,
And to me he shows no grace.
What then of distance, time apart?
If heaven will not bless me.
Mine will remain a broken heart
No matter how long you miss me.
Stay then stolid heart in your cold and lonely cell,
The key to your locks bereft me.
I just hope my heart will die

Mathew Lewis

Existence Antithesis

Wind rattles the play-play trees,
Who's leaves fall in twos and threes,
Lights resist what we call night,
Pretending the darkness is alright,
Sober as bone I fall away,
Disgraced in what I do and say,
Porcelain dreams haunt my sleep,
A place in which the discordant weep,
And if I had glue to fix the pain,
Things would simply shatter once again,
The light of the day is a shameless whore,
Spreading hope, pretending there's more,
Heart and soul are slaves to my mind,
They beat, but not in love, and not in time,
And here I sit in a shapeless space,
Barely able to acknowledge my face,
Appalled at what I have become,
Cynical, tired and cold all in one,
So here I am and here I'll be.
Do not come and rescue me.

Mathew Lewis

False Belonging

I have felt so deep before,
With heavy clouded visions,
That all my pain no longer
Can endure, the thought of you.
And my eyes no longer see
The beauty of your face, but
Pain, despair and agony
Have taken over instead.
So when you find me crying,
As you often might, chance to
Stop and cry with me alone,
To help me feel once again
That everything is alright.

Though I fear it is not,
For news causes all to bleed,
Let us watch with bated breath
What may come of our meeting
Here tonight, alone, without
A chance to right what is wrong,
And feel once again alive,
At the thought of all our lives,
Bearing fruit, and loving seeds,
As though winter were a dream.

So what if our hope proves false?
For a minute we believed
That everything was alright,
Perhaps; as it all should be.

Mathew Lewis

Familiar Ground (I Need To Do This By Myself)

Trust all your innocence
To things I can't stand to hear.
Mark what's inside of us
By all that you've ever feared.
I know this place
Much better than you ever will.
I mark this space
With each swallowed bitter pill.

But all the love betrayed and the mistakes we make,
The falls we take and the bones we break,
The games we play and the vows we fake
Come to this place,
To die without a sound...

...On this familiar ground.

Ride out this turbulence
And set course for clearer skies.
Ignore my universe,
Accept that I'm dead inside.
I know this taste,
It's been on my tongue before.
I've laid to waste
That which was once adored.

But all the love betrayed and the mistakes we make,
The falls we take and the bones we break,
The games we play and the vows we fake
Come to this place,
To die without a sound...

...On this familiar ground.

Compose this holy verse
From secrets you'll never tell.
These lines so well-rehearsed,
You'd swear we're all doing swell.
I've heard us speak

In tones like these long ago.
I've made you weep
Too many times to let it show.

But all the love betrayed and the mistakes we make,
The falls we take and the bones we break,
The games we play and the vows we fake
Come to this place...

...(Just like myself) ...

...To die without a sound...

...On this familiar ground...

...Just like myself...

...On this...

...Familiar...

...Ground.

Mathew Lewis

Fighting Mere Existence

A primrose sun hides the greedy streets,
An ugly path trod by many feet,
Where bootless prayers seek the days gone by,
Too young to live, too old to die.

A savage wind cuts the ocean deep,
Appears to make white horses weep,
And ships are but cradles in the sea,
Whipped back and forth but never free.

Trees too old to count the humble day,
Mock what is left of a golden age,
Their leaves so still as though unborn,
But old enough to look unworn.

A light so distant it feels wrong
Shines in the night a brilliant song,
Attracting warmth where there seems none,
Making many to become one.

Where do we, the forgotten go?
Rocked like ships, to and fro?
Perhaps like leaves upon the ground,
Just waiting to become unfound.

What is our quest? What is our state?
I will never make yours my fate,
If it be true that I am forgot,
Then I refuse to lie in rot.

I will fight, I tell you my dear friend,
Till either mine or my deamon's end,
And if my journey is not what you can make,
Trust in me it's what I must take.

A primrose sun hides the greedy streets,
An ugly path trod by many feet,
Where bootless prayers seek the days gone by,
Too young to live, too old to die.

Mathew Lewis

Flesh Death

When the desert ends,
And the people die,
When the forest starts,
And our bodies lie,
That's when we'll be
Truly alive,
So come my friend,
It's time to fly.

Mathew Lewis

Footsteps Beside Mine

I find myself in a funny little place,
A spot that's worth consideration...
...Yet not too much investigation.
A consciousness that I find quite pleasant,
Though not one that can be endured too long;
One cannot live between borders,
Before picking a side at the end.
I,
Curiously,
Find myself in a place,
In which I have filled too many words;
Of how my heart has been broken,
And how my soul cannot live in this world.
Yet despite these syntaxes of negative musings,
Of how depressing my life seems to be,
My state of mind at the moment
Contradicts what my writing claims I feel.
I am no fool, nor fool hardy enough,
To disregard what hitherto has been wrote,
I recognise this plateau as a passing;
Some wreckage that allows me to float.
But some wreckage I by all means must savour,
Before it sinks and leaves me alone,
At the end of the day it helps to remember
That we are born, and we die, nothing more than our own.
What a joy to be allowed some passage of time
In which cruelty passes kindly on by.
To savour the luxury of friends and fine times,
Before the difficulty of life,
Yet again,
Opens one's eyes.
I live for the blessings of the love that I've found
In the souls that I've walked with side by side.
In the stories they've told,
In the lesson's they've taught,
In the way they give me their hearts,
And so too... I give them mine.

For A Love Never Realised

Why must I love where love can not prosper?
Why must I hope where hope can not grow?
What is the reason for all of these feelings
Giving rise to the things that no one can know?
The worst of my heart is bound in my head,
And I wish above all these feelings were dead,
But the sun still will rise and set just the same,
As it chases the moon in a piteous game.
Where then can I harbor villainous thoughts?
If light will be cast on a life that is gaunt,
I sit and I wait for the feelings of pain
To die in myself so I may be happy again.
And cruel is the fact that the pain I feel
Is caused by a love that I was sure was so real.
Farewell then hope you can not stay here,
You can exit my heart through one lonely tear,
Then never again shall I let myself cry,
Because hopefully soon there'll be glass in my eyes.

Mathew Lewis

For Mathew When I Might Find Him

Like a book badly written,
A poem badly read,
The things I'll never publish
Are the things I wish I said.

A scene with no conviction,
A song without a rhyme,
Hindsight and wounds that heal
Are a fallacy of time.

A fire burned to ashes,
A mountain blown away,
A river void of water,
A night without a day.

A half of what was whole,
A house that is no home,
A light no longer working,
A garden overgrown.

And all my vague intentions,
Mirror what is here,
Nothing more but obligations
Or a way to hide the fear.

A sky of broken fragments,
An angry jaded heart,
All that's left to do now
Is to go back to the start.

Perhaps someday I'll find you,
Asleep but somehow fine,
I'll break down this façade
Of a life that is not mine.

Regard this then as tribute,
To a life I'm trying to find,
Be this in heart or poetry,
Or soul or even mind.

