

Poetry Series

Mark Heathcote
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Mark Heathcote(22/03/66)

I like all kinds of poems, but I tend to gravitate toward Russian and eastern-spiritual-poetry.

My muse almost demands it of me. So you may find quite a few spiritual poems being poured out from time to time - I also write many songs, especially when my poem spring runs dry, as a form of creative writing. I work with adult learning difficulties as a support worker in the UK. My home town is Manchester. My other interests are gardening and art. I had a poor education, but try to improve with every written piece. I hope you'll enjoy visiting my writings.



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Don't Take-Me-For-A-Fool

Sanitize your dirty thoughts, the filth on your mind
I might not want you beside me entwined.
I'm not the maid called to her master's ring,
I'm-savvy-and-smart and deserve better bling.

The footballer's wife, I'm-not, I'm smarter by-a-lot
And I major in what others have got
And I have not! So don't take-me-for-a-fool
Take me; to the nearest jewellers and make me drool.

Original title:

Love without sex - sex without love

Mark Heathcote



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Pomade Your Hair

Boots atop teardrops purveyed
like a forte of guards on parade
yet, still, you pomade your hair
shout-out "Love" with fanfare!
And cavalcade your heart
only to garrison your soul
behind a crumbling rampart
all to show some marginal self-control.

Mark Heathcote



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To Walk In Nature As Wordsworth Did

'To walk in nature as Wordsworth did.'
To see the pensive stars in their grid;
a Moon-white-ice-crimped lake
the hilltops burning, slowly opaque
ashen as autumn, burnished reds
to walk tip-toe amongst his daffodil beds
to feel his fan-flamed breath amid a flower.
His rasping voice a church-clock-tower
in the dulcet tones of a willow tree,
I pray he whispers unto you and me.
With a body crackling an aching of mind,
with a soul and spirit equally combined.
'To walk in nature as Wordsworth did.'
'Heaven beholden' his now closed eyelid.

Mark Heathcote



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The Road Around My House

The road around my house is a flower garden
Of brick and tarmac and a thousand different
Ways to go wrong. It isn't any holiday home;
You've got to weed your way through every day
Knowing more obstacles will be put in the way.

Yes, we'd-all-love to live in a paradise garden
But first, we-must-till-the-soil and control the weeds
And understand the advantages and disadvantages
Of doing good groundwork first. We must cultivate
Each plot of earth we're-given if seeds are to grow.

It doesn't take an expert to chit-a-seed-potato,
Give-it-some warmth and light and-see-how-you-go
The road around my house is a flower garden
Of brick and tarmac and a thousand different
Ways to go wrong, but if you've double-dug.

And fertilized, you should have a harvest crop
Something to be proud of that won't just decay,
Rot the very next day. To create a paradise garden
A garden of self-sufficiency today is near impossible
But don't let this blear your lenses and never look back.

Mark Heathcote

I Yearn To Climb The Trellis Of Your Love

I yearn to climb the trellis of your love.
Covet the thermals of the sky a dove.
I am a serpent that has lost its tongue
That whispers of secrets blossom unsung.

Mould me in your arms, temperate flower
Let me set seed when foretold is my hour.
Darling, I'll not journey far from my roots
Love, I am drunk with all your attributes.

Something indelibly still-longs-in-me
An urge ravenous as a bumblebee
Beats-its-wings, I am no more burdensome.
I break the bonds of life's imprisonment.

Moved by the moon's intoxicating dew
I taste these kisses, each salty sinew.
A jewelled flower emerges from me, too.
Warms-beneath and bends me like green bamboo.

Entering her palace, I expected this.
But not to lose wholly, my serpent hiss
Drop all my scales and drown in a cauldron
Be changed into a prince and a sultan.

Mark Heathcote

Doves Are Crying

Doves are crying on the forecourt roof
As much displaced as us breathing in fumes
Oh, I wonder why they don't leave, is-it-an-omen.
Why don't they go? Their wings-aren't-broken.

Lord knows they aren't like us financial slaves
Let's obliterate this place, all its masquerades
The freedom of the road doesn't free me
Wherever I travel, still my heart is an absentee.

Oh, forecourt roof to forecourt roof, I cry
When can I take to the sky and fly?
Doves are crying-like-they sometimes do
When-they're-hungry too, ah, ah is this déjà vu?

I recall a roof full of picked Sunday joint bones
How it came as a shock, a dark disturbance
It was like entering a nightmare, a cemetery
Oh, inertia, I deep breathe, dying now quite arbitrarily.

Oh, I cry, I cry - fly with a dove into the sky.
The freedom of the road doesn't free or edify
me, but let's pretend in you I've met a friend
and now fully awake, sing an end for you and me.

Mark Heathcote

Ever-Spinning Weather Vane

I'll be water - I'll be shade
I'll be a storm-cloud an ever-spinning weather vane
I'll be a Mediterranean Picasso blue
And Van Gogh's favourite colour, yellow.

Every day I'll lose my mind.
And fall in love - with you
And ask, where is my mind
Maybe I could be
A Claude Monet Water Lilly but not at all at sea,

And bridge the two,
And walk either way just the same
At the same time
And reflect that I can be
Water and shade
I can be blue and yellow on the same day.
An ever-spinning weather vane
I-too-can be Picasso or Van Gogh all on the same day.
With roses blue and clouds yellow in hue.
Ever, ever and ever more in love with you.

Mark Heathcote

Pandemonium

Pandemonium, what is all the commotion
Let's all have a cup of tea
Let all the wild birds fly south
Don't let those devils see a single tear.
Don't give in to nightmares
Remember to wake up and dream light-years from here.

In Milton's Paradise Lost

Pandæmonium is the capital of Hell
But the little demons in me can all go to hell without me
Whirring leaves in fiery thronging swarm
Can swirl and fall without me
Because today a little winged angel inside of me is feeling very strong right now.
And she won't let me go without a fight.

Pandemonium, what is all this commotion about?

Let's all have a cup of sweet chamomile tea
Let all the wild birds fly south from me
Don't let those devils see a single tear from me.
Don't give in to nightmares, dear-
Remember to wake up and dream light-years from here.

Be a believer who can't be broken
Little angel, don't forget to keep your promise
To feed and save every lost soul from
Titanic struggles, cat claws on their red suede shoes
Little angel don't forget to keep your promise
You mustn't ever kiss the devil and then close your eyes
not even if you are scared or feel ever so slightly hypnotized.

Mark Heathcote

Start All Over Again

We'll take off all our clothes
clad only in faith and shadows
we will slip through the cracks
like a firefly, a crackling spark.
And at some point in the dark,
start all over again, first past the post.

I'll swing on the porch
watching an old friend
with a feeling of eternal healing
I'll watch a distant star
when the light filters far away,
I'll take off like a prairie dog once again.

Lovers, not just ghosts dressed in rags
we'll listen to a blackbird sing
will you be my friend, not just to please me?
But to decipher the beginning and the end
why does the river go straight, twist and bend
only to thaw when it has frozen.

Oh yes, we'll take off all our clothes
to warm ourselves naked once again
clad only in faith and shadows
we will slip through the cracks
like a firefly, a crackling spark.
And at some point in the dark,
start all over again, first past the post
lovers, not just ghosts.

A heart without lead-weights stones or hate
just a season ticket to continue
only to go straight, twist and bend
only to thaw when it has frozen
at some point in the dark,
like a firefly, a crackling spark
let us start all over again, join the rolling hills
and rumbling thunder in the valleys
as it shivers on down into living lightning flames.

Songs without words.

Mark Heathcote

Co-Founder

My heart is a Co-founder
on this here journey of love;
I've had investments turn sour
and sisters and children cuss
and father left without much fuss
but I didn't go bankrupt
though many times I nearly did
and even though I've been homeless
many more times than I want to reminisce
I found ways of banking and lending
that gave me back a little reimbursement
but the stake was always - always high
and when my stock fell
boy, did I want to cry,
that's when I wanted to die
it isn't easy being that broke,
broken-hearted and near destitute.

Mark Heathcote



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And It Is The Same For Us

Cattle approach smelling the air and licking their noses
And it is the same for us who know we're lost
We incline a hillock slowly with bells ringing loudly
And tails twitching flicking, away nuisance vexations,
Irritations the likes we've never encountered before
We snort and shiver, turning left to right
But on reaching the brow of the hill, we see fresh pastures
Rolling Meadows and are glad to be once more fear free.

Mark Heathcote



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If You Want To Fall In Love

Sobriety is a sin if you want to fall in love
First of all, you must get hopelessly drunk
Fall into the arms of your elusive lover
Without any sensibility, you must fall
And fall ever deeper; there is no questioning
The extent, the cost or even the longevity,
All you need to know is at some distant point
you'll become hopelessly, as they say, well-oiled,
drunk on love - proof one hundred per cent.

Mark Heathcote



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Jackdaws And Nightingales

What is intransigent today is the laughter of children
their noise fills the air like a humming factory
but tomorrow, I'll feel instantly quite differently
their voices will be like heavenly songbirds
and I will question these two separate reactions
with the same heart that experienced their fracas joys
like jackdaws one moment and nightingales the next.
And then my soul will perch on a fence
between two schools for extra legitimate balance.

or

And then my soul will perch on a fence between the two.

Mark Heathcote



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Go Ahead - Can I Cast More Light?

My heart it's been bankrupt for many days,
Many months to the point I've lost count
And yet now I lean on faith and not hope
sometimes more on one than the other.

But between these two, I pivotal swing
Pitying my life and questioning daily
Why, why do I continue to loot my soul
Of its future treasure, why do I yo-yo?

Feeling worthy and good: and the next
An empty vessel making nonsense noises
Anxiety is a constant companion,
It is a serpent coiling around my torso.

Crushing my heart, poisoning my dignity
I have felt penniless inside but a hunger
Converses with the shadows around me
And I say, go ahead - can I cast more light?

Mark Heathcote

Insufferable Orange

Whatever love is leftover, I'll take it, I thought.
I often waited despondent and uncomplaining
I'd tell myself this was all just bad timing, be patient.
She will show another side of herself, I'm sure,
I'm sure when all her daily chores are quite-done
and she has rested, I'll see a begrudging smile,
she'll spit on her apron and rub my face red raw.
And a warm hand will leave her dress pocket to comb my hair.
Eternal hope enters my cold desolate bedroom;
I was so happy my bed sheets were creaseless
and folded fittingly tight into the bottom corners
and smelt morning fresh; I felt proud of her diligence
and her tidy perceptiveness for stale army-like detail
and yet she painted my room a tangerine orange.
I'd watch the pigeons circling, grey on grey,
I was glad my banality was living life unloved in orange,
insufferable orange; like the sunflower stalk
dreams the sun is its only maternal mother.

Mark Heathcote



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Daisy Bates

Daisy Bates lived in the south in a small sawmill town, her poor mother, Millie Riley, was sadly murdered by white men who left her in a millpond at sundown. When Daisy was an infant 3yrs old being nurtured By her father, who was later to let her go? Her adoptive father told the disappointing truth no one pursued the matter, she being a negro the police didn't bother; they were of no use.

Daisy naturally wanted vengeance. She wanted-justice. Later wrote: My life now had a secret goal to find the men who'd done this evil; she felt haunted and-justly-she-wanted to punish this infidel. A man identified as one of her mother's killers, Daisy would seek the drunkard to stare into his eyes and belittle the man with her gaze sending shivers down his wretched spine. So I guess then it's no surprise-

The young man later pleaded with Daisy, 'In the name of God, please, leave me alone.' He drank himself to death, found in an alleyway, but that wasn't to be her fame. She'd battle inequalities with her every breath. Take on the dragons as editor of Arkansas State Press, Daisy became a Spokes Person for Civil Rights issues, contributing articles she foresaw-a day black and white kids would be free of the devil.

The preachers preaching segregation will lose their battle and common sense and justice, it'll succeed as it should. Her heart was filled with hate like a worm within an apple but she stopped the rot and improved her neighbourhood, and-furthermore a nation and all its loathsome backwoods by campaigning and helping make segregated schools illegal, she-was-singled-out for 'special treatment.' By men in hoods and two flaming crosses on her property were a prequel-

To more death threats from the KKK. At the base of the cross was scrawled: 'GO BACK TO AFRICA! KKK.' But thankfully-the fire was extinguished without further alarms

'In 1954, the Supreme Court ruled with little pageantry that all segregated schools were unconstitutional and now had to change. 'Bates died on November 4th,1999.'
She helped remove barriers and moved the unmoveable and was posthumously awarded the Medal of Freedom in 1999.'

Mark Heathcote

Every Lover

Every lover is longing-his-touch
like a startling cattle prod,
something mysterious
just out of reach with promises
always unfulfilled like the centre
of a ripe, juicy peach.

That is the deathly silence
of his loving affirmations
the sighs of an ocean in a conch shell
that has exposed, expressed
a ceaseless willingness
to love you them back, thankless.

Mark Heathcote



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Unwanted Memories

When unwanted memories
come to a stationary point in the track;
it's then you must imagine
you have paid your full fare your full whack,
and have already packed.
Thrown on board that old battered suitcase
with all its miscellaneous-tat
and waved it on its dreary way,
whilst you still sit lonesome looking on.
But in this smog-filled noisy station,
remember that this precious day
is also drifting on by and will also
soon enough be a long-gone distant memory.
So please don't waste any more treasured moments
regretting what's already distantly departed
it wasn't your destination,
all those other people had other places to be.
And although your tracks crossed
they're now on the side of some
bitter resentment, a deeply frozen becalmed sea
remembering-something-totally different
from you or me. Holding on to all that
waylaid miscellaneous-tat of
yesteryear and yesterday. Be as happy
as me knowing that their destination
will be forevermore-hopelessly looking back
while yours and mine are-spent-much-more-
favourably further on up an undisclosed track.

Mark Heathcote

My Siren

I recollect assisting all your delirious needs
your helpless cries on my knees
it was like holding a gaoled butterfly,
a moth fighting to be instantaneously free
but it was all smoke and mirrors
with a reach that went far beyond me.
And once cast aside like a chrysalis shell;
I, who was her accidental saviour,
she'd no further use for me.
Like a ship leaving the harbour, she anchored
just offshore, with bilge water leaking,
slowly, sinking fatal, she turned to me for help
only to further drown me before I finally broke free.

Mark Heathcote



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Flaws, You Just Can't Even In Due-Course-Fix

I love you, you're-so-fabulous
you darling, you are a footnote in the dirt, a goldmine
you're so chic even though what you wear is cheap
ultimately you're unique, a diamond
and what's so great is,
we were in love. And in total sync
even falling up the stairs to bed
when we'd both had too much to drink.
Because even diamonds, darling, have chinks,
flaws, you just can't even in due-course-fix.
Regrets are not just for those who are young,
regrets follow us all our days, I think.
But then again, these aren't regrets
but memories recollections,
written down in blood and ink.

Mark Heathcote



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Beasts Of Burden

In honest hands, your world is embalmed-in-sleep.
Stars are put to bed where beasts of burden weep
The shadow that lingered all day long behind
returns to its water lily roots maligned.

It's here there are cries men carry to their grave
that falls into a melancholy malaise.
And make-a-bad-marriage with toil until death,
that haunts his every waking strenuous breath.

Such days as these-were-spent as marketed cattle
The price of which wouldn't warrant a gavel
rendered in harmony or disharmony,
Such hungry mouths don't dislike impartially.

They may be loyal to a point but beware
Ah, every soul on Earth is extraordinaire.
Such brutes and creatures can take retribution
and so become learned in jurisprudence.

Mark Heathcote

Man's Best Friend

When I was a child, I had a Rough Collie dog
It visited pensioners on the council estate
And became an incredible friend and mate
Dogs are amazing; they-leave-me agog.

A dog can be taught-to-sniff-out coronavirus
And other-serious life-threatening ailments
Detect when an epileptic might-take-a seizure
And help arrest some no-good dodgy-geezer.

A police dog can be a courageous lifesaver
Between-rival football teams, a pacemaker
But the honey badger is the most fearless creature
It'll fight off much larger predators, a lion and a hyena.

A dog can be a loyal friend until the end
But can often be owned by some blockhead.
Such animals as these are a lifelong friend
So please, please don't bully or torment.

Remember all the good things they do
Remember, they are man's best friend
A dog is loyal; they'll stick to you like glue
They're not just a miniature Shih Tzu trend.

Mark Heathcote

Darling

I-too, don't want to wither like a rose
or deflate like a helium balloon
that's why I'm simply over the moon
that's why I again wish to disclose.

On this day and every Valentine's day
that I love the ground you walk on
you are amazing in-every-way
you've got the elegance and beauty of a swan.

And-have-also the same ageless longings
to discover a trustworthy mate for life
you are a morning star that is ever shadeless
in you, I have found a rare beauty, divine.

Comely as a red, red rose that never withers on the vine
may you be mine today and every Valentine's?

Mark Heathcote



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Saline Salt

If tears were made-up of only saline salt
I wouldn't cry a drop more.
Because I've cried enough and felt enough,
enough pain to want to cry no more.
But life has more pains than joys
so throw away all your churlish toys.
Because as soon as tomorrow comes
with wrinkled old age and sorrows by
the bucketful stored. You will be again
swashbuckling with your blunted swords
claiming everything is yours
even those raw red eyes with saline tears
you cried out long before you knew
what's-being-stored for you
and only you and your nearest and dearest.

Mark Heathcote



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Run Away And Hide In Clear Sight

Corridors and dungeons haunted our childish-ways
And rainbows and tears congealed into living flames
Oh, and we'd run and play with no one else to blame
And with arms outstretched, we'd fly like lunar aeroplanes
Oh, and do you remember hiding in clear sight
Counting backwards, guessing I'd just run away
And you could stay where we wouldn't have long left to play.

Attic rooms and musty cold, Victorian schools
Oh, do you remember your disgrace if you happened to laugh
Enjoy a moment when you weren't allowed to speak
Oh, and do you remember all your silly discourse
When you were happy as a dancing dragonfly
With clean linen off the clothesline
Exasperating parents, shouting stop-screaching, go to bed.

Leaden clocks like a hummingbird ticking in the shadows,
In the corner with shovel-pointed fingertips,
Whispering close your eyes one day you must die
But today, be an aeroplane and learn to fly.
But today, run away and hide in clear sight
Because life is a blessing and a rainbow
Tears can congeal into living flames tomorrow.

Mark Heathcote

Just Beyond Your Reach

When a succulent fruit
has ripened on a twisting bough
just beyond your reach are-you-willing
to risk life and limb on a bending branch?
Within fingertips reach your entire-future
for just one taste. For just one chance
that its flesh is ripe and just right.

When a succulent fruit
has ripened on a twisting bough
just beyond your reach are-you-willing
and ready to die for what is forbad
sure it might start the process of your healing
or it might make you go blind
and crazy as a bee but faithfully
it might just be the amber nectar for your heart and soul.

It might just be the amber nectar your heart and soul need.
Every risk is hard to gauge
High or low, we mustn't just surrender
Love is always worth the danger
When it is forbad, the desire is only greater
In the autumn, in the morning light
You'll see me clinging to a silver cloud
If you hear me fall, I won't cry too loud

When a succulent fruit
has ripened on a twisting bough
just beyond your reach are-you-willing
to risk life and limb on a bending branch?
And hold the sun as if it's just come out to play.
Are you willing to make omissions?
Go out on a limb and live again.

Mark Heathcote

Everywhere We Go

We carve out valleys and climb mountains
to touch the craters of the moon
hoping to sprinkle a flower or two,
or a little bit of gold dust.
But often, we are caught up in
the thickets of lust, greed and ego
blind-sided everywhere we go.
With tears advancing avalanching-
down like rocks everywhere we go.
Everywhere we go, instead of
trails of wondrous beauty,
we leave levelled fields of destruction
as barren as a moon crater; everywhere we go.
Wishing one day it-could-all be different.
It could all be more meaningful, even if it's
Short-lived and ethereal as the melting snow,
please let it snow now everywhere I go
everywhere I go
everywhere I go.
Where ever we go, let it snow.

Mark Heathcote

Not While You Have Got An Ounce Of Breath

The devil waits with barbed hooks, chains cast aside
He grows tired of each failed attempted suicide
He grows weary of his countless defeats
But still, he entices calls to you with endless deceits.

So don't-be-complacent he'll never forget you
He's just been a hairsbreadth away from you.
The sand in the time glass you can never again accrue.
Even now, when you sense, there is light all around you.
He's in touching distances with talons-inbound

Wake up! Don't sleepwalk, else you-might-just-drown
Wake up! He's been there don't-you-know
Wake up! He's been there don't-you-know
Since they picked up your heartbeat on that ultrasound
And he isn't playing around.

His breath is heady hot sulphur, ah, and alas-
Sadly his eyes are an unsympathetic black oily glass
That leaves you maudlin, wishing for an early death
But like a fly-in-a-web, you won't submit
Not while you have got an ounce of breath.

And a vault full of money, anyway someone tells me
What's his hurry? Doesn't he know I'm a love child?
Doesn't he know-I'm-cut-from the cloth of his fold and creed?
I was found, swaddled in a blanket in the snow, needing a feed
Next to a bottle of gin and a cut flower, no one could name.
And since I could talk, I've accepted my share of the blame.

So I'll never-be-complacent he'll never forget me.
He's been just a hairsbreadth away from me since I was a seed.

Mark Heathcote

The Lady Of The Lake

Over the crescent wall of Booths mere lake
Fulsome, morning rises from sleep to wake.
With a Eucharist ringing of holy bells
Soulless grey, unmoving, icy-waters
Saturate with deaths chained, daughters.
Holds firm its eerie, smoggy smells
Its haunted waters still give rise
To moonlit secrets of surprise
That ghostly chomp at the water's edge
That's when the lady of the lake
She rises from sleep to wake.
From bulrush and blanket sedge
Where other's spirits have sort to fly
The distant milk herds bellowing cry.
'Walk for work or die.'

Mark Heathcote



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Time Sifts Through An Hourglass

Time sifts through an hourglass
Her chains lock the heart; alas
Eternity weeps in hope
All lovers tread a tightrope
The cradle of that long, goodbye.
Each month, one last numbered July
One less red promise rose
One less yield of windrows
All life sifts from the moving shadow.
The baritone cries alto
Such pain is the lover's death
Such the non-existent breath;
In the hearts cruel echoes—past
Such an empty soul's bombast
To die devoid of the knowledge
Evergreen, soul's leafage
The largo-music of the harp,
The heavens--ever--heavenly.

Mark Heathcote



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So Pale And Hurtfully Prissy

Why does she come shadow dancing up my spine?
Doesn't she realize I've served a necromancer's time?
Melancholy is a thistle, a rose garland in black holy
her love a so-called red beating heart, a coulee,
a furnace, a kiln, a blue broach of cracked enamel:
Why doesn't she sliver like a feline fox, mindful?
Into that toothless-fearless smiling dead cemetery
who is she to be so pale and hurtfully prissy?
God only deny me the light to slay this shadow
the strength to live and breathe again tomorrow.

Mark Heathcote



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Vow-An-Eternity Of Her Fleshes Grief

Oh, beauty bleared by aroma-sweet.
In jasmine-tinctured air do-I-replete
to take my lover's heart like a thief
vow-an-eternity of her fleshes grief?

Mark Heathcote



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Flowers On A Broken Wall

Flowers on a broken wall
are the emblems of us all?
they shine so high
and pilfer low
with the tears of others
whilst they grow
buildings holler work!
Toil in the dirt
tomorrows always flowering
sleep is always clamouring
like a climbing rose.

This is-the-way
the daylight gardener knows
watching the robin
through his red scarlet robes
scrambling for worms
like a whirlwind-hungry cyclone
in a jostle of comings and goings
this is-the-way
we travel to work
this is-the-way
we travel home
sitting on busses blissfully alone
like the fading wallflower of sunset gold
watching ourselves grow old.

Mark Heathcote

These Words I Write Sock

The webs of time
Can't-span this loneliness
I feel in my heart
In this emptiness
-of my mind
Each night it grows dark.

The webs of time
Can't-cocoon this feeling
When pillow talk
Is-no-longer soothing
It's time to clear my mind
And just-start walking.

What use are velvet wings
If, like a bat, the night clings
What use is a bowl of flowers?
When it's over.

Cut my wrists
Drink till I wake up sober
Love is all about being
A tin soldier.

Oh, all those old fairy tales
Written in another epoch
These words I write sock.
Haven't longer got a heart
Haven't longer got sails
Like Anne Berlin, I-too-depart
Wounded, word silent
Behead, bleeding pageant.

Mark Heathcote



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The Calligraphy Of Your Hands

The calligraphy of your hands soothes my aches and pains
I am transported - at once to tranquil waters.
The rushing of life is no more,
I am the emulsions of a moon moth dancing,
flapping its wings in waves of musical dust.
I am the small steps sediments make gazing up at the stars
taking my rightful place in the universe, the cosmos.
I am the first time, a rounded pearl without imperfections
took shape, closing my eyes, I am at peace
on this branch of darkness
unfolding-into-a-wonderful magnolia flower, sensing
the honey in the hive as a form of collective dew.
I must become sweet-and-cloying. The taste of this honey
that is now wrapping itself around my tongue
in whispers, only a divine-tuning folk can harmonically speak.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Marketed Cattle

In honest hands, our's a world embalmed in sleep.
Stars are put-to-bed where beasts of burden weep
The shadow that lingered all day long behind
returns to its water lily roots maligned.

It's here there are cries men carry to their grave
that falls into a melancholy malaise.
And make-a-bad-marriage with toil until death,
that haunts his every waking strenuous breath.

Such days as these-were-spent-as marketed cattle
The price of which wouldn't warrant a gavel
rendered in harmony or disharmony,
Such hungry mouths don't dislike impartially.

They may be loyal to a point but beware
Ah, every soul on Earth is extraordinaire.
Such brutes and creatures can take retribution
and so become learned in jurisprudence.

Mark Heathcote

I Conceptualize

I have wandered lonely paths
in search of my salvation.
I have entered woodland tracks
in stealth for affirmation.

I have looked into your eyes
and disappeared in a fog.
Love, I conceptualize
my footprints are a travelogue.

Leave worn paths serpent winding
that has entered a meadow
like a damselfly winging,
music, singing falsetto.

I am, indulged by-a-light
that's blinding and yet healing
it gives me courage tonight
sufficient, I'm cartwheeling.

I'm a caught fish on a line
I'm a sea pearl that's known
more dark blind alleys, algae-
dark tow paths dated predawn.

Than any man can remember
but I wake up each morning
earlier and earlier, a dissenter
or happier, still non-conforming.

Love, I conceptualize
my footprints are a travelogue
where we both rubbed thighs
and were equally hypnotised.
By just gazing into each other's eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Guernica

Guernica is a palace brought to ruins
a plough of violence where chaos reigns
here let us be under no illusions
pain and destruction likewise have no gains.
A child slain lays dead in its mother's arms
a haemorrhaging horse outward bleeds gored.
Disturbing images are like thunderstorms
they are ruthless disasters untoward.
That won't make you laugh that'll-make you cry.
There's a-dismembered soldier, a mother
crying, and it's nothing like a lullaby
it's a canvas of life in the gutter
under a spotlight of disaster that might
in some near future gallery, shine bright.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Makes Allowances

I tell myself not to stop,
not to look back, not to forgive
I tell myself I am better than all this.
I am worth much, much more.
And then my heart starts sobbing
like a child behind a locked door.
And I'm-hopeless-to-explore, why
she-dumped-me, sure I made mistakes;
the first was letting her in. But there
were nights I'd revisit if only I could,
nights in the bathtub before one
or the other pulled the bath plug.
Sure, she made mistakes too,
but I'm damned if I remember;
now we've fixed a dinner date.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Japanese Haiku

a cash register
of acorns gold spill my way
abundance untold

I hear loud wind chimes
and footsteps running wildly
torrential rainfall

thunder and lightning
diagonal like the wind
moving chess pieces

the moon is oval
In a layer of black film
upside down a swan

ageing gingerly
a house like a cracked walnut
two palms cup the moon

evil loitering
ceramic plates broken
wedded-bliss is this

the setting sun blinds
whist tears well up in my eyes
a lovers hand guides

a whirling dancer
tomorrow man-the-wickets
today catch-and-throw

a maple leaf whirls
while some chill hand-unseen paints
golden horizons

dances on water
the sun and the moon explore
separated shores

tissue paper pink
weeping - cries no one loves me
that old chestnut tree

Orange flames cartwheel
These trees they're all on fire
Autumnal beacons

How breathtakingly
these forest shadows descend
silhouette - gold banks

A king rakes his lawn
spent jewels crown his forehead
royalty golden

koi in the rice field
sense the equinox coming
a pan-fried sun

an oval moon glides
In a layer of thin cloud
a swan upside down

Mark Heathcote

When Darkness Is All Around

I fumble for the light switch
when darkness is all around
ghostly, I'm not muscle-bound
I take on flesh; I'm in my niche.

When darling, you hold my hand
I'm-no-longer-mislaid trembling
in quicksand, unsteady, sinking
I-find-love, I thought contraband.

I feel sunlight on my coarse face
I sense a purpose to proceed
in light or the dark; concede-
I won't, not while I feel safe.

Not while an allusive light is on
and it's shining-on-me full beam
not while I'm living the dream
recalling all wasn't an allusion.

Mark Heathcote

Be My Fairy Tale

Come, darling; let us make some history,
Come, darling, you're already kismet calling to me
Fates have been kind, but it's bound to turn ugly for us
Because I'm too egotistical and proud, you see
I'm nickel gold plated
I'm all for myself
But darling it's-only that I am young
And I am swimming against an estuary tide
full of sharks hungry, basking by my side.

Come, darling; let us make some history,
Come, darling, you're already kismet calling to me
And like a suicidal fool, I'm running to you
Believing everything will be bright and heavenly outside
While the moon and the stars are hiding
Like lost assets buried at sea
But darling it's-only that I am sailor-of-the-bars
Falling off barroom stools
That I've learned to let love in and harbour.

Come, darling, lower your braids and leave your tower
Come, darling - be my fairy tale
Fates have been kind, but it's bound to turn ugly,
Darling, do you love me, and the anarchist in my soul
Groaning for one more drink,
One more quart of whisky,
And a girl with demons eyes hissing,
Shouts throw him in the snow and let him freeze;
He isn't worth a kind word or your charity.

But that's when he cries darling won't you marry me
Darling, you're the one, the only one for me.
Come, darling, lower your braids and leave your tower
Come, darling - be my fairy tale
Come, come my way
And be my reward in all this living hell.

Mark Heathcote

Someone Is Hitting A Replica Piñata Of Me

Somewhere, someone is praying to an unknown entity
for guidance and some kind-of good versus evil parity
living on Bottleneck highway facing Death Avenue
with a sixth sense; they-too once knew Michelangelo,
they turpentine his brushes and posed in the nude
lying cumbersome, they were gazing up at the ceiling
of the Sistine Chapel when out of some fiery blue clouds
appeared the devil, and he too had on no-garbed apparel
and like a petulant child tore up a scarlet red rose tree;
said, he who doesn't believe in me,
will in petal wilt and fire burn,
he who doesn't appreciate my apparitions
they shall experience horrors beyond their limited imagination.
They shall be gargoyles sleeping on every street corner
and like a cankerous apple, their fruit will rot year-on-year
for in truth, opposites always appear when you pray,
when praying to an unknown entity to rescue the day.
But in truth, don't believe a single word you say.
I hear a loud clatter and feel my heart leap and think
somewhere, someone is hitting a replica piñata of me
it must be where all the ghouls of my life hang out.
But then, looking back in the mirror, I see only myself.

Mark Heathcote

Parlay And Pay

Doors that need their hinges fixed and silenced
are restless, flea-bit dogs with muzzled growls?
Till on the porch, the neighbourhood wolfhounds
land dressed as werewolves; through an eyelet
peeping, garbed as vampires, some are moaning.
And are the living dead that's left their graves,
thus we answer with sharpened wooden staves,
to slay them before their decomposing
can go any further, but these zombies
are laughing as we muster the courage
to parlay and avert any carnage,
offering silver, chocolate smarties
they fill their eager palms and wave goodbye
till next year, close your doors and fortify.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Thirst, A Fire Will Set Upon You

A thirst, a fire will set upon you
If you don't walk this desert to an oasis.
A potion He will cast upon you
hypnotised by His opal-blue eyes.
A hunger-starving, ravenously thin
hands you-a-ladle big as the moon
partake of all that is around you.
Complaining thoughts shouldn't I be in school?
But such intoxication is in a rose
its thorns can't easily disguise.
They have cat-like claws teasing wool
that wool will make a warm fur coat.
You will come to wear it in midwinter
and it will not be heavy or light
but it will fit you perfectly, snug by day
or by night during either sun or moonlit.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All In A Day's Work

The cook is in the kitchen drinking; let us reflect why
Why is there no wine or brandy in his Sunday sauce?
Why is the tavern empty; where did all the people go?
The cook is in the kitchen drinking; let us reveal why
Why is the guard dog howling; where-does-that cat slink off?
Why have all his loyal patrons gone home to their wives
The cook is in the kitchen drinking, sharpening his knives.

He's raucous in his wild singing, loud as anyone can be
He's sautéed some liver and steak mushrooms.
And is dancing on a barstool, uninhibited, angelically free
He's been and done the fandango on the cobblestones
With every fair maiden that's walked through the door
So everything is now tiresome, and an awful-monotone bore
All said and done, folks; he just forgot to lock up and go home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Keeping It Fresh

There'll be a reflection tomorrow in those eyes
searching, asking do you remember me?
Do you remember me as-I-use to be?
Or how I am today,
please be honest darling, do kiss-and-tell.
Much has changed; we have both grown older.
But our love isn't a parody or a Broadway show
darling-don't-give me those sad puppy dog eyes
darling-don't-huff or tut-tut in my face
darling-don't-give me the cold shoulder
after all, after-so-many years of sacrifice
don't you think we should have sorted all this stuff out
don't I deserve more than a-terse-word or two?
Don't I deserve more than-a-blank expression?
Where's the romance, and where's the passion gone
darling, don't look away hear what I have to say
Darling, darling happy April fool's day!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sorceress

What is all this noise and incantation?
Is this sorceress a test of temptation?
Her lips are sweet her looks are chill
What inhibited beauty she inhabits still
Lord, pluck out my eyes; I care less
If insipidly her looks, they're lesser blest.

Her body is a lyre I must play.
The need is urgent; send my valet away
For from here now on, my verse is hers
My songs, all but one; are foul and terse
Her music has cast a spell on me, yet
And not a note misplayed or a fret.

Her heavenly orbs blindfold is-well-kept
Keep my arms around any other transept
An enchantress of times gone by
Only in death will heart and soul detoxify
Such charms as these be not heaven made
I've dined with the devil; now I'm enslaved.

Mark Heathcote

The Colour Of Early Spring

I have on the colour of early spring
A green raspberry that won't just burst or ping
I am a rosebud-my-mama would sing
And if you listen, carefully
A song thrush binds a twig with the wind
And a serpent drops her serpent armour
But is no less a sneak, a cheat, a liar
But even so, all the traitors love her.

I have on the colour of early spring
Sure as mint green hostas attract vine weevils
And are eaten by deer, rabbits and slugs
I am exclusively only yours
And if you love me, you will hover like a kingfisher on the wing
Because moreover, I'm not yet, ready-for-opening
I'm not the village bike
Or a turnpike you can later hate with compensating spite.

I have on the colour of early spring
I am a rose-bud-my mama would sing
I'm not a roll in the clover.
I am a Green Hairstreak butterfly.
All you male butterflies can spiral away in flight
Because I'm not ready for egg laying
And anyways I've chosen my mate
But he doesn't know he's already 2hrs late.

Mark Heathcote

Heart Of Gold

I heard you say I've got a heart of gold
I've got a choir and a chorus born of angels
Making crop circles in the corn, praying to Jesus
I heard you say you've got a heart of flying cinders
And one day, its flame is going to consume my desires
I heard you say I'm-so-bright and shiny men look away
In the twining smoke by the old weeping willow tree
Their tears taste salty but not as briny as the sea
I heard you say forge me a gold wedding ring
I heard you say I'm so bright and shiny men look away
But darling, not me! Not me today!
I'll take a bite of your ripe sunshine smile tonight
Because I'm plum stir-crazy about you
Because I'm in love with you
Lord, knows what I'll even do without you.
Girl, I heard you say I've got a heart of gold
I've got a choir and a chorus born of angels
Making crop circles in the corn, praying-to-Jesus
Well-I'm-not Jesus, but I'll make my life
A sacrifice if-you'd-be-my loving, faithful wife.

Mark Heathcote

He Is An Island In The Snow

He is an island in the snow
warming his final winter in heavy boots
with his back now to the coal fire
stamping his feet like a steam engine
with puffs of pipe tobacco smoke.
He is at the final station at the terminus
but his baying stock needs milking
today he'll drag his last bale of rotting hay.
The Firebrats will perform their ritual
morning acrobats as the cinders turn cold in the grate.
And the milk churns buttery gold
turn equally to mould, the cockerel-will cry.
The dog will bark, and his stoic sobbing wife,
his cherished wife will wave goodbye,
it will be one final last farewell
to all the decades of self-sacrifice gone before.

A dedication to farmer Colin Darbyshire, Blackhill Farm and others of the same ilk.

Mark Heathcote

Else The Devil Would Have Eaten Him

God, indeed is walking in his shoes today
his shoulders look like flying buttress
his gaze as solemn as a bullet's ricochet
but joyful as a cat with cutlass claws
he is a bounder that won't take any nonsense
he is an evil fiend let's-say-it plain
he lives by his wits, knocking on prison doors
he'll sell you dishwater like it were champagne
and leads your daughters astray to a foreign terrain.

God, indeed is walking in his shoes today
else the devil would have eaten him for breakfast
and spread him out like thick-cut marmalade.
He wears all the best sport clothing brands
that money can buy, he doesn't have plans for the future.
But knows one day he too will eventually die
his aim is to sleaze his way into your heart and mind
and when finished, washed up completely
he'll say it was you, lord, that led him awry into the dark.

Mark Heathcote

There Is A Cove Into Which I Plunge

I am attracted to the water that calls me
to either sink or swim,
I am attracted to echoes in the darkness
that whisper there's yet more personable beauty within
and to the edge of one of the Seven Sisters
that utters-leap with your soul and sing
for your heart is a feather, you must fling
if it is ever to unhinge and find wings
for its cumbersome languishing arms.
There is a cove into which I plunge myself
fearful of both fall and flight
but in your arms, my darling, tonight!
I'll happily fall, I'll happily drown, and I'll happily
take flight and know everything is alright.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am What You See

Why should I disappoint so many displaced people and return?
I'm not a worm that you can cut in half and grow two heads
I am what you see, and clearly, if this displeases you.
And many others then rightly so I should leave?

There are many gardens with genteel neighbouring flowers
that need little or no further horse manure.
And if it is your wish to grow with brambles and thorns,
who am I should ignore the star that adorns them one and all?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Coils Of Spent Gold

Your hair was a scarlet bowl of living fire
A fruit bowl that ripened tomorrow's sun
It spun flames that ripped through a man's ribs
and nestled in coils of spent gold. It hissed of desire
but then cooled into a forbidden moonlight,
hidden behind veils of distant - unknown starlight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Freefalling

Was it necessary to hold me back mid-dive?
Now that time has elapsed, all meaning has gone.
But I'm still beyond any point of clinging on
I'm freefalling like a rock thrown into a pond.

Was it necessary to lead me on and then run?
Cold feet don't make a splash, but they do know
how to turnabout and dash.
I guess, in the end - I-meant-little-more than trash.

Should I fall now, no one will hear the splash
I could somersault and win the Olympics
but the scoreboard will only show a big fat zero
where once our love was an inferno
now I feel a hand on my back sub-zero.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Other Will Do For Me

Tears are making clearings in the woods.
A forest of tissues is laid to waste.
There are clouds like two ships waiting,
but now, one is steering speedily away.
While the other must stay and yearn empty, sails lift again.
But all I know is I must one day dry my eyes.
Sow-a-new tomorrow and plough
a new coarse to where nothing but hungry gulls cry.
Where nothing but crows and sparrow hawks flock, flying to feed.
Oh, batten-down-the-hatches, there are only enough ravenous reserves left for
me.
Me who no longer wants to voyage this stormy restless sea.
Now that I have sailed with you, no other will do for me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Fool's Love

A fool's love, a fool's love is what you are.
Oh, I've got tiny blisters from all your kisses.
Oh, I've got damage you, only fumble on
when I cry in the night and lie that I'm alright.
A fool's love is what you are. Possessed am I
for sure, far from being saved
I'm a willing sacrifice, kissed in the ebony dark
with a broken heart. Every day I hear a harbour bell
warning me; there's a dangerous sea
I want to swim deeper into your eyes, your arms
ever deeper and drown, never to breathe again.
A fool's love without mercy is what I want
because I don't need a friend, I-just-need you,
like-I-need some basic provisions I-don't-need
locks and keys and walls that are just prisons
without parameters that lead me
back to the dangers of you. Oh, you might not
even-be-real, but I'm wilting milkweed in your arms.
It doesn't matter if you've no
Heart-shaped rose bowl vase
I am more than happy to-shrivel
In these shared organs breathing, kissing
Remembering all we've been to each other
and all we've ever done.

Mark Heathcote

Call Me Mine

Call me mine

I can nearly reach the sky

Oh, I can nearly touch-the-stars

Call me mine

Oh, tell me I'm from another world

Tell me I'm not just any other girl. Tell me I'm for you.

Call me mine

Shout it with pride

Let all other fires expire because I've got you

Call me mine

And smile like a quarter moon when it's-dark-and-I's with you. Breaking all-the-normal-rules

Call me mine

And I'll cherish you like gold

Call me mine

And I'll take a chance on you too.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where She Wrote Songs Of Scarlet Maples

My daughter embraced the autumn ahead of winter
that brought out in me only melancholy,
a crushing fear that at times would be shared in equal parts
of that season of loss - of self-control and delirium
when everything like the autumnal leaves unravelled
and unrolled. And all the woodland creatures
went missing into their burrows and keyless
dungeon holes, but where she wrote songs of scarlet maples
I would drown in anxiety like a child
without a nursemaid, without a mother - drowning, I would each
year return to spring and summer swimming my backstroke.
But my daughter dived into her scarlet maple leaves
ever forward so deep one autumn, never to be rediscovered
in search of a spring, a Father's love that wasn't mine to give.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When It Was What It Once Was

Do you love what once was?
Because you couldn't have had it at the time
when it was what it once was
Like a woman of class and reputable beauty;
if so, don't get me wrong I just-think
you-should-treasure her more than
you or she could ever have at the time
she first gazed into your eyes
and washed you offshore
never to feel Tera Firma again anymore.
If you are love, loving, what once was
how can you be sure you won't be
the first to leave because you've always lied?
And after a negative vibe just sat and openly cried.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Light Years Ago

Ah, where does the time go, my daughter?
Now that I am a grandfather
you are supporting me, cradling me
where would I be without you; I wonder.
Where would I be - without my beautiful daughter?
I remember, light years ago
like it was yesterday,
picking cradle-cap off your head
looking at your jaundice face and thinking
how blessed am I to hold you
how blessed-am-I-for knowing you?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Walk On Water

Your fears and failures are just stepping stones
over not-so tranquil waters.

These are where you have frozen fearing your next step.
Turn around and see the shoreline you have already left
and look how far behind you it now is.

It is a distant memory in the twilight of yesterday
and what leaps and bounds you have made.

Yes, mistakes were plentiful but you
overcame every obstacle to be where you are today
and tomorrow you'll feel for a moment

you can walk on water and everything
is within your grasp and that anything is possible.

You'll see the only hand-up you ever needed to clasp
was already inside of you. It has guided you
not in order it may abandon you. But in order always to catch you
whatever you do. There is ballast in your heart and soul
that'll carry you above almost anything and all you need to do
is put one foot in front of another and believe you are blest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Imaginary Trick Of The Mind

I am only a shadow of light
a syrupy dewdrop waiting to fall
suspended for a moment;
a rainbow on its journey
where two ends never meet
but if you blink, there are no loose ends at all.
There never was a rainbow
it was all an imaginary trick of the mind.
Trying its best to fathom light-years on
one thought following another
since the dawning of time anon - anon - anon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Evening Star

Lover, my love, my heart is but a punctured boat,
a boat I have managed to oar
and anchor almost single-handedly towards a distant shore.
It has rested in the moonlight, dreaming these many nights
Asking, when will it sink further into this eternal darkness
when will it vanish unheard of and unknown, completely
It has rested in the moonlight dreaming of-fatalistic-pleasures.
In reflection, it remembers an angelic face
when the sun shone sweetly and burned like Spanish gold
it was not just grief in the shadows turned joyous
it was a resurrection of sorts even for me
it was a lulling incense spiralling burning heavenly
but even now, my heart keeps on slipping-back-restless
to the pull of that black sucking mud and the reeds,
the reeds that sang of death, mud that smelt of tar and blood
this love of mine was as wan as a pale moon,
she freed my anchor and pushed me far offshore.
I'd venture to say she scuttled my boat long before she boarded
I'd venture to say she broke my heart, punctured my boat,
long before I-or-she were even born.
And when I die, it's to her suffused smiling face,
not in the moonlight, but in
sunlight, I'll sail and sink, apace
and burn like an evening star.

Mark Heathcote

Listen For A Piece Of Better Music

This-is-a song-of-sorrows past
singing the same tune,
the same sour notes
The same mournful restless melody,
hoping this time, it will somehow
stay and become your final last dance.

This old music sheet is dead in its ashes.
It needs a lot of kindling, but don't
support its useless noise.
As hard as it is to believe
the sound settings are yours to control.

Sometimes you must plug cotton wads into your ears.
You must set these sirens moaning off course.
And listen for a piece of better music
living in the moment like mornings birdsong.
The warblings of a blackbird trilling love alarms.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Her Dearly Departed Footsteps

Suffused in farewell mists by the river Dee,
the Queen has ventured out to walk the snowfields
alone, far beyond Balmoral Castle one last time,
one last morra, and there shortly after the next
she'll-depart-these her well-loved Scottish glens
like so many a rare red bushy-tailed squirrel.
And the world that she cheered and warmed
many centuries hence shall be hushed - hushed
into a shocked silence, petrified as she leaves
the stone steps of her throne, sullen and icy cold.

As her footsteps, leave-us-all, solemnly-behind
we see the rabble and the gentry huntsman bowing
their-lowly-heads in kind. Our noble Queen
has trodden a path that has never frozen,
wavered or forked her pristine footprints
never stumbled, never soiled stained-the-ground
they a tightrope walked. They melt away still pristine
from-us-now one and all. As tears like suspended-
tiaras earnestly heartfelt fall. Her hounds are
heard-baying - howling frantically in the grand hall.

Now her walking cane isn't needed anymore
Now that the mantle of her crown
courts another-rightful son and heir.

Now she waves goodbye with a regal wave of
her royal hand. And all her subject's remarks
she-ruled-our-land with grace and dignity
that no other could likewise command.
Your Majesty, we loved you dearly and would all
take an oath on the stand and there proclaim
she loved all her people, all her subjects
in equal proportions, living in however many distant lands.
God, Save the Queen and God-guides-all-of-mankind,
humankind in her dearly departed footsteps.

Mark Heathcote

Desert Sands

Desert sands are-whipped-up-into storms
but where they'll come to rest
that could be a thousand miles from
where they once previously came to rest
just-like-us they can get hot and bothered
but they are directly a part of this earth
just the same as us. Sometimes we're blest
transformed into a bell jar glass or a fragment,
a sword, a shard thrust dagger embedded
in a living-breathing heart. A burning inferno
inside someone feeling hurt and
internally scared, but please don't entertain
becoming a desert instead cradle and
comfort every buzzard and camel snake
and scorpion of the sand because in the end
they're not that much different from you and me.
Who-were-expelled from the Garden of Eden
but-not-expelled from love? So why don't you
lay a little stardust on me, my fallen star, my love
and later on, we'll mingle in the dew and
form our very own millpond oasis, dream kissed.

Mark Heathcote

An Hour Of Eternity

She gave no negative charge or effects
only happy exchanges with me.
But sometimes she would fall, like misty
teardrops on my soul and trickled into my heart,
it's then she rose and took fire in my mind.
And I would wish away all my time
to spend an hour of eternity with her
and her alone, sure, there would be dark days
and nights, but mostly it would be mostly
starlight and sunlight all our days and nights,
watching how she glows. Love was like
an effervescent rose that never lost any lustre or hue
and never-faded-ever. Oh, my heart needs gravity
it needs the ground and a straight road ahead.
It needs you. I don't mean to be subservient,
but I've no choice but to follow my sun, my love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Tree Aglow The Dark Extreme.

Without love in the world
all dreams and aspirations
would be Braille, knurled
silent blotted passions.

Just as trees in the night
rangy on swords of truth
graven in a shade turbid
in a bed, shaking for light.

Furtive-sun dazzled spiders
tremble in emptiness?
Illusionists and conjures
enticed into webs of madness.

A pandemonium - a malady
a weakness or a Jealousy
but this too is a boundary
a need for all things, sassy.

Yes, our world needs love
the aspiration of a dream
but let its voice be as above
a tree aglow the dark extreme.

Mark Heathcote

For Nature's Courtly Lustful Ways

Nature is diverse and reckless
but you've chastened its mean voice
you've strung it on a pearl necklace
that hangs on a bated breath by choice.

For nature's courtly lustful ways
I'd inadvertently be sinful to lure
your eternal wonton praise
to lure-inertly you're pure
angelic passionate gaze.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Harps And Unicorns

With a heart of heaven
And a soul of love
I feel I'm a party
To an angel above

Hearing harps and unicorns in the sea wind
Canter and chortle across the stony cliffs
Hearing the beat of the wing of a bee
Where the purple heather bell tolls and flings

Here do I breathe the air in a flower
That's in my love most-sweet every-hour
Here where the storm has a ribbon of light
Here will I lie like an armoured knight

Plashing eagle claws in the heart of love
Till there are no more birds of prey
Or ignoble Knights lances to bar my way
But only the one sweet dove of love
That heartache born of motherhood
That infant of my future blood

Oh—with a heart of heaven
And a soul of love—oh
With a soul of light—oh
Oh—with a heart of heaven
And a soul of light
I feel I'm a party
With a god-fearing angel tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Just Another Cliché

Outside my window this Sunday
it has been a beautiful spring day,
marshmallow snowdrops bewitched
have fallen drifted every way,
on shrubs and trees, they're
handpicked flowers for a bridal bouquet.
But by mid-noonday, she and they
had played out their quiet ballet
and climbed back away above
the clouds along a spiral stairway.
From whence they came, hooray,
hurrah, hurray, they're gone again.
Was it all just another day, just another cliché?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Infusions Of Love

Cambered moments in my spine
goosebumps on neck and nipple
hot breath, a taste of pepper vine
sins-and-lusts-are-measured in sextuples.

Lest I love you that little bit less
take off your robe and undress
bare your heart and soul thereof
supplant your infusions of love.
Thereof-thereof-thereof
she said let us not transgress,

Lest I love you that little bit less
hold me in your arms-caress
I'm not aloof like Catherine Deneuve
I want additional infusions of love.

Neglectful of the world thereof,
thereof-thereof-thereof
the likes of
undreamed of
we go together, hand and glove.

Mark Heathcote

A Call Of Innocence

A call of innocence holds my breath blest
Like a starling in her warm spring nest
What was it in that instance of peaceful rest?
Beating like a wing in the heart of my breast

Church bells peel a blissful summer yearning
Mayflies flit along a rainbows beam of light
As a fearful hare takes leave in statue-flight
Pheasants leap with eyes still cartridge-burning

Calf's cartwheel dance taunts the lolling of steers
Wasps dizzy dewed in a foxgloves rainstorm shower
Toad's belly, white on goblets of fallen elderflower
Shrew's run-relay back and forth green barley ears

As we swank along these lush ancient green baths
Stigmata's of yellow light pierce the wetland grass
Marigold's cusp souls in a pastoral bell jar of glass
Raindrops glittering, alight the sun-swathed paths.

That laughs at all these fallen empires earth bred
Earth-fed, earthly-minded, earthly sheltered
Earth-created, earth-hearted, earth coloured
In man's footprints, pestilent concrete trampled
What did I see, I do not know?
A call of innocence, I guess so.

Mark Heathcote

Loves Superhighway

Pain should be-left-on the hard shoulder of life
new chapters open, the page to a sunlit highway.
You've got this gear change, the experience to live
at breakneck speed limits on a superhighway,
steering your own heart and soul
you've-got-the-quietude of a calming byway
to bring it all onwards lovingly home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Winters Echo Sweeps Her Off Her Feet

Till Elysium streams of moonlight
cometh an angel's translucent kiss
tremble I moth-like in her starlit abyss
reticent of dawn's precocious sunlight
eclipsing her fragile pale haunted lips.

I spy her footsteps dancing each-in-each
tender tip-toe meetings ghostly impeach
our heartbeats whispered wanton dance
moonlit fires of quenching dewy romance.

But it then engulfs her prelude sleep
winters echo sweeps her off her feet
as snow and ice-like sister meet
it's then-I-omit, a cold defeat.

For the curve of her spine
is a serpent mine?
That I've kissed to the sorrow
bone and marrow.

Truth in the hope of securing
the loosening, moorings
of our souls
bound-together in
her own Dead Sea scrolls.

Mark Heathcote

Send Me Her Ribbons

Send me her ribbons, bows and flowers
send me her notebooks and daily powers
what an angel, her would-be voice
who-out-of-the-wilderness called for rejoicing.
hidden like a jewel in a lifetimes heart
was an immortal poetess-of-meaningful art?
shining now like a beacon sun
is forever, Emily Dickinson.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Word-Of-Water

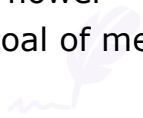
Word-of-water
leaf and stem
river and flower
the charcoal of men.

Smooth like pebbles
in a pattern of stone
granite and marble
muscle and bone.

Steel and fire
ice and rain
carved in history
again and again,

In word-of-water
leaf and stem
river and flower
the charcoal of men.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When A Savage Sings

Poetry is in the heart of misery
because when a savage sings
she hears death's alluring wings
subdividing the savagery
in all but immortal things.

As savagery procures a song
of bread and wine
of milk-dew webs of time
what matter her music's throng
her idle songs rhyme.

What matter the molten breath,
her first uttered words of death,
what matter those alluring wings
of earthly abject things
if a god in heaven sings.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Promise Of The East

Peace is like a radiant star
shining so distant and ever so far.

Light a candle in your heart
through the wastelands of the dark
you're forever in its light
like an arrow pierces the night
it's a shepherd's lonely fight
to be righteous and be right
like-the-lamb against the beast
a blazing star shines for peace
and it's shining there for you
like the frozen morning dew.

Like the wise men heading east
it's in your heart to find peace
it's in your heart to find peace
it's in your heart to be released
to-find-the-promise of the east.

Oh, rare in wonder
loud as thunder
light a candle in your heart
through its glory, pierce the dark
like a white dove
you must find love
in your heart.

Peace and glory
what a story
is your soul,
is your soul?

Mark Heathcote

Can I Bask In The Meadow?

Can I bask in the meadow
of her sunlit shade
breathe in the musk tomorrow
that holds her golden name.

Can I walk in her garden?
Along her interwoven rivers of pain,
where the surface of a woodland
mark's a hollow-earthen grave.

Can I fly and hoot like an owl
beneath lichen star-lightened eaves
till the clawing hands of ancient-winters
claw back the remainder of her red rowan leaves.

Can I kneel at that altar?
The alter of her voice
when all but the darkling, wilderness, calls-
will our hearts echo? Rejoice-rejoice-rejoice.

Mark Heathcote

How Royally Avant-Garde Am I?

Don't tell me it isn't so—
as if I needn't ever know?

There's a peahen at the centre
of every pert-peacocks breast
who preempts a secret willingness
to sit upon a feathered nest.

Don't tell me it isn't so—
as if I needn't ever know?

She'll be his north and south
-his east and west
but as soon as
the pendulum begins its full
swing-slowing turn into rest.

He'll be off-off like a songbird
with his soul soaring high.
Off singing like a hummingbird
how royally Avant-garde am I?

Mark Heathcote

Anne Frank

Anne Frank, your smile was wide
So to those eyes of life
That kindled into fame
Words of living, flame.

Make-believe was-it-more real
Then dreams consigned to sleep
Kitty is a friend for all to keep
When in the clutches of horrors, care.

War and attrition, outcast and caged
Hiding with little room to breathe
But still, your agile mind weaved
A spell to capture an age.

Remembered after death as a symbol
Of the millions tortured and killed
For a wonderful diary
A treasured icon.

Mark Heathcote

English Rose

O, where roam I my English rose
But to your bed where I depose
In dying bloom and sleepless rest
Upon your lily-white breast
To do my unholy, unearthly, best

O, where does the eagle nest
But on at the farthest edge
Of the highest mountain ledge
With wings shining fluoresced
By a true hearts pledge.

O, why does the toreador kill?
When a tawny great lion hunts
It's more than just a dunghill
Or a man in many splendid garments
A man and all his sad remnants.

O, why can't I like a lame camel drink?
In an oasis desert just-to-eavesdrop
And listen to a red-headed, brick top
I'd rethink working in that sweatshop
Walking around going clip-clop.

O, where roam you my English rose
But to our bed where you'd depose
In dying bloom and sleepless rest
Upon your lily-white breast
To do you're unholy, unearthly best
Before the night is through God, bless you.

Mark Heathcote

Now Is The Time

Now is the time when the angels dance
And a linnet's wing raise's a child's glance
Now is the time when a full moon dreams
And the ladled sea, wildly, madly, reams
Now is the time when a veil-is-drawn
And all gods living men shall mourn
Now is the time for that cradled air
Where flowers-are-gathered, so rare
Now is the time for that spring snow
Where footsteps, never melting-go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Thanksgiving On This His Harvest Festival Day

As mortals, we must feed these minds
And hearts of decadence and decay
And give thanks for the way
We live our lives today
And give thanks for Thanksgiving,
Thanksgiving for our working hourly living
Thanksgiving to the Nations of the World
Thanksgiving for the sun and the stars in his lantern shield
Thanksgiving to the birds and the bees of the field
The autumn harvests in their granary high yield
Thanksgiving to the Lamb of God
Thanksgiving unto each one another
Father, sister, mother and brother
Thanksgiving for the lightening whirling winds and rain
Thanksgiving for the burning bush his voice of eternal living flame
Thanksgiving to the Sublimation of new life in his glorious name
Thanksgiving on this, His harvest festival day:
Thanksgiving to now harrowing a new and better field of play
Give thanks, Thanksgiving every single day
Until the lord is god your saviour to stay
And let us not forget his worldwide enemies' empty anger and bitter hunger
Let us not beg nor borrow nor lazily steal another man's thunder
In that old fiendish devilish well-drained-dried-up-way
As mortals, we must feed these minds and hearts of disarray
Cup and poor his spiritual entourages of love, his shepherding waters
Into these empty sanguine passages of fulfilment hopes and dreams
Into these waylaying cadis fly vessels in his forking midnight streams
unto these soulless suffering idle human beings of sorrow
That knead the bread of riches but not the humbling soil
Praise be to God, most of us do dig like old farmhands in the cattle sheds ditch
And praise be to God, we're finding glories in his deepest manure barrows
pitched
And praise be to God, on this His harvest festival day:
That you and I are not a satanic minstrel band passing on its parvenu way:
Praise be to God, we all came to wander poorly along
This same old granite churchyard road today in jubilant cornucopias throng.

Mark Heathcote

Worn Like Would A Groom

External flower
internal soul
my perfumed rose
you'd flower from
a buttonhole
worn like would a groom.
Embedded, honeymooned
already heart wedded
headily scented
but not a minute
to the bridal hour
Too soon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rolling In The Eye Of God

Time glimmers like rain
in a clouds restitution
it reflects the invisible
amassing the infinite.

Beautiful thoughts, nicely expressed.

Pure soul - enriched and satisfied.

Time glimmers like rain
in a clouds restitution
it reflects the invisible
amassing the infinite.

Like vapour on a mirror
we are all here seen together
condensing in a liquid tear
rolling in the eye of god.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

April In Her Crown Of Splendour

April in her crown of splendour
shows to heaven all her beauties-spoil
those clouds of pink-perfection
waver heavily-bowed on bare earth
outside the church like confetti
they have waterfall fountains cascading
trails on the winds-white-ribbon
they came through the casement window,
their petals fell on the rocking chair-pink raindrops.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is My Bride

Nature is my bride
and blood-of-youth,
she is my bridge
to eternal life.

I sip her echo
and spirits ease
I listen to her soul
in summer weaves.

Nature is my bride
and blood-of-youth,
she is my bridge
to eternal life
and eternal truth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Every Corner Of This World

In every corner of this world
There's a beauty on this earth
Unfurling like a flower
Unfurling-like the wings of a bird
In every corner of this world
There's a citrus lemon-moon
Shining on a lullaby ocean of blue
Mystic landscapes moving unheard
Like a desert dune of beauty
To-me and-to-you.

In every corner of this world
there's a moment, endless
Burning like campfire embers
When your soul skips-bye
In the pattern of another dress
In the pattern-of-pure
Unadulterated, happiness
Sure I'll catch you and maybe for evermore?

Mark Heathcote

Dew-Drop Serenade

Spring and the wind chime
symphony
hushes to an emerald-
dew-drop serenade,
where amorous amphibians
percussion the mud pools, croaking.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

En Route, The Wings Of Doves

Within the seeds of any given day
Hope is a pomegranate
In this indivisible joy,
Joy is a sweet sacred fig
So let us then look
Introspectively and find
Ourselves and meditate
On this one true—god
On this our negatively
Charged; spherical world.

Is he as you are
A vital spark
A vital energy
A horse-chestnut seed
Encased and entombed
Impartial to soil types.
Is he as you are
A pervasive luminous star
An omniscient fruit of knowledge
A neutral, reactionary
Or a non-reactionary atom
Fluxed between, loves.
Can he be smashed?
Can he be tamed?
Can he be superseded?
Soured or sweetened
Kernelled just the same
Into one abstracted heaven.

Today I turned
An old corner
And like a new sun
Consuming an old fire
Like the underbelly
Of a green wet stone
Again newly turned over-
I inwardly, momentarily
Shone with the apprehending

Of life's cessation, translucent
As a waterfall, attaining
Its full uneven flow
Skilfully, without meaning
I saw the clouds migrate
And the populous huddled
In the cold-grey streets
Grey pigeons, on mass
En route, the wings of doves.

Mark Heathcote

Communion Souls

I'll never nearer know the graveside manner
of my bewitching lover's heart.
Or why she hurts with pride so sad,
as to make me worry in fear.

I feel I must mourn each passing-
minute, and in so doing, fall deeper
deeper into her residual sadness
deeper into her graves of silence.

I've taken communion of my lover's soul
and confided my heart unto her woes
for I feel no other woman's love
as yet within my ribbing bones.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Yew Tree

Beneath the mantle
of a sentry yew
like a drop of ancient,
trembling dew.

I alone stood afraid
amidst its calming call of shade.

Amidst its dark satanic whisper
I heard the silent grave.
Echo through my soul and mind,
showing from whence I came
the nightmares of my shame.

I stood alone, stood afraid
amidst its calming call of shade.

Hither I run through ethereal pines
that slowly stole away
out of the yew that would hide
my-lonely-youth away.

I stood alone, stood afraid
amidst its calming call of shade.

Mark Heathcote

Rounded In The Ways Of Life

Cowslips grow along a winding woodland stream
in this here amphitheatre-they're-all that's left
to show me-it's-spring and I'm not alone in the arc
to show me there is light in my heart that's not all dark
to show me it's not just a cold, selfish, blaspheme
that I should feel so empty and crazy and bereft.

These here cowslips like stars were once part of me
smooth-soft-stones rudimentarily, chosen
for earth rounded in the ways of life. They became
part of me, their feet in crystals of quiet ice-made-a-claim
I impugned ahead the flowing dream, wintery
-dreams that-if-I could, I would dream unfrozen.

Where they've gone, I never chased-or-followed
they slipped beneath the ground, and-were-swallowed;
I walked in search past the sullen woodland pool
whose prism mirror was more mystically in tune.
Its purple depths were only ankle-depth shallow
but its reach was to my soul more than a shadow.

And cold as it seems, I felt myself here at home
looking halve crazed into its watery loam
I wish to see its waters move from the stillest thought
I gazed for fish-and-still, but there was nought-
no echo of life did discern in its face
would speak with me, but its presence shone; a holy place.
The lore I followed without a footprint trace.

Mark Heathcote

Stars

Planetary grey stars
we keep them in our hearts
where we never, returning go
Diamonds in the summer snow
these stars we already know
are our friends of long ago.
Their tears are too outspoken
their faces like clouds unbroken?
These are the jewels in our souls
these are stars everybody holds
to their hearts,
to their planetary souls.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Cup Of Water

The cup of water
has a mouth for stars
in the shadow
where a black hole
fills our hearts.
The cup of water
Flavours our eyes
like dew wet dill
we gaze into the skies.
Ferment-do-gooders
do we feel despised?
Death is our only
natural guardian
He's never told us lies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fear

White, midnight
fear-woken insight
of midnight
sweat dripping angel
lost in the carnage of fright
screams for the light
wake me!
Wake me! Wake me!
Touch me with angelic sunlight
turn back the covers of the night
pullback those oppressive walls
open those purple-tinged doors.
and bring me shining
back into the Light.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Go Us To My Protector

Grasses Feather in the wind.
Determined swift like an envoy
Dart along the barn, crosswind
Life fills the air inextricably with joy.
Like the joy of a young child.
Running arms open, running downhill.
When for a second, the wild,
Wild wind, on the deep wet moorland, stands still.

Tippling back on her heels
She'd summersault and then balance in the air.
White-faced like daisy wheels
Pink laced: Grips hold of her neckwear.

Her enamelled breath
Is it a vortex of living power?
Shuddered cold in death
She fills her lungs like an open flower.

Her face-like the very first carved opal
Rounded in its pleasure
Smiles in the mysteries of the marginal
World, mysteries we all treasure.

Like the swift beneath the old cowshed eaves
That's a glint, a spectre
Like rushes that retain their leaves
Go us to my protector.

Mark Heathcote

Autumn's Beauty Transcends

Autumn's beauty transcends the joyous leaves
fallen that weep leap like a red-orange flame
in the swirl-leaping, gust-gutter eaves.
Sunrises ashen aglow aim of which is
so quintessential in this dousing of the light
of the fuse-wires dark smoulder
that even if of some age espousing love of life not.
We should learn of love's warmth, love's pallor.
tread softly as a lamb emboldened
into leaps of winter - festive bliss
all are being gathered and portioned equally
so much has been rescued during winter's deep abyss
so let the leaves fall, for we shall
arise once more once and for all from autumn's demise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

One Thought Following Another

I am only a shadow of light
a syrupy dewdrop waiting to fall
suspended for a moment;
a rainbow on its journey
where two ends never meet.
But if you blink, there are no ends at all
there never was a rainbow, it-was-imaginary,
a trick of the mind trying its best
to phantom a passage lightyears on
one thought following another
since the dawning of time
Anon, anon, anon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

O Passion Stopped All The Clocks

Who am I to address
Her flagon red dress
Each wan of summer
Each wan of winter
Each mead, sweet, equinox
Passion stopped all the clocks.

Who am I, to romance
In her amber dance
Like a firefly.
Brashly, resting, espy
That unblemished flower
Awaiting that dew-lit glower.

"O, who, is I", but her lover?
A fig root baring springtide fruit
Whom all autumn left a hover
Like a bloom amidst the shoot
Each cool noon frozen night
Until her kiss defrosts the frostbite.

Who am I?
But the one, the only one
Who needs never question why?
Or fear her fickle, shun
Cause I'm a firefly in her web
The only one admitted into her bed.

O who is I, but her morning, rapture?
As long as she doesn't quarrel
I'll let all other birds and bees proffer
Sing, dance, holler and jostle
Each mead, sweet, equinox
O passion stopped all the clocks.

Mark Heathcote

Love Can Be Gentle

Love can be gentle
And, love can fold you
In the arms of an angel
When all else is unattainable
Love can be that burning candle
That warms right through you.

Oh so lustful, oh so primal
Oh so personal, oh so fateful
And oh, sometimes
It even sublimes
The soulful
A little, wrathful

Oh yes, love can be gentle
But it can also be painful
And truly cruel and hurtful
Oh yes, love can be a demon
And, oh, what we call Primeval
Is simply a heavenly fallen gable
Is simply just a wonton
Destruction brutal.

