

Poetry Series

Simon Jackson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Simon Jackson(15-09-1989)

Lived in the UK till I was 7 and half,
been living in China since then until two years ago.

Aeroplane

Here I sit and stare to yonder, wandering
into states of wonder and disbelief.
Tracing paths of tinkerbells in the sky
at night seeking the path laid out in light.

Whats this I see? Lights illuminating
filling the unknown with my destiny.
A beacon from the heavens, it is not,
but a mere ferry of the sky aloft.

My eyes be fooled once again by yonder
and it's wonderful nothing that presents
amongst the the towers that too hold dreamers
searching in the dark for answers unknown.

The paths we seek are not spelled out in space
but in the mystery of time and faith.

Simon Jackson

Boot Prints In The Snow

Wandering in winter's gusty grip
Nothing is safe from its frigid whip
Taming even people on their journeys.
Animals wonder if they'll see the spring
and the plants would too,
Were it not for the Winter King
Leaving all but their progeny behind.
And on this journey through the trees
Bootprints in the snow
are the only sign of life around,
winding their way, as if following the sound
of the Winter King's whisper
Condensing to the crystalline carpet now layed.

His Majesty's frosty reign will be over soon.
His icy staff will melt to rivers twisting through the lands
and everything will shine with new glory again.

Simon Jackson

Creatures At Night

The night comes
and the owls come out to hoot.
The bustle and the noise is gone
and animals slowly creep
out from their midnight shelters.

Alive in the night
the foragers and predators arrive
hungry from their daytime sleep,
they hunt alone to satisfy
their hunger in the belly deep.

In silent solitude they strike,
camouflaged by the evening curtain
which wraps around the nocturnal stage.
Not a sound is heard, nor leaf disturbed
until the hunter's appetite is appeased.

Soon dawn will come and the
night creatures will disappear to
their daytime homes and sleep in
in apprehension and relief that they
were not somethings midnight feast.

In their holes in silent sumber
their energy restored,
until the sun sets once more
the nightly curtain surrounds the stage
and the play starts again.

Simon Jackson

Fag Ends

Even amongst the hums and whirrs and hisses
coming from behind the counter
Its so easy
In the pretentious mist of this artsy café
To pick up
And draw on
The stained remains of conversation;
Some so Avant Garde
Andy Warhol would vomit.
Drenched in pomposity
Peppered with multi-syllabic phrase,
And thoughtful hums between beard strokes.
These are the philosophers and future prime ministers to be.
Full of words and the dedication of a dying fish,
with a stench and jounce to match.
The girl in the stripy top wants to be heard
Flicking her mane rhythmically as she giggles
Obnoxiously at her friends bad jokes.
Donned with that oh so vintage-esque scarf (its warm inside)
And a rock-n-roll T-shirt.
Both pierced with todays hottest jewelery; They are different
Like every other alternative wanna be wandering the street.
Nobody told them its in what you do that counts.

I would love to pick up fag ends here
But I am shy and enjoy being an orange chameleon
Set against the pine tables and chairs
Worn by an unquenchable caffeine and image addiction.
The artists, musicians and hippies should gather here,
Just to off set the skinny jeans
And influential teens engulfed by an overrated image.

At least the coffee is good,
And the waitress is cute with a genial smile.
The art and décor, inspired.

I'll probably keep coming back.

Femme Fatale

Arid and lifeless the world surrounds
the prickly cactus standing its ground,
watching, waiting preparing amongst
the nothing that envelopes the scene.

The spines stare menacingly at the sun
as if it were the instigator of all
manifestations of its cruel evolution,
peering around watching and waiting they wait.

The purple sky beings to fall
and the fading light now glimmers
on the shiny body of the plant,
and it can finally breathe without fear.

At last she falls, that beast of the sky,
its breathing now begins to quicken,
drawing precious drops of moisture,
lubricating elixir for another long day.

Menacing in light, beautiful at night
I see you there and hope you will be alright

Simon Jackson

Forever Girl

For the one who possesses my heart, with unknowing circumscription:

Forever on my mind
Taking over every thought,
The prelude to my every story
and idea: the fount of my passion and drive.
Like a virus you inject your essence,
yet like the flower, it's presence so sweet.

Forever on my lips
you'll stay, always will I talk
of you like a connoisseur of wine,
but a thousand wines could
not make me as drunk as
I become under your dreamy voice,
lulling me to serene slumber.

Forever in my arms
you shall stay, even if I never
touch or see you again my
every embrace or thought shall
be you, and I'll never let you
leave my invisible arm's surround.
You may not see or feel it, but it's there for you.

Forever in my heart
the yearning for your gracious smile
and longing to once again see
your twinkling eyes, a beacon of
light amongst the many dark souls.
Your moonbeam gaze could
light the world, and the darkest parts of me.

Forever my girl.
No matter if I want it or not
or how the world does turn,
not even war & pestilence could
take away the happiness you bring

to me and those around you.
I'll still be here waiting, doting
on your any command and waiting
until the day the sun stops shining
and my heart no longer beats.

Simon Jackson

Hungover

Whilst I hover here
wondering if i'll be sick
The hazy details of the nights debauchery
Become clearer with every retch,
And nothing.

Who took that photo with the silly face?
I really thought id be able to pace
Myself this time;
But its shouldnt's and never agains
all morning in the loo.

The bad techno and overplayed hits
Still echop through my pounding head,
Recently obliterated by that dionysian nectar.

The midday sun now pours through my iris
Ill adjusted to to anything mut multicoloured strobes.
Another hopeful attempt to spew hits me,
Only to be met with dissapointment.