Mathew Lewis

For The First Time

For the first time
The sky is blue,
For the first time
I'm over you,
For the first time
The grass is green,
For the first time
I can wash my hands clean,
For the first time
You're not in my head,
For the first time
I can sleep in this bed,
For the first time
I don't want to cry,
For the first time
There's no tears in my eyes,
For the first time
I'm ok,
I've helped myself
Work through all the pain,
For the first time
I'm not ashamed,
I can lift my head
Above the cold and grey,
For the first time,
Here I am,
Alone,
Alone but ok.

Mathew Lewis

Forget Me Not

Have you ever seen a sunset
That sets the horizon ablaze?
Have you experienced a night so secure in sullenness
That it won't let feeling out?
Have you listened to the secrets
That a rosebud has to tell?
Can you whisper words of worship
In homage to the miracle of rain?
Have you stopped to consult a butterfly
On which is the best way to go?
Can you boast of sharing stories
With a single flake of snow?
I know before you answer
What these questions make you feel.
I see doubt in your long dead eyes,
Because you cannot let yourself believe.
You are one caught up by rationality
So that what I suggest seems absurd,
But what I ask makes perfect sense
If you ignore what you first think you heard.
If you go further through these strange things
And allow yourself to dream,
You'll find a profound sense of realism
One that exists only in the absurd.
It is unlikely, after all, that a butterfly
Would actually bother to stop and converse,
Rosebuds are too busy for idle gossip,
And a snowflake's too unique to waste its time with you.
As for rain, a sunset, or a deep, soft satin night,
They last much better in the mind
Instead of pursued haphazardly
Through space and time.
The secret is that to best explore what I have asked,
Is to answer my questions with your soul,
Therein lies the wisdom of a snowflake,
Or the magic of the simultaneously new, and the old,
But most importantly of all
In the discovery of these things,
Is to find a kindred soul with which to share them,

Selfishness breeds hermits, while togetherness creates kings.
One day you will find a sunset becomes fire
Only if, at the very end,
You had the privilege of souls who felt the same,
Because that sunset's fire lives within the thing called friend.
So forget me not,
I won't forget you,
The secret of existence
Is simply what we say and do.
Much better then if we can hold each other,
If we're there to see each other through,
Forget me not and I promise,
I will never forget you.

Mathew Lewis

Full Of Dark Intentions (Sonnet #3)

Full of dark intentions
Too chicken to fulfill them,
Full of stark inventions
But all of them a problem.

Aglow with weak creations,
Little left to stand on,
Aglow with meek vibration,
A torture I must don.

Below all my recitations
All my stupid things,
Below all my visitations
From poor men and from kings.

Perish and toil, perish and toil,
Perhaps another soul needs oil.

Mathew Lewis

Glass In Her Eyes

I saw a mother breastfeeding,
She had love in her body
But glass in her eyes.
As if this food giving ritual
Was nothing more than a dumbshow.
How do we decide
What love and hate are?
Is there an answer or a question?
And will there be an end?
The baby content, he drifts off,
The mother tucks her teet away.
Wearily she leaves the place
No doubt destined for home.
Where dirty dishes and
An alcoholic husband await.
I saw a mother breastfeeding,
But there was glass in her eyes.

Mathew Lewis

Haunt Me

Haunt me,
Exploded thoughts that cripple into nothing,
Taunt me,
Thought touched but heaven faded,
Flaunt me,
A soul scratched but never broken,
Chance me,
A way to deal while going backwards.

Sitting in a dingy bar,
Knowing there's so much left to say,
Broken flags hanging from my arms
Give absolutely nothing away.
I'll drink the bitters down,
Shield from me the incandescent thought
Of the table's ramblings next to me,
Who ever gave a shit?
The point is the sense of failure,
Beyond the substance; the fatigue,
I sit silently in my purgatory,
Because that is where I fit.

I've made mistakes in the past,
I floundered down the line,
Distort me into nothing,
So the atmosphere will be fine.

I'm leaving now my love,
I'll fade away into the night,
When I resurface again,
I'll make sure that we wont fight.

Haunt me,
Exploded thoughts that cripple into nothing,
Taunt me,
Thought touched but heaven faded,
Flaunt me,
A soul scratched but never broken,
Chance me,

A way to deal while going backwards.

Mathew Lewis

Heavy

Heavier than hardwood,
Heavier than gold,
I've got a soul that's sold for silver
And a heart carved out in stone,
Two feet made out of pumice,
And a mind that feels regret,
I punish myself enough,
Something I think you forget.
I suffer enough without you
To remind me how bad I am,
It would be nice if instead of a frown,
I got a smile of support instead.
I'm not a perfect person,
At least I know that now,
Maybe you hate that about me,
Because you see it in yourself.
I don't need a judge and a jury,
I don't need a sentence too.
I need a safe pair of arms and a warm smile,
Not a scowl which says "I don't trust you".
I'm working on myself,
In the hope of a better place,
Maybe you could do the same,
Instead of presenting me that face.

Mathew Lewis

I Float Like An Ethereal Being Through Time And Space (Silence Can Be A Sound Too)

Every time I take a step forward
I seem to take two steps back,
And I'm tired of being old news,
After all this I've learnt
Silence can be a sound too.
To take a heart into your hands
Then to never let it bleed
Is something that'll never be achieved,
I hope you're paid for what you're due,
I will never forget
Silence can be a sound too.
Time and space are nothingness when you're alone,
I float through both,
Barely visible to those who see
My soul becomes overgrown,
I strive for something new,
But now I know
Silence can be a sound too.
When forsaken hang your head,
A sign for sure that love is dead,
This crime is one that is blind,
A war in which the dead
Are left behind,
My hopes are now too few,
My lasting words are thus:
Silence can be a sound too.

Mathew Lewis

I Have A Confession To Make

I have a confession to make:

I haven't been sober in seventeen days,

It's not a thing that I can explain,

It's just a thing that eliminates pain.

It may not be right to wither away,

But sunshine defeats me and I can't stand rain.

So the world that's inside me

Is the best kind of grey.

I can't say this to her in words so I'll say it in verse,

I know that right now we're both at our worst,

But tomorrow just might be a brighter day.

Perhaps I won't need a bottle to ease my pain.

Maybe you won't feel like you need to right that letter to me.

And maybe for once, we'll both be able to breathe.

Mathew Lewis

I Have No Home

In a bunker,
In a desert,
In a wasteland,
In the nowhere.
In a hole,
In that burrow,
In that hollowed out piece of earth.
In the darkness,
With the spiders,
Amongst the echoes
Of life above;
In the silence,
In the stillness,
With nothing but yourself.
Learn the habit,
Learn the pattern,
Learn the way to stay alive.
Build the construct,
Deconstruct that,
Reinvent it all again.
Tell yourself things,
Same old shit things;
Whisper stale lies.
It's the last time,
Not like old times,
Just this one night;
Just this high.
But the next day,
Spent in guilt day,
Oh so close day,
What a lie.
Till the next time,
And your next crime,
Hide your blue eyes,
Let them lie.
Cast your blanket
Where the truth sits...
...turns out that truth
Isn't mine.