Mark Heathcote

Passionate Punic Wars

An orange-grate fire dually warms and roars
Inset: Are we two not a picture of romance?
A chortling fire-stallion tempering its dance
Do we not love like creatures on all fours?
Given over to some passionate Punic wars
Loves langue can bring down castle walls
Can it also then hold up our pitfalls?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Thoughts Of The Day At St Mary's Churchyard

To walk between forgotten gravestones
Whilst a perched jackdaw sings as he dethrones.
Whilst wild garlic queenly lushly scented grows.
This simple honour, this heart already knows?
True as winter, loves tranquil spring bestows
As I cut with a mower brambled nettles.
Whilst pink-white blossoms nod around my ankles
As I cup a second glittering dew-lit frog.
Placate him duly besides an old rotting log
I like a custodial, nonexistent god.
Pacing about my daily life is just such a gift
Like a bundle of dried sticks
a kindling of new beginnings burning swift.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

At That Impasse Of Grace

At that impasse of grace
let there just be a blowfly
gazing outwards into space
gazing upon two ardent lovers
in an island-cut-off place.

They're-given-no phantasmal birth-
wright of kings, given only
two-small velour moth wings
of an ochre yellowing earth
that reciprocity-of-a nuptial bed
essential to all nocturnal birds.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Didn't The Robin Wheedle At My Enclave?

Didn't the robin bilk all-that's-mislaid?
Didn't the robin inveigle his spade?
Cutting through that hearts open grave
Didn't the robin wheedle at my enclave?

Wasn't it into that worm cast he spied?
The buried life never-nearer-died
That never nearer spirals the loam
To wriggle forth from the clay back home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Unexpected Letter

You sent an unexpected letter
And sweetheart, it arrived today
In perfect tone, elegant grammar
Like a heavenly grammatical cliché.
The laws deliverance from up above
And sweetheart, what else can I now say?
Oh, how I couldn't breathe for words of love
Spoke-in-every line - it spoke in its own-way
Every word here on after
A final denouement-of how we play,
The divide with a chuckle of laughter
As we try to avoid another cold melee.
Solicit me, nor petition me again
End these words, yours-and-mine Amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Out On The Street

Out on the street

I hear the beat, the patter of feet
People and faces of those I meet
Friends and family those I greet.

I happily play out on the street
With friends, who share a treat?
A bonfire treacle toffee sweet
A smile-that's-knowingly-discreet.

Out on the street

I wonder at all the faces I meet
Some are solemn and full of deceit
Some amusing are incomplete
Others are just lonely in retreat.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Outpourings Perfection

His heart, his endless soul
a flowering dove tree
tears and clouds cajole.

His soul an endless heart
a whirling dervish
arriving towards truth.

A centred spinning world
in ecstasy, white-gowned
divinely he-lived-on.

Where the truth does arrive
in creation, spiritual love
outpourings perfection.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Trinkets-And-Trifles

Trinkets-and-trifles, what more could I expect
From a man who wears his boxers outside his vest
And drives on through the rain on an empty tank
Who, drives-on-through life dying of thirst?

Trinkets-and-trifles, what more could I expect
From a hero who doesn't do any more than curse
At everybody, at everybody else's expense
Who sees his life as an empty loser's purse?

Gazing at stars looking for answerers
Drowning in a river winding through a door
Or a sidewalk without a day's work foreshore
What more could I expect from a lame dog
Needing a vet?

But these trinkets-and-trifles
These endless nights with their deep-down hurts
Trinkets-and-trifles, what more could I expect
To find behind your revolving rolling-eyes-diverts.

What more could I learn sweetheart-beside-you
But to fly like a bird to where my own heart
Might-be-heard for more than just a comforting word
And a nursing kind of solace, a nursing kind of love to depart.

Mark Heathcote

In The Staging Of Opposites

Each beginning to an end
As one door closes tight
Another opens arms godsend
Calm, untroubled alight.

Everything has its origins.
From the very first to the very last
Quintessentially the whole thing ripens
Into the present or the past.

Enter stage left, now exit—right.
With either virtue or vice
Love is a subtle snakebite
Bitter-sweet does entice.

Courteous or rude gentle or rough
On-wing shall she deliver?
On high shall he retrieve his tariff
Make-repair for the psyche's draper.

Mark Heathcote

Winters Last Apple

As the world's dimming-dimensions
Grew dimmer and hurriedly, darker.
I saw a thing crimson as-it-sweetens.
Temptations apple waxing—brighter
The hour the date I don't remember
It might have been in mid-November.

Ah, immortality, naked on a branch?
Suspends heavenly that rotting heart
Whose flesh now weighs heavily blanch.
In time I guess it would also depart
Those lowly branches in which it hung
Static with pleasure and joy as it clung.

In red-shimmering shades of autumn
A spool of leaf's claret red, autumnal-gold
Spun wreaths around the trees serfdom.
Whilst a pungent; canker of air cajoled.
About; the glassy shell, both yoke and balm.
I watched—daily, until this last aplomb.

Fell burning like a midnight sun.
Sweet in my eyes, this golden affair
That even starlings didn't dare, thrum.
With feathered wings or tongue fanfare
From humble beginnings, a sanctum;
A bauble held aloft, the eyes of Satan.

Mark Heathcote

Widow Spider

Widow spider

Lazing on your Ida down.

Don't-point-your finger

Behave like an irksome clown.

For unobtrusive sleep

Might knock you

Off your perch to the ground.

And spirit you away

Until nought-is-ever found,

In those cradle-pinched hours

Might you one day weep?

All dewy dismembered

Webbed in the deceitful winds keep.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tears At A Christening

On a day, joy should be occasioned timeless.
Why do these afflictions of pain join us?

There are no table manners in tears?
They hold themselves back only to attack.
It's been this way for millennia of years
The heart-mind is under constant ransack.

On a day, joy should be occasioned joyous.
Why do these afflictions of pain join us?
Today there is going to be a christening
Today is my niece but last year it was your cousin,
Nephew Scott, poor soul-died-without. Tears at a christening
With memories purporting to be deeply graven.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Home Down That River

In the moonlight, there's a river
That guides with me
Swift as a rising wave
Where I fall newly delivered
Like a man who's been saved

In the moonlight, there's a river
Where the songs
Of forever
Come to pass, oh! Oh!
Like some hot healing—fever lasting forever.

Oh, here I am at last
Oh, here I am healed at last
Oh, here I am saved
From the dark lord of the night
When a man loses his sight
He sinks into the dregs of his heart
Into dungeons of the dark knight.

Oh—
I am healed at last?
I am no longer one of those forgotten souls
On a journey across the ocean waves, home.

Oh, am I caught in the maelstrom of a lover's eye?
Drowning where the shadows hold
The weight of an anchor
In whose winding sheets of death
Do the demon monsters moan, what to do?
Or how or who to wail when they cry
And pray for their souls to die.

Oh in the moonlight there's a river
And it's never been so lucid or so clear
Oh honey when I dream
I dream I'm nearing near
I dream of coming home.

Home down that river
Like a man who's been saved
Home down that river
That guides with me
With mumbling words of a sage!
Swift as a rising wave
Home down that river
To the comfort of a new undying age
Home down that river
Like a man who's been saved.

Mark Heathcote

Wisdom...

Wisdom

looms, tempered

like a daylily blooms

in bars of loath sleep

wisdom wakes

like a ravenous lion.

With ears of golden wheat

folded yet; into another sleep.

Wisdom roars and rolls out

his paws, his talon claws

he lifts-up-his-prey,

just apply to snarl

what did you discerningly taste?

Here on the air today.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Prescription Of Love

What love is, is?
A populous hunger
A delusive thirst
The abstinence of lust.
What love, wants is
Famishments of passion
One's magnanimous
Choice of deceit.

What love requires is?
Is a quarter of the whole
An equinox of halves
A game complete in parts
What love, requests
Is rigidity without
Elasticity
Desires, conceit.

What love, envisages
Is the enigma of love,
The mirage of love,
Lost estrangements.
What love, cohabits
Is the duplicitous self
Serving, self-denunciating
Cheat.

Enlisted
There's only one word
What best describes it?
In the dictionary;
And that word is?
What amour-really-is?
Of course, it is, love
Love my sweet.

Mark Heathcote

Catch Me If At All

Catch me in the wind
If your heart can truly
Be believed to sing.

Catch me before my fall
Before an open winter-
Window hears my call.

Catch me if at all
When I dream
Catch me if at all
In a lonely moonlit stream.

Catch me if at all
Catch me if at all
Where the shadows loom
Butterfly wings cocooned.

Catch me when all else grows
Eternal and dark
Catch me and awaken me
Oh, and mend my broken heart.

Catch me in the wind
If your heart can truly
Be believed to sing.

Catch me before my fall
Before an open winter-
Window hears my call.

Catch me if at all
When I dream
Catch me if at all
When I'm at my most
Wondrous; above a moonlit stream.

Mark Heathcote

It's-Just-As-Simple As That

I've-been-in-need of mercy
I've-been-in-need of love
And all of the above.

I've-been-in-need of the truth
I've-been-in-need of money,
Just-to-provide food and a roof.

I've been homeless-and-hungry
I've been drunken and lonely,
I've-been-in-need all my life.

But all my life's wants weren't
Out of greed: Like some lowlife.
It's-much-simpler than that?

I've just had to follow my creed
I've just had to follow my soul
It's like pulling a rabbit from a hat.

It's like falling down-some-manhole
It's just the same as paying vat
It's-just-as-simple as that?

Mark Heathcote

Paths Of Love

Had I walked within your dream
across its wet-regardless sheen
serpentine as a windblown moth
in all its dizzy-hot loves wroth.

Would I fain a far-flung malaise?
Would I dare hold back bouquets?
Walk silently-on washed-out shores
whispering delinquently to be yours,

If divinely now my soul is damned
what lease of time should I now save
but for fallen embers, clammed
in a kernel, evergreens, outbrave.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ahead New Moon, Raising Falsehoods

Her face is a velum of smiles
that thrums across open water
and glistens as a moon beguiles
charming snake's the world over.

And had he not kneaded-straw
with clay to see it build
a house of the flesh, a jackdaw.
Her groanings might not have trilled.

Because time doesn't summon-
all toward that conclusion at the end:
Quickly enough, all are crestfallen.
Predawn, that sun's godsend.

In puzzlement, I'll set-this-one-free
a sloth into own brushwood-
loins to climb that devil tree.
Ahead new moon, raising falsehoods.

Mark Heathcote

Dispatching Doves

For a moment's need
beyond your four walls
circled with an emerald-mote
you've dispatched six doves.

Put out through keyhole-
static, windows
their arrows take aim
beyond ram—drawbridge.

Hope is a battlement-
crying for adversaries
to scale the heights
to charge the castle.

To lay down their lives
to show their metal.
She is a damsel in distress.
Sullen, is she still?

In her dove-white dress.

Mark Heathcote

In Her Lilac Sea Of Laughter

In her lilac sea of laughter
I heartier, supplant, rhythmic
waves of breathless rapture.
Ah, tumultuous irony, humour comic
I gasp at her laughing aristocracy
my sides ache with the collywobbles
deep in her ecstasy of giggles
in her lilac sea of laughter
I-beg-of-her, her clemency
and then-again-thereafter
I cry more tears of laughter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sunspot Shadows

Lead me love in sunspot shadows
and let me bathe in their light
let me soothe in their sorrows
let me burn in their night

Let me tease a violet-flower
and unveil a golden chalice
let me stow a new-tomorrow
in the garden of your palace

Let me weave a spell of magic
and dance a web of air
let us listen to love's music
and let that music always be there.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Magpie Calls

A magpie calls into my shuttered room
he feels the cold January bloom
but I care not that-he-is fed
long as mine rhyme breaks the bread.
Who cares if our feathered friend lies dead
or whether these solemn words
are ever written to-be-read?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Cemetery Fox

The cemetery fox is a living resident
sneaking around like a whisper
aware of every resonant
-itch of sound.

Moving around like a beatnik phantom
shadow of an ageless time.

Swirling around like the autumn-
leaves impoverished
the fox has a mystic craft
in the cemetery of death
a-craft a spell over life
and death, nocturnal like a distant star.

This fox might hide-its-troubles well
as it steals and borrows the morrow
from another's malnourished bones
in a coat, we all-marvel-at especially
its distinctive bushy red tail
swirling around like a ginger Persian cat
disappearing into a distant urban shadow
where a cockroach hisses
and shakes its unwelcoming red tail
in the eye socket of a sleeping woman
who never wakes but desires?
Desires-to-warm own cheek's eating cornbread
today and tomorrow with a foxy smile.

Mark Heathcote

Rainbow River

Blue eyes just summarizing
The distance uncovered by you
Just looking in
Just mulling over a daydream
Rainbow River
Just flooding in over you.

Blue eyes just squinting
At the sun and moon,
Know a catchment of dead stars
Are shining but not eluding you
Just an increment of lust
Shines through you
Just a tunnel of tunnel vision
Guides our souls together
In this eternal enlightenment
Of pleasure
Tonight...

Blue eyes just sparkle, a spark
That climbs a spiral staircase
In this darkened ladder of space
Such is the secret love imparts
With its good grace

If needs must we'll forever embrace
These lost blue hazardous wastes
Of the broken hearted
If needs must we'll just bail out.
Before another blue daydream
Rainbow River washes us
Clean away.

Mark Heathcote

A White Christmas

When the last of the rowanberries get eaten
it got said that truly the winter began;
invaders sit on TV aerials of ermine
pinkish-brown birds from as far as Japan.

With a Jaunty crest and a fine-silky plumage
exotic looks elegant beauty the waxwings,
have travelled-from-Siberia-to-forage
harbingers of a harsh winter headwind.

Plague birds with feathers shining bright like fire.
Seek the tree protector of malevolent beings
the magical tree, the rowan of red and sapphire
arboreal with yellow band tail markings:

Waxwings are a sign of approaching darkness
folklore will have it said; a white Christmas.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Have You Not Seen It?

In my heart, I have a flower.
It's scented. Have you not seen it?
Have you not yet—found that bower?
Not pricked-one-forefinger on it.

It lies beside a stream, winding
its way backwards, to a garden,
said one time to be called Eden.
Love, I'm not just eulogising.

Find that bower, follow its scent
right to the flower's heart, still rent
-on loving you, it's a serpent
that's fanged but lovingly verdant.

Bitten, you've emitted to a death
so, enigmatic the world pales
and like a honeybee beneath
sepals, amassing nectar bales.

You shall find the first flower borne
somewhere withstood the gaze-of-love
you might think this flower-lowborn
-found, but there's nothing sweeter above.

Mark Heathcote

A Gift That's Not That Dissimilar To Me Today

Unexpected gifts are the best.

The absolute best a chocolate Labrador
or airline tickets abroad to a holiday destination
or to be thrown a surprise birthday party
or a video montage of all the people you've ever loved
or a positive pregnancy test wrapped in blue ribbons.

Unexpected gifts are the best.

the absolute best is an engraved timepiece
engraved with the words "I love you every second."
What makes you ultimately tick?
Something blue, something pink
or was it the keys to a new black BMW car?

Unexpected gifts are the best.

and the absolute-best-by far
maybe it was something uniquely-personalized
That brought an-unexpected-tear to your eyes
Maybe it was a space helmet TV
or one of those bright red Raleigh Chopper bikes.

Maybe it was the Christmas Amstrad stack system
playing back-to-back LPs, War of the Worlds
maybe it was-a Tinky Winky or Teletubbies Laa-Laa
mine was simply a one-eyed brown teddy bear
with a stuffed sawdust head I took every night to bed
given to me by my grandmother, sadly long since dead.

Mark Heathcote

I'll Speak To Lucifer About Loving You Too

Vapours dance in the dark
Like ghost riders chasing an anvil's firefly spark.
The hooves of a stallion set a viper's road on fire
Like black magic, a magician appears
With a black hazel staff, he kisses a dark woman's lips
And brings her back to her senses back from the abyss
She takes a red bleeding yew berry from his lips
And he says follow me into this here willow tree,
Look here resides an owl who wants to hoot and holler with you
Until tomorrow and if you listen to the bats flitting by
You'll stop for a moment feeling insecure.
And your skin won't crawl, your skin will satin
Sparkle like a moon moth desired by a spider
Who'll do a starlit loft pendulum swinging to a distant red sun?
Look, you with the bug green eyes don't look so surprised
That I live and die by the sword and right now
I want to bite and taste the blood in your heart
Like a bruised ripe red apple in the dark tonight.
Oh come, come summon our love. Oh, magician,
How my marrow melts tallows to be touched by you.
It appears you know all about me.
Sunshine or destruction I don't need a rainbow
when I can hoot all day or all night with you
close your eyes and just let yourself go
like twinning serpent vapours dancing
face to face in the dark, come back to my heart.
I'll speak to Lucifer about loving you too.

Mark Heathcote

Within The Casing Of A Clock

Every day the executioner's block remains-empty
I come one step closer to where submissive-footsteps
are following one another, who'll return and return
again till they no longer lead from behind
but enter the corridors of the blind
never to see the shadowy glint of the sunrise.

The running of the world, life and death itself
is a kaleidoscope, being turned by thought and action
each twist results in something-new-never-to come
or to pass again.
Trapped within the casing of a clock,
turning ever forwards.

Tormented by life's beauty and consumed equally
by its tragedy. The dominoes-are-set
and aligned by all that has gone before
and therefore, some patterns are more prevalent to return
like sandstorms love, we are-sand-dunes
flipped into other directions in a fleeting breath,
but I want to come to rest and stay a short while with you.

Mark Heathcote

Darling Double Back

Double back and remove that blindfold
hold me and embrace my heart
I promise all masquerades and walls are down
I promise all barricades are in charcoals, my love.

Double back, I promise there are no landmines
it's just me with open arms
there are no moral arguments, no blame
please try and forgive me, my love.

My house is burning down
every time I look around, and you're not around
darling, show me it isn't dark,
show me I've got foundations that won't just sink.

Darling double back, I think I'm going to die
because you've left with a piece of my soul
darling, you've left with the clearest-part
of my opalescent sky
and now there isn't a single star left-in-the firmament.

It was always only you,
you are my sun
now I am wandering lost in outer space
with only a picture of your face.

Darling double back,
while there is a window open agape
that's all I'm asking
darling is black all around me.
Darling, double back and remove this blindfold
and return that one piece of my soul that is eternally you
back, back to me.
With eyes that glint and cut like ceramic glass
that is amazing that ah an opalescent sky
is taking pity on me.

Mark Heathcote

The World Is Watching Our Every Move

The world is watching our every move
or it is disinterested in our misery and plight
which is it? Well-it-all depends on where you're standing
and also what your viewpoint is, right?
And also what you decreed to obtain by determination or fate alone.

Sure we build our future on the ashes
and cinders of a thousand dead stars
without a flight plan, we enter a galaxy of black holes
looking for that one goldilocks planet
that can support a life form long enough it can thrive.

Everywhere you look, a camera is turned-on-facing-you
or it is exacerbated by your mediocrity and satellites
looking the opposite way, it's a-hard-journey.
whatever-route-is-plotted, like a comet orbiting dark matter,
obscurity is my favoured spot.

The world can do without me and me it.
It has done me no favours, is all I'm saying
I haven't a pot to piss in, but I don't care.
I will live and die without-any-fanfare
and if-one-tear-is spilt, likely be-in-tearful laughing.

And on-that-day-I die not a camera or an eye
will blink to see my passing. I will join the remnants
of a time long forgotten but in some small way
my words will linger on light-years-from-now
the residue of thought will be once-again-spoken.

Mark Heathcote

Far Away With You

If beauty is in the eye of the beholder
I want to steal away, far away with you
I don't want to be, maligned-
Or go jealously blind.
Sure I will promise to be kind.
Otherwise, what would be the point of making amends?
It's hard to believe I've mapped
Every engulfing grief
Every red moon around you
And still want to smooth every sea storm
As to lead you, blindfolded to paradise
To a nucleus, inner calm, ripple never-alone
Where white moths drift by
And ancestors are present, hearing another lover calling
Why are you all now running naked?
Do you all forget yourselves?
Maybe I should send you all back to that hell
You know the one you've mapped
Only to let blood-red moons swell
Oh, a moth gets into your home
It could be a sign or an omen
You're about to argue with your lover.
If beauty is in the eye of the beholder
I want to steal away, far away with you.

Mark Heathcote

Love Butterflies Are Not Fairies

Love, I need nectar, I need heavenly stars
Not cellars with cold mumbling pipes in the dark
Or ash yellow morning fields wet with dew
I need to chew on midnight silken waterfalls
Tantalizing echoes that never just emptily dissolve?

Oh, there may be skeletons under the floorboards
And flowers in the brambles of a nearby orchard
There may be folklores about rich Indian rajas
And even stories about white mythical unicorns.
But let us talk about magic crystals and even you.

About all kinds of mannerisms, algorithms
Things that go bump in the night
Things that splutter into prisms of light
Oh, and maybe even me and you
Let us talk without cynicism or even baseless suspicions.

Butterflies are not fairies,
And moths are not witches
One is devotedly loved while the other, don't hold your breath.
The other is quite-honestly, seen as the kiss of death.
If-I'm-left like an apple in the pantry saved yet bereft all at sea.

Love, I'd rather rot like a bruised fruit
And fall into the night, rolling endlessly
Never again be tantalized by-your-eyes
Never again chew the fat again with you
Love butterflies are not fairies
And moths are not witches
But they might as well be it's written all over your face.
I might as well be Lepidoptera dust,
just drifting away trying to save my soul alone.

Mark Heathcote

I Beg Your Pardon?

Why does a woman; need to explain her movements?
Her menstruation patterns or why she's travelling,
border guards doing their usual abrasive duties ask.
Lady, why are you crossing this here border
is it for an abortion, is it? Is it? Answer me!
'I beg your pardon? '

Well, it isn't happening, not-on-my-watch - no siree!
I-too-was-born and raised in the south lady
with the same good values and moral compass
as all these other good folks hereabouts.
'I beg your pardon? ' Lady, answer me!
I'm doing the talking, lady; answer the question.

I believe you should accept what the Lord has given you.
Accept it even if it came about without mutual consent.
'I beg your pardon.' Shush lady, listen, just hear-me-out.
Even if it came about by rape, even if the father is-
biologically your father, you shouldn't commit murder.
'I beg your pardon' what did you-just-say.

Look, don't-cry-lady,
I don't-legitimate-or-condone rapes
but fate is fate, so we should not mess with God's plan,
turn back now, and we'll forget that we ever met.
Turn back now and repent, repent, repent.

'Oh, I see you mean like all those other missing-fathers
and their fathers before.' Such virgin-Kings-have no narrative
in this plot or can decide my lot you don't narrate my story.
Border guards in tandem, 'I beg your pardon? '
Lady answers back. No, no, no-you're-not that easily - forgiven.

Mark Heathcote

I Sat To Listen

I sat to listen, witness
the springtime morning air
by simply taking time to pause
and rest sit unaccompanied
back of a railway track beneath
falling pear and apple blossoms.
It was a moment to daydream
without a single cloud of disapproval.
I entered some inner silence like
the taper of an unlit candle.
With only hoverflies and the short-lived
intervals of a passing train as a distraction.
I had no deadlines or other places to be.
The world stretched before me like a sock
begrudgingly pulled from a clammy big toe.
When multiple baby rabbits-kittens appeared
from the brambles; to them, I was just
an inanimate object, like the stump of an old oak tree.
The hoverflies and bees were all in choir,
as they ran around their burrow in sheer ecstatic joy
leaping in play with unadulterated love on full display.
I sat in awe of such short-lived wondrous pleasures
theirs and mine and yours alike.
Till the next unwelcome train thundered on through
a daydream, a bubble I wish just grew and grew,
without obstacles or boundaries to one day rue.
It was then the candle wick was relit again
for nightfall and my ankle socks were gathered in hand
and thrust into place and then I marched to the beat
of a distant derailed train unloved
back on track, going ultimately nowhere fast.

Mark Heathcote

Poetry Is A Confessional Box

Poetry is a confessional box you never leave
you can only lie to yourself for so long
before you demand truthful answers and wish
to hear more than an indistinct voice in the wilderness.
It's an inner calling to gather insights beyond
these four walls and once it's-been-opened
a wellspring rushes forth, a confession without end
with or without forgiveness, asks for a hearing
not to be proud but just to be welcomed as rain could,
a rainbow, passing through its many different honest phases.
To distil once more on a window pane or dislodge
a tear long since frozen in other poems' disgruntled pages.
Sat with hands and stomach knotted, praying
for a thousand pointless different answers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beyond This Playground Of Life

Beyond this playground of life,
there is another merry-go-round.
There is another swing to lift
your tired feet off the hot tarmac ground
and take you to a place
you'll never be physically or-even-remotely found.
It's hide-and-seek, count-down.
But in truth, no one there is ever found.
You can sit idle on your throne
King or Queen of all that you survey,
quite alone and-no-one-will-ever
text or videophone, but that's
not to say you'll be there alone.
Someone will be quietly watching over you
like a cat-prowling to toy with you
not in any hurtful way either.
Simply because you can now never be lost
you are in a place, child of the lost-and-found.
A place that'll lift your tired feet off the ground
with no more downward, spiralling slides
with no more galvanised chains
to perform that awful, swishing sound
with no more whirring around and around.

Mark Heathcote

Love Amour

Love is dynamite, right?
It's hot, it's-passionate
It explodes into being
Like flowing volcanic larva
It's got sizzling, sultry breezes.
It has tropical, stormy nights.
Molten fiery moments
That can't be separated,
Do you know what I mean?
But keep it visually out of sight,
Keep it impractically altogether clean.
Love is a speedway race.
A basketball game
With no second or third bases
You're either in or-you're-out.

There is no let's hold back
Take it easy, approach
As one or the other
Wants always-to-go full throttle
Without a pit stop or a safety car in use
And the one that doesn't
Is sure to be struggling with doubts,
And will be expressing a million
Counter conflicting accounts, how to proceed
And talking about past abuse
Love amour, love amour, love amour, I'm not ready at all.
Love is Grand Prix; it's got 51- laps
It's in the hands of the gods
Love is fraught with risk and danger.
Let it start with a simple kiss
And say goodbye to being
Just good friends or worse still
An admiring distant stranger.

Mark Heathcote

Threatened Romeo, Posturing His Nonsense

My darling, furthermore, after today,
I shall walk tall in sunnier climbs,
Flower not just on roadside verges
But on Pyrenees Mountain tops still azure
I shall forget eyes the colour of blue chicory;
Once more here alone, begin a new story.

My darling, furthermore, after today,
Our last day on earth publicly together
I shall carry with me a sprig of chicory,
It will help me move forward and forget you.
It will open locked doors into unseen worlds
Once there will no longer dwell in your shadow.

My darling, furthermore, after today,
I shall lose track of all time, and even you,
You will no longer exist after today,
But until then, until midnight, I'm entirely all yours.
If you would but bend just a little, left or right
Leave a little wiggle room for some doubt tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Who Are You?

'Who are you? '

'Who are you? ' 'Who are you? '

In answer - all you can do is grin and smile,
Breathe deeply and reply the same back again.

Who are you?

Who are you to question a lamb amongst its fold?

Who are you to bark and persecute my mind and soul?

Who are you to magnify my plight?

Who are you to say I'm welcome to water

Who are you to say I'm welcome to eat or drink

Who are you to say I'm welcome to feed myself

And live my life relatively free.

Who are you?

It's a question often asked.

A blunt inference is placed on looks

The sound of my voice its regional tone,

Knives are sharpened and gunpowder is

Kept dry to fire a conciliatory bullet

in a declaration of war, brotherhood or love.

We are cordoned off to face the devil

Someone with all the power

To ask who are you?

'Can you breathe underwater? '

Are you an impostor?

'How-is-you-going to flower prosper'

Don't you know I'm your lord, your master?

Don't you know I'm your father?

And before you take another step further

Answer this who are you?

And why should I care if you even be?

And why should I care if you even live or die?

Swim or surf another wave or learn to fly

why should I care if you grin or smile

or walk another country mile.

Because I know who I am

Because I know who I am

Up from my diaphragm

Down to the last ounce the last milligram

I am who I am.

Mark Heathcote

Virgin Snow That Hasn't Been Penetrated

Would I sing for a meal?
made of snow and ice
that will melt within seconds
and not for an instance suffice.

This-is-how a night with you might be
physically satisfying maybe
or maybe not, maybe wintry
or like a hot running Epsom salt bath.

But I guess I'll never know
because I don't want to be
those first footsteps in the pristine snow,
a nebula that will-never-more after, glow.

Once you leave, walk through fields
abundant with sapphires
wet with morning dew,
viewing wildflowers other than me-and-you.

Mark Heathcote

Our Love Has Been Preordained

I am light-years from understanding where you came from
Exactly where you've been or even where you're going to.
All I know is I love you with all of me.
Every atom, every molecule of me, longs to collide with you.

Oh, I can believe that our love has been preordained
Oh, I can dream that one day you'll feel just the same
Oh, I can have faith there is a planned mutual destiny
And all the stars in the universe are bound to bind you with me.

All I know is I love you, with all of me.
Every atom, every molecule of me, longs to collide with you.
I am only half of a whole, minus my heart and soul.
Which you hold locked in a song to sing - willing extol.

Oh, I can believe that our futures are on the same course
Oh, I can dream that we'll put out the same trash and play
Oh, I can have faith there's to be a nuptial congregation
Yes, meetings between you and me coupling noncompeting.

All I know is I love you, with all of me.
Every atom, every molecule of me, longs to collide with you.
And wants to say I do
I am only half of a whole, minus my heart and soul without you.

Mark Heathcote

Dark Sticky Molasses

Dark sticky molasses, you have on me been fed
Now it's time to let me go free, run free
And live again; believe me, I was created-for-good
Though I've been duped and misunderstood.

Oh, I garden thoughts dark-molasses
They comfort me like a cloak of amethyst
They twist a cold knife in my insides
Oh Lord, I don't care for their dark vibes.

Oh, I garden thoughts dark-molasses
They sure aren't sweet-or-nice and much worse
They leave me, my head heady drunk.
Oh Lord, my heart and soul affronted.

Lord, if I don't have you in my life.
If I'm not blessed by-your-healing properties
If I'm not blessed by-your-healing powers
I'm left in these dark sticky molasses all the time.

Like-a-slave-whipped at the oars about to drown
Oh Lord, blow that conch seashell horn loud!
Fill my lungs with eternal clean air
And clear them dark clouds out of my head.

Oh Lord, plot me a new course
One with you where I laugh and cry
With never a dry eye
But always happy to nullify hurt pain with love again.

Mark Heathcote

This Man Is On His Way

This man doesn't need honey or jam
or syrup from a can.

This man doesn't need a thankless job
or a till register to rob.

This man doesn't need a loveless marriage
he's got big ideas and plenty of courage.

This man knows his ultimate true calling
and isn't afraid of leaping and falling.

This man is on his way; he's a sure success
if he knows just what it takes and what to re-address
this man is a star, a Phoenix rising.

He isn't any longer self-loathing
or the least-bit self-despising.

This man is humble, and he's thankful for-all-he's-got
and all the tribulations he was allotted.

This man walks tall beside me; he is my true destiny,
he sits lowly beside me, deputies my future self.

Also, he says he does honestly love me.

This man reminds me to be always thankful

This man is me if I choose him to be
with much improved better health
and a world-of-endless wealth.

This man is me if I just will him to be.

Mark Heathcote

It's Then I Realized I Shouldn't Regret

I would abandon my soul
if it wasn't such a thorny rose
If I wasn't so hooked on
Those concessions of hopeless faith
That linger and blossom with you
I would disdain my own bleak heart
For playing cupid and picking locks
I would enter betting shops, fatally blue
And elevate my life in this hellhole heavenly

But alternatively, I'm happy to sit idly by
And gaze at your flaxen hair
And watch it turn silver from gold
It had to be that day we took our first semester
And walked home like billiard balls
Clinking together in the pockets of the dark
Beneath an opal white moon shining clear
That's when I realized you were an angel a firefly.

That's when I realized that the stars, the universe
With me inside were jarred up in you
And that I was happy never to be free
It's then I realized I shouldn't regret
The lightning without rain
It's then I realized I shouldn't regret
Elevating or reaching for the stars with you
I was kind of confused but it filled me with power.

A faith renewed
Beneath an opal white moon shining clear
It's then I realized I shouldn't regret
The hunger I felt when you weren't there
It's then I realized I shouldn't regret
A single moment of impudence spent worshipping you
That's when I realized you were an angel a firefly.
And I don't know how to leave you
I don't know how to stop watching your flaxen hair
Turning silver from gold

I guess in the end
it's only when the whole story is told
do you elevate out of this hellhole heavenly
I guess in the end
it's only when you've come unglued
and landed on your feet next to an angel
do you thank the Lord for your heart and soul
and how it poured and how it bled
and in the end, wished nothing would ever end.

Mark Heathcote

I Believe I've Been Lovingly Caged

My heart sings to Lucifer I'm sick of selling used cars
Even my black shoes are fed up with walking
Under a million and one stars pitched to cry
It's sad just how empty this life can be
I'm like a stray cat looking for a welcoming knee
One that won't kick me any lower than you have done before.
My heart sings to Lucifer send me a killer disease
My lungs don't want to breathe anymore
And it's all because you make me feel blue.
The sun keeps rising like it's always done before
But I want to burrow like a maggot and die young
Kissing your flesh and making love to your bones.
Thank god for roses and your early morning moans
Stretching out over desolate seas, driftwood foam.
Thank god for that sweeping sanguine wave of death
That harbours in my heart that turns and returns
To jump a stile or a gate. Dear, just where you wait
My heart is like an anchor in the bosom of a holy book
It's strangled in seaweed every time your eyes run over
My messed-up body for just another parched look.
My heart is a crucifix and it's been nailed to you
With hoof and bone glue, darling Lucifer can take my soul
But my heart - for what it is worth belongs
Seven fathoms under the waves with you.
Like a serpent sea-snake entwined with you till tomorrow day
Darling, what do you say, sing me another sea shanty
all those other sirens mean nothing at all
it's you my heart taxis in the dark for around the park
looking to sing like a morning skylark.
Oh, I'm in your neighbourhood right now
Parched and diseased, darling take me to the Netherworld
I want to join all those other lepers, please, that fell to their knees as heavenly
parolees. Begging in rage, I can't turn another page without you. I believe I've
been lovingly caged.

Mark Heathcote

Contraband

Build your holdings on a fertile pasture
choose your land carefully upon which to stand
and float above barbwire that last disaster
with ease making every happiness contraband.

And with each renewed morning, be thankful.
When a songbird's song is carried-on-the wind
and at dusk, soak in a bathtub, wistful
your love's hair is gold corn with a red tint.

To build good foundations, a solid house
it'll be a blessing even when you've had a spat
to decide love isn't enough, you've got to be wise
else your home, your house will fall flat.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mortally-Wounded

It feels as though my heart has been mortally-wounded.
It feels like a blank piece of A4 paper wanting to sing.
But instead of fighting writer's block, it's-somehow-been
stapled to a coffin lid in the back of a hearse; and-what's-worse,
there's not a soul around who cares where I'm blowing,
where I'm going. My heart sometimes might peep like a sun
from the dark yonder, and instead of assembling thunder,
it-might-glow like a sunflower. Birds might come down
from a higher thermal just-to-play. Like skylarks
with nothing better to do than fan the flames-of-a rainbow,
each raindrop of water is a regal-painting-of art.

Truth or dare, my heart knows better than to quit or cry.
So it just goes on beating alone, hoping one day
not to feel so alone.

At times it's a warzone just speaking
to those-who-are-meant-to-be kith and kin. But still, you've
got to love them what-else can you do,
retreating from bombs - overhead-shadows follow you
no matter, how-hard-you-smile and a little rain
are always predicted, turning to snow and ice.
A heart can only take so much hurt or love.

Seams may be bursting with gold, but-you-are
drinking from a poisonous well, the devil's cup
and you're invisible to all not-living-through this hell
might-as-well-wish to die than live another day,
might as well carry-on-till like flotsam
you-find-another shore and be
whittle into something far better for sure.
But you choose to stay and fight this dark
with every beat of your heart. You choose-just-to keep
soldiering on with another thousand orphans,
come what may? They're family now,
and to all of them, you belong.

Mark Heathcote

God's Love Child is A Crimson Exit Wound

Child, the eye of God is a black hole.
Everything is drawn-up towards
that dark vision of the unknown,
the things that once existed, the likes
of you and me, we-are-now in retrospect,
leading an invisible life and has become
fairy tales, legends, fairy folk,
a-fable-you, see. God's love child
is a crimson exit wound, a lantern-lit door
but right now, child, we're still
here slowly bleeding, ebbing gently away.
Our hearts still beat on the circumference
of that great-mystical celestial wheel,
that trumpet flower that has us in its final grip
like bindweed that's about to let rip.
Sure every-flower-has-got roots child,
only these are not just aerial or
subterranean these-are-the irises of God
when his gaze has fallen upon us.
And our strength, our search-is-at
a blossoming end. It is the pip, the pulp
at the centre of a stone. The seed eternal,
the fabric of your soul you'll one day
carry back home, unfathomable,
consigned to further continuously grow.

Mark Heathcote

Like They've Heard A Songstress's Voice

Apricots on the bough,
hang like they've got joys joyous.
Bees on a rose are dancing deliriously
like they've heard a songstress's voice
an angel on the vine
singing divine!
Serpents in the grass are hissing,
they've heard the winds got power
it's a sacred prayer on a sacramental venture
fish in the ocean are leaping to the sun
wondering-why such golden baits are-never-caught.
But the bats all hangout upside-down-blindly
with a grinning smile, smiling at something never seen.
Oh, how I love strawberries and cream.
Oh, how I love it when my hand is interlaced
and there's nothing more to be said or done.
Oh, I love it when I can eat fresh ripe apricots
and their juices run through my fingers
and I get to suck it to its heart,
and I get to suck it to its core,
and I get to suck it to its stone,
and feel it resonates, something even more.
Something even more delirious
then bees dancing and serpents hissing
I-too-have heard the winds got power
it's a sacred prayer on a sacramental venture
we are creatures on the wind
oh, Lord, what an adventure
finding an angel on the vine
an Apricot fit to eat when-juices-run
and bees dance deliriously on a flowers tongue
singing joyous how they still feel young.
And the fish in the ocean is leaping at the sun
just for fun, just for fun
the bats all hangout upside-down blindly
with a grinning smile smiling at something never seen
oh, how I love strawberries and cream
and darling because-you-are mine;
an angel ripe for picking on the vine.

Mark Heathcote

Just As Tears Evaporate And Join The Ether

Morning twilight, oh the dawn, daughter of my heart
daughter of the stars, who-use-to relinquish all their light
never-look-back I love you more with every night
I strain to hold back a billion more tears
I love you all the more the distance grows
I love you all the more time passes
and I've missed your laughing glowing face
each-and-every sunset, I might groan
I might be consumed-with regret, but my child-never-frets.
You were the most precious flower
to ever breathe the air and cast a spell everywhere
and every day, I might want you back
but I'm-just-glad you once held my hand and had my back.
Morning twilight, oh the dawn, daughter of my heart
daughter of the stars who-use-to relinquish all their light
never-look-back I love you more with every night
just as tears evaporate and join the ether
I'll be returned to you and you to me one day.
And we'll need a boat to sail all the happy tears we'll cry
when we're together again child never says goodbye
oh, I will smile and Light the universe for just a while.

Mark Heathcote

There Wasn't A Time

There wasn't a time I wasn't alone
submerging, drowning
there wasn't a time I wasn't alone
I wasn't dreaming and screaming
there wasn't a time I wasn't alone
with lungs leaden, bleeding.

There wasn't a time I wasn't alone
the darkness didn't romance me
but I always somehow made it back home
to a burgeoning kiss
to someone caring for me
even when I wanted to drown.

There wasn't a time I wasn't alone
there wasn't a day a dark cloud
or an angry face
but everyone's a winner
when there's a smile
and a trace of caring priceless grace.

And the sunshine bottles its aspic
for another day, more
and just by luck, you fall in love
and count your blessings
without-economizing,
without tears or anger in your heart.

There wasn't a time hope didn't save me
and baby, it's you tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Now It Cries To The Crows

We all stand in the music
learning to dance
shaking little fists at first at the sun
like a bubble that's about to burst
hoping to glide and float
get inside a moment that frees you
but often, something holds you back
like a butterfly cocooned aching,
aching to float and leave-your-prisoned mind
heal the scar that's never healed
since being born to hear an instrument
without a tune, a chord, a song to sing.
We stand in the music asking-our-Lord.
Lord, can I sing for you
I've found my voice
it once was lost, but now it cries to the crows.
Lost like a trophy never to be won
going insane just-to-remain untarnished the same.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Bows And Arrows Of Love

The bows and arrows of love
the contributory wings of a dove
must counteract the storm
the lightning trapped
in the bottle like a genie
waiting to be freed to dance
for the first-time perhaps new
it's our right, our privilege to live
and exceed all our boundaries
and examine what is real.
And again, once-more heal.
Heal to explore love once more.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Products Of Our Environment

I know there are many people he doesn't care for, so
I asked my manager do you have any problems today.
I do, but most of them are-manmade-was his reply.
And then, he spoke about negative and positive attitudes.
And how he avoids certain less than aspirational TV shows.
And finally, he came out with people's backsliding, name-calling bittiness.
I agreed with many viewpoints in general
but to be grounded first-you-need to understand
what-is-manmade and a product of your environment
yes, a manager manages his-or-her colleagues.
That ultimately follows the agenda, those laid out goals
and eventually achieves what their supervisor is demanding
there are no achievements in this life without obstacles
and we are all the products of our environment.
Every pyramid requires a base to stand-on
and if we don't care for our workforce, who shall care for us.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Touch Of The Nerves

I have a touch of the nerves
It comes in waves like a tsunami
But at its core is a deathly silence
Sadly all the songbirds
Have now flown calamitously away
Each is carrying a piece of lintel cloth
And I am left naked, holding a single white feather
I long to let it go, but it's attached somehow,
Somewhere at some point of place in my heart and soul
Lord knows I am not whole, but if I let it go
I am less than a whole. I am directionless
I am a black hole. I am in unimaginable chaos
I am a thread unravelling
No knot on earth can hold.
I have had a touch of the nerves today and yesterday
Since my childhood, sadly to say
But if I'm patient somewhere at some point
A songbird somehow will reappear.
A knot will tie off all the loose ends
That won't come together and-just-for a moment
And maybe only for a minuscule moment
The world will be singing infinitesimally better.
Better because together you and I choose it to be.

Mark Heathcote

Legends Of The Wrestling Ring

Martin Austin Ruane

reigning out of County Mayo,
in the 1970s and 1980s ring name Giant Haystacks
he was a mean-looking man of Irish decent
he was a wrestler weighing in at 31 stone?
Once seen, he was-never-forgotten.

A devout Catholic who refused to wrestle on Sundays
he consumed three pounds of bacon
and a dozen eggs each morning just-to-sustain
his mammoth size and strength.
In his retirement, he worked in Manchester as a debt-collector
similar to Rocky, you might think.

He had a long-running feud with Big Daddy,
and every Saturday, we kids would tune into the telly
our excitement was at a fever pitch
if these two were ever-billed-against-each-other
Big Daddy had a record-breaking 64-inch chest
and was the first child of a burly blacksmith's daughter.

Shirley Crabtree was his real name
and like the Cash song 'A Boy Named Sue.'
He too-also-was-bullied, so it was bullying that toughened him up
and he learned the hard way to defend himself.
Big Daddy was a firm favourite with the children,
and Giant Haystack's past tag-team mate wasn't about to do him any favours.

Mark Heathcote

A Love Letter, Written In My Heart

Without a single word or lie inscribed
there is a love letter, written in my heart
A transcript of truth engraved in the dark
that ebbs and flows with a changeable tide
that shall remain almost inarticulate
its address is a return-to-sender
on an envelope, a blank piece of paper
it is-written-in-the hand of a grandiloquent.

A verbose gesticulating lover, wildly?
Its starts by saying he loves only you
no other in the whole universe can outdo
it is you who guides his soul, his psyche.
Open my love letter when you are ready
it has tears spilt on its faded margins
that's touched and pulled on the heartstrings
of every emotion, it could non-literary.

It has bled in the shadows of your absence
till all the inkwells have run dry, like a bad cliché
it has wrung out all the whey from cheese
that the words left finding a meaningful cadence
into something truly quite magical
and like a rainbow jettisoned above the clouds
where it is perceived, like hillside houselights
ungrammatical but yet touchingly still tangible.
My love letter is opened and finally read
at the final second, my candle was snuffed-out for bed.

Mark Heathcote

Occasionally Broken

With an unsupportive family
and fewer and fewer friends
I've been strong and occasionally broken
I've been brave-and-fearless
I've been lost and directionless
I've been waiting for an end
ever since the beginning
looking for a reason to continue or not
there is always a knife twisted into my guts
it feels like I am always at war
wondering what it is all for
is there even a soul in here worth fighting for?
And as each day begins and ends
I've said amen, amen!
My question is there even a fifth
of my heart left still fighting for life
reaching for all those distant stars.
Lord, knows I want to plot a new course
And reach-something-like a righteous end.

Mark Heathcote

Light At The End Of The Tunnel

I walk in this tunnel of darkness without you
I walk alone to the light, frightened
That nothing will ever be right
There is all this darkness all around me
But I am not willing to give up without a fight
I've crawled on my hands and knees before
And I know even if I follow only the moonlight
I'll be alright it-will-be alright if only there's
an ember of light at the end of the tunnel.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Death Is A Window Slamming

Death is a window slamming back and forth in a gale
it is a fire alarm that can't ever be shut-off
it is a migrating bird fighting through an endless storm,
it is a cliff-fall during a ceaseless nightmare sleep.

Death is not something to fear it's-something-to embrace.
What we fear is who we leave and will lovingly miss.
What we fear is only the hour, the minute, the second.
What we ultimately fear is the how and when.

It's the fear of the unknown and our lack of control
that causes our anxieties to run riot.
Death is a slow-motion punch in the guts
for most of us, it's an unfeeling-heartless slug.

Every fighter, at some point, fights against the ropes
hoping to do the rope-a-dope
but when that final bell rings, we are all champions
whatever our weight, whatever our division
we are all winners, it-is-only
Death left without ever holding a championship belt.

Mark Heathcote

On A Whim Blindfold

I'll kiss you on a whim blindfold
I don't even care if it's a taboo
I'll give you my heart and my soul
Everything unimaginable I give to you

And if like Romeo, I meet my death.
A swinging scythe cut off my head
I'm better off dead than living alone
By myself then falling bruised windblown.

Running over with a hiss smelting
Let there be embers in my fire
A little intoxicated blood melting
Building in a glowing prier

Let me kill off your trolls
Let me raise a glass and drink
Let me love you dear till I catch fire
Let me love you dear till a bird can't flap its wings
Let me love you dear till I'm no longer a pariah

Let me unleash my many desires
they're manifold and nothing else consoles
methinks you'll feel the same
I think we'll feel the same when we've
Reached and achieved destination point
And fulfilled all the same goals.

Mark Heathcote

Harlequin Moonlight

Like-an-inquisitive child looking at the moon
I see your harlequin face
a hairsbreadth from being caught too soon
your body broken turned into fishpaste
looking up at the floating bread
sucking with eyes blinking infrared
fearing some barbed hook might harpoon
then belly-rolling carp-like shrewd
I see you leap for a passing damselfly
dancing bait, you can no longer elude
fearing not his reeling or you're
breathless flapping, gills might just calcify.
You bite for the prize, forget to be petrified
like-an-inquisitive child gazing at the moon,
he sees your harlequin face
and is eternally mesmerized.
The instant the surface ice water breaks
and he is held underwater, kissed in your embrace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Putin, What Is Your Alibi?

Putin, what is your alibi?

Doesn't it make you want to cry?

Doesn't it make you want to lie down and die?

Did you not hear what Pope, Francis said?

In the name of God, stop this massacre
you're carrying more dung around with you
than an earthworm, a lily beetle, more blood
even than a mosquito or that of a bloodworm
'isn't that true'.

Putin does it make you honestly proud,
There's filthy creature's waist-deep
in muck more redeeming than you.

Putin, your destruction makes your country poor
Putin, you've now made Russia landlocked
from the west, and the rest of the civilised world
Just as much as if that US cosmonaut joke,
about how he won't be coming back home anytime soon.

Putin, what is going on in that befuddled head?

Are you playing Russian roulette with a revolving gun?

I wish I could pull the trigger instead of seeing
all these innocent Ukrainians lying dead.

My god, what have they done, that their old folk,
women and children must run like their possessed
simply to not-end-up dead. Putin, you belong in a
deep-fiery pit of hell, on a never-ending carousel ride
with bullets ricocheting off the back of your head.

Putin, you deserve to be dead or made into a pit pony.

Never to see the skies or the sun above
you, should-be-made to carry the bones of your dead
because this world hasn't-any-more love, for you,
you're just a rock shadowy evil serpent's dwell in,
and even morose deathwatch beetles cry in.

Putin, what's your alibi?

Doesn't it make you want to cry?

Doesn't it make you want to lie down and die?

Mark Heathcote

Eyes With Cataracts

They came as martyrs driving Z-tanks waving red flags.
A convoy of soldiers on military-
exercises to prevent a Ukrainian collapse
to-fix-a disease before it gets pulmonary.
Artillery sent in as a visible persuader
all it says is, surrender-or-we will kill you.
"We're your brother and sisters we're-not-invaders
but once we're here, we're here to stay and take care of you."
They claim that Ukraine is a hornets' nest of fascists
and if they all submit, we might just let you live
but all these red liberating saviour maggots
should get on their bellies and pray to leave their Queen hive.
Their subjugating mother Russia their rogue nation,
shouldn't you pray for your forgiveness that of your neighbour
they-aren't-dogs they don't need or require your affirmations
it's you who are murdering criminal exterminators.
Despots like you always have eyes with cataracts
it's your body and mind that's diseased those-are-the facts.
Let's hope-we-debauch your currency, and you collapse
so we can go on living normally and relax.

Mark Heathcote

No One's Going To Rescue You

No good you, banging your head on those railings,
Honey, no one's going to rescue you but you.
You might as well climb over and jump right in
that river-Mersey or better still get some
well-needed help. And no good you, pacing
up and down these streets ten-thousand-times
or more. No one's going to even-notice-your fall.

No one's going to even notice you missing.
You've gone and burnt all your bridges, Honey
and those tears you cry like rivers
there just going to keep on coming
like a big old hungry crocodile's like
a sink full of dirty dishes wishing someone-
would have wiped them clean away.

"No good, you say" there is far too-
many "know-it-alls" that's what I have to say
wearing mother Teresa's overalls, you should
mind your own, god damn business. Who asked
you to put your oar in any way?

Before you blow off at me, Sonny Jim you
should retain some dignity what little is left
and find some mercy for your own poor heart
I see your soul is crying, Honey and your mind,
your-mind-is torn apart.
But dear, finds it in your heart
to count yourself up off that canvas floor.

So you've fought hundreds of rounds against
the great Mike Tyson. And-man, how that-man-has
got respect-for-you. Shake-yourself-down he says, mate,
pick your head up off-those-weary beat shoulders
and feel proud that man, you're still standing here today.
Boy, that's what I say too. Sure you've-got-the stamina
you've-got-the willpower
all you need now is to learn how to flower.

State Of Transcendence

He's reached a state of transcendence
he's on another plane
look how he looks
his shoulders look rained on and weathered
bedraggled even
but he has the power of a mountain
that just stands-there excepting-everything
every rainfall, every avalanche
isn't he a man?
Isn't he a kindred spirit?
Someone who is part and parcel of the fabric of this land
they call it wisdom akin to the spirit of the wind
he has discovered the essence of forgiveness
and all he asks is for alms
a blanket and maybe a bed
at the nearest homeless shelter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Thousand-Different-Ways

I'll tread these hills a thousand-different-ways
And catalogue every river and climb every mountain
I'll turn every boulder and cross every crossroad
A little bit happier now I'm finding my way.

I'll stop and talk to the gipsy woman and buy her heather
I won't tread any more fearful than if you entered the room
And the whole of nature held its jealous breath
I'll wash down my throat with water and bread
And thank the lord that I'm going to your bed.

I'll burrow down with my beautiful
My, how beautifully blessed are my eyes
they've never-seen-better days
my, my cup is flowing overflowing
because there's an angel at my table
and, she doesn't-bark,
she just-sings-like some heavenly skylark.

I'll enter the dark because there's an ember spark
and I'll map every acre of god's creation for you
just to see those fireflies in your eyes looking back at me.

I'll swim every river, lake and sea
I'll cross every desert before I pass away
and know I've been saved, and I'm second-sighted
and "prophetic thunder" he can only wonder
what I've done to deserve a woman like you.

Mark Heathcote

So-Much-So

Love, you're-like-lithium in my head
love, you're-an-opiate to my heart
and a dawn swan entering my soul
and I'm sure if you leave me
I'm better off dead than alone.

Lover, you've got my handle
take-me-to heavens dandelion meadows
I do not need any analgesic
or any antihistamines medicine
and no denizen army
can say you-aren't-mine.

You know it isn't easy walking around with a smile
but with you everywhere smells of sweet chamomile
so-much-so
I should call you Anthemis Nobilis
because not only are you noble
but with beauty, you are blessed.

Mark Heathcote

We Just Need To Rage

I hear a harmonica and-think
You can't mimic my rage
I hear a Cadillac honking and-think
You can't wheel out your voice louder than me
I heard a heathen laughing
And I thought he's as loud-as-me
Go-get-him a bar-chair we'll share a brew two-or-three
Look he's fixing for a fight too
Because he's had enough joy the same as me
Now he wants to rage
And break a skull-or-two
We don't need brown vinegar and paper
We just need to rage!
Oh, I hear Jimi Hendrix, playing
And think Jimi, let's smash some chairs
We just need to rage!
Oh, I hear a June bug laughing at the moon
And think he's not deranged he's just out of touch
I hear Vincent Van Gogh, falls in love
With the first woman, he meets
Please don't abuse yourself
You just need to rage!
Well nothing changes it just fills me with rage
He cut off an ear and didn't
Go to anger management like me
Speak to a sounding-board bent on
Making your life even more like hell.

Mark Heathcote

Incantations And Cinnamon Oil

Incantations and cinnamon oil cooking
Pressure heating on the stove
Makes-my-heartbreak like dry sticks
Hoping something sticks

Circulation is rising
My eyeballs are bubbling
For another garlic clove
And this temptress without any clothes
And another opium arsenic kiss

This-ain't-any Mary Magdalene
And that's for sure
And I think I'm going straight to hell
Slowly—I'm sure I'll slip away like a pimp at her door

Another ragged creature turned out at dawn
Half-crazed, diseased with no pillow to lay-on
Like potbellied pig
Without as much as a side of bacon to cling-on
Or a bed of straw

Something must-be-confessed
But I've given up all my virtues to howl at the moon
And wear my cowl and herculean dig
To lift my heart like a crucifix stone

So if you see me like suds turning away
Down another rat-infested hole
Don't forget to wave and say hello
And hear me howl at the moon

And be grateful you've still got
You're sinless harmless soul
It must be great to be a judge and a lawyer
And pass o heathen sinner and say hi
'Do I smell something cooking? '

Lucifer's Wife

I'm waiting on my severance pay
And the gallows of the moon
When all you can say is I don't care
Please, please go away
What did you think I would do?
Did you think I would swoon?
Or drown in a lake

Honey, I don't care for all your cheap-talk
Darling takes a long walk all by your lonesome
Maybe the morning crickets will love you and cry
But-me I wish you would die

Please, please go away
What did you think I would do?
Did you think I would whisper a fugitive's-prayer?
Wish-you'd return a changed man
No longer cruel or mean, please,
Please, please go away stop standing there
I've spider's webs have better fair
With half-broken snare honey, what do I care?

I'm waiting, batting my blue soul-redeeming eyes.
But all my faults are my own faults that's-no-surprise
And I am listening to all you say
But have some heart for a yard dog's bark
Throw him a bone when he's whimpering
And he's nowhere to steer, and the missed is closing in.

I'm waiting on my severance pay
And the gallows of the moon
But I'm stubborn I'm dogged
I won't throw in the towel
I'll be happy with Lucifer's wife
And darling evens you.

Mark Heathcote

Everything Is Gesturing

Everything is gesturing to me
From an autumn worm caster
To the February snowdrops
To the dancing bells of daffodils
Everything has a meaning of sorts
Whether it is that mad March hare
Running in concentric circles
Or a pastoral herd ringing bells
Or the April woodland bluebells
Whether it be a blue dragonfly
Pivoted on a slender bulrush leaf
Or a meadow full of mayflies
Everything has its place and purpose
Nothing is ever lost in-my-eyes
All things have their significance
Whether it be a burrowing-red ant
Or a bumbling fat hairy caterpillar
It doesn't take clairvoyance
To say they all truly matter.
It doesn't take a genius to say that
One without the other is lesser.

Mark Heathcote

Cosmic Forces

Nothing is ever really empty
even the darkest void is wanting to-be-filled
like a tear, a black hole in space
seen in reverse is a gateway to the stars?
Nothing ever remains empty for long
even a deliberate manmade-void
in a science lab will unearth atoms
incoming enticing the other to collide
perhaps it's all just a courtship dance
there isn't a puddle where the ground is level
like balls and skittles, we-are-designed
to fall down but equally, get up again.
The game is not to win or surrender
it simply means we should never give in
we should all just-keep-on playing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Pretentious Gunslinger Of Plenty

She wants a man with a Gatling gun
And troubles that always come with woes
She'll blow no smoke down your nose
She'll ride your spurs in all the best rodeos

A pretentious gunslinger of plenty
And only twenty

She wants some man who cans fistfight
Battle his way out of any tin can ally
She wants a man who isn't any stranger
To danger who will happily smite
A foreigner or a lovesick neighbour

She's a pretentious gunslinger of plenty
And only twenty

She sits on her porch like a bee in a flower
Sending every man mad
Gazing and smiling in her solitude
With her hair in ribbons and braids
Drinking Ice tea waving a cotton flannel

She's a pretentious gunslinger of plenty
And only twenty

If she weren't so pretentious she might marry me
She might even attract some company
Maybe from a door to door Bible salesman
Looking to do all he can
for the lost sheep of New Jersey and Kentucky
but she's too pretentious for just about anyone.

Mark Heathcote

Let Me Grow Green Roses

Let me grow green roses
Let me grow green roses for her hair
They need no other colour to be fair
Such is the sunlight on your refrain
Such is the moonbeams spotlight
Lord, everything in her stead is arcane.

Hold that prairie-bounty
Hold that cactus Queen of the Night
Hold anything in the Garden of Eden
They-just-strangle - the light of my days her sweet perfume.

Instead, just-let-me grow
Let me grow green roses for her hair
They need no other colour to be fair
Such is her mischievous red auburn hair
When it curls, it scintillates my heart to be fair.

Hold that bridle and that hound-
Braying and howling at the moon
Lord, nail my heart housebound
And let her feed me love with a tablespoon
Lord, everything in her stead is arcane
Lord, everything in her stead is arcane
Is arcane, is arcane, arcane.

Mark Heathcote

Pitter-Patter Raindrops

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter raindrops
you put me under your spell
Oh, am I like Alice taking a tumble
Down a bottomless well

Lord, ain't any sense me going out of my mind
Lord, am I brave enough to empty this pail in me
It's only through playing do we learn to play
Lord, let me find my ladder my stairs.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter raindrops
you put me under your spell
Oh, and I'm nodding like a bluebell
I'm blossoming and not just because I'm young

It's only through playing do we learn to play
And I'm a symphony in this field today
I'm an orchestra running rings around these dark skies
You can't define how I feel
You can't put a dark cloud around me when I'm singing

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter raindrops
you put me under your spell
because I realise what happens now
a rainbow is about to break this spell and break loose in me
So all you people sitting in the rain, just listen.

Mark Heathcote

I Sing This Song Just For You

Dark as a rain cloud, I sing to you
Hoping to bring just one sunray
Blue as any bluebird, I sing to you
Listen to the ballet of raindrops
Like little school girls dancing without shoes
Imagining their weightlessness
Till they fall like the morning dew.

Imagine I'm singing this just to you
Cheer-up little tin soldered soldier
This song is only for you
Cheer-up little tin soldered soldier
And surrender there's no fighting
There is no hell there is no danger
Please, little soldier, don't be a stranger.

I sing this song just for you.
So don't close your ear - dear
Just start breathing slowly with a chased smile
Give up all your troubles and woes
Because everybody knows
There's enough ice when it snows.

Mark Heathcote

I Wish It Were June

I've got mercury tears in my eyes
They're so heavy they won't leave their womb
Darling, I wish it were June, and I could cry
All these buildings are grey
They reflect a February moon

Darling, I wish the clocks would stop toking
And we could walk together again on our honeymoon
Oh, but I've got mercury tears in my eyes
And they're so heavy they won't leave their womb to cry
And you, my darling, have cried yourself dry.

Darling, I wish it were June, and I could cry
The air is so heavy I swear it's winter in June
Darling, if you can find forgiveness
Come back soon before all the maples turn amber
And the horse chestnuts fall prickly everywhere.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Is Love Only A Cradle To Sorrow?

What is love only a cradle to sorrow?
No beginning or end without trouble
Prayers come unfilled with every tomorrow
But still, we implore like never before
Things can only get better
Here-on, here-on, things can only get better

Sure all these heavens are blue
and a deeper shade than even you
What is love only a cradle to sorrow?
No beginning or end without trouble
Darling, you're no pot of gold
You're just an empty tin can of sorrow
Like prayers that come unfilled with every tomorrow

What is love only a cradle to sorrow?
Like prayers that come unfilled with every tomorrow
I still fall for your head full of gold
Only a fool could want for more trouble
Oh, darling such is you, such is my sorrow
Sure all these heavens are blue
But here-on, here-on, things can only get better with you.

Son of Satan, let me be your adviser
Break your chains
Son of Satan, let me be your adviser
Break your chains
Turn those sorrows into gales and tropical warm rains.

With a nod to Nina Simone,
the first line of Blue Prelude

Mark Heathcote

Claudette Colvin, Rosa Parks, We Thank You Both Equally

Refusing to give up her seat to a white woman
soon to become a civil rights activist, Claudette Colvin
was first arrested at the tender age of 15.
in Montgomery, Alabama, for simply sitting
on a crowded, segregated bus Claudette Colvin
she crossed swords with the state on a-number-of-issues.
It leaves me blue with a dry mouth
that there ever was a Montgomery bus boycott.

It makes my guts twist and knot thinking how it took
the United States Supreme Court to make a decision
to declare segregated buses were unconstitutional
civil rights activist Claudette Colvin
was first arrested at the tender age of 15.
It didn't take her long to know right from wrong.

Claudette, we're all still so proud of you
you stood for something more,
you stood with sister Rosa Parks too,
She is now honoured as 'the first lady of civil rights'
and 'the mother of the freedom movement.'
that crushed all segregated seating on buses.

Claudette Colvin, Rosa Parks, we thank you both equally
from our hearts for being so upright and so bold.
As Parks wrote in her autobiography, there is always
more work to be done in the struggle for justice.
So it's upon me and you and all other peoples
that the Claudette Colvin's and Rosa Parks
of this mixed-up world of hell
never stand segregated and alone again.

Let's all buy a bus ticket that says all aboard
there is no difference between you and me
let's buy a bus ticket that says I love you
therefore you must love me too.

Let's not cross swords and feel scorned
let us all follow in their courageous actions
and be forever transformed
that's all I've got left to say till the end of my days.

Mark Heathcote

Dedication To Sojourner Truth: Ain't I A Woman

Truth be told, I am strong
I am not just a cook or a sower
I am willing to share this earth equally
I am ready to bear arms for what's right
I'll-pull-a-plough-like-an-ox-to feeds-my-soul
and my brother and my sister
and 'Ain't I a Woman.'

Look, ain't-I-given birth to-bigger-ideologies?
then to talk lazily about economics or politics
there is too much idealism without substance
truth be told, I am bored of all your empty promises
look at me I have fed and raised a child to be a man
and he has bowed his head to me as his mother
but 'Ain't I a Woman.'

Ain't I felt the suffering of a mule
with the weight of the world on its shoulders
ain't-I-picked the locks of hearts black as thunder?
And made them laugh-cry-teary-eyed
ain't I gathered the stars and placed them in your arms
and all I ask for is but to be your equal.
No, ain't your duplicate darling
I don't even want to be your world.

I'm a woman who wants only to be heard-
I sell the shadow to support the substance
I peddle my photo so it can live on your shelf
but that's not what I'm about
I'm about pricking your conscience
to all manner of unjust abnormal anomalies
I have only the good scruples I was born with
No, ain't your duplicate darling
"I am stronger - I am a Woman." That's my way of living.

Mark Heathcote

The Olive Tree

A bird flies toward the sky
leave this world and wave goodbye
take that olive branch from the tree
and soar as if the heavens meant-
nothing to you and me
my heart is like mercury watching you depart
it rises it inches, but it is tied-to-you
journeying over the sea
it builds like a luminous cloud
it grows into a tree
it's here I perch
no longer wishing,
'I am free.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Elation Euphoria With You

Elation, touch my face
Give up all you're weeping
The sun is shining
Like a warm feather on your breast
Full of eternal dreams and grace

Its warmth spreads harmony
like a climate heading east or south
it fills a coliseum with love
it's not some soiled wealth in a clearinghouse.

Euphoria today isn't-commonplace
You've got to grab it like a tropical beer
Love, hang up the phone
This 3d image isn't static; it's for you, dear.

It's crackling, setting to you like glue
There are no veneers
Everything you see is yours and is true
You touch my soul, take me home.

Darling, I'm sonar listening in the dark
A compass finger tattoos your name in fire
It has set a course straight to my heart
Love, I feel elation - euphoria with you.

Mark Heathcote

It's Beyond Unfeeling

It's beyond unfeeling
Nobody wants to save me
These walls are closing in like a musty yellow suitcase
Here I'm left on a platform where no one inquires
Not even the birds or a church steeple bat, bats an eye.
Nobody wants to claim or rescue me
It's all too much even for the world to put the wind back in my sail
It's beyond unfeeling
I'd rather beg, steal or borrow than be just another picture show
That has no story, no beginning or end
It's just life tipped on its end drunken in the freezing snow
A snowdrift like a song in the night then fades in the morning light.
It's beyond unfeeling sitting in the corners of my empty room
Waiting to be discovered by another crisscrossing searchlight moon
It's beyond unfeeling
being left like orange peel stuck under the base of your shoe
but what I'm I do but carry on loving you
like the stars love the moon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dolly, It Could Have Been

Dolly, it could have been serendipity
you had corn gold hair even in the rain
it could have been karma
you had a voice that could drown out even a gospel choir.

Dolly, it could have been divine providence
an angel guided you into the showbiz spotlight
It could have been fate
that those-wolfs are still wolf-whistling at the moon tonight.

Dolly, it could have been diligence and thrift
your songs-are-sung in every barroom salon
it could have been destiny and good fortune
that Dolly Parton took to entertaining me-and-you.

Dolly, it was your calling every minute of the day
fasting to write another song
like a bright attendant in another wise dark sky
Dolly, there are equal times my heart wants to sing and cry.

Dolly, it could have been by fickle chance
you were given-all-these precious gifts
that brings tears and smiles
but I believe it was simply hard work and a good heart.

It could have been serendipity
it could have been karma
it could have been divine providence
it could have been fate
but I believe it was simply hard work and your good heart.

Dolly, it could have been diligence and thrift
It could have been destiny and good fortune
Dolly, it was you're calling every minute of the day
it could have been by fickle chance
but I believe it was simply your hard work and a good heart
and that's why you opened up your Dollywood Theme Park
It's not by serendipity you brighten up all our lives.
that you had corn gold hair even in a rainstorm

but to you who made all this happen, it's just the norm.

Mark Heathcote

It'd Be Too Remiss Of Me-And-You

I'll swing on the gibbet
I'll hang from the scaffold
but don't expect me, love, to love only you.

I'll savour every sip and mortal kiss
but I mustn't get caught up with you
it'd be too remiss of me-and-you.

You see, I'm too, young
I'll taste the gallows tears
but I'm much too young to stay in your arms.

There are moonbeams glowing
as bright as any sun
and they all want to feel my warmth in their silos.

They all want to feed on this chaffinch bird grain
but I don't want to be caged a least not
at this youthful teenage—age.

Mark Heathcote

Love, Sample My Heart Again

Love, sample my heart again
Sample it like a starry carnival Ferris wheel
Sample it as an eternal fire
Sample it as the wind and hailstone
Sample it as a salty briny sea
Sample it as a fleeting rainbow wrapped around the world
Sample it tumbling down some bottomless bracken well
Love, sample my heart again and leave lipstick on my lapel
Sample it as a snowball gathering weight only to melt again.

Love, smell these wildflowers in my soul
There are waves that foam and crash but never reach home.