Cralwing from the linoleum jail,
I call a friend to reminisce
And hes the same as me, only he pulled and barely rememebers.
And so i enter the platic prison
for a last attempt to purge, but nothings there.

Looking in the mirror telles me to pull myself together,
A sparkling alka-seltzer cocktail takes the edge off
And I remember that hangovers only last a day,
whilst forgotten memories lie in obscurity forever.

Simon Jackson

Spirit Of The Mountain

Clitter Clatter

Clitter Clatter

The hooves go warding on.

Their neighs and silent heads
tell a story of hardship
carrying the loads of others.

Shhhhh

Shhhhh

The river meanders and flows
into a once forgotten wilderness
now trampled by passers by.
They will leave but the river will flow on.

The wind moves through the trees and
shrubs and make a gentle fluttering
sound as the spirit of the mountain
passes by, breathing life into all that is.

The passers by hold idle chatter and
laugh and gasp in awe at the wonders
of the beauty around them, they will remember,
for a while, until these lives return to normal.

But the spirit of the mountain
and the flowing of the rivers
will go on as long as time exists.

Simon Jackson

The Lighthouse

The blinding light
seeks out amongst the tumbling
waves breaking against the
barricade of rocks jutting out
into stormy waters of night.

Illuminating and piercing
through the darkness, it warns
endeavoring sailors of dangers
that lie ahead, catching their attention,
A respect like none other is observed.

In the daylight its slender physique
rises on the horizon, breaking
the bleakness of the shore, now deserted,
apart from the occasional passer by
and the keeper with his dog on a leash.

His wispy beard and rough skin
tell a story of hardship and graft,
on his hat a golden anchor takes centre place,
on his arm- a mermaid and the other a heart
'Mary' I whisper, 'May she rest in peace' he whispers back.

Spiraling into the setting sun
like the barbers sign at night,
the familiar glow spreads out again
amongst the revolting waves
spraying the land with crystal drops of brine.

A glimmering light amongst the empty millions,
You stand unnoticed, except by those who know you best.

Simon Jackson

The Tragic Masterpeice

The tragic masterpiece lies here
Where better things once flourished.
Fuelled by bitter envy and
Jealousy of old and new fires
Which glow in front of the damp cold,
Ashes of a raging fire.

A single spark is all it took
To set off the kindling of the
Stone encircled pit.
The fuel was primed and ready
And all it took was the misfire of that passing spark.

Like a phoenix, spread it's wings
And licked the sky with its fiery tongue,
A flare for the world to see it's
Unbridled passion and devotion
Soon uncontrolled, it burnt and resisted
All attempts to extinguish, taking with it a once mighty forest.

Then the dark spring rains fell down,
And killed the once great bird
That flew so freely and haphazardly.
Its final breath, a sad cry unlike it's great birth,
From that accidental spark,
Which had caused the rains to fall.

And in the distance that spark
Has struck another fiery pit,
But it does not pass by this time.
It stays and dances with its fiery companion
With no destruction, it fuels
The phoenix, burning like a star in the night.

But the summer has now arrivèd
And the fiery grey ashes are washed away
Leaving silhouettes where once great trees stood.
Yet when all hope and life seemed drained
From the cold and desolate place, a green sprout emerged

From the charred earth, breathing new life into the scenery.

The tiny spark was in the distance
Frolicking in new found glory after its accidental
Blaze elsewhere, yet plants and flowers now bloom
In what was a seemingly dead place.
New hope is born, its beauty in flowers,
And the cycle kicks in.

The tragic masterpiece emerges from the smoke,
Breathes a sigh of fresh beginnings and
Tries once again for a forest that can bear
Mighty trees once again.
Whilst secretly it's spirit longs for the passing of
Another impetus to breathe life into the phoenix which once was.

Simon Jackson

This Light That Doth Shine On My Face

This light that doth shine on my face
rising from the east and setting in the west
regular, like clockwork, as people say.
Its joy and radiance can be stolen by none,
it is peace and always reliable.
No government, thief or grouchy old man may steal
its brilliance from those it touches.

This light that doth shine on their faces
and makes them beam in the glory.
The glow christens their cheeks, drying tears,
herald of glee and jubilation.
It can't be bought by the fat cats or the snobs,
being disseminated on all, like rain, but warm
its blaze filling and delivering to all.

This light that doth shine on the world
does not care about gender cast or creed
and radiates on all of us equally.
This splendor is all that we can share
and all that we can use to establish a commonality,
since nothing else is the same for everyone.
Relinquishing the celestial energy
it glistens on your eyes and nose.

This light doth shine on your face too
leaving only warmth on your cheeks.

Simon Jackson

Untitled

When the snow thaws
And the icy cracks in the road form rivers
It carries away the hopes and dreams
Of the children once engrossed
In powdery play, capped and gloved,
Fingers and toes sheltered from numbing gales
That halt the festivities gay.

Run now until the end of spring!
Head towards the plains,
Winter's frost has used up all the hay
And the fields are wanting
Those nourishing waters to feed for a day.
The spring time green is due its place
And all will heal by nature's grace.

The sun will come and go in its waltz with the moon
Just as joy plays its hide and seek with gloom.

Simon Jackson

Wasted Words From The Mouth Of A Fool

If the sun is up too early,
I'd push it way back down
And when it runs away too fast:
To the moon, I'd lash it down,
So night was day and day were night
And forever in sunlight frisk.
Until the sole thing left to do
Is in eternal light beams,
reach to that golden disc.

Simon Jackson