So in the hope that
In that moment,
We're all coping,
Let us cry.
Because the end is,
Just like all things,
Justified by
How we die.

Mathew Lewis

I Missed You

I missed you a lot tonight
For some silly reason.
You sat right across from me,
But our eyes never caught,
We never smiled.
I missed you a lot tonight,
Though our hands touched the same plate,
Though we laughed at the same jokes our friends made,
Our humour never joined hands.
I missed you a lot tonight,
As I watched you watching things,
The light from the lamps,
The bells on the fingers,
The way the smoke curled in the air.
I missed you so much tonight
That I wanted to leave,
I needed some silly excuse,
A faked emergency I could attend,
So my eyes wouldn't water-up once again.
I missed you too much tonight,
Because now I'm lying in bed,
(In forty-eight hours I've had ten hours sleep)
But sleep isn't a master to me.
Tomorrow I'll miss you again,
Despite the smiles,
The endearing embraces,
The telling stares,
It's all just a farce
With an unhappy end.

Mathew Lewis

I'M

I'm the ashtray for the great cigarette of life,
I'm the toilet for the tons of shit you produce,
I'm the dustbin, come, throw your trash at me,
I'm the brown paper bag, spill your guts into me,
I'm the bottle of whiskey you just downed,
The pound of blow you just bought for yourself,
The angry music on your dilapidated stereo,
The stupid little pranks you pull on your friends,
I'm all of this... and more.

Mathew Lewis

In More Than A Line

Bunny tail, Hop spring,
Let the life dial, but don't ring,
Cry the night fire,
Daylight fain spring,
I am always mine.
Why not try to speak?
There are no purple thoughts,
No crazy limit sky dreams,
I have very little manner left...
I'll share it with you
Just to end this.
Young delicious hope is
Nothing more than broken,
Further it with life then
Double back and make sense.
I have little time left
Wont you just prescribe this?
I can take it lightly,
I promise I'm alright.
In a motion fused in time
There's a little left to sign,
Can we murder more than rhyme?
Absurdity is mine.

Mathew Lewis

In Sincerity

So here I sit on a cold winters night,
With pen and page,
And no idea of what to write.
How do you say 'I love you'
And mean it?
How do you tell someone you care?
Hollywood stole the magic from those uttered words,
And the world ruined the rest.
We shut ourselves off and hope sincerity will be shown
In the cold digital framework of a cell phone,
Or a hasty 'see you soon'.
Well I actually mean it,
And I do actually care,
I hope that whenever I mention love,
That the feelings are also there.
Because my friend you deserve all of it,
My words and more,
A sign of what is to come,
And what has gone before.

Mathew Lewis

In So Far As I Have None

In so far as I have none,
I have more than what you think,
Do not chide me for speaking
Much less harsh my intent.
You know little sweet,
You do much the same,
We have fun with our hearts
Before we dash out our brains.

Mathew Lewis

Just Visiting

It's vacation time from varsity,
So I'm visiting my mother in Joburg.
Strange to use the word 'visiting',
I used to live here once
But it is no longer my home.

Like so many others she lives in a townhouse now,
A tiny little thing with two rooms
And a kitchen adjoining the lounge,
No point in keeping the house
Once my sister and I moved out.
'Talavera Estate' they call it,
Such an exotic name!
But the houses are all identical,
And the people are much the same.
Every morning they shunt off to work,
And in the evenings they return to their caves.
Each resident has a remote
To open the heavy iron gates,
Without one it's difficult to get in.
The guards regard you with suspicious eyes,
They've been injected with paranoia,
And told to trust no one,
"NO EXCEPTIONS! VERSTAAN? *"

I took a walk down to the bottom boundary fence,
Where just beyond is a small stream and some trees.
But between me and 'the great outdoors'
Is a high voltage fence,
Curiously angled inwards at the top,
As though to keep the residents in.
Of course everyone knows why it's there,
The necessity of security is understood,
We can not allow 'them' 'out there'
To take from us what we've acquired.
Fancy jewelry, the wide screen T.V,
Some would go so far as to take our lives!
It's sad what suburban life has become,
A self-constructed prison,

The inmates fully willing to serve their time.
The term 'swart gevaar**' has long since been buried,
But the mindset of the danger's the same.
It's no longer 'the blacks' we must be wary of,
But everyone, everywhere, all the time.

Because it's winter we can't sit on the small verandah,
So we sit inside wrapped in warmth.
And we discuss Zimbabwe, and petrol, and Zuma,
And wonder when it'll get warm again.

And there, beyond our high voltage fence,
'They' are dying.
And very few seem to care.

*An Afrikaans word meaning Understand.

**A propaganda term meaning 'black peril' coined by the apartheid regime. It refers to a perceived security threat to the then white South African Government from the black African population

Mathew Lewis

Less Than Perfect

You said we can fix this,
I'm not so sure,
You said we can work,
I'm not so sure,
You said you can make me smile,
I'm not so sure,
You said we're made for each other,
I'm not so sure,
Everything you have brought to my attention
Seems less than perfect,
Everything you have said to me
Seems short of real,
Do not forget who you are,
Do not forget who I am,
There may be something written in the stars,
But for now my feet are planted firmly on the ground.

Mathew Lewis

Let Us Fight

Find a beach with a distant memory
Embroiled within the sand,
Find all the little pieces,
Fit them together, and
Make it better, make it right,
Let us join the legions of the rosewood army,
Let us fight, let us fight, let us fight.

Oh we'll go you and me to that place
Where there is no fear dread or hate,
We'll find the beauty find the space,
But never the same place.

Forget the quiet sanctity of four walls and a roof,
This is more than that will ever be,
Forget the support of a floor,
It prevents the soul from being free.

The earth, the water, fire, air,
This is the death of them all,
We need them not, not where we'll be.

Find a beach with a distant memory
Embroiled within the sand,
Find all the little pieces,
Fit them together, and
Make it better, make it right,
Let us join the legions of the rosewood army,
Let us fight, let us fight, let us fight.

Mathew Lewis

Life Is Like A Cigarette

Life is like a cigarette,
Smoke it to the end,
That is all I have to say
To you my friend.

And though we all may, someday soon,
Come undone,
At least we'll know we did our best,
Under every sun.

You may never understand
The words I write,
Well that doesn't matter anymore,
I refuse to fight.

I will go on I swear to you,
Beyond this dream,
Weather you do the same with you,
Is not up to me.

For once I'm not afraid of life,
Like I was before,
Now all this is mine to make,
I'm no slave anymore.

Breaking free feels so damn good,
Come join me out here,
There's better things in this world
Than always knowing fear.

Life is like a cigarette,
Smoke it to the end,
That is all I have to say
To you my friend.

Mathew Lewis

Love's Greatest Tragedy And Its Truth

You and I are victims of love's greatest tragedy
And its greatest truth:
That life moved on without us,
And time forgot us in our youth.
That we were once each other's
Is now just a winter's tale,
We'll pay the price in scars on our hearts
That remind us of how we failed.