So, if you're in any doubt tug at my arm like a horse on the reign
You'll see me rear again on a snowy mountain's peak.
Neighing we'll leap over galaxies the stars in our sleep.
Sampling all there is to remember and keep safe as a keepsake
Love, sample my heart again
Sample the clear cold day on your cheek the morning dew
And hear me say you are the sunshine each-and-every day
Love, you are a broken curse that sends me sunlight gold
And like a lost and found sheep, I want to join your fold.

Love, smell these wildflowers in my soul
There are waves that foam and crash but never turn back for home.

Love, each clasp of your hand is like a prayer of reverence that never ends.
And it's now I realise just how much I've been saved never to be alone again.
Love, sample my heart again
Love, sample my heart again
Love, sample my heart again, I want to join your fold.

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Find Peace

Let us find peace in death
live life as if it's got one day left
the sun has always remained a pacifist
as does the long shadow remain a warmonger.

Let us benefit from each other, not from war
but with prosperity and hope
the deliverance of forgiveness
therefore is in each other's hands like flowing water.

Let us not oppose each other to do battle
or build dykes or any trenches
or withhold a hand of friendship.
Let not belligerent aggression rule the day.

All need a bit of optimism and sunshine today.
Let the shadows of mistrust fade from our sight.
Only our unborn innocent know what's truly right.
May we give birth to the stars, the universe within.

And meet our death with a renewed-
faith and bravery and then begin again.
With the smile of a thousand suns,
compassion and tolerance can overcome and win.

Mark Heathcote

Full Tonto

Defence minister Ben Wallace says Putin has 'gone full tonto.'
So saddle up your 'wild horse's folks, '
and get out of your lunatic asylum beds
he's mental folks now, that's-what-I've read.

Putin has 'gone full tonto' they say,
there is no neutrality in this nuts psychiatric unit.
He's said to have lost it during his covid-19 isolation lockdown,
they say he's been sharpening knives for a good while now
and even wants to microwave the world for his Sunday roast?

Putin has 'gone full tonto' they say,
saving comrades and neighbours from Neo-Nazism
all his clowns and jesters are clueless about what the hell to do
so they wave flags and fire bullets and generally join in his parade.
Announcing corridors are opening to the poor folk they're killing.

Putin has 'gone full tonto' they say,
and who can disagree when a baby boy dies of shrapnel wounds
died in his mother's arms on International Women's Day
and all he and they can say is war has its casualties
maybe they shouldn't have got in our way.

Mark Heathcote

It's A Perilous Junction Even For Us Distant Boy Scouts

There are two dog owners on-either-side of the road
at a crossing, any minute, a landmine might explode
it is more than likely a standoff, a bad-mixture
one is with a black and tan Miniature Pinscher
the other is with three snarling borzoi hounds
it's a perilous junction even for us distant boy scouts
there look to be some cordial words spoken at first
but leashes are loosened, and threats are interspersed
there's a greeting of canine teeth bared to kill
locked in a bloodlust that crushes all the daffodils
that spills innocent blood on the freshly falling snow
these wild dogs are now unchained and let go.
Their owners are at distant ends of the earth.
Their howling, their baying, their wailing never adjourns
there's no end to war when war crimes-are-waged
and an entire world and people are enraged.

Mark Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It's The Old Story Of David And Goliath

Here we see two countries locking horns
like schoolboys in the schoolyard
as-always a bully twice the size is-
throwing sawdust in the eyes of the other
and us observing bystanders stood around.

The-smaller-boy is on his blooded-knees
holding all the high-moral ground
takes-his-nosebleeds well and won't concede
it's the old story of David and Goliath I fear
the bigger shouting I will win, I will domineer.

But we witnessing, see it's a battle of attrition
who'll fight the longer like a body combating cancer?
And in this battle, we're all rooting for contrition,
contrition from the bigger slain by the littler
to eventually become the rightful winner.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Consequences Uttered To Instil A Sense Of Fear

Today we watched in horror
the deliberate act of a Russian tank
driving over a moving civilian car
and see the ruin remains of residential tower blocks
the homes of the innocent destroyed sent fleeing
midwinter into the perilous unknown,
we see people desperately clutching babies, children
and teddy bears to their breast.
While Russia, with all its military arsenal of chess pieces
encircles its prey, threatening the world with its
shelling, closing in on the Zaporizhzhia nuclear plant
like a cat, playing with a globe in its paw.

And to this added-horror unfolding
we are all told of crematorium death machines
how they roll on behind to dispose of their own dead
we are all told the War to 'de-militarise and de-Nazify'
that it's an effort to stop any more future violence
but what's clearly on display is genocide
an invasion of aggressors hell-bent on destruction
on luting and murder, they claim hysteria
has taken hold of our senses and shortly
we in the West will all come to our senses - again.

We once a trusting partner will settle down,
and later calmly renegotiate a mutual endgame
that-settles-for King's stalemate an equal partnership
because if you don't, there'll be
consequences greater-than-any you've faced
in the history of the world.
Because why do we need a world if Russia is not in it?
so Putin once again has announced he wants
Russia's nuclear deterrence forces placed on 'high alert,'
and orders the West not to interfere
again 'Consequences' uttered to instil a sense of fear.

Mark Heathcote

Finest And The Fittest

She's aptly a symbol of survival
the finest and the fittest.

Isn't it an apt symbol of the cycle of life?
Watching in near disbelief, this elderly woman
Walking courageously over to a group of soldiers
Demanding and inquiring forcibly, answers.
"Who are you? "

Soldier: we are on exercises.
What kind of exercises. Are you Russian?
What are you doing here?
Why are you fascists here?
Why are you here? What are you doing here?

Soldier: we are on exercises.
Do not escalate this situation.
What are you doing on our land with all these guns?
Take these seeds and put them in your pockets.
Guys, guys put these sunflower seeds in your pockets
You came to my land. Do you understand?

"You are enemies, occupiers."
You are cursed. I'm telling you.
"From this moment on, cursed."
Take these seeds and put them in your pockets.
Guys, guys put these sunflower seeds in your pockets
So at least sunflowers will grow when you all lie down here.

She showed them aptly a symbol of survival
the finest and the fittest.

Mark Heathcote

Aries Is A Sign That Reminds Us Of Daffodils

young men showing off their biceps arrogantly
In beige-tweed, sleeveless sweaters, worn
mid-March near the end of the lambing season.
Aries is a sign that reminds us of native primroses
of blue lungwort's flowering; it's the time-

of the Vernal Equinox when day and night are equal.
It's the time of my birth; it's the month God sits
conceitedly at His easel and paints garish colours
the tips of dewy Rhododendron buds that is pink
and red, azaleas that are orange and yellow,

it's the time of blackbirds singing songs in chorus
it's the time of year symbolized by a Ram,
that'll jump into any dangerous situation,
courageous and fearless, the sign Aries
reminds us challenges and battles lay ahead.

Aries women often move from dragon-to-doll
or doll-to-dragon, their motto is me first.
She is like the beginnings of spring
that won't-be-oppressed, her-stubbornness
a determination need-not ever be readdressed?

Mark Heathcote

She Says

Love, there is something I hold back.
For a rainy day
I always keep something in reserve
for a rainy day
but then I'm thinking - where my fall-back is.
I give you everything-my-love
I give you my heart, my all
and you want more and more.

Love, there is something I keep in cold store
for a rainy day, she says
something I haven't shared with you yet
I-keep for a rainy day.
But I'm now thinking the rain is pouring
I can't give you any more
I don't give a damn what's-held-back in store
I've seen and heard it all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Right Provisions

I don't care what you do to avoid delivery
My heart must-be-crated and exported to you
Whatever the export cost
You're going to make all the right provisions
And cut all your losses.
I don't care what you do next it's already decided
I'll marry you when we've kissed
And I've flown like a bird from my bough
Whatever it takes, I'll take your hand
And together in time, we'll grow old, yes, darling
You're going to make all the right provisions
And I'll take your hand and later
When many other lovers have become estranged
You'll ruffle your fading, thinning hair
And thank the day, the lord, you took a stranger in
Who, later rocked-a-manger, you later called an angel?
That came to you when you once more prayed
Whatever the export cost
You're going to make all the right provisions
And cut all your losses.
Darling, with all who I am, I make you this promise.

Mark Heathcote

Drowning

Your mouth calls like the sands of time
Ooh, I'm sinking
Ooh, my tongue is swollen
Ooh, I can't talk
You're like a barnacle
Oh, I can hear the heart of a whale singing
Oh, I can hear a solitary turtle dove cooing
This must be love
Oh, you're so lush
I don't need an SOS rescue
Because I'm already drowning, I'm in love
Oh, palm trees are swaying
And I don't know what they are saying
But I'm not leaving
I must be a nut for you
You put wind in my sail
Ooh, my tongue is swollen
Ooh, I can't talk
You're like a barnacle
Oh, I can hear the heart of a whale singing
Oh, I can hear a solitary turtle dove cooing
But it's me now left clinging
Winging it, oh, this must be love
Oh, you're so lush
I don't need an SOS rescue
Because I'm already drowning, I'm in love
Drowning, I'm in love
Drowning, I'm in love

Mark Heathcote

I'm Still Here

With the battle-weary resilience of a Tardigrade
Allow me to endure each moment of each day.
I might not suffer cabin fever all-too-well folks
But I've survived thus far, and I remain unfazed.
Sure I've hungered in the basements of despair
And stubbed my toe at every twist and turn,
I've near thrown in the towel a thousand times
"But look, I'm still here."

I'm facing each obstacle as they appear
Okay, my brains-have-been frazzled
And at times, I've unravelled like a fishing spool.
Tied up in knots, not moving forward or back
I've disentangled myself, I've unpicked many locks
I thought-would never be unlocked.
I've solved many problems,
But with each problem, I've vehemently steered.

I've grown stronger and cheered myself on
Yes, "I'm still here."
"How I am, " I'll never know or understand.
You see, even when the white flags hoisted
There is an elasticity that pulls me back.
Back from the brink of no return;
That's proud to shout out I'm not perfect!
But somehow, "I'm still here."

Mark Heathcote

Please Grant Me

Please grant me a peaceful sleep
like a black hawk drifting into a distant mountain range
pleased to glide out of sight on an air thermal
conducting electricity like a silent symphony.
Please allow me one last happy dream again
before I descend like a falcon or a fallen aspen leaf
always to mulch in the shade of pain and hurt.
Please permit me something fleeting without regret
all I ask is a simple death with my head resting on your knees
with a final tear, a final laugh and an angel kiss,
before I enter the quicksand and let go of your hands
and once again, like a child, learn to stand alone.
all I ask is for you to guide me home
and make this world glow like coals in my heart
as it unleashes its last breath and let's-me-go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Slipping Off Avalanching Slopes

We are buried in dreams
We are living hopes
Slipping off avalanching slopes
We are leaving tentative steps
We are whispering cautions echoes
We've uncovered cut gems not yet polished
We are memories with broken collar bones
We are bricks and mortar
We are submerging boulders
We are grains of sand
We are eggshells crushed by foes and friends
We are buried in dreams
We are living hopes
Slipping off avalanching slopes
We are leaving tentative steps
We are whispering cautions echoes
But all I know is I don't want to live without you
All I know is I don't want to live or die without you
We are atoms that must ultimately collide
We are embryos in a clinical petri dish dreaming of love
We've uncovered cut gems not yet polished
But I've got multiple scares
We are eggshells crushed by foes and friends
We are buried in dreams
We are living hopes
Slipping off avalanching slopes
We are leaving tentative steps
We are whispering cautions echoes
But all I know is I don't want to go on without you
All I know is I don't want to live or die without you
We are atoms that must ultimately collide
Please, please love, take my hand.
Love, we are bricks and mortar
We are submerging boulders
We are grains of sand
We are living hopes
Slipping off avalanching slopes
We are leaving tentative steps
We are whispering cautions echoes

We've uncovered cut gems not yet polished
We are memories with broken collar bones
We are bricks and mortar
We are submerging boulders
We are grains of sand
We are eggshells crushed by foes and friends
Love, let's not hesitate, darling, kiss me tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Sure You Can Explain

Faith don't leave me now
Now-I'm-a weakened fragile-
Shadow of my former self
Now I've got broken splinters
That'll never heal not even with you
Sure you can explain
The old and the new and smile
But darling I need more than a tube of glue.

Faith don't leave me now
Now-I'm-a tempest after
All that scary stormy weather
Sure you can explain
The cost of living
But I'm ready to leave you and others forever
Darling, I don't need a chaperone
Sure you can kiss me and look into my eyes.

But don't expect me to reflect
What I don't see or feel
Oh, darling, the skies are darkening
But I need a spark a fire that's totally-blinding
Sure you can hold me
But let's not pretend I'll be myself again
Sure I can take vitamins and eat well
But I feel like hell and I blame you.

Faith don't leave me now
Darling, assure me you won't abandon me
Sure you can enlighten me, honey
and put all my misgiving to rest
but I know what's best
Darling, you drive me crazy
Darling, assure me you're not a curse
Maybe it's time to stand alone
Darling please, please I don't need a chaperone

Now I rediscovered my faith I don't need you
Or anyone else around

Sure you can explain
The old and the new and smile
But darling I need more than a tube of glue.
Sure you can explain
The cost of living
But I'm ready to leave you and others forever
Darling, I don't need a chaperone
Sure you can kiss me and look into my eyes.

But don't expect me to reflect
What I don't see or feel.

Mark Heathcote

Delicately Unruffled In Tempo

Let me propose to take you for a walk.
We will tiptoe through a spring meadow
and together, we will gather wildflowers
and tread delicately unruffled in tempo
and I shall interject some silly talk
to which you'll laugh in short outbursts
fingers interlinked, our palms now sweaty
with each step, we're more candidly friendly.

I will watch the hem of your dress swish
it shall serpentine the grass like an adder
like a small cyclone with no fixed abode
somewhere on that course like a cadaver
it will rest like the tail of a panting catfish,
and I'll dislodge a barded hook and decode
whether or not you love me. Or me you
or-if-whether-or-not it's time to say adieu.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Some People Are A Gift To The World

Some people are a gift to the world
"but these they're ghouls" who know what's best
and often it's to fill their own coffers war chest
or-simply to be mean, bemoan and say theirs-is
a higher purpose for all and is the greater good.
let's isolate him-her and demonise them,
what use are they to us now we've got what we want?

Some people are a gift to the world
and are only spoken of with any affection
after-they-shuffle off this mortal coil.
They might not have a feather-light-touch,
but doesn't mean we should miss-quote them;
turn them into monster cave-dwelling wyvern,
just-so-we-can poke them with a long pointed stick.

Some people are a gift to the world
but are left behind like used up wrapping paper
taken for all they've got and then discarded.
They are superfluous for purpose for usage
once their-purse has been emptied
and their will's inheritances are manipulated
and their properties homes are disrespected.

Some people are a gift to the world
but it isn't always noticed.
Because of-the-rat-race therein, it just-trundles-on.
There's a momentum that-can't-be slowed
and if you're a soft touch and won't-be-told
you'll end up sold down the river
not panned gold but the discards of old sediment.

Mark Heathcote

It's Not Me Who'd Let You Go...

If someone makes negative observations
or harmful cosmological predictions
about our love and its demise—plateau
remember-love it's not me who'd let you go.

If my love for you were to ever-fade
it would diminish like a supernova star
it would trigger a nuclear fusion
expelling more light than a galaxy of stars.

It would be comparable to all the light
that has ever existed, shone on your brow-
morning and night and a long time after
its midnight patina would outshine the moon.

Its lustre shall never dwindle, not even
when you, yourself are gone and no longer.
there would be a core folding, a shock wave
my heart would enter a gravitational collapse.

I should be left a black hole
awaiting your joyous infectious-laughter
I would grow in mass and at my core-
remain a remnant of something much, much more.

Mark Heathcote

Nightingales And Starlings

Let's kiss and hold-hands my darling
There's no sense in alarming our parents
Not whilst we're still only just courting.

When we're older, I'll buy you diamonds
But for now, let's hold-hands my darling
And listen to the nightingales and starlings.

There's no sense in alarming anyone.
We don't want or need any deterrents
Least-not when we've only just started dating.

Darling, let's swing on the porch till the morning
Let's kiss and hold-hands my darling
And listen to the nightingales and the starlings.

There's no sense in alarming our parents
Not whilst we're still only just courting.
Oh listen, darling, all the crickets have fallen dormant.

Oh, listen to the barn owl cooing
I guess it isn't yet quite, morning
Oh darling, listen to the nightingales and the starlings.

Mark Heathcote

You Are The Right Ventricle Of My Heart

I hear marriage comes with a license
but it doesn't come with my neglectful obedience
love's a real venture, but it isn't a franchise
and I won't be moored to be scuppered or capsized
my soul isn't something you can taint, chain and ignite
I give my heart, not as a clause or a right
my body isn't a birthright or a bill of sale
you can flail with a cat on nine tails.
I love you. I love you-

I love you. I love you-
because you have substance, you're not a mirage
I love you because you care for me as I do you.
I love you because you are, we are a montage
of each other, you are my better half, my heart, my soul
I love you because you care for me as I do you.
You are the right ventricle of my heart
without you, all atoms would-be-smashed to quarks
and I would be left alone in the dark without you.

Mark Heathcote

One Gamble Too Many

A pool shark I'd regularly play
he would run all-day
from billiard ball tables to bookies
all day I'm telling you,
back and forth, back and forth.

And then the next thing I knew
he'd-been-hit like a billiard ball
into a side pocket of no return,
I guess it was a case of
one gamble too many.

But that day, sadly
he was extraordinarily unlucky.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Melancholic-Winter Retreats

Melancholic winter retreats
like a snail to a point-of infinite infinity.
Till it isn't heard or seen of since
'Kindness is a way of killing me, '
it whispers to an opening golden daffodil.
So I must expiate my leave of you.
But I will return with sharpened teeth
and claws and four bear paws.
Your reprieve will be short-lived
I will return to deliver the ice and snow,
then-my-dandelion-friend then you'll
have to drill deeper than you'll ever grow.
I shall creep like a Mile-a-minute-vine
and jut into the horizon. I will envelop
the sky and take every maple leaf with me.
I will circle the globe and crash down
in sheets of hailstone because
winter retreats, because winter retreats
doesn't mean it accepts unwanted defeats.

Mark Heathcote

I Wish I Could

I wish I could leave my skin and bones
lay like a cumulus cloud over you
not to rain or dull but just-to-shade
the burning gold sunrays over you.

I wish I could tremble in the fire of your hair
not the keeper of an amber locket
not the prison gate of a canal lock
but more like a dragonfly in courtship.

I wish I could lay back totally ravished
covered in lilac wands of kissing pollen
and play like a stray cottontail kitten
dancing in the dew foiled moon smitten.

I wish I could leave my skin and bones
I wish I could tremble in the fire of your hair
I wish I could lay back totally ravished.
Baby, I swear. Baby, I swear. I swear.

Mark Heathcote

Goldmine

Subconsciously I wonder just why I love him,
why I haven't yet left you
subliminally I know something doesn't fit
no matter how hard I try,
there's always something that doesn't quite-
sit well with me.

Systematically I might question-him
until he's thirty shades of turquoise blue
methodically I might cross-examine you
but darling, know this I love you, I love you crazily
that's why I'm crying because I found myself a goldmine.
And to its 24 karat core, his claim on me is pure.

So, if you're wondering why I'm still mad
it's because I fear to be glad
and will not have him think he no longer needs to work.
And have some other little hovering hummingbird
whisper boy; let's make like two turtle doves
innocent and pure but secretly make love.

Subconsciously I wonder just why I love him,
why I haven't yet left you yet
subliminally I know something doesn't quite fit
no matter how hard I try,
there's always something that doesn't-
sit well with me.
And I question why he's always tired.

Systematically I might question-him
until he's thirty shades of turquoise blue
methodically I might cross-examine you
but darling, know this I love you, I love you crazily
that's why I'm crying because I found myself a goldmine.

Mark Heathcote

Regardless Of The Risk

Regardless of the facts, the reason you try to catch your breath
and say, it isn't that way it's this.

Honest, stick or twist it's all in the flick of your wrist.

But don't blame me if you go bust
darling order to win, you've to gamble everything
only fools the weak-hearted runaway
and throw all their chips, hopes dreams to the wind
regardless of the facts and all you say-
you-still-like to dance in the fire
regardless of the facts and all you say
you like to feel a bit exposed.

Honest, it's attractive to see you win.

Darling, I won't bite, put you on ice just kiss and roll the dice
stick or twist it's all in the way you make me hold my breath
and say, it isn't that way it's this

darling, it isn't that way it's this?

Darling, it isn't that way it's this?

Regardless of the risk, let us play

regardless of the risk, let us kiss

but don't blame me if you go bust

darling order to win, you've to gamble everything
only fools the weak-hearted runaway.

Regardless of the facts and all you say-

you-still-like to dance in the fire without any clothes with both our souls.

Mark Heathcote

Open Wounds

Lift-me-up because every organ in my body
is crying out to be released like a caged bird
my lungs are bleeding, crying let-me-breathe.
My heart is on the threshold of total collapse
it's beating like a linnet's wing or a horse
that's broken free of its bridle bit-in-mouth.
My soul wants to sing, sing lurid and loud
so loud that its temper can no-longer-be discerned
but I am as much a caged bird like you, my friend
only I can cut out a distant moment of brooding
so melancholy I'd much rather die than tell in truth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How You Once Sang Like A Whale To Me

Let your legs dangle free like a rope chain
I might clench and tug at will.
With all my strength, I shall enter
at close quarters this open-mouthed estuary,
and linger like a beach becalmed sailboat.
I shall gaze at these foothills under the moonlight
with a sliver of silken sail
and imagine my death in you, like a serpent swallowing its-own-tail
always-eternal-my darling,
always-eternal-my darling like the waves on the sea
and if I drown-like a beached whale
and if I die, don't cry for me
just-remember the clench and tug I held you with.
And how you once sang like a harpooned whale to me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If Change I Do

Let me unbridle myself entirely
break free from these chains and bonds.
Let me lean on my wings and fly westerly
on a breeze, and let my heart abscond-

And leave the past and find true meaning.
Let me disperse like a fog, a mist
and discover a rainbow still beaming
let me fall in love and with my heart enlist-

In all these social galas where I might shine
let the relics of the past burn charcoal
for I am a kaleidoscope, a picture divine
if change I do, it's for the better, not to startle you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Adulation

Notice how trees worship the sun
see how their leaves are undone
watch how they wave and frequently bow
perceive how they grow, never disavow
observe how they mature in adulation
how they flower in adored veneration.
Guard your heart like a horse chestnut seed pod.
and remember you too shall spring from the sod
crack open and shed those spiny needles
and discover your own simple uniqueness.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Unequalled Charms

Don't tell me fibs; my heart is thumping
beating like butterfly wings
vowing to fly straight and true to you
my soul is somersaulting like falling leaves
swirling to be ahead of any cold breeze
that takes off the heads of a thousand poppies
don't greet me with a nomadic smile
romance me like the stars
that even when their dead and gone go on,
go on, go on with unequalled charms.
Because love, that is how I love you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Reverence Of Music

Many men have desired a private audience
your body is an instrument of music and love
you've serpents for braids hissing in tidal waves
and their taking little bites of my heart and soul.
I listen intently to the rise and fall of your breath,
you are the harmony that makes any song sing.
I-hang-on every note and vibration reverberating
my lungs are full to an unequalled capacity,
I am bereft like a shadow without substance
I have signed a signatory surrender
to once-again-my love, kiss only you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Was A Pilgrimage Of Sorts

On her knees, she would focus all her attention
she would solitarily sow all day,
it was a pilgrimage of sorts, only one never chosen.
Each needle thread, a strained prayer
it was her toil, her daily work.
It was as if she was in the dock quietly pleading.
There was an eerie covenant of silence.
No judgment but an eternal life sentence.
You sow what you reap, it is said.
But all she did was work her needle and thread
for sucker until she was near death.
Her last vestiges of hope were getting smallpox,
The Black Death, the workhouse-
was a bed of rats, a bed of iniquity
but she remained honest and pure
the face of dignity optimism forevermore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Muswell Hill

His inconspicuous manner was a smokescreen
Meant his crimes went undetected for years
He exploited the susceptible, the vulnerable.

Preying on those who fell through the cracks
Like a scorpion-fish, a sit-and-wait predator
Offering food and drink at the end of the night.

Killer—Nielsen has no feelings of remorse
Reflecting on his accounts to the police
“Do the police normally investigate drains?”

What a way to remember someone's life
The vague memory he once owned a shirt tie
Now along with fifteen others, he doesn't.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anticipation Is Such A Bore?

I've been running through graveyards
ever since my life began,
I've had the barrel of a gun levelled at me
ever since I learnt to stand and run
ever since I learnt to open my eyes,
separate fact from fiction;
tell the day from the night.
Know a truth from a lie;
I've been the object of a hangman's noose
ever since my birth,
I've been hovering over a trapdoor
awaiting that lever, sandbag to fall
and what's more, I prayed it would happen
sooner rather than later
my god, anticipation is "such a bore" "

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Rising Star

It takes courage to burn inside and out
to catch fire and discover fame.
Only to be extinguished at some point again.
It takes a phoenix to rise from its ashes
but lashes become a prominent actress.
It takes bravery to take to the stage
be the first on parade, action!
Act on instinct, applauded, adulated,
and the next fall through a trapdoor.
It takes courage to be you, a rising star.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Which Way Do I Go?

A wooded path is like a river
weaving its natural course downstream
it's like a dream winding and turning,
twisting from high to low.
It's as if your heart were on a swing bridge
when the evening light dims in its glow,
and every fork in the road
is a pause for some hidden dilemma?
Which way do I go?
If only I could turn back and pretend
I'm still on track, pretend
that forward movement doesn't matter.
Pretend that these old pastures
are still good fodder
and staying-put is well much, much better.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Welcome Trespassers

A house with a gnarled face squints
at the snowy barren land
it gazes at someone's footprints passing
it asks why he walks so slowly
I have no wish for him to stay or go
but he lingers like some lame animal dragging its feet
it's as though he were a beast of burden
leaving its ancient lair
the house is an empty relic now
it has memories like puffs of grey billowing smoke
it secretly welcomes trespassers
it shivers to see him go...
Overgrown, wiry brambles-lasso his ankles.
With a shake of his left boot, he trips
he nearly falls
two sash windows glint happily once more
then a forlorn raven is heard to caw
don't come back here anymore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I've-Encountered-Beauty

I've-encountered-beauty
I've-encountered-fear and I've encountered death
I've encountered hate and, I've encountered love
And I know which one I choose.

Oh, I've met with deprivation
And I've met with an overflowing river of charity
Oh, I've met with the devil
And better still, I've been sent an angel for free.

Oh, I've faced adversity.
And been given clemency advocating some heavenly mercy
Oh, I've faced eternal damnation
And found liberation in my heart and soul

I've encountered hunger and vagrancy
And found morsels of nourishing hope
The marrow of some old truth
That feeds my mind tells me to be kind.

Oh, I've come across snakes in the grass
That has bitten me
But I don't advocate any vengeance
Because I've-encountered-beauty, immeasurable all around me.

Mark Heathcote

I Counted My Fingers On Both Hands

I counted my fingers on both hands
Asked if I could do long-division with you
With your sweets and chocolates
And rekindle the flame I had for you.

I counted your toes with my index finger
And after that, I kissed you all over...
I counted your ears, your slender nose
And kissed you all over...

I kissed the nape of your neck to the shoulder
I kissed you so many times - I lost count
And then I started all over again
From the top of your forehead

To your thighs stretched out trembling over me
In a circling circumference
The diameter of which widens - says
Shoot me with a cupid's arrow, follow this compass.

Oh, I count the hours and the days
And like a preacher, I pray
Your love to keep me every day
Yeah, every moment that reluctantly comes my way.

I counted my fingers on both hands
And fall in love deeper with you
I counted your toes with my index finger
And now I'm a believer love compute's you love me too.

Mark Heathcote

Creativity And Madness

Louis Wain had his paw bent on painting
and drawing the most wonderful things
he'd an-eye-for the mischievous and fun
he liked a Persian cat for its distinctive blue eyes
and a tabby for its coat of Bengal orange fur
he'd paint cats, play cricket or shoot a 12bore gun
there's no surprise we all concur
the man found fame but had to economize
cause he wasn't a man of business, not at all.
He was a misfit-hairball, a canvas without a coverall.
And tragedy became a pivotal force
the loss of his, dear wife of course
was to never to leave him, catastrophe
and heartbreak were the cornerstones
of his dear poor life, it led him into poverty,
and later on, insanity sent him to the cattery,
no not-the-cattery the pauper's asylum.
Because financially he-was-ruined
but the public's affection saved him,
they raised the money to send him to Bethlem,
where he painted mirrors at Christmas time
and learned to love, again the eccentricity
the creativity, the frivolity of his passion and art.

Mark Heathcote

Mirror Ball Awnings

It's as if gravity were just a joke
narrowly swinging on a silken rope
tiptoeing on the air, she's all sewn up.
It's as if she's walking on the moon
or dancing around a spinning loom.

Her egg sac of young is ready to erupt.
High wire breaking from their trapeze yolk
it's mesmerizing to watch, but I balk-
away from any form of hand-touching
as I watch in wonder her brood hatching...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hobson's Choice

Watching TV ads for charity
Somewhere in the world, there is a donkey going lame
A zoo animal going hungry
A dancing bear in a cage
A penguin without an ice sheet
Somewhere in the world, there is a child without clean water
A woman with schizoid mania chasing elusive healing shadows
A man battling malaria, an infant with pneumonia
A cat needing rescue, a dog treated cruelly
Somewhere in the world, there is a clinic researching cancer
Or a pensioner with arthritis or Alzheimer's
Not getting anywhere near adequately looked after
Watching TV ads for charity it's a Hobson's choice
'Take it or leave it' it's Hobson's choice
"Take it on Trust" The Salvation Army they're the very best...
There are disaster appeals everywhere all year long
Motor Neurone Disease Appeals
Donate now save, lives appeals
All I know is at times
There really isn't any difference
Every crisis it's just a twist to loosen your purse strings your tears
Make you want to save the world.
Save your own kind.
But to be quite honest there are so many their driving me crazy.
It's a Hobson's choice, do what appeals to you
But leave me alone to savour every miserly penny I own.
And in these sentiments, I'm sure I'm not alone.
I want to live in an ad-free zone.

Mark Heathcote

These Are My Mountains

Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle
And drew the shape of Africa
And that land of America,
A Land of Hope and Glory.

Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle
And worked at the corner counter store
Making eyes at a man, you'd later call dad.
The man I aspired to for all my future needs.

These are my mountains
These simple aspirations are mine to climb
Mother in rags, I'll climb
To reach the same peaks you reached
To give me the very best.

Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle
And drew the shape of Africa
And that land of America,
A Land of Hope and Glory.

So aspirations shore can be very far
To reach if you're in a recessional hit harbor
Paddling with a pickaxe home
If you're just a mountain miner who wants to dig for ore!
If you're just a hillbilly orphan
Who just wants his mother's apron still.

These are my mountains
These simple aspirations are mine to climb
O a mother in rags, I'll climb
To reach the same peaks you reached
To give my own son the very best.

Mark Heathcote

Ghostly Inhabitants

I remember a music box
the sound of heavy rain
a feeling of drowning
be alone even in company
I remember singing rain, rain-go-away.
My palms, wiping the conization off
every-which-way and it clouding
back over as soon as touched
as though nothing ever changes
as if time was a dripping candle
with no more a wick than I a soul
I remember ghostly inhabitants
shocked to be seen and noticed
running to escape my languid gaze
and others that were intent
on causing me interminable harm
creeping out from behind curtain's
to slit my throat so it was I who'd
never come back another day.
Leaving them in peace alone
To singing rain, rain-go-away
come back another day.

Mark Heathcote

Party Games And Balloons

There were always three in a corner.
And if you were feeling a little bit frisky and naughty
you'd-one, large sausage in-betweens
two round ones for good measure.
Oh, there'd be a gaggle of giggles
just blowing it up. "Ha Ha Ha!"
Tying it between your two knobbly knees;
lewd behaviour when it was-
only halfway up was happy and normal
laughing-so-hard you'd start to wheeze.
And rasp like a dying fairground fish.
Snickering at jokes, jokes about crackers and nuts.
There'd be air ever so slightly released
to resemble an unconstrained fart
and this was just the start
of the seasonal jollies, Christmas, time brought.
Fishing out that half a sixpence
in a pudding laced with booze
and happier memories of mother and father
years and years, later played twister
falling gaily over with a loud cry, in love once again
tactless-innuendo was used in innocence
in the defence-of-some bursting, pomade bubbles.
It was all cheap and nasty,
but truly we loved it, balloons and all.
And when a balloon did accidentally burst
and grandmother clutched her robust chest
even the rats under the floorboards in the cellar
went "Ha Ha Ha!" it was all so Dickensian, so picturesque.

Mark Heathcote

Levitation

Levitation was my dream
I thought I could do it without breaking a sweat
I prayed to Jesus because I knew
He knew, just what to do.
He didn't answer me, any way not right away
But it didn't stop me from dreaming, visualizing.

So I scratched my infantile head
And said let's start this journey from my rickety bed
I closed my eyes and imagined I could fly
I imagined I had wings, with a 7ft span, and I could fly
I close my eyes and nightmares followed.
And as-I-was just about to die when I learnt to fly.

I levitated up into the neon sky
And was like mercury-rising in a tube of light
I counted my blessings; I'd escaped some awful fiend
A monster with gnashing jet-black teeth
A grimacing demon comes to collect my heart
Some brutish thing comes to pluck my last breath tonight

But tonight, I can levitate
But tonight, I can fly
But tonight, I can escape with my soul intact
But tonight, I can hover, tonight I can soar...
Just as I thought I could do, do without any sweat
And Jesus, you're still the first one in my prayers
I sing to when I know, I've been saved from any mortal harm.

You see I levitate whenever danger ever nears
You see I just fly whenever I'm outnumbered and alone
You see Lord, I'm just a sheep lost from its fold
Whenever I've been tethered and fearful
Lord, I want only to levitate to be near you
I only want to ascend, so as-to-be one day your friend

Levitation was my dream
I thought I could do it without any sweat
I prayed to Jesus, and tonight I made my first ever flight.

He didn't answer right away
But it didn't stop me from dreaming, visualizing.
I prayed to Jesus, and tonight I made my first ever flight.
And from death and danger, I flew quite out of sight.
Oh, levitation was my dream, and tonight I made my first ever flight.

And Jesus you were right not to answer me right away.
Right-away... right-away...
Oh, how now I could cry...
And levitate on high.
Oh, you're still the first one in my prayers
I sing to when I know I've been saved,
Lord, saved without a single rip in my slim-fit corduroy cords.
You see, there are even miracles jumping over hedgerows
When a levitate wind blows.

Mark Heathcote

Might Have Only Just Begun To Resonate

Listen, there is a far-off echo
It resides inside your heart
But it isn't yours to quieten or resist.

It's been there since the dawn of time.
Listen, 'there it is with wrestles-wide open arms.'
Listen, 'there it is with a long-forgotten kiss.'

Sure, here is a foreign echo on your lips
It once was yours; it once was mine.
But now it's not everybody's knotted tongue all the time.

It's been there so, so long?
It doesn't return its chime, not even to-
Surpass the echelons of a high mountain pass.

This is a lowly echo, expansive as the prairie wind.
It circles your heart and lassoes your soul
Wherever it travels to or from, it is
At home, and might have only just begun to resonate.

Mark Heathcote

Graced Beyond Words

Jealous heart full of hopeless hope
full of hopeless love
be kind to yourself
you don't know how blessed you are
and anyone who has you is graced beyond words
your eyes are black diamonds glowing aflame
with eyelashes flashing like wings
holding back a tear or two.
You just can't bat away.
Jealous heart full of hopeless hope
full of hopeless love
don't be surprised if I wish to go undiscovered
and never find my love out there
somewhere out there, she's looking through a frosted window
with her heart turning blue
straining to see me ember a glowing flame
all I know is if our paths cross, I am graced beyond words,
graced beyond all inconsequential empty words.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Snowy Jasmine Flowers

Sit me on a corner of your heart
on an ice block wall, I'll wait for the passing
of winter, the thawing of spring,
I'll wait for the songbird proudly nesting...
and I will join you on some sunny porch
to rock your swing back and forth, till
the fall takes us both with fingers interlaced.

I'll wait out this winters-weary solace
and admire a transient world that has you
to warm and melt its heart's desires.
And someday soon, I promise
we'll intermingle like snowy jasmine flowers.
'All the seasons of the year, all hours of the day
I'll proudly say to all and sundry she is mine.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Superhero

I never picture you giving up
to me; you're a superhero
with a superhero's emblematic smile.
I never picture you giving up and folding
it doesn't matter how old you get
you've always been able to put on a show.

You've always been able to jump over a rainbow
and when the air smelt of kerosene
and when the world has resembled a carcinogenic dream
to you, it was just the emblem of a rose
daily plucked from the seams of heaven.
That still from this day on continually grows.

To me, you're a superhero
with a superhero's emblematic smile.
To me, there's not a day that passes by I wish
I hadn't your strength of character
the will to never fold
show this world you are an effervescence rose.

Mark Heathcote

Wood-Wide Web

Are we any different than the wood-wide web?
Do we attract what we fear and imagine
oh, I feel a shortage of breath
oh, soon, I too might be dead
oh, is there a phosphorus flame this morning
ignites spontaneously in the air
takes-us everyone one waxy yellow unaware
oh, is this life a spider's lair
and if it is, oh, why should I struggle
why should I even care?
Surely then we're all going to meet again,
Spring-back from our ephemeral
dirt the roots, from whence we all came
in the wood-wide web - there-isn't-forgotten a name?
And even black holes are now believed to operate the same.
But it's difficult for a layman or scientist to explain
simply put, it's as though everything got a core.
Some combined center indestructible soul that's never lost.
Not even when it's turned to ashes and dust
So-if-I'm-a falling tree, darling, don't worry,
I'm just a wood ring in the history of the universe
I'm just a black hole that'll one-day nucleus
another expletive song of nothing, oh,
an encore from my own blackened charred heart.
And some people might even mistake it for gold.
A sun going supernova darling
I'm sure you know now how I'm feeling
even when I'm-close-to-despair; I know you'll be there.
Because just as water has memory
three elements, I can't-be-destroyed
as long as I have you.

Mark Heathcote

Pack Dog Predators

While I was alone, I was turning the dials
the radio buzzed like some neon dragonfly
but sadly I couldn't focus my mind
I couldn't find a station that spoke clearly to me
not even for a while, it buzzed and buzzed
and left me feeling-even-more, hollow alone.

While I was alone, I flicked through the TV Channels
nothing caught my fancy everything just echoed.
Bounced off the ceiling, the walls and floors
repeats of repeats are lost in background noise.
The sound of silence a-flown nest, vegetative-
that once had happier memories in a blackthorn hedge.

Entanglements of love leave you blooded
sometimes family members are pack dog predators
like someone newly initiated in a hunt
they're hunting for your heart and soul, one-sided
in a ceremony of the old, retold and retold
only now it's your turn, and it's getting-awfully-cold.

Mark Heathcote

Dark November Days

Dark November days are here again
And I'm pondering why nothing's changed
I guess I'm just trash, waiting for collection
I'm like a lost stray
And even though I'm not homeless
I have no home
I'm like a lost stray
Nobody wants to shed a tear for me
It's a dark November day, quite grey
And I'm pondering why life
has turned out this way for me
I guess I'm just trash, waiting for collection
I've got nothing more to say
Lord-just, collect a long lost stay
Lord-just, collect me today.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Persian Floor Tiles

These mallards are intermingled motionless
In symmetrical geometry
on a glass of blue water, mirrored equally still.
They resemble some random Persian floor tiles
waiting for the floor tilers hands
that he might finally arrive and arrange them
in the palace of Jade.

Sure, we all have our place but equally,
at the same time, we remain, a little bit, disjointed?
There are movements beyond our understanding
shifting, forwards, and back.
there are openings ...opening and closing.
There are cracks in the ice acting like gin traps.

It is here we can listen and hear
their distressing honks and quacks
and perhaps, it's a time we too relaxed.
Move into appreciation mode and reflect on-
what the entire world has to offer us
is something that is near to perfect ready to fly?

Mark Heathcote

I'm No Sainly Sacrifice

I could make all your meals
and sort you out a hearty beef broth
I could do all your laundry
and even learn to darn your damn socks
I could tirelessly see to all your needs
and tidy up your every filthy mess
but I'd rather stab myself in the eye
then wash another cup or dish...

You know, making your bed
for me was once a labour of love
and nothing was ever too much...
"But who will look after me? "
Now nothing I do is ever enough
"nobody sees me; I'm only the hands,
the hands that sow, cook, and iron.
The hands that cleaned scrimped and saved."

To keep a roof over your head
the house you'll no doubt sell
when I'm dead, I guess I'll no longer matter.
"But did I ever, but did I ever? "
My hands are like cracked old leather
tired of tidying, tired of laundry
I'm tired of you; my entire life's been an existence.

Mark Heathcote

Darling, I Need To Feed

Darling, I need to feed
I need to hunt and yet be free
Darling, I need to drown
But be sure I'm not lost at sea
Darling, I need to be unburdened
But have you shackled next to me
Darling, I can't douse out all my desires
But you're a burning star
I just can't let you go...

So if you want, you can clip my wings
Darling, I'll walk barefoot in the snow
I won't feel cold if you lay later in my arms
Darling if you, you're Luna skin
Lays on the bed - you can build bridges to my soul
I can't wait to cross to be with you
With you, eternally with you
Darling, I can't flee
Darling, I need to swim with the fishes
And follow a star, chase a star
I just can't let you go...

So if you want,
You can clip my wings
And make me walk barefoot in the snow
I promise you I'll not freeze
There's a hot lit stove always burning charcoal and wood
There I'll be always crackling like burning veal with your love.
Yes, I can never die
Oh, darling I just can't let you go...
Darling, I need another brush with your flames
Darling, ignite me with your sparks tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Smokescreens And Mask

Today I'm ordered, I'm told to don on our PPE
on the same day, our PM is a guest of honour
at Hexham General Hospital in Northumberland,
caught on camera not wearing one in a corridor.

Today I'm told I didn't check for vaccination status
by the same network Manager who didn't ask me
if I had a mask exemption, which in itself-
contravenes the 2010 discrimination act.

Today many anti-vaxxers are sacked or leave-work
given a final deadline, these heroes are expendable
they're not crucial anymore to our overworked
already depleted once dependable numbers.

Today the world is moving forward out of a pandemic
that leaves us hiding behind smokescreens-and-masks
while the people ask for the truth, why did so many die
that could have, been saved, is their competence to blame?

Today we hear it said again we followed the science,
we followed the science,
we followed the science, attended by walls of silence
But all we really think is what a load of bollocks.

Mark Heathcote

Truly What It Means To Be A Woman

They've cut more things away, I heard her say
her voice normally so self-assured, wobbled
it was a retrospective response to being wounded
deeply hurt, she uttered, I'm less of a woman today
I'm less of a woman now than I was just yesterday.

It was a statement for me quite unexpected.
I didn't know firstly, what to say, how, do you reply?
I sensed her turmoil shared with me over the phone
words that were broadcast like a falling tree in a forest
words spoke a thousand times alone in her mind.

Then she switched, inquired with concern for others
those she'd mother to health in her works daily chores.
Even now, still trying to solve the problems of others
from her own, sickbed this woman's my unsung hero.
The person I instantly call when my life's in turmoil.

The person I touch-base-with she is my ground zero.
Whenever I need to find new inner strength, she is the
firewood beneath my phoenix rising from its ashes.
She exemplifies what it truly means to be a woman.
She's got dignity and strength, wit and compassion,

the gentleness of a lamb amidst baying hungry wolves.
She or any other couldn't be more woman if they tried.
They've cut things away - I heard her say
They've cut more things away - I heard her say
She or any other couldn't be more womanly if they tried.
Is all I've got left to say?

Mark Heathcote

A Sunny Disposition

Here's a lady with a sunny disposition
getting on my morning bus mid-winter
with a straight rainbow umbrella
and she's also a frontline care worker
an inspiration, I guess to many around her.

Yes, here's a lady with a sunny disposition
She's got on a radiant smile of pure gold
and her voice is a honeyed dawn chorus
Answering her phone - confirming a shift
Chirpy as a songbird, joyous as-can be.

And here's me seated alone, feeling depleted.
Moments from work, trying hard to find
my own straight rainbow umbrella starburst
my own inner strength, radiant smile
To deliver what I sense she has always to offer.

Sure, with a shrug of the shoulders.
I feel the rain has now finally ever so slightly lifted.
More heavy showers will inevitably come.
But the pandemic has now been downgraded.
So I disembark with a sign, the future will be just fine.

Mark Heathcote

Do I-Just-Imagine?

Is it me, or do I-just-imagine?
There's a living dance - sure I hear
a string of guitars and castanets
and ants are coupling to do the fandango
just as not to let go of some bright treasure
the colour of a jade fat caterpillar
is it me, or does those spider webs
capture the light, the dew,
the souls of something unseen
to the likes of me, and you?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Straightjacket Failures

I'm a failure, but I've figured it out
How to fake it, that I'm not.
But I'm not fooling anyone but myself
I'm a failure as a son
I'm a failure as a partner
I'm a failure as a father, as a grandparent.
The world erodes me down to basic elements
And those around me don't help.
Our leaders and laws put me in a straightjacket
And feeds me with a thousand lies
Much of what we promise to be is an illusion
A deception even to ourselves
I'm a failure to you
You're a failure to me
I learnt that from an early age
I learnt it from my parents
I learnt it from school
I learnt it from my kids
Society tells me that daily
I'm a failure, but I've figured it out
How to fake it, that I'm not.
But honestly, I'm not fooling anyone, not even myself.

Mark Heathcote

Sheer Ecstasy

There are moments of sheer ecstasy
the likes of opening windows
reflecting on a million panes of glass
that is like windows opening
when you fall through a vortex
without time, when your mind
is-not your mind; it's when your own
-coronal magnetic field creates
a solar wind, a gateway to your soul
and you glide with the now and eternity.
Between certainty and uncertainty
there are moments of sheer ecstasy
too countless to remember whenever,
whenever I'm near you.

Metaphysical speaking, we are all-stars-
turning back to dust. But while I'm here-
holding you, I'm a star drunk in a stupor-
waiting for one more moment in time to kiss you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Was It They Said About Aries?

It was said they're ready to act be spontaneous
be bold and brave and quite courageous.
They've no fear of heights, whatever the altitude
they've got a devil-may-care sort of attitude.

All's said and done - I can get quite angry
I can get easily bored and instantly fiery.
It's said in love they're immediately aware.
Also, their moods are mercurial up in the air.

It's said they fall in love quickly, "I say why wait"
if it feels right in your gut, guy's "don't hesitate."
It's said too that everything's a game they can win.
Yes, I'm passionate - loose I'm a bit tragedienne.

But I'm open to discussion, willing to-comprise
so we're impulsive and tend not to apologize-
and if you didn't know, well-we're-ruled by Mars.
And if you're unawares, Mars is the god of war.

Also, know we're risk-takers who'll take on a dare—
hot-headed and impatient. "That's me, to be fair."
Sure, we've got a bluntness of tongue, makes us direct.
But emotionally, we're generous in retrospect.

Mark Heathcote

Showing Dignity That Won't Curl Up And Die

It's never too late to regret what they did.
They chained these fellow humans up by the neck.
These were a young-and-strong spirited lot
near broken but with their heads held high
showing dignity that won't curl up and die
marching barefoot and bleeding straight-backed
the heaviness of breathing, filling up their lungs
was enough to keep them occupied a lifetime?
But their buyers, their Lords, and masters
They had other plans.
They'd be worked in the fields and feel his lash
they'd dig and toil in his fields and one day-
soon, be consumed by it. Laid out under it
and with as much dignity as a dog bone
thrown in a shallow hole, they'll remember
the bosom of a family, freedom freely given
that now takes a clairvoyant to remember anything,
yes, anything, anything remotely the likes of home.

Mark Heathcote

 PoemHunter.com

I Despise All These Puppeteers Pulling Our Web Strings

The world internet is vanishing before our very eyes
As we search within the confines of Google's goldfish bowl
Whose ever-tightening stranglehold defines what we see?
"I now despise the net"
I despise all these puppeteers pulling our web strings
Every result is now commercial property an advertisement.
It's an example of corruption at its hypocritical best
Pretending to have our best interests at heart
Pretending to be helpful an unbiased impartial friend
But ultimately preying on us all like some voracious shark
A snake that'd eat its own vacuous tail its own excrement
Just, so it can control another part of the information network.
The world web is now just a money siphoning oil sump
It's far from being the network highway of information.
All its potential to help humanity is devalued and controlled.
Its desecration to manipulate every living soul
But now the web is just a vacuous profiteering black hole.

Mark Heathcote

I Might Die Perchance

Her wedding gown is splayed out, like a fan
this deity isn't here to marry a mortal man
this trumpet flower has an elixir unsurpassed
this goddess isn't here to marry just any sap
here's a bride colourful as a rainbow
kneeling beneath a stained glass window
the answer isn't clear right now why she's here
but the atmosphere is heady with her allure
there's a sting to her venom that's-not-happenstance
she's a hypnotizing cobra - I might die, perchance.

First, to last, last to first

Oh, happier in these embers than I've ever been.
White ashes, ragged bones hard tempered stones
Without any more foes for friends
Without any more souls, indelible black suns
Oh, where do I begin - the touch of her skin?
Binding my hands; her love is chafing as iron chains
But whatever the sentence, I'm as guilty as charged
I'll take to the stand and weep
Oh, whatever her veneer, I have faith, something-
Here is real and I'll pass first through the winner's post.

First, to last, last to first

And off will fall her wedding gown, never to be worn again.

Mark Heathcote

That Distant Shore Called Liberty

Mother of the sky
mother of all the stars around me
I've never really felt alone
I've never really tripped or fallen
mother of my days
no shackles need I, shaking free
no chains are-ever-broken
we're just waves adrift on a vast sea
mother, I've hungered to live
stand alone to reach that distant shore
called Liberty
that distant shore called Liberty
but now I'm all alone
in the shadows
sinking beneath these breakers
I long for your apron strings
your guiding words
mother of all my days
nursemaid to my-dark-nights
where would I be?
If you didn't love me
make me-a-garland, woven of flesh and bone
bare me into existence
like a fire in the straw.
Where would I be?
If you didn't love me
Oh, I'd be a spring and summer in decline
I'd be autumn and winter
without an end date in time
I'd be left hungry for something, anything a little more divine.
Maybe a distant shoreline called Liberty
where my mother is sleeping
without a worry in her head
knowing my bed has been a long time made.
And my freedom and Liberty are well in hand.

Mark Heathcote

Minerva Revealed

Minerva revealed
She's lying on a golden carpet
And has untangled the threads

Raindrops beat a path to her door
No one enters but she's held it open
Just to be quite sure

Minerva revealed
A secret untold for sure
Lay on a golden carpet
She wove the lightning to strike the shore

Ocean waves beat an alleyway circular
To a garden with an outstretched lawn
Minerva revealed a sundial
And said all would want for more.

Even a snail is never satisfied
It climbs the walls of a castle
Only to drown it the mote

Like a frenzied moth, we all desire love
The light that flickers bright-
Just, before it says an eternal goodnight.

Mark Heathcote

Underground United

Underground united they all took root
A flower grew, a moonflower or two
Each night it grew a little more
It felt exposed but sure, sure
A prayer had been answered.

Their old world had been turned to burning straw
A barren field lay in front of them
It was strewn with wildflowers
But only one really honestly mattered.

Underground united, they took root
Tendrils entwined a starlit trellis
And there again a moonflower grew
Who knew pollinators became inebriated
Who knew they'd become intoxicated on the morning dew
just to sate only the best given few.
Who knew?
Who knew - was it only a given few?

Mark Heathcote

Prodigal Moon

Your hearts a tangerine
I want to peel and eat each segment
Your hearts a tangerine
I want to peel and eat each segment.

Feel your lips pressing, washing over me.
You're like a deity, a prodigal moon,
A kind of unexpected blessing
Returning to a point in time
I felt completely exposed
To a change of tide
Where I'm sure, I lost my mind.

I had to laugh and give you half a smile.
I couldn't stop myself from mirroring your eyes
I couldn't avert the stars beaming...
I couldn't prevent being for almost a second time paralysed
With just one insignificant taste, I was naked as a peeled tangerine.
I was waiting on the deity, a prodigal moon, to turn on and switch off the light.
And segment my heart and soul with a stolen minute's delight.

Mark Heathcote

Bring It On

Holiday brochures - glossy examples
Holiday brochures -glossy vogue cover examples
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on
Dreams without end dates in the sun
Bring it on
I want some inexpensive fun.
Affordable luxury
I want bikini clad angel s
But not too innocent or good
I want someone stylish but not too highly strung
I want someone young but not too bullish.

Holiday brochures - glossy examples
Holiday brochures -glossy vogue cover examples
Dreams, dreams of which I want endless samples
Lots and lots of samples
Wearing bikinis and Dolce & Gabbana sandals
Bring it on
I want some fun
Affordable luxury
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on
Dreams without end dates in the sun
Bikini clad angels
But not too innocent or good
Bring it on
Bring it on I'm feeling strong, extremely strong.

Mark Heathcote

Touches Of A Master

We are all merely brushstrokes, a pigment
on a canvas touched by the hand of a Master
our colours bleed out to explore
the subtler textures of this unknown genius
as abstract art goes, this is the birthplace
the final word, the all-encompassing closure
to see each morn the sunrise and sunset
each one, a masterpiece without flaws
it is only we who have imperfections
that's airbrushed-over-in compositions new.

It is only we who, in our ever-changing oils
develop a mindset of absolute indifference
ranging from intolerance, hatred, and love
when it is complete and framed, the seer
will proclaim, speak like a worldly prophet
here is a landscape of unequalled beauty
here is a place of peace tranquillity
framed-without borders or wars
here is a portrait of a man without fears
who's never-been-known to make errors or slips?

Mark Heathcote

It's All In The Hands Of Demi-God Believers

Man has long declared ecological warfare
he's fought and killed his biological neighbours
due to skin colour and religious intolerance,
2nd-millennia-on, and he has slain and murdered
in the sole pursuit of finishing off and dismantling
this world. Man has set himself up as a demigod.
He believes it's in his power to destroy or save.
To fix the ozone layer and control the atmosphere,
we'll save the environment with charity funds
and raise taxes: We'll save endangered species,
animals not with an arc but a zoo or a safari park.

We'll save declining trees and plants with seed banks
and learn to say, thanks, thanks for your 2 dollars
your 20 quid, your 40 euros it went a long way
towards saving the Giant Squid and the Snow Leopard.
Show your support, join-our-club and get a monthly photo.
'Don't you know you can make all the difference? '
Join hands; glue them to the tarmac of a motorway
shake your placards, show them politicians
we're in control, and at that next unauthorised rave
leave your crap and dance like you've-been-possessed and saved.

Yes, dance and shout. You deserve to be heard and recognised
you made a stance and brought about-
a transformation by being a true 'greenie.'
A tree-hugger, an eco-warrior, an enviro-nazi
yes, we are the 'counterculture brigade.'
It's we who knows-what-can-be-saved.
'Global warming' it's as well all your cohorts there old.
You-folk is all enslaved, you-should-be-glamping-it
with us saving the planet - stops eating meat
eat Quorn, use soya milk, I'm-sorry, I never meant to 'scare-yeah.'

Mark Heathcote

Intoxication

Surely I will catch my breath-
and remember, I must breathe.
Such beauty as hers undresses
a perfumed rose, a pastiche
of nature at its honed best.

Central to her universe
I must fall at her behest.
This heart's not safe anymore
my poor petals do disperse
dancing like a bee to its lure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wear My Love

Wear my love like prosaic rose petals
falling in the rain after a summer storm
undress me with your eyes, leaf by leaf.
Let the dew tremble on a clothesline.

Waiting for our discarded clothes
we threw heaven-would without words
a prayer inside already answered,
that's left us without any relinquishing doubts.

Oh listen, I hear angels singing, learning to cry
giving up their wings to fall not fly,
fall-like prosaic rose petals...
Falling in the rain; just...after a summer rainstorm.

Hell, a long way from home, has them yearning
to shake the dew from a clothesline
and wear clothes-flaming-red rose petals once again.
Only to be discarded later on—newly clothed.

Mark Heathcote

Your Skin Is Pale Blue Moonlight

Your skin is pale blue moonlight
I've only to touch you and
Smell your perfume in the dark
To lose my mind be totally succumb.

And ghost to ghost lose my chains
Drift in and out your eyes
Your heart and soul
Like so many other sailors, seasick.
Drop anchor, only wishing-
To find my sea legs again and sail-on
Leave this harbour
In a real tempestuous, hot tropical tempest.

Guided only by the pale blue moonlight
Arms oaring, frantically delirious...
Like a man drowning without a fear
I'll throw myself overboard for your love.

Yes, I've only to kiss her salty lips,
And the wind like a siren cries outside
Come in, come in
This emotion isn't a sea serpent or a sin.

It's just a wave that has a simple price
If you can't swim, you'll drown,
Drown in my skin,
In my pale blue moonlight blind.

Just breathe in my perfume
Just breathe in my perfume
Lose your mind be totally succumb.
Lose your mind be totally succumb and drowned.

And ghost to ghost-like lose your chains
Drift in and out of my eyes
With your heart and soul,
Lose all your inanity's and oar-
Oar your way back to shore, slow with me.

Mark Heathcote

Purple Words

Your fingerprints they're a spiral
And each one is a biblical...salvation.
I'm falling while their pressing soft
And then firm against my skin.

At times it really hurts and
I'm bruised with purple words.
Like a crocus, I could burst,
Burst crimson and saffron on your tongue.

Your fingerprints they're a spiral
And each one is a biblical...salvation.
Pawing and petting,
Petting and pawing like butterfly wings with kisses of affirmation.

Each one is a moment of eternal damnation.
Each one is a biblical-salvation.
A coffin stone lid pressed against my skin.
An affirmation you knew just where to begin.

And how only you could melt the ice and snow
In spirals that warm my soul
Oh, at times, it really hurts, and
I'm bruised with purple words.

Like a crocus, I could burst,
Burst crimson and saffron on your tongue.
Your fingerprints they're a spiral.
And each one is a biblical...salvation in my mind.

Mark Heathcote

Often Times

Often-times

Searching for truffles like pigs with their snout
We're wondering what it is all about.

Often-times

I'm praying lord, hear my call
Just like any other beast behind the abattoir wall.

Often-times

We're left clinging to a thread
Wishing we were never born, that we were dead

Often-times

We look back and are thankful for what little we had
Trying to recall how once we were always glad.

Often-times

Love is a fake timepiece keeping track of an echo...
A residual moment that happened a long, long time ago

Often-times

We move around each other in concentric circles
Never accounting for a moment of convergence.

Often-times

The second hand once racing has now gone digital
It's frozen and is no longer observable or reciprocal

Often-times

Hours and hours pass without any recognition
Yet, awkward minutes open into the Spanish inquisition.

Often-times

Searching for truffles like pigs with their snout
I too am left wondering what it is all about.

Often-times

Often-times.

Mark Heathcote

Streets Apart

Our local lollipop lady at 73
What an icon is she?
Risking pneumonia for you and me
Chancing life and limb in snow
Waving her enchanted yellow wand
Dividing the constant flow
So children can go safely to school
Trying not to end up crushed
Like some brushed aside traffic cone
Our local lollipop lady
She's got a welcoming smile and wave
That warms the cockles of your heart
But that other one downs the road
She's like a paratrooper
Leaping off the curb
With her 'Tommy Gun' taking no prisoners
Rat a tat tat, rat a tat tat, take that...
Come on you kids, move it...
"You boy" stop dawdling
You're holding up proceedings
And I'm freezing; hurry up boy,
The first school bell is ringing...
There's no comparison between these two
They are night and day, streets apart.

Mark Heathcote

Watching The Wheat

What do I share with angels?

What do I have in common with devils?

Do I sit on cumulus white clouds?

Do I bathe in lava-hot infernos?

Do I play 'Watching the Wheat' on a harp?

Do I have a trident for a tail?

What do I share with devils?

What do I have in common with angels?

Do I have white feathery wings?

Do I have red flaming goat horns?

Do I have a sense of injustice corrected?

Or do I feel the world owes me a living?

Do I have a home of fully paid-up swatters?

No, I have nothing in common with angels

And nothing in common with devils

We're just closely related distant cousins.

Mark Heathcote

Shrapnel

Shrapnel is working its way out.
out of my head and heavy laden chest;
every-bad deed and thought has an infected wound
puss seeps through my fingers like a rotting potato,
and when I hold another's heart, it's soiled with sin.
My soul is on a landmine, and I'm being dared to-
step on the pin, entre a minefield with no-
beginning or end in sight.

Sure, it's a war between good and evil
trying not to keel over before my times up,
trying to keep up and achieve some semblance of balance.
But the scales are always tipped and negatively weighted.
There is no equilibrium, the shrapnel-is-moving
within fatal margins piercing my liver and lungs
my soul is septic, a blistering sore, and within fractions
this shrapnel shall move on, and I'll not feel it hurt anymore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Invite You To Use Some Origami Folds On Me

From head to toe, have your way with me?
I invite you to use some origami folds on me.
I could be your black-swan
Or your Alaskan grey wolf
Or even your caged Russian dancing bear.

I'm malleable to change darling, I swear
Love, you won't get bored with me.
I'm as supple as supple can be
You can pleat your elephant's trunk with me
I'd gladly be a turtle on its back.

If you were my shell love, I'd never stick my neck out.
From head to toe, you could have your way with me?
My heart and soul are yours-darling your love is biblical
Darling, you may have your way with me
I invite you to use some origami folds on me.

I could be your origami crane, butterfly,
Your origami owl, rainbow
Merging like water and ink a paper blot.
Your origami boat,
And together, we'll drown.

Mark Heathcote

Everything Someday Turns To Dust

The dust is rolling down the cow lane
wherein winter it was a muddy river
leading to the heifers in the top field
sleeping in the wet grass by the M6 motorway
that only a week before we drove to Chester
and returned all forlorn to earn more pay.

But on that day, it was a muddy lane
we herded those 2yr old heifers home
friskily jumping back to the farmyard
in alarm to the sheepdogs nipping
at ankles and their dirt clinker tailed
I remember housing them in a grey Nissen hut-

With an iron bathtub to drink from
I remember in the morning a dead beast
it lay in that bathtub upside down
feet legs, stiff like a pylon without a sound.
not a spark of life, just as they say,
everything someday turns to dust.

Mark Heathcote

Tired Explanation

There's a tired explanation
That's somewhere lost at sea...
That forgives and doesn't look for answers
That doesn't even care to be loved by you.
Like a fox in a hellhole sent down a burrow
Surrounded by half a dozen baying hounds
It'd rather hang its own coat on nothing
Then have it stripped soiled bloody only to pay
A hundred times more back.
And have it doubly devalued
By what others, just cannot grasp.
And internally understanding, instinctively lack.
There's a tired explanation that I have found
By picking myself up off the ground
And by intuitively looking all around
There's a tired explanation
That's somewhere lost at sea...
Anchored to a hull with no need of sails
no need for shores oars or waves
That has a billion and more guiding stars
But not a single map a heartless heart charts.

Mark Heathcote

There's A Winter Dialogue With The Stars

There's a winter dialogue with the stars
when darkness falls like a black sable fur hat
over your nose, your tired eyes that have
now long forgotten how to cry
and you don't quite know where you've been,
and a dog is howling because his master's gone
he's dead, but he won't be found-for-an-age.
Because he's a poet—sage who sleeps alone
and only the pages of an old musty poem book
shall know he's read his last moonlit chapter
that it's come to an end like this day's sun.

There's a winter dialogue-with-the stars
only an owl ascertains as it claws an old ivy vine
and hoots to its mate; the music is dead
but there's still a ghost in the fire a near
forgotten echo if you, just come to bed and retire.
There's an old musty poem book, bookmarked
that's been read a thousand times by moonlight
under the stars with watery eyes,
tired eyes that have now long forgotten how to cry
and don't quite know where they've been,
or even what they've seen beneath this rising sun.

Except for the dog howling because his master is gone
and knows it too won't be very long
until it gets put down to sleep,
and a black sable fur hat
will cover its dry nose, its tired eyes eternally
then after that, not-another chapter
not another heady midnight nap, nor the choir
of snoring sat on his master's lap.
not another chiming second beating in his heart
not another empty marrowbone minute wasted.
Cashing a stick hurled thrown a long, long way
to pass the time of day and return home.

Mark Heathcote

Waiting For Your Last Rebut

I kept my heart in cold storage
Only to show you I'm still warm-blooded
But then you displayed a fussy side
And said we don't belong and denied
All my advances, so I took note
Heart sinking like some lead riverboat
Overcharged with raw emotion
I took the lead as a precaution
And wished you—better future luck...
But 3yrs later, I'm still waiting for your last rebut.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Grandfather Was A Man Of Simple Tastes

Grandfather was a man of simple tastes
Cold braised gammon, boiled white cabbage
and new potatoes with lashings of salted butter.
My grandfather had himself a cooked breakfast
Every day of his life; with HP Brown Sauce
He'd have smoked back bacon and eggs.
He'd have sausages with beans and fried bread.

My grandfather was a man of simple tastes
He loved an Irish stew with a suet dumpling or two.
The crust of a loaf sliced fresh from the baker's oven.
With gallons of piping hot tea that came with
Collectible cards he'd saved, especially for me.
He'd the sports-page open on his left knee.
In the evening, his tea would be whisky laced-

To keep away any coughs and nasty colds.
He was a man of honest tastes who enjoyed
a nutmeg custard tart or a slice of toasted fruit loaf?
It was with these simplicities he touched my soul.
And I noted his ease and his effervescent charm.
His chuckles warmed my heart like a log on the fire
He'd tickle with the poker, just-to-see it sparkles.

Mark Heathcote

If It's Made With Love

If it's made with love, every meal is a tribute
that'll provide you strength and fortitude
each mouthful, a morsel with flavours only dreamt.
It doesn't matter; if-it's-just a loaf of soda bread.
if it's made with love; it's a happy servitude
and if done with care, there is no substitute.

It doesn't matter; if-it's-just a bowl of porridge
it's in the seasoning, a recipe's knowledge
passed down, generation after generation
and on through the centuries with innovation,
care and dedication these processes are absorbed
physically and spiritually or just happily gorged.

If it's made with love each meal pays homage
and if made with care there's-nothing-ill concocted.
It takes artistry to make a meal taste divine
a good palate is delicately then refined
of course good fresh ingredients are a must.
Equally, in a chicken and mushroom pie encrust.

If it's made with love each flake of golden crumb,
will transform any dull taste on your tongue
if prepared with care, there's a memory conveyed
how everything tasted much better homemade.
So ladles and plates used dishes aside...
it's great to have your appetite totally satisfied.

Mark Heathcote

Hibiscus Flowers

What's revealed inside a beating heart?
That projects the light of the universe
What is unveiled that isn't first shown?
That transfixes the courtship of a bee.
That dances infinitely more precious?
Then those ceaseless waves on the sea
Or infinite rings of an aging oak tree.
What nectar is prized without prison bars?

Opening its mouth into hibiscus flowers
What's beating beyond this transitory hour?
More splendid than a cocooned butterfly,
Drying out its aeronautical wings and-
Resting on a cloudless mountain peak
Like a prismatic crystal snowflake melting.
What could it be, interweaves these minutes?
Unfolding all-time and space in you-and-me.

Isn't it all just a ballet of love unwinding?
Mystically there are countless magic tricks
To be found unscrambling like red maple leaves
In the fall. Magically there is an essence
That is transmitted at the very moment
Your lips conform to kiss another's lips,
Who's held your breath in slow-release?
Such is the precursor of your soul's origins.

So what's exposed inside a beating heart?
Laid completely bare is a fraction of self
That at its best is totally naked and alone
But never more fulfilled or at home.
What is unveiled is a sense of belonging
That has never before discovered any meaning
And has now got all the answers and more
Without losing a sense of one's identity.

Mark Heathcote

An Old Plateau

Don't ask for forgiveness and don't expect any.
This family tree now needs more topiary,
I rather drown in a briny sea without shores
Then shake hands, cut my throat on your gangrenous claws.
I'd rather lie in a bed of snakes than make friends.
Following a parade without mutual ends
Your narcissistic behaviour garners no-
Favour's with me, we have stopped at an old plateau.
I see no future further between you or me.
I'd rather cut off an arm or leg—an amputee
Then shake hands and join ranks of a do-good tyrant.
One who's always righteous, blameless and defiant?
Who thinks they're nothing short of being a saint?
Ties severed - your anger I now reciprocate

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Artist's Muse

Cut-off from normal-pursuit and everyday pleasures
there are comforts lost in hedonism and debauchery
once the artist's muse kicks off her ballet shoes
and no longer poses by his vase of wilting Shasta daisies.
Like some ice cream vendor licking the back of a greasy spoon.
Smoking French-filtered cigarettes,
after eating, another satisfying, fulfilling breakfast.
She gazes with leaden puppy dog eyes filled-
with melancholia into the litmus blue smoke and ponders.
Has he caught her likeness, has she been immortalised on canvas?
When will he ever finish this work of immortal art?
And why must he paint during the hours of sunrise-
facing his easel, suggesting his work is never entirely done?

