

Poetry Series

**Red Talgarth**  
**- poems -**

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# Red Talgarth()

An occasional knocker upper of worthless doggerel as a meditative exercise to focus the mind.

# Dim Remembered Past

Too many of us walk through our lives  
Playing second best to a distant memory  
That is vague and faded but still burns bright  
And more vibrant than the present day.

We cannot compete with dim remembered past  
With the dull bits taken out and long forgotten,  
Leaving the seeds to warm the febrile mind  
When they flower, which seems too often.

How hard to do the right thing with all  
Principles like a shadow torn by the daylight  
Feeling cold in the warmth of an embrace  
However in the dark eyes shine bright

Haunted by a vague ghost of the past  
Empty days spent wondering if it is an act,  
To dance to the playing of a master  
Whose echo still sounds in ancient pact.

Red Talgarth

# Dying Language

He tossed his worthless doggerel  
At her like a well gnawed bone  
While the grey mountain cursed  
The scared mind empty and alone.

Lost centuries ago they knealt in prayer  
He could not think in lines so straight  
And would sing in a dead tongue  
Through the musty gloom to late.

Red Talgarth

## Haiku: About Porridge, Intentionally Bad

The porridge was hot  
A warm early summer day  
Took too long to eat.

Exam results are  
A dish best eaten colder  
Unlike porridge oats.

Pancakes wth French jam  
Sailing the warm light Thames breeze  
Sweeter than porridge.

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## Haiku: Assorted, Intentionally Bad

The contract was torn  
After two springs of making  
They walk off smiling.

Above the township  
On the cool high veldt  
The pillars broken.

Tall elegant goth  
Gliding dark against the sun  
Of her missed love.

Weathered old root  
Needing sunshine and fresh air  
A sad little thing.

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## Haiku: Blueberry

The blueberry blooms  
Surviving the harsh winter  
I still say goodbye.

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## Haiku: Danegeld

They gave away gold  
To buy a season's peace but  
The sword weighed heavy.

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# Haiku: Windrush

The afternoon breaks  
Sunlight dappled on windrush  
The ghost exorcised.

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# In My Own Words

In my own words  
Blunter, less refined  
They cut like swords  
But no less blind  
Not a John Donne  
Or an Andrew Marvell  
However begun  
They aim to sparkle  
And to beguile  
To win her to my side  
And all the while  
I will abide  
A compromise  
While I wait  
In all her eyes  
However late.

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# Lame Vulcan

Not Brute Adonis  
Lame Vulcan more like  
Not easy on the eye  
But more useful.

Not sacrificed  
By hysteric maidens  
In bloody new-spring rite  
Under the bough.

Wry smiling  
Dragged to the forge  
Working his anvil  
Unremarked god.

Red Talgarth

# Love Born Online

An unhealthy love born  
After distant months we met  
A dry January London evening  
Me as late as ever by the stair.

As the lift doors slowly opened  
It was in the radiance of your eyes  
An expectant kiss sealed it all  
Much more than an hello peck.

We walked the gallery in sardonic  
Observation on what passed for art  
In the gentle linking of two arms  
We were already drunk on our touch.

The inevitable walking hand in hand  
Under lamp lit streets oblivious  
To the noise and people as you crushed  
In my arms your voice changing in tune.

A painful needy goodbye after kissing  
In that underground looking forward  
To my warm hands pressed to  
Your cool firm back one day.

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# San Diego, Giant Squid

San Diego, giant squid  
Tore beaks at the BCDs of divers  
Mistaking them for seals  
There were survivors,

I dived near there once  
Silently bouyant in the giant kelp  
Watching sea otters play  
Hearing whales cry help,

While on a Big Sur beach  
A walrus rotted in the golden sand  
Looking for all the world  
Like a great brown hand.

Red Talgarth

# Sweet Liberty

It was the skin  
That struck him first  
Lucent against  
The grey of the street.

Then length of limb  
Next striding loose  
Unsure forward  
Towards a raised hand.

But the eyes marked  
Bright followed  
Unpraised fully  
In a thousand years.

Red Talgarth

# The Fiery Globe

He awoke at night holding her tight  
In cold air beneath a clear sky  
He could not sleep and held her deep  
For hours in warmth as lovers lie.

He was still awake and saw dawn break  
Her warm breath cooled in cooler air  
He stroked her face and whispered grace  
Filled words into her sleeping ear.

She finally woke as the dawn broke  
Her bare skin warm beneath the robe  
With no cold rain in their domain  
They watched the coming fiery globe.

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# The 'What Is Romance' Sonnet

Not Hallmark cards with someone else's lines  
But a poem in your own words and rhymes  
Not teddies wrapped in the tissues of a lie  
But things that show you care and try  
Not a stale menu on the fourteenth of Feb  
But a real feeling of flow and ebb  
Not dying roses bought drunk in a bar  
But meaningful words wrote from afar  
Quiet whispered words, meaningless and light  
A simple message, sent late in the night  
Careless kisses under the bright world's glare  
Many fast glances or one drawn out stare  
    But more than all this it is when you find  
    The silent meeting of one true mind.

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# Through My Own Still Vales And Hills

Through my own still vales and hills,  
For years I sang the same old song,  
On the slope of a cold mountain,  
Scattered loosely like an old bone.

Sharply on the dark deep cusp,  
Of self inflicted stormy sea,  
Until we gave us each new names,  
When you came to me and caught me.

Growing into loveliness,  
Every bright day that went on by,  
Until your eyes were all my world,  
And all my world was in your eye.

Staring into cold darkness,  
Standing at the abyss I made,  
In silence and with lasting tears,  
I watched the vibrant image fade.

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