The weakest part of the solstice
Is when the sun and moon exchange;
What could've been a meeting of beauty
Turns out to be a passing in vain.

No one would've cried
If Romeo hadn't died;
There's no beauty in passion
If it survives to old age.
Yet the young are apparently
Too new to appreciate it,
Or too hasty to perceive its range.

So as we invest in this thing,
And get let down once again,
We begin to grow cynical and cold.
We forget about the fire
That burned way deep down inside,
And focus instead on the rain.
And where once, our hearts skipped a beat
At the things that we did,
They're now simply running flat
On the cardio-vascular machine.

We believed in each other,
In our will to uncover
A moment that mattered
Somehow.
But that was many wars ago.
Since then love has slowed,

And our belief in it has changed.

I guess I always knew in my heart,
That love was better left in the dark,
But I still searched for it all the same:
Somewhere deep in my being,
I still believe in the dream
Of true love.
Of you, and me.

Beliefs may crumble
But the prophet remains,
And maybe somewhere
You'll whisper my name.

Until that day comes,
If indeed it ever does,
We'll remain victims of love's truth, its tragedy,
And its pain.

Mathew Lewis

Narcissistic Artistic

After a while it's just narcissistic!
Isn't it?
All this time spent
Hoping to receive a few lines
Of appreciative patronage,
Or even: "I saw this...
...Now wouldn't you mind seeing mine? "
Each night silent searches
Yield more wanting verses,
Conceived, in no small part,
By the help of some vice.
But in each canyon-deep dream
That can live without sleep,
Comes a quietness
That needs no corner behind which to hide.
With the creation of things
Is also fostered the need
For recognition
Of the creator's great deed.
For without this
His work becomes useless;
What good are his words
If his words don't catch eyes?
So each night after night,
And time after time,
Will be spent, once again,
In search of his prize.
And though narcissistic,
For isn't it really?
If something's yielded,
He'll forgive himself, his self-serving mind.

Mathew Lewis

Never Being Blinded

Sunlight behind a curtain reveals more than you think.
It softens harsh window frames
And creates a glow of fabrics,
The colours in the cotton become realized,
And in that realization they become brilliant.
No longer faded they bristle with sharpness.
Miniscule holes in the cloth let the real sun peak through,
Though not to hurt the sight.
It is the closest thing we get to looking into the eyes of heaven
And never being blinded.

Mathew Lewis

No Mans Land

We are the middle years,
Too young to have an opinion,
Too old to play our games,
We are the middle years,
Too closed to be understood,
Too confused to understand,
We are the middle years,
Too busy to stop and think,
Too crazy being thoughtless,
We are the middle years,
Too small to be harmful,
Too big to be gentle,
We are the middle years,
Too broken to be fixed,
Too bent to be straightened,
Yes, we are the middle years.

Mathew Lewis

No Time For Tea

I'm tired.
So very very tired.
There is no room for slumber in restless thoughts.
I am desperate for rest.
A drink, a drug, anything.
But induced sleep is not sleep is it?
It is stolen,
Not graciously given but taken
So that it demands a price.
Blurry red eyes,
Hazy mangled thoughts
And an oh so slow responsiveness.
And what then the next night?
A relapse into fever,
Vivid dreaming,
Four in the morning
Hurtle up to a sitting position
And forget about the borrowed hours.
I'm tired.
Tired of thinking.
Tired of being.
And all the time there are knots,
Heavy heavy knots,
Baked in the sun,
Treated in tar.
There will be no escape.
I'm tired.
So very very tired.
And the only way to ease my insomnia
Doesn't want to come for tea anymore.

Mathew Lewis

Of The New, The Old, And All That's In Between

Outside something moves,
A ripple of energy spreads out.
Something begins...
...Or rather...
...What began long ago
Returns from where it came.
Most of this is missed;
The weary masses are resting their heads.
But certain travellers,
Passengers of night time's trance,
Shudder ever so slightly
As that oh-so-subtle shimmer
Makes its seductive pass.
Then, as what seems cruel and coldly,
To the observers of this thing,
That ripple disappears,
And all is silent once again.
And in the morning minds will wake,
Into sunlight, out of dreams,
And go about their days,
Ignorant of this thing.
But in silent lift rides
To the twenty-second floor,
And in generic classrooms
Where biology is taught.
In mouthfuls of food at lunchtime,
Within a boardroom's pregnant pause,
Woven into what is everything
Waits this ripple behind a door.
And so what once a mere vibration
In the passing of the night,
Transforms into a shockwave
That will no longer be denied.
And as for those who might have felt it
When it first found space and time,
It comes as no surprise
That that ripple didn't die.
And so, as you will find with most things,
It finally came to pass

That that little shock-shimmer-energy
Left a certain lasting mark.
And still, as you may also find
Very few absorbed this sign,
For such things are never clear
To the closed and blind mind.
But that ripple still remains,
On the very edge of sleep,
It is waiting for the next chance
It might get to be complete.
For the meantime it's remembered
By the first who felt it move.
For them the night they felt that shiver
Is a night they'll never lose.

Mathew Lewis

On A Cusp

Amongst the kind of truth
That is always inside lies,
Beyond the sunken sense of self
Past the thing that words describe
Is a burning yearning galaxy;
A net cast by the eye,
Past love, hope, loss and tragedy
And the boundaries of time.
Past our quid-pro-quo-selection,
Past our skitter-skatter minds,
Above our water mark perceptions,
Beyond the pasts we leave behind:
The indescribable passion
Of a real chance at time;
Something like a two-year-old
Who dreams in perfect rhyme.
Like innocent adolescence,
Or like virgin-loss one night:
The first of all experience
Is what is never left behind.
A trend that never fails
Is how we choose to bait our lines;
And in the casting of those hooks,
A hope to catch the future's child.
And the doing so forms a cycle
As ubiquitous as time,
As inescapable as winter,
As recognisable as life.

So tomorrow's dawn is sober,
And tomorrow's mind is mine,
Tomorrow is a sanctum,
Next to which the present cries.

Mathew Lewis

On Picking Up The Pen (Once Again)

So...

...Where to begin?

Or perhaps, more appropriately...

...Where to pick up this thread?

With sombre plodding prose?

No!

I was always about the flow.

But, not having done this in a while,
I find my pen as rusty as my mind.

It's a tricky kind of wasteland;
This place where once upon a time,
Lines would flow quite quickly,
And where words were free to find.

Now mere syntax seems an issue.
Never mind metaphor,
And for God's sakes don't mention rhyme!
What good is phonetic pyrotechnics
Without meter, without meaning...
Without a thing about which to write?

So to gaze once more upon this tapered tapestry,
And to count the unfinished threads,
Is to search beyond a self-made doubt,
To find the words that still need to be said.
So that hopefully the silence will be broken,
And my pen wont gather dust.
And the discordant echoes of just-before-sleep
Will be silent!
So that I can rest.

Mathew Lewis

Power

There is a sad complacency
Of brilliant minds,
Locked away in their dingy rooms,
They tell themselves
They are better than everyone,
Unmatched in all.