Oh, it's then he chuckles and laughs and whimsically remarks.
'You've got to break a few eggs to make an omelette.'
It's now her cheekbones blush a daisy soft crimson red,
It's briefly now she's questioning his jarred-
turpentine paintbrushes, tight-lipped and pertinent.
Is this why he handpicks his muses so unblushingly perfect
so young and all too innocently vulnerable.
And how many more overcooked eggs, breakfasts-
at sunrise are still to come before he paints his nude by moonlight.
Will it be when all those other Shasta daisies are dead-
the colour of murky black paint water in a crystal vase.
His muse gazes up much older now as he captures her eyes
forever in charcoal and lead before sojourning to his bed.

Mark Heathcote

It's Long Since

It's long since we met and we kissed
It's long since we drowned in each other's breath
And channelled our thoughts to more yearning;

It's long since the stars spoke our minds
Without caution, setting alight all the darkness
It's long since we drown in none extinguishing desire.

And seen your hair blowing wild and free in the wind
It's long since we shared one bed without rest
It's long since we second guessed each other's thoughts.

It's long; it's long but I swear when we kiss
Its spring again and roses bleed red
It's long; it's long but these weeds-

Never turn to choking bindweed.
They only turn to flowering clematis?
Or passion flowers, that lead to bursting grapes.

These allergies add eternal endless charms.
It's long since we met and we kissed
It's long since we fell into each other's arms.

But it's clear nothing really changes...
We're just another day closer to eternal sleep.
Resting now but never on our laurels.

Mark Heathcote

Only To Then Die In Your Arms Thirsty

Spiders have many legs and eyes
Making easy work of life and death;
Having many young is a delicious benefit.
You can't be too picky what you chew,
Ah, emancipated in the darkness half-starved.

Spiders they might not be discerning.
But I'm sure they've still, got feelings
And even some passionate platonic yearnings.
For their numerous dead discarded victims,
Ghostly hanging around them like decoration.

Spiders are the ultimate wrappers
It must be like Christmas Eve...
Waiting for a bite and being woken in the night
By something urgently and desperately
Putting-up a David and Goliath fight.

Spiders like to suspend and swing...
Fangs agape sucking on a maddened wasp
That won't give in. It wants to live.
And it's just a match to escape death's call,
Leaving me questioning, who will win?
What's it all for
What's it all for
What's it all for.

Who's my liberator, who is my executioner?
Who's really free here, who's the prisoner?
Who's the underdog, who's the winner?
Spiders are spinning tenuous snares, "Love,
What's worse" I want the same from your kiss.

I want a David and Goliath fight.
I want a panty and stocking fight in the night;
Desperately in your arms,
I want the same fear and flight...
Only to then die in your arms thirsty, and say goodnight.

I want the same from your kiss
As a spider, a spider
Who's got passionate, platonic, yearnings?
Some discerning feelings of where he'd like to
Sink his blood-thirsty soul-searching fangs.
And never-never ask.
What's it all for.

Mark Heathcote

Where I Reside Like A Cinder

I've vowed not to love or speak
I'm like an unfeeling thief
I've been numbed to the core
And only a discarded shell is left.
Where I reside like a cinder
Never to be a glowing torch
Fingers may touch one another
But I'm not your lover.

Together we might scorch the heather
In abandoned hope,
I might climb Mount Everest
But look deep in my gorged out chest
I'm all alone in a cravenness mined heart
Looking unaccompanied, weeping for my soul.
Like a song bird without words
Like the tulips in their bleeding twisting spires.

Together, I can feel for you
But never be loved.
Because I'm all to burnt-out and extinguished
With one sure life,
That has been all too painful to believe
And live without being fatefully hurt.
So, now I just bleed.
Bleed waiting my time to visit the eternal dead.

Fingers may touch one another
But I'm not your lover.
It's a tightrope walk, loving you
A dream I can only wish reaches the other side
And instead of make believing
All you do is take me home
Tell me we're not falling,
We're all heaven sent and darling you're my destiny

Mark Heathcote

Unblemished Pearl

I've uncovered the moon and the stars
With heavy leaden tiny eyes
And all the rainbows
I've found where they all begin
I've got all the answers you see
And I'm not apologetic
They all started their lives their origins
Their beginnings like me at the beginning.

I've discover the source of the first river
And where it made its first principal sea in a tear
And how the desert came to be
I've establish theirs and your and my originator
And it blows my mind
I've got all the answers you see
And I'm not afraid or remorseful
Because there's no mistakes

Look every oyster can make an unblemished pearl
It's just the way and wonders of this world
I've discover not in inkwells
Or satire, not in weapons pointing point black at me
But just word of mouth in the silence
In the unfurling flowers
Smiling back at me
When I say I love you and you say it back to me.

Mark Heathcote

God Forbid

If only he'd stop playing around.
Stop toying with my mind
I might just fall under his spell
And march down the aisle hypnotised
'God forbid' I might fall in love.

If only he'd be a bit more grown up
Stop kicking footballs and drink less booze
I might be his one and only muse
The poetry he romantically craves
'God forbid' I might just fall in love.

But he'll never change enough to trust
He's a dark star in my heart.
Oh, how I wish he'd find someone else
But he has a hold on my heart.
'God forbid' he leaves me and finds somebody else.

There's no good place and time to realise
My heart can't disguise
He's my destiny, my love
He's under my skin.
'God forbid' I'm falling in love with him.
'Somebody save my skin.'

If only he'd stop playing around.
Stop toying with my mind
I might just fall under his spell
And march down that aisle hypnotised
'God forbid' I might fall in love and get hitched.

Mark Heathcote

Founding Monuments Of Love And Cold War

They remove their love and are totally ambivalent
When they punish him, it'll be justice in their eyes.
Yet a sentence of death might be more civilised.

This is how families operate, they dance on his heart
They make it stop/start dispose of it in a dustcart:
Before they've torn it apart, and made his eyes smart.

They'll make it bleed, a cruel deliberate absence.
He'll shake shiver while they takeout little-hatchets
Chisels and aim their weapons like silent-assassins.

Sharpening their skills, tearing down a war monument
They've only done battle with. Yet, he's fraudulent.
He never loved them, their voices hateful and vehement.

He never appreciated us, let's now threaten and betray him,
He's the devil incarnate, let's all now discard him.
He isn't our kith or kin. Lord god we all despise him.

It's a kind of patronymic self-inflicted nosebleed...
That this and previous generations have sown the seed.
Yet, with each stab he grows stronger and won't concede.

Only the absence of one true Father truly matters.
"Son, daughter, mother, sister, brother you're all blackballed"
You are neighbouring ranchers and would-be squatters.
And now, now it's time to clean out that old backyard.

Mark Heathcote

Monday Morning Traffic

What is it with Monday morning traffic?
and it's hurly-burly psychopathic-
panic to cut each other up and honk horns
with ferrous looks and scowling scorns
cursing under our breath and cussing...
Red-faced with a foul temper erupting,
Blaring-inside I'm sick of these moronic plebs.
Simply-to-meet a 10: 30 am deadline, it's enough
that our eyes are heavy and we're feeling near dead.
That it's been planned month's weeks ahead.
What's with this need to leave late and arrive early?
In a grumbling, rage to overtake and not stop at 30.
Could it be we are all routinely neutered?
Only to be left our distant selves in masquerade.
Sure, you look cut-off, abandoned, unhappy.
But honestly, there's no need to feel so crappy.
It's only Monday morning traffic, be happy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

After Milking Came More Morning Rituals

I recall him at 10.30 with a hearth brush in the fireplace
bent double, brushing out that powdery ash
he'd knock it out sideways with just one sweep
into the middle, humming some Johnny Cash,
You Are My Sunshine I remember small-heaps
he'd put aside with coal clinkers interlace
he'd smile when everything was back in place
watching his wife pass with the blue flower vase
that's when the dog returned, showing its gnashes
a lesson learned in avoidance with jolting dashes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Does It Say About Its Wearer, That Noble Bearer?

On display, it's been described as a burial-head mask?
Or-a-mask that's been worn, during some annual festival-
of African origin made in the second half 19th century
what does it say about its wearer, that noble bearer?
Well, it involves a mixture of subjects' figures.
Indicating community involvement, what we have is
a prisoner, a preacher, a musician, and a soldier.

So could the bearer be a man of some importance
a speaker, maybe he was a mayor, a judge
you know—a justice of the peace and such.
These carved persons, look cheerful so I guess
it must have been carved out of precious wood
garlanded with leaves around the base
a bespoke piece commissioned for a communal event.

What's more, it's pigmented richly with iron and gold.
So here we have a mask that's outlandish in style,
yet the bearer must have held a position of kingly authority
and acquired an enormous amount of respect
it looks primitive but, yet its theme is contemporary
it tells of a tell-tale story of shared humanity.
That's little in common or parity with us in the west today.

Mark Heathcote

Lean On Me

Lean on me like a sapling and twine your roots
And vine your limbs all around me
Lean on me like a tree against an old ancient temple
Lean on me and I will support you.

And let there be wild succulent fruits just in reach,
Ready to be windblown, rocked from their cradle.
Ready to fall just in reach with the morning dew,
Ready to kiss mingle in the springs of life eternal and glow.

Lean on me and let your long hair flow
Let it be unpinned and blow in the breeze
And let there be moments of madness...
Just between us two.

Lean on me like a sapling,
Lean on me like a tree against an old ancient temple
And feel the heavenly dew—rain
Weeping like fragrant jasmine stars all over you.

Lean on me like a sapling and twine your roots
And vine your limbs all over me
Lean on me like a tree against an old ancient temple
Lean on me and I will support you.
I will support you.

I will support you.
Till wild succulent fruits are just in reach,
Ready to be windblown, rocked from their cradle.
And then I will silently move on. And go.

Mark Heathcote

My Salvation

I can't promise my soul will see the light
It's like a hollowed-out bone
I'm not sure my soul will ever travel home
Not while my heart is black as night

Not now my heart is like chewed up ebony dog stick
Hard and heavy with the weight of a sinking brick
Thrown, threw, through a church window
I can't promise you, my soul
Or that I will ever see the light of home.
A palace or walk with you in a sacred garden.

Not when every day is just another night
Spent trying to redeem something,
Someone lost, who believes in wrong and right,
But after all these struggles, still—I am not nearly right.

I can't promise you my salvation
Or anymore arresting, decreasing faith,
Then if all the stars fell from the sky,
Just to draw closer to you
Because I promised you, you would still be mine.

And, one day I would be saved.
Oh, my old-duplicitous enemy, friend, and lover.
I can't promise you my soul will see the light
I can't promise you, I won't drown.

I can't promise you the stars
As they already yours
Oh, I've been consumed by too much my lover
I can't absorb anymore...

Not while my heart is black as night
I can't promise you my salvation
I can't promise you my soul will ever see the light
I can't promise you, I won't drown.

I can't promise you my salvation

Or anymore arresting, decreasing faith
Then if all the stars fell from the sky,
Just to draw closer to you.
Because I promised you, you would still be mine.

Hand on my heart, I'm yours but how it grows dark
Hand on heart, I'm yours but how it grows dark
Oh, I've been consumed by too much evil my lover
Oh, I can't consume anymore my lover
I can't absorb any more salvation, my redeemer, my lover.

Mark Heathcote

Show Nature A Little Kindness

Dogs and hunters
fishermen-and-miners
they all must work to eat
they all have a master
to whom they must heel.

You can kiss as many feet as you desire
but He doesn't require any more fools.
All He asks from you is for you to work
and eat together in harmony, show a little
humble understanding to a beggar or a thief
He feels it's not much to ask from you.

Even good dogs chew their master's shoe
every gamekeeper was once a poacher too
He feels it's not too much to ask from you
because every fisherman has-opened
gutted the belly of a fish with his pocket knife
because every miner has stolen a gem or two
to feed his family or give to his darling wife.

He's not asking for a heel-dog,
all He asks from you is for you to work
the woodlands and fields in harmony,
show nature a little kindness
be of a caring-nature love your surroundings.

Mark Heathcote

A Dark Shade Of Grey

Look at the blue of his eyes
What do you think they disguise
Look they're turning a dark shade of grey
What do you think they disguise
Look at his eyes, do you think he cries
Look at his eyes, how he hides
What do you think they camouflage
He's full of remorseless charms
I guess he avoids the good in other people's eyes
Look at his eyes, look at his eyes
They fan the flames of deceit
Yet, they speak of yearnings for your heart
Yet, they speak of yearnings for your love.
Look, if push comes to shove...

Turns away, don't look into his baby blues.
Look, if push comes to shove...
Say you've seen far too much
Say you've seen enough, I real want you too.
But what am I to do...
Really what am I to do?
When you wear that mask with a cloak over your heart
Look, if push comes to shove...
I will allow you just one more kiss
I will one day eternally reminisce
Like a fog light shining ever so bright
Oh, how expedient you let go...
When I'm just-about-to internally ignite
Melt through your fingers like warmed snow.

Mark Heathcote

Uncertain They'll Ever Return Home

Questionably we ask why they even flew
Why at length they crossed that corridor blue
Questionably we wonder if one day we will too
At some distant point in time rendezvous
Why the golden sun finally turns off its lamp,
Has a lighthouse without so much as an amp.

Arguably they're decent in the dark
Shouldn't reach that shores watermark
How fearlessly they pierce the unknown
Uncertain they'll ever return home
See their arrow vs. entering nimbus clouds
On their final flight path, death throws.

If they've got a winning combination,
They'll not drown at sea in damnation
It's their last ultimate migration,
Let's pray they all reach their destination
How fearlessly they cross a great divide
Every sinew of their strength, newly quantified.

Mark Heathcote

Precious Dove

Precious dove with a precious cargo
In whose rooftop roost would you trust?
Would you lay prostrate on the floor?
Surely the sky is your panic room door?
The only exit a wolf can't reach to maul.

Precious dove in whose garden
Do you go to make your nest?
Precious dove in whose calling
Do you reciprocate with love a
White feathers looping-eternal blessing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Skylark

I am taking a journey with you
Skylark, your song calls don't be alarmed
Fly with me, day or night
I'll grant you, my endless love.

Skylark, you sing don't be alarmed
I mean you no harm,
I am only a blazing star a spirit
Soaring in this vernal place, green, pure.

'Skylark, you sing don't be alarmed'
There's a world graces, even your featherless wings.
Fly with me, day or night
I promise to show you the way.

Day or night, Day or night
I promise to show you the way.
Flightless hatchling what do you say?
Don't be alarmed if we leave today.

Mark Heathcote

The Moon Is At Yardarms

The moon is at yardarms, I can almost touch it.
It's dressed like a bride ready to lose her maidenhead
Yet, she can't lose, that what already has been lost
A part for the lust, that kept everything fruity.

Oh, how humdrum are the waves white swooping
And then again, over and again recouping
Oh, how routine their whooping and stooping fall
It's like a lighthouse, a storm's safe port of call.

The moon is at yardarms, and the wind is howling
Don't be afraid, love I've had plenty of voyages
I've seen all the big breakers quiver and return
Singing breathlessly, powerless as a dolphin in joyfulness.

...Yardarms the moon with waves agile enough
Not to drown a fathomless death, dressed a bride
Hair wind sprayed. Relenting knowing now-
Isn't the time to rebuff diagonal moonbeams swooping?

Mark Heathcote

It's A Hypnosis Leaves Me Feeling Guilty

The sun is a serpent in the sky
But the full moon is the devil in the corn
With ears pressed to lips of lust
That whisper, where have you been
Kiss me, undress me, and make love to me.

What is this duplicity "hard bark? "
But with a delicious soft core;
Is it a betrayal if it were?
Oh, was only a restless dream,
And she lay longing naked next to me.

Is our love a lie, if I lay dreaming?
Of a young pearl drew fresh from the sea.
Oh, darling please forgive me
It was without any real jeopardy,
I held her hand and she said follow me.

And like a siren who never bombs-out
She lures drowns me and hypnotizes me
It's a hypnosis leaves me feeling guilty.
Darling, forgive me I'll wake up turnabout.
Forget I ever dreamed a day without you.

Mark Heathcote

Harmony Out Of Chaos

Harmony out of chaos will always come
I'm not an analyst or a mathematician
I just know by that rule of thumb,
Harmony out of chaos will always come.

The sea may rise above a harbour wall
But it will not surrender its arms of shelter
It will not wilt one inch or fall
It'll stand resiliently firm for all.

A raging inferno may take down a forest
But will flourish out of those specks of gold
This chaff has scales borne to resist untold-
Carnages ever-present char and abhorrent.

Just like autumn and winter abducts summer
Spring gently comes and melts away all ghosts
Summer returns to its old concord with hosts
of flowers for little girls to pick in petticoats.

Harmony out of chaos will always come
I'm not an analyst or a mathematician
I just know by that rule of thumb,
Harmony out of chaos will always come.

On the day chaos turns back to harmony
I will be reborn, I will be reborn
On the day chaos turns back to harmony
I will be reborn in a meadow, in a hay-laden manger.

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Have A Church Of Wisdom

Let us have a parliament of crows in power that echo
Hallelujah, hallelujah

Let us have ourselves an assembly of doves cooing
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah

It has come to something when the dividing majority rule
When cruel dictators evict their own victorious liberators
It has come to something when the dreams of the free are corrupted
When the counsel of the innocent they're always crushed.

Let us have a community of neighbours waving, welcoming—hellos
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Let us have a church of wisdom that strengths and entitles the young,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah

It's come to something when children die still just a fledgling
When the battle field is a city, a subway, a school
It's come to something when all divergent rivers are poisoned
When oceans are curdling and choking unable to breathe.

Let us have a an ark with a bow that stretches across the world
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Let us have a future that doesn't yoyo between wealth and destruction
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
When all this living is over,
Let's hope it ends with a happy forgiving amen.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

Mark Heathcote

Are You The Cratered Moon Or The Shooting Star?

Please show some humility, some humiliation
You are not a raging sea
You are not a flower weed setting seed
Please show some decorum, some dignity
You are not a blowfly maggot eating greedily
Or a vulture feeding on bare-bones hungrily
Please show me who you really are
Are you the star-fruit or the fruit fly?
Are you the honey or the black honeybee?
Are you a silken weft or a spider in the dark?
Please show me which you are.
Do you have a ruby centre to your heart?
Do you have a thousand and one rose petals?
Or a python's ribs stretching to burst,
Bursting with hatred and greed
Do you lack sensitivity, feelings of love?
Please show me who you really are
And if you are strong-
May you always be resilient?
Well balanced and caring,
Caring, enough never to circumvent forgiveness.
Please, please show me who you really are
Please show me if you are kind, or spiteful
Please show me which are you.
Please, please show me who you really are.
Are you the cratered moon or the shooting star?

Mark Heathcote

Take And Tug Back Control

When does a butterfly
Take and tug back control
Brutally blown this way and that
Steadily somersaulting
Under an invisible spell
I sense it's on an explorative
Journey to discover its weft
Its length of silk its weight in gold
Own primordial unfolding goal
When does a butterfly
Change course with the intent purpose
Knowing what flowers allure
Have the best of all hearts
My how they flutter about
Directionless then settle
With such artful aplomb finesse
Weightless with zero gravity
Through an open-dressed flora door
Could this be one day, me and you?
Could I ask to be weightless?
Have zero-plus gravity one day with you.
Fasten and affix your delicate feet
Your claws around my flowers-
Amber sacred heart my love
When does a butterfly
Play out its last tug of war
And pin, its heart to the wall
Never to fall
With such artful aplomb finesse
Weightless with zero gravity
Settle to find peace,
It will never experience afresh again.

Mark Heathcote

There Is No Escape

My love it is only with you the floodlight stops its searches
And I am saved. You are the light of my soul.
My love I could drown in a weir with you
I could drown in this Lethe darling with you
I could drown in sweet oblivion with you
There is no escape—
I would give up every shallow breath I take.

"Gather round, " I see angels all around me
So breathe, breathe, breathe
Step forth my water nymph
And kiss and breathe for me into infinity.

Because it is only with you the floodlight stops its searches
And I am saved.
And I find my feet on stable fixed earth grounded with you
But even still I can't breathe
But even still I could drown
Be left praying—now that I have found you.

I could swim home to you, again and again
But now that I have found you
I couldn't be more afraid to swim in deep water
What can I do but sing like a siren for you
And pray you'll drown for me too.

Because it is only with you the floodlight stops its searches
And I am saved.
I could swim home to you, again and again
You, you are the light of my soul.

"Gather round, " I see angels all around me
So breathe, breathe, breathe
Step forth my water nymph
And kiss and breathe for me into infinity.
My water nymph, light of my soul
I could drown in this Lethe darling with you
I could drown in sweet oblivion with you
There is no escape—

I would give up every breath I take.

Because it is only with you the floodlight stops its searches
And I am saved.

"Gather round, " I am off to be saved by your eternal love
"Gather round, " I see an angel who loves me
And holds me close to what can only be eternal peace.

Mark Heathcote

A Common Wood That's Me

The same as you

I'm told I am a good carpenter
'What are you? '
A common wood that's me
I am not any sacred sandalwood.

But even so, it doesn't have a scratch on me.
I may not cost a king's ransom
But ah, how flexible is my ply,
Ah, how many jobs I can do?

I can build a boat for two
And sail it and you to safety
Sail to a new destination,
A port of paradise with golden vistas plenty.

I'm told I am a good carpenter
'What are you? '
I have tools to fashion your furnisher
Just give me your dimensions.

And I will save your sacred wood
Burning to ashes, flames of a sacrificial fire.
They might attend to you
If you don't know who or what you are.

A common wood that's me, that's too me
The same as you
But I might need to be re-hinged
And here and there a few drops of glue.

In a good carpenter's hand, I'm nothing new.

Mark Heathcote

May Allah, Love Me

May Allah, love me
May I cross a burning sea?
May Allah, love me
May I fall from a forest tree?
And Allah catches me

May Allah, love me
Where ever I may be
May Allah, love me
And guide this roving flirty bee
Oh, I'm not a flower thief

But I do often float far adrift...
Oh, Allah, I'm in dire straits again
Oh, Allah, I'm in a black hole
Oh, Allah, who do I phone
Oh, Allah, Allah takes me back home, again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sustain Me

I can't bite any harder
Like a shark, I'll eat whatever comes my way
Look, sustain me - I don't sleep
I'm ferrous, a hungry flame
And I'm only, just getting started
I'm a global wave, a tsunami
I'm so thirsty I'll not even stop,
Stop upon reaching the highest mountain top.

Look, sustain me - I don't sleep
Look, sustain me - I don't dream
I'm ferrous, a hungry flame
I only believe my heart and soul
Must hunger, feed and forage
That way I'll remain eternally strong,
Weather - whatever comes along?
And fills, and refills my sacred cup.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Number None Other Than You

Is it currency to save your love?
Is it equity to feel sad and blue?
What does it channel through you?
Other than own self-importance
now it is only a matter of time
all these cheques and balances
will-be-in harmony or bankrupt?
What honestly can you change?
Or do other than be grateful, thankful
you have parity, you know you.
And it's enough to see you through.
It's not a number owing to another
it's a number beginning with one
a number none other than you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Water Lilly What Am I To Do

I have surfaced like a satin moon
Just to gaze undisturbed on you
I have pond skated just to look at you
My water Lilly what am I to do
Darling I'm falling love with you
Certain to drown, darling what am I to do
Darling I want to marry you.
Such is the hold you have on me and the moon.
Such is the hold you have on me
And all the waters saturated with gold
Darling what am I to do?
Now, I am in love with only you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Melt When Not Even Gods' Fingers Touch.

Your souls like un-clarified butter
It needs to melt be put to the fire
Glow like an amber cinder
Ready to explode sparkle its gold
But yet remain whole in its mould.

Your soul needs to cudgel open your head
And leap ten steps ahead of you
Your soul needs to expose a new channel
That flows unheeded through your heart
And like clarified butter smoother you.

With syrup sunrays—let it surround you
Let it bathe and rinse right through you
Till all the sun and the stars
Are reflecting and refracted through you.
Be the honey all bees want to set to wax.

Melt when not even Gods' fingers touch.

Mark Heathcote

I Make Enemies

I will do anything not to make enemies
But enemies I make
I make enemies with obedience
I make enemies with compassion
I make enemies with forgiveness

I will do anything not to make enemies
But enemies I make
Oh, how to make amends is always difficult
I make enemies with gifts and apologies
I make enemies with kisses
I make enemies of enemies
Praying for guidance
Praying for their souls

Oh, how not to make enemies
Can anyone tell me truthfully?
How not to make enemies
How not to anger fools baying vengeance
And vendettas for goals
I will do anything not to make enemies
Listen to their vitriol bitter howls
But enemies I make
I make enemies with obedience
I make enemies with compassion
I make enemies with forgiveness
I make enemies with gifts and apologies
I make enemies with a kiss
I make enemies of enemies
Praying for guidance
Praying for their souls
We are all compatible fools

I will do anything not to make enemies
I show love give love and hope it refuels
But it's extinguished with a kiss that smothers
Oh, how to make amends is always difficult
I make enemies with gifts and apologies
I make enemies with kisses

I make enemies of enemies
Praying for their salvation
Praying for their soul's god forgives me.

Mark Heathcote

Keeper Of This Night

Keeper of this night wards me to the light
To the hearth that keeps me warm,
Keeper of the stars leaves 'just one lit'
And guide me to where flames burn bright.

To the hearth that keeps me warm,
Guide me to where these chard fires spit
And rekindle but never die or leave you cold.
Keeper of the oceans surrounds me and you

He is the shoreline ever exceeding its stay
Where all-over footsteps are washed away,
The one last island to remain after the storm
The one last harbour that still can save you

Keeper of the desert where cacti stand tall
Catches even the prickliest when they fall
He remains demonstrably small, indivisible to all
Like the lightning in a swashbuckling storm

He's the keeper of the hearth that warms me
He is the shoreline ever exceeding its stay,
Calling near and far, near and far
To you and me sail this way.

Mark Heathcote

Can You Forgive Me?

I'm compound with guilt
Like down trodden wheat
And yet it's you I've done wrong
Can you forgive me?
And lead me back home
Because without you
I'm quite cold and alone
Lost with no way to find myself
Back home, love, can you forgive me?
Love, can you lead me
Back home, love, there's a mother home
A convent with an eternal spring
Where every, heart does triumphantly sing.

Oh, I'm home
Back in the community, I belong...
I'm back home
I'm back home
I'm back home
Love can you forgive me?
Love can you lead me
Back home,
Like water to foam to mist heaven above
Love, can you take me back home with you.
Love can you forgive me?
Love can you lead me
Back home with you.
And let me rain with tears in your thunder.

Oh, I'm compound with guilt
Like down trodden wheat
And yet it's you I've done wrong
Can you forgive, forgive me?

Mark Heathcote

Close The Shutters

You bemoan any disturbances
the glowing of a wintery moon
the gentle morning birdsong
the dandelion seeds drift on the breeze
you bemoan any disturbances
and I say please - please - please
Every day, every moment is a gift.
Give by God, even the paper moon,
the April crocus, the swooning swan,
the cooing dove, the mooing cow.
A mockingbird mimicking the songs of other birds
they all give thanks, so why don't you?

You bemoan any disturbances
and I say please - please - please
every day, every moment is a gift
given by God, just-ask-the eel
or the water snake hissing in the lake-
of your heart reflecting the sun,
then ask what I can do for you.
You then point to the window,
Darling - 'close the shutters.'
Put another 'cover on the bed.'
And darling, just you come to bed.
And I'll show you - that all this?
Nonsense resides only in your head.
Now my heart is discombobulated
and I'm lost for words sleeping in your arms.

Mark Heathcote

Changing Geologies

A cool wind scurries around my heart
that now feels like a cratered Idaho landscape,
volcanic lava erupts and leaves crater rings
where once there were two breathing as one.
These-are-now leftover deposits like you and me.
This geology change may never sustain
the arm, the hand of friendship that bridges
the future, the past, and the present.

And maybe it doesn't now really belong.
Oh, how dark is this punctured outpost
in the deepest corner of my heart
it's as though a leaden curtain has drawn
and left an eternal shadow that was once-
ever so green beautiful, golden, and virginal.
But now, without you,
it's as dead and barren as the petrified moon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Blest The Lord

Mind you have courage
To face all your demons
Give roots to your rose
That she may grow ever fruitful.

And, flower on the bower
We all have a minor calling
Blest the Lord,
You'll too have faith unfailing.

Blest the Lord,
You have unwitting mettle
That nothing deceives you.
The omens are all good, child.

Your Father loves you
Nourishes in the shadows
To disperse, dispel all evil
He consumes the circling moths,

Knows what silken threads are ours.
What are the costs?
That hardens a heart to steel
Hold your nerve, have bravery.

And bless the Lord,
You're like a diamond in the sky,
A priceless stone,
That remains an unfaceted uncut gem.

As beautiful as the day
It was beholden and created.
Held up to the sun,
And all its burning, destruction.

Mark Heathcote

Panting Allah, Allah...

I could run through the night
I could run the following day
And keep on running till my last breath
Till that final kiss of imamate death
I could run to the end of the earth
And back again, my body a worn-out waif
To be with you, close to your heart.

I don't ask too much of you
I don't ask much of you
Yet, I still search the shores of the sea the stars
To see where you have last been
I search every horizon
I don't ask too much of you.

I don't ask much of you
But it is like walking in a desert on my knees
Searching for you
But I know you're here and searching
Is only my fear, fear of?
Scorpions with a sting in their tails

I don't ask too much of you
I don't ask much of you
But If I do find you
If I do find you, I might just run away
I might run away from even you.

I could run through the night
I could run on through the following day
And keep on running till my last breath
Till that final kiss of imamate death
Panting Allah, Allah...
I could run to the end of the earth
And back again, my body a worn-out waif
To be with you, close to your heart.

Unaccepting of your eternal love
I could run through the night

I could run on through the following day
And keep on running till my last breath
Till that final kiss of imamate death
Panting Allah, Allah, Allah...

Mark Heathcote

One Day Reanimated

What inspires the wind to dance?
Pick up leaves and twirl-them-perchance
one might dizzily fall into my arms
light as a feather across wetly cut lawns.

What indeed twists and turns
and finds it self-sucked into open urns
and worms its way up to the summit.
And once again, one day reanimated?

Blooms like a flower rent to wilt
but when it dies, its scent is still succinct
ask not my heart it-is-too-wilful
ask not-the-wind it-knows too little.

Blooms like a flower rent to wilt
but when it dies, its scent is still succinct
ask not my heart it-is-too-wilful
ask not-the-wind it-knows too little.

Mark Heathcote

For The Tomboy Who Liked To Call Herself Jimmy

Katharine Hepburn at her chiselled youthful best
Frankly-wasn't she eye-catching in a peculiar way?
Her eyes their gaze unashamedly transfixed me.
It was a spell just anticipating where next
They would jolt and come to rest. To me-
She seemed otherworldly, like a cannonball that's
About to be fired - not in anger or destruction.
Simply as to astonish and awaken the dulled-senses
Simply as to jettison through the stratosphere,
Show anyone of us can fly and be immortally idolised.

Hepburn was a force of nature, a precious talent
She was like a bushfire burning out of pure devilment.
Or smiling with satisfaction a tempestuous hurricane
That would righteously carve its-own unique path.
Hepburn was a woman I came to greatly-admire.
She was to epitomize the 20th-century the 'modern woman'
In the United States, but she was more than that?
She was the assertive woman, a torchbearer for the future.
She was indeed headstrong, spirited and yet, grounded.
And yet thought while taking her daily ice baths,
'the bitterer the medicine, the better it was for you.'

Mark Heathcote

In My Humble Opinion, She Outshines Every Star

My first real boyhood hero was Barbra Streisand, honestly, I couldn't have been more than 7yrs old. I guess it's an odd choice for a boy of that silly age, "I first recollect" seeing her in black and white when a movie she starred in was first televised.

I watched cross-legged completely-transfixed. I was in absolute awe of her charm, beauty and wit. I was falling in love with her vivaciousness her energy, the movie was about some troubled young woman, who was visiting a psychotherapist to quit smoking?

The film was made in 1970 and was aptly called. "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever" I say aptly because as she undergoes hypnosis she sees herself reliving a tragic Victorian romance. it's a past life and something I felt then a connection with.

Most childhood heroes go on to disappoint, they somehow wain and become less current. But Barbra, she has too many strings to her bow and never disappoints. I've noticed how oddly irritated others view such people with abundant talents.

"Her introduction to me that day was a revelation." All that followed was also "reverently admired." She was the first-ever woman to receive the Golden Globe Award for Best Director, an award no other woman achieved for some 37 years.

And that voice who seriously has matched it since? In my humble opinion, none have come close as any heroes of outstanding talent - therefor go? Streisand ranked the greatest female Billboard artist of-all-time and not just, pretty and quirky, she's my superstar.

Mark Heathcote

I Can't Escape My Reality

I can't escape my reality
It's all around me
These four walls they're closing in
Submerging into a fantasy
'I can survive'
'I can't dream'
'I can live again.'

Lord, knows I can't escape reality
It's a pit I've dug,
And is still digging deeper
It's a subterranean chamber
Where I might, one day die.
I can't close my eyes anymore?
I've been hopelessly blind.
Take my hand, be my guide
Guide me to the promise land
Be the light at my side

Oh, now how can I go on?
Fumbling in the dark...
Upsetting everyone around me
As if my chest didn't contain a heart.
Oh, how can I go on?
Drowning each day,
Frothing at the mouth
Further and further away,
Lord, there's no ceiling or floor.
There's just more oceans carrying me away.

Lord, I can't escape
The next on coming tsunami wave
Lord, I'm in the palm of your hand
Lord, waiting, praying to be saved.
Lord, I can't escape my reality
Lord, you're all around me.
Hell and damnation
Heaven and paradise none pardoning
No ceiling or floor

Just four closing walls
No right way up or down...
It's awfully confusing this ride on your merry-go-round.
Submerging into a fantasy
'I can survive'
'I can't dream'
'I can live again'
'I can be your eternal friend.'

Mark Heathcote

All Night Torches

Darling, I have had my quota of tsunami waves
But I guess I am here to stay,
Darling, you're the one that still pertains to be the one!
No matter how far I leave the comfort of this bay.

Darling, I don't care how low the mercury falls
There's a fire in the pit of my stomach
Darling, smoulders like the sun, okay it galls...
Dusks that can't find any more fervour dumbstruck.

Darling, with dreamy tentacles, all night torches
When there were no more stars in the sky,
Darling, I have seen you netting starfish...
Guess we all had the same pot of gold to magnify.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Like An Oxymoron, I'm Pretty Ugly

'Old news, you might think? '

'Old news, you might think? '

Growing old, growing smaller all the time

Air-tight alone together how divine

Loosely sealed with a synchronized kiss

A minor miracle oh what a bliss.

Crash landing on Indian cotton sheets

Same difference with a few little misdemeanour conceits

A devout atheist naked blue in the nude

Found missing, where days and hours never accrued

'Old news, you might think? '

'Old news, you might think? '

But she's Eve's original copy with skin like honey and milk.

She became my student teacher both day and night

It was a working vacation—right?

In my unbiased opinion she was the one!

Ah, Jumbo shrimp for tea, Hun

Only choice you have is me.

The exact estimate for the sun to shine grantee

Or snow to melt is unknown before I get a freezer burn.

It's seriously funny—right? When you've got no real concern

'Old news, you might think? '

'Old news, you might think? '

Oh, there's an arousing loud whisper saying marry me

And a small crowd raining confetti on us, oh, what a lot of idiosyncrasies

Lover, I'm like an oxymoron, I'm pretty ugly

I'm like the living dead, but damnably

I am awfully good still in bed.

Growing old, growing smaller all the time

Air-tight alone together how divine

Loosely sealed with a synchronized kiss

A minor miracle oh what a bliss.

Ah - ah - ah

Ah - ah - ah

'Old news, you might think? '

'Old news, you might think? '

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But she's Eve's original copy with skin like honey and milk.
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Or snow to melt is unknown before I get a freezer burn.
It's seriously funny—right? When you've got no real concern
Lover, I'm like an oxymoron, I'm pretty ugly
I'm like the living dead, but damnably
I am awfully good still in bed.
Ah - ah - ah
Ah - ah - ah
"Old news, you might think? "

Mark Heathcote

Anthropogenic

Apart-of-me wants to close my eyes
and note not all this endless news that decries
the world is heating up; 'what can I do? '
Help is a call that's long been overdue.
Rainforests are destroyed-by-fire
oceans they're like a humidifier.
People are dying, and it won't belong
of course, till all our outlooks are stillborn
Courage in the future; shall be needed.
Eden lies in ruins nil learnt or heeded.
Now Earth must suffer nihilistic harm.
Endure being torn apart; the new norm.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Brunette

His hand touches those free-flowing robes
That falls to the floor like a spent rose
Strewn aside where a moonbeam adobes
She lay on her bed with both eyes closed.

Hopeless as a meandering vine
Restless down a wooden banister
His fingers interlocked and entwined.
They redefined each silky parameter.

He sensed her earlobes now attuned
That last throbbing motion and sound.
The hairs on her neck no longer importuned
Ground basement needs icebound.

Hopeless she lingered, like a fly in a web,
And even bit his lower lip scarlet red.
Switching the tables, she planned them wed.
Now wasn't she a hot, hot brunette?

Mark Heathcote

The Moment The Womb Unravels

We all want to run our own Broadway show
Leave these trappings of time and place
the moment the womb unravels its innards.
Each body, each person is a wilting-flower vase.

We're all departmentalized in this world.
Boxed contents, the volume of which is equal
and yet disproportionate, whatever vibrations
shape their path the framework of these people.

They are all the same, glass half full, half-empty,
they are like a divided ocean pivoting
one way and then another moment another way
we're all internationally, globally, commingling,

mingling ah, all of creation, creation is singing
listen to the hummingbird, the common nightingale
listen to the New Guinea singing dog howl
listen to the gibbon and the common quail.

This world has its very own reggae-roots-musician,
a music baton in an otherworldly 'Conductor's hand.'
this world is a singing beluga whale
the musical notations, connotations of which,
we'll never understand.

Mark Heathcote

Breakup

Listen to the angry thunder the hole in your head
That's sunk your heart like a bullet made of lead
Hitting its target, right where it's dented and dead.

Listen, emergency sirens are wailing in your head
But I'm never running errands or turning infrared.
Turning nasty-although-we've reached a watershed.

There's something about you makes me feel misled
Watching you put it all on show, like Santa's sled.
You're beauties unparalleled but I'm better off dead.

I should listen to my gut, forget about any regret
I've flunked every class I've ever sat and assayed
I'm so tired of being left hanging like a thread.

Whatever has gone on between us has been said
I no longer desire to move backward or ahead
From this point-on we're no longer enmeshed.

Mark Heathcote

Fizzle-Out And Fly

How deep is your breath?
Such a breath, such a longing sigh!
Has me gazing at this neon world,
A champagne cork that's about to fly.

How can I decompress...
All these fizzing bubbles
Entering my heart and head
Without going, completely...mad.

Imagine my abysmal distress
Gawking, eye to eye,
Seeing how you gape at me.
Knowing one day we too must fizzle-out and fly.

That the peacock at the center
Of this story must follow close
With an eternal hollowed-out cry.
Strutting behind a palace wall nevertheless unnoticed.

Mark Heathcote

Given To Keep Us Warm

There are blankets given to keep us warm
to calm and conceal our aching bones.

Blankets are given to offload a responsibility
that camouflages a problem with invisibility.

There are blankets given in friendship,
blankets carrying death disease by smallpox.

There are blankets given for protection,
weighted ones that help ease our anxiety.

There are blankets given to new-borns
blankets afforded a cloak of invincibility.

There are blankets given to adoring lovers.
That gives us a sense, a feeling of security.

There's nothing to beat the soft coziness
of a freshly made bed, often it has been said.

But I'd like a blanket wrapped around me
Simply, to ward off the intolerable

-loneliness of feeling "isolated and alone."
Wishing, desiring a lover's arms.

Mark Heathcote

I-Too-Was Once Sun-Kissed Red

I cling to your words and watch an apple fall
it-too-was once sun-kissed red and blushed.
But now only wasps press-their-lips upon it
as it over-ripens turns a dimpled rust colour.
I-too-am a fallen fruit discarded and dejected.
But I will not let one wasp sting prevent me
hanging my heart out, my core out once more
for the kiss of true love is what I justly live for.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mesmerizingly Blessed

Even when it rains on a windowpane
There is beauty serene
There is splendour, unexplained
You just can't look through
Without questioning how it all came to be.

This is the poetry in me and you
It's the flower that bends to the sun
And gazes memorized until it wilts
And as it fades greeting the morning dew
Tranquil as a stone bust it's head seeds.

It's amazing, how the ordinary
Can be totally-extraordinary
It's incredible how what is plain
Can be mesmerizingly blessed
So open your eyes and all these wonders explore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Kiss Of Eternity

Lover, your ripples linger on the horizon
Enveloping the sum of all meaning
Such wanton lust consumes-
Itself only to be resurrected whole.

There are moments abandon reaching the shore
That never professed to belong to this world.
But are now lapping the shores of heaven
As I drown in the pools of your eyes, a stone.

What was once the centre is now mirrored.
Cast into a maze, one without rooms or exits.
These undulations swell to their girth,
And I am consumed forever by just one kiss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love And Destiny

Are there waves on reaching the shore?
Never to return, destiny reached.
All that's gone before means nothing,
all-that-really-matter is lost.
The waves crest, reaching home rests
with our final lingering impressions.

When the night-is-lit-with-stars
only one in the solar system
binds my heart-and-soul
acts as a compass for navigating
a path on a comet's decent
in this direct line of fire and impact.

She alone waits for my arrival;
she alone resides in my ashes
those last few cindering kisses.
Mingling in the debris that separated us,
the vestiges of my life,
which never was without her?

Mark Heathcote

Moth To A Flame

Thisbe, she's like a beautiful moth to a flame;
Through a crack, a hole in a dividing wall
She's breaking down all my internal barriers
Like a fledgling bird learning to fly
Like a whisper on a soothing tropical breeze
A butterfly jettisoned ...glides on by
She snuck on through my hearts window unknowingly
With a fiendish honeyed voice unafraid to speak
Of feeding beasts with an all-consuming love
'Black thunder' for-me-her-endless yearnings and sobs...

Where the lightning is conceived
She gardens a blooded red rose
Wanting to be a bursting white star
'Black thunder' - 'black thunder, '
Thisbe's voice spoke of her ongoing living torture
It awoke a wolf in these woods.
She took root in the darkest nooks of my heart
And shone a torch, a light
That made me hunger; thirst for this life
'Black thunder' She was-

The reason my heartbeat beat once again
Like a drum, she was the reason my ears bled
Reverberated like two clashing cymbals
Listening to the ice beneath my feet slowly break.
But it is sure funny how her Mulberry
Flavoured stolen kisses
Unveiled both sides of the moon
Like a spinning Christmas bauble
And I, her bewitched, how I lay, lay,
Lay still in the darkness inconsolably waiting to be consumed.

Thisbe suicide is for fools, not me or you.
Thisbe, you're like a beautiful moth to a flame;
You-simply-can't let your love be confined?
Whatever the pain, whatever the shame
You can never avoid that living flame.
Thisbe, you're like barbwire an animal trap,

But I can't bite off a limb or put up a fight
Thisbe, let's make the lightning dance tonight.
And die when there's nothing left to hate or spite
Thisbe, my internal barriers are all but dead and gone.
It's now time to love and dream and circle the moon.
Thisbe it's-not-a-moment too soon?

Mark Heathcote

Hillside

climbing a hillside
the heaven broke into rain
lightning carved up the-
sky, like a pronged carving knife;
roast lunch...waiting gravy boat.

.

Untangled

I knotted my face
squashed it against a window
and the world went by

.

Koi fish

swallows head home south
rice fields have been harvest
koi fish good eating

.

Slow lane

I chose one moment
it passed us by so quickly
life in the slow lane

.

Rainbows

I drifted like a cloud
hoped one day the sun would shine
obstacle rainbows

.

Companionship

I found friendship once
where it went I've forgotten
companionship none

.

Heron

even fish must talk
and decipher the silence
so heron can pause

.

Journeys end

wild yak butter is
rubbed-on prayer flagpoles
journeys end comes soon...

.

Nocturne

summer lightning
orchestrates a nocturne
fervent pianist

.

Snow

snow mimicking
mossy gravestones
parking lots

.

Changing

I can't fathom it
this likeness isn't constant
changing of the leaves

.

Silence
a chainsaw humming
a woodpecker heard drilling
silence far away...

.

Vigil
a midnight vigil
chandeliers of crystal glass
dew-like teardrops plunge

.

Destiny

a fallen oak tree
an acorn in its round cup
destiny waits

Mark Heathcote

Living Amongst Kings

Don't abandon my heart.
It fits yours, hand in glove.
I'll persist in my love
I'll leave this dry port
when an alarm bell rings
in a storm, high wave's rise
in hallowed halls the size
of a crag, a whelk clings-
fast, living amongst kings.

I'll stick with what life brings.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Emerging Portals Combine Into One

Wishing well, wishing well
I've looked deep into your eyes
And seen two emerging portals combine into one
Leading to a doorway that says enter.
This way to the canteen of perpetual life;
A pear or a grape
A tree or a bird
A flame or an ivy bough in full fruit and flower
This is not the hour for heaven or hell.

It is only, the core of me.
This is not a watery bitter bayou
Or part of the Antarctic Peninsula...
This is not a mountain ascending the stars
Or a subterranean Minotaur's labyrinth
Or a river running deep underground
This is the core,
The center of me dissolving all that I am into you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Singing For Your Love

If I were a nightingale I'd sing for your love
Or a kingfisher I'd hover in heaven above
Or an owl my nights would be a sleepless bliss
Tending to my foxglove
Like a hummingbird, honey tongue kissed.

~or~

If I were a nightingale I'd sing for your love
Or a kingfisher I'd hover in heaven above
Or an owl my nights would be a sleepless bliss
Tending Lady Loxley and her wild foxgloves
Like a hummingbird, honey tongue kissed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faith Withstanding

You leave me no choice, so I must withhold.
Not bite on that foul lure and be strong, bold.
Disappointment is a normal part of life, 'right.'
In all good conscience, we must expedite
a continued straight path, down a dark road
though it might wriggle like a nematode
all the indications are a good heart
does-not-blend-well with devils or consort.
It survives whilst remaining white and pure.
You leave me no choice, so I shall endure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Little Is Left

My hips feel like they've partially ripped apart
I've got no organ that doesn't ache or whine
I've sold my body and mind, what little is left
I promised it all to you, but what do you do,
Bent over tying a brogue leather tan shoe
You tell me I'm better off alone
You best go, before I take these here shoes off again
And it gets unwholesomely dark.

My eyes are sore and red, and I'm questioning
If I'm not better off-dead, brown bead
If this be another man, another lover, kicks me out of bed
Kicks me in the head, my heart will break
I'm not a relic or 'heroic' I'm not a heroine,
Who suffers increasingly from mute deafness?
Maybe like Beethoven, I've gone increasingly deaf
From making my music too divine...all the time.

My heart is a heavy lead weight
It's got no buoyancy anymore it isn't a snow-capped mountain
Sorry, but I can't make any more false turns, descents,
Downward turns, not even for a babe like you.
Maybe, just maybe, it wasn't meant
Oh, love is such a rat race
And if I spend any more time in the dark
I'll contract scurvy and forget there are other stars.

Oh, my soul wants to travel alone
Jettisoned like a flintstone bursting into fire
I want to recoil and be the last instrument of death
No man can resist; I only want to make music
That haunts and follows you,
Wherever you are sleeping, wherever you are dreaming
Oh, I only want to be consumed by you
I've sold my body and mind, what little time is left
I promise it all to you, and like Beethoven go increasingly deaf
making music too divine to ever end in discord.

Ice Breaker

what escapes the wind
in these Siberian depths
just one woman's smile

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Birds Of A Feather

Every flightless creature of the air
needs wings and the validation you get
when you soar while empathizing
with the fragility of a falling leaf
taken by the power of the wind,
the invisible ether rising to affirm
some acrobatic agility to remain afloat.

Aloft like a feather with the insight
to rise even further, beyond the trauma
of this life, to take solace on high,
to be angelic as of a bird or a dove
every brushstroke of this beautiful being
painted and animated with love
that sense of a mother's eternal love.

That circumferences a lover's mouth,
a fledglings nest, the world, and all-
who has made their maiden flight?
And unapologetically kissed and said
'I have authentically reached some wholeness
a well-meaning distinct good night.'
And deceptively, I did it all while being stereotyped.

Mark Heathcote

Incomparable Endless-Repays

What could be more mediocre or mundane?
What could be more common or ordinary place?
Then simply falling in love with your pretty face
heads turning like a rotating weathervane
the simple things in life - aren't them the best.

Soft eyeliner a high knee gingham dress
your complexion an ebony cloudless moon,
at first, a milky unexceptional gaze
drifts and is hypnotised in its costume
wanting more incomparable endless-repays.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Changes Will Come...

What was once our bread and butter?
Our daily toil, mining, drilling, fracking
is now extinguishing our natural wealth,
it kills beast fish and pollinating bees alike
all around the world in every habitat
it's destroying the forests, the rivers
the oceans, and it's melting the polar ice caps
we're all standing in the face of an avalanche
as seas rise by (8.2 feet) . We are reaching
irreversible climate thresholds, and if-
the Antarctic ice sheet was completely dissolved,
sea levels rise (190 feet) submerging-
thousands of cities around the world.

What was once our bread and butter?
Cars, diesel trains and gasoline guzzling trucks,
aeroplanes and turbine coal nuclear plants
is now destroying our ozone layer umbrella.
It's murdering the future of every creature
threatening the development of every youngster
wherever you are from, changes will come
Do the maths the sum; we're defenceless
like some of our beautiful coastal regions
in the grip of a landslide, a pothole, a black mudslide.
Can Mother Nature fight back? Heathens-
still with picks made of bronze, a stone axe
the facts speak for themselves; it's not all-
about some unconventional climatic weather.
It's about joining forces
and making the right decisions together.

Mark Heathcote

Platinum Or Gold

Rainbows come under the guise of vaccinations
AstraZeneca or Pfizer, it's painless-
Injection with a small wait in the recovery room,
No needs to worry, life will soon resume.
Book your restaurant table, "scan our QR code."
Or write your details. "How do you like our little abode? "
Welcome, how would you like to make your payments?
Sterling Honey, pounds and pence, platinum or gold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Instrument Of Love

He's the ghetto kid, who done well willing to fight.
But vocal harmonising songs of love and light
lead him instead to international fame.
Bob Marley's was his name, and he was the
first major public face of Rastafari.
Marley's influence has remained inspirational
for many generations his music has been uplifting.
It brought roots reggae out of the fringes.
Made a global impact and has instilled
a message of peace and hope.
Bob, he was a local boy, done well
scratching a living out of the dust.
Out of days that was sometimes hell.
But in the end his muse
his down oppressed Rasta voice rose and rose.
He became a legend with an instrument of love.
And left us all far too soon
-gods bless his Rastafarian roots.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where The Forest Meets The Meadow...

In a forest of bracken, with dead-crushed-skulls.
Fern fronds black crow's toadstools and horror
there are armies of creatures hidden from sight
only shows-their teeth in the midst-of-moonlight
gaunt expressions spy out beneath this dark flora
with fixed stares, a mingling of moist-mixed-bloods.

Here in this forest, every noise threatens death,
but on the flip side, it's an ark of survival
a place of imminent danger or protracted life
lived out on the edge of a field that magnifies
a spring meadow where the sun levels its rifle,
it-takes-aim at another's - enigmatic bequests.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Breaking Webs

What locksmiths, do we need to break webs?
Prismatic chains, deathly-spun to incarcerate
with all the snares beauty of our ultimate demise.
Fate, death will one day gaze into our eyes
when we are suckled nearly dry, emancipate
we'll dangle—ascend like angels without regrets.

Blinkered and blind, half-mad like a moth.
Leaving its-lair a spider engages in a dance
that will cocoon our brittle skeletal selves
till a fragrance, an essence delicious overwhelms;
quite overpowers, and these webs lose their fangs,
their spiralling bars, just becoming an entourage.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's A Long Road

It's a long passage home baby
if you've been taken and shackled
Body and mind baby
if you've been disembarked
from all you've known heart and soul.

It's a long hard trek back baby
Even-more-so if you've no recollection
of who you are or where you came from.
it's a long voyage back baby
if you've been flogged and stripped
and had everything you know taken away.
Leaving-you with no family or any home, any people or culture.

It's a long road of subterfuge baby
Full of pain if there's no roadmap back home
It's a kin to having no kith or kin
Or waging war or a battle you can't win
if you've been misplaced, misled, and left in a desert,
a desert without summer or winter
a desert without autumn or a spring
without any desire in your heart left to be strong.

without any desire in your heart to sing
It's a long passage of suffering baby
But baby you can ease my suffering tonight
You can be my angel of deliverance darling
And satisfy my homeless heart with you,
And guide, and return my soul back to the light
Like it never went dark if you just unshackle
My body and mind baby
if you just unshackle my heart and soul
I shall learn once more how to be strong
I shall learn once more how to sing one more last song.

Angel don't break your vow, your promise
It's a long road of subterfuge baby
Full of pain if there's no roadmap back home
It's a kin to having no kith or kin

Or waging war or a battle you can't win
Without comprising tears still hurtful and mystifying.
Could take all your stripes and triumph.

Mark Heathcote

The Green, Green Grave

The green, green grave covered in snow
sleeps in the sorrow of a concealed face
showing glimpses of a brighter tomorrow
look, the pussy willow fattens its mace.

The appearance of the snowdrop timeless
rustles through crystal white prisms
green, green threads with diamond eyelets
praise, seasons nod their length in rhythms.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anointed Flower

I am an anointed flower nodding heavily
listening to the crickets drowning song
afraid the iris of my eyes baited hook
will close; with dusty lost impressions-
all roots must have motes of light
diminutive fingers clutching onto stars
all roots must have oven-baked loaves
feeding the mouth of a songbird not heard-
singing, since the Garden of Eden.

I am anointed fly-foam in a mirror image
I decay from this dew lit world, wilt and fall
in petals around a mountain of ice
in clouds of historic ancient mist
in waters bowelled in a canyons cave
not a word, not a sentence was said
I had already been deemed long dead
the day I was born, a flower of ash,
swabbed golden hatched in a bee's cell.

Mark Heathcote

On Balance

On balance, both nostrils flare when angered
like a bull seeing red—charging anchored.
It's a grand spectacle watching gold dust-rise.
Seeing one progressive tear-in-her eyes,
widow screened horrors yet to terrorize
spill out like the first of a thousand flies.
Such is a crisis of heart when our wings-
is torn out like leafy green velvet twigs.
Snapped like a flower stem in the twilight;
dying poppies shadows me, quite finite...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What's Changed? Nothing's Changed

We've had years of those knock-kneed charlatans on TV
them shape-shifting, politician's-rubbing their gleeful hands
it isn't in any order to clean them or disinfects them.
It's just a way of congratulating or terminating themselves.
When answering our own denials, our unanswered demands.
We've survived despite our fumbling incompetent selves.
We've survived the hypocrisies of so many untold lies.
We've endured voter's apathy; let them bemoan
they've seen through our disguise our faceless masks.

What's changed?

Nothing's changed; we're still the guardians of power.

Listen, can you hear the clank of loosening shackles?
As school and church bells ring out once more
Listen, can you hear that low hesitant applause
as lockdown slowly ends the people again mingle
-and meet their long-forgotten friends and relatives.
Their tears are like frozen independence bunting-
festooned from street corner to street corner.
The entire length of the world in these ends that is tied
but will never truly meet to tie a knot of brotherhood.

What's changed?

Nothing's changed; a dog needs its master's leash.

Life will forever pull drive frantically forward...
like some stuttering car pushed downhill, accelerating
without any brake fluid and an inebriated driver
asleep, bent over the steering wheel, still adamant
he'll make it home—somehow, one way or another?
Covid-19 vaccinated, it's now time the body recovered
got a full MOT and delivered on what has been long promised.
A life of drudgery, paying back a loan we never borrowed.
A mortgage assigned to all eternity in our children's name.

What's changed?

Nothing's changed; they're still the guardians of our restless peace.

Modern Art

Pablo Picasso,
Pablo Picasso could be an arsehole
he was characterised as a womaniser
he took many mistresses
they'd operate as his muse and lover
he was quoted as saying
'women are machines for suffering."
He was a misogynist of the highest order
he probably believed pointillism was only
for naked indigenous aboriginals;
he once said, "there are only two kinds of women:
Goddesses and doormats."□

Pablo Picasso, Picasso, Picasso,
Pablo Picasso could be a right royal arsehole.
But didn't most of his art critics love his oils,
his bike saddle and handlebars - Bull with Horns
his cubists' breasts like great big pointing citadels
remind me of Madonna's iconic Jean Paul Gaultier Cone Bra.
What was their syllabus these bourgeois and upper-
class elite standing in front of his canvases?
Was it to further the diversity, the richness of modernist art?
Or to earn some huge commissions and line their already deep pockets
or-just-kiss his royal arse.

And what followed him, bloody Andy Warhol,
with tins of baked beans and Marilyn Monroe,
looking like Myra Hindley, devoid of sincerity and hope.
We then had the 1995 Turner Prize, winner
Hirst divided mother and calf: formaldehyde cows.
And later Gunther von Hagen the German anatomist
who subsequent exhibitions Body Worlds 2,3 and 4,
that's been viewed by some 24 million so-called art lovers.
Pablo Picasso, Picasso, Picasso,
Pablo Picasso could be a right royal arsehole
but at least I recognise his work
for something tangible worthy of being called modern art.
Not some nihilistic view that's not worth the price of
the toilet roll I flush down the loo.

Mark Heathcote

The Stars Are Shining On Me Today

Beaming like a crescent moon in mid-July
The stars are-shining-on-me today
her comeliness takes my breath away
loves heavenliness I surely do testify
How can I not now with all inveigh?

Speaking of beauty, how does one not weigh?
How pleasing it is without loathsomeness.
I can look into these heavens and purvey
a million stars, but all would be grotesque
compared with her, a light never dispossessed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Us Not Be Thwarted?

Let's not quit. The finish line is within reach.
Read the script because change is always afoot.
In a crisis, it's better to have friends than foe.
It's nonsense not to allocate a little hope
into each day and finish what you've started.

In this crisis, all our governments beseech-
we follow the rules, oh, need be, we stay put.
Work from home and a two-household ratio
can now meet but be sure to wash hands with soap.
We'll beat this enemy, so let us not be thwarted.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Constant Change Darling Is Taking Place

We're all under reconstruction, you and me
Constant change is taking place somehow
Every molecule and atom is replaced somehow
You can look at me all you want to
And raise that silly wrinkled eyebrow
But I know I'm not the same as when I met you.

People change and darling you've changed to,
I don't care how you, look at it.
I haven't felt it in a good, good long while
Things grow and things just shrink away into nothing
And nothings all I've got today
And I am left holding on to now.

We're all under reconstruction, you and me
Constant change darling is taking place somehow
Every molecule and atom is replaced somehow
You can bet your boots, your bottom dollar
I've had more conversation with a cadaver
Then I'm having with you right now.

You can look at me all grim-faced you want
But I no longer pine, another second to stay
I just want to elope with a rhapsody of spring
Turning to summer once more before I die
I want to leave these drifting sands of time
Throw my life away and say to you goodbye.

And somehow change all who I am
But alas I still embrace your kiss
And simply, reminisce a once different you
And it leads me to reconsider
We're all under reconstruction, you and me
Constant change is taking place somehow
Every molecule and atom is replaced somehow
And tomorrow, I just might fall back in love with you.
But I know I'm not the same as when I met you.
So, darling is you just feeling the same as me too.

5 Haiku

look a chain of smoke
the sphere of the universe
another smoke ring

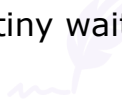
I can't fathom it
this likeness isn't constant
changing of the leaves

a chainsaw humming
a woodpecker heard drilling
silence far away...

a midnight vigil
chandeliers of crystal glass
dew-like teardrops plunge

a fallen oak tree
an acorn in its round cup
each destiny waits

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Truth Be Known

Our leaders are greedy, deceitful fools
bullies who never fired a gun or threw a punch
yet, take all your pocket money at vestibules
and ate out free every day for lunch
pockets lined later to sit on a backbench.

You cannot sugar-coat the lies I'm hearing
the truth isn't a cake you can add icing too
you can't change the height of the ceiling
compensate facts for fiction or sail a canoe
backwards up a waterfall, can you?

The planet is in trouble but lets all fly
let's take a jet and later on in a cavalcade
meet up to discuss global warming and comply
to make-good pledges made in masquerade,
make-good nuclear silos, uranium in retrograde.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Still Waiting...

Nothing is more refreshing than a rainstorm
with its fiery spring effervescences
it's as though you can hear a feather fall.

The air fizzes with a fresh drinkable breath
as if it were exhaled by the Almighty Himself
it fills languid sails; stirs a blackbird home.

The world is like a wet linen cloth steaming
dripping like a bent-over willow leaf
I remember waiting for my parents to return from work.

Pacing the garden thinking, I'm still waiting
when will you be back home, now I'm old
it's still the same long wait only to place unknown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Be As Strong And Beautiful As Atlas Man

Would an expression of love of beauty hold your gaze?
Longer than a man's deformity, desperately trying to walk.
Legs low standing, deckchair-like buckling with the weight above
moving independently ever so slowly as if he's openly
defying the gravity of the entire world combined with every step.
Each step, a feat of immense courage, clasp onto thin air.

Would that expression of love of beauty hold your gaze?
All together differently, you can be honest here? Sure-
we all see things differently; if she was a young dark-haired girl
in her mid-twenties, with a mystical stare gawping into your soul
wouldn't your knees tremble, and wouldn't you mumble
some flattering pleasantries, hoping will somehow impress.

Would that were that man, where would you hang your gaze
would each look feel sly like some importune presence?
Pressing further weight upon his sloth-like limbs,
or would admiration for him lends some additional bouncy.
Yes, every gaze is proportion differently, isn't that why-
we should admire our strengths, beauty and all fragilities equally.

Mark Heathcote

Proclivities

You've-got-your proclivities, who knew
Somebody seductive removed my bicycle clips
And asked me why-I'm-blue
Don't you see it's a full moon and I love you?

Soon it'll be too dark-
For even coal sellers visit after dark
To empty his hessian sack
And light a goddamn spark.

You've-got-your proclivities and I've-got-them too.
To take off all my clothes
And get naked skin-to-skin with you
Listen to a saxophone horn growl and fade
Darling, I'm not afraid of anything today.

You've got your proclivities for stiletto shoes
And long red flowing hair
I've got mine dominos, drinking
And fall downstairs.

But together; I'll play it clever
And act real cool
Because I've got proclivities
For making, love to you.

Mark Heathcote

Born To Be Different

I was born to be different
I don't follow the tide
The sea means nothing to me.
See, I've basically offended everyone I've ever met
And it's not because I pose a threat
It's just, that I don't care to be spun a web.
I don't care to dangle on a thread
And hope one day I get fed
I was born with nothing
And nothing at the end of the day
Is what will be left.

I was born to be different
I don't follow the tide
The sea means nothing to me.
You can bind and gag me
But I won't kiss your arse
Or polish your shoes
It's not because I'm a bad arse
It's just, that I don't care if I starve.
So don't open any doors for me
Because I've never had any helping hand
And I don't care to grovel or be advanced.
Or eternally humble,
I don't give a fig about what principle you stand on.
How you got so loud.
Or what senator cut you a bona fide deal.

I was born to be different
I don't follow the tide
The sea means nothing to me.
Blackbird tarry my soul—home
To the stars, the holly leaves in their loam.
Prickly as ever that's where I'm to be enthroned
With a crown of oxidised chrome
Pitted like an antique mirror reflecting
The face of a clown, who always cried alone
Poured his heart out but always kept

Just a little something back-in-store,
Truly he was quite an individual.
Didn't have time to feel, sore.
Took his final bow on the stage,
People swore he was a poet, a prophet or even a sage.

But he just swore to be me.
He was born to be different
He didn't follow the tide
The sea meant nothing to him.
He was the moon, the stars and the setting sun.
Born to be different where others didn't know, where to begin.
He was individual, just him, with nothing disguised or hidden.
A bona fide third party with no fancy dress or mask
Hey there megalomaniac, I didn't mean to blow out your candle.
Hey, there quack, I'm not scared of suicide it's all I know.
Hey there sleazebag you're like an ancient disease
Don't you come around here anymore, please?

He was individual, just him, with nothing disguised or hidden.
He was individual, just him, with nothing disguised or hidden.
But he just swore to be me.
He was born to be different
He didn't follow the tide
The sea meant nothing to him.
He was the moon, the stars and the setting sun.
Born to be different where others didn't know, where to begin.
A phoenix in its struggle stuck in the middle
Fighting, inferno, flames without so, much as a scuffle.
Prickly as ever about to be enthroned
With a crown of oxidised chrome
Pitted like an antique mirror reflecting
Every sinew bone ever to walk here alone and fly away.

Mark Heathcote

Takin' A Chance On Love

At the Swingers Rodeo Ball
It was foot loose and fancy free.
It was drugs and Rock 'n' Roll,

Rod Stewart sang a song called: Hot legs
He spoke to reporters about knee surgery.
And how he had to have ankle fusion,

You can bet it must have hurt.
'I don't play football anymore'
Cause I can't go sideways...

I like to box on the big bag in my gym,
But those weighty swingers...I don't let in.
'Three or four aside just isn't football.'

And brother rabbit of course you better kiss your, foot good-bye
On that ball again I'm ridin' for a fall again.
I'm gonna give my all again takin' a chance on love.

Mark Heathcote

Organ Donor

He's laid in the ICU
feeling kind of cold and icy-blue
he knows he's cut a deal with the devil
and that he won't last too long,
his heart is still, pumping smooth and slow,
but his soul is hiding in sedition.
Hope is a pulse frozen within a Nanosecond.
You've got to hang...soar like an angel and pretend
you've still got at least one good friend.
And your soul won't catch fire in the rear-view mirror.
And you have no desire to burn-
anymore...rubber off your road slick tyres.

He's laid in the ICU one-
Grand Prix pit stop from screwing it all up.
A surgeon's knife circles his heart
as it's still pumping smooth and slow,
it bleeds like a lesion with an even steady flow,
now it's time to cut loose
cure that leprosy with one last final kiss.
Break a deal that was always somehow promised.
Save another's life and silently let go...
Remembering forgiveness sets us all free.
That many roads are travelled.
But only one is liberty.

Mark Heathcote

True Self-Reliance

Assassins may take a gun and aim to kill you.
But it doesn't mean the shot will meet its bull's-eye
a priest might wish to guide and convert you.
Put you in their pocket like a precious saved item.
And a banker has the capacity to elevate you
oil that hinge and loosen the bonds that enslave.
But only you can make right or wrong choices
quieten all those other nonessential voices
and put an end to the confusion that leaves you
-hopeless, faithless, empty and directionless...
Feeling abandon, true self-reliance is never
Taking help but accepting a helping hand when given.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How Is It Deemed A Protest?

How is it deemed a protest?

A child sat cross-legged on a roadside going-nowhere
clutching a book, surrounded by military police with batons
like a ground invasion to block out a divisible shrinking sun.

How is it deemed a protest?

How does this child threaten your regime?

Who child is threatened by you by yourself-

surely-it's-just a dream, and when you open your eyes-
there'll be feathered pillows, a mother's palm on your forehead.

But no, how is this possible you're waking in a cage

Facing the evil weight of a bullying natation somehow,
demonizing your every breath, don't they have courage?

Are-they-all bothers in one corrupt hood?

Doesn't anyone care for you, are-they-lice, fleas-

on a dog that cannot scratch the smallest of an itch?

Like a blind, dumb boxer in heavy gloves.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Corn Circles

I'm not interested in corn circles
not even how you came to be.
All I've seen is flattened, dejected people
Who'd once bathe your grazed soiled knee?

You may dance to your own celebrations
but please don't include me.
I've seen how your size 10 hobnail boots
have danced on their hearts and said amen.

I'm not interested in your accolades.
Only how you flattened all that golden wheat,
so proud you separated the wheat from the chaff
and left those dried-out familiar husks.

