

Poetry Series

Rosa Mayfair
- poems -

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Rosa Mayfair()

Hi my name is Rosa, I come from Oxford, i go to Headington school, I have two sisters and I believe in a long prolonged derangement of the senses in order to achieve the unknown, and I like girls and guys too, Im soo greedy, lol

A Few Moments In Eden

Fire and smoke cleanses the soul
My spirit, Pour my spirit in a dirt glass, let me drink my way to truth
En vino veritas, I have heard it said
I want the chance to prove it either way

Just one night in a bar called Eden
Come Adam and Eve, put your money away!
This round is on me,
what's your poison

Bar-maid, snake like skin,
the history of the world on her scales
she brings us free drinks, and whispers
whispers things i cannot repeat

A voice from upstairs, booming
We must leave, and leave at great speed
I have left my matches behind, I ask the angel with a flaming sword for a light
Kiss my cigarette and am gone down the road

Rosa Mayfair

Art Room B24

The canvas lies cracked in the corner
Dust on the brush
time
A still life painted in blue

The dirty light bulb flickers
The match stick men are sleeping
Colour
Fading like a memory in the sun

Portraits in slow motion
Rose tinted glass and egg shell frames
Gone
I am leaving

Rosa Mayfair

Beggar-Man

Six silver strings were spinning
They had me in a trance
The beggar-man was singing
It pierced me like a lance
But my pockets they were empty
And my eyes filled with tears
So I turned and walked off quickly
With my fingers in my ears

I returned the next day
With a coin inside my hand
To the square at Broadway
Where I had seen him stand
But he was long gone from there
He'd vanished from this land
I've got a penny for your thoughts now
Please come back beggar-man

Rosa Mayfair

Blood And Beauty

Today i bit my tounge
And it started to bleed
Blood spilled on the gorund
Some turned into seed
I sat and watched it growing
Down beside my toes
I didn't speak a word
As it bloomed into a rose

Rosa Mayfair

Blood On Your Hands

The morning cock is crowing
The sun is rising red
The people of the village
Are laying out their dead
The bomb went off this morning
And blew their whole world wide
at the last count
Twenty eight had died

Twelve women and nine children
Seven men who'd done no crime
Who's only mistake was living
Where you drew you're battle line
Who farmed and went to school there
Who lived there all their lives
Who were put to death
With the sleep still in their eyes
Who were slaughtered like they were cattle
Killed like pigs inside their styes
Who's bodies lie there now
Covered up with flies
While you sit inside your castle
Looking over your battle plans
How much more blood
Will end up on your hands

Rosa Mayfair

Escape From Eden

STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING he shouted from behind his paper machet mask
and we ran before he could breath the cold night air or move what little muscel
he had
we didnt know where we were going
the acid burned our lungs and clouds of poisons breath escaped our laughing lips

We had left him behind dressed in shadows and midnight blue,
his whislte and club of no use
His uniform stained in sweat and frustration
His mask slipping

We spent our selves in bars and clubs,
drinking like it was water and we had come in from the desert
I cannot recall what else happened that night
I awoke a few moments ago in a bed of glass and twisted dreams

Rosa Mayfair

How Long?

How long has it been since we met
I cant remember where or when
All I can recall is that you looked so tall
And the wind was blowing through your chestnut coloured hair

How long has it been since we met
Maybe it was two hundred years ago
Perhaps at a dance or on the streets of France
As we went looking for Verlaine and Rimbaud

And where are you now my one true love
In what country and what state are you living
I know we'll meet again, but as for when
I guess thats for fate to be deciding

Rosa Mayfair

I Wont Forget

Destiny he calls it as he walks out the door
for queen and for country and for ever more
I have to do my bit he says as he walks through the gate
I run out to stop him, but he's gone and Im too late

He died a hero they all tell me, doing what was right
he knew the risks they say, when he decided he would fight
but that does nothing to me, I cannot be consollid
How can it be right for a boy to die, only nineteen years old

Rosa Mayfair

Lonesome Moon

Outside the streets are bathed in darkness
Black and orange blake's tiger's burning bright
There's a chill in the wind blowing with a sharpness
Flashing it's teeth deciding weather to bite
The moon is hanging low above the street lights
It looks so close but feels so far away
There's an ocean of sky between it
And where it wants to be and wants to stay

Every time I see it I think about you
So far away across the sea
Can you see it from your window love
It's so beautifully sad dont you agree

Rosa Mayfair

Lost Dreams

Silently sleeping in a bed of roses
dreams bloom in to strange fruit
surreal seeds in reality's skin
ripening in the black fertile soil

The hand that picks them is not my own
it is black and twisted with broken nails
it has been withered by time
its task is infinite

Dreams stored in glass containers
on crooked shelves gathering dust
they are not missed or misplaced
they are lost with the rising sun

Rosa Mayfair

Rosa Parks

I knew what she did
But I didn't know her name until she died
Now I'm not going to lie to you
So I won't claim that I cried
But I'd never thought
About how brave she was
In refusing to move
From the seat on that bus

Now I think it's sad
That it caused such a stir
That because of her skin
They thought less of her
That they tried to make her feel
Like she was two feet small
And I think it's sad
That she had to be brave at all

Rosa Mayfair

Spanish Ship

In the distance a ship, with sails of mist and fire,
what treasure is hidden inside the belly of the whale
how many men have been swallowed whole
and how many more must be swallowed

from the coast of Spain it has come
let off its leash with blood in its nostrils
rows of sharpened teeth gleaming in the light
of sailors lanterns

from the jagged coast I watch it getting ever nearer
the hours is at hand, the candle is melting
the grave yard lamps burn brightly
the devil is in the watch tower

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