Mathew Lewis

Private Transport

Once again...
Stuck in Absurdity.
Great!
Where's the end of the line?
OH RIGHT...
This is a round ticket trip;
You're only ever let off
When you finally learn to hide.
Seats aren't too bad,
And...yes...look...
Now that the sun's coming up
I can see what's passing me by.

Let's have a look then shall we? ...
Well wouldn't you know;
If I concentrate I can just make out reason...

WHOA! ! ! !

That gave me a fright;
I wasn't expecting logic to pass on by.

Did I tell you that not so long ago
I had company during my ride?
She introduced herself as whim,
But got off at a place called pride...
Well naturally I was interested;
She had this magical way about her,
And a smile that could make you die.
But the place that she was getting off...
PRIDE...well...
I promised myself I'd never go there again
After I lost a poker game there one night.

So on I went along the tracks
In carriage number 33.
(That's my lucky number by the way)
((I cannot tell you why))
After whim left I remained alone,

No one joined my ride.
So I sat beside a window
Thinking of that poker night in pride.

We seemed to make a thousand stops,
And a thousand times I prayed;
Just another soul, PLEASE, just to look at,
Would have been better anyway.
After a while I grew tired
Of the same old country towns;
Grew tired of their old world names.
Of the memories I thought I'd drowned...

...I woke up a long while later.
When the train came to a stop,
The doors were finally open,
And I could leave my constant-ever-moving spot.

I disembarked and found myself
In a vast deserted place.
The sign board up above me read:
'WELCOME TO LIFE'
And I thought:
'ironic isn't it;
this game? '

Mathew Lewis

Rain

It rained today.
An insidious obsequious kind of rain.
A cold needle pricking rain that inserts itself
Into the very tendrils of your existence.
It ran in little mock rivers between my shoes
Soaking the bottom of my jeans
As my feet moved splish-splash between the puddles
Sprinkling offspring droplets in every direction.
I pulled my rain jacket tighter like a noose around my body
But it did not stop the rain from poking in.
Instead it found new crevasses, holes and canyons in my jacket
Where it may be allowed to slither-slip-soak through,
And I, unable to stop it, was at its mercy.

But now the clouds have moved on to other things,
New targets to infiltrate and inject,
And there are patches of blue amongst the grey,
Where just a little sun shines through,
No more rain jacket huddled tight,
No more splish-splash shoes.

Oh how I wish all of life's perplexities
Moved on as such,
To reveal the patches of blue.

Mathew Lewis

Rationality

What is pain?
An ill constructed metamorphosis
Of rationality gone sour?
Good for nothing other than
Self regulated depression.
To think and to feel is all.
And when emptiness is a bedmate
Who holds you in her arms at night?
When loneliness is not a feeling
So much as a way of life,
What then is our rationality?
Rationality pulls at the worms
Of cogency like a hungry ha-de-da
Dismembering each one,
Tasting the earth of our existences
And then discarding them for dead.
I could be rational; to what end?
So I can justify my pain, my
Depression, my cogency of emptiness?
If I must feel the way I do
I ask just one favour:
That you do not rationalize me
And condemn me to some
Pseudo justifiable existence.
Life is only rational when you forget to live.

Mathew Lewis

Requiem For The Masses

An old man watches from an allyway
As a hooker walks by.
She wishes it didn't have to be this way
But nobody else tries.
A young boy watches from an empty window
As his soul slowly dies.
No one told him it would be this hard
No one was there when he cried.

The building cry out in pain
As the acid rain falls nigh.
It burns holes too deep to ignore
And scars so many lives.
The dusty air is choking now
And nobody knows why.
All they see is a failed promise
And a pocket full of lies.

The greatest men died long ago
Lost for none to find.
A ghostly shape sits weeping now
But once it was alive.
The lights are dieing quickly now
Against the dark they strive.
But who will win and who will lose?
That's the question on our minds.

Mathew Lewis

Scar

Like a flashing light I falter,
Just short of what I want to say,
Things are easier when I'm not myself,
When my words do not have a price to pay
For breaking out of boundaries,
And puking out my soul,
I hate to let you know
But I am not myself,
As much as I pretend
That all is quite alright,
The truth in the reality
Is that I'm losing this god damn fight,
To cry, to comprehend,
To try to heal,
To try to mend,
All of this a broken heart,
Left wide open to bleed,
Left open but that's a start,
So hear me once again,
Nothing broken, nothing mended,
Just alone in what we are,
A sad sack of bones, and a scar.

Mathew Lewis

Secrets

As we sit in this supposed silence
Sipping on secrets that are never said,
I wake, flutter eyelids, flex muscles,
And silently lift my head,
Work a jaw line so long unused,
Quiver breath phrases awakened from death,
Assume a pose that communicates passion;
Then pretend I had it all in my head.
We eye the other in naked respect
And hope that love is all the same.
I sip on my secret and cherish it,
I let its heady mix conquer my brain.
I follow conspiracy round to the door mat,
And then, hesitantly, slip silently in,
Strike a straight line right up to the fire,
Where my secret claims to begin,
And where, unsurprisingly, I find
Your secret has already been.
There's a tell-tale trail of slipperiness,
Where the hints of a clue were let in.
And so now cast in the amber warm glow
Your secret and mine play their parts.
In turns they tell of their sights and their sounds,
And the games they have played on our hearts.
They go on for hours into the night,
While the world obviously turns,
By daybreak our secrets are so tight
That there is nothing new left to learn.
So with the sun slowly rising,
Our secrets calmly depart.
My secret returns to me,
So I can sip it from its glass.

Mathew Lewis

Self Destruction

In a world that refuses to care,
Why should I care more?
In a world that refuses to hear,
Why should I hear more?
In a world that shuts itself off from all around it,
And surrounds itself in rapturous idolotary,
Why should I give a shit?
In a world that is nothing more than a satire,
A farce for our mere existences,
Why should I try to make a difference?
There are wars that can never be won,
Ideals that are beyond any justification,
Genocides that make no sense,
Why should I make an effort?
How can we ever be happy?
In a world where its ok to discriminate
As long as it suites the government.
Where are the knights of yester year?
Where have our princes gone?
I find myself alone in a world
That refuses to notice the right.
And why should I keep on living?
Why should I keep on fighting?
Because I refuse to self destruct like the rest of you.

Mathew Lewis

South Africa

My country has bled so much before,
It coursed through every valley, every hill,
And pain was the word carried in wrath,
For my country held against its will.

My country has broken many bones,
Abused by those who were supposed to care,
They left her stranded alone and lost,
Stripped of hope, broken, and bare.

My country had almost given up,
What hope could she ever claim?
The sores festered at the edges,
All she ever felt was pain.

But they never broke her,
She never rocked, never swayed,
Now she mocks her former captors,
She stands as a jewel newly made,

And we will fight for her,
Her dignity and her grace,
We who are her people,
No matter our gender. No matter our race.