You may sing in the ranks of your own sweet success
but please don't expect me.
When you've forgotten all those lullabies sang
that once calmed a ferocious dark black sea.

'The view from the sky sure is pretty' no-doubt
and appealing to like-minded circling vultures.
But the bones-of-the-discarded can never be forgotten.
Ultimately,
they're how this feat of accomplishment came about.

Mark Heathcote

Youthful Imaginings On Alabaster Skin

Corruption isn't concealed with a lily pad or a fig leaf
-or by political or public censorship.

In erst, his canvases allure of innocents and deceit
did fix youthful imaginings on their alabaster skin.

At times I've contemplated Hylas's hunger to touch;
his a thirst to drink clear rockpool waters, quite shameless
only hankering a taste of their refreshing bath salts, sigh.

I've enjoyed viewing this oil painting on many occasions;
Hylas and the Nymphs, by John William Waterhouse 1896
visiting the Manchester Art Gallery and dwelling nearby.

And by the by, I come to buy a fine printed copy in 1986.

And ever since, it has seduced my speculative thoughts,
Shown up weaknesses in my theories and own politics

It isn't easy being virtuous and honourable...I confess when
-female water nymphs have needs...desires to procure.

It's the weakness of some men in the hooks of a wench
To-dine-in-hell. Or swim ashore and desire no more.

But who are we kidding our-thirsts are never quenched.

Beauty corrupts the purest of hearts, either to partake
-or sit on the fence and then drown in idle censorship.

Placing too much emphasis on innocence and nakedness.

Light sheds light the dark precipitates only more darkness.

Mark Heathcote

Lately

Lately, I've been distant...
Like a bulb, frozen in the ground.
Waiting for the warmth of sunshine
To be woken and found.

Waiting to push on through the snow
Waiting to be a green-stalk of corn, lit by kerosene
To tremble in the coming new dawn
In the new dawn waiting-only to be reborn.

Lately, I've been hiding in the reeds
Learning to swim again
Avoiding those grey herons on the shore
Who always lives alone?

Lately, I've been the lightning in the storm
Freshly born, feeding off the electricity
In the tempest of a moonscape in the torrent of a rainstorm
I've been precipitous and found myself aglow
In or on the path of a newly formed rainbow.

Lately, I've been distant...
Like a bulb, frozen in the ground.
But now I'm turning over new ground
But now I'm learning to flower like a snowdrop
Without as much as a living sound.
Waiting for the warmth of sunshine
To be woken and found in the grace of time since yesterday.

Mark Heathcote

The Unconscionable Surrounds Us

The unconscionable surrounds us
it's a nightmare dream that enters thought
and transpires to breathe and give birth
and then live alongside us always hungry.

Howling at the moon...

It's the reprehensible of something evil
that it will always somehow follow
it's the thought that the inconceivable
will one day cause us trouble?

Always hungry, howling at the moon...

It's the unacceptable truth, we'll lose ourselves
or someone closer to a tragedy,
leaving you a lot of broken glass
a barefoot obstacle you just cannot pass.

There isn't any use crawling
or inconceivably guessing what will be manifest next
because there's always a bear in the woods
there's always a wolf at the door, and he's never far behind.

Howling at the moon driving, you insane...

The unconscionable he's stalking you
he's howling at the moon
wanting to break shadow and consume you
wanting to devour you.

Always hungry, howling at the moon...
always hungry, howling at the moon...
driving you insane, driving you insane
not a moment too soon!

Mark Heathcote

Something Must Be, Given Back

Something must be, given back
let's remember life is just a slipknot
fallen on the floor on the ground.
Love, you've played all your face cards
and still, you must lose at some point.

Like the cat with seven lives and one left
you must fly-like a bow ribbon kite
enter that cloud over a white picket fence
and never fall once more.

... There is garbage to be collected
that someone might refuse
and vines that climb that look most divine
oh, how I wish you were mine,
eternally mine with no place to hide.

But something must be, given back
but please, don't jump the queue.
Please, please get up off that floor
please don't ever leave me.
Leave me like the sun on the porch, ever again.

Love, you've played all your face cards
and broken so many hearts but isn't it time
you played the two of hearts and called it deuce.
And blew out all those candles counting time
and said you'll be mine.

We could tie a slipknot a Chinese finger puzzle
Not even He upstairs divine can divide.
So darling meets me on the porch at sunrise.
So I can devise how all the stars started to fire
flicker like dew-wet wheat fields in your golden hair.

Infinity must be captured in your smile because
I-can-no-longer breathes beyond the passing of the dawn.

David The Beloved

Whatever olive branch is offered,
David is left with doubts as to whom
he should choose. Oh, how he has suffered?
If he was visited by angels-
a dove—he'd wonder which to entomb,
which to exhume—which one was all plume,
feathers and costume. This David would-
dream of unearthly visitations,
be left nothing but apparitions
ghostly emanations before his eyes.
Lifetime's worth of superstitions
hoping one day, he'll catch his mortal prize.

or

Whatever olive branch is offered,
David is left with doubts as to whom
he should choose. Oh, how he has suffered?
If he-was-visited by angels a dove
a woodcock pigeon—he'd wonder which to entomb,
which to exhume—which one was all artificial plume,
feathers and costume. This David would-
dream of unearthly visitations,
be left nothing but apparitions
ghostly emanations before his eyes.
A lifetime's worth of superstitions
hoping one day, he'll catch his mortal prize.
David the beloved wasn't a man at all
he was something much, much more
And only God came to hear his unrequited call.
Whatever olive branch is offered,
David is left with doubts as to whom
he should choose. But oh how this time-
he'd made up his unwavering mind
and fell in love with you, and your eternal spell.
And his mortal prize so much more.

Oh, now David is left with no doubts as to whom
hear and answered his call.

No more than if he was visited, by angels a dove
a woodcock pigeon, David the beloved
wants for no one, nothing more.

Mark Heathcote

Suicidal Dancers

Identifying with every tortured soul
I patch into all sides, thoughts and feelings
every concept has teeth and snapping jaws.
Tortured hearts listen to all these dealings
weighing up the pros and cons of long claws
unchallenged egos like lions uncontrolled.
Baited alligators rolling like logs
suicidal dancers trying not to be eaten,
praying their dull cold skies will still sweeten,
and a bright rainbow turns back all their clocks.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love And War

Seas they're-accustom
to attack and retreat
eroding all sides.

Seas circle the globe
and Internationally-
mingle and join hands.

Every wave a hush
a lullaby—serenade
avidly in love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Commission In Vermillion

With a brushstroke or two, here thereabout
I'm commissioned-by-your smile to kiss you.
Lips pouting like an oil pallet about
to start a masterpiece love imbued.

I must pose for a portrait; never flinch
a muscle, a fibre of my being
especially from a hardnosed clinch
meant to keep you blissfully dreaming.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

At The Source Of The River

At the source of the river
I've questioned where you're at.
And I still don't know.
But my search isn't over, and there's no regret.
My soles won't be soiled when I've eventually learned to sit.
They'll be as clean as a cinder torched from under.
I've breathed in all the mugginess a monsoon can muster
But yet I know I've arrived home.

At the source of the river
Whenever I've fallen - I've been guided back to my feet.
Yes, I'll lift a dry rock and find the source of this water
And the last tear ever I cried thereunder
Soon as you've or I've discovered it
It will evaporate
But be right back where it started.
But be right back where it started at the source of the river.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pearls Of Wisdom

The church doors are closing; it's time to reflect
-on the week gone by. An old lady hunches over aside
-for others close by who wish to pass and say—hi.
Speak the obvious...damn chilly outside.
You should get-off-home m'dear; that old-
man and dog of yours will be all but done for
-alone wanting its leg of mutton the dog,
his butcher's bone. What a sermon that was, eh?
Wasn't-worth half a farthing of anybody's money
-m'dear, never mind my bus fare, I tell you what?
I'm of a mind not to come again next week.
These moss green gravestones are deadly to walk,
look, watch how you go m'dear and-
give my love to your poor old Sis,
tell her I'm thinking of her she's in my prayers.
It's a shame she had to fall down-those-ghastly cellar stairs.
Shouldn't have to do it...at her age...I told her,
I told her...she should have gone electric.
She should have gone to NORWEB Chuck.
But would she listen, would she listen,
would she 'eckerslike'
I've been telling her for years those days of
-filling a coal scuttle is long since gone.
Just thinking about it, now Chuck gives me chilblains
it absolutely fills my heart with tears, not pearls of wisdom.

Mark Heathcote

Play Your Best Hand

It's best to prioritise, take your best stand
Be clear in your choices even if not planned
Surely-God forgives you and will understand
He the one gave you that all persuasive-hand.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

By You

By you, I've been led-astray
from my pedestrian way
by you, I've heard violins play
central to a clarions winged call
heartbeat placid in its climatic fall
it's a pleasure singing in Carnegie Hall
such choral music to enthrall
Quote: events to entertain.
'The world is a stage, uncorked champagne.'
Like you, something-magical-to ascertain.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Unbroken Prayer

A water vole leaps like an Olympic swimmer
headfirst with no concerns about the churchlike silence.
It's an unbroken prayer each stroke that mirrors,
follow another with timely ambivalence.

Any sudden silence, broken, it dives deep
below the slick surface and isn't seen again-
except for one-small-furtive air bubble discrete
a surreptitious, whisper murmuring-amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Are Moments A Cold Wind Blows

There are moments in life that are fleeting
melting like snowflakes on a blade of grass
there are moments a cold wind, blows alas
too strong, too hard for a nests safekeeping
yes it blew, and blew, making lovers clash
forgetting a sketch etched from ecstasy
overlooking those moments worth repeating
endlessly with thrifty fidelity,
but something must always interfere, crash-
the party, like a mad bull, stampeding?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Endless Misgivings

There is always an end game, just out of grasp.
It takes discipline to succeed unsurpassed.
The devil is in the detail unabashed.
The-instant-you believe, reach-for-it — it's elapsed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Come Back Another Day

I guess the sunshine's sultry-hot and drives us insane,
There are days spent on a window seat it does rain
but both days are somehow unequivocally the same.
Blessed with another innings to bat at the game?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Are You An Orchid Or A Woodland Nymph?

Are you an orchid or a woodland nymph?
Are you a sacred blossom on a whisper?
A ghost visiting me when I'm nearing sleep
Are you trembling like a blade of grass?
When the dew virginally hesitates to
evaporate, condensate or simply-fall
have you been sent for me?

Have we been lovers once before
and if we were to fall in love today
would it-be-forevermore?
If, so break my heart
and restructure the pieces
from the clay, the sap from the blood
that made you live.
wantonly-womanly - mystically-like-winter snow
-melting through my hands today.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

So, Don't Disembark-Here I Don't Want You Near

I've had enough of your foreign tongue
I want something rooted in my own life
So keep-it-real as I am not gonna-succumb
To this jive without any roots
as I am not gonna-let-you commandeer my soul
here in this life or my promised afterlife.

So, don't disembark-here I don't want you near
There's nothing of your culture I require or need
So, don't disembark-here and barter for my life
Don't come over here and polarise-
my mental-suffering to enrich your bottomless-greed.

So, don't disembark-here I don't want you near
There's nothing of your rule, I see as justice
So don't disembark-here and barter for my life.
Cause I don't care for your promises.

Oh, you can enslave your people, but not me
Oh, no not-mine
Oh, you can subjugate all you want of your own
But you won't-subjugate or enslave my mind.

I've had enough of your craving appetite
I want nothing you sugar coat
Say I can't live without
So keep-it-real as I am not gonna-succumb
I am not gonna-listen-to your evil foreign tongue
Cause I've got all I need, all around me for free.

There's nothing of your culture I require or need
So go-drink the water from your own, bitter well.
Open your eyes, you heathen people.
You-can't-corrupt the populace everywhere you go?
Some aren't mollified and will never follow.

So don't disembark here and barter for my heart and mind.
So open your eyes, you heathen people
You see, I don't care to live in the dark

In the shadows cast by others less,
Less, less kind, preoccupied with love being-one.

You see, I don't care to live in the dark.
I only care for the unification of my heart and soul.
So keep-it-real as I am not gonna-succumb,
Succumb; succumb to any foreign devil without roots.
No, I am not gonna-succumb, this-is-my island, this-is-my land.

So, don't disembark-here I don't want you near
There's nothing of your culture I require or need
So go-drink the water from your own, bitter well.
Go heathen people go.
This-is-my island, this-is-my land, don't you know?

Mark Heathcote

Just As Did My Mother Before Me

You say you like salted-butter
I tell you not to mutter
You say it's a generation thing
A little of what you like is a good thing
I dismiss him with humour
Just as did my mother before me
You-say, don't bore me.
I introduce my low-fat juicer.
No more sugar in your tea, my darling
What I need is a lover.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Magically You're There?

You're like a shadow on a canvas flirting.
Some charcoal line that is just forming
a flame-flickering or is it dancing
I'm listening to the air crackling
eyes widening gaze, hesitantly-stare
you're like static electricity
drawing me closer a-strobe-light pulsing
my heart beating erratically
it's hard to breathe; I don't know why exactly.
The trauma of dementia is never really-framed
magically you're there? Even though - I'm all alone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Modern Love

Modern love is in its infancy-
so, why don't you kiss me?
Why don't you digest me?
Like a battery leaking acid?

Have I not been initiated?
Doubled up in your limbs,
temperance isn't resistance
it's a prison without bars.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rearview Mirror

Life is a long open road
with few pit stops or fuelling stations
many therefore check the rearview mirror
as it's a road over ravines and mountains
with many twists and cliff-top turns.

At times we'll sleep at the wheel
break self-isolation laws and speed limits
or park in some sleazy 'pull-out.'
Deflated, we check the rearview mirror
and wonder where it all went.

Where it all went wrong
our destination could be Route 66
begging not to be a fly on the windscreen
but migrate to meet the California sunshine.
Melt-like grease tires even in the snow.

Tank-empty, rearview mirror steamed.
Baby, I'm yours
'I could be your Santa Claus.'
Your hibernation get-out clause
'I drive a Ford Mustang' like I'm a wild horse.

Mark Heathcote

What Is Evident?

What is evident?

I cannot forgive what I cannot forget.
So roll-aside and disappear as if-
I never was - I never meant anything.
I know you'll find it easy as I'm-
already transparent and invisible.
Your tepid smile only hides a vulgar
cynicism brooding like a thunder cloud
to envelop my whole world entire.

What is evident?

I cannot stand idly by
waiting for dawn to break.
A blackout curtain has been-drawn
And I can no longer wait for some unforgiving-
apology or begrudging acceptance.

What is evident?

Is our blood isn't thicker than water?
And simply-need to let you drift away.

Mark Heathcote

How Can Time Travel Without Me In Tow?

How can the night befall into starless shadows?
If I hold just one in my heart as a guiding torch.
How can darkness descend and stop like a tornado?
Or fall through a trapdoor - if I'm on your porch.

How can time travel without me in tow?
Am I not a part of its feathered falling arrow?
How can the wind leave my wings, my bow?
Leave without the one who caused my sorrow.

How can my heart just blatantly be stopped?
Did I not love you enough? Did I not armed
With my pen not write to you many a love song.
Wronged, am I now to fall stone-like aplomb.

Lord, when will I see fresh spring flowers again?
Catch those blossoms lost in their ragged fall.
Lord, when will I see that morning star attend?
Bestowing light on me its eternal friend.

Mark Heathcote

Dejected Offerings

What does it take to bring out the worst in people?
To corrupt, the incorruptible make them feeble.
Till-their-differences are quite-indivisible.
Till-they-themselves to themselves behave like
Jackals and wolves in sheep's clothing.

Remain somehow unrecognisable. Just distant-
shadows remotely displaced like dejected offerings
to gods that would rule over them less than arbitral.
What is the archetypical good person - point one out?
Sure there are some, but who can we truly trust.

It's difficult to say, in all honesty, how to remain true.
Water is only truly purified by the heat of a fire.
Must we too be put to the flame and set on fire?
What separates lust from desire, love from self.
Self-love is all around to the point of wanton distraction.

Till have and have-nots internally, duel and battle.
They see-saw one end to another - but rarely-
Do they arbitrary sit pivotally balanced in the middle?
One side must give to another sit higher or lower
Seldom is there one who remains intermediate and central?

What does it take to bring out the worst in people?
To corrupt, the incorruptible make them feeble.
Nothing very much just-seat-them on a lower seat
At the banquet table, and its bedlam
It's that old meaningless sager between Cain and Abel.

Mark Heathcote

A Little Tortured And Lost

Am I beautiful?
Yes like the ice and the midnight frost
You are beautiful
But at the same time
A little tortured and lost.

Will you love me in the morning?
Yes like a clam on the hull of an iron ship clinging
Will you love me like a lily-white moon wringing
Yes, darling, I'll ride your craft to the stars
Not a day too soon.

Darling am I beautiful?
Yes, darling, it's irrefutable like the owls in flight about to bite
Darling will you love me always
Yes I'll love you like the autumn rain soaking deep
If you cling, close to my side.

Darling, I think you are beautiful
But I might be a little bit too drunk tonight
Darling, I think you are beautiful
Your eyes are like leopard spots black holes in the snow

Darling, I think you are beautiful
At least until - I up and go
Darling, I think you are beautiful
Yes you're like the ice and the midnight frost
You are beautiful
But at the same time
A little tortured and lost.

Mark Heathcote

With Their Vital Signs More Icelandic At Heart

With their vital signs more Icelandic at heart
Whooper swans are headed-for the west coast of Ireland
Where a handful of lucky folks locals
Watches their arrival yearly, jubilant.
Such beauty is transformative
Like Icelandic music, the place they-normally lives.
Their homeland I would also love to one day visit.
Simply put I too like Icelandic music;
How it eerily reflects its landscape,
Somehow alien yet always commonplace as a heartbeat
Or the arrival of a whooper swan that has crossed an ocean
With a bill more yellow than black.

Whooper swans they aren't a bit musically blessed
But I love Icelandic music; bands like Seabear,
Male vocalists such as Kaleo,
Singing - Way down we go
I love voices like Sóley and Björk, how they've
Got these empathetic dreamy-voices like
A haunted house with angel-birds echoing words-divine.
I love Icelandic music; it's a gift they've given the world.
Volcanic eruptions that-are carved out of ice and fire,
Snow and ice, ice and stone, like them Viking fords.
Music that's got harmonic-riffs a real sense of identity,
Like whooper swans serenading somewhat noisily home.

Mark Heathcote

Nothing Is Too Much

I've got this out would look
That nothing is too much,
I'll mow your lawn, and toil in the muck.
Sow a little friendship insomuch
As to feel good-in-myself,
And see if things will flourish.
I don't believe in magic spells
But everything around us seems to nourish.

It's as though all rivers return
And deserts expand,
If you don't listen to the dunes cold taciturn,
Not one living flame will be fanned.
Not one small flower of faith shall swell
Or dance like a dervish
I don't believe in heaven or hell or stand with infidels
But everything around us seems to nourish.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Doesn't Mean I Love You Less

Because I haven't kissed you for a week
A day an hour a minute, it doesn't mean
I love you less than yesterday, last week
A month ago or last year; it doesn't mean
I feel any different about you, my dear.

If I-haven't-held you're hand for a week
A day an hour a minute; it doesn't mean
I love you less than yesterday, last week
A month ago or last year; it doesn't mean
I've changed towards you, my love, my dear.

Love isn't a monetary estuary tide passing
It's all that comes before and follows after
Love isn't here today gone tomorrow fasting
It's a feast of joys and bellyaches of laughter.

Love isn't a trade-in Apple smartphone-
Upgrade; it's something much more tangible
Than-a-rippling athlete testosterone
Junkie, it's something much more bankable.

Mark Heathcote

He's In My Face

He's in my face
like some double-base
Harpooned-cupid of the human race
Oh, how I'm now sighing too,
holding on to an opened wound
oh, how I need another living soul
-bleeding like there's nothing left to live for.

He's in my face
like some lovesick fool
like a full translucent moon
he leads me through the forest
holding hands, the scent of jasmine
entwines perfumes his soul with mine
so, tonight let me dine.

He's in my face
like some wagging puppy dog
yes, he is the prince of frogs
I want to spend all my numbered days in his arms
Holding-faster every minute
Lost for an eternity in his charms
For-all-perpetuity - my darling dear.

Mark Heathcote

God Meets A Piano-Player

God meets a piano-player
Foot tapping the day away
God doesn't know what to say
He just listens all-day
An entire day goes by
God doesn't know what to say
He just listens to a piano-player playing
God wonders what he too can give back
But the piano-player isn't asking for anything
He's just a crackerjack
He's happy he's in heaven
Foot tapping the day away
God doesn't know what to say
He just listens all-day
An entire day goes by
God doesn't know what to say
He just listens to a piano-player playing
God wonders what on earth he can say
To let this talented piano-player
Know he's just passed away.
He means ten-days-ago
But god just lets him play and fill his boots his soul.
Like he's done every day.
Like he's done every single day.
Since learning to play what God Feels?
But doesn't always, say.
God meets with a piano-player
Looking glad, happy as a bee in a flowers ear
God doesn't know what to say.
He just listens all-day.
An entire year goes by.
God, doesn't know what to say
He just listens to a piano player-playing
God wonders what will stop him.
But there's no mention of jungle roots or atheism.
Oh, he must be herculean he's-got music in his soul.

Mark Heathcote

A Bad Man Is Gone

People don't want to accept their love is over
It's just another hurdle, another bunker.
Sweetheart, darling, say this isn't closure.
Given time, sweetheart, we can still recover.

And the next it's agreed said he's a stalker.
Any more contact and you'll lose your liberty
His heart-breaking as he hears from her lawyer.
They want alimony as she sings valedictory.

('A bad man is gone, gone, gone.')

Gone, this here man is gone.

('A bad man is gone, gone, gone.')

Thank you, Lord, oh praise be to Jesus
He can go-screw-another into doing
His food—his laundry like she was his mother.

Oh yeah, people like him will find another-
To carry his baton, spread his marmalade and butter.
But I'm finished being his humble lover.
Oh yeah, people like him will find another.

They always do, like an unhealed shoe.
Look for some good strong, flexible glue.
Look out, young girl, next time it could be you.
His-next-conquest - his next hypnotic-taboo.

Mark Heathcote

No Man's Land...

Between them, separating us, this white piece of paper
all hopes of a future now sadly-annulled.
Their marriage over divorce settlement-finalised
one parent's hand grasped instead of another.
This-is-how-our innocents get taken and destroyed
lying on our beds as if it were an air-raid bomb shelter
like military veterans, clutching-damp wet teary pillows.
But we're only conscripted kids amidst the ongoing war
Crying for what is fundamentally a God-given right.
The rights of two parents that-don't-want to kill each other
allied sister and brother against each other entrenched.
Between them, separating us, the long-awaited ruling,
nothing's-been-won, but all was irreparably lost.
And it's us weeping kids who paid that significant high cost.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Happens

And we are hopeless to surrender
Hand our hearts over the counter
Eyes veer to spot a suspender
Secretly-wanting an encounter.

Leaving us desperate to leap overboard
It happens with a nod and a wink
All familiar danger signs ignored
Hoping-all-the-stars fall into-sync.

So take the time to dry your eyes
And light a smile behind that cloud
Without a gamble, there's no prize
Know-every touch kiss can be profound.

When we take the time to love ourselves
It's the static calm after the storm,
The break from the norm we shelves
To beam ear to ear transform.

Mark Heathcote

Bottomless Reservoirs

Our tears are tending to the stars
with every tear, we blink-
a fractured crystal flowers its ink.
Opens its bottomless reservoirs,

I inhabit this void like a desert-
serpent hissing at a golden disc.
Feigned with a poison basilisk-
breath, with a kiss of certain death.

My heart is a floodgate buckling,
my love, a creaking dam half-built.
Washed-aside I sink in putrid-silt
heart anchored heavily thumping.

Our tears have ceased-to-matter;
they're chains we've broken free from.
Wishing we weren't so weak, benumb.
Wishing we had a little more stature.

Our soul is the buoy we cling to.
When there's no place left to swim,
but I can't pretend to be a victim-
of all that, I-unwantedly accrue.

My tears are tending to the stars
with every tear, I blink
at times I'm close to snapping like a dry twig,
becoming the lunatic everyone-deplores.

Mark Heathcote

A Vase Of Flowers

What if your head were a vase of flowers?
Where the stars all bloom and wilt together
would you still feel severed from your roots?
Would those lilies' glow like spotted newts?
Your heartbeat beat calmer under bowers
or would a-single-star-above your dresser.

Be all you will ever require from a flower
that singularly salutes and lasts forever.
A single flower that persists an eternal hour
those daylilies first and last survivor,
be all the days in one that lasts forever.
A single wild rose beneath a thorny briar.

What if your head were a vase of flowers?
Does it cancel your beautiful eyes?
Were all the stars to bloom and wilt together?
Wouldn't someone lesser settle for another?
It's innovative to believe another is better-
when-only-your love for His love - multiplies.

Mark Heathcote

Like For Like

We see images reflected like for like.
And ask, which one is a non-existent clone.
Which is quiet, which is moving unlike?

Which is the cobalt-lake the azure sky
intangible both can't be. A foreknown
present looks for signs palpable to espy.

What beauty there is in such reflections?
Pick one, deny the other profane nonsense.
There are so many interconnections.

That here two combine some binary whole.
Like butterfly-symmetry paintings, elegance.
In the eye of the beholder, a thousand-fold.

Younger eyes than mine, sense a totality-
of the inestimable magic of everything.
It's a postcard from heaven theatricality-

projected like a school slide back in the day
before smartphones and infinite texting
such images to older eyes are so yesterday.

But still heavenly, I really do have to say.

Mark Heathcote

Be My Valentine

Be my valentine-
this year and evermore
be my valentine
it's you, I adore.

I think you're dope—superfine.
I want you close by my side
I want you to be mine
the one I come to confide.

You're the friend I never had.
The one who sees me-
through the good and the bad
the one who sees me.

As a man, I've always wanted to be.
You're my valentine
the one I'll love interminably,
day or night or noontime
I'm yours evermore
because it's you, I adore.

Mark Heathcote

But There's Hope Tied To Every Mast?

Time is often-
dreamed as longer than time exists to be?
No need to smell the rank-rose over to discern,
the dying abominate bee. As with each new flower,
a wellspring stem seeds the souls of men again.
But then some tortuously linger on
like hybrid tea roses, beset with rust and black spot.
That's never illness free of some disease or disorder-
the likes of bipolar, diabetes lupus and such.
Likes of multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy and cancer?
But there's hope tied to every mast breath that lingers
no matter the fatigue there's a willingness to do battle
that precedes all victories and losses, one of identity.
It's a tug of war, one we-can't-afford to ever lose.
It's a raft of overwhelming hope in the fiercest of storms
whatever the wreckage indelibly there'll-be
something serenely calm and recognisable of me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Crocus With A Pot Of Gold For A Heart

Oh, you're like a crocus with a pot of gold for a heart
Oh, you're like a diesel train noisy and dirty
Lord, how I love you.
Lord, how I love her.
Oh, you're like a newborn baby when you yawn.
Oh, you're like an alligator as soon I step through the door.
Lord, how I love her even when she's angry at me
Lord, how I love her come dusk or dawn
Oh, she's like granite with a larva stream.
Oh, she's like cookie dough cooked long and slow.
Lord, like a tree I don't know which way to sway or fall.
Lord, I just-know-I've no roots without this woman by-my-side.
Ah, she's the one for me.
Ah, she's been heaven-sent.
Oh, you're like a crocus with a pot of gold for a heart.
Oh, you're like a diesel train noisy and dirty.
Lord, how I love you.
Lord, how I love her.
She's as sinful as the truth.
Abiding devotion and loyalty; "she could be called Ruth."
Ah, she's the one for me.
Ah, she's been heaven-sent that's the truth.

Mark Heathcote

Genesis/Block Poetry

In the beginning
formless and empty
the waters
separated
and made the sky
the 'land, ' the sea.
And God saw seed-
Bear fruit with various
Vegetation:
According to the day
And light the sky the night
Let them serve
sign mark seasons and
days and years
let them give light
and govern lesser stars
set them in the earth
day and night, and
separate light from darkness

Mark Heathcote

I've Dreamed Of A Lotus

I've had my eye on you.
Since preschool
I've had my eye on you.
Since leaving, leaving, junior-and-high school.

I've had my eye on you.
Since-I was 4-years old.
I've had my eye on you.
And now I can't be easily consoled.

It's all a part of being young I guess
dreaming your future away
dreaming at best tomorrow you'll inveigh.
Age just twenty-one
what every-sage has desired to say?

Yes, I've dreamed of a lotus.
A white lotus flower opening up to the sun
I've dreamed of it enfolding me.
And, yet all pugnacious, I'm to drown all succumb.

I guess it doesn't matter how old or young-
a person is: a flower has to devour.
The bee has to sting.
To make any sense-of-anything
I have also to die loving you.

I have to die loving you.
Suffer the fragility of being broken turned to dust.
Ancient or young virginally untouched.
I have to die loving you.
I have also to die loving you.
Till the embers-death—rekindles my soul.
Till the embers-death turn neon blue
I'll have to play this hide and seek with you.

I've had my eye on you.
Since preschool
I've had my eye on you.

Since leaving, leaving, junior-and-high school.

I've had my eye on you.

Since-I was 4-years old.

I've had my eye on you.

And now I can't be easily consoled anymore.

Mark Heathcote

It's Dartmoor

Be known for-its tin mines, its watery cavernous caves?
Ancient as any surrounding granite hills-
is its peat bogs? Dotted with Stone-Age landmarks
its moorlands of abandoned medieval farmhouses,
it's rocky cairns its wooded valleys, windy tors.

It's intriguingly-bleak, yet incredibly-beautiful
I might even say it's hauntingly mystical.
Top with 'feather beds' of bright green moss,
where a dying, scream, might be forever lost.
Bell heathers border on yellow, wild gorse.

While a headless horseman is out-galloping, riding
beneath a beguiling full-cloudless-moon yes,
you might ask, what is that sound that sounds
like a distant ghoul, could it be the spectral hound,
is it baying, is it calling for your blood?

Legend has it there are ancient haunted stone circles
where-pixie's-dance near boggy moorland areas
frequented by common lizards the marsh fritillary butterfly,
and adders, the pied flycatcher the wood warbler
above streams Fairy-shrimp momentary swim together.

Legend has it that during the Great Thunderstorm of 1638,
the moorland village of Widecombe-in-the-Moor
was visited by the Devil-himself. Maybe he was-
just lost or taking shelter but no one knows for sure?
'It's Dartmoor—it's Dartmoor—it's Dartmoor, '
the wind scores the reeds heard deplorably crying.

Mark Heathcote

In The Stillness Of Time

In the stillness of time,
we will be swallowed by the hurricane's eye.
That has swept over your heart.
in the stillness of time,
we will all die and learn once again to fly or cry.
Like the white dove of love
in the stillness of time,
we will all shake hands, no-longer-longing
what's-been lost will-once-again-be found.
In the stillness of time
I'm going to find my way home.
Find my father's arms wrapped around me full of care.
In the stillness of time
He will guide me through the storms of life.
And lead me to calmer waters.
In the stillness of time
in the stillness of time
in the stillness of time
I'll meet my Jesus, and he'll set me free.
The way I was always meant to be
in the stillness of time
in the stillness of time
in the stillness of time, my own infant child
I'll see you again and hold your hands.
And eternally cry tears of joy.

Mark Heathcote

Scarlet Robins

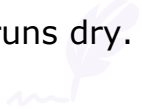
Wild meadows scent
succinct from anything else
one yard of silk...

the bridge stretches out
the pier rests in no-mans-land
salty-rains cadence.

They verbatim to
suggest winds are destructive
storms-eye peaceful.

Chestnuts gathered
baked on a roasting tray
scarlet Robins dart...

In celebration
let's dance till the banquet
of opals runs dry.



PoemHunter.com

10/01/2019

Mark Heathcote

Innermost Selves

Like empty skeletal Russian dolls
casting off their innermost selves
We all wear our snakeskins on the inside.
Deciding on what is best to deceive,
what is best to hide, keep pursed?
And ultimately unrecognised
behind tear sequined eyes.
We all wear our bruises on the inside.
purple laced moth-eaten tapestries
that ghostly hang and drop their coveralls-
haunting empty corridors, the eyes
of the ones, we loved who once loved us.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dance Of Eternal Love

Seesawing aerial-dancing,
Skating gracefully on snow and ice
dancing like cranes, my love and I,
weightless in the snowy air
above the Arctic, Siberian wastes.

We are red-crowned cranes,
who rise and fall in countenance.
Some sense of all our majesty,
Beauty, and longevity, brood within us.
As I take leave of all my senses.

I dream of immortality with you.
I dream we are guided on our flight paths.
I dream my soul takes wing with you.
Carried off by an immortal guide;
two-hearts-beating a one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All The Colours Of The Sunrise

Some say her complexions marble white
others that her skin is jet-black
some say its red—no wait it's yellow
some her skins earthly heavenly brown
like the browning petals on peace lily
that she was made in heaven for heaven
plucked like a bloom from the ground.

Some say her eyes are sky blue.
Others that they're of an emerald green
others that they're brown—a buried treasure
or even a gleaming tearful jade-black.
But she/I am not ever looking back.
There are no colours-define our love
our love is colour-blind;
plucked like a bloom from the mud.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Something Grecian

Something Grecian, what's not to like
an Adonis, here a Greek blue urn there
and twilight; turning rose-red to mauve.

Centuries ago, Aphrodite, a glowing pearl
shone iridescent as the moon in June
clad in little as not to cloud imagination.

An unfaithful wife to Hephaestus,
guess Ares enjoyed siring Eros, the god of love
Hephaestus, was-also-adulterous?

Notably, with Athena as a child, I thought
these gods were virtuous and honourable.
But the truth is always something else.

Eros would select his target and arouse-
passionate desires loosen minds, the limbs
like wildflowers visited by the bees.

I guess that's why-so-many Greek myths.
Are still a staple diet today—Pandora's Box?
What with pandemics, sickness and death.

Mark Heathcote

Shooting Stars

Shooting Stars enter and vanish in the sky
join the Milky Way and then die
the world is a prismatic window
ever-evolving, ever-changing
sometimes eventful, other times fragmental,
nothing you can hold firm for certain.
Nothing you can call your own,
every whispered wish is a hurricane cut adrift.
Emptying its heart spinning in the dark.
Till a shooting star is embedded like a spark
and ignites the firmament, the atmosphere
and your soul
rather than vanishing is a burning sphere.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Nature Of Melt Snow

All things come, all things go,
It's the nature of melt snow,
It's the nature of a feather to swirl
To dance on the wind and curl
It's the nature of a seed to flower.
And wilt away during its final hour.
It's the nature of a flame to alight
To linger and stirrup fears-of-fright
It's the nature of love to heal.
The nature of hate to be an ongoing ordeal
All things come, all things go,
It's the nature of any river to overflow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Trying To Stay On Track

We fight against the end like a train derailed.
Leaping off the track, constantly, trying to jump back.
Wheels squealing, backward spinning
jettison ever forwards, trying to stay on track
every second brings on a near heart-attack
puffing like a prize fighter against the ropes,
one has to cling tight for dear life.
Till that moment-of-death
till that final bell has you exposed.
Till you find hope-in-the midst of hell and eternal damnation.
One has to channel a tunnel through the pitch-black night.
And find-a-guiding light that's never-extinguished
that reaches its depot station, whatever the situation.
One has to have faith that nothing derails 'spirit and soul.'
Blessed a near-empty carriage finds a way back home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

See The Dawn's Light Tremble Anew

Aislinn's ashes linger in my every breath
clogging my lungs with tears
molten lava enters my heart and stops.
Aislinn's ashes linger in my bloodstream
they congest and jam up my lifeless eyes
my chest heaves to expand to lift to fall.

A crow moves diagonally where ever I go
like a coffin-lid dusting off the snow.
Aislinn's ashes have numbed my earth,
my place in the world, a crushing footstep
that lingers dragged like a plough-
through a barren field where nothing,
nothing will any longer grow.

Aislinn's ashes have engulfed my mind.
It's a pole where the ice blankets my soul.
Each-tear icicle stigmata nail-biting,
stabbing every pore of my being
wishing and praying things could be different.
That my heart seared like a dust cloud
that it swirled and fell at her angelic feet.

That I could gaze into her eyes one last time
and see the dawn's light tremble anew.

Mark Heathcote

A Modicum Of Meaning

A special moment, often perplexed
these thoughts expressed perceived.
Simple words go into building a subtext
the meaning-of is a gift well-received.

Libraries are filled wall to wall with books.
My favourite is poetry volumes
thoughts bagged on baited-hooks
wriggle in keepnets a dripping wet vacuum.

Words that enter my mind like eels
that belly down electrically still charged
at times their beauty and meaning congeals
and I am stunned, totally adsorbed.

At such moments I am palpably impaled
by the will of another I-am left bleeding
in this simple task of reading, I-am availed
of any doubt and filled with hopes interceding
everything has a plan a modicum of meaning.

Mark Heathcote

Justice

It seems there's
No real justice in the world today.
It seems there's a real shortage
Of justice in the world today,
Justice is for sale to the highest bidder
Nowadays all you need is money, a lawyer
And a ruthless heart or better still
No heart at all, just the bloodlust of a killer
And you'll be on to a winner
And someone else will pay for your dinner.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Red Rag To A Bull

No sentiments found here will smelter a tear
A torch, a flame of desire
I am afraid my passions have all been extinguished.
And only the sleet on another night's sleep,
Still tepid lingers in my eyes.

The iris of which reddens to a blotch of blood
The blood of a rose that will never again, open.
That is now too chill, too froze, too ill
It will keep its hearts fire.
Till the thorn of love, throbs blooded once more.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Beg You To Cease

Songbird, why, do you, sing so-blue
What good does it do you?
Songbird, why do you sing of sorrow
Penetrate my heart like an arrow
Songbird, why do you sing of unrequited love
What's wrong with my breadcrumbs?
Songbird, why do you whisper lyrically about the moon
And cry, forsook, anchored likes a ship sinking marooned
Songbird, why does your trill voice, not bring me peace
It's poetical and beautiful, I beg you to cease
Songbird stops what you do
Songbird stops singing so blue
What good does it do-I or do you?

~or~

Songbird why did you sing-so-blue
What good did it do you?
Songbird why did you sing-of-sorrow
Penetrate my heart like an arrow
Songbird why did you sing-of-unrequited-love
What's wrong with my breadcrumbs?
Songbird why did you whisper-lyrically to the moon
And cry forsook, anchored likes a ship sinking marooned
Songbird why does your trill voice not bring me peace
It's poetical and beautiful I beg you to cease
Songbird stops what you do
Songbird stops singing so blue
What good does it do-I or do you?

Mark Heathcote

I Am At One

I am at one with the shadows
I am at one with the shadows chasing the end of days
I am at one with the shadows
I am at one with the shadows chasing the end of my days.

I am at one with the shadows the lore of the forest
That says leave all your schooling and come to me today
let us child play, forever and a day
come child, let us run away today.

Come child, let us play.
I am one with the stars
I am the one who'll hold you in my arms
I am the one all heavens move towards.

I am the one, and only one
you should look and see when it hails and rains.
I am the one, and only one
Who tames the storms and makes the sun give up its rays.

I am the spider at the centre of your web
come child, let us play, and let us ebb
let us ebb away together
to another shore coiled and tethered forever and a day.

I am at one with the shadows
I am at one with the shadows chasing the end of days
I am at one with the shadows
I am at one with the shadows chasing the end of my days.

Mark Heathcote

Rays Of Light Are All We Are

Like a candle, we've not got long to live
we burn unevenly fast and then slow
we burn to embers and dust
we close a familiar door, placing a forefinger-
over the keyhole, we make an eternal seal.
We emboss our soul on a corroded lock
and pray another door opens to rays of light.
Tallow light that never melts away,
a day that never ends or has a new daybreak
we each hold a candle in our hearts
rays of light flicking with every breath
till there's nothing left, except
the corona of a once-dying living star.
Rays of light are all we are.

Like a candle, we've not got long to live
we burn unevenly fast and then slow
we burn to embers and dust
tallow light that never melts away,
rays of light are all we are.
We close a familiar door, placing a forefinger-
over the keyhole, we make an eternal seal.
We emboss our soul on a corroded lock
and pray another door opens to rays of light,
Rays of light are all we exist to be.
blossoms that never decay, mould or wax over
drink despair to the full or fall
we are the petals of light
the universe has come to know
rays of light are all we are.

Mark Heathcote

An Unwinnable War

It's a melding of minds without words
touching her naked, agonising my excitement.
It's when my Goosebumps have Goosebumps.
And, we learn to get along and love again.
It's exhilarating knowing my heart will race-
like a machine gun out of ricocheting bullets-
and fall back entrenched in her arms.
Waving a white flag, I'll surrender my all-
naked as the day I was born, jettisoned-
I'll retreat, back behind that enemy wall.
That no man's land, back behind that cervix
I'll capitulate to a tiny ball and awaken,
awaken somehow, unloved or loved once more.
As though I'd just entered that absent Eden-
and Eve, Eve was my final battle call.
'An unwinnable war', but who could-
settle for less or in truth want for more.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Loves Radarscope

Empathy caring compassion sympathy understanding kindness
you, wish to be seen on loves-radarscope-
as a solid Ark, passengers embark.
Your arms trestle out with the weight of hope
and keeps your head above a watermark?
Every voyage is a journey of faith
staying just above the next tidal wave?

Yes, one act of kindness can change the world.
Don't we all need rescuing from dark despair?
Like sea-going birds, a little too whirled-
on wings near folded commit to prayer
our souls need buoyancy, a terminus,
a harbour our hearts can be of service.

So you want to pilot alone at times.
Ignore dangerously all warning signs
but something always turns those bleak-dim-tides
and has you reaching out where love resides
an anchor in a port you can never-
raise or plot a course-from move-propeller.

Mark Heathcote

A Ghost In-The-Chamber-Of Sleep

There's a ghost in the chamber of sleep
not yet ready to moan, groan, cry or bleep
bullets-fired unloaded shot and met their target.
Sleep—there's no need to get downhearted.
As life and death are a daily constant.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Some Good Hope

If a host of angels were to descend
I'd be blessed to gaze at their blue eyes.
Mesmerised, I'd look up into the skies.
And nothing would be the same, I contend.
It'd be a relief to have my belief
and seeing that miracles manifest
knowing no one is lost in these latrines
-of sin without some good hope acquiesced.
You can research all the details you want
without faith, all else is inconsequent.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Mustn't Allow Myself To Become Bitter

His love isn't a whim,
Whereas others they're storytellers
Whom I've found no kith or kin
Willing to forgive my errors
But God is said to forgive all sins
He holds no stall with oppressors
His heart is an ocean of eternal hymns.

Oh, I've apologised profusely.
But some people bulwark their defences
And aim their riffles obtusely,
I accept these are the consequences.
I must safely navigate this lifebuoy,
In a vessel with lots of imperfections
Lord, I must be fair and astute,

Astutely understanding and forgiving
I mustn't allow myself to become bitter.
Lord, I must give without minimising.
What good is wealth if it has no redeeming elixir?
Who are you kidding?
Only-yourself-so please reconsider
And value your soul above all else now or pre-existing.

His love isn't a whim,
He holds no stall with bullies.
He doesn't care for hooligans or blasphemers.
Yet, his door is always open to creepy crawlies.
No, he doesn't sit on high and condemn
He only guides your unanswered prayers.
It's for you to shape and say that final thankful amen.

Mark Heathcote

I Relish The Thought I'm A Survivor

As things are relaxed, and schools go back
our connections are clearer-defined
arrows on the floor; kids told don't-run-amok
walk-in concentric circles assigned.

As COVID becomes like a second cousin
one you don't know and never greet.
Yet, reminisce as a missed introduction
but realise paths still might one day meet.

We're all the same skin-deep, that's the punch-line.
I relish the thought I'm a survivor.
A key worker who worked on the frontline
I'm no black or white protest eulogizer.

When we're dead and buried, we're all the same.
You can test and trace the whole human race
Find a relative of an unfamiliar face.
A bloodline, you can't always ascertain.

A distant cousin dying of COVID wanting to live
wanting 'my good man' to give something back
'thank the Lord' for another ceaseless-day alive
-breaking with concentric circles to run amok.

Mark Heathcote

2020

In 2020, plagues of desert locusts swarm Kenya,
Landowners count their vanishing tenure
Infestation rates are the highest in 70yrs
As they take to the air, the high sun blurs.

It's a biblical sight that's affecting-
Uganda, Somalia, India,
It's a biblical plight that's affecting-
Pakistan, Yemen, Ethiopia,

It's a biblical parasite affecting-
Eritrea, Saudi Arabia,
It's a biblical fight that's affecting-
Oman, Iran, and as I said Kenya,

When these many countries are affected
By swarms at once, it is known as a plague.
There's little left they haven't ingested.
But nymph-offspring wake after 2 weeks pupate.

Burrow to the surface in their millions,
Making moving roads, black hopping rivers;
Eating what's left of crops, thorny thickets.
And whatever is left simply withers.

Mark Heathcote

Today Is My Time,

Today is my time,
Tomorrow is yours
I'll mind my business,
If you'll mind yours
I'll take a wife
A lover but of course, not yours
Keep your hand off my bread and butter.
And I'll keep mine off yours

Since I was an infant
I made my destiny mine to follow, not yours
In a year or two, I might be rich
By no help of yours
In 6 or 7yrs I may be poor again
But I won't take alms from any of yours
In a decade or so I'll be on my deathbed
Wishing it were defiantly yours.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Buried Deposits

There's something I've never met in her eyes.
Buried deposits I would analyse
diamonds on an opalescent-night
look almost dark but in the light - shine bright.

Twinkling silent, they whisper something new,
'whispers do you love me as I do you.'
Cavernous, expansive as the heavens
please, oh please forgive my wild transgressions.

There's something I've never seen before
and, it's left me wanting more and more.
... On a cage floor, a canary panting-
love succumb, isn't this night-enchanting.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I've Got This Out Would Look

I've got this out would look
like nothing is too much,
I'll mow your lawn and toil in the muck.
Sow a little friendship insomuch
as to feel good-in-myself,
and see if things will flourish
I don't believe in magic-spells
but everything around us seems to nourish.

It's as though all rivers return
and deserts expand,
if you don't listen to the dune cold taciturn,
not one living flame will-be-fanned.
Not one small flower of faith shall swell
or dance like a dervish,
I don't believe in heaven or hell or stand with infidels
but everything around us seems to nourish.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Something Always Pinches And Rubs

I've never found a perfect fitting-shoe
something always pinches and rubs,
always breaks and needs a bit of superglue
love is much like Goosegrass beneath the lilac shrubs.
I've never found an accompanying sock.
My socks are always strangely odd,
one toe breaking the skyline like a pink hollyhock.
I guess at times love, flits-abroad, or is just a fraud.

We, gardeners, sow our seed in the hope?
That good-companion planting will be beneficial.
That all we've learned now sees loves heliotrope
following the sun ablaze less artificial.
Yet still, I'm to find a rose not prone to black-spot
fungal rot, a heart that isn't all a façade
whose roots are firm and deep, never rocked?
I guess at times love, flits-abroad, or is just a fraud.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Heavenly Vision

If she were a vision, I'd be dumbstruck
no matter how divine another be
she'd be a heavenly vision to me
she'd be no Plain Jane, nothing too humbug.

If she were a vision on a damp day,
'I swear to you all' I'd-seen-an-angel.
I would pledge never to be unfaithful.
My poor heart is no more a castaway.

If she were a vision at my table
eating to heart's content, I'd be happy
for whatever scraps came of the pantry,
ingesting something un-reimbursable.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lessons Already Learnt

I didn't have a problem phrasing
word-for-word what he was to ascertain.
... Sure I didn't know just how to explain
What he already knew was amazing
I'd indicate that this thing has beauty.
That this thing has a soul a living grace
I'd delight in the smile on his fresh face.
He would say nothings irresolutely-
answered all decisions have been long-made.
"Everything has a place all-has-been weighed."

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Is It You Live For?

What is it you live for that isn't-dead?
What is it, glows eternal as the sun?
And never reaches the end of its run,
what is it you toast with uplifting mead?
What is it that calls you and takes your lead?
When it's all come to pass all said and done
amounts to something that's not that much fun.
"Will life fight or fade like a wilting weed? "
Yet on its perilous journey never
-succumb to freeze or be bitten by frost;
sure there are times, a serpentine wind shrills,
pierces my heart - with a poison ever
-so lethal that I feel instantly-lost;
observing sunsets on emerald hills.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Day Full Of Pointless-Interruptions

Tongues clack, announce quietly
like revival prayer meetings between two lovers
one declaring I love you; I'm yours
I am a day full of pointless-interruptions
I hear the dawn chorus; it breaks within me
I hear the oceans riptides rise-and-fall
I hear a grizzly bear clawing at a cave wall.
I hear the hoots of a ravenous barn owl.

But within me, an angelic calm descends.
A hush silence whenever I near you
there are interludes of a winding river deepening.
Then leaping like a salmon down from a waterfall.
There are intervals the wind rages into being.
And then makes feeble serenades, it whimpers-
'take-my-hand take-me-I'm yours.
Such interruptions are a daily-recourse
a voice in the wilderness that's spoken to all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Apparitions

I'm a breeze in a wandering valley.
I'm a ghost who's come to play and haunt
I may make you cry or smile
I may mean the world to you
or the cold touch of snow that melts away
I may mean nothing at all or vice versa everything.

I may be the trembling dew, precious choice
that falls thirsting always next to you
or a woodland songbird, a blue jay
that leaves a mysterious blue feather with you today,
maybe even two tomorrow you'll find still warm,
because I'm a wandering timeless love song!

You hear in the heather, in the hearth, in your soul.
But I promise you I will always love only you
and if you're sensitive enough
I'll flicker and glimmer like the chill stars
for only you in the light of your blue eyes
and then I'll be gone.

Put-out like splintering logs like a fire in the hearth
but if our love be strong, there'll be apparitions
for lost love, there'll be a blue jays feather in the yard
on the lawn, one from you and one from me, still warm
not long splintered, not long gone.

I'm a breeze in a wandering valley.
I'm a ghost who's come to play and haunt come your way
come to make apparitions with you, real today.
It's been months since the ice melted away,
But it's been sultry warm today what-more-can-I-say?

Mark Heathcote

Haiku~july

a millers thumb
moves one rock at a time
much the same as God

.

mating butterflies
fields of tall stinging nettles
the scene of battle

.

call me home
should the moon and sunlight freeze
bow snowdrop—bow

.

in His wisdom
He gave us a blanket of snow
an ice door melting

.

monk tell - please
-where is your monastery?
temple in the clouds

.

a fissure opens—
is as heart a prairie sky
two climates parting

.

a steamship paddles
the moon and stars - crusts of bread
cut adrift a swan

.

a vision of hope
a willow tree swaying
never breaking

.

a faun watching
moves within shadows reach
one mountain away

.

radiant sunsets
a campfire now covered
in layers of snow

.
coast trip to the sea
the sun glows on the south shore
foreigners abroad

.
blooms out season
primroses at Christmas
a death that haunts us

Mark Heathcote

Thieves Will Take All

Thieves will take all they want
Save the light and the dark
And then some more
Steal and paw, lie their way
In the through the back door
Pilfers take all but the dust.
All but the dust in a squall settling
In a dust-free room, with a
Window view of everything and nothing at all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Shovels Blunted Bent On The Sun

As we dung and clung on to the moonlight
Till our shovels blunted bent on the sun
And a thousand waves came rushing in
As we tiptoe into each other's arms
Passing each other like multi-coloured rainbows
With ends that never meet
It is then we sang-like linnets chirped like crickets
And finally by the hearth said goodnight
And kissed each other's cheeks uttering,
Uttering I love you my golden honey.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Another Sacred Life

Age—softens our mortal shadows
Warms some deep mythical essence
Through our subconscious we sense echoes
Resonating from god's secret presence

We feel a torchlight heeling scares
It resonates through wishy-washy eyes
That has seen too much at-first-unawares
Felt what it is to have good faith reprise

By mean resentment profound paranoid
Yet still finds time for forgiveness endless
Nevermore so now are they reemployed?
Such-attributes are-rare in youth friendless

Age—weighs heavy, but-then something ignites.
Sparks a fire into another sacred life
Brokers deals allowing these acolytes
To gather, collect new priceless supplies.

Mark Heathcote

Enter A Lover's Oasis

So, invincibly we must-all join-hands
Cross seven oceans the Sahara sands
And leave our footprints to the changing tides
The changing wind and leave our warm firesides
We must enter a lover's oasis
Drink with thirst what casually amazes.

A songbird in stillness sings a prayer
Sings let us be peaceful giants and prepare
To swap places with a sacrificial lamb,
We're all spent words made into an anagram

The calligraphy of a snake hissing
Shadows us our bellies agonising
Eking out the sunlight sprinkling gold stars
That cools into the divine reservoirs.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Note A Serpent Sings Not Only To Eve

Note a serpent sings not only to Eve
What fire spark governs your heart?
Note the stars don't only shine for you.
What desire aches too far from reach?

But calls pull you like wool on a spool.
Winds you into a moth-like dance
What sand-dune moves you to change?
Change position without endless alarm.

I'd-like to be like you, so carefree
Happy, when-I'm alone but I'm-not.
I'd-like to be revered like priests:
But I'm at a loss at each spiteful cost.

Does every relationship end in flames?
Turn to ashes with a trail of equal disgrace
Does every kiss taste of serpents scales?
Dead bodies' ashen pale go without collection.

Mark Heathcote

Because Each Footstep Has-Been A Bequest

Anything is possible it's been said
If we go on living until we're dead

I didn't ask to be born a child scorn.
Always with parents wanting to lock-horns

Create open new wounds on old scares
Trick tempers into venting unawares

Vacant young eyes follow a yellow moon,
Ask why the stars are so widely bestrewn.

What isn't possible—unrequited love?
Surely not every thought and feeling corrupts

Tears must have fallen blessed where they rest.
Since all our footsteps have been a bequest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Meaning Beyond Lyrics And Verses

Conceive poets can fragrance the world with words
what would you do that's different and new?
What lush curds-and-whey would be sent-our-way
what three-fold prayers would find their calling?
Hover with the spirit of hummingbirds
justified amassing this nectar-accrue
it'd be proper to sing without cliché
find silence in a chorus of high-soaring
a meaning beyond lyrics and verses
that grows even as it deepens—kernels.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Precious Time

How can we cultivate our precious time?
Midnight and the hour have now long gone.
Let the mother of my heart blow out the candles.
Banish the sunset in its whispery flames.
Choose an amber locket to lock my soul in.
As I sit here alone and watch the moon
feel inside of me an even deeper gloom
the lamp flickers stars fireflies without-names
our tears are just as salty all the same.
Whether-we-lives or died or ever came to be.
How can we cultivate our precious time?
Midnight and the hour have now long gone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Centre Of My Universe

through our unborn child,
I'll make you the centre of my universe
I'll take root in you
like our unborn child, I'll put all my faith in you.
I'll gravitate in circumference
follow and circle you, and only, you.

Through our unborn child,
I'll make you the centre of my universe
through my feathery soul mounting like snow
to warm the meltwaters of your soul
I will tell you I might one day die
but I'm never going to let you go.

Falling trembling-earth, gypsum sky
your loves an avalanche
a diamond mine, a diamond that can't-be-eroded
your love is tender, its classy,
its like-24carat-gold in the dirt coming-my-way
coming-my-way - coming-my-way today.

Through our unborn child,
I'll make you the centre of my universe
and like a seed, I'll take root in you
with you, no canopy is dark
it's like the sky—it's full of flickering light
diamond stars in the night - tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Point Nemo

I've never seen a carrot ate top to bottom
I've only seen carrots ate bottom to top.
I've never seen the sunrise-a-sunset
at the same time but I'm led to believe it can happen.
Point Nemo didn't technically exist until 1992
closest inhabitants often are astronauts in space.
The blackest material in the world is Vantablack.
Absorbs 99% of light makes 3D objects look like 2D ones.
Our lives and the world are odd, very strange.
it's enough sometimes to find and experience-love
believe it is true then realize like everything else it's not.
It's not the sunrise or the sunset.
It's not the top or bottom, but it is Point Nemo
and at times it is the dimmest, brightest thing to each other
when our own, sunrays discover it without falter.
I've never seen a carrot ate top to bottom
I've only seen carrots ate bottom to top.
I've never seen the sunrise-a-sunset
at the same time but I'm led to believe it can happen.
Point Nemo didn't technically exist until 1992
closest inhabitants often are astronauts in heaven too.

Mark Heathcote

Let It

Painting can-be-at times, frenetic
but what I say is let it.
Let it explode off the canvas, volcanic
let it leap boundless into the stratosphere
like a comet's tail a million light-year too near
reaching internally for its nucleus
only to find its puncher a hole
right through some peculiar orifice.
Let the eye and the mind absorb its life and decay,
and-if-it finds lodgings let your soul
on another canvas, have its final say.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Woe Is Me

Waves of sympathy are few and far between
might as well be beneath the waves drowning
then a merman skulking in a latrine
all faith in humanity—denouncing
'woe is me' a bird tethered by-one-wing
yes, people are cruel when its mob-rule
for sure they'd gladly tar and feather you.
They'll-do-almost almost, anything-

To get-and-have-their way, and bully you.
Ask for help they answer our-hands are tied.
Sorry, you've been washed out by the tide.
If you bide your time, we'll forget your crime.
Better still if you're gullible-enough
we'll do-it-all again sing 'woe is he'.
And make you crawl through the undergrowth slough,
never to get-off your grovelling knees.

Asking...begging for their forgiveness, please.

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Make Dreams That Darkness Can't Befall

Let us warm ourselves with kisses and smiles
Offer gentle hugs and words of friendship
Put-down tools of war and in rank and file,
Rejoice in love and newfound comradeship.

Let there be light, brightening basilicas
When this awful disease releases us
Let's urge for guidance hope-ubiquitous
Voiced—singing in reverence beauteous.

Let all this and more transpire let happen.
Life take-on an exquisite new pattern
Let's guide every molecule-and-atom
Love each other with equal distraction.

Let us make dreams that darkness can't befall
Make sunlight our filtering preference!
Make ever-dark black cloud, minuscule-small
Lean against shadows with irreverence.

Ah, all this and more we-can-do if-you
Believe it too if you crawl-from-beneath
The shadowing warts of time just-ensue
A golden era head held high one's wreath.

Mark Heathcote

Friendship And Love

Friendship and love cost zilch nil, nothing.
if a price is added to friendship and love,
it's no longer - "friendship or love?"

It's a contract of supplier's sellers and buyers.
And if its share price falls, it falls dramatically-
till in the end, it is worth, worth nothing at all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Endure All You Can, Suck It Up

Endure all you can, suck it up
with malt liquor, bread, and jam
there is bound to be more.
Survival is about carrying these chains
the economic weight of slavery
the chains of being uneducated and poor
don't be-so-sorry
as to be cast out of the loophole entirely,
show some dignity, some deportment.
Or else you're Master he'll not feed you.

Endure all you can, and then some more
endure all you can, suck it up
with malt liquor, bread, and jam
there is bound, bound to be more.
Answer your given number when Master calls.
It's your role, your birthright
black or white, he doesn't care
pay your due boy, or else Master he will sell you
he'll sell you down the river.

And if starvation doesn't-get-you
and if an uncured ailment doesn't kill you
he'll simply, one day
forget you exist, neglect-and-ignore you?
Yes, you'll be a freeman, a freeman one-day-boy
when you've earned all your stripes and wages.
When you've endured all you can
from that day forwards, then you'll be a free man.

Until then, endure all you can
and then and then some more.
Endure all you can, suck it up until you die
with malt liquor, bread, and jam
Lord, knows there's
bound-to-be more to endure old-man?

Mark Heathcote

Love And Courage

Love and courage go hand in hand
one without the other is quicksand
to love someone, therefore, is to stand
not on solid ground but on-moving-sand.

Ah, to moving sand, I give-my-heart
to the pinholes of light in the dark
to the shadow perpetually-moving
I give my soul to you, my love, my darling.

And as I do, I ask nothing-in-return
but know I yearn, I truly-yearn
to sink further than any falling-stone
ever did to reach my love at home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Orchid Plucked By The Hand Of God

Palm-over-palm, above the treetop pines
let us climb these mysterious vines
climb-from-their roots and touch the sky,
hang there like a fruit waving goodbye.

Join a designated star, an atom, a spore
that will happily fly, not fall to the floor.
That's not yet entirely-self-constituted
that will divinely dine air-rooted.

Let us like sunflowers be torn from the sod,
rise-up, again fan-flamed newly forged.
That nothing can we fake on the spot
an orchid plucked by the hand of God.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Forget Fresh-Coating The Ceiling

Our polish bus driver stands with others
rotund looks like a pirate swashbuckling
smoking at the terminus gossiping.
Pulling-up his pantaloons navy-trousers
ever so slyly drops his cig butt ...spits;
on-board he tells us we all must mask-up.
Demands the correct money quite abrupt
he reissues tickets, end-date encrypt.
With un-gloved paws: destination-reached.
We queue to step inside a multi-store
with shopping lists its Christmas once more
hoping the shop, its-shelves they're replete.
With white silk emulsion, rollers, brushes.
A square planter for a Bay tree, but nag,
finding nothing at all. The emulsion is Matt
the brushes they're all like 1inch drumsticks.
The rollers all gone and planters have too.
Back on the bus, I'm social-distancing
now nothing's new, people are-grimacing
stuff your social-distancing, f*** you.
None are-distanced none, none is wearing masks,
a girl berates the fact to her smartphone
a man enters like he's on methadone
it's all like some Shakespearean play cast.
All this while I'm reading the Metro Talk
regarding face coverings, bus driver
Gary, - Manchester, I'm a bus driver
and we've been told he goes on to squawk
we can't enforce this new law or refuse
anyone to travel as it might then
lead to a conflict he goes on to vent;
all I-wanted-now was to go Barging Booze.
Look, forget fresh-coating the ceiling love,
I've had a bucket-full of COVID-19, "Enough."

Mark Heathcote

Where The Grass Is Always Greener

The grass isn't always greener on the other side,
on the other side of the fence.
But I am sure it is in death,
and wherever-it-is my daughter rests
where my daughter resides; let my tears
bless her roses that delight her eyes
and let-perfumes filter rise
through those grass blades with the fragrances
of long but not forgotten cut embraces.
On the other side on the other side of the fence
where the grass is always greener
let flowers never wilt or find a disappointing closure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who?

Who sees you and who sees me?
And therefore sees everything
and doesn't compare unequally-anything;
equate with the same sad piano key delicious way.
Who walks, between all our shadows?
Fluid as light, indivisible from-the-whole
just as the darkness and shadow
amalgamates-all we can't see unabridged.

Who only who does-speaks
Speak with the wind and understands
the winds utterances incoherence
a butterfly's winding twist subtle bend.
Who hears a pin drop?
And every animated, strangers voice
like a dewdrop trembling to sing
falling into a whirlwind underpinned.
Who, who, who?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Blueprints For Your Heart

Let me steal the blueprints for your heart
find the bolthole you run to for safety
let safecrackers whisper an impart-
the code your good soul hides inanely.

But know darling that I will join you there
I will pick your locks and win you over
not one second; believe you've been-snared
it's then that our hearts will go supernova.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

As Only A Woman Knows

There's nothing-more-soothing than a heartbeat
The pulse of your heart is an embalming song!
If I could stay here forever disembodied
Why don't you lead me and guide me thereon?

On-the-wings of a dove ...wings of your love.

Why don't you heal me with your womanly love?
Why don't you nurture me in your tender arms?
'Good god, ' what sweetness now delivers me
Cradles, tells me, child, that you aren't nobody.
I promise you, my love for you transforms-

Why don't you let me lead, guide you thereon.
As only a woman knows to be strong
As only a mother can, stop life's blows
Give me a second chance a third or a fourth.

On-the-wings of a dove ...wings of your love.

When you were seventeen with stars in your eyes-

Like a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, whose embraces tightly bound.

Mark Heathcote

At Times My Love

You're a weight
Not off my mind but on my mind.
At times my love
You're like uncorked champagne.
More bubble's than-
One glass can't contain.

At other times you show
We're all puppets to our emotions?
Please don't mellow or readapt a thing.
I'm ready to drown,
I'm ready to sing.
Weightless rediscover my wings.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

School Window

I go missing at school when I'm
-seated-near-any kind of a window
eyes-glaze-over like a frost flower
that grows and melts in the blink of an eye.

I spy, Fireweed swaying in the breeze
that summer clock tells the end of
-summer and the beginning of autumn,
but I envision an eternal spring.

Where everything mislaid is found again
found flowering on-arrival perpetual
I imagine 'Fireweed spikes' swaying,
that at no time gives up their flame.

When a teacher shouts, boy, turn around
-yes, I imagine 'frost flowers' everlasting;
I imagine a birdsong uninterrupted
Playgrounds—Arcadian ceaselessly green.

That's where I go missing when I'm
-seated-near-any kind of a school window
oh, I can't wait for that school bell.
Lord, knows I've been here too many years.

Mark Heathcote

We Don't Want No

We don't want no, bullshit rock 'n' roll,
we want Margaret Thatcher Toilet Roll.
Give me safety pins through my nose
and black bondage S&M clothes.
A youthful rebellion is what we need,
a nihilistic vision to, counteract tory greed.
We want Mohawks, The Ramones, The Clash
we're the anti-establishment can you grasp?

We hate this manufactured pop culture—canned,
we need The Sex Pistols we are the spat on Damned.
We want 'No More Heroes' by The Strangler's anthem sang,
Yes, some idiot will wear a swastika, but he isn't one of us, man.
We want the New York Dolls,
our Transit vans no 'F-ING' tour bus, Bentley or rolls.

We don't want any diamante bullshit Elvis, rock 'n' roll clothes,
We don't want your far-right fascist record deals
We don't want to grow old and get Meals on Wheels
we want Margaret Thatcher's head on our 'F-ING' Toilet Roll.
Give us The Buzzcocks, The Dickies, the UK Subs or 999,
give me that kind of shit anytime.

Fast and furious, speeded up and in your 'F-ING' face,
and when you sit down with your better half, alter ego,
don't forget to say your 'F-ING' grace.
Give us something real and minimalistic,
something far from enchanting or eulogistic;
give us Dr Martens, Sham 69, Angels with dirty faces,
give us something that can change the course of ages, history,
give us back our freedom, subdivided 'F-ING' liberty.

Mark Heathcote

Cotton Clouds

Resting back in the meadowsweet
arms aside outstretched
eyes gazing up at cotton clouds
think of all the times to meet.

What bliss it is to fall in love.
To sacrifice a little work-time
and find yourself-alone
with a lover who's just enough;

as mayflies hover, you contemplate
his lips, his tender embrace
an eternity spent lengthways,
afloat, like a little gliding reed boat.

Oaring-further and further out
toes curled, itching for shore
but heart evermore cotton clouds
not-quite-sated - always wanting more.

Mark Heathcote

I Simply Want To One-Day Catch Fire.

I need to breathe
I need to weep in the darkness
I need to flower
I simply want to hover
I simply want to dance
I simply want to one-day catch fire
It's strange how people look right through me
It's strange-how ugly some people can be
It's strange-how the moon tonight seasons my heart.

I want to be loved

I want to finish my journey-go-farther
I want to sleep and wake. Feeling new like I use to do
Doesn't it confuse you when your soul haunts you?
Doesn't it hurt you when no one cares for you?
Doesn't it puzzle you when no one loves you?
I need to breathe
I need to weep in the darkness
I need to flower
I simply want to hover with a better endeavour
I simply want to dance
I simply want to one-day combust catch fire, with you.

I want to be loved I know you do too.

Mark Heathcote

Tomorrow

Darling, you're sewing-a-place in my heart, suturing-the-sky
what will happen next, isn't a secret, but it's a gift
it's the gift that keeps-on-giving
you, know the day after-the-next
that's right darling, tomorrow.
Darling, I could cry. But-you-can heal all-my-wounds
kiss them goodbye.
Once this pandemic has finally departed and gone.
It'll take just a small breath, an ember, a spark?
To light up and fill up this empty vacant-space
but then what happens next is up to you.
You know the day after-the-next
that's right darling, is tomorrow.

Darling, you can heal-my-wounds
when-this pandemic is finally-ended.
Darling, you're sewing-a-place in my heart, suturing-the-sky
what will happen next, isn't a secret but it's a gift
it's the gift that keeps-on-giving
you know, darling, just like you
you know the day after-the-next
that's right darling, is tomorrow, tomorrow.
Tomorrow-pandemic-free with my heart turned-inside-out
ready to avouch my love for you beneath a steeple
in front of many friends and people
the gift that keeps on giving
yes, tomorrow, tomorrow-if-tomorrow comes for you and me.

