

Poetry Series

**rachael richmond**  
**- poems -**

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## rachael richmond(1959)

a bit of this, a bit of that. an eclectic mix of cultures, influences, innocence / worldliness, opinions, artistry, and more..... what's this world for if it isn't to be lived. i'm but a grain of sand in the desert....

# And Then There Were Two

there was one  
and there was one  
and then there were two  
and after a while there were two and one.  
some time later there were one and two.  
later, one and one and one.  
one wonders what happened to one.  
ahhh.....

rachael richmond

# Butter

i am butter in your hands

you only have to touch me  
and i melt

your hands glide, slide  
but inside i don't want this  
i am swimming against the tide

i need cool  
not you  
such a fool am i

i hate being butter in your hands  
i hate you  
for the power you have over me

i hate you  
i love you  
i need you  
but i don't want you

rachael richmond

# Dear Death

dear death,

you came knocking at my door  
saying you were a friend  
and wanting to take me to a place  
for some time to spend  
with me.

you said we would walk  
through dark valleys, black dales,  
see some people long gone  
hear their old, sad tales  
maybe visit some haunts  
or take a jaunt  
through a graveyard.

i thank you most kindly, dear death  
but i'm not quite ready just now  
to leave this pure brightness,  
this lightness.

this flightless young bird  
ain't ready to fly  
on rotting black wings  
into a moonlit sky  
full of misery and sadness.

i still have my gladness  
my joy and my lovings.  
they bind me to life,  
to energy, to rebirth,  
i'm not ready for winging  
to funeral singing.  
i still have my mirth  
and laughter bright.

so thank you, dear death,  
you'll have to walk without me  
for quite a long time.  
don't wait up.

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# Forget I Ever Existed

i'm sitting here looking at it, lying there  
like an elongated hedgehog too afraid to move.  
i should pick it up and drag it through my dirty, tangled hair  
but what does that prove?

i want to stay here, statue-like and solid,  
made of concrete, my soft inner parts protected by a shell  
or burn away into nothingness, like a soul vaporising in hell.

nothing outside my skin is safe,  
the very air around me is tainted and foul,  
evil beings lurk in every dusty corner of the room  
and wait for the cover of darkness, to prowl.

i want to be not here, not there, not anywhere.  
my very soul is now destroyed beyond repair.  
leave me to rot till the flesh falls from my bones  
and leaves them bare.

i am no longer me but a fragmented shadow of my former self.  
burn me, take my stinking ashes and store them on a shelf.

then forget i ever existed.

rachael richmond

# I Must Eat Of The Apple

I must eat of the apple  
with its plain sweetness.

I have partaken of the juicy mango  
and the zing of the pineapple,  
tastes which pleasure me  
and tease my tongue.  
It's still young enough  
to accept the passion fruit  
and the bitter lemon.

But with every high  
there is a low,  
an undertow  
which shows itself  
in the afterwards.

I'm weary and wary  
and tired and lairy.  
Now I want the ordinary.

I must eat of the apple  
with its plain sweetness.

rachael richmond

# I Would Plunge A Knife.....

wrappings of silk surround my bleeding heart  
as soft as the thorns in the crown  
and as white as night.

tighter, tighter the bindings,  
strangling out the last crimson drops of love.

taut fingers clutch at my throat  
making my breaths as shallow as a stream  
and as cold, icy cold,  
as the waters that flow it.

my memory shuts out  
those hours and days  
of our togethers  
as if they were masonic secrets  
never to be told to the rest of me.

and i drown in the tears of acid,  
etching out valleys on my reddened cheeks  
and dribbling, burning,  
onto my lips.

those lips.....  
those lips that met yours  
in unbearable passion  
are now lifeless and unyielding,  
disallowing speech to pass through them.

were you to return tomorrow  
i would plunge a knife  
straight through your heart.

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# It Just Grewed And Grewed

i set myself a challenge  
to write about the first thing i saw  
when i opened my eyes....

it was a hairbrush.

that hairbrush became  
a catalyst, a tool,  
to carry my imagination  
to the full.

then the poem took over,  
it started to write  
itself, unled,  
it just bled words  
onto the screen  
words i'd never seen  
before.

and it just grewed and grewed,  
it flowed, at great speed  
to form a read  
of sorts.

it twisted and turned,  
burned,  
became its own thing  
its own entity  
i was just an on-looker  
hooked on  
to its gruesome content.

but i was content  
to let it live its own life  
and run away with itself.

and when it was done  
i found it had been one  
of those fun things

i will do again,  
and again.

rachael richmond

# Legs?

are you a leg man?  
if you are  
stay tuned,

because i have good news for you.  
you may be interested to know  
i have slender legs.  
very strokeable.  
and silky hair.

lovely brown limpid eyes.  
in fact,  
everything a dog owner wants in a pet.  
i prefer to stroke her back  
- it makes her tail wag.

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# My Glen

my glen majestic  
quiet, green, fresh, fantastic  
naturally mine

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# Plastic Love

plastic love,  
that's what you gave me.  
it almost looked like the real thing,  
and smelled like the cheap perfume  
you smilingly handed me  
to wear in the heat of passion.

passion?  
was that real  
or just another one of your lies?  
i suspect it was  
to 'get your end away',  
to satisfy your animal instincts.  
i could have been ANY woman  
between the sheets  
of those cheap hotels.  
maybe i WAS one of many  
foolish women?

all the roses and 'i love you's'  
the undying feelings you expressed  
they all melted in the heat of the sun.

and now what?

well, dear, this woman ain't plastic  
i am real flesh and blood  
with real passion,  
real feelings,  
real love.

i will give myself heart and soul  
only to a REAL man in future.  
no more buy-one-get-one-frees for me.  
no more cling-filmed polystyrene-trayed imitations  
and no more deception.

get a life.

you're history.

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# Salmon Ella

salmon ella was a beauty  
with fins so fine and graceful,  
a swishy tail to die for  
and her scales were really tasteful.

ray spotted her at sunrise  
among the weeds and coral.  
he thought she looked a princess  
and who, with this, could quarrel?

but salmon ella scorned him,  
'you're flat, such an odd piece.'  
and there was ray thinking  
he looked great in his codpiece!

but time went by and things got hot  
and she slowly grew to love him.  
he placed her on a pedestal  
and put this queen above him.

they often went to his plaice  
for some nocturnal fishing.  
no longer was he floundering,  
for true love, no more wishing.

ray asked our salmon ella  
to be his life long fishwife.  
the reverend mr sturgeon performed  
the joining of the fish lifes.

then off they swam together  
fin in fin, their happiness glutted.  
love is blind, they didn't see  
the nets. and now they're gutted.

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# Unbalanced

leg muscles taut as iron,  
arms splayed out,  
hardly moving...  
back rigid  
temperature frigid.

inch forward...  
concentration intense  
buttocks clench  
move a little faster  
i must master  
this....

eyes down  
watch my feet  
ankles slowly pass each other  
then meet again

arms raising  
moving quicker  
feeling slicker  
one leg shoots  
out from my side  
the other glides  
across the ice  
and down i go  
flat on my back  
smack!

feel an old fool  
when little tom  
glides gracefully like a swan  
up to me, turns his skates  
makes the ice vibrate  
and says...  
'need a hand'

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