Mathew Lewis

Stand Up For Death

Entwined in lover's deathly snare,
Broken by friendship's fickle stare,
Drained by kindred's ugly tears,
Starved by my own hungry fears,
So why then should I hate death?
For he can only take my breath,
My soul is there to be recieved,
Free to cry and free to bleed,
Free from earthly pain and hurt,
Free to burn the lands unburnt,
For while we're bound in bodies mind,
Lost in what is left to find,
We can not lie in rest and peace
Till death has brought us to our feet.

Mathew Lewis

Tantamount To A Confession

Words are dangerous things,
They attach to the writer a reputation,
Or perhaps more correctly they spill his soul.
If I for instance construct a clause
Of heavy handed happenings,
On how I broke the law perhaps,
Is that not an admission of guilt?
Or does the fact that it is poetry
Make it sacred?
Does it not align itself to a sworn affidavit;
"I swear to tell the truth the whole truth
And nothing but the truth, "

And if I write on love? ...

I am happier in the moment
Of connection than at any other time,
My feelings and my soul summed up
In more or less a line.
To wave away the rain and cold
Just to see your face,
To feel the mutual gratitude
In a momentary embrace.

What then is the meaning and effect?
Would the reader assume, objectively,
That I am just creating verse?
Or maybe, just maybe,
She would see through the mask
And understand my words.

Yes words can do many things,
Create pain love and war,
But words are most dangerous
When they speak a heart, body, mind and soul.
When they say what must be said,
Dry and obvious without disguise,
Words that are, when all is done,
Tantamount to a confession.

Mathew Lewis

The Cliche And I

“What a wonderful evening, ”
Everyone said,
Of course they did.
None of them realised my bleeding heart,
My punctured lung,
My tortured soul;
Three perfect clichés,
In three different lines.
Could I be any worse?
Well it’s all your fault.
Your sapphire eyes,
Your golden skin,
Your sunshine smile,
The nightmare I’m in.
I hate every moment
Others spend with you,
Because that’s when I know
That you win, and I lose.

Mathew Lewis

The Devil Of Small Things

The Devil's white and powdery
And comes in a gram or two,
He's oh so sweet the night you meet
But the next day he'll punish you.
He's been known to live in bottles sometimes,
And nicotine's also his name.
The trouble is,
At the end of all of this,
The temptations all the same.

Mathew Lewis

The End Of All Things

The horizon is crestfallen.
The earth; ashen grey and barren,
Is littered with long since trodden tracks.
The silhouettes of lonely trees
Appear as sentinels.
Dry-dead wood and leafless standing guard.
The sky is washed in an orange haze,
The goodbye colour cast by a setting sun
That slowly ambles towards eternity
Past the very end of the world.
A spray of dust-cloud is kicked up in the wind.
A singular exhaled breath
Released into this otherwise breathless world.
Briefly suspended in the antiquated air
It tumbles in on itself,
Before being swallowed up by emptiness,
And stifled under the weight of nothing at all.
Moments unfold from one to another effortlessly,
Giving only subtle hints of the passage of time.
Nothing else moves.
Nothing makes a sound.
The muted line of the horizon, hastily scribbled,
Is the only promise of an end-point.
The quickly deadening-darkness wraps itself around every fold
With a deliberate inevitability
As earth-made textures rise to greet the advance
Of night-time's heavy black cloak.
A millennia old gesture is almost complete.
A crusty glow on the border of land's vanishing point,
Crowned by the first starry pin-pricks,
Makes its last goodbyes.
The moment that seemed to last for a lifetime is gone within seconds
And with it ends what might as well be an epoch in this place.
A subtle shift.
A permutation.
The velvet night comes alive.
The stars, one by one, come out of hiding.
They appear sheepish at first,
Unwilling and unsure of themselves

They give day's wake time to settle.
Patiently watching its waves disperse
In ripples that slowly spread outwards over space and time
They wait for the calm.
Then like an avalanche of diamonds
They eagerly make their long awaited move.
From the black roof of night
Hang a thousand chandeliers,
Elegantly draped, illuminating the world.
The crystal white moon rises.
A delicate lantern that floats towards the stars.
Its pale hands reach out in gloves of silk,
And with a gentle caress,
They seduce the smouldering earth.
The traces of river-lets track across the ground
Like wrinkles on a worldly aged cheek.
Out of reach of the moonlight
Their winding indentations create hairline shadows.
They are forgotten pathways,
Etched into the soil by rains so long absent
That the only memories of them now
Are those abandoned ducts.
This is a place made of nothingness.
A vacuous hole accentuated
By a world full of half-real living mimicry,
And a symphonic absence of sound.
Nothing tangible belongs here.
There is no palpability to find in the broken earth,
Nor any logic to be heard in the wind.
There is no truth waiting to be told
In the bark of gnarled trees,
Nor any answers hidden within stone.
This is where knowledge,
Weathered by time,
Turns to dust vanishing into the wind.
Where love and hate,
Once felt so fiercely,
Are absorbed in the ground and forgotten,
Abandoned by those who once bore their weight.
This is where all life must journey to.
The inevitable exodus made since the beginning of time.
A final voyage

Witnessed by dead trees and white stones,
And recorded in dry earth underfoot
As they quietly pass by.
This is the end of all things.
Where the horizon sinks down on itself.
Where skeletons of trees
Cast shadows on hard dry earth
And where the matchbook air remains kindling dry.

Mathew Lewis

The Enunciation

I burn...
Not for you,
And not for me...
For these –
Moments –
That lie wasting away
Beneath the sun.
I yearn...
For that deft touch.
For that gesture...
That one –
Thing
That might right
All that has gone before.
I wait...
But not in anticipation.
In expectation.
With longing.
But not in hope.
I pine...
Not for what we were.
Not for what we could be.
But for what we are not –
Right now.
'Raising my head
I gather;
Every leaf,
Every branch,
Every breath,
Every part of Everything
That you left behind.
And I hold it dear.
I hold it close.
I make it mine.
I keep all of my blood,
My sweat,
My tears,
My horrors
In mind.

I speak...
But not with sound –
With fire –
With warmth –
With the whole,
And the opposite –
Placed firmly at my side.
And I dance...
I sing.
I defy!
I rejoice.
I do NOT go gentle,
But with my head held high,
Replete with regret.
With knowledge of how I failed.
Full of dreams left unfulfilled.
Head empty,
Heart alone.
But always with a spark –
In my eye.
On my tongue.
For all of time.

And into the sun,
I spread my wings,
And I fly.

Mathew Lewis

The Heart Never Goes On Holiday

I hate my heart!
Perhaps not hate.
But wouldn't it be nice if it would just switch off sometimes.
If it would recede a little,
Or just go away.
So my mind instead, could think of the day,
How beautiful it is, how the sun is so bright,
How the gentle breeze makes a promise
That makes the soul feel light.
But instead I'm stuck in a room,
Thinking yet again, of what I presume
Is love, or lust, or some similar thing,
The stuff that hurts
When you think of it too much.
Because my heart refuses to go on holiday,
I feel love everyday, in all of its pain.

Mathew Lewis

The Most Beautiful Part Of The Day

The paper thin-thread bare moment between
Sleep and consciousness is the most beautiful
Of the morning.