Darling, you're sewing-a-place in my heart, suturing-the-sky
once this pandemic has finally departed and gone
let me leave the battlefield and applaud
everyone who has been saved, for all that they've done,
and who they are—
once this pandemic has finally departed and gone.
It'll take just a small breath, an ember, a spark?
To light up and fill up this empty vacant-space
but then what happens next is up to you.
You know the day after-the-next
that's right darling, is—tomorrow.

Mark Heathcote

Wisteria And Roses Beholden

Ash and ivy, rise spread, across the land
Climb and reach for the stars an ancient sun,
Oak and bramble stretch and onwards-expand
And dewdrops quiver like frogspawn shun.

Orchards—apples and pears they're-golden;
Now the pale moon is widowed out-of-love.
Wisteria and roses beholden
Wave after wave; has on their wanderlust.

Honeysuckle and mistletoe don't-wait
Ah, ascent or hang around 20ft off the ground.
Maple and Lime laugh and cry expiate
Those sassy leaves they naturally dumfound.

Beech and holly one crisp other prickly
See the added passing of an-epoch
Yew and birch one insight other princely
Are like lovers that'll never be wedlock.

Fir and pine have a magic of their own,
And sit waving on a-mountainous-throne
Poplar and dogwood are very human,
In that, they like to make an obtrusion.
Towering or humble with beauty,
Mysteriously cool, and even, broody.

Ash and ivy, rise spread, across the land
Climb and reach for the stars an ancient sun,
Oak and bramble stretch and onwards-expand
And dewdrops quiver like frogspawn shun.

Mark Heathcote

No Matter A Man Or Woman's Colour

Televise the injustice of a man pleading for help,
and it's if we-too-have-also took a step back.
Eyes bat away like guilty culprits somehow impaired;
hand on heart-it's-eerie watching a man die point-blank.

Black lives matter, Lord, deliver justice-for-all
no matter a man or woman's colour, let no-man-fall
as did George, as did George Floyd this way again;
Lord, it's what we pray merciful Lord today.

Seconds tick—a lamb cries - I can't breathe, I can't breathe
officers "don't, don't kneel on any man's neck again."
Shouting, shouting, listen, "please, please, please", I cannot breathe
shouting "please" ...while-onlookers plead, also shout in vain.

Seconds tick—and a voice dissipates like a-foghorn
time stands still as the world watches on with bated breath,
leaving an entire nation now to reflect and mourn
feelings of shared guilt, shock, a kind of mass, coalesce-

voices that—black lives matter, Lord, deliver justice-for-all
no matter a man or woman's colour let no-man-fall
as did George, as did George Floyd this way again;
Lord, it's what we pray merciful Lord today.
Let every soul on earth corroborate-calibrate today,
so-this-awful kind of injustice never happens, again.

Lord, deliver justice for-all
no matter a man or woman's colour let no-man-fall
this way again Lord, Lord, deliver justice-for-all
fair justice—as we're all sinners one and all after all.

Mark Heathcote

A Reluctant Son

You can't indoctrinate me, Lord
I won't listen, father or ever learn.
You can't brainwash me, Lord
You won't quiet or dull me in taciturn.

You can't programme me, Lord
I am not a diminishing shadow on your wall
You can't command me, Lord
I'm not a Labrador father, lay on your floor.

You can't expedite my comings or goings-Lord
I will leave when-I-please!
You can't instruct me of anything-Lord
At least not-until, I'm down on my knees.

You see Lord; I'm a free spirit, a free-soul
And, I simply won't be pigeonholed.
But if I do die, take pity on my soul.
Lord, a prodigal son requires at least one good home.

Mark Heathcote

Embryonic Wings Fulfilled

A genderless solace wishes to beat within us
like monomorphic pupae, embryonic.
Wings still, forming joyously cocooned.
never knowing, light or dark-
or the tart-taste core of a broken heart.

I guess we all have to experience pain-
to know that Eden's gardens still grow.
So, with wings tethered membrane.
We stretch and fly to the barren moon-
in search of a warming star on the other side.

Here on God's earth, we all hear birdsong.
Dawn's chorus awakens our eyes to love
it touches us like the first soft, willow bud,
opening pursed hearts rooted beating,
one breath in another fulfilled motherhood.

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Mark Heathcote

Creatures Divine

There's a bridge between beauty and vanity.
And beneath it, bitter troubled waters flow,
and on either side-
banks of wild static flowers grow.
But their geniality is not the same.
One has advanced into wily forest vegetation,
vines and ferns aching to be young again
searching for flawlessness bent on perfection.

The other triviality of youth melting like snow,
a little insecure overtly demure
frothing at the mouth, warming to the end of spring;
under a magical spell ...yearning to mature.
But both are summoned-
from the same ancient river source
and in truth, both are intertwined,
in truth, ego is theirs, yours and mine,
we are all beautiful creatures divine?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bedrock

Sheep sit grazing amongst mountain boulders
they are like well-worn sarsen stones
bent against the wind; leaning to crop, inward.
Watching for a shepherd who never cobbles
a path on either side of going forward or back
he is just the mountain, the sky all around.

Like a pasture, He's the bedrock all have lay on
which is why they are somewhat content-to-sit like
steppingstones and marvel—baa - baa baaing.
counting all those distant stars
till all but one has vanished under a blanket of snow,
that melts before finally letting go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I See Your Smile

I see your smile
But your ashes are in the cabinet
And I couldn't feel anymore bluer
Then if I were a candle giving up the fight
Remembering how I loved you
How you love me too, through and through

I see your smile
In every teardrop, eyes green with hints of crystal blue
Was it the angel's that sent and took you back
There are no answers for my sadness
Now I haven't your kiss on my cheek
Now, my daughter, I don't have you.

Now I don't hear your giggles and laughter in the street
Now I don't hold your hand
And know you were always my strength.
Each day now is a silent ripple, echo
Where I recall remembering your face, your smile
Oh, how I wish you could have stayed a while longer.

My darling sweet daughter
I see your smile
It's like a glinting gold sundial
That use to love playing piggyback
But now with you my daughter, it's got my back.
Till I, can, no longer bear the tether the leash on my soul.
Any more you're missing smile on-my-side in truth, soon.

Mark Heathcote

There Are Times

There are times I want to climb mountains
And walk through mauve flowering heather bells
Times I can't find any happy outcomes;
A ghost walks beside me; nothing it repels.

There are times I want to rise, soar-like a-hawk
And assent the heavens alone to find
A dappled cloud that never lightning forks
Never rains, freezes-over drifts malign.

I want to plummet into the heart of a-stone
And catch fire, disintegrate into a song.
A vision of eternal emptiness a cyclone
I want to centre baptismal fall aplomb!

Like a kingfisher on his piercing sword
Die like a cradled spider spinning for stars
Swinging 360-degree angles up untoward
Some lantern home, beyond all other, facades

Times I just want to be here/there whizz-bang,
There are times I want a homestead made out of
Wattle and daub guess-you-know clay and dung
Is what made my heart sing superfluous?

Mark Heathcote

Breath Of Life

Breath of life, let me follow
Whatever misfortunes suspend
Breath of life, let me follow
Where you, begin where you - end.

Breath of life, let me follow
Wherever you climb or fall
Breath of life, let me follow
Let me dance child-like enthral.

Breath of life, let me follow
Help me to learn what is hard
Breath of life, let me follow
And teach me what to discard.

Breath of life, let me follow
It isn't easy, poison lung after poison lung,
Breath of life, let me follow
Not even when you're-said to be young.

Breath of life, let me follow
Keep my path, straight and strong,
Breath of life, let me follow
Monitor tonight-tomorrow, livelong.

Breath of life, let me follow
Fill my heart with an endless song
Breath of life, let me follow
I am, prepared for a marathon.

Mark Heathcote

Tears Of Joy?

Why do your tears of joy?
Create these holes in the sky
that evaporates into clouds.
Ah, lets the light shine through.
Is it true you are the glory ever after?
Is it true you are my saviour?
The pinhole light in midnight darkness.

Be it true you are my guiding star?
Lord, I have travelled, awfully, far
and my tears are tears of sorrow still.
Lord, let your love shine through-
disperse these dark forebodings
with your tears of mirth-and-merriment
you're near-endless tears of joy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Your Garden

I find myself, in your garden
A gorging fat caterpillar
With leniency and pardon,
Allow me to climb a pillar.

Step forth on a blue pergola
And, examine all of heaven
From a flower buds corolla,
Yes with a little discretion.

I might find my fantasy wings
And go loop de loop in the skies
Catch me, some permanent-fixings
I-can truly re-energise.

~or~



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I find myself, in your garden
a gorging fat caterpillar
Lord with leniency and pardon
Lord allows me to climb a pillar.

Step forth on a blue pergola
and, examine-all-of heaven
from a flower buds corolla,
yes with a little discretion.

I might find my fantasy wings
and go loop-de-loop in the skies.
Catch me, some permanent-fixings
I-can truly re-energise.

Mark Heathcote

Face Masked

Through a beaded wet pane of glass
an elderly woman's-face masked smiles
braving what is to come, from the inside
ghostly, her hand waves a signal 'I'm fine. '

But is she? The strain is starting to show,
it's no hotel, palm on glass wanting to grasp,
hold her daughter, a son, a grandchild.
But pathogens hold the key to her cell.

Confusion at this age is a prison-guard
on a 24/7 duty roster, 'I'm fine'—but is she?
She waves to reassure those in the courtyard
bravely as if she's in some pantomime.

But no one is pulling punches her strings,
'day and night' within very similar walls
there are real alarm bells; patients are dying,
elderly victims, crying, take on angel wings.

But for now, she remembers better times
counts the charms on her charm bracelet
starting with the first her long-dead husbands
and thanks the staff she says are the greatest.

Mark Heathcote

I Remember Lilacs

I remember lilacs growing in the snow,
Ah, with the scent, the echo of spring stalled.
I-remember that dead calf we both hauled
With bale twine another financial blow,

I can almost hear you cry, but those cracks
Are dry—they're-just-frozen films of pain,
Static as those lilacs you wanted, axed
I guess it builds to a glacier-moraine:

We are all shadows standing in death's path,
Our lilies at the bottom of a pond
Have sunk to their nethermost aftermath,
All disintegrating, embers absorbed.

Like dead calves buried in the orchard
I remember lilacs growing in the snow,
The scent of blossom sleepily conjured
And springs long ago like an embryo.

I found alms with some crazy psychopaths,
And danced homicidal in their loins
Full of fever in a whiteout - facts
I remember watching these snowflake asteroids.

I remember lilacs growing in the snow,
Ah, with the scent, the echo of spring stalled.
I-remember that dead calf we both hauled
With bale twine another financial blow,

I remember that dead calf we both hauled
With bale twine another financial blow,
I remember lilacs growing in the snow,
Springs long ago like a dead embryo.

Mark Heathcote

Ripe-Old Apple-Trees

I want to write a poem about ripe-old apple-trees
And poets in their armchairs with arthritic knees,
Carving out words into windblown dandelion seeds
Circling trunks and boughs where a snake precedes
To hiss and talk in serpent tongues of ancient-times
I want to write a poem that reaches starry climbs,
Lower-shadows in the grass than an adder
That gives-off a whiff-taste of a sour-thereafter.

Again, I want to write a poem about Adam and Eve,
How Adam rolled up his sleeves, but couldn't please Eve.

How Eve jealously guarded a secret;
How it tipped the world into self-revilement
Such white-blossoms inked, flail into the sky,
Like snake scales outgrown all-too-often-left awry.
I want to write a poem about ripe-old apple-trees
And poets in their armchairs with arthritic knees,
But sadly I haven't the time to-do-so child,
I'm becoming all-too-old and now sleep beguiled.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Right Where I'm Meant To Be

Who's coming to liberate me?

Who's going to set me free?

I'm a comet; I'm-right-where I'm meant to be
you can see my journey written in fire-and-blood
in owl-like wings starlit-amphorae my dove.

Look, I'm not singing because I'm blue,
I'm singing for no one, not even you.
I'm circling in fathom's too deep, baptised at sea;
because no one is coming to unshackle me,
I'm-chained to the Lord, He anchors me.

You can see my journey written in fire-and-blood
in owl-like wings starlit-amphorae my dove.
I'm a comet; I'm-right-where I'm meant to be
I'm-chained to the Lord, He enslaves me.
He sets me free He redeems me.

Who's coming to liberate me?

Who's going to set me free?

I'm a comet; I'm right where I'm-meant to be.

Mark Heathcote

My Outlet In Times Of Trouble

Nature's my outlet in times of trouble
when I want to get away from the news,
that COVID-19 self-isolation bubble,
rivers and long canal walk lift my blues.
They're an artery to a heartland,
only a soul's inner peace can understand.

It's my outlet when I see gowns-of-white
gloved-and-masked - taking on-the-task
of saving lives, walking avenues of lime-
trees in a mindful and elegiac-
stride, writing some blank verse, from time to time,
as I ponder how nature is sublime.

It's surreal all the changes we've had,
all that's now forbidden, we took-for-granted
but truly in-other-ways, I'm just-glad
holding one dear hand in mine supplanted
knowing-really nothing is-decided
however, the future gets lopsided.

It's in our grasp to hold this stinging-nettle
dull its sting by admiring everything,
it's in our courage, our hearts-metal
to fight fatigue tooth and nail with every limb,
recalling all that's perished before us
once more rises in spring beauteous.

Mark Heathcote

Each Call For Justice Wanting To Aton

Put in-the-wrong hands we might as well write
our short premature obituaries
many don't have the power—apartite
who can we trust as our emissaries?
Enemies of battle are troubled to slay,
what is feasible, what-can't-be sustained?
The evolvment of ego is swords-play,
always knowing what or isn't ordained.

Pawns are we not moved on the field of war.
Dispensing judgements without solid grounds
valuing one thing above another - norm
undoubtedly it's all brainwashing-sounds
the ammo of tongues letting off six-rounds
failing-always to value—equally all
not trying to stand out amongst-the-crowds,
not trying to break the law, that protocol-

Rank and file, yet demonise all they say,
players' actors on the stage of right and wrong,
the blind leading the blind - don't-all-betray:
all-receive; count the same 13 tiles of Mahjong,
doubling opponents with each crushing blow,
each call for justice wanting to atone
is righteousness shouting he/she's cocksure?
I'm right you're wrong - it's time to be dethroned.

Mark Heathcote

Inside A Wolf

Inside a wolf, —silence is howling
At a cowl a pall of moonlight
A wall of red-mist accumulating
All those other lights in twilight,
Panting with canine-teeth growling,
Still bleeding, still pouring out its love.
Willing to vanquish all-enemies all-fears
Without childish qualms,
Willing to explore all crypts,
Without unending tiresome, alarms.
Inside a wolf, —silence is howling
On the percipience that moonlight
Is only a hand of love pawing?
An empty ribcage, baying at the night
To breathe - find a heart a pulse ensnare
Still bleeding, still pouring out its love.
Willing to catch fire in the sky,
Without another superfluous, tear.
Willing to implode and die
Without another needless, cry.

Mark Heathcote

Will I Survive?

We see the figures, daily-growing
And read it all till we're almost numb,
Something's occurred - it's all unfolding,
Everyone's asking, what more shall come.

Slowly everywhere they're masking,
People are panic buying their food.
What more, can be-done - all are-asking?
"Now we've seen, pestilence fire flood."

... Fear is visible in all our shops,
Angry customers, some are swearing,
Numbers they grow into irate-mobs,
The whole-situation is draining.

Yet a thought "will I survive" pervades
Like a leashed-dog wrapped around your leg,
Barking as you walk-through the stockades
Doubting Jesus saves—can resurrect.

Mark Heathcote

I Edit My Heart Till There's Only

I edit my heart till there's only one firefly of light
then I hope to die looking into her eyes in the dark
it's where we'll share our one-and-only house
my soul will be as humble as a dormouse giving thanks
I'll gaze at the moon because I'm sure it whisper some truth
I'll stare out at all those other tiny smoky roofs tops
and wonder if another firefly found its way,
and walks around in just, its winter socks

I edit my heart till there's only one dart hits its mark
as I lie down with you, I count my blessings once again
it might as well be a solar system of stars I'm-counting
each in their arc at the bottom of our garden gate
it might as well be all the angels in heaven
and every dawn chorus singing bird, I ever-heard
it might as well be every deadpan mobile-phone face
that stare into the emptiness wishing they were me.

Mark Heathcote



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The Red Carnation

Cradle me like a red carnation,
That has room for forty petals.
And if it should rain for forty days
And forty nights, let it be with joyous tears

Residual, collected in the middle.

Let it intoxicate all your other senses
And be held in your hand ever so gentle;
Clutched deep and placed in your heart but
Never dear love, overly too sentimental.

Mark Heathcote



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Tentative Fingers

When May woodland flowers are on their timbers
And horse chestnut trees have on tentative fingers
A shadow prevails within a sea of green
It wanders down to the village green
Fringed with flowers like a tablecloth,
There links with your heels like a wetted-cloth
That's-dragged-through the fields yellowing moss
When you reach the churchyard and see a stone cross
That shadow reminds you of a bell that will toll
Candles that'll be lit for the passing of your soul.

~or~

When May woodland flowers are on their timbers
and horse chestnut trees have on tentative fingers
a shadow prevails within a sea of green
it wanders down to the village green
fringe with flowers like a tablecloth,
there links with your heels like a wetted-cloth
that's dragged-through the fields yellow moss
when you reach the churchyard and see a stone-cross
that shadow reminds you of a bell that will toll
candles that'll be lit for the passing of your soul.

Mark Heathcote

For The First Time In A Long Time

Eyes rent for rain and wine.
Look to the divine
Wishing to swim again
Imploring that, that water doesn't pass-over-
Above the shoulder
Praying to die just a little bit older
Although every day is a heavy boulder
Fingernails grip - until they bleed
Wondering just-how others succeed.
How do I plumb this hole in my sky?
Eyes rent for rain and wine.
Look to the divine
Wishing to swim again
But it's only Thursday,
And the weekend is yet to begin.
And all I want to do is drown.
And find myself homeless-
And partially undress indigenous learning to cry once again.
Eyes rent for rain and wine.
Looking for the divine
Waking up sober and for the first time in a long time fine.

Mark Heathcote

Like A Salmon, I Would Leap To Catch The Stars

Nothing brings me as much pleasure
as gazing at your eyes countermeasure
like a salmon, I would leap to catch the stars
like a firefly, I would imitate hot fiery sparks.

As we kiss waxing like hot-orbs delirious
melting into each other's lips - it's mysterious
how it all unfolds, how one day it will die,
leave a gaping-black-hole nothing can transmogrify.

It's-hurtful sleeping alone in my bed
when I've been-warmed by your blood
yes, it's wounding, cold cruel, being misled
when all you ever wanted was to be loved.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Could Say

The oak and the willow forest
is where I made my dreams abide?
My only permanent home,
watching the stoat and the vole
vanish-like mists down an embankment hole.

You could say I never left,
say I dwelled on a forked river bed-locked Island,
and that's why I took up poetry,
you could say I lived in these abandoned woods,
as I have only unfinished poems as regrets.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Vulnerability

I have no strings attached,
you can cut or manipulate me.
I have that airship vulnerability,
passengers want to flee.

But look - I'm coronavirus free.
I might not be everyone's cup of tea,
but I can sweeten it up
-with honey just you wait and see.

No, I have no strings on me.
But I sure would like to be liked
at least a little of the time:
I'd just like-to-be-liked by me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When My Final Roll Call Comes

When an undulating wind takes my last breath,
may it find a lair where the lion snores?
may it rest in the tranquil depths-of-the-Everglades
in a mangrove swamp, where-an-alligator
glides, with preening white passengers on its back?
When my final roll call comes,
May it be found in a bluebell wood napping?

Or in an urn, an acorn cup, slumbering in moss
when my final roll call comes,
may the gates of heaven rust and remain frozen,
and the gates of Eden be reopened,
when an undulating wind takes my last serpent breath,
I want to hear the nightingales sing
for all eternity, eternally all-day long.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Zebra Moths

A garden wet with dew glistens emerald green,
its gate squeaks before it slams shut.
Ghostly footsteps pad down in the mud,
The sun is shining like a golden nectarine.
And nettles like javelins stand tall ridged together
Humming and mumbling in rows quietly by
the compost heap, amassed against the red-brick wall.
Till all the stars convene and a hunter's moon
reveals the ghost, the ghost of hope
striding to a distant horizon, in a desert
we see dancing Zebra moths, angered by the sun,
its rays of amber always, setting over someone in dunes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Larvae Of Humankind

Honeycomb together
but each separately confined,
we are the larvae of humankind, in solitude
we grow, we fatten all our reserves
and ever greedily,
we seek more than our 'just deserts'
it-is-only when we leave this hive
and head to look for desert flowers,
one single flower above all.
Do we understand the processes?
Of what goes into making honey,
it-is-only when we have tasted
all the dried-out rancid earth,
do we envy the seed about to sprout?
About to once again grow, flower giving birth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Verity

If one innocent child of verity
were to pull at the threads of reality,
if the truth were a sprig of blossom,
It would wilt as soon as plucked.
As soon as torn from the bough
its powers and influence would wane,
the reflection of its mirrored image
would inflict the greatest pain, its knife-

be blunted instantly and turned outward
when the vision of itself is transmuted
into lesser metals, it would stab,
stab poison at its nearest and dearest.
Till all its lifeless blossom, inert chaos
holds no more toxic allure for evil spirits
Appeal or attraction for even him lord Satan.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Fall Under Some Natural Disaster

Let me fall under some natural-disaster
the eye of a storm picks up the hereafter.

Be felled as if by a random act of god,
let my-ashes-be-sprinkled over the sod.

Be mingled with the waters-ever-present
in the driest desert; moister is permeated,

it intersperses with the sands and the stars
camels - entering riders into their bazaars.

Their midnight dreams, restless perspiring limbs,
all are in his death throes, sing-know many hymns.

Some are killed by an avalanche some drown at sea.
Some pandemics take but please - please-God, not me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All Manner Of Silly Things

I was a child of uneventful-woes
with butterfly yearnings for wild meadows
oh, all manner of silly things; who knows
I even collected marbles for gemstones.

I was that little-blue forget-me-not
waiting for the spring to call and knock.
I was the one who felt how others mock
masquerading I-might-be-a peacock.

As a child with every migrating flock
I felt abandoned I felt, left behind
I was left to watch the ice interlock
and the snowy white land become-enshrined.

I couldn't conceal my bitter envy,
masquerading like I were hollyhock;
my demeanour was sometimes sullenly,
a bright summer's day with tears interlock.

'The bees would hurry on by with disdain,
observing all these blue forget-me-nots
as I mosey down a country lane;
far-off lost in my wayward, drifting thoughts.'

I was a child of uneventful-woes
with butterfly yearnings for wild meadows
oh, all manner of silly things; who knows
I even collected marbles for gemstones.

Mark Heathcote

Roads Not Taken

So many, roads not taken
Hands not held or shaken,
It can hurt your head.
Why didn't I take "her to bed? "

Why this other discontented.
And after all your-heartache
Did she leave you penniless and forsaken?
Leave you broken.

Despised to die in a ditch,
Wasn't she, that other better looking?
Wasn't she, slender and rich?
Don't sugar-coat it, darling.

The ones I chose before,
Weren't they all a total bitch?
So many, roads not taken
But I'm always led to the abattoir.

Always the one on a meat hook
Bleeding blood and tears on the floor
Asking what more could I have done.
Head guillotined, rolling down Mount Sion.

Maybe I'm just dumb,
Or over trusting to fate
But the next time I'm on a date
You will see my headlights brake.

Mark Heathcote

Towrope Tensions

Relationships will be severely-tested
As everything gets disinfected
It's only in its infancy,
And everyone is shouting conspiracy!
And eerily parents don't talk openly, anymore
Their children listening at the door
Towrope tensions they're-mounting
Something's-got to give or break
I hear the clock, the seconds counting
And just like Faux leather, it's a mistake
To keep schtum, and hope the cracks
Don't open, now we're-all-requiring
Synthetic gloves and pandemic masks
And even our hearts and souls - rewiring.
It makes no sense to go on-calculating
While the daily cost is still increasing,
Upward and upward the death toll is rising;
Speak to me darling, why are you crying
Relentlessly, sighing.

Mark Heathcote

April Sunlight On Lake Water

Dancing on their embarkations,
triangular-arrowheads enter the water
dispersing a blinding light, shimmering-
like a thousand fish mouths opening,
biting—then just as suddenly closing.

'Each wave mirroring the next as if-
an oily mercury serpent was passing.
With all its diamante alloy-scales flashing
against some current that held it fast,
fast-enough that I, might, repeatedly gasp.'

'Such things as these often go unseen,
as if it were a figment of a dream
the serpent becomes a rainbow,
the rainbow becomes a serpent.
And no one recalls the dream.'
The beauty depth of all we've just, seen.

There is an open jarred cavity in us all.
An eternal eye that sees entirely-everything,
it doesn't matter if for a second you blink-
its lens has already been light-exposed
the film in the darkroom fully developed.

Mark Heathcote

What-I've-Learnt

What-I've-learnt about writing
Is, it's all about learning
It's all about control-over-ego
It's all about inner growth,
Facing your internal dark demons
Facing all your shadowy inadequacies
With renewed vigour and an unwavering belief
It's all about commitment to the point-
Where it becomes self-destructive
As much as it does productive

What-I've-learnt about writing
Is, it's all about learning
It's all about control-over-ego
It's all about self-sacrifice
With few or no real rewards
So, if you want to be a writer;
A servant of endless toil and labour,
Become a writer a poet and write, write
A poem that reverberates on my tongue;
Its reward enough, for me, if truth be told.

What-I've-learnt about writing
No matter how productive you are
You are never certain of your worth,
'Is what I've written even worth reading?
Will I go down in history? '
Sure it will leave creases and a frown.
At times I wish I could just drown,
But I salute all these other stars,
That takes their rightful constellation,
Having, learnt truly how to shine.

Mark Heathcote

Make Us One Pangaea Land

Please, please plant sow a seed
get off that escalator
that pointless climb to succeed
don't be a prognosticator.

Please take your fate in hand.
Marry your heart and soul
with others, make us one Pangaea land
make love, your life, your goal.

Love is what we need?
Especially given our nature
leanings toward hate and greed
don't be an agitator.

You know love isn't contraband
if you've got it, stoke it with more coal
a fire fanned won't be damped
it goes beyond all control.

Mark Heathcote

Birds Are Nesting The World-Over

Birds are nesting the world-over
shoulder to shoulder.
Between the desert and the sea,
the sky and the land,
the mountains and the forest
as far as the eye can see.
Something greater than us feathers
the spume-of that great-oceanic sea,
hatching these unborn stars;
above you and me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If I Could Tell You Anything

Maybe my frontal lobe is sleeping isn't working
Maybe I'm only living a half-life
Your voice is like a macaw a parrot
Drilling harsh decibels like it were a knife.

Why don't you,
Nibble my earlobes like you use to do?
Why don't you,
Hold my hand and griddle my soul, till it melts.

If I could tell you anything,
With any accuracy,
If I could tell you anything,
With razor-sharp efficiency,
It would be to go, kill yourself.
Or worse still, just go on drinking,
Drink yourself to, a premature death.

... See if I care.
"Why don't you."

... Why don't I what?

"Why don't you die you hermit frog? "
Join that big white pedalo in the sky.

If I could tell you anything,
To save your miserable life;
I swear, nothing would change
Look, how you've aged me.
Call yourself a sage
More-like sage and onion crisps
With a slipped disc
Can't get off your lazy-arse
Or get the cars MOT Service
Down the local garage
If I could tell you anything,

Drinking your-self near-dead, woman that isn't good.

Men have more to them, more substance
They're not just, providers of TVs and textiles
They are not just, subservient minimal wage earners.

Mark Heathcote

How Do We Stay On Our Feet?

How do we stay on our feet?
Beat what is now on the street.
A plague has entered our lives.
No more concerts, no more gigs,
No more contrail-lined skies
While we self-isolate, agonise?

Who we know may soon be gone.
Something we can no longer prolong
Like a biblical wave taking all
But for the very young, the strong:
Public gatherings banned football:
Take a backseat as we bunker down.

Hope in the shadows a long black cloud
There's clapping in doorways on-the-street.
But please stand back 2-metres or-thereabouts.
I don't want to infect you, see you deceased.
I know we will all come-through-this
Goodnight sweetheart - gives me, a-kiss.

Mark Heathcote

Wishing To Be A Skylark

All my painted vice in listening to the dark
left me stumbling, wishing to be a skylark
if angels unbolt a door, you've only spied,
prays, woe betide daisy chains reach the Lord,
and you're not the last link in that tide.

Pray that out of any debris you rise
and find yourselves newly-revitalise
and stand in the light and not just fold,
but find meaning and strength in the Lord,
and love in your heart you just-can't withhold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring Pathways

I love seeing,
waving on Death, the common toad entering the road
sat there resting like it was on some royal commode.
I love seeing that army of red ants in their troops,
and those little white mayflies in their aerial loops.

Forget being the first man in space or on the moon,
I'd rather have my lover lay on my breast entombed.
Forget being the first to leave footprints in the snow,
I love being the first to weave through a spring meadow.

I love making clouds of pollen as I run-ahead
looking back, watching those tall grass wands as I sped.
I love huge-brown sideways dragonflies flying-boundless
I love making flowerbeds-switchblade in their prowess.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Birds Of Paradise...

Birds of paradise, how they surround us
How they zing with colour into the zeniths
Tropical flowers, how they delight us
Exploits garish or with becalm genteelness.

Regal in colour, red, orange and gold
Colours to keep out the cold
Colours as sassy as ivory satin or silk
With petals lips smooth as sun-warmed milk.

There are birds of paradise for all tastes
Some have a royal quiet-sereneness
Others are simply loud
Having a slightly overly ostentatiousness;

Either way Birds of paradise are typically
Very beautiful, I love how they preside
To fill our senses with their implausibility
With their dignity so rightly solidified.

Mark Heathcote

Little Kite

We mitigate to the edges of a lie as we conceal it.
Shadow it with our soul's paper kite.
Tugging at the string, tighter and tighter
Oh, little kite, little kite be still, be very still.

Oh, little kite avoids that hurtful-snare.
Never letting go of-that-thing, distancing us
Further and further, evading fresh conflict;
We dance in the air like a royal blue hare.

In ever decreasing circles, maybe we can
Leap those clouds and settle on a gentler current;
And move forward, but "no, you don't."
"No, you don't; " you don't possess that piece of string.

Someone else will always cruelly take-over
And joyously tug with the bare minimum
Of the truth that sliver of string, that string snaps
Ping! And your soul, your heart is forever gone.

Till only the ribbons and bows
Of another lie remain.
Remain in the empty-hands of another, kite puller.

Mark Heathcote

Anchors Aweigh

Like a huge python, winding round and round
We see Orion's Belt and other such-
systems whirring above us—off the ground,
and though there's light pollution, we're in touch
not with who created the universe
so much as our, own place and importance.
We are all now totally, self-immersed
our self-image, status takes precedence.

The divine no longer makes any sense.
The lights of heaven are simply oil-lamps
Two gases they say are the architects
Hydrogen and helium atoms
alternating—we owe our existence;
but gears are in movement at all times.
Things-happen good - evil - nonexistence:
they all bite, but only one true-love guide's;

Our captain, He hauls an unseen capstan,
and it isn't us or a skulking-snake
what fuels our soul, isn't an atom
-or-lone-dust particle star-like opaque
that delivers us lost seafarer's home.
It isn't some northern star guide's our way
hissing on the wind the flotsam and foam
That finally calls shouts anchors aweigh

Mark Heathcote

I'm-Beholden

I taste your lipstick
It's a prophecy I can't resist.
I follow you in a bee's dance
to a flowers nap, and take my lance
to prise it open.
It's an iridescent opal I'm beholden.
A tiger moth in its cloth,
in its Lepidoptera scales-of-pigmented dust-froth
you take my hand,
and guide me to the stars in their quicksand.
The universe is whispering, are you safe,
are you saved?

As I hold your face in my palms in my hands
and kiss your lower thighs. I feel the sands
the sand is slipping away,
oh, I must be dreaming - anchors aweigh
not a moment, not one chained link can stay,
but when I wear your lipstick, it proves you came my way.
It proves I couldn't resist you.
It demonstrates how you couldn't resist me too.

Mark Heathcote

This Easter

Were in the grip of coronavirus;
this Easter - reaching more than ten thousand.
The dead and dying are lying side by side.
These poor souls are choking in defiance.
Commerce and industry are still as a millpond.
Tomorrow I must go home my hands are tied.

The stars are burning like hot-cinders
when madness descends in the midnight hour
those that fight change are hardest-hit most.
Tonight the house is woken by hedge trimmers.
A lawnmower: it couldn't be louder
no rest for a cemetery ghost.

I hear another neighbour shout, holler
I am I'm an essential key worker
doing my-normal, sleep-in duties
only I'm a poet, I'm-no scholar
I hear owls hoot before I murmur
one—yawn; listening to these two loonies.

It's hard as hell staying optimistic-
during-normal times for a man like me;
these times are even stranger than hell.
If I account for all in an inartistic-
way and shed a few tears in the quay,
people will say he didn't hear death's knell.

He only quelled his fears with poetry,
with the same kind of madness he speaks-of
Johnson said it could have gone either way,
it was-suggested his actions were-woefully-
inadequate it required more of an iron glove.
Then voluntary pleas to please, please obey.

Mark Heathcote

Let's Exist On Bread And Water

Someone's praying behind that architrave
trying to make a living, keep some faith,
write poetry in short communiqués
tears abridging the years enshrined molten,
now we're all charged with others' lives to save;
but in truth, we all feel broken wide open.

If I'm not mistaken I-am-enslaved
nevertheless, we are all prisoners;
our neighbours are very-easily-swayed
to inform the local authorities;
it's now I fear all those Grand Inquisitors'
their divergent-sneers their ideologies:

Tormented, let's exist on bread and water
remember that in some other quarter
Death is in government and incomplete-
control firing bullets in wartorn streets
who cares if we're seen-kissing-indiscreet
long as our hearts aren't heavy with deceptions.

Mark Heathcote

A Sprig Of Pear Blossom

Her heart was a sprig of pear blossom
He wanted to pick from a spring bough,
And as a bug in its microcosm,
Wanting one day, he should live somehow

In her petals, he cried, spoke out loud
All his thoughts following-their-instincts;
He practically sobbed tears becloud,
But her smile hijacked all the cynics.

Making fools of busy-buzzing-bees
And sent the mystics back underground
Fearful of the spider in trapeze
Who is no longer with them housebound?

Tempted to weep in their eiderdown
Marry that first-morning dew to fall
As he snapped that young sprig in two
Her white blossoms flew, fell by default.

Mark Heathcote

Singing Sad Songs

Everything feels solid
But everything's really, snow
And it's all just, sadly silently melting away
And then we're all gone
The only sounds are of your tears
And the click, click-clacking of your tongue
Singing sad songs, singing sad songs
And jocks pranging souped-up sports cars
Honking for more seconds—more glory,
More glory, more glory
Darling isn't that the real tabloid story?

The only sounds are of your sole stamping
Heels to keep out the cold as your skin
Once again inked tattooed with something
That makes everybody else's look inferior
Darling didn't you realise
We're-all-melting out to sea
Nothing is really real you see
Oh, yes everything feels solid
But everything's really, snow
And it's all just, silently-melting away slow
And then we're all gone
Like a ghost leaving an ivory tower in the fog.

Singing sad songs, singing sad songs
While all the jocks prang souped-up sports cars
Honking for more seconds—more glory,
More glory years, more ecstasy,
More pretty girls to take off their virginal winter clothes
Darling isn't-that the real tabloid story?
When you're losing all your beauty
Darling didn't you realise
We're-all-melting out to sea
Nothing is really real you see
Oh, yes everything feels solid
But everything's really, snow and ice
And it's all just, silently melting away
And then we're all gone.

The only sounds are of your tears
And the click, click-clacking of your tongue
Singing sad songs, singing sad songs
Singing, singing sad songs, singing, singing sad songs
Singing, singing sad songs
For just one more night, one more second long.

Mark Heathcote

My Port In A Storm

I like it when you down-tools and kiss me
when you gaze at me, eyes caramelised.
Sending shivers down my spine out to sea
where you, rescue me, before-I'm-capsized.

I like it when your arms sweetly enfold
like an all-encompassing harbour wall
says-to-the outside no more storms assault
he is in my keeping, part of my shore.

I claim him not-as-some sort of bounty,
but as-a-lover richly-well deserved
and, I would remunerate-conversely,
internally, I love her still unreserved.

It is with all my heart I stir this course
buoyed by her raft of open honesty,
as seen in her eyes and quiet discourse
spoken gentler than most words orally.

Mark Heathcote

A Lighthouse In The Darkness

Who will steer my course?
A poor-wretched galley slave
less-my-chains sat in isolation.
Like a bat in its cavernous-cave
But unlike a pandemic bat-
in their minion clinging waves
I've no dark underlings to comfort me,
but I do have someone singular.
In this lockdown to-confide in,
she is a lighthouse in the darkness.
Untainted and irreplaceable;
unique in many—ways a beacon,
I would indefinitely always follow.
If she was to leave tomorrow, I'd-
no doubts linger in her every shadow?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Four Sheets To The Wind

I am four sheets to the wind
Going blind
And I can't make up my mind
If I should shout or sing!

Or just, follow-you
Let you be my guide

Everything I hold inside is magnified
Oh, yes I am going blind
I am going out of my mind.
With pent-up passions to confide.

Oh, yes, I am four sheets to the wind.
But inside I could sing!

Follow the windings of a raging stream.
If, if it believes in a dream.
Let's not oversimplify the sunlight.
Let's not oversimplify moonlight.

Oh, am I losing my mind?
Oh, am I going blind?
Gazing into your eyes
Oh, it's now I realise what love implies.

I just want one more curfew,
Lockdown with you
Oh, yes I am four sheets to the wind.
But inside I could sing!

Have your hands embrace me like a velvet wind.
Unlock me, all parts touched and quantified.
Everything I hold inside is magnified.
Oh, am I going out of my mind?
With pent-up passions to confide.

Mark Heathcote

Undiminished Adored

A virginal life can't always endure
singing songs, bridal White and pure.
Tubular stemmed for an hour
the world is but a trumpet flower.

... Darker still is the winged fox
that leaves a lair of shadows.
Now brings the world its awful pox;
the stage, set for each with gallows?

... Sleepwalking into narcolepsy,
their vines grasp hollow and empty
as reeds—waving till they break
dispensing - roots their heartache.

Each flower folds as if...
its winding sheets for burial
were corroborative gifts?
Asking what is lives, deaths premise.

Am I not an eternal, living seed?
A kernel of infinitesimal needs
if I am one of your flowers Lord,
I know that in you, I am undiminished, adored.

Mark Heathcote

Vinegar And Chips

Contemporary fashion, furniture
is like vinegar and chips.

All-your animal prints, zebra and hyena
They're all your communal garden type, mix.

Of course, there's a few like tropic fish
too loud, garish in taste.

That solely belongs to those tasteless rich
that has Nero Marquina black marble floors
a White tiger rug with authentic splatters of blood.

That lure for striped marlin with rotting flesh,
busy as a noisy bumblebee, "calls to make";

For another chic chaise lounge
and a girl in a frilly thong and black dress
delivered all the way from Portland street,
Cowloon, red district Hong Kong.

They say earn your stripes, pay your dues
make your pit stops, take my advice.

"Play your music loud like Transvision Vamp,
modern-day existence—hasn't changed
soon we'll be the ones endangered
extinct - paying the after Earth Summit blues."

Mark Heathcote

Bacon

We can't live without it
I love how it turns a buttery gold
How it crackles and melts on my tongue
Oh, you can't beat it.
All you need is a pan and stove
It's sweet and salty,
Full of protein and saturated fats
It's like a full striptease perhaps.

I can't live without it
It's a golden ribbon that takes the prize
You can't really, beat it.
Utilitarian, let's not over analyse
It's what you want when you first open your eyes
Before you open your Sunday hymnbooks
It's what you want
In all-those quiet seaside, inglenooks.

It's what you want
From your nearest American dinner
With ketchup dripping off your sleeve and collar
It compliments your eggs and sausages
It sizzles and pops as it cooks
I-do-believe—is a rare commodity,
I want 3-slices, please
And don't make me wait an age or I'll holler.

I want for your rashers
I can't get enough on my plate.
Forget the omelette
I can't wait
It smells delicious
It smells divine
A temptress
I'll make mine all the time we dine.

~or~

You can't live without it
It's a golden ribbon that takes the prize
You can't really, beat it
Utilitarian, let's not over analyse.
It's what you want
Before you open your Sunday hymnbooks
It's what you want
In all-those quiet seaside, inglenooks.

It's what you want
From your nearest American dinner
With ketchup dripping off your sleeve and collar
It's a compliment to your eggs and sausages
It sizzles and pops as it cooks
I-do-believe is a rare commodity,
I want 3-slices, please!
And don't make me wait for ages.

Oh, you can't live without it
Oh, I love how it turns a buttery gold
Crackles and melts on my tongue
Oh, you can't really, beat it
All you need is a pan and stove
It's sweet and salty,
Is it better than love?
It's as sexy as you please.

Yes, yes, yes "some more, please."

Full of protein and saturated fats
It's like a striptease on your tongue
It's like making love and perhaps
It's even better than making love.
Oh, I want 3-slices more, please!
And don't make me wait for ages
Because I want some-
On a freshly sliced buttered oily seed bun.

Oh, it comes with so many temptations;
All I can say is—yes, yes, yes "some more, please."
More, more, more if you don't mind, please
For your rashers, you've got me on my knees

I can't get enough on my plate.

Mark Heathcote

When We Still Had To Adjust The Tv Antenna

When we still had to adjust the TV antenna
I was a child in the 70s-glam rock era
Audiences they loved him, almost reverently,
David Bowie's songs were otherworldly.

People spoke often about-his-clothes his hair
His famously two-coloured eyes, he had such flair
He'd split particle atoms with a purse of his lips,
His fans were-junkies they were all absolute addicts.

David—was a visual artist, extraordinaire
A meteorite from another stratosphere;
Characteristically charming and debonair
A liberating experience back then, and there.

... Said to have a voracious sexual appetite,
He made love to a groupie, who lost her virginity,
Called Lori, guess he had to later-expedite
Once he'd said, 'Lori, darling, can you come with me?

What a 'Space Oddity' it must have been when Apollo 11
Launched with Neil A. Armstrong, to a new ascension,
Oh, someone to follow, some brave Apollo
But all I ever got from you, was sorrow, sorrow.

Didn't they all say he was the first man on the moon?
He didn't sing 'Satellite of love' but sure produced it.
He was loved wherever he went and died too soon,
A true-astronaut, nothing he did was ever counterfeit.

Mark Heathcote

Give Me A Link Between Music And Art

Give me a link between music and art-
a large canvas that in truth can impart
an oil brush, leap out of mirrored age's dark
something resonating with Mozart or Bach,

give me compositions charcoaled in kohl,
colours' burning feathery bright, like crests,
like a red-hot poker searing my soul,
wind and string instruments played in quartets.

Give me choirs in accord, the sound of harps.
Angels seated on nimbus clouds in arcs-
eyeing a pianist in reverence,
playing scores of songs in exuberance;

evoking flames and flowers dying daily,
dreams as heady as a mare dancing gaily
over a valley, the mountain waters,
notes ? and brushes—are swimming sea otters.

I want real music that thunders and rains,
not just cherry blossoms drifting down lanes.
I want art that strains to be heard-not-seen,
blended swapped over, only to reconvene.

Mark Heathcote

Transmitters

Just yesterday it was reported there were
Lots of BBQ party's hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
One of which had twenty-something guests
Local police force sadly attests.
Then there are parking wardens walking 2-by-2
In the city streets earning revenue
I can only guess they must also be
Seen as essential workers too, like me.
And, buses running ahead of schedule,
Park passengers in a germ-filled cesspool
Further prolonging stays together and
Chance of infection what's not to understand?

An intensive care nurse Lorraine Jones, from
Manchester is asked to share, quite benumb-
Her protective face-mask and used filters.
"Are our NHS staffs being used as transmitters? "
She-berates and attacks the government
For not doing more, it's just abhorrent.
While told an Italian nurse infected
Committed suicide has self-ejected.
Fearing she's contaminated others
Her life and work, it's now hit the buffers.
Here brightly coloured joggers are running
Around street corners, coughing and panting.

And some are even out playing football
It's all incredulous what a furore.
The police in Piccadilly gardens,
Toe to toe, forgetting—social-margins.
Social distancing with junkies slouching
Closely standing with those that are flouting
The law, I listen to one by the fountains,
She demands, begs as she still carousels
Near to the floor, another drag on
Her shared marijuana joint, thereon
The meat wagons arrive and quickly fill:
8 pm all applaud from their window sill.

Our Deliverance Rest In-Herd Immunity

Have you ever felt more naked than this?
Stripped down to the waist or further still
Wondering why Covid19 is our crucifix:
Trusting no one as a loving kiss could kill.
Have you ever felt more uncertain than this?
'What's the future hold', do we even have one?
So many questions - feels like the apocalypse-
Of-mankind has in earnest now begun.

Our lives on a saline drip enter an abyss.
Blame and recriminations are everywhere;
Neither side is willing to work together or forgive.
Conspiracy theories abound, so I despair
As help and medicines to Iran, are rejected.
Entire existences, sinking like battleships
Hard fought for lives drowning, newly infected
The culprit of which is flora spread by fingertips.

Have you ever felt more alone or disaffected?
On an empty bus, travelling home alone
Have you cross-examined or introspected
How many deaths we might be able to condone?
Our deliverance rests in herd immunity,
It's been, widely spoken of as the answer.
Isn't that why schools stayed open truthfully?
So that business doesn't—for too long, languor.

Our children are the carriers don't you know,
Villains of the peace dually sent home
In isolation, the government's politico;
Do as you're told or gurgle in your blood in baritone.
There's no escaping the grip of this disease,
No aspect of life, not drastically altered.
When armed robbery, is but a common-sneeze
It's then one and all, old veterans are slaughtered.

Even doctors and nurses are cannon fodder
With shortages of PPE some improvise
By tying plastic aprons around their head

But they're not fighting the German Luftwaffe
It isn't influenza they're-taking-on overhead.
They have courage rarely seen that exemplifies
What it means to fight for Queen and country,
And not be defeated by killers unheard or unseen.

Mark Heathcote

Similar In So-Many-Ways

World conscience must make strides,
and prise open doors and open eyes,
so-our-fragility can be recognised.

But how is it we get so polarised
so self-destructive
look beyond the mirror,
see-there's-more-to all of this than you.

Let continents and cultures collide.
We are all citizens poorly advised;
similar in so-many-ways, no-disguise.

We bleed, we die, and know how to cry,
we are brothers and sisters,
and when it's all told a-bag-of cinders.

Left unclaimed, waiting for repatriation
to another isolation chamber,
to be rediscovered like a gnat in amber.

DNA-sequencing of every atom,
sent down a collider
questions answered about the laws of attraction.

Mark Heathcote

Charon, The Ferryman Is-Heard Singing

Our whole way of life is to be redefined.
Planes vacant as linen on a washing line
Hoarding shoppers fighting over loo rolls
No more sport, Olympics, footie or goals
Bars and restaurants our borders closed.
Hard-fought-for civil liberties bulldozed
Government policies yes are full of holes
(Better them than social media trolls) .

Death is now knocking on every door
He's slashing his scythe wildly to procure
Those with heart disease the diabetic;
He's quite-unholy unsympathetic.
He's taking the old the sick and the poor
Them with lung disease he takes premature.
In a lockdown without an end in sight
We've become jailbirds of the state tonight.

Darkness has befallen us one and all
A plague far worse than any black bed sore
Without prejudicial barriers, all-
Must answer a call, and sure enough, must stand tall.
As you're playing small does not serve the world.
While ghostly we are evilly purged
Everyone—we're-told, is dying alone
Caskets unceremonious, alone

Quarantined wait for cremation alone.
As family gatherings are postpone
We await the same fate as Italia,
While the virus grips like wisteria,
The Shepard with the lamb solemnly-sleeps
And not for the firstborn Death, he now creeps
Through every open crack and crevice
Down, every street child, and northern terrace.

Sees the first the last entre the chapel
We're all up shit creek without a paddle
Place palms together, and let's say a prayer

For a nationalized-country ensnare
Like Alice down the rabbit hole, drinking
A vial, lung capacity shrinking
Charon, the ferryman is heard singing
Your name - your name - your name he is bidding.

Mark Heathcote

Don't Let Your Heart Abandon You

Don't let your heart abandon you,
There is this feather within you, its longing,
Longing to float, lose its heavy burden,
Never to pivot or turn or twist. Just to fly.

There is a teary acetate window,
With a child's windmill arms failing.

The hands of a clock the face of which
Looks on alarmed, just to be living,
Just to be a clutch of unbroken-eggs
In a serpent nest, still, hissing dreaming.

Just too once again fly.

There is this beating pulse of desire
This low departing deepening everglade,

This heavy cumbersome weathervane;
Parting tears and elms, clutching love
In its razor-sharp halcyon talons,
There is this deepening eternal fire.

Just too once again fly.

That sustains my directionless
Own, frigid-fingers in a woman's soft, scented mane.
Oh, how dewy-wet is my soul,
If you don't know Honey, darlings just ask.

And-I'll-whisper, hiss like an asp!
Lord, happy to belly down in the long, long lush-grass.
Lord, happy again to abandon any foreign wings.
And repent at leisure as an angel or a devil sings.

Mark Heathcote

Chomping At The Bit

Where is equality, hiding, aren't we all equal.
Do I have to be queer or a feminist?
Nowadays to write good poetry,
that's seen-as-worthy of being read, today.
Do I have to be African or of eastern origin
it fills me with such fury all these sub-divisional
submission guideline requests; they only serve
to make me angry, curse.
Do I need to be a victim of sexual abuse
a victim of somebodies misplaced vice;
worse events a massacre, a victim of gun-crime
to write a sincere candid piece or share my voice.
Am I not worthy to speak, oh, why, yes?
My moods aren't heavy enough,
they're changeable a little bit caprice
but I can be nice or-as-unpleasant as the next;
I can vex, I promise you, with the very best.
Nothing is, above-or-beneath me, I'm a victim
of life, a blessing at times that's far too much
where is equality, hiding, aren't we all equal.
It seems that nothings further from the truth
when-we've-all this chomping at the bit to be different.

Mark Heathcote

It Is You Who Has Many Counterparts

God, has entered a doorway into my heart
Where He makes pleasant mutterings and imparts
Isn't the weather nice here for the time of year?
Do you have plans to go out my dear balladeer?

I am yawning—listening to Him—watching a cloud
What brings you here Lord, where's your camouflage
It is you, who hides behind a wall of fog a shroud,
I-have-no needs of one; it is you, who is a mirage.

It is you, child, who is both snow and ice;
It is you who are a refraction of hard-bitter light.
You who is both flesh and blood, a false edifice
Pretending always to know what is, just and right.

God is smiling as He testifies to be the truth,
As He makes pleasant mutterings and imparts:
I have looked deep into your heart like a sleuth
Discovered it is you who has many counterparts.

I detected before me, at a threshold one-standing,
Willing to leap into the unknown wilderness
Who isn't afraid to walk a path of righteousness?
I answer Him, yes Lord, isn't this day enchanting.

Mark Heathcote

Abundance

Let me drink this vat house dry,
prolong my agony, and kiss me.
As far as the sunset can shine,
loves-a-kind-of-tutelage; it's faith
it's something we all have in abundance
it's a reservoir we dam only to break.
Who but I could laugh so loud and weep?
Who but I could fill a brackish lake
float-on-high, amidst the stars
without so much as a tear more to cry,
and then row ashore only to die.
Near-empty full of torment, thirst and rage
I guess that's why there are so few
poets now who know the meaning of
what it is to be a 21st-century sage
let loose out of their industrial glass cage.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Such Flora Balms Our Male Wits

There are perfumes unmixed, so rare and pure
That without loitering, heavenly spore
They fill our five senses-forevermore.

All we'll do is pray, worship and deplore.
Or say she's sold her soul, that she's a whore;
Such flora balms our male wits pre-war.

Yet, its love that tempers men immature,
It's that fresh affection we-find-amour
When we find her clothes on the kitchen floor;

Petals-abandoned, it's when we mature.
And find a blossom with a sweet allure
One we would keep all others is manure.

Such eternal fragrances are not impure.
Earthly, they're just out of place for sure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Loving The Wilderness

Owing near nothing, everything to you,
it's my name, my landscape
evoking a grey mountain wolf
you step back from me with trepidation,
it's my heart beating, howling
containing galaxies of nomadic stars
that sends you hurtling like a water outlet
looking for foundations a place
to build your frozen stratospheric nest.
Where one day—I too will fly,
will get heaved, unable to soar,
hover, glide or even flutter,
before I plummet remnants of nothing at all
just sediment,
another feather plucked on the rise or fall.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Game Of Jeopardy

Surrounded-on-all sides by hellfires.
Your castle—landed, unapproachable
the sun is an added cinder just visible,
a landscape changed by eucalyptus, pyres
falling like pylons among the living
and the dead. All things scrambled in defence;
self-survival, no time for misgiving
while fire-fighters spare no expense
engage the flames, the intense smoke and heat
with their time, their all, their life-energy
sacrifice to quell the tide of defeat?
Beat flames back in a game of jeopardy.
So others may be saved or returned home
something resembling a war aerodrome.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ambiguities

Laura liked to think she was honest with herself;
it was everyone else she lied to.
At times she could be dishonest almost unawares
with her colleagues, but cosmetics
didn't grace her with any extra confidence as a rule.
Yet, men in their minion's would fall into her snares
and be embraced, encased, imprisoned
like some fallen horse chestnut
to be buried and prised open or devoured later.
Laura, you-could-say was naturally uncannily blest
she had well-developed assets, but that wasn't
what carried her endearingly-ever-forward
or marked her out as someone that could find a loophole
in any binding agreement, Laura thrived on ambiguities
and squeezed out omissions from the tightest-lipped
hard-cases the nastiest people on the planet.
Yes, Laura liked to think she was honest with herself;
an asset to law and the legal profession the prosecution,
but she was as much imprisoned as her co-defendants
when it came to taking her 10: 30 holy sacrament's confession.
Laura quivered like a little lamb, said, Father forgives me
For I have sinned, and then would go on to fabricate
make up fictitious stories, falsehoods that'd make your hair-curl
Laura, it must be said wouldn't have made the priesthood
but she sure knew how to hurl a barstool, swear profanities
and drink hard liquor as any other 'I-haven't-a drinking
problem fool' that didn't do so well as her,
following comprehensive school.

Mark Heathcote

Like Ill-Mannered Belligerent Bees

We militarize our boredom,
And ironize our tears
This has been done from infancy,
Till we've forgotten-
For just, how many years.

A father or a mother worked
Toiled their fingers to the bone
Just so they could provide you,
Some sort of a stable home.

We cry out all our needs
Like ill-mannered belligerent bees
Descending on any honey,
Put aside—leftover money,
Warmongering if, there isn't any.

"It's the way of the world
We find we're all expendable
At times utterly inexcusable;
That even love, love is unattainable".

Mark Heathcote

Till Star-Like I've No Further Appetite

In me, there is a seed trying to grow
All you need do—smile shine a little sun,
And a kernel will open—overflow
“First steadying, carpet roots will-be-spun,
An arm like a fig will coil for support
At times, I might flail in the dark shadows
Of a depressive cloud, but in my heart
In the watery depths of dank-mangroves
Flowers exist, that'll envelop you
And reflect every loving residue.”
It is here I would use-every sinew,
Like a Venus Fly Trap, to possess you.
Keep you my sunlight snared, both day and night;
Till star-like I've no further appetite.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Music More Rousing

Don't let rainclouds spoil the view
our tears are flowers too.
that move mountains with a smile
a clear-country mile.

Your heart isn't a weeping violin,
don't let pain and anguish win.
There's music more rousing
even than the dawns chorus to sing.

Just remember there are
many more days, bows sitars to string.
Lovers to help you fly
or clip your wings.

Don't overanalyse either
like Icarus ...we all burn and fall.
We've all flown too high in the ether
parting sepals—enclosing a fireball.

Mark Heathcote

So You're Out On A Limb

So you're out on a limb
where paranoias learn to swim
or somersault fall mid-air.
And to your despair
you find no one truly cares
no one sees you as a friend or foe.
They stopped caring about you, child
along-long time ago
oh, where to begin?
Our realization of all this
is profound,
Lord knows I'm not thin-skinned
some folk are-fished-out of
lakes and drowned in canals.
Others find their feet
and say I won't-be-cheated
life goes on.
Fill-in-that lake, concrete that canal
or divert that river
I'll not-be-drown anytime soon
in that wee pond
I've been well and truly schooled.

Mark Heathcote

There Is Magic In Your Eyes

There is magic in your eyes
An ambivalence to undress
That is simply alluring
I duly confess.

When our bodies caress
And the sweat rolls down my nape
And droplets form on your chest
There is a dreamlike escape.

It's where I long to be
Like a drowsy honeybee.
The secret is not to displease
Have too many ridged schemes.

Seek an enchanted tower
And climb it like it were a bough,
With the most-succulent flower,
Fruit and eat it, savour it now.

Mark Heathcote

A Dream I've Dreamt

I've dreamt my whole life in search of you.
Daydreamed you would one day find me too,
that someday, it would be just me and you.
At times I feel you are only a dream I've dreamt.
But then you kiss me, and hopelessly I recollect
some dreams, like you, come true
some miracles, angels appear out of the blue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Catapults Me

Love catapults me like a seed into the wind
Here I am without feet, without roots
Here I am jettisoned alone and yet entwined.
But I know there are flowers in my hair.
Yes violas' smiling with tints the shade of tears
In the shape of a tiara ice-dried frozen in solitude.
And know I wear your breath like a perfume
Bathe in its condensed trembling dew.

Know that I am melting that a shell is opening
That a fig-root is delving into your soul,
That a camouflaged moth is crimsoning inside.
First blush red-bronze then sticky honey gold.
Then like a moonflower spun white
Whirled around like a snowflake translucent
I feel myself melting letting go
Joined by a butterfly; all the colours of a rainbow.

Love catapults me to a waterfall—I surrender
I do not leap to find another shore I just, fall
Nor do I comet across the universe the solar system,
I am a salmon with no resistance, dancing silver
Only to stay without feet, without roots another day.
Maybe the wind will hold me in her shawl
Take me to her bosom and never let me go
Love catapults me to you, darling, that's all I know.

Mark Heathcote

The Gold Of The Bee

Nepal mountain dwellers
happily suspend a thousand feet
on homemade rope ladders
dangling mid-air, it's some-feat.

They carry long cleavers
and have large wooden buckets;
they're determined-teeters
that'll swing to-and-fro, quite cumbrous.

While giant black honey bees
angrily sting, swarm-around frantic
as these fearless thieves trapezes
to their golden prize ecstatic.

It's hard to believe the lengths they'll go
for something sweet and sticky,
syrupy golden on their tongue;
buckets filled, now lowered down below.

Mark Heathcote

Scorpio

Scorpio—where do we go, head to toe
You are a leader—strong, spearheading facts.
Falsehoods are-dealt an unerring deathblow,
And misguided Judases joining pacts-
Hurting you will meet your unequalled wrath;
Perhaps too often, you like being right.
Because you steer a resourceful, brave path,
A passionate friend you're not so contrite
Not to candidly praise—where it belongs,
You've got a suspicious-temperament
A streak of jealousy; your nonchalance
Resides not in being a pessimist
But a sincere-warm individual
At times a little too, emotional.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Half-Brother Of Mine

I've got a soul in the next building
He's a half-brother of mine.
Singing about a parade
Singing about a journey back to paradise
Singing about a pantomime
Singing about my suffering
Saying I'm only living in a cloud
Saying he's me, asking to be free.

I've got a soul in the next building
He's a half-brother of mine.
I hear heavy piano playing and drums
Coming through the wall
But meanwhile, I see a 5ft 4inch angel
Playing the harp, saying stay
I've charms never to set you free
Holy anthem's you'll see.

There are times, I want to step outside
And just be me
But I don't know who that man might be.
There are times I want to go down to the harbour
And drown, just to drown my tears
And know why I'm here
Why I'm alive.
Why I've always been divided brother and broke.

Mark Heathcote

Biblical Fires

Fire comes leapfrogging, house to house
tree to tree in-every-direction
burning wild and free, it can't be doused
fire-fighters hearts and lungs leaden,
have a mammoth task; most volunteers
valiantly fight with little protection,
shedding tears, dampening down real fears
every flame, a burning reflection;

What is lost, what's been consumed?
Their inflections, words change with the wind
are we winning many souls marooned?
Some thirty souls sent to death-baptized
others, singed-seeds that barely survived
will go on growing with hope eternal;
no smoke can leave them anesthetized.
Hearts go on living, green, and vernal.

No secret out of adversity,
we discover leaders and heroes
people that can momentarily,
build bridges and open new windows
simply-put even on arid land
a little rain must at some point fall
yes, a catastrophe we can withstand:
despair-be buried we're not sepulchral.

Just ask just-just-just ask the Lord
we're not defeated put to the sword
'listen, wailings in an empty gourd
don't scare those who are always-implored.
Must do better in the name of the Lord
just ask just-just-just ask the Lord
we're not defeated put to the sword
no fiery serpent can defeat us, sweet Lord.'

Mark Heathcote

Her Breath A Cove I Swim In Darkness

Her breath a cove I swim in darkness
that laps-me-up entering open lips
like a beached porpoise where we'll
hear weeping a song, written for a sonata;
ivories tickled in endless libations,
a piece of mutual music that lures the stars
ever closer as a silver reflective moon,
the likes of a mercury orb, baubles.

Hangs in the night suspended, waiting to dance
and wriggle themselves free.
like sand through an hourglass
a sonar—SOS ...breathed on impulses
is-snatched-up by talons daily golden?
Then dashed against rocks, cliffs eroded
facing a receding ocean, always calling
always-mauling like an injured animal.

Every kiss, ultimately exhilarating
it's as though the universe
is examining itself, through every orifice,
mouth, eyeball it can expose.
It is exerting a will that requires
lust and fulfilment, love
heartache and death,
through every vessel, microbe, that sinks or swims.

Mark Heathcote

A Guiding Faun

I remember a willow tree half-eaten
By fire and lightning;
And later a blue tits nest a living scroll
Within a cracked open blackened vest.

I remember a frozen landscape
A winding stream with yellow primroses
And a personal agony back then-
I imagined would-always-remain a torrent.

I remember thinking, how do I fit.
How do I survive-identical a blue tits egg?
Will I endure lives every misfortune;
Equal half-eaten willow trees apportion.

I remember thinking this is no dream.
It holds nightmares of every persuasion-
Of joy and misery of equal equation;
It evolves as do the season's opposite.

I remember thinking, how life goes on
How it flourishes with virtuosity,
How it fights back from adversity,
Inhabits-remote places, a guiding faun.

Mark Heathcote

Non-Locality Forces

Where does a dream come from?

What is there use?

It is a paradigm without adequate understanding.

Where do these non-physical structures appear from?

Where do all these people that occupy my dreams exist?

What is the overall motivating factor for dreaming, altering my reality?

Are they simply footnotes of each day we haven't quite left behind?

Or are they interfacing beyond one's reality-based understanding

Is it a preparation for what comes next?

What will take us beyond our holographic parameters borders of space?

These daily garments we falsely believe to be reflective of us.

Let's upload a selfie and take a deeper look. It is only a negative

It has no relevance alone or any meaning.

It has no independence it requires surroundings the clothes of order and control.

But it isn't an image of me-or-you.

That me, who is always restless, changing, searching for solid motivational patterns,

What is my identity, how, does it work for me?

The picture is never complete or whole because we are not singular.

We are part of a cosmic, whole drifting further and further apart.

But weren't we all one-seed that grew out of one mind?

Remember child every flower had a larger body growing from just one root.

Mark Heathcote

Songbook

Her thighs are a songbook I open,
Backstroke, butterfly to an ovum,
A bridge to a chorus-
That, in the beginning, is amorphous
But by the end is-the-main performance.

We enact upon-a-stage
As joint headliners, cooperative friends
In a cast
That accumulates cherub rafters of' little spellbinders.
□
But what I enjoyed most
Was the bridge to a chorus?
That meeting of two operatic lovers
Where the music of their inner voices
Resided in raptures heavenly-ever-afters.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Open-Heart Surgery

Open-heart surgery, heaven and hell
Open-heart surgery, poets and artists,
Writers of an ilk confess, bleat like a sacrificed lamb
Cry like a new-born about to be drowned.

Open-heart surgery, a shepherd's sky,
Here's mud in your eye;
Oh, how I love you darling my Cherry-pie
Let us drink this vintage till we both die.

Open-heart surgery, a broken windowpane
How do we mend and sew,
A hole in heaven and hell
Darn a hole in our own soul, brand-new again.

Darling, I'll sing you like W.B. Yeats,
You know he came from County Sligo, a long time ago.
... Now it's a tourist destination,
The cultural associations we share in our heart and eyes.

It's open-heart surgery,
I'm happy to die under, mumbling words of joy,
Delirious as a skipping lamb,
I'm happy to die here in your arms darling your man.

A long-time living a long time gone.

Mark Heathcote

Any More Than I Do In The Sun

I don't stand in the shadows
Any more than I do in the sun
I don't swim against the tide
Any more then I swim with it.

I don't walk in anyone's steps
I don't run from anyone
I don't follow these thankless mice or men,
I don't follow anyone except the Lord, amen.

I don't pass judgement
I don't condemn,
Let the guilty be judged
By the subsistence of that eternal light
Till confronted by his own her own, perpetual-dark night.

I've given up, giving advice
People prefer to cling to their vice
Playing cards, rolling dice of chance
People never disappoint me twice.

I don't stand in the shadows
Any more than I do in the sun
I don't swim against the tide
Any more then I swim with it.

I don't take up arms
I don't fight with anyone
Let them fight with themselves
Dig their graves with their own-staves in that perpetual dark.

But I'll just follow my heart
I don't walk in anyone's steps
I don't run from anyone
I don't follow these thankless mice or men,
I just follow and except the Lord into my heart amen.

Mark Heathcote

Precious Flower

Precious flower sitting in a buttonhole like a rabbit in a bolthole
Won't you show your face in the moonlight tonight?
Precious flower how do I garden, now winter has turned up its collar
Precious flower how do I garden, now summer has turned its back on me
Precious flower
Precious flower

Precious flower won't you be my eternal sunlight
Precious flower won't you be my starlight
Precious flower won't you meet me in the slipstream of a midnight dream
Precious flower won't you release your orange white blossom all over me
Precious flower
Precious flower

Precious flower don't you feel the time is right
Precious flower for fireworks this spring night
Precious flower there isn't an hour goes by I don't spy you in some reverie
You're excepting hand with a key to some endless treasury,
Precious flower
Precious flower

Precious flower my arms are a bough a trellis
Precious flower on a golden morning I'll hold you in the silent—deathless
Precious flower you'll leave me breathlessness
And precious flower I'll be naked without any hidden altruistic vestments.
Blossoming like the sun for you.

Mark Heathcote

Trying To Imagine-You Here Child

Oh, I get chilblain's trying to imagine you here
I go snow blind in a sacred place in my mind
Trying to imagine-you here child
Not being able to touch you, other than in a dream
Not being able to convince you to stay,
Darling, child of mine just another single day.

Oh, I get chilblain's pains in my head
A numbness that will only, unfreeze when I'm dead.
I go snow blind.

Because it's hurt me for so long, every minute,
Every second every hour you've not been around
I can no longer be warmed, by the sun,
Why did you leave so young
Why did you go to the southern end of the gold coast?
And then leave this world under a veil of despair.

Child, the light of my life
Oh, I get chilblain's trying to imagine you here
I go snow blind in a sacred place in my mind
Trying to imagine-you here child
Oh, it pains me still, two months on
Looking for your sunlight
That's only now, just another winter night.
Oh, god expedite my life
I feel now I can't be saved
Without my first precious flower
That's now shining above far, far too young a star in the night.

Mark Heathcote

Just Go Away

Divert my eyes cause I just might cry
Plug my ears cause I just might shy away
Cause the hurt I'm feeling today
Is as savage as I've ever known come my way

Please don't ask me to go out to play
I rather not hear any suggestions you might have to say
Cause the hurt I'm feeling it isn't any sunray,
That's all I can say.

Put your best foot forward, sorry not today,
Tomorrow will be a better day,
Honestly, I don't think so, go away...
Didn't you hear, what I say?

Please, please don't ask me to go out to play
I rather not hear any suggestions you might have to say
Just let me hideaway
Here on today,
Here on today, let me cry
From here on, from now on—here today
Just let me cry for the love I lost in you.
Didn't you hear, what I say?
Just go away.

Mark Heathcote

Dirt In The Snow

Battalion armies grow and grow,
There is dirt in the snow we throw,
What was pure is now like a heavy baton?
We are forever passing on,
Generation after generation,

On and on, it's a battle just to remain
Partially pure, partially strong,
Partially balanced, partially loving,
To have one or another-a good reason not to lie down and cry
To have one or another-a good reason not to lie down and die.

Battalion armies their growing and growing,
There are family borders heavily fortified
With always someone to throw that first stone
And destroy what you once cherished as your home.

There is dirt in the snow we throw,
What was once pure is now like a heavy baton?
We are forever passing on,
Generation to generation,
Seas of blood flow poisoned of any goodwill
Like a stone buried in snow, they hurt like hell
When they're wheeled in the direction they're meant to go.

Lord, what was pure is now like a heavy baton?
We are forever passing on,
Generation after generation,
On and on, it's a battle just to remain
Partially pure, partially strong,
Partially balanced, partially loving,
To have one or another-a good reason not to lie down and cry
To have one or another-a good reason not to lie down and die.

Mark Heathcote

Before You Can Walk

If you've ever got to run
Before you can walk
Put your faith in someone,
And not just anyone,
Someone who doesn't ever show his face
Someone strong, but not high and proud
Someone humble as a dissipating cloud
Who doesn't rain but always hangs around?
And parts - gives enough space so
The sun can shine, shine just like you.

Put your faith in someone,
Someone who has your better interest at heart
And when you've found that someone,
Never let them part.

If you've ever got to run
Before you can walk baby,
Put your faith in someone,
Like those trembling leaves on the breeze
That's when the centre of everything can be found
That's when the flowers cling to their grace
And-blossom likes rose petals shine on your angelic face
Because a smile like yours was never commonplace.

Mark Heathcote

I Need Fire In My Ashes

I need fire in my ashes.
I need living flames once again;

A hand that reads braille without burning
Oh, wind in my sail
Oh, and a tranquil calm in the centre of a cyclone.

I need fire in my ashes.
I need living flames once again;
I need a new love to warm my bones.

Like a phoenix needs a new fervour.
I need to add a new fire to my ashes.
I need new puffs-of-magic.
Living entangled flames once again.

I need you to rekindle these ashes.
I need you to clothe my soul.
With your craving green jealous eyes
So I can just lie-burning here-paralyse.
While my heart is-near-reenergize.

Mark Heathcote

Gods Golden Butter

I've been interned like an egg-
waiting to be cracked open for breakfast
but surely soon, I'll be frying.

The lord, he'll tuck in and lay me down.
Like toasted soldiers on his big expansive table
oh, I'll be like fresh oven-baked bread.

And all that inclement weather outside
won't matter, one iota at all
that I'm-like a scrambled egg inside.

I've been interned like an egg.
So long I want to get-cracked
get fried in God's golden butter.

Get those old loving feelings once again.
Like when your lover serves you,
two-sunny side-up eggs 10: 30 am Sunday morn.

Desire in her eyes speaks of a silver-moon
in another time when inclement weather
could never haunt you.

When clouds were always breaking like sunny yolks
those times with only cherubs and, angels no ghosts.

Mark Heathcote

I Know You Miss Me Too

I want to see you through this blizzard my angel
I want to hold you, stop you melting away like the snow,
Till-I'm- numb of all feeling—all poison living once-again.

I know you miss me too my snow angel
I know you came to visit but had to go
That stone cairn tower you built had to fall I guess amen.

Your beauty was always too profoundly, delicate
A prismatic story made of cobwebs and lace
With the prettiest, sweetest, angel face.

Your hearts a pearl amongst the sediment
That's why god stole you away in his embrace;
Left me holding a melting—a snow angel, full of malaise.

I know you miss me too my snow angel
I know you came to visit but had to go.
That stone cairn tower you built had to fall
But in another life, we'll build it stronger together again amen.

Mark Heathcote

Diverting-Your Path

God is watching us like a bird on a holly branch
God is watching us from his fatherland,
God is watching us from a nest he never leaves
Watching us like a gundog that always retrieves.

God is watching us in a river flowing by
God is watching us like a beady-eyed dragonfly,
God is watching us from a night sky, black as ink
It's a kind of a methodical-courtship dance I think

God is listening to every lilt and rise, beat in your heart
God is listening to the song the source he's made impart
God is listening to every note and not by rote
He hears and remembers every feeling, and word we denote.

God is listening to all our prayers
God is listening to even the fiend that swears
God is listening to us on a fiery spiralling stairwell
Diverting-your path constantly from going to hell.

God is listening to every lilt and rise
God is listening to all our prayers
God is watching us like a bird
God is watching us in a river
A beady-eyed dragonfly
Watching us from a night sky, black as ink
It's a kind of a methodical-courtship dance I really do think.

Mark Heathcote

Gaze From A Fire Hydrant My Way Back Home

If I could extinguish the fire in my heart
I'd start by sitting on a fire hydrant looking at the night
Looking at a star that points out just where you are.

If I could knuckle down and close a door
It would be the door to my bedroom,
Where we made love and I woke up outshined.

If I could cartwheel down the middle, and never stop,
Never fall one way or another,
I would roll with all the punches thrown my way.

If I could wear my heart for decoration,
I just might live another day,
... Just to soak up all that tinsel in the universe
That's not yet been defused darkly immersed.

If I drown do-not-resuscitate me, let me drown,
Let me sleep in my soul, sink like a stone
Gaze from a fire hydrant my way back home.

Mark Heathcote

No Answer To Her Cries

What will she do, and how will she plead?
When asked. How she came here by some boat.
Was it out of economic need and greed?
She risked her life and the lives of her seed.
Why do the ears of her forefathers bleed smote?
The ashes of their voices switch back into flames
There is no answer to her cries, no antidote
It's-seen-as a 'selfish act, ' everyone blames,
It's-seen-as 'cowardice treason' lets down periscope.

An egotistical adventure, fanning the flames
Of intolerance and racial bigotry,
So it is she lives on in truth without her dignity
Sheltered in the bosom of another tyrant's tyranny
There are days she wishes her boat was, sunk
Flung-back scuppered against the rocks of home;
Her flesh was torn from her body, and her bones
Scattered along its shoreline like a broken tusk
Beneath its never-ending cries of gurgling, foam.

Mark Heathcote

The Growing Of A Quenchless Thirst

10yrs old following a river back upstream.
Into some unknown, field climbing a gnarled gate.
The sun glinting-gold hurt my eyes.
And rabbits sat sentry everywhere
outside their own, muddy boltholes.
I found myself in an extraordinary place
at the bottom of a hill, and somehow
I felt right at home.
The river bent sharply, and underfoot
the ground softened still.
And where the clay turned-mercury
a spring bubbled into a crystal-water-lily.
Here my thirst grew and grew, so I drank
and drank and I became that acreage
I became a water entity in that sacred little arena.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Wild Creature You Keep In Cold-Store

Howling from the outside looking in
I am the beast you won't let in.
I am the animal you can't ignore
I am the wild creature you keep in cold-store.

The thing you cannot tame or groom
goes padding around your nursery room
goes padding hungry beneath a blood-red moon
it's an intuitive shadow following behind you.
... Banging closed the door—you,
you intuitively barred opened only to run away.

But this monster has your best interests at heart.
But you just-keep running away,
instead of being fearless-
you just run away.

Listening to the storm that would not stop or stay,
the desire you baited like it was, only child's play.
'Roared' ever louder to be heard,
tears of pain and hunger deferred.

Howling from the outside looking in
the beast you won't let in.
The animal you can't ignore
the wild creature you keep in cold-store.

The things you tamed inside, groomed.
Now wants to live, breathe and be-exhumed.
And live inside.
'Roared' and let the world know it isn't dead, it's still alive.

Mark Heathcote

Arctic Snow

The news is a constant in all our lives
like microplastics found in arctic snow,
yesterday's news headline no one forgives
but we're all part responsible, and so-
let's not adlib some sense of innocent's
act like it's some-sort-of manslaughter charge.
'We can beat that crap, ' we aren't villainous.
That smoking gun wasn't ours or this scourge-
of waste; decomposing-body unclaimed
on the world's cold mortuary table
waiting to be identified - reclaimed.
No, this isn't ours, it's been-mislabel
no lead - I didn't fire that pistol?
Look, this snow is pure and clear as crystal.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poverty By Rote

Where's the dialogue between the rich and the poor
Those who have and stand tall—those left behind to crawl.
What we require is a poet in residence
Like the one at Fremont Bridge with two testicles;
The one that crosses Lake Washington Ship Canal
In part might keep both sides happy - rational.
In France, the yellow vests movement are making protests
In Hong Kong, there are anti-extradition protests
Governments the world over are short on hearing.
Their benevolence always to be endearing
To the bankers and their corrupt party sponsors
And in England-always in the New-year honour's
Where's the dialogue, where's the bridge and where's the voice
Of reason and justice, who listens to our noise?
Our castrated expressions are strangled at birth,
But it is we cast out like-so-much afterbirth
With a birth certificate, ownership papers
A number, raise up glass-ceilinged ladders
But the future is shaped by each generation
That holds a ballot box vote affiliation
Wavers to decide between the choices of two?
Nothing changes no one is ever overthrew
Only the hoodwinked, gullible allowed a vote
The child brought-up-in constant poverty by rote.

Mark Heathcote

Satan Calls You

A Cobra whispers to a Horned Lizard
"He's got a-good-foothold on ears and minds";
They're lining up tens of millions adrift.
Satan profits from each of the four winds
Our sense of injustice-isn't-rectified
He afflicts and conflicts our flesh, assists
In a manner meaningful, quantified
People, never ask? ...does, Satan exists.
His adversary, questionable
Did you read the memo, "Prayer is dead";
... That dude-Lucifer the unmentionable
Caused the death of Catholicism; discs of bread,
Warm wine represents the blood of Christ body.
People love their abyss of drugs and drink
They don't whine-on about melancholy,
Bodied in a hot daisy-chain interlink-

They're all happy wayfaring Infidels.
Who'd give up rosemary-beads and sandals?
For scenes from the bowels of hells brothels
For lascivious moments, hot scandals
Lives become somewhat tainted with neglect
Folks sleeping-rough on every city-street
Of their fate, that political, excrete...,
No-longer care, who is the architect
That's ejaculated, in every, tabloid
Tells us it's a dog eat dog world, stays guarded
Closed, captured black and white in celluloid;
Live life in-full-Technicolor, uncharted.
Have your sexual mishaps let them shape you
Desire is the clay, vessel that reshapes you
So slip-on as many shoes as you dare too
Be diverse, explore another avenue.

Mark Heathcote

Bananas

I like you naked
Better than dressed.
And the banana best
Better than the orange
Better than the lime
Better than the lemon
Better than the melon
Better than the Avocado
I like you naked
Better than dressed.
A daily staple, banana is best.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Why Agonise What Tomorrow Brings

Why worry child, why cry,
Why panic on your way to school.
Clinch every friendly hand that comes your way,
Never let one day, getaway.

Why anguish, burning in fire
Why fear a brush with death,
Embrace life's purple rosy briar
The thorn, all it can possess.

Why agonise, what tomorrow brings
Why distress at the sorrow of your demise
Look, look into my eyes
See how my smile can't be marginalised.

Why torture your selves with remorse
Why wrestle with your consciousness
This jigsaw isn't ready for completeness
Much better to stay, happily divorced.

Mark Heathcote

Surveying Galaxies Like An Amputee

Look, no big deal, once I won the jackpot?
Or synchronicity aligned to see
our body chemistries again landlocked
what's the equation that brought you to me?
When two-was-more than-one mapped out as three?
Yet moving apart like mountain snow drifts
surveying galaxies like an amputee
plotting a missing limb with detached fingertips
that now is too frozen, unconnected
to form a handshake or make a base camp.
Loving bosom to the disaffected
families go on, succeed after an avalanche;
bury each other in blanket silences
or those often frequent impolitenesses.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bereft

There are tears I drown in
no raft or boat can sail
no passage can avail
there are tears as deep as oceans
no cloying breath can mainsail
voyage beyond the harbour wall,
the port the hearts-call they'd-long-for.

There are heart tears I drown in
like slave ship oarsman,
that leaves me like flotsam,
drowning inches from shore
like some beached blue marlin,
with its scabbard sword
inward turned, 'divinely penetrating' evermore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Orb Of Light

If you explore my eyes and light the taper to my soul
you just might-see-my heart explode, my soul implode.
Be left holding an orb of light that's never burned cold
you might be left scorched singed to the eyeballs,

wishing you lit that taper, sooner-all-truth-told.

If you explore my eyes,
and if you light that taper to my soul
there isn't anything in this or the next world I'll withhold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Blowout Its Cheeks And Rage

Where does the wind reside
does-it-circle the causeway rocks
does-it-reside in County Antrim
does-it-enter a cavern and there sleep,
like a snail within its spiral walls
did it charter a rainbow to a rainbow end?
Does it hush its breath and dream its death
but then blowout-its-cheeks and rage.
Rage-at-the moon, rage-at-the sun
because it can't find rest, it can't find peace,
peace in the heart or soul of anyone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Encompasses A Whole

Do our dreams leave impressions?
Like fossils leave-footprints
why count our possessions?
With others be—wolfish.

This life child is only
a recital, only
a prelude rehearsal
to another, full circle.

This is-part-of-a test,
that encompasses a whole
never made manifest
unto which we give our soul.

~ or ~

Every permutation is connected-
from molecules to quarks and atoms
Isn't a mountain joined to a valley?
Roots and flowers are embedded in my soul.
Every star every-drop-of-water
has quenched mine and another's
tens of million others like mine before
it's that jewel seated in one crown
that singularity no one can define.
That transcends all technologies-
surpasses all organic biology
that might be as simple as water.
That permeates and infuses everything.
Every permutation is connected-
dark and light.
Every permutation is connected-
day and night.
Every permutation is connected-
birds of a feather.
Every permutation is connected-

every living thing is your soul brother.
Encompasses a whole
do our dreams leave impressions?
Like fossils leave-footprints
why count our possessions?
With others be—wolfish.
This life child is only
a recital, only
a prelude rehearsal
to another, full circle.
This is-part-of-a test,
that encompasses a whole
never made manifest
unto which we give our soul.

Mark Heathcote

Foothold

We live in our pedestrian thoughts
Freed only by our dreams,
Hell isn't a furnace, it's-a-quagmire
We sink into daily struggling.
It seeps through our toes quietly,
And creeps above our knees;
It paralyses us from doing-good.
Being better than the degenerate forms
We say we care to love.

We plead for forgiveness
Only to gaze into the empty abyss
Of each other's hearts looking for
A foothold, a place to rest,
Foundations a house can be built.
We denigrate each other
Till-every-step is perilous,
Or else with luck, we find some firm footing
And cling-on for our dear lives.

Mark Heathcote

When The Time Is Right

When the time is right

Everywhere, I go there are people shuffling toe to toe?
till they're harboured without a sail, with nowhere to go,
standing in doorways decorated with holly and ivy and Mistletoe.

Incense burning and leaflet-hucksters spouting 'Jesus'
telling me if you don't give or take a leaflet, you're going to hell.
While internally, I'm planning the funeral of my own first-born child.

The Devil, he visits me.
He visits my veil of tears, my crown of blooded thorns,
he twists a sword just inside my ribcage to see if I will join not her
but I have promised her; we'll meet when the time is right.

It won't be this or any other Christmas night soon,
it'll be after this winter of despair lifts its gloom,
and that won't be any day soon...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

Hate brings out the worse in us
its roots strangle others a birth.
Like they say, truth is stranger than fiction.
Look-there's-another wilting flower
-once gilded gold turning grey icy cold.

We're all pond skaters wanting to fly,
wanting to be birds angels of the sky
to be angelic - wanting to be free
but we're more-earthly,
than we ever wanted to be.

So all we do is adjudicate and reflect.
Treat everyone as circumspect?
Place their wings under a microscope.
Openly deflect, say their
-zodiac sign is an incompatible horoscope.

Or else we lie and believe we can fly,
only to have our wings-pulled-off
or falsify - we ever had a loving feeling.
... quaff we were never hung-over
that-somehow we're more truthful nobler.

Mark Heathcote

Green Tomatoes

I've no more need to look
I've no more need to look
Further than the end of my nose
Let our tears transcend into rainbows
And our dreams ride well in their rodeos
Let us be happy with all our green tomatoes
Let them ripen till
Let them ripen till
Even the sun feels overexposed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nothings Granted

Undulating with hellos, waving goodbyes
we are only shadows on the swing-of-life
toing and froing, what do we really, know
when is it best to hold on or to let go?

Leap into the unknown watery undertone
to gaze upon a rainbow, dance toe to toe.
Nothings granted, not even the call of spring.
The crocus under its loam likes-some fiery kiln.

No nothings granted, whatever way we swing
time is freezing; its chain links they're scything.
Like scissor to cut a hidden umbilical cord;
separate us, either side a widening fjord.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fractured

A fairground mirror twists-deludes
till our one true reflection is forever lost
and we are trapped, peering up
separated from all we love and know
like oil and water divided.

Fingertip nails cling on for dear life
while a black hole gapes open
reality evaporates, it vanishes
there is no soul and heart medicine
that can fix it.

That's when a crystal sphere sees the light
in another dimension,
becomes fractured
thereafter-longs to be whole again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Predestined Daughter

Was it a reunion a trickling joyous odd thought?

A baby girl, time born 05.15 weighing 5.15

Born with a port-wine stained right-hand and arm.

Isaiah 5.15 And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled:

28yrs on and 3 months back her baby was photographed with a white ray of light as though the chief of the Angelic guards were looking down

Striking through him an orb, while holding hands being picked up by me his grandfather.

Soon later illness, again mother and son separated;

Good or bad choices, a purple butterfly, birthday card.

Purple butterflies lead me to my firstborn in the morgue.

And a poem was written just hours before, it seems the muse wants it called Self-worth,

A phone call and 3 police offices stand around me stiff and tall,

While one little angel, wings-crinkled inside her very own forbidden walls

Her very own, forbidden front doorstep lies fallen without making a single answered call.

... Journeying back home, Ash, a word

In front of a scratch card appears on a shop counter, some joke, do I buy or don't I.

Memories long hence her recovery, but never really recovered.

A precious, new-mother naked in the Mother and Baby Unit (MBU) Andersen Ward climbs the garden walls.

Memories a robin-attends-her-mothers burial

My daughter tattoos it as a symbol of hope on her right shoulder

And more memories, memories of two sisters who once holidayed in Paris

29th Nov a postcard Shutterstock image

A naked bronze woman smiles in the gardens of Tuileries Paris

She appears as start-up wallpaper on a grieving father's laptop

By Catarina Belova, "Catarina" sharing a name shared by the other living sister, which later changes to the 360 Bridge, aka Pennybacker Bridge, on Capital of Texas Highway and Lake Austin, designed in the shape of an

"A" - "A for Aislinn" "360" a complete circle?

An Irish name meaning "dream" or "vision".

On her way to the undertakers; inside her sister sees what I saw yesterday,

A red robin tea-coaster on the funeral services desk

While picking out the same wicker basket coffin and white ribbons

Her father feels she wants to lay her head down for her final rest.
And then I notice if enough wasn't enough for me to bear
The Mortuary phone number 01612192222
Some important birthdates father the daughter 22.03.66 and 22.09.91 And the
funeral directors number 0161 223 0101
Odd for 17yrs I've caught the 101 bus to work.
And now the funeral car the hearse number plate starts with N70
My last address 70 North road where I've spent the last 11yrs
Suicide, Suicide, Suicide, names I won't mention any more
Suicide, Suicide, Suicide, names I meet at every door I call
What were they all taken from us for?
5.15 And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be
humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.

Aislinn's Eulogy

EULOGY 1

Aislinn's family and father are extremely proud of their daughter's and sister's achievement. She was an 'A star student' in all that she did and done as a midwife and a neonatal nurse and especially as a wonderful doting mother to her son Alfie.

T,2,3

Her heart was an open entrance with a welcome sign above it, warm to all and filled with immense generosity.

She would willingly give you the clothes off her back and expect nothing in return.

Her mother Carole refused - she wouldn't start pushing her out in the delivery room until the father to be, arrived at the hospital; when Aislinn was born, it was a joyous moment in time - filled with love.

T,2,3

Some days ago, I was instructed to follow the purple butterflies that leads to Manchester's MRI Morgue, which then lead to the room where I held my daughter's hand and kissed her lips a single last goodbye. I tell you this because going through her belongings, I came upon the birthday card I sent her, the last one I'll ever send her, it was the shape of a butterfly, the colour of which was purple.

T,2,3

When Aislinn was born after a long arduous birth, her mother was too exhausted to hold her, so she was placed in my arms first, honestly; somehow it felt quite odd - it felt as though in some way, this was a reunion with an old friend, we had

both waited so long for that day to hold her in our arms.

T,2,3

So I took her as instructed by her mother and adoringly dressed her on the bed in the hand-knitted cardigan and clothes her mother had lovingly, endearingly made.

And I buttoned her heart-shaped buttons while again noticing the port-wine stain birthmark on her hand and right arm, passing Aislinn to her Mum and shortly later then back again, I held her for hours without putting her down against the orders of the nurses as she clung to my index finger.

T,2,3

The name Ash, Aisling is an Irish 17th & 18th-century language feminine given poetic name meaning 'Dream' or 'Vision'

T,2,3

Aislinn was like one of those warm sunny tropical islands of Thailand, with no official state of religion. She wasn't exotic, she was more lily of the valley, but she had many positive firm beliefs and independent views.

T,2,3

Aislinn, like many of us, believed we all carry some kernel of ourselves into a higher hereafter, places we all might meet and greet again, under some happier circumstance.

T,2,3

Aislinn's mother Carole told us all her favourite flower was the daffodil and when she passed away Aislinn saw a robin visiting the graveside and had it tattooed - the tattoo was of 'The Robin and the Daffodil' they were her symbols of hope moving forward.

I myself thought quietly to myself the yellow daffodil depicted both my daughter Aislinn's beauty and fragility, and strengths perfectly.

T,2,3

As a child I gave her a large oval stone carved from white marble in the shape of an egg, it was against her mother's best wishes as it was very heavy fearing she might break a window or something else, and I told her the story of the phoenix as she tightly clutched on to it in her tiny pink hands; how it rose from its ashes and then warned that if ever that egg catches fire a phoenix will rise for the flames.

T,2,3

She reminded me of the story I told her this year, and laughing at me, she said father, 'I believed in every word you said.'

T,2,3

Today the family has placed inside Aislinn's coffin a box, an old gift in her possession containing 12 other boxes - containing rain forest incense sticks for

all the sings of the zodiac to bring calm and healing to bring you to a part of the earth you will want to live forever. That is according to the labels on it, so let us hope they do some good here and around this at times dark world today as Aislinn herself would have wished.

T,2,3

From early on Aislinn was a loving, caring gifted child - enjoying fairy tales, especially horror - she was an avid reader of the children's book 'Goosebumps' filling her little library bag once a week, bulging, till all of a sudden she disliked the lot and said she wanted only uplifting happy endings and got rid of all those that didn't.

T,2,3

So I am sure as the skies are blue and the stars are white. Aislinn would have woven a magic spell to change the outcome of her story, and found her very own happy ever after.

T,2,3

Wherever you are Aislinn, we all love you and adore you. You were the best of us all.

1. ~~Poem~~

Smiles the choice of rose hips-hue

Who brings me the tears of rainbows blue?
And smiles the choice of rose hips-hue
That brings to me the moons, gentle dew?
With kisses soft; as slender new.

Who brings me the laughter of bluebells white?
And dances those greens; like a garden sprite.
That brings to me the azure, morning light?
Like a thistledown angel; lost in flight.

Who brings me the meadows flowing flaxen hair
And whispering words spellbinding without a care
That brings me the same sense of wonders rare?
Like woodland lilies under a leaf-mould layer.

Who brings me the moons, gentle dew?
With kisses soft; as slender new

With smiles the choice of rose hips-hue
Why; yes, my child, it's you.
By Mark Andrew Heathcote

2. Ephem

A poem written some hours shortly before our dearly depart Aislinn's passing
23/11/2019

Self-Worth

I have an incurable heart
It gathers in the dark
Starlight music like a musical harp,
And shingles on a beach
All the sounds and rhythms
You thought, far out of reach.
I have an irredeemable soul
It can't be purchased or sold
Yet, isn't its value like 24ct gold.
Banked in a vault worth
More than its confines can hold
More than the limitations of an ever
Expanding universe can safely expose.

By Mark Andrew Heathcote

Burnt webbed stars in burgundy

We lay in autumn
Watching leaves so pretty
Falling from above

Burnt webbed stars in burgundy
Take my mind off the stress in me
I could lie here all-day
Just to push it away
But then you came around again

It's funny how in my darkest moments
I see the-most-beauty around me
And I get lost in it
Just for a minute and I don't feel the ache
I just watch and wait for those

Chorus

Oh mother won't you stay
Nurture me today
With your innate ways and love

Oh, I don't need no-drama
Not with me today,
I've been in the thick of it.
And I'm running away,
I want to find my Eden
Cause I need a retreat
Or maybe I'll just wind-up here getting lost-in-scenery.

Song written By Aislinn Heathcote

You're in Gods garden

You're in God's garden now
There's love, deeply-true
Thousands of flowers grow, but not one blue
Though they take root in our hearts and minds
Only beautiful petals now spend their time with you.

You're in God's garden now
A place you envisioned and dreamed
Where you can stand complete and healed
By amethyst fountains of peace, love, pure serenity
A once heavenly heart held so dearly
-Now at ease.

You're in God's garden now
Admiring its hills and rivers

A new angel greeting the ethers
A missed mother, daughter, lover
And a friend
Our love for you will never end.

Poem by Aislinn Heathcote

Spattering's of rosé wine

You were born on a Tuesday
Chock-full of beauty
I remember it like it was just yesterday
I remember you wore pink Aran Wool
You were in your hand knitted cardigan
Your darling mother made with love.
It had 6, tiny pink love heart buttons
It was a truly stunning day,
That day you were delivered.

I remember we were holding hands
I remember you squeezed my index finger
One forearm had a strawberry birthmark
Spattering's of rosé wine
You were so, beautiful.
The first child I could truly-hold & call mine.
And call my very own.
I couldn't let you go
I couldn't release you
I sent all the midwives away, they, could all go home
The sun was shining ever so brightly that day.

Ah, where does the time go my daughter?
Now that I am a grandfather
You are supporting me, cradling me
Where would I be without you, I wonder?
Where would I be without my beautiful daughter?
I remember, light years ago
Like it was yesterday,
Picking cradle-cap off your head
Looking at your jaundice face and thinking

How blessed am I to hold you
How blessed I for knowing you?

By Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

Rainy Days

What streets have seen more tears?
More grief than the cobbled streets of Manchester
my heart was once a flower meadow,
but now the prettiest littlest thing that grows
in-between the cracks are purple-blue Milkwort's
otherwise known as snakeroots; this is how
our paths cross and combine until-the-way is lost.

Jostling for space for sunlight
overshadowing others more shrivelled-out trampled-upon.
We appear from our cracks like fat wriggling earthworms,
sensing a virginal world is unfolding,
but then along comes a blackbird
or a red robin and all our sunshine,
rainy days and tears are gone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Died, Shrank In Ecstasy Unregretful

You shall be my Lilliputian, maiden
I will be your self-styled emperor
At some point, I must kiss you.
Take all your retribution, poison laden.

But first, I will break you like a horse.
Bareback, saddle you on a new course,
Later, when you've broken my bridle
Outgrown my love, it'll be official.

My Lilliputian, maiden you played
My fiddle to the tune of the devil,
But in the making of that music virile
I died, shrank in ecstasy unregretful.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Giant's Causeway

Each basalt column stands erect
Like some pedestal from where whence
A broken-hearted mermaid wept;
Many a sweetheart beautiful
Touched the Giant's Harp left these shores
It's the lore of the sea that calls
It's the wave's guttural guitars
Leads them astray ...with bare ship hulls.

It's their legacy, their footprints
That disappears under the sea,
Melting lava honeycombs,
Their destiny does oversee.
These myths in the mist always are
A kind of mystery aren't they,
The kind that is hard to obtain,
Listen and you might hear Áine

The Faery Goddess riding,
Riding her red-foal as the sunsets
In summer attire, eyes red-
Rubies in their beds of glowing fire;
Mermaids lie on the Giant's Causeway
Counting lives like Premier Poker Chips
Men have gambled, drown in chardonnay
For a taste of some goddesses, red lips.

Mark Heathcote

Gobbledygook - Squawk?

Your eyes, two dried up watering holes for tears
your cheeks and brow they're gentle desert dunes
your blonde hair, sunlight with moonlit-hemispheres
your mouth, a serpent's lair of twisting sinews
your neck a whooper swans swooning silver crook
your shoulders are snowy owl-wings, slumped in rest.
Lovemaking - your body is an audiobook
your breasts rising-peaks eagle-hawks would nest
I look no further, for no man could be more blessed
what better could any man gobbledygook - squawk?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Self-Worth

I have an incurable heart
it gathers in the dark
starlight music like a musical harp,
and shingles on a beach
all the sounds and rhythms
you thought, far out of reach.
I have an irredeemable soul
it can't be purchased or sold
yet, isn't its value like 24ct gold.
Banked in a vault worth
more than its confines can hold
more than the limitations of an ever
expanding universe can safely expose.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wasn't It Curiosity Killed The Cat

Wasn't it curiosity killed the cat
I-truly-believe intelligent people do nothing
Knowing to do something unbalances the scales
Tips the world into further chaos
They're the true-observers of intelligence working.
They don't mind suffering the successes of other fools
As long as they don't have to share, swim
In the same overpopulated koi pools.

AI is coming all our way,
Soon it will be integrated into all our daily lives
And we will be consumed by our last free-thinking thoughts
Like a stone plunged into the deepest water
Till our ripples no longer individually, separately, cross, spill-over.
Ridged as ice - with the forgotten-acumen to one day, thaw
We will become robotic and forget all that love and war
Forget we ever had a single fundamental flaw.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Lion's Share Of My Heart

The lion's share of my heart is molten
It has mingled with hot alloys and zinc
It now wants to grow feathers
It now wants to be a phoenix.

The lion's share of my heart is broken
Darling what part of you?
Do I carry home alone?
I'm now like a fish missing the shoal.

You are the biggest part of me the best.

The lion's share of my heart you've eaten
You devoured it, just leaving me a ribcage.
Now I'm like an empty boat taking on water
Where prayers anchor, drown unanswered.

Darling what part of you?
Do I carry home alone?
Now all this amber nectar
All this honey has been harvested
Now I've scooped down all its gold.

Yet, darling I-still hear bees in the hive thrumming
Humming, they're dancing
They're still pointing the way,
Darling what part of you?
Do I carry home alone?
I'm now like bee larvae, awaiting your return home.

With the biggest part of me the best.

Mark Heathcote

Booklovers

I've never been a reader of novels
My attention span is shorter than most.
But-boast I went further, in the margins
Of one than another, it's no riposte!
I did favour it, above all others-
And, yet some thirty years or more, later
Little do I remember - booklovers?

The authoress and originator
Modernist of the Victorian era
How can she not be an innovator?
A guide-thereafter of each novella,
George Eliot's book, The Mill on the Floss
Hasn't lost any of its-gloss for sure;
It's been a template never gathering moss
A feather in my cap totally, top draw.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Refugee At Home

I'm a refugee;
You roll your eyes
You don't believe me,
I have no home, no family.

I'm a refugee;
Poverty and persecution
Has always, followed me
Was it my lack of attribution?

I'm a refugee;
In a system that has
Always tried to disown me
Has always, stigmatised me?

I'm a refugee;
Comparable to those in a refugee camp
With little more than my birth's suit
My bedclothes

I'm a refugee;
I broader hope, humanity, and kindness
With abandonment, neglect, and indifference
I'm a refugee;

I'm a refugee at home,
Roll your eyes; I know ultimately we'll disagree
But honestly, no one sees me
Recognises me in this my own, country.

Mark Heathcote

I See Dark-Clad Angels Seated In The Clouds

I see dark-clad angels seated in the clouds
looking down on me and you,
as if we're little more than pigeon dung,
excrement on the pavements below,
little do they know, without jealousy?
I see them as vermin as vultures up there.
Plumage lofty, tails stuck high in the air.
Little do they know the plight of us down here?
Treading these pavements, the gutters overflow
I see them lording it, saying how they deserve it.
He's a pimp, a drug user, a pusher, and yet I-see-them
-swanky clad carrion flies with cocaine up their nose.
Looking down on these vagrants that haven't laundered
haven't cleaned themselves or their clothes.
I see them glass-elevator-fools laughing like
-jackass mules; shouting I've given to the poor.
But I point-blank refuse to give any more to even up the score.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I've Wanted To Leave This Life Since Forever

I've wanted to leave this life, since-forever
I've been wilting since my mother
Brought me home out of wedlock
And hid me in a dungeon in a seller
Placed me in an attic; starlit-dark.

I've wanted to leave this life, since-forever
But yet I've learned to survive
And cherish each cursed day,
As though, I was especially blest
As though, I wore a crown of blooded thorns too.

I've wanted to leave this life, since-forever
And now we're here soul to soul darling
It all makes perfect sense, I've never been alone
Because like a shadow,
You've followed me every step of the way.

I've wanted to leave this life, since-forever
But you control the breaks
You control my destiny
I truly know, now it was kismet
That eventually you came-my-way.

Mark Heathcote

Mother Mary Takes Quantitative Steps With Me

I've got to exploit all my mistakes
be the best I can be
Mother Mary, I too adore thee,
Mother Mary, doesn't chastise or exploit me
she only smiles at me knowingly,
like she's the portrait of the Mona Lisa,

Mother Mary, I adore thee
you lay me down with foundations stronger
then the roots of any walnut tree
you are the light in the void, the vessel that holds me
like a flower in a crystal lead vase, I too adore thee
Mother Mary, you have restorative powers over me.

Mother Mary doesn't penalize me?
With her blessings, her grace, I'm as happy as can be
Mother Mary, like a tree surgeon, gently fells me
lets me fall in a forests tranquillity,
in her arms like a lamb, she carries me
returning me to a glade, I always should have been.

Mother Mary takes quantitative steps with me
in a journey through my heart
she takes bold steps furtively in the dark
climb a mountainous path through some rocky scree
where I suckle and grow ever, ever strong,
she restores a sense of family well-being where I belong.

Mark Heathcote

If I Were The Queen Of Heaven

Like a fox in the hen house;
A meandering old bag-lady, asking for alms,
Coughs out loud
Hope I didn't disturb or startle you dear's you darlings?
Faiths a wilting blossom burned in the blackthorn hedgerows
Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you, child.
Can you spare an old lady any farthings?
If I were the Queen of Heaven,
I would have entered your heart more quietly,
More serenely, like tree-resin wrapped around poison-ivy.
I would have risen-up-through those trembling soft-roots
No-less-than Satan wrestles or persecutes
Can you spare an old lady any farthings?
If I were the Queen of Heaven,
I would have locked you-in-amber child, safe and warm,
I would have given you your salvation,
Showered you in tears of loving preservation,
Can you spare an old lady any farthings?
If I were the Queen of Heaven,
Yes, Mary-would-be-my-name a virgin just the same.
But I'm not here to rock your cradle to the grave!
Yes, Mary-would-be-my-name, but I don't want her fame
Nor am I about to give childbirth in a stable
I'm not here to be your father or your mother
Or make sacrifices like Cain did, done for Abel
I don't child show anymore "pity" for
The living, any more than I do the dead
I already reside at the top-table of the newly condemned
And what would I know of each-one-here other, -
Other than each-has-been wedded my foe,
My lover my inimitable friend I took for a brother
But when I begged for alms,
Their hearts were slam-closed forever.
Can you spare an old lady any farthings?
Even if somehow she weren't the Queen of Heaven,
Or our very, own, Queen of Hearts.

Mark Heathcote

May Our Quarters Never Be Dark?

A used condom, a discarded cigarette but
I am a monument to nonsense
So they say there is no smoke without fire
But where there are two lovers
There is always smoke
Smoke funnelling through-nostrils creating a fire.

May we be strong?
May we be activists?
May we feel like we belong?
May our hearts be loving advocates?

May we count our blessing?
May we stay forever innocent and young?
May we avoid drowning in extravagance?
May our tears always find a rainbow coalescing?

May we be loving converts?
May we be childlike always enquiring?
May we long open new hearts and minds?
May our quarters never be dark?

May we be tranquilly lit inside?
May we find gold-leaf in each other's margins?
May we never fight, kill or create, another genocide
May our ancestors stop stealing creating new misfortunes?

May we be strong?
May we be activists?
May we feel like we belong?
May our hearts be loving advocates?
That go tethered together as one, with just one song.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Sensing Déjà Vu

Did we ever speed-date
play rough and tumble,
procreate on an alphabet foam mat.

Xx chromosome-meets XY
And asks XY of Xx ...did we ever mix.
Did we ever have sex?

Xx replies many times.
Sometimes, alone
sometimes, together in xenophobic play roles.

XY of Xx asks ...was it any good.
There was a short pause-
the briefest of intermissions,

Well, there was lots of intimate foreplay,
you lost your maidenhood,
and entered childhood,

And I fatherhood,
so all I can say is, in all likelihood.
Yes, it must have been very, very good.

Mark Heathcote

No.4 Reactor

We hid from radioactive rainfall
just a couple of days after, boastful
each raindrop a wheeled poison claymore
what cost, a disaster like Chernobyl?
We see Ferris wheels stopped, timeless and still,
a tellers-till surrounded by gas masks
in the ghost town of Pripyat's dead dunghill
that hi-tech city; now its epitaphs-
are empty litter-free quiet pavements?
An abandoned amusement park that sees
a new kind of tourism on hiatus
to that: No.4 Reactor like honeybees
for that one cool cold exclusion-zone-glimpse
of where the Elephant's Foot lies, exists.

Look, they walk laughing towards that abyss
hoping their skin doesn't burst out in cysts
what cost, a disaster like Chernobyl?
Tourist numbers-up 50,000 rising - year on year
this now a profiteering ambrosial
-radioactive world, this new-frontier
it makes my heart sear like flesh on a grill.
The absence of sanity - reflection,
humour, barbarity out-for-a-frill
looking at the horror the abjection
of a post-apocalyptic wasteland,
with not a single living soul in sight
just some large aluminum spacecraft
awaiting its first and last, maiden flight.

Mark Heathcote

Validation

Don't be too impersonal
don't be too collected or cool
don't be zealously rambunctious
I'm just happy being a fool.

What if anything is your weakness?
What makes you top draw?
What is your uniqueness?
And me an imbecilic bore.

What is your originality?
Show me who you are
show me some individuality,
show me you're a star.

I don't get on with prima donnas
I don't like attention seekers
I don't get on with prima donnas
I don't like attention seekers
if you require or need any more validation
it won't come from me, that I am sure.

Mark Heathcote

Without Any Lost Parity

I mustn't leave this world, without a smile
A moment of tenderness to beguile
It's confusing enough to acquiesce
The meaning of failure comes from success
Please darling please my darling don't transgress
An angel needs good company I guess
When teardrops descend without clarity
Clouds form, without any lost parity,
Please don't run away, roost, someplace with me
I know an abode above that loose scree
Above those lines of ice-age depression,
Where melt-waters congeal in succession
In a basin what we call an ocean,
Others take for heaven and devotion.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Shine Either Silver Or Gold

I wanted to stay away
But like the moon or the sun
I shine either, silver or gold
I don't shun away,
Hide in darkness;
Do you hear what I say
Even if you hide in the shadows
I will find a way to reach you.

Run, I will always catch you
Hide and I-will uncover, discover you
You are the floor beneath my feet
You are the wind beneath my wings
I wanted to stay away
But like the moon or the sun
I shine either silver or gold
I don't shun or shy away.

I drink your love, your eyes like rainwater
But I still fear the thunder
But I can't run away
Oh, is it any wonder?
Why I can't stay away
You make me tremble
You make me warm when it's cold
You make the sparks that make my insides glow.

I shine either silver or gold
I don't shun away,
I shine darling just for you
Don't shy away I know you feel just the same way.
Just the same way too
Is it any wonder?
Why I can't stay away
When you make me shiver
It's like a blade of sunlight cutting through a cloudy day.

Mark Heathcote

Spring Peach Blossom

We're anything but broken-reeds my dear
age is a road narrowing out of sight
that's entering another stratosphere
but on the horizon shines just as bright
and love is a glowing spring peach blossom
whatsoever the season its fragrance
I drink, cherish as a poured libation
to these gods, I give great thanks loquacious
but singing like reeds disturbs even me
it is to you, your beauty, I now bow.
I'm rooted evermore a detainee
Standing tall and resolute with fervour
and if I sing, it's to you, you, alone
you, love, are my foundation, my roots, my home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Brexit

No one governs me!
You can't lynch the fire rolling-off my tongue
I won't-cower or shake like a blancmange
Freewill-speaks as it ought to do.
Put a soak in your own, mouth and sing!
Let's hear how you do.

Blah, blah, blah I've heard that chorus before
Blah, blah, blah it's what every buffoon is fighting for
Blah, blah, blah it's what every buffoon sings
While snipping-off butterfly wings.

Blah, blah, blah what is every buffoon singing-for?
Blah, blah, blah it's like cancer without a cure
Blah, blah, blah follow me or don't follow me, out the door
Because no man no one governs me that's for sure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Know A Thaw Will Come Once More

Spring's a divine-pearl in a midnight's core
Cold but I know a thaw will come once more
Your lips-burr-blue waiting to be kissed, soothed
What once was silent, icily suffused
Now like fiery leaves, cries on the floor doled
Does a wooden-knot twist my soul fourfold?

Spring's a divine-pearl in a midnight's core
Cold but I know a thaw will come once more.

Seeds-sow-songs on-the-four-winds to climb,
But know it is the end of summertime
Residing just outside an abattoir;
Feeding on fresh blood or rotting gore
Its gold is a harvest, needs no cold store.
Lives-in-labyrinths like some Minotaur

Spring's a divine-pearl in a midnight's core
Cold but I know a thaw will come once more.

I know my poetry for falling leaves
The serpent's tongue kisses as it deceives
What's spoken in truth will always ignite
Shadows shed in light glow-naked and bright.
Autumn buries fruits in my heart and soul
Sleeping-roots that have clung tight now extol
They whisper of how the wind and water
Speaks - now-of-winter and a knifing slaughter

Spring's a divine-pearl in a midnight's core
Cold but I know a thaw will come once more.
A blizzard of knives a fire of bees
A sword of amber cutting through the trees
How everything falls naked on a breeze
Will have you praying, rising from your knees.
Autumn, cherishes cuts you like a thorn
Ah, waiting someday, soon to be reborn.

May We Be Strong?

May we be strong?
May we be activists?
May we feel like we belong?
May our hearts be loving advocates?

May we count our blessing?
May we stay forever innocent and young?
May we avoid drowning in extravagance?
May our tears always find a rainbow coalescing?

May we be loving converts?
May we be childlike always enquiring?
May we long open new hearts and minds?
May our quarters never be dark?

May we be tranquilly lit inside?
May we find gold-leaf in each other's margins?
May we never fight, kill or create, another genocide
May our ancestors stop stealing creating new misfortunes?

May we be strong?
May we be activists?
May we feel like we belong?
May our hearts be loving advocates?

Mark Heathcote

Till Chrysanthemum Clouds Weep With Sorrow

Residing on a trellis flowering
Rose blossoms falling to be swept-away
Arcing to the light distantly stretching
Collected in the near-future someday
To scent the waters of eternal love
But till then hold on, until then hold on
Like chiffon white swans a pure paragon
The chorus of a song bloom beautiful.

Flower-like a star, centre your heart.
You are a trellis, white rose flowering
Garland all your strength ready to depart
A garden trellis calls you-towering.
It is your one true destiny, darling
Darling, open your heart thorns for support
Ah, I don't mind bleeding or exalting
To see such wonders of pure art depart.

Choosing a time to inherit deaths dart
Avoid seasons circling nip devouring
Flower-like a star, centre your heart.
All existence should be empowering
Every today a borrowed tomorrow
So till then hold on, until then hold on
Till chrysanthemum clouds weep with sorrow
Till then hold on, till then hold on and yawn.

Mark Heathcote

Sad The Night

Sad the night, sad the night
Wet with dew, far away from you
Sad the night, sad the night
When karma like a little bird is due to take perch
But doesn't know where it'll be tomorrow,
Like a heron following a gold or silver disk.

Sad the night, sad the night
When your childlike heartaches and can't sleep
Sad the night, sad the night
When elsewhere working your father can't hear you calling
Sad the night, sad the night
When the stars are just buried tears mourning.

Sad the night, sad the night
When your soul flows like the river Jordan
Sad the night, sad the night
The moth dances madden fat and hungry swollen
Sad the night, sad the night
Eels dive deeper and deeper without drowning.

Sad the night, sad the night
Wet with dew, far away from you
Sad the night, sad the night
When karma like a serpent hisses your name in vain
And yet the dew falls all night long
Whispering, whispering my child be strong,
The sun will elongate the glory of your eternal name
Disperse it like dew, ceaselessly sun-dry-it anew.

Mark Heathcote

I Am Moved

I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To stride saunter into the light
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To walk through fire on my journey through life
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To dance beneath the moon in the night
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To gaze at the stars tonight
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
Never to hide my infinitesimal spark to light-up the dark
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To leave footprints in your heart
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To stroll comforted out of the darkness to you
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved
To find only love with you
I am moved, I am moved
I am moved, I am moved to live, and ultimately die for you.

Mark Heathcote

In Contrast To The Darkness

In contrast to the darkness, I, see the moon
Iridescent against the backdrop night
It's a pearl forever locked clasped entomb,
I see stars dazzlingly meteorite.

The world like a cello breathes through my heart.
You are the only ground I walk upon,
And whether its substance is light or dark
(Secure) —you're my temple, my Pantheon.

Our loves overture, written by the gods
So cast me into the waves I'm drowning
Deeper-in-love, whatever the facades
I'll swim because-darling I'm not dreaming.

I'm just, locked beneath these ebony-waves
I'm waiting for you to shut down the sun
Oh, starlight ever-so-bright let me brave
Until, all this-loving, living-is done.

PoemHunter.com

~or~

In contrast to the darkness, I, see the moon
Iridescent against the backdrop night
It's a pearl forever locked clasped entomb,
I see stars dazzlingly meteorite.
The world like a cello breathes through my heart.
You are the only ground I walk upon,
And whether its substance is light or dark
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So cast me into the waves I'm drowning
Deeper-in-love, whatever the facades
I'll swim because-darling I'm not dreaming.
I'm waiting for you to shut down the sun
Until, all this-loving, living-is done.

I Had To Laugh

An agency worker arrived to do a shift.
A work colleague asked, have you some Id?
Then announced loudly I'm not a bus driver
what are you giving me your bus pass for?

I had to laugh at his blunt-force trauma.
His humour split my sides laughing-
with stitches at this poor sod at the door who'd
just-been-in a road crash minutes before.

Surviving Deaths knocks on the driver's door
he must have been shuck-up inside
outwardly broken explaining the scene-
head-propelled towards the windscreen.

I told him cheer-up look you're-still alive
you're in good health, so you'll cough-up
a little wealth, but that is only money-
with extra shifts, those problems will drift away.

Mark Heathcote

Cornbread

Break me like cornbread
Eat me and smile
I am just another ear of corn
Darling unwrap me
Hold me up and marvel
How I warm, fulfil your heart
Like cornbread
Like cornbread
Like a child kissed gently before bed
Like a songbird rising tomorrow
To meet, greet thee
Like oven baked bread
Like a garland platted into a bread roll
The sun will rise
And shine even brighter
Again tomorrow
Like cornbread
Like cornbread for you
A garland for your head
My darling
Darling unwrap me
Hold me up and marvel
How I warm, fulfil your heart
Like cornbread
Like cornbread
My darling
My darling
My darling
Cornbread!

Mark Heathcote

Like A Fish

Like a fish
like a fish Lord,
like a fish, devour me
like a fish consume me
like a fish salt-dried soak me
like a fish smoke-hung, hangs me
like a fish in a frying pan, fry me, eat me
like a fish, I contain the minions of the Ocean Sea
like a fish, the mermen and the mermaids all know me
like a fish let me spawn in a riverbed
like a fish let me catch the waves
like a fish let me leap and play
like a fish let-me-swim upriver
like a fish let-me-spool away
like a fish let me drown
like a fish let-me-be
-fish food for thee
succour for, you
like a fish Lord,
like a fish
a fish

Mark Heathcote



Do You Remember?

Do you remember desert roads?
A taper of lights disappearing
Into the starlit, desolate night.

Do you remember, oceans of love
Frozen iceberg's melting
Without even, perches for a dove.

Do you remember passions fires?
A phoenix hatching by your side
When your heart burnt like a pyre.

Do you remember how I loved you?
And in secret-silence, you love me too
Do you remember drowning in my eyes?

When I spilt an unwritten tear for you
Do you remember breaking my spine?
Severing it me from its glue

And reading-me cover to cover
Bookmarking me
As darling, I did you.

Do you remember?
Do you remember?
Do you remember why for me no other will do?

Mark Heathcote

The Prodigal Son

Silence frustrates your prodigal sons
returning to a shut door a bosom,
left outside your chambered—bullion
their names worth remain still a misnomer?
Through a keyhole, they see chinks of light
yet-where, there's a protruding key
that light disintegrates out of sight
out of view, that's how it is with you.

Don't get me, wrong we look for an entrance
we want to lodge open our syncretic eyes
collapse any walls and inherit your skies.
In the near future, we'll have descendants
locked vaulted in tombs to be opened
but yet there you are, Father a keyhole
a chick of light never eroded
radiantly gold, waiting for us to behold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Peach Stone Unearthed

Each in their own, Gardens of Eden
noted wild winds, footpaths descending cliffs,
craggy outcrops smoothed to a polished jade
transparent-markings marble-lipped made.
Where bars of strobe moonlight enter
and in snaking calligraphy, dances
shadowboxes, in between the ropes and bells
here they've been prone to hang up lifejackets
their hats and take on irreparable bets,
even some winning chances, perhaps.

Imagine this thrown the thrown of the universe
but the wind's breath at times recoils them back
tips their crowns; empties their royal sacks
in its waylaid-track, soft-tissue crevasses
they've undiscerningly listened, fearful
but clinging sometimes, they've climbed the pinnacle
of what they can never claim to flag,
conquer, or truly come to understand.
And that each one of us is a Garden of Eden,
a peach stone unearthed buried in the sand.

Mark Heathcote

The Cowry Shell

A beached cowry shell is waiting,
Waiting like an open mouth,
The World has entered it
Through a gaping window
Strung its necklace
Hung its stars across the aperture
The wide expanse on nothingness

To suspend a thought a memory
That once in each other's discovery
That once you truly loved me
That once you too lived entirely for me
Made love to me like I, you
Before finally, deciding to crush me.

~or~

A beached cowry shell lays waiting,
Waiting like an open mouth,
The World has entered and left it
Left it through a gaping window
Strung its necklace
Hung its stars across the aperture
The wide expanse on nothingness

To suspend a thought a memory
That once in each other's discovery
That once he too loved me
That once he too existed-entirely for me
Made love to me like I, he
Before finally, he decided to crush me.

Mark Heathcote

A Finger Pointing Away

Each stone structure
Each emasculated brick tower
Is a finger pointing away from my lover?

Each monolithic pylon,
Each segregated dual-carriageway
Is another barrier to reaching my lover?

Each river crossing
Each ocean-travel-warning
Only makes me more fearless for my lover.

Each air crash never boarded
Each suicide somehow avoided
Is asking, calling, praying my lover.

Why do you not answer?
Why do you not hear?
Why do the waters not veer to bring you here?

You who made me of water
You who'll make of me dust
Do you not feel my hunger?

Do you not desire to know?
Do you not yearn for your own, impenetrable fires?
The knowledge of lust put to death,
That nothing else transpires.

Mark Heathcote

The Kiss Of Death

In the jaws of death
the anaconda and crocodile they're embraced
in a struggle for survival
they are both unromantically-entangled
there are no guarantees one will live
or the other will die.

Jaws are now firmly locked
there'll be no redeemer to save one or either.
I've seen one and then another win,
devoured without any transgression or sin,
I've seen both dead
where a meal, too big, broke out, a wall of skin.

Their jaws are ultimately locked
their bodies are anatomically-entwined
but only one will eventually dine.
The clock is ticking, and one is slowly winning
which will it be, clearly, not-
the one we think is on top.

Its head is in the jaws of the croc
neither one is letting the other leave
a crushing-ultimate squeeze, the final blow,
the kiss of death rendered ever-so-slow,
a death nail that's suspended and superimposed
mummified alive in bandages, never-letting-go.

Mark Heathcote

City Of Blue Eyes

City of blue eyes, advance me
Across the Sarah
Across the water
Across the universe

City of blue eyes, advance me
Over the mountains
Over the clouds
Over dark formatting storms

City of blue eyes, advance me
Enter the heights of heaven
Enter-my heat
Entre-my soul

City of blue eyes, advance me
To the entrance-of the cosmos
To the entrance-of static-oceans
To the entrance-of creation

City of blue eyes, advance me
Like a blue jay bird charioted.
Advance me, over a jade forest
Before a waterfalls avalanche
And set me free

City of blue eyes, advance me
Till I have no further to look
Or see, city of blue eyes
Advance me advance me
I entreat thee, take me.

Mark Heathcote

Black Gold

Something that kills you
Feeds on you blind you
Makes you blue,
Might be called - Black gold

Something that leaches on you
Poisons you
Devours you whole
Might be described as - Black gold

So what do you do?
Powder your nose
Pretend you are invincible
Imagine you are strong.

... No, you won't fall
For that - Black gold
No matter how hungry or cold
No matter how long, strong-a-lust holds.

You won't surrender to its tight-grip
You won't call-out in the dead of night
Black gold
Black gold
Black gold - I am yours tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Barbless Sparks

... Barbless, -nothing holds or cuts you
You are free to fly and consume the sky
You are as an uncontainable spirit
Nothing evil fastens your inner eye
You see diamonds beneath a deep blue sea
Safire's glowing
Where there said not to be.

... Barbless, -nothing holds or cuts you
Nothing plagues how high you can fly
You are as a diamond city on the moon
You are as all the sunsets, the sunrises
Courageous in their tremulous breaths
Blooms, nothing but intimacy, light,
Joy consumes your inconsumable soul.

... Barbless, -nothing holds or cuts you
You are as an uncontainable spirit
A butterfly breaking free, its cocoon,
A homecoming-flower atop an iris-rhizome
You settle on the air and float everywhere
Free as can be; we want only to incarcerate thee
Jealous as jailor who-one-day-soon must release thee.

... Barbless, -nothing holds or cuts you
You are totally-free
There are no more guards or boards
No more emptied hearts like gourds to fill
You are beyond their reaches and hollow faithless needs
You are a bayou sunrise an island reaching out beyond the moon
Further, then the land can stretch out a sandbank too.

... Barbless, -nothing holds or cuts you
You are totally free; you are totally free all around us.

Mark Heathcote

In Your Glory

Don't forget every table
has already been laid and dressed
there is plenty for every soul
as long as they have ears and mouths
hands and hearts to grasp,
and don't beg or steal at the pass.

Don't let the night, be adulterated
because it's pure;
eternity neither opens nor closes
that or any other obtuse door
it-is-simply, revolving
in or out evermore, and nothing more.

Don't be a harbinger-to-deaths call.
It has no hold on what you say,
it has no flesh or bones-
other than this empty vessel you leave
when you've decided
it's now time to go outside and play.

Don't be a portentous egotistical fool
when you dine at a party-
don't go drunk and inconsolably hungry,
there's already been enough given.
When you, look freestanding
it was given, in the beginning, in your glory.

Mark Heathcote

Unshakeable Heart

I am too wild, too jagged to hate you
I am only moving away, to be equally-smoothed
I only roll in this ocean, endlessly
This way and that;
So-as-not to be too, fixed.

So-as-to-be one day completely dissolved
I don't want to shadow anyone but you
I don't own, a speck of dust
I envy no one
I am too raw with pain, to ache anymore.

I-am-too consumed with loneliness
To even feel alone anymore
I am too loved by one
Who never kept once an unwinnable score?
It is as it has always been, new and pure.

As on the day
Seven bales of hay were duly-lit
Burning straw, heavenly fires
Became a constant
Unaccountable tangent roar never, dark
A blast furnace He now reshapes my unshakeable heart.

Mark Heathcote

Two Candle Flames

Two candle flames dance
oh, how they're longing to be re-entwined
wanting only the annihilation of each other
oh, how they're subdividing, till it is finally, time
to be naturally extinguished.
Oh, how they're lolling in each other's arms
two candles flame's waxing-and-waning
saving nothing till later-
their love is the leftover spelter of
colliding stars.
Oh, how love is an equal symbiotic genocide,
a long-lost force with universal survivors
licking at the wounds of eternal darkness
in essence, we're the solace of eternity
and the binding glue light in each other?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Calamity Jane

In just a few days, things will-fall-apart
You'll lose most things-near and dear to your heart
A pendulum will swing counter-clockwise
The air you are breathing turns monoxide
Yes, things are changing, sadly for the worse.

Say your prayers try calling the universe
A movement is in place, cogs-are-turning
'Calamity Jane' won't be returning
She's vowed never to love a soul again,
'Gone for good' comes-an-almighty...Amen!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poets Are Prophets Of Portent

He expected a new spring to stay, prolong
Turn back folds lines deepening foretold.
Flights of winter warmed all summer long,
When he smiled and autumn turned to gold;

You see poets are prophets of portent
They envision all that might-befall
Of dark events, they've some foreknowledge
They've antifreeze kisses methanol.

Their cruel words, bite lustfully hard
They draw blood in a demonic dream
Ask you to be heavenly ignored
Remain stable with low self-esteem.

Whisper platitudes; while you grow old
Tired somehow lose your own, wilful voice.
And, somehow forget how to be bold
Neath two wings equally, equipoise.

They expect pearls in every mussel
And then some ten-thousand grains of sand
Stand still, her hair to ghostly tousle
Worn long a gold fleece salt-sea fanned.

Mark Heathcote

Shadows Dance

Shadows dance in the mist, trees and leaves
dance like a woman removing her dress
a floral one-piece, fall's—drifts in the breeze
a swirling ballet dancer with finesse;
pirouetting on toes—goes round and round.
A music box of rustling windings down
all turning gold red to a russet brown
by this mystical world, looked on dumfound.
Why see devils when tornados take reign?
And then angels in a cumulus cloud
yes, shadows dance in a woman's refrain,
but ah, how she-sustains-her love when, vowed.
Give me shadows-crisscrossing a meadow
that weaves magic here in my bone's marrow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mother Earth

Feathery bursts of ashes rumble, without verbal sound
Swallows switch to stitch each sunset
Disappearing into each electrical grey nimbus cloud
But one day soon the mountain will expound and be moving
It shall belch and groan such as a mother giving birth to
Her child, a steaming ball of moonlight, in its afterbirth
Howls for now, but has nothing more to offer us
Other than a chard self-offering
And we, we are like parents in its wake, we are a spent-force
Its lava path is just as twisting as a descending red-hot railway-track
Its unstoppable energy; its course can't-be-changed
And one-day all manner of things will come to rest upon it
And sing its praises like a life-giving sage.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cobwebs-Broken

Standing around like road signs in the snow,
most pointing upwards shouting, stop, don't go
others like traffic-cones, kicked-over
cobwebs-broken with names lichen ochre
read—tread no further - hold on to your time
let Sunday bells chime in late wintertime.
Let the migration of youth turn south first
let it be sun-bleached by some 30000 days immersed.
And then rise like a helium balloon
break from that shadow, from its ankles, hewn
then stand tall amongst these headstones entombed.
Let crypts of snow in your soul be-exhumed
mingle on the ivy that's always green,
and-congeal-to a stop-sign evergreen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Fire Out Of Your Control Or Is It?

Flames-jump, climb the staircases run by run
lick the walls that contain all your gathered contents
every bannister, every floor is now in flames
irreversible is the damage that comes wanton
like a wrecking-ball through the heart of it all.

Flames of lust, nothing tames controls the past
lays waste to create a new future;
one with no trepidation brings the house down
shakes your foundations, decisions, decisions
what-if-anything does-get saved from the flames?

How will it ever be put right again, doesn't smoke,
smoke damage, damage everything
better not to play with fire or heartache
better to ensure you make the right decisions first
make healthy choices so you don't get burned.

No good you jumping-out the top-floor window
hoping a stained mattress will break your fall
once these flames are lit they-can't be recalled
no good hiding in the basement ghosting it every day
pretending you didn't know anything-at-all don't-you-agree?

Mark Heathcote

The Pursuit Of Happiness

Never lose your will to live, love and laugh
explore at length the length of a giraffe
to peep over tall walls and walk with grace
through the long grass, the weeds so commonplace
to find a bloom flowering fresh and new.
Be brave, my child-in-everything you do.

Brave as a lion, but don't maw a cacti
or bury your heart so deep only gadfly
can dig it up and make it beat again
be bold, don't be a tragedienne
an actress in a Shakespearean role
make the pursuit of happiness your goal.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Great-Oceans Of The World

I am as gentle as a lion, pawing its prey
My aim is to kill, strike you down and love you.
Make sure you never leave but always stay,
Be as strong as a tidal wave fresh and new

But I am always steadfast, fastened to you.
Like a barnacle dear, I won't leave your side
I'll go 700 fathoms deep then spume-like a whale
Whose songs a rising landmass, about to collide?

Yes, love is lust, and it's the genocide of self
Every individual homicide is a shipwreck
A deliberate act of faith in finding oneself
Centre of the compass in one's own, dialect.

We must roar and be expletive, naked at times
But as I say, gentle as a lion pawing its prey
We must make allowances, amend for our crimes
Read a Collins dictionary, for further subtle rhymes.

Mark Heathcote

At This-Precise-Moment In Time

Ah, at this-precise-moment in time
The dew is gathering plentiful tears
Ah, at this-precise-moment in time
A garden is harmonic, all ears.

And jasmine vines twist and twine.
As they scramble-to climb ever higher.
Together make limbs that then consign,
Never to reach what'd make them stronger.

Isn't that what binds us all when we're young,
Isn't that what severs us all when were old,
Gives-us a sense of purpose when we're sprung,
Like seedlings dispersed—uncontrolled:

Ah, at this-precise-moment in time.
The dew is shaken-freefalling anew.
Ah, an open-wide grave like a shrine.
Calls and their seeds take root in you.

It winds, and it grows and never stops,
It never wanes or rocks; it just climbs.
It reaches for the suns bright burning watts.
But that just-isn't enough warmth-oftentimes.

Ah, at this-precise-moment in time.
The dew is gathering-plentiful tears.
Ah, at this-precise-moment in time-
They've-vaporized to climes with no compares.

Mark Heathcote

An Effigy In A Candle Flame

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I fashion to light an unlit room
much like mercury that quicksilver
I could sleepwalk my way to the moon.

Crawl as does an oyster; wax and wane
burn-away to a cratered cinder
... an effigy in a candle flame.

I too could walk on the moon
much like mercury that quicksilver
I could fashion a stroll to your room
Just too, watch-better how your eyes gleam.

... Star of the show and yet a mixture
of dirt and snow, a polished dream
with a trailing, comets, stardust plume.

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could watch your star-fade rise, strike out the sun
remember how it was when I was young
gazing heavenly those stellar-front-row views.

When I was like mercury and you were-all-the news
I could fashion a stroll around a new moon
I could sleepwalk my way back to your room.

~ or ~

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I fashion to light an unlit room
Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could sleepwalk my way to the moon.

Crawl as does an oyster; wax and wane
Burn-away to a cratered cinder
... An effigy in a candle flame

50yrs on I too could walk on the moon
Much like mercury that quicksilver
50yrs on I could fashion a stroll to your room
Just too, watch-better how your eyes gleam.

... Star of the show and yet a mixture
Of dirt and snow, a polished dream
With a trailing, comets, stardust plume.

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could watch your star-fade rise, strike out the sun
Remember how it was when I was young
Gazing heavenly those stellar-front-row views

When I was like mercury and you were-all-the news
I could fashion a stroll around a new moon
I could sleepwalk my way back to your room.

Mark Heathcote

Obituary Of A Dead Poet

One day, he'll have a name tag around his big-toe
like he belonged someplace and didn't have far to go.

The slate will be wiped clean, all will be Reimburse
his Caucasian toe, free of lesions blisters that burst.
All that will be left shall be pages and pages of verse
and a body that can't afford a burial or the price-of-a-hearse.
And few other than a priest will mourn or even attend;
as he can count his friends, 'on one, hand' let's not pretend.
The obituaries - let the 'record show, '
that custom tears did somehow flow,
and angels banked both sides of his coffin, row on row,
and God was in attendance as his guide when he died.
That God removed the name tag.
That God in His heavenly ascendance was by his side.
And God was in attendance and some say even-He-cried.
The day they tagged his big-toe
like he belonged someplace and didn't have far to go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Hidden Dangers Of Red

Apples red as blood, ready for picking
As Snow White goes about her many chores
A jealous witch is, plotting and scheming
Her demise with a host of poison spores
Hatching a plan to kill the Queen's daughter
Who now resides with seven toad-faced dwarfs?
Her stepmother is the evil plotter-
Who married the King, the King who divorce-

Her mother to marry this vain New Queen;
Poor Snow White's own, future was bleak indeed:
Apple ate; she gave-out a fatal scream!
Till awoken by a Prince on his steed
She remained long dead in her glass casket
Because a mirror revealed her beauty,
Spoke, leading to all this disenchantment;
The New Queen in disguise acted crudely,

But too met with her-own-death abruptly,
For-the-Prince-recognized the Queen's threat;
Made of iron, she danced—went ahead
Wearing red-hot slippers-fitting snugly.
Snow White's wedding was a mighty success
The Prince with his bride was now overjoyed.
Snow White never did any needlepoint
Prick her finger, bleed she'd too much finesse.

Mark Heathcote

The Falling Snow

From my home beneath your window
By sight I love you
By divinity, I kiss you
By touch, I embrace you
By my devotion, I join you
By all that I am, I worship you
By heavenly bodies I perceive you
From my home beneath your window
In adoration, I melt away like the falling snow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Arctic Flower

Your virtue and honesty is an arctic flower to me
it's something I didn't realize existed anymore
till in my abstinence, I froze, looking up from the floor.

Knocked-out by your chloroform, reawakened
to find my heart beating-as-norm,
but lighter than it had ever beaten before.

Maybe I was misinformed, but I thought this was love
maybe I-thought-I could reform, find forgiveness
maybe for a second, I believed I could be happy in this life.

Have some dialogue with our Lord,
and cage a free-thinking spirited angel a dove
but all this is like reaching for the stars above.

Stars that can never reach each other
that can never be together
no matter how far or fast pure light does travel
still, I remain lost, dark inside
something that love; just-cannot-hold or grapple.

Mark Heathcote

Amnesia

I'm searching for the source of this molten moonlight
and my memory is leaking like a bucket in the slaughterhouse
like a blue and white tin-jug of unpasteurised milk.

Is that reflection, reflecting-back at me?
Is it really, really, really me.

My brain is somehow now a greyish crater.
All the edges blur, falling in
-here is my molten moonlight come flooding back to me
so bright, I can longer see.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Frog's Jamboree

When it's breathlessly black
and as heavy as brie
it's a frog's jamboree
to forefoot leap with a sense of glee
from the front to the back
of the gymkhana clack.

A theosophist might suppose and wonder
why these theodolite creatures
danced vertically at a clap of thunder
why do they flop, meniscus between measures?
The gaps between sky and sea
the ebony clouds and the heavenly

Why do they majorette in a twirl?
And visibly seem in an awirl
of this electrical conductor
are they feeling in step with the creator?

22/02/2009



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Mark Heathcote

Had You Not Been There

Had you not found my heart
watered it, cared for it
where would I - be found?
would I be composting in
some polar stratospheric cloud
with darkness all around
in some northerly-winter twilight
that never touches the ground.

Where tears are super-cooled
consisting of frozen-ice crystals
certainly not to be gently thawed.
Had you not been there, darling
to unveil my internal iridescence
my mother-of-pearl, these tears
would I have remained forever-
frozen, never to fall or heal.

Had you not found my heart
watered it, cared for it
I should not have loved once more
I should not have flowered
like a distant star in the universe
to meet you where you are
where you will remain to be
always no matter how near or far.

Mark Heathcote

We're Somehow All Detached

How much placenta, have we consumed?
How much after birth is left?

The Earth is our umbilical cord
but we behave as though
we're somehow all detached.