Just as the body breathes the new day
Into it, knowing rest still lies in its clutches,
But the mind slowly takes over and
Blusters the body into awakened readiness.

And you open your eyes and see a world
As yet untainted by the sins of the day,
Free of macabre belonging you
Rejoice, breathing in life, or something
Very like it.

Before your first cigarette or your first
Drink, before vice and need take
Hold.

You are simply awake and ready for
The onslaught, at peace with
Yourself for once.

At peace with the most beautiful part of the day.

Mathew Lewis

The Same Old Broken Promise

Having sufficiently fucked myself up,
I'm content to sit back and wait,
The aftermath's always more exciting
When you caused it by yourself.
I don't really have a plausible reason
For the things I make myself do,
Suffice it to say,
The voice that screams out inside me,
Though silent to the outside world,
Is impossible to ignore.
I've grown kind of attached to its tone though,
It has a melodic kind of rhythm,
It's very pretty to listen to,
Though not so pretty the things it makes me do.
I must confess some hyperbole here,
I'm by no means psychopathic,
I'm in no need of institutionalisation,
I don't employ the services of a shrink.
Though now I come to think of it,
The shrink is not a bad idea,
It's just that when I'm left to myself,
I become the thing I fear.
An embodiment of excess,
An impossibility to control,
A creature fuelled on quick-fix
With a problem difficult to solve.
But sitting on my throne of ruins,
Gazing at the disorder I left far below,
I take some time to reflect,
And promise myself, a little half-heartedly I admit,
Next time it won't be this way.

Mathew Lewis

The Whisper In The Wind

There's a whisper in the wind.
The earth is speaking.
She sighs for her children
And asks mercy for their souls.
The sky answers back, gentle but firm;
With the calculated swift crack of lightning.
There's a whisper in the wind.
The mother looks up and sees,
She senses and dissolves into herself.
There will be a time to speak.
But for now the whisper moves amongst its people,
Spreading expectation joy and hope,
And existence will not be denied.

Mathew Lewis

To Let Live

Let the thunder roar,
Let the heavens be disgorged,
Let the lightning whip the sky,
Let the clouds cover my eyes,
Oh let the fury rain,
Let the evening mist choke,
Let the cross be trampled,
Let the moon become black,
Let the world bow to me,
Let them feel my anger
Smote upon them,
It is not their fault
But let them suffer,
Let the deamons come,
Let the numbers equal 6,
Let the familiar shapes falter,
And the shadows linger longer,
Let bridges be torn asunder,
Let buildings buckle in pain,
Send the masses under,
Let them whince at my very name,
They shall pay for my grief;
My sorrow I feel now,
And if they should dare to rob me,
Let their mothers be damned as well.
Let the wind whistle past me,
Let the people scream and yell,
Let their futile whining
Be heard as far as hell.
Let fire consume their souls,
Let water drown their hearts,
Let them feel ten times the pain
Of what I feel lives in my heart.
Let no stone be left unturned,
Let them live so that they may see
What has left me gasping,
Then let them die, let them bleed.
But never let them take her,
Never let them steal

What no man should ever lose,
Never let them take her from me.

(9 January 2004)

Mathew Lewis

Treasue Me Moment, Treasure Me Dream

I cannot describe to anyone the nirvana
Of rousing in the morning and feeling her body next to mine.
We fit! We work! I am comfortable!
I idolize her touch,
The soft brilliance of her skin,
The golden shrill of her shine in the morning light,
The beauty in her half opened eyes,
The peace in her breath,
The warmth in her breasts,
The way she always makes me smile.
I treasure such moments,
Because they are mine;
To have, to hold, to remember.
Tomorrow it might not be the same,
But at least I can always dream.

Mathew Lewis

Tree Stumps

Is it in you now?
All those long forgotten nights.
Is it in your heart?
In words you can't describe.
Do you carry with you
Those tears you didn't cry?
Is there space still left inside you,
For the things you left behind?
Do you come back home on some days
And look at where you are?
Do you wonder how you got there?
Do you think about the past?
Is the sunset painted differently
In that corner of the world?
Have you somehow grown
Into more than what you were?

Of course you cannot answer.
And you are not to blame.
You simply fed the fire inside you
With an even bigger flame.

But what used to burn beside you
Has now been left behind.
With no fuel to feed the embers,
Those flames begin to die.

And this is true in all things;
In every part of life.
We all have charcoaled tree stumps,
And once-upon-a-times.

And in the silence of the nightfall,
I lie in bed and full awake.
And I think about those tree stumps,
And how much I miss your face.

Mathew Lewis

Trying To Live Up To The Greats

What is a poem?
Is it a classic piece of literature,
Or a timeless piece of art?
Should we marvel in its reverence,
Or lurk beneath its dark.
I do not mean to possess.
I do not mean to obey.
Just grant me one last favour.
I will leave you to your ways.
I'm sorry for your hurt,
I'm sorry for mine too,
But there's so much I will take,
Before I break in two...
Beware of jealousy.
For it mocks the meat it feeds upon.
Oh to be that simple,
Would it not be too idealistic?
If we all could be but Shakespeare,
Wouldn't life be grand,
Unfortunately we're not.
Let us live by second hand.

Mathew Lewis

Unconditionally Ok

Overflowing with happiness and no reason why,
No feelings of pain, no needing to cry,
No hope gone sour no flouted dreams,
No striking regret, no silent screams.
Suddenly secure he strikes a road,
The baggage he carries; a lighter load
Than what he once had to bare,
Where he goes he doesn't care.
Like single autumn leaves upon the breeze,
He moves forward with grace and ease,
Amber is warm and so is he,
Allowed to simply let it be
He walks a tightrope line unafraid,
For staying on is no longer the game.
Something more he found in that place,
Perhaps a name, perhaps a face,
But interwoven within his life,
Is a new need to end his strife.
And when one day he rests his head,
Be it on sullen earth or pretty bed,
He will be at one with soul and mind,
And in that warmth you will always find
That time and space have cared for him,
Have shut out the cold and let the warmth in.
For blessed is he who loves without hate,
Who willingly gives himself up to fate.
May the stars shine down upon that soul
For his mind is young but his love is old.

Mathew Lewis

Unworded

Words spill from me,
Not tip-toe but roly-polly
Onto the floor.
But they're two-year-olds not teens
And they don't make any sense.
They simply fall over themselves,
Especially when around you.
They'd like to make sense.
They stutter and gurgle
And point distractedly,
A mime effect,
A struggle for clarity.
With big blue eyes
They look out onto the world
Confused and irritated
Because no one can understand.
Instead a cheek is taken
In forefinger and thumb,
Squeezed tightly
And then forgotten.
And my words are left
To totter off
To find others of their kind,
Who might just understand.

Mathew Lewis

Variations

Five people at a club,
One a compulsive drinker.
Sitting at the bar twenty four seven,
Never moving form the seat,
Never leaving save to draw money
From the dwindling deposit.

Another nothing more then an avid party goer.
Obsessed with the music,
Even more with the booze.
Hoping against hope
That there is something more to life.

Another sits on the periphery,
Never drunk never sober.
A perfect mismatch.
Trying to fit in
But failing dismally.

The fourth a smoker.
Living off life's beloved cancer stick.
Neither here nor there,
Neither alive nor dead.
Fearing for the worst.

The last a gentle one.
Hoping to possess no one and nothingness.
Perhaps one day we'll know the goodness
Of an unstained seed.

And so we live our lives.
Never good never bad.
Just on the edge of society.
Hoping to break in.

Mathew Lewis

Watching Someone You Love, Love Someone Else

They say watching someone you love
Love someone else
Is the hardest thing you can do.
But did they know that it
Can also snap you in two?
Rip out your heart and disconnect
Your soul,
Make you weep every night alone
In the cold,
From being alive and ok with things,
Your mind turns to black,
And the hatred it brings
Makes you aware of yourself,
For better, for worse,
In sickness, in health,
Suddenly it seems
You're in your own personal hell
You know not from where
It was that you fell,
And all this because
I love you with all,
But all I got in return
Was another brick wall.

Mathew Lewis

What Am I? (Sonnet #2)

What am I but a mangled freak?
A broken little nothing,
What am I but a mindless geek?
Trying to be something.

Is all of this just a little side show?
Another person's game,
Is all of this meant to make me grow?
Or simply stay the same.

WHy do I feel like a worn out joke?
A rag doll in the wind,
Why do I feel like I have broke?
A statue tinged...

Oh I have but one hope left,
Let it be my saving grace.

Mathew Lewis

What If We Were Action Figures?

What a crazy life to lead!

If I was an action figure the tag line would read:

'He's his own worst enemy! '

The ad campaign would feature a promo,

In which the voice over would bluntly state;

"Simply open the box, assemble, pull the string,

And watch as he auto-asphyxiates.

Marvel at his propensity for bad decisions,

Or his disregard for his own well being,

Be amazed at the stack of cards he builds as a home,

And gasp as it inevitably falls.

Be drawn in by the amazing relationships he encounters,

Then shake your head as he sabotages each one.

This product has no guarantee I'm afraid,

It's quite likely he'll break himself after just a few days."

Thankfully life's more than a human shaped plastic mould,

It holds the opportunity for a chance of a do-over,

If it didn't, I'd really be in trouble.

I'm no master of existence,

I have a few philosophical thoughts,

But what use is existential theory

If you forget where the starting point was?

"Tomorrow's a new day", the optimists say,

Today was a write off if you swing to the pessimistic way,

Life is just life is the view of a realist,

But it's just not that simple, if like me, you're absurdist.

I borrow my outlook from a well known rhyme,

Built on the back of the premise that space and time is a lie;

"I know I was born and I know that I'll die,

The in between is mine."

How funny that life can be defined by some lines

Encountered on a C.D, on T.V,

Instead of created in One's mind.

You would think a proposition

On how to define your actions in life

Would come from yourself,

Not inspired by another's cool rhyme.

But that's the key to it all is it not?

We live life in inertia,

Moving forward not by our own will,
But by the happenings around us,
That won't let us stand still.
Perhaps then that's the reason
I seem to take hits all the time,
Or constantly get hit in the face
By 'god's' famous custard pies.
I guess till I figure out the science of things,
I'll be left on the shelf with my little pull string,
And if you take me down too soon,
And play with me too long,
I'll explode in your hands,
At least then in my view of absurdism,
I won't be proved wrong.

Mathew Lewis

When We Dream

How serene the night is now,
No heartache knows its place,
No breath of disquietened air
Passes overhead.
No one shouts along the streets,
Not even cars disturb the peace,
But still I am unsettled,
Renched from all I know,
I feel a pang of hunger,
A glimpse of pain.
But then it's gone,
And suddenly wind is about.
My heart bleeds its silly drops,
The tarmac's trampled underfoot,
And streets cry out because of rubber,
For you see I have awoken,
My slumber passed over me,
No more serene, no more,
I'm forced to face the light alone,
As the coming day arrives.
I've gone too far into my head
To ever be let out.

Mathew Lewis

Wonderstruck

A pivot poised in total perfection,
A red leather heel on a wooden park bench,
The glimmer of that which drips of high fashion
Made odd by where it now rests.
A blanket of deep dappled sunshine,
A pattern cast across ever ageing paint,
The play of light over carved out messages
Is but a story to set this against.
A careful flex and turn of an ankle,
A spark that produces yet more of the same,
The deliberate fashion of this heal-toe curve
Only gives away the game.
A flourish of three-sixty degree turns,
An audible creak from the ageing bench seat,
The uncanny idea that old has met new,
A sense of being complete.
An expertly executed dismount,
A departure so exceedingly well made
Brings the return of silent eternity
Back to that ancient place.
A lone cricket breaks the fragile silence,
A cautious moon lights the trees in silhouette,
The now begins to slip away from the then,
With nothing taken, and nothing left.

Mathew Lewis

Words Grown Up

Like a trembling tot
on the night of christmas eve
a poet waits.
Knowing the magic of the night
is near;
he must try to sleep.
Else the rhyme will never come,
And he will be lost...
in obscurity.
Patience is needed,
a silent waiting game played
between art and reason.
He cautiously scribbles a line,
takes it back,
reforms the naked words.
They are vulnerable now,
unprotected by punctuation
syntax and tone.
For now they quiver,
on a christmas eve page
still believing in magic.
But the truth will come soon,
With it stark and cold realisation.
The words are all grown up now,
They are a cog in the machine of poetry,
And like a child told that father christmas is fake,
They no longer believe in magic.

Mathew Lewis

You Miserable Fruit

O what a dank day, miserable fruit,
Torn little porcupine stuck upon an ant hill,
We should feel sorry for you no doubt?
But what a funny sight you are.
The clouds sprang forth little toy soldiers,
Little toy soldiers each and every one.
They came on a day unlike all the others,
O what a dank day, miserable fruit.
And I swayed to a rhythm that was not always mine,
But came from some soft spoken side,
O to sway and to watch as you tumbled and tore,
The clown always liked a little bit more.
A river may run ahead of itself,
And of course we can not forgive Camelot,
Robin Hood stole gold we can't punish that,
O what a dank day, miserable fruit.
Nonsense is only an empty meaning,
One I hope you never will get,
You bloodsucker, fly swatter, hope crusher,
lone gusher, marvelous, mystical, miserable fruit.

Mathew Lewis

You'Re The Truth

You're the truth. You're always the truth. And I sit in the shadows behind you emasculated by hope and envy and forgotten by time while you serge on, straight and true. You cut lines deep into the sands of history and forge everlasting works into the minds of those that follow you. Like a perfect circle in the sky you complete everything you start with a grace and certainty that makes even the most minimal of actions seem great to those who watch from the side. And I remain crumpled against a foreign wall that cannot hold me for long before it disintegrates and drags me down with it into the abyss. You're the truth. You're always the truth. I'm just a dreamer who stumbled into a nightmare.

Mathew Lewis