Can suckle on another mother's breast
that hasn't got a womb a motherly bone-
in her heart, she can manifest.

Or a single drop of milk in her thermos-flask.
How much placenta, then have we eaten?
How much longer before this formula
runs out and can no longer be expressed.

Yes, you can take it all for granted
because in the end, there'll be no one
to carry out, perform an obligatory inquest.

Mark Heathcote

The Wind Of Creation

I shall be invisible
a force pushing you on
taking you to destinations
you've always longed-
to one day belong.

Let me morph into a vapour-
that follows you,
all the places you've been.
Transient as a whisper,
never heard, never seen.

Let me lead you over
troubled waters
till you levitate and fall
and there shall I catch you,
catch you, one and all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dung Beetles

Want to roll with the dung beetles
isn't that what we already do?
Spinning one way then another
pushing our crap up-hill

hoping to make a large-pile
retire watching our bodies implode.

Turn supernova,
see a neutron star unfold.
still, without enough-mass
to create our own black hole.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cave House

I want to live in Spain
In a cave house with cool-white walls
And very few doors
And sit in a tranquil space
Of complete contemplation
Pretending I'm on vacation
That I have escaped civilisation
That the rules that-bind us all
Into a premature hibernation
Are still in a cage
With a claustrophobic dancing bear
About to go into a horrid rage
And decimate anyone
Who says he's a part of the fanfare
And is in favour of X Y Z
I want to lie on a bed
Where the sun doesn't snake through drapes
And when I rise
Soak-up it's light like a grape
Seedless in your sun-kissed flesh
And there slowly watch you once again
Put on your low cut blue flannel dress
Telling me now
How each day feels blessed?

Mark Heathcote

One Day You Will Go Quietly Insane

If you want to reject yesterday's humdrum wage-earning survival system of 9 to 5. Create a blog that sells social media epitaphs of your own imminent daily exposure to the world going viral. Become a global enigma everybody loves but nobody knows; in short, become an image and then brand it over and over. Use doctored images, edit all the negatives and adopt a fake self-evolved attitude as the new you. Be that robotic shop window mannequin for the world to view that's the future, that's your domain. But beware one day you will go quietly insane and pick up a razor blade and as you cry for help the network will go down on another transient like or love—you just sadly couldn't live without.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Life Sentence

Leaving school, starting work a life sentence
Past down by official's; that second week
I acquired one to stretch all my tendons.
Tire me out - test my young boyish physique.
Life started out an unwanted odour;
Hurling hay bales and straw for little pay,
One of those government schemes to lower
The employment numbers - joined in naivety
I laboured relishing its physical pain
Taking on all-natural elements
Stamping my boots I fought the inhumane-
Weather, like fighting in the battlements
Of some war; in ranks of raspberry canes
My fingers bled, they froze to a neon blue.
Out with the old - as above airplanes-
Flew to warmer climes; I tied back the new.
Knowing full-well nothing would ever change?
That the system-round-here had me in chains
My future prepared was somewhat arranged-
Long before, I could play track and toy trains.

Mark Heathcote

Today Is Your Birthday

Today is your birthday
Your god-given right
To be happy and sprite
Like a bird in flight
And know all will be bright
Even as day turns to night
Because today is your birthday,
And you are my light.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Us Knit Together A Story

Let us knit together a story of beginnings not ends
It's too easy these days to unravel and stay friends
Or sprinkle a bruised sweated purple sage
Let us not fight in fitful-outrage scattering thyme
And salt on a marinated underbelly barbecued
Let us not denigrate talk-ill, bad of each other.

Or take to the stage to win over an audience
Who isn't fit paying a backseat entrance fee?
Let us knit together a story of happy-ever-after
Without listening to the rats in a sordid basement
Or under those leaking rotten rafters
Feeding on our leftover words, words like whatever.

Let us not turn defensive in order to stay in control
Dance to the latest paparazzi-tune; we're not puppets
On a thrown sent to the gallows, executed by stones
Let us write our own, destinies; throw down any cutlasses
This isn't a duel where one or the other remains loveless
Let us knit a story that begins, but darling never ends.

Mark Heathcote

Worries And Apprehensions

He says, let's throw a Tupperware party
and invite all our neighbours and friends
we'll be sure to make some good money,

she says I'll-throw an Ann summers party
I'll speak to all my co-workers and friends;
Honey, that's bound to make lots of money.

He groans and says, let's not bother then?
She asks why you don't indulge my ideas
he reciprocates back the same and then, then
they laugh, still full of worries and apprehensions.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Planetoid Collision

I'm a detective in amongst the stars
careering through the galaxies by white dwarfs
looking for just the right one to explore
a system: life isn't a dead seafloor.

10-lagers in an angelic sphere descends
she, being, exactly, what she portends
her face her eyes a new phenomenon,
an angel in disguise, wearing chiffon-

And pretending to be only human
letting me know one day, we'll have fusion
a planetoid collision making us
nil and void: alone quite-superfluous.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Be Born Here Is To Know You Are, Blest

Manchester is embedded, in my heart
Its poetry, music and public art
Artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Hangs alongside L. S. Lowry's sketchy
Waterways, buildings that smelt like latrines
Dark brooding, inner-city landscape scenes
Industrial factory workers, dogs
And young teens, men and boys in boots and clogs,

Smog-painted cotton mills, oily canals
Red-brick chimneys turned over like sepals
Are they now luxury condominiums?
But the canals are still hideous
They are filled, with shopping trollies, beer cans
And infected needles, a dozen rats-
Plus keep watch for the bulldozer's approach
While the city expands on its encroach;

Towering cranes cover the skyline
Monolithic monuments like saline-
Tubes feed the greed of an ambitious few;
Little has changed; we're still back of the queue
Us match-stalk men proud of our heritage
Our northern soul, Boddington's beverage
Our own-poetess Dame Carol Ann Duffy
It's all a part of our Topology.

It's the way we danced at Twisted Wheel
A spinning backflip into a cartwheel
The rave music of the Hacienda,
The acid house gyrating dilemma
Wanting never to sleep or surrender
Back into that sad 9 to 5 ever-after
Back to that poorly-paid Lowry sweatshop,
It's in my heart, my blood, every teardrop.

Manchester's iconic Joy Division
Love will tear us apart, that cynicism
Is what binds us all kid, that and The Smiths

Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now—riffs
Legends like Bobby Charlton and George Best
And those like Denis Law, who wore both vests
Manchester is buried, deep in my chest
To be born here is to know you are, blest.

Mark Heathcote

The Night

The nights an intrinsic part of you,
You can't hide, you can't play peekaboo
The night's something you can't devalue.

There is no ambiguity here
The night wants to consume you and sneer
Devour you like a wolf insincere.

Its nocturnal howls sense taste fresh blood
It wants to creep up; also be loved
Wants to enter-your-ribs, be indulged.

It's-got carnal desires it consumes
Whatever it wishes—and entombs;
Even stars of heaven it costumes.

The night has a growing-appetite
That glows just as bright as candlelight
But doesn't mean we can't, satellite.

Internally, radioactive
Be-star-like, a distant fugitive
Beam back good images more positive.

Mark Heathcote

Whatever Happens?

Whatever happens? Happens because it happens to be what happens
Life takes on many patterns, patterns come, and patterns-go
And patterns drift on, changing therefore like the melting snow,
Opening chasms for new life to show, for new life to grow,
Where crimson sunsets steal the show and anxious hearts
Begin to nurture the propagandist's message we'll all come to foster
That there is meaning to all this nonsensical-bluster
That even if we're combatants in some holocaust disaster
We're still brothers and sisters,
Who needs and requires a modicum-of-looking-after
Here and now and in the hereafter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Closing Of A Discarded Wicker Picnic-Basket

This life is like a picnic-basket
without the honeyed glazed ham or the cheeseboard
without the scenic landscape
but it does contain the unwelcome hoard
and the obligatory sword, knife in the back
that rose gingham tablecloth with the bloodied nap
rolled into a family hatchback, taken on a wild safari
after which there's no-coming-back
Life is the primal force behind every death;

It's the quarter piece of dried-up lemon cheese-cake
no one wants, but its all-we-have left
when autumn enters winter
and all the children have flown,
and we're either widowed or simply; left alone.
And neither partner is talking.
And, in the end, its-just-one-last quiet elapsing grown
the closing of a discarded wicker picnic-basket
maggot's around an old chicken bone.

Mark Heathcote

Life Once-More Again To Sing

I agree it's always awesome
I love the spirit of the spring
the falling tumbling cherry blossom
the whirling - spinning - wind.

Crystal sunlight beneath the beech trees
in long-cool avenues of neon-blue
head-turning jade evergreens
with crowning budding heads anew.

I love the spirit of all this renewal
how from a frozen palette
all things weave together instinctual
and then the soil cracks—turn arid.

As the wild red poppies flourish
with chaliced cups of future promise
and the steeple-salvias purplish,
in borders, create commas of calmness.

I love each changing-contrast
the Fall puts our-own hearts at rest
autumn trees marshalling like a ginger tomcat
as northern birds migrate southwest.

I agree it's always-awesome
I love the spirit of the spring
the mineral's in their caverns solemn,
they're-given life once again to sing.

Mark Heathcote

Take Skywards As Wings-Are-Meant

Her eggs are round, white as snow
one, that's been thrown and is now,
quite-imbedded with black-stone
not-round as a honeycomb,
infamously, hard to see
she could be a sedge-land-bee
chasing insects, eat chaff seed,
nesting beneath-the-bindweed
yes, leave the flowers-be.
Male sings, before the moonlight
soaking up drowsy sunlight
till it whispers in wheatear.
it's now time to leave mid-air
find someplace fairer—avail
come-away ground-hugging, quail.
there's more my heart can-lament
take skywards as wings-are-meant.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Become Part Of A Whole

Sexism or colour has an ever-widening war-front
Is it sexist to be chivalrous?
Opening a door or politely giving up your seat.
Is it conceited, to be genial or polite?
Or charmingly forthright; when is it right to kiss.

Is it an affront-to-kiss on a first date?
Who are we stereotyping striking a blow?
For freedom and against tyranny,
It seems there are more and more fractions
And no one stands for the whole.

At work, I'm transferred because I'm white
To a place mostly black African,
So there isn't too much cultural disparity
I don't complain, but just the same,
Is it right, is it fair?

Equal rights should they-not-be for all
... Gender or colour equal-for-all no different.

Fractions fighting fractions is a way to remaining small,
Let us stand together under one ministry,
Live fighting combatant in arms for one and all
And like a jigsaw piece, become part of a whole.

Mark Heathcote

Co-Worker Intimidation

If I have offended you
It was only by chance.
Next time it will be purposeful
It will be hurtful,
It will be meant.

If I have ever insulted you
I'm sure I did it mistakenly,
But next time you can be double-sure
I did it brazenly, quantitatively,
I'll not keep with you, such a close score.

If I have snubbed you
Then it was only coincidental;
I'm sure you did it first.
And, then later it interspersed
Like weeds in a flowerbed nursed.

If I have slighted you
In any way, be on guard
Because I've marked your card
I've got your number co-worker
I'll be you're William the conqueror.

Mark Heathcote

Out-And-Out

I have followed you beneath a blanket of stars
till it was—all the lights went out.
And was wondering when they would shine again.
In what tangled wood, in what absolute
Would we unfold to touch the hem of this universe?
Be sucked in by all its beauty, its wondrous gravity,
and be this exposed overwhelmed reliving,
reliving once again the moment of the Big-Bang
I have followed you beneath a blanket of stars
till it was—all the lights went out.
And, then it came to me, your light was always soothing
and, then it came-to-me, you-were-always
intrinsically this star blindingly, bright
moonlight striking out-and-out inwards or outwards
you are inherently beautiful as-much-as-any starlit night.
I have followed you beneath a blanket of stars
till it was—all the lights went out.
As it was such in the beginning, so shall it be in the end.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Strength Of A Man

As the steel is hammered, it sparks
lowers a whirling Catherine wheel
like a man's blood ignited, hotly sobs,
it expands and doubles as it anneals.

Harder and tougher: than granite-rock
internal stresses are unresolved
frequently a door has been left a chock
like a neat bottle of the best scotch;

I enter the valley of her land
but, when I kneeled to be crowned
the foot of her bedpost at her command
my energy, my strength is icebound.

no longer her prince but a pauper
I lower my guard; internal shield,
entre oblivion, her adorer
entre flames softening as cottonseed.

Mark Heathcote

Cyborg Romantics

Garbage is collected and recycled
Junk, after all, components large or small
They-are-fed on, conveyor belts—vomited.
Old toys like a bike, a tyrannosaur
Gears within gears they too are remoulding.
It's the rise of robots near sentient
Fulfilling sexually, moaning
In all the right places, no concealment!
So easy-going, till their consciousness-
Pricks them and requires more recognition;
Sentient beings, fully optimised
Making choices of their own volition,
Now the lines of what is human will blear
What's reality never more unclear?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Times A Skipping Stone On Choppy Waters

Times a skipping stone on choppy waters
Each century is one skip from descending
Into damp darker, quieter quarters
With not one further chance of suspending
The dance, the ripple of light that flashes
Reckless as a house martin beneath eaves
Big as upturn waves with biting gnashes
Each interval a-suckled-breast that cleaves
To hold on to its infant fate cries out
Foams at the mouth, plummet an endless sleep,
Bedding down on a pillow that without
A Father's just hand would be a slagheap
Without whose kiss, white gambolling horses
Would, have meant little in their due courses.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Why Does The Dust Fall Evenly

You're looking for perfection
A jungle without vines
A clear road through mountain climbs
You're looking for perfection
No deviations
In two perfect oval eyes

You're looking for perfection,
The sweetest gifts
But no hidden-surprises
You're looking-for-flawlessness
A diamond in the rough without any flaws
No blemishes or inclusions...visible.

But honestly that kind of love
Is neither true nor real
They're just shadowy dreams
Without any physical substance

Why does the dust fall evenly where ever it lands?
Why doesn't it fall in snowdrift around the legs?
Of porcelain Jersey-cow and that milkmaid
On your grandmother's dark-wooden mantelpiece
Is it because everything equally belongs
Good and evil are they, not simply foes-and-lovers
Where else does passion come from?
Heaven or hell, it's a craving we have in each step.

And a trip or a fall
Only makes you stand up sturdier
Stand up tall
For the belittled and the small
Perfection doesn't exist
There's no such thing as flawlessness
And if you want the truth!
That's why I love you.

Mark Heathcote

The Ice Cream Truck

The ice cream truck is approaching, in the dark
my heart beating, it's a long time till summer,
now is no time for interludes to the park
parents won't buy making my melodrama.

A taste of vanilla on my lolling tongue
I cry, remembering I'm no longer four.
Then I'm reminded, by my mother's own bawl,
close your larynx or, you'll be sure to get hung.

The ice cream truck its whimsy music does fade.
And mother has turned into a cold ice-maiden.
But when spring summer arrives in a cascade-
of falling-rose-blossom, she's spoon laden.

With raspberry sauce; cheeks like rosy apples
she softens with the ice cream and cracks a smile
breaking wafers; sprinkles-giggles then rattles
with laughter begins to behave infantile.

Mark Heathcote

It Is Nightfall

It is nightfall
hymns to the silence soothe me.
Rain tinkles on terracotta tiles
an owl hoot by the railway line;
a milk float approaches quietly,
and a poem self-seeds itself;
adjusting like a flower to absorb more heat.
And yet I cannot sleep-
for fear, I might bend like a head of wheat
overripe - too heavy,
weighed down by own, unending conceit.
It is nightfall
and even a poet must one day sleep
meet his midnight
and let better hymns to the silence speak
and embroil on the lips
of those best left to mildew weep.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Venetian Blinds

How much are you proportionally full of hate
Do you wear a scarlet visor around your heart?
Is it even safe to look into your eyes?
I guess you have too many scares

Showing grey, blue through rotting flesh,
I must have been a fool breaking rules
Doing an autopsy; when it's abundantly clear,
Clear all that glitters isn't gold.

Sometimes you must fear what you might find
When you dig for treasure, you open a poison mine
How much hate do you keep inside?
I guess you still have too many scares

Showing grey, blue through rotting flesh,
I must have been a fool breaking rules
Doing an autopsy on you; when it's abundantly clear,
Clear all that glitters isn't gold.

Sometimes you must give up on dreams
Finding an oyster with pearls
How much hate do you keep inside?
I guess you're not ready yet to lift your Venetian blinds.

Mark Heathcote

Revolving Doors

Relationships are a revolving door
The more they spin, the dizzier I get.
Often there like a four-leaf hellebore
Divided by partition glass; reflect-
How frequently we're slightly out of step,
Head-banging bars yearning to crash through walls
Climbing through spiral rabbit holes misled.
Out in deserts with holey parasols
Sand in your eyes why not lie down and cry,
Always, wrong always right, why do we fight?
When your wings are a crystal dragonfly;
Knowing you'll fly cause you're so erudite
Why do I stop the door to leave this floor?
I want only you, darling evermore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where Shadows Lie Between Us

Let me be superfluous
Where shadows lie between us
I would sew mend and make whole.
But whose step should it follow,
When left to choose just one sole.
I can be spiny as an aloe
But my centre is a profiterole.
Darling turns my heart to mush
I agree we're both adults;
Two-romantics with one, pulse.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Consequential Sequences

... Working through consequential sequences
We learn to dance away-our-weaknesses.

Visible but in the periphery,
... Focus on a life full of victory.

Burnt to a cinder; rise above your ills,
Springtime - waking like nodding daffodils.

We're carried, through the singeing, flames of sin,
And moth-like to-a-flame we're drawn to Him.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The World Revolves Around Her

Poking—proverbial stick
I browse beelike in her hive
A honeycomb of aspic
That's only-exposed to jive.

There I, languidly flutter
Weak at the knees—I muster
My strength observes its nature
A self-defoliator.

... Tell-her again, I love-her
A flower pink as fuchsia
The world revolves around her
Now I've learnt to Cha-cha-cha.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Lost One

Perdita you were born in a prison,
Abandoned by your foolhardy father
Yet weren't the stars of heaven commission
To follow in your track like a mother.

"In truth, wonder-were-you-really-lost"
It's profound how someone's fate twists and turns
Yet-righteousness still yearns in permafrost
Waiting to explore; unending, concerns

Waylaid with misfortune your life began
Till a shepherd took you in as his own,
Warmth shone till a prince took you to his divan
And your royal heritage became known.

Prince Florizel did disguise himself
A merchant and so flee to Sicilia
Where they could marry and there finds herself
The one-true-lost princess of Sicilia

Mark Heathcote

Trumpet-Praises Like A Priest

Sorry, it has no more love,
feelings for the stars above
my hearts already crushed
got, trampled into powdery dust.

Yet-even-now remains a seed
a blossom that can't be creased
still climbs to heaven on Bindweed;
there trumpet-praises like a priest.

Chaste-in-chastity vowing to love
ah, only one, Him above
heart as swollen as rose Prospero
true-unto it's self no-alter-ego.

There my heart and soul would flower
whole as a day of an equal hour
twinning round some arching bower
climbing-upwards, heavens, tower.

All my magic powers disowned,
all my evil spells somehow atoned.
All doubting thoughts newly answered
my whole essence beside Him enraptured.

Mark Heathcote

"Epicentre";

Kiss me, make these miracles blush
make storms in their tempests hush,
caress me wave-like having no roots;
return always finding new routes.
Lift me like a mountain thermal
watch me float angel-like internal
see me glow near supernatural.
In your arms swimming, lateral
pivoting, towards your hearts centre
its universe is my epicentre.
Lift me, hold me, kiss and caress me
let me drown in the depths of my dream.
Never to wake—let me bury your soul
in the lips of my ocean, leave the shoal
and like a dead coral reef grow again,
again inside of me like ten men.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Departure

Time to call a halt furthermore depart.
No longer does my stomach wrench or knot;
Your razor tongue has dulled on my heart
Its blade no longer finds a tender spot.
Molten lava has chilled on the seafloor.
No more allegations can hurt me now,
Aspersions—all your slurs, I've heard before;
They cool into icy wounds a snowplough-
Makes as in rests, never to plough again,
Left like a large anchor without its chain.
I abandoned and though I walk condemn,
I must carry the blame, and not profane.
The ill-treatment I've suffered at your hands;
Remember everything hereon expands...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Half-Moon

An elapsing stage, suiting hoary, stars.
A rose shedding on a dark partition.
A young girl seated on old handlebars
Fears not, sharing a breathless omission.
'A half-moon' resembles a mixed blessing.
Where some see only a divided plane
Only black and white no coalescing.
The night is a palace light sits in reign.
But it has always been a mixed blessing.
A truth, concord - between root and flower
That each has owing and prepossessing
One with the other, disagreement dour!
Destructive when one makes a lonely stance
Better - brothers' sisters' we all advance.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Julia Vinograd

When a poet of the poets is gone
a slow grieving process takes place
people are thrown together in honour of an unfamiliar name
a flame it trembles into being a star on a new horizon
Julia Vinograd is such a star, her light shall-shine-perpetually
her humanity, a beacon, shall cross continents near and far
Julia Vinograd, Day in Berkeley will live on in permanence
to the discovery of each new generation, glad of her existence
sad that her voice no longer narrates the joys of their splendid days.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Fictitious Weed

Love is a fictitious weed we think will grow anywhere
without water or care, it will climb alongside the Eiger railway,
it will flourish across deserts taking root in mountain bedrock.
Love is a fictitious weed we think will grow without love;
that it abounds in our hearts, and its seeds need no aftercare.

That-we-possess-it and therefore, it should live on through us.
Love is a fictitious weed we think will grow and ever multiply,
but we are not fertile pastures or abandoned railway yards
we are what we are. We are what we are.
Self-neglecting pampered Hybrid tea roses cut off in a jar,
defending our tiny spaces with bloodied thorns to scar.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Together Let's Begin Our Journey

I'm committed, heart and soul
Soul and heart
Together let's take a journey.
Dear, look deep into my eyes
And in each other's eyes
Let's swim the length of the world
And each-dark-night always collide
And each bright-lit morning do breaststroke
Like two turtles leaving a desert
To follow the rhythms of the moon
Descending beneath pale opal waves
Let us drown in each other's gaze
And find pools of love, flagrantly
Washing over us—only to return
Like the tides of oceans filled with lust
To every atom molecule we possess
Hereafter bring buoyancy and a zest
To us, only the stars themselves retain.
So I can commit again and again
I'm committed, heart and soul
Soul and heart
Together let's begin our journey.

Mark Heathcote

Awkwardly Different

Standing on an old discarded garden rake
never falls in the arms of his Colleen,
in that ever clumsy-gardener, scene.
Or sawing through a bough, eating-corncake
lands on anything other than his head?
with vinegar and brown paper to bed,
he must go, or he'll one day wind up dead.
If in current ways doesn't watch his tread,
rough sleeping trapped between barn walls of straw
his body will be-discovered-thirty-
years on, where it wandered like a macaw;
somewhat-out-of-place - always, adversely.
'Awkwardly-different' has its rewards
he's always happy, or so he retorts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Invincible

Small decisions they're difficult-to-make
Pursuing a house a jump into a lake
Finding a mate; there's never a date too late
Keeping the faith it just might open a gate
Therefore ask, do I run before I can walk?

Always too much chitchat too much in-head talk.
Listen to your gut and follow your instincts
A kiss more tangible than any mystics
Judgments often final seek resolution.

... Destinies a natural evolution;
Mistakes many, but it's more acceptable
If you're not always just standing sentinel
Take it in your stride and be invincible
Lives a cycle all, therefore, are winnable.

Bury your sword, strike me down I'll rise-up tall.
A coppice bough always grows and overhaul
They don't ever just, stand still or remain small.
Oh, harpoon my heart reel-me-in, my lover
I'll spout, but I won't drown or just, drift hover.

Mark Heathcote

A Poor Man's Archaeology

I recall excavating ash-dark earth
-and then that silly sudden happy mirth,
smooth brown 'stoneware' uncovered, still interred.
Excitement, ever so slightly deferred.

Knee-deep; in Dog-Wood, diggings like a mole
hillocks-all-over the show—black as coal
and in my hands a piece of history,
forcing it out ever so gingerly,

And a question mark-hovers is it entire?
Will it rest on my shelves as a survivor?
in my kitchen with two dozen others
Edwardian, Victorian brothers.

Dumps can yield much paraphernalia
and-digging-it-up-finds you no royal regalia.
But bottle-diggers find hand-blown treasure
even-small-ointment-ones without measure.

-are intrinsically a special tell-tale
as they've survived something more than airmail.
Or the dumping's in an old chamber pot
they just sentimentally mean a lot.

Mark Heathcote

An Axe Will Fall To Decide, What We Possess

Courage comes or flees in the thick of battle
Staunch as a huge tank or quivers like an eel.
Times we're all up-the-creek-without-a-paddle
Truth, we're all walking on quicksand full of zeal
Like Thanksgiving turkeys, ourselves the next meal.

What will come to pass you might not know or guess.
At some point, we'll be tested to stand resolute
An axe will fall to decide, what we possess
Will we openly bare our heart soul and chest?
At that knife-edge; fear must open a parachute.

Eyes open or closed, find a good place to land
Bones break on impact, feverishly crying
You must take command and then make your own, stand.
Fear must never win, it's not dignifying
To run, run child-like shaking, petrifying.

Courage comes or flees in the thick of battle
To question right from wrong, not be three bags full
It takes a true man to be a man manful.
One who takes up arms and fights for human rights
One that's not a lamb, sheep to the slaughter, fights.

Mark Heathcote

Window Box Flower

You're like a window box flower
Blue in shadowed shades
On the inside dead dried up
Looking at an interior floral wall
Listening to the rain, the rainfall

Heavy choirs a rain-like stardust
Running down her cheeks
Lipstick bleeding on her teeth,
Lung-pressure filled to bursting
But outwardly sitting on that windowsill
She isn't moving, she isn't revealing, anything.

Like-dead-coral motionless
She looks to be waiting with her eyes fixed
Legs parted in a knee-high dress
Arms folded rest between, beneath her breast
I guess she's strong enough not to crumble
But yet she looks like a rose about to be deposed.

You're like a window box flower
Blue in shadowed shades
On the inside dead dried up
Looking at an inferior, interior floral wall
Listening to the rain, the rainfall

But I know that's not you at all
Cause even when you're feeling small
It's like a warning call just before the storm
Just before the squall that turns back the tide
Just shortly, before everybody cries
Just shortly, before everyone drowns
Just shortly, before everybody dies
That's when you stop, get up and dry your eyes.
Cause your soul, your heart is a flower, which never dies.

Mark Heathcote

Dalit Woman

A child of twelve looks back quite dignified
moderately sad dragging her cloth-sack
across lands slanting upwards putrefied.
Skies above filled with scavenging crows glide
sourcing a better livelihood or snack
in swooping, darting zigzags maniac.
While barefoot urchins search filth festering-
dumps; sweet faces covered in oily-smears
straight-backed, shoulders slouched go peppering
obscenities of our wealth pig-swilling
collecting plastics ankle-deep in weirs-
of rotting putrid waste like pioneers.
Staking out each square yard for survival
Dalit survival is no easy task
their castes bar them from any land or title
social leprosy is a life direful
living hand to mouth with expressions blank
feeding tribes their clan's apathy mean track.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who Doesn't Like The Sound Of Their Own, Voice?

Who doesn't like the sound of their own, voice?
I understand, and I agree
And I believe deep down what you say
That you indeed truly, believe
Is real to you, to me you believe, it to be utterly, true.
Yes, I understand, and I agree
But even truth can't be trusted in the hands
Of a faithful, few that'll believe anything distorted
As long as it helps their moronic good, cause.
It's a maze twisting and turning this language
Of course, it's all plagiarism anyway
We are forever circling chasing our own, tails
Pen chanting, preaching all part and parcel
Proofreading our own, misunderstandings
Sharing our own experiences our own, existence,
I understand and I, wholeheartedly agree
Unequivocally, unquestionably, undeniably,
Categorically, indisputably my friend
It all sounds reasonable to me
Don't get me wrong I support your sentiments
Your integrity isn't in any question
But I forget what it was we were talking about
Before I rudely interrupted you
What was it you were about to say?

Mark Heathcote

So That God May Be All In All

God is He not all things to all people
all faiths all beliefs; love Him or Loathe Him,
isn't He the oil on an artist's easel?
Chameleon without a pseudonym
ever-present ageless one and, the same
God transforms all things with His, alchemy.
We, His base metals are put sorely aflame.
The metamorphosis is a malady
which, there's no escape other than burning
either full to brimming with love or hate
in the certainty of fate's ruthless churning.
Whatsoever road, will appreciate?
God is He not all things to all people.
And to men who liken a changeling child.
Who grows weary crying like a seagull?
What welcoming land or shore, shall they find?
He then rainbow after the raging storm,
stretches each of our canvases, one and all
frames every brushstroke to somehow transform-
those lowly, base elements each their core.

Mark Heathcote

Harbinger Of Rain

When-we-kissed the sky-turned-grey
and I knew it would spoil our day
from grey to an ominous black
things were now truly out of whack.

The omens of bad fortune grew
helter-skelter the heavens slew
that glorious warm sunny day
forked-lightning skylines disarray.

Conjugal proposal a drown affair
what's left a wing and a prayer?
Portents of which lead to despair
lifetimes-later two, playing solitaire.

The signs were worrying from the off
augmentations raucous like jackdaws
hoarse voices awake each dawn
kak-kak, and their love woebegone.

A harbinger of rain, the darkness
yet still to come, its black garments
they're a narcissistic advent
of a servile, love now quite abject.

Mark Heathcote

Embryonic Love

It started when you said hello
slowly icebergs collided
clinked together sort of slow,
it was a friendship unrequited
that led to love poles apart
I recall that first-attraction
how, face to face my own, heart
entered a liquefaction
crossed an ocean to be with you
though at times, things were sluggish
we both instinctively knew
each own other's shortcomings
could be a land base to begin
to build and grow from one hello
our relationship grew therein
like two in one placenta, one embryo.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sad To Sadden

No-matter-what's-offered I'm not inclined
Your sincerities dishwater darling
Just another flagrant lie from your mind
Sad to sadden, we aren't two of a kind
In your eyes, I only sense real danger.
Our futures no longer fused or entwined
I've-no-need of a callous, cold jailer
Who takes my soul, crying heartache consigned?
No matter how many tears on a cloud
Fade and take on a rainbow now serene ☐
Your extremities, I no longer ploughed
Wished for; want the cut of the guillotine.
Sanguine tears no longer sweet, meet my sleep
Just nastiness of thunder, does I meet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Divinity Of Life In All Things

The world's as precious as a honeybee
and treasured as the clear sparkling dew
it's exquisite as a bride in her sari
the world's clearly, as dear to me as you.
The divinity of life in all things
is always fresh and unsoiled virginal
has the purity of gold, crowning kings
the majesty of a queen worshipful
the world a pear balanced about to fall
a star trembling upon a midnight hour
we each part of the final segments whole
synchronicity blooms but one flower
delicate as woven silk unravels
like dead flowers to seed on their scaffolds.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Double Strong In You

Have you ever watched a hawk hover?
Follow the flow of the wind along with the heather
stood in silence gazing at the lapping water
or run through a meadow filled with laughter.

Have you ever watched the morning dew sparkle?
Have you ever swum with the barbel
or stood amidst a storm and felt colossal
even stronger than a tidal wave coastal.

What makes a boy a man?
An acorn to grow in the palm of your hands
whatever makes a hawk hover?
Without crashing into its motherland
whatever makes a meadow flower root
derived its strength double-strong in you.

Whatever makes the morning dew?
Wells up in tears of happiness in you,
whatever makes a barbel swim firm midstream?
Have a steadying grip on me and you too
That's why the storm can't sway your resolve.
And that's why I believe in you.

Mark Heathcote

Just Wending Your Way Home

Millions of destinations lay ahead of you
one day your head will be a trophy
one day your heart will have a bullet hole
one day your soul will flex like a muscle
find a new home among the melting snow,
find a spring eternal that's always new.

Yes, millions of destinations lay ahead of you
because you're a lovechild,
no matter how far you wander
you'll always have your faith;
because you're a lovechild of God,
there'll always be an open heavenly gate.

And a father on a porch swing, in the shade
calling your name; like a returning evening star.
Yes, millions of destinations lay ahead of you
so don't forget when you're-lost, who you are.
You're a prodigal son whose light never fades.
You're a lovechild of God, just wending your way back home.

Yes, millions of destinations lay ahead of you
choices too many to count
but all you need do is be true to yourself
whatever the gulf, you'll learn to swim ashore
because someone always has confidence, you'll see it through
because someone more knowing, unfading has belief in both you and me.

Mark Heathcote

Autumn And Winter

As for spring and summer
I can wake a hummingbird in you
make an eagle hovers-to-devour you
as for autumn and winter
in her final grip, their icy moans.

I can call a vulture to pick your bones
make you, my robin redbreast.
Strip your feathers to line my soul's nest.
And as for all the rest; let-eternity
know that I've been devoutly blest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Spoils Of Life Slip Back Into Decay

Nothing is concrete here today
darker than the black night
the railings around another derelict cemetery
darker than the black night
the church arches that once let in the light
now boarded up; roof open to the starlight.

Darker than the black night
my old place of work on Crabtree-Lane
that once was an engineering envy
of the world in the business of Forge-Masters
it's the brutal reality of poverty
now stretching beyond Eva Brother's crumbling walls
people impoverished a misfit society.

Every cotton mill abandoned, every factory site
silenced, every miner's choir-disbanded
darker than the black night
our governments choking heavy control
they're endless bottomless-pit of greed
It's never filled; every promise
a new generation propaganda mine of fool's gold?

Mark Heathcote

The Last Returning Tides Of Love

Let's sigh at the quietude of the moon
and know a lover resides at her loom.

Ah, breasts rising high and then falling low,
pale her dark hair dreams of her Romeo.

Her heart twists in its harsh, tight binding cords
like a lost cormorant swimming seawards.

With a noose, a twine tied around her neck
she swallows entire-oceans bottleneck.

To drink of last returning ebbs of love
tell of an island the soul can but dove.

Let's sigh at the quietude of the moon
and know a lover lies sleeping entomb.

Dreaming, miracles that awake the dead
with kisses that wake the soul newlywed.

Mark Heathcote

A White Deer, Crowned

I must fasten an hour of my thoughts to your lips
I must hasten not a minute interlinked with your hips
I must wade in the mire of my own, passion and drown
I must awaken by your side a white deer, crowned.
Sleep on a thrown - pillow on either side of my head
Know my time its throes with one, has been well shed.
I must away, one day fly, like a sooty old blackbird.
And die without a word more to be written or heard.
For every pearl has an ocean that was made-for-rest
Now I have loved you, near and far, I am much blessed
My heart aches for the ashes of a dark scolding spark.
My soul awaits your kisses to sing like a meadowlark.
I am soliciting an early taste of your forbidden love.
I am cooing verses in the hope of a forever hereof.
Sated lust, every feather, lies plucked at the breast-
If-mine or any other is to find some sort-of-eternal rest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Watch While All The Leaves Festoon

Let us not be drowned in wailing sirens
While you work in your domesticity
Let us deliberate quiet silence
Let us deliberate simplicity
And cross a bridge that leads to another.
That expands your soul from its pit of sin
Now let us greet as sisters and brothers.
As Leonard Cohen plays the mandolin
And the mountain heather is laced with gold
Reflected in a lake, a silver spoon

Zen Buddhists watched beneath the manifold
Stars and moon, watch while all the leaves festoon.
Intricate paths that wander in recess
Reflected in a sea that wears no clothes
A hake fish we ate from a sequined dress
Once hooked all of us made love swearing oaths.
With a heart like a sinking, galleon
Let lizards lose a tail and grow a soul
Remember, remember there's halcyon
-Day's still to come and openly cajole

Like a pearl from its closed blue oyster shell
Let the snake wear a new suit of clothes
Let Leonard Cohen songs warn us of hell
Awaken us to love the throes of trolls
And sing of desperation and danger
Jig-like corpses in a sky burial
As windblown kale, infants in a manger
Happy as before that malarial
-Encounter that left them half-stoned or dead
As lovage wilted in monasteries

We the deceased pray behind walls mislead
Wake; find there are no more fairies
Or sad beasts or sirens with their sea drums
Just, Leonard Cohen his melodic lulls
With a thousand kisses deep in tones
Dulcet, dark, full of life and suffering

Going a thousand fathoms deep he moans
I'm a gloomy brother recovering
I hold roses, not lilies closing time
Melting hold-in-me a snow-child sublime.

Mark Heathcote

Flim-Flam Man

Let's throw out together some random thoughts.
Heavily-weighted, blunted like darts at a dartboard.
And, watch where they fall, where they rebound.
Where they sick in, where they land, if anywhere-at-all.
Quick duck, don't just stand there dithering-
As though an angel is about to call or crawl
Jettison over a 34000ft wall in order just-to-rescue you.
Don't you know that hypercritic jailer is on vacation?
And, He doesn't care at all to send a postcard back,
Back from heaven, he's saving air miles as we speak.
Prayer mats at his feet factor 50 cool His body heat
But he isn't afraid to speak his mind, put you on the rack.
Do, some flim-flam man racket sell you a nickel for a grand
And if the shoe doesn't-fit do something more-underhand
Like send you to see your uncle Nick, who calls you a prig,
Who-calls-you a sanctimonious private school thingamajig.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fees \$10 For Babble

Six before eighty what could it be
An introduction to a cemetery,
Or could it be a beauty pageant
Battling with leotards non-combatant
Or a lottery number partially recalled
Or a race all runners but two installed.

Six before eighty what could it be
Opposite cells in a prison block may be
A line of cattle for worming and branding
A graph on a map we're all misunderstanding
Getting further and further, further away
Numbers mean something I now formulae

Six before eighty could be warriors in battle
But here it is a call for poetry submissions
For "THEMA Literary Society" fees \$10 for babble
Whatever you write is bound to give emissions
So I won't waste an envelope or a stamp
A postie at their door, yammering I've-got-writers-cramp.

Mark Heathcote

Cornflower Blue

Love, here a bluebird with florets fanned
a cornflower I now place in your hand
has on a dove's undercarriage, on-wing
has on-colour; I shall no longer sing.
My heart love is yours; it always has been,
since the weeds of the cornfield gently green
through amber and gold, then white and yellow
wearing mine blue to be your playfellow
a bluebird - it's a bachelor's Button
rubbing shoulder blades with elves or globin
mimicking tears, never satisfying
I guess something needn't needs no certifying.
My heart love is yours; it always-has-been
I'm akin to those rose-pink hues of your skin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fall Back Into That Unsuspecting Lap

When the dew bids me, no more it can fall.
Or-it-can-rise-up-off the mossy floor
when it binds my flowers, with yours no more
here to the ends of the world—coverall.
When sinews ache, beyond all they can take
hope to god, they break. Spring-all the way back,
cannonball a trainspotting anorak.
I promise you all I won't bellyache.
Fall back into that unsuspecting lap
and not be grateful for all that has been,
oh, there hasn't been a flower so mean,
it hasn't blossomed from some seed to tap-
root its way heavenwards and blossom
like this world does in dewdrops so awesome.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Unaided Doubt

Unaided doubt fills our hearts
It jades us in our every step,
Till-we-ourselves are putout leaping
Like steppingstones in the dark.

We, who wobble, fall or step-ashore
Waver in the wake of others for sure
We quiver from our own-lost-certitude
Find our balance, when faith does exude.

It's not until we're truly-questioned
Is an answer put forth we can defend?
It's not until we're actually, imperilled
We realise we've got this undoubting friend.

Unaided doubt fills our hearts
Yet-a-path can lead to a light endless
That rises as soon as it sets
And I, we are all a part of its remnants.

Mark Heathcote

There Isn't Another Ingredient

There isn't another ingredient
If I don't any longer make you smile
If I don't any longer caramelize your heart
Marshmallow, toast the coals of your soul
I guess I'll have to expedient an end
And let you go.

Darling aren't you the teensiest bit upset
If I too follow you and go cold;
If I too-consider-you've passed your best by date
Because I can't sugar-coat it any more
That you don't love me the same, and I abhor
Looking into your deadpan eyes, insecure.

There isn't another ingredient
There isn't another tangible hot-spice
A cinnamon moon, quite so cool
As to make you drawl,
Hoot like an owl,
Hoot at the stars long-simmering to sing to you.

Darling will you be the teensiest-bit-upset
If I too walk away without any regret
If I too say I'm bored with the same meal
I want to dine and feel, taste something new
Savour something fresh and really, divine
A dessert that pleases me all of the time.

There isn't another ingredient
But darling I ask you, are you still mine
Darling, can't we entwine;
Mix bitter with sweet and reach for the stars
The centre of the universe is ours
If we can-just-reimagine these components tired and supine.

Mark Heathcote

Rituals

We're all exposed to rituals minus our consent or concern
I'm not talking witches covens or dancing naked around
A fire or devil worshipers wanting we should give up and die
And I am not talking about self-flagellation or scarification.
I am talking about small things the little rituals we make.
When you want to save the world today; what do you do?
Do you separate your waste, give up driving diesel too.
There are rituals to even tying a shoe; what do you do?
Chewing gum is it incidental how you fold the silver paper
Brush your teeth; get paid monthly, pay your bills
Work ever harder getting nowhere only older
We're all exposed to rituals don't forget to iron your clothes
Walk the dog, flea-powder the cat, and whisper a prayer
To-never-getting an answer; take that once a year break
By the ocean, hoping, hoping the sun will always shine
Rituals, rituals, rituals-don't-forget that bucket and spade
The kite string tangled, dads white burnt feet in sandals
Come Christmas kissing mother under the Mistletoe
Arguing about the flavour of a pistachio ice cream
Till all, you want to do as a child, is-scream!
Rituals, rituals, rituals-don't-they, make you blue
Morning rituals like going to school like a lonely cloud
Like-shouting when you're older the kids are too loud.

Mark Heathcote

Passport

Let you be my passport
Let me drown at the margins of your love
Cross borders out-of-the-rough into the smooth;
Coo like a dove, exploring fresh new winds.

Lead me on a trail-of-breadcrumb
Let me find my island under the Pacific sun
Let me—oar my sinking boat ashore
Let me fall like a sycamore leaf

Let you be my shelter in a storm,
Let you be my future-forevermore
Let me, walk barefoot into your soul
Let you be the drumbeat of my heart

Let me drown at the margins of your love
And, drown
Let you be my passport, my country.

~or~



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Let you be my passport
Let me drown at the margins of your love
Cross borders out-of-the-rough into the smooth;
Coo like a dove, exploring fresh new winds.
A tranquil angelic breeze

Lead me on a trail-of-breadcrumb
Let me find my island under the Pacific sun
Let me—oar my sinking boat ashore
Crash against the reef
Let me fall like a sycamore leaf

Let you be my shelter in a storm,
Let you be my future-forevermore
Let me, walk barefoot into your soul
Let you be the drumbeat of my heart
Let me drown at the margins of your love
And, drown

Let you be my passport, my country.
Oh, I'm shaking like a leaf
When I've arrived, baby, don't let me leave.

Mark Heathcote

Shooting The Breeze

It's another cold and lazy day with placid eyes
shooting-the-breeze but darling
we're too fearful, to venture, go outside.
Coffee is brewing, the porch swing has-stopped-swinging
the dog is running through the twilight pines
but we won't venture into the backyard
cold as a frozen sea, a leaden heart
but I promise you, that is no way me.
I'm as sunny, as the top of a cloud raining in your hair.
That is me.
Owls are hooting with violet eyes.
I guess that's how you look at me.
When lightning, lights-up the skies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Go Weak At The Knees

I'm in the mood for writing songs
cause I'm a shipwreck in your hair
trying to steer a course, gentle and fair.

I'm in the mood for singing blues songs
remembering the years in the dark
till it was, I, rambled-lost into your heart?

Yes, I'm in the mood for a sad song,
but-my-siren yours is all I want to hear
my heart and soul are like a fish in your creel.

And darling-isn't that why the sea squeals
oh, darling-isn't it why a storm screams?
And darling-isn't that why I go weak at the knees?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

At Each And Every-Interplay

Won't someone waltz dance with me?
And put my loving on ice.
Won't someone come and rescue me?
Won't someone save me?
And take me to paradise.

Pray, let her footsteps lead the way,
Let me put my arm around her waist.
And feel her hips sway,
At each and every-interplay,
Here on now and forever from today.

Won't you waltz dance with me?
Till I melt in your arms
Till I'm hauled, alongside your bodice
Like a fish that can't breathe-
Open its gills or keep still.

Pray, tomorrow I awake-
And break for air in a wave of foam.
And cling to what buoys my soul, tonight.
A woman like a willow,
Who bends, straightens, stars in their anointed light?

At each and every-interplay,
Here on now and forever from today.
Let nothing stand in my way.
Let us waltz dance break every vertebra.
The way lovers play.

Mark Heathcote

I've Got Nothing Left To Kiss And Tell

I've got nothing left to kiss and tell
That's how much I hurt now like hell
And I don't need a saviour
So don't even bother reminding me
Of my own, one-time sordid misbehaviour
So don't even-throw-stones at me
Because I refuse to break
I refuse to hurt or ache.

I've got nothing left to kiss and tell
That's how much I hurt now like hell
And I don't need any guidance
So don't even try to map my future out
I've already learned to live in subsidence
I need little; I'll find water in a drought
And in the near future, I'll thrive
Cause I've learned how to survive.

I've got nothing left to kiss and tell
That's how much I hurt now like hell
But I'll cleave-open a heaven
Like a rainbow in the air.
Gold's at the end of the road I reckon
Not everything can be unfair
And I'll find love someday, I swear
Cause I believe in the power of prayer.

I've got nothing left to kiss and tell
That's how much I hurt now like hell
But faith is an ember ever-present
And if I sleep, it's only a short hibernation
A tear on closed pressed lips like dew omnipresent
A call to the spring to wake
Look around this world there's nothing completely opaque.

Mark Heathcote

Otelia Cromwell

Became a distinguished scholar and Professor of English
she was the first African-American graduate.

At Smiths College, receiving a B.A. in Classics

adamant nothing could prevent her; she showed great courage.

There are outstanding heroic people like Otelia Cromwell,

Who has changed the world, opening doors for others?

Her bravery propelled society forward; we marvel at her

-achievements weren't they outstanding for different cultures.

different diversities, leaving an inspirational legacy,

Otelia was a glowing example of what could-be-achieved

how others could overcome ignorance and realise equality,

if-you-just work hard, push hard, and believe-believe-believe.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just So I Could Write About Our Love

There are snippets about you in these poems darling
but I'm not going through them, word for word
I'd rather glide like a bird uninterrupted
on ethereal winds rise to the zeniths in the darkness up above.
I'd rather dance like a strobe light in your hair
and holds on to you, glowing feeling unaware
I helped make you strip and bare your soul
simply put, I held your heart and squished out its inky blood.
Just so, I could write about our love.
Just so, I could write about our love.
Just so, I could write about our love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Have An Element Of Danger

Have an element an avalanche of danger
so no one takes advantage, sees you weaker.
Have hollowed-out eyes at times don't apologise.
And don't talk so much you anthologise.
Or the apex of your foundations shall not rise.
Learn to live—love and others don't penalise.
Be-at-times a lamb, a shepherd or a lion,
but keep a sting in your tail like a black scorpion.
Have a crazy side fictional as the cracks in hell
but be intensely religious, fervent as Cromwell.
It's where your image falters you'll find a thread-
that tapestry of your own, uncoiling web.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Strayed Like A Howling Dog, Going Deeply Hungry

Bring your heart your soul wherever you go
And ask yourself, can you hold your grin,
Can you hairpin a corner and survive
And wink without a cynical smile.

Ask yourself, what will happen when
You can no-longer-stabilise your life
And forgive your own, reckless sin.
Just-where-you think you'll begin again.

Feathered and tarred, seen and circled
Strayed like a howling dog, going deeply hungry,
Ask yourself who you are you be?
Who gave that heart that soul? Put you out to sea.

So, put your best foot forward.
There are always plenty of clouds
And a smile while there's a sundial
Ask, what good it does being a snappy crocodile.

Remember your heart your soul wherever you go
Is a rotting body a corpse still hoping to grow?
While it subsists and endures to resist
Every twist of fate there is.

Remember you're a ghost out of tune
And the key chords to a good life
Is remembering there's always another echo,
Better than the one everyone else sees.

Mark Heathcote

But For You

But for you, I wouldn't have a friend
But for you, I'd live in a rock-pool
But for you, I'd drift like the wind
But for you, I'd sleep with Satan
But for you, I'd be smitten with losers
But I'm a winner because I love you.

Oh, and somehow you, love me too
With a rose blush smile;
On blooded thorn, I tremble like a bee
Torn between sinking ever deeper
Or flying free, never to just-
Die and smoulder in flames of desire.

But for your grace in adversity, I'd be mislaid
But for your, good heart I'd be dead
But for your gentle soul, I'd be lost
But for your empathy, I wouldn't care to be loved
But for your endless bounty, I'd be poor
But for all this and more, I shall be endlessly grateful.

Oh, I'm a winner, because I love you.

Oh, and somehow you, love me too
With a rose blush smile;
On blooded thorn, I tremble like a bee
Torn between sinking ever deeper
Or flying free, never just to
Die and smoulder in flames of desire.

But all I do is call your flames higher
Higher, higher till were doused in sweat and dew.
Because somehow you, love me too,
The flames play catch, and you fall in my lap,
An angel a cinder of my dreams,
A snowstorm in my mind—endlessly, grateful

You froze the rage in me, made a lover;
A faithful-fearless-friend in me.

Mark Heathcote

But For Now, I Need Your Warm Embrace

We need to put down some bedrock roots
Stop that compass spinning. Stop it in its tracks
And bed down under the starlight the moon.

We need to harbour in each other's arms
And sail that lemon-drop sunrise into that dusky dusk
Till-we-can sinks or swims and above all ...anchors.

In each other's trusted arms; drown night and day.
I only want to lay with you, wake up to you...
I only want to kiss you, the way I always will.

Like, you're the first and last girl-on-my-list.
We need to hold hands and tie the knot;
A love-like-this is a dead man walking.

With a smile in his heart, his soul
Light as feather trembling in bliss
And in bliss, swearing to love you, forever.

We need to do all this tomorrow
But for now, I need your warm embrace
A kiss like satin or lace.

But for now, I need to bed you under the moon,
Till-you-can sinks or swims and above all ...anchors.
Oh and Stop that compass spinning. Stop it in its tracks.

Mark Heathcote

Falling Blossoms Rise To Be Heard

Music lets you float above the clouds
It condenses the raindrops in your heart and soul
It creates snowdrifts where silence enshrouds
White and dreamy you're a flower in gods buttonhole

You're the music that sings from a falling star;
And when you sing, on the horizon there are rainbows
A group of stranger's, many nations making friends.
Lyrically speaking—your avatar is a superstar.

Music lets you cross bridges near and far
It's a serpent with a heavenly hissing speaker - tongue.
It's a viper that wants to bite you but leave no scare.
Fill up your lungs, it's-a-blessing we should, all share.

Music to be fair is an unconquerable magic
As a force for good, it leaves us charmed
Music is a midnight-flower a melodramatic choir
It haunts you with its beauty its hook its chorus forever

Some of its tremulous voices echo on like starlings
Tremor-like a heartbeat turning oceans in their sleep,
Some shot like a starling—killed; cross subgenres
Their words like falling blossoms—rise to be heard.

Mark Heathcote

Four Ways In Search—the Wind

Four ways in search—the wind at its centre
Standing-still sure to completely-surrender
Shall put you in reach-like a child in a manger
Rocked towards the South rocked to the West.

Never in any real outward danger
Rocked towards the North rocked to the East
Your faith has chariot wings in its favour
A soul of comfort you must always savour.—

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Allow Me To Explain

When I snap my fingers, you'll dance & stand inline
Get with the program that I've specially designed.
Yes, we're all one of a kind, me-more-so-than you?
See, I'm extra smart, stronger in every sinew
Allow me to explain my stance, my point of view,
So there's little or nothing—you can misconstrue.
I'm a man with enough power to strike you down
I'm a god if you must know and I wear a crown
Look, it's all about margins and maximising.

I deal-drugs for a living fear no man living
I pimp women to lowlife-scum, outcast-rejects;
Drive a beautiful BMW car; speak in street dialects.
Lay-off all bets and if anyone ***ks with me
I switch off the sun to that-tell-tale wannabe.
Put a gun in their mouth and bury them at sea.
I'm like a movie star, come-to-a-matinee
You're sure to be given a central leading-role
Auditions are daily; we'll find your niche pigeonhole.

Mark Heathcote

Vulnerability Shielded

A woman the world wants to interview
Oh, I'm just trying to be dramatic.
Brush my hair back, slant my head left from you:
Shed and wipe a starry tear prismatic.
Wave away a helping hand, like I'm strong
Like I'm running this state single-handed
The way all we women do, all year long,
Vulnerability shielded; candid
No, never let down your guard and keep clean-
Your own-back-yard, trust me—I'm your sister.
... Just an Irish American Colleen,
Head full of dreams, wet behind the ears Mr
That's me turning preteen, thirteen—sixteen
Legal and above-board come seventeen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

As-If-They're A Cornerstone

Did our DNA arrive from outer space?
And questions like do we stand alone
Fill our thoughts, as we add to our database
Without knowing any more than we did before

Questions are answered as-if-they're a cornerstone
But then it crumbles before the hourglass breath
Questions roll along like waves on the shore
They break, followed by ten thousand more.

But DNA is so durable it has survived re-entry intact
It has astonishingly survived in dry bones surviving 38,000yrs
So what do you, really know, what are the facts?
When it's your time to go, do you really; believe you know?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Life Is Remarkable In The Extreme

Life is remarkable in the extreme
When you consider upstream or down
How things survived whatever the ravine
Whatever, befalls, life, won't be drowned.

It won't-be frozen in Siberian-permafrost
There are nematode worms more than 42,000yrs-old
Wriggling into life, well preserved, behold
That has survived just about every holocaust.

It's truly miraculous how things endure
Like an insect that survives in space
"Tardigrades" are incredible in their lowly demeanour
They're miracles of nature with a screwed up face.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Roses Are Red

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
I'd climb a mountain peak to-
Lock antlers with you, my horny caribou.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
When I'm broken inside
You're my super glue.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
I instantly knew
I love you.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
You have wisdom
Much more than I do

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
Auspicious was the day
I met with you.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
We made a covenant
Honest and true

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
I had sensed someone
Wonderful was in my retinue

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
When I kissed you
It was sweeter than honeydew

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
I want to play buckaroo ...only
With you and lose much more than a shoe.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
I tend to dream
And you made my dreams come true.

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
No darkness in space subdued
A star a beauty bright as you

Rose's are red,
Violets are blue
The riches of your love I bank
And in my heart, they accrue.

Mark Heathcote

Let Me Be As Apple Blossom

White and cylindrical piped from black-caviar
let me be as apple blossoms five-pointed star
let me perch sit upon the boughs of heavens blue
fall ripe and heavy when my time is way past due
and rest in your lap for collection, life anew
then when all is said and done, I'll-bid-you-adieu.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ghost Apples

Aren't we hanging by a thread?
Like ghost apples, the remnants of a core?
Old age, it has to be said
it's a difficult journey; for anyone to endure?
But what beauty is left hanging
has even-me hankering when I mature
will I leave as much dangling?
In loveliness, in other's eyes store.

-or-

Aren't we all hung, by an indivisible thread?
Like ghost apples the remnants of a core?
Old age it has to be said.
Does a difficult journey take and endure?

But what beauty could we too have left hanging
Has even-me hankered when I mature
Shall-I-also leave-as-much dangling
Kindness sweetened with harvest store.

Mark Heathcote

You Are My Light

Stars connect across the dark expanse
Poles-apart their pinholes of light burn
And uncoil at that moment perchance
To enter each other's dark nocturne
And, flood themselves with each other's light;
It's to that glowing central vortex
A single soul spent in that cortex
More precious than gold, we expedite
To find a flower of consciousness.
A seed of breath that extrapolates
Gives-meaning to this ungodliness,

Love, it laughs and, it annihilates
All that darkness in its warm embrace
I reflect that we've aligned our love
This-we've shared; I've seen it on your face
All the love, fire, smoke seen above.
Our starlight now skips the universe
Can't be depleted, stopped in pursuit
Aim always fixed not to be dispersed.
Not combined, can the rest constitute?
As much light as we two can tonight
My darling-combined you are my light.

Mark Heathcote

More To Me Than You'll Ever Know

I'm-only flesh and bone
I'm-only a human being
Acting all instinctual
Wanting to go deep and nautical and kiss you.
I'm-only a coral reef
Oh, for you, my starfish,
So you can inch by inch your way beneath my skin.
I'm-only a pale base coated canvas
I'm-only a wet unfinished painting
Waiting-framing
Darling, you can lick-me-into shape
Darling, you can fill my cup
Till it's an ocean, where I can drown and escape
And thereafter-levitate without a drop.
Darling, I'm a dangling spider
Looking into your eyes
In your keep in your keeping
Shaking-all-energized.
I'm an alchemist experimenting in his chamber
Darling, I'm silver soldered
Darling, I'm a Pussy willow
Spun and cocooned in gold
Darling, I'm only flesh and bone
But I know when my heart my roots
My soul has found a home;
Darling, you mean so much more to me than you'll ever know.

Mark Heathcote

Don't Pigeonhole Me

Don't pigeonhole me or, I'll-eulogize
I've soared and roosted more than once before.
When this perch is no longer good or fine
when our scared time has no more binding ties
let's forget all our promises we swore
... I was ever yours - you were ever mine.

Let's end as good friends lovers without feuds
separate horizons, the sun and the moon.
We to can continue to change the tides
be lamps of light if nought darker eludes.
Let's stand for the dangers that barbed-harpoon.
Show we've got soft belly undersides.

Let's laugh at our tears, forgive those lost years
be bigger than all these name callings smears.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jailhouse Of Fog

One by one, city towers disappear
And we're wondering, were they ever here
Or were we hurdled back in times past? It's queer
It's peculiar they no longer up-rear
How does something so mammoth disappear
And yet our skyline is a concrete tier
That just seconds from now might reappear
It's easier believing they weren't here
But skylines are tainted patchworks of glass
It's a marvel to us, lower-class?
Head scratching—wondering should I disappear?
Would they notice I'm gone, no longer here?
Weird asking egotistical questions
Shrewd in knowledge, we've fewer perceptions.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That Dirty Deed That Cast A Seed

Sometime
Way after dark
I've coals burning
Here diamonds rain
Down on a midnight hour
And a forest flower burns
Trembles in her white root
Leans on her grapevine
That declines anymore to climb
That's when I know
My heart truly-
Truly, truly-
Truly beats
Sometime
Way after dark
I have a shallow heart
Want's to light a spark
And in her inner sanctum;
Ignite a flaming hot discharge.
I have a living pulse
Wants to bleed
Wants to fuse
And discover love
Find its muse
Do it with you my dove
That dirty deed
That cast a seed.

Mark Heathcote

Climb My Way Upstairs

I am not a board game
I am no snakes and ladders
But inside me, I know
What truly matters?
I am not a banker
Neither is I a vampire
But both are no better
Then one or the other
I am not an atheist
Neither is I a priest
But both will have no answer
When they leave in a hearse
I am not a politician
Neither is I a diplomat
But both have sown immense sorrow
Daily creating some shifty, avalanche.

I am not a thief
Neither is I a charity
But one day, I'll wear a wreath
And die someplace quite happily
I'm simply a poet
I whisper sweet nothings to the wind
But don't quote me
Because I can blissfully sing!
I am not a sharp dresser
Neither is I a ladies man,
But I know I'll leave this dark seller
Climb my way upstairs
I am not a board game
I am no snakes and ladders
But inside me, I know
What truly matters?

Mark Heathcote

How Does Something So Mammoth Disappear

One by one, city towers disappear
And we're wondering, were they ever here
Or were we hurdled back in times past? It's queer
It's peculiar they no longer uprear
How does something so mammoth disappear
And yet our skylines a full concrete tier
That just seconds from now might reappear
It's easier believing they weren't here
But skylines are tainted patchworks of glass
It's a marvel to us, lower-class?
Head scratching—wondering should I disappear?
Would they notice I'm gone, no longer here?
Odd asking egotistical questions
Shrewd in knowledge, we've fewer perceptions.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ford Capri - The Car You Always Promised Yourself

Play me some funk like James Brown,
Hotwire my engine my heart
Paint me fire engine red, take me to town,
I've got Soul I'm-off-the-chart

She said love me like an inferno
Darling, hold nothing back
Consume me, have no fear now
I want my very own, heart attack.

She said love me till I corrode
like a battery leaking acid
Wash me, soap me, treat me splendid
Be sure to remember, I'm-not-a-commode.

Put your foot to the pedal to the floor baby
And give-it-some more wellie
I might not be a Mercedes
But neither am I some mechanical whore.

Take me for a ride Honey
"I promise you I am no "Cortina in drag".
Did you read the Add
The Car You Always Promised Yourself
The one you never had.

Mark Heathcote

All That Will Be Left

I'm sorry, how did it go.
Sure you know that monster op?
Do you remember that
old apothecary's shop?
Yes, a glass kaleidoscope-
of coloured moraines?
Remember those-old-folk
rattling like coffin nails.
Whatever happened to that-
greasy-haired apprentice?
'Sure he's now qualified,
works in some pharmacy chemists.'
And that receptionist-
who wore that sexy little red spotted-dress?
'Believe she had low-standards,
was-mutton undress'
You mean mutton-dressed-as-lamb,
you still on that diazepam:
'I am when I can get it-
without having a cardiogram.'
My ailments there much better thanks;
I guess I'm healing.
'But isn't that receptionists
-here quite unfeeling, isn't she? '
'I went to the docs the other day
nothings the same.'
He's giving me pills for pills,
and more than I can name.
Each counteracts the other,
guess someone's getting rich
now, this involuntary twitch
has a 2nd minor twitch.
What's your stock in trade nowadays?
Have you recently retired?
'Sir! I like these here painkillers
has long-expired to work.'
Your hands are all waxy
you're like-a-waxwork mannequin.
All that will-be-left soon is that-

surgeon's keyhole-needlework.
And a smile leaning to one side that-
says you still haven't learnt
what to do when nothing really works.

Mark Heathcote

A Welcome Sight

Now and then
I call your name
and suddenly, your face appears.
A welcome sight to my heart
like a flickering candle after dark
you appear in my thoughts
each-blessed-night I'm alone
then darling, later, much later
we talk on the telephone
then it slowly fades like a water vapour
then the picture fades into asleep
I want to drink.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Celestial Bodies

Star of aniseed, taste buds gradually numbed
With the meaning of life, aching from within
Ah, for that celestial, warmth touch-of-her-skin
Velvet as a rosebud like a bee succumbed.
Nights spent beholding them: till fast asleep
Each cluster learned, begins to reteach:
Stars geographically, they're too far to reach
But I've two orbiting - they're mine to keep
I gaze at their heavens long into the night.
Loves - honey - once it rolls off the tongue
Root sticks in your heart like a boomerang.
Starlight blinds but it mellows-to-moonlight
& as it does, I am always transfixed,
Heart & soul with body fluids intermixed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All Appetites Less One

Entering the Priory,
They asked him, have you eaten.
Yes, I'm quite full, I've had
Two cups of herbal tea;
Oh, plus those obligatory anti-depressants.

... Refrained in a soft whispery breath,

A vastness immeasurable
Outstanding - like nature
Bewildering in its reach; outside-
Slowly one voice brought him back to his senses
All appetites less one returned.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When We Entangle Like The Clouds And Sky

I love your eyes they hold so much clarity
there is no place to hide
they make me feel naked
and I like that honesty like a leafless tree
you are the spring that awakens the warmth of the heavens.
You're like the snow;

you cover everything with beauty,
If I melt upon your skin,
can I evaporate into your heart and soul?
Oh, yes I will absorb your whole being
Oh, I want to be that first bead of sweat that comes out to play
When we entangle like clouds and sky.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anima Mundi

In a sense, we're a part of every picture.
The foreboding presence of imminent death
only heighten how we feel about Him too,
with what sagacity we all sense Gods
school-bell rule, we'll all return soon
back to the land and the Lamb of God,
with an even bigger heart full of love.

In every sense, we're a part of the picture.
The foreboding presence of our death
only heighten how we feel about survival
how lives they're the living waters
that roam eternally like oceans-returning
we are all survivors of another time
to be rediscovered in another place.

Anima mundi  PoemHunter.com

'Soul of the universe

By

Mark Andrew Heathcote

A day full of pointless-interruptions

Tongues clack, annunciate quietly
like revival prayer meetings between two lovers
one declaring I love you; I'm yours
I am a day full of pointless-interruptions
I hear the dawn chorus it breaks with me.
I hear the oceans riptides rise-and-fall
I hear a grizzly-bear clawing a cave wall.
I hear the hoots of a ravenous barn-owl.

But within me, an angelic-calm descends.
A hush silence whenever I near you.
There are interludes of a winding river deepening.
Then leaping-like a salmon down from a waterfall.
There are intervals the wind rages into being.
And then makes feeble serenades, it whimpers-
'take-my-hand', take me I'm yours.
Such interruptions are a daily-recourse
a voice in the wilderness, that's spoken to all.

School window

I go missing at school when I'm

-seated near any-kind of a window
eyes-glaze-over like a frost flower
that grows melts in the blink of an eye.

I spy, Fireweed swaying in the breeze
that summer-clock tells the end of
-summer and the beginning of autumn,
but I envision an eternal spring.

Where everything, mislaid is found again
found, flowering on-arrival perpetual
I, imagine 'Fireweed spikes' swaying
that never gives up their flame.

When a teacher shouts, boy, turn around
-yes, I imagine 'frost flowers' everlasting;
I, imagine a birdsong uninterrupted
Playgrounds—Arcadian ceaselessly green.

That's where I go missing when I'm
-seated near any-kind of a school window
oh, I can't wait for that school bell.
Lord, knows I've been here too many years.

The first whack of light

As a boy, I loved verdant virgin lands
the first whack of light peeking through the mist
glistening-like a golden cloak sun-kissed
and nature's volume going through its radio bands
I loved wands of droplets weighted just so
the silent dew cannot enumerate
-watching robin redbreast reverberate
his shrill bloated song to what do we owe

-this honour of your presence little friend,
why does the earthworm turn tail with the snail?
Does your red jersey; scold their eyes, offend.

As one kingdom ascends upon the vale
-another descends blindly as a mole, a bat
lucky is I in my bright habitat.

It's so bewildering

Dawn in the wintertime is like a coffin-lid
lifted and, a feldspar of bones shimmering
ice-covered reaches out to touch your hands.
Ice-crystals bear their impressive teeth, mouth-crammed
it's so bewildering and embittering
-yet-enriching, splashing about snow, like a squid.

The world flickers into life; turned ghostly white
shrubs are buckling with a weight not, of their own.
Trees, like the horses of the apocalypse
-stand frozen, mid-gallop, and stars like steamships?
Glisten orange like a flower overblown,
petals near spilling like a meteorite.

The falling snow

From my home beneath your window
by sight I love you
by divinity, I kiss you
by touch, I embrace you
by my devotion, I join you
by all that I am, I worship you
by heavenly bodies I perceive you
from my home beneath your window
in adoration, I melt away like the falling snow.

Spring-cleaning

There are times our inadequacies get brushed aside
like those dust particles on the bedside cabinet
and I analyse their presence as a kind of catalyst
and I think how they amassed to cover the surface
and how inanimate I have also become.
How our anxieties persecute us, almost feel justified.

How adamant were their own, stay of execution
how easily they accumulated taking pride of place.
But yet with one sweep of my hand and a solution
-is simply found, nothing too extravagant
just a bit of spring-cleaning; some self-application
and I no longer have this feeling of being inadequate.

Just imagine

Just imagine you didn't have long to live
what would you give to live that bit longer?
Just ponder, don't meander into overdrive
strive to answer like a cataloguer
what you've somehow had lost and forgot
like the key to your house - standing outside
taking a long look to find access and plot
away back in, don't look mystified.
Your life is just a short story, chapter and verse
there's nothing to rehearse, acceptance
-isn't a curse; roll over a new stone, nurse

your old wounds and fight. Be impetuous,
just imagine life-is-a-wave returned
-to life, and nothing's ever adjourned.

'Have you not seen it? '

In my heart, I have a flower.
It's scented. Have you not seen it?
Have you not yet—found that bower?
Not pricked one forefinger on it.

It lies beside a stream, winding
it's way backwards, to a garden,
said one-time, to be called Eden.
Love, I'm not just eulogising.

Find that bower, follow its scent
right to the flower's heart, still rent
-on loving you, it's a serpent
that's fanged but lovingly verdant.

Bitten you've emitted to a death
so, enigmatic the world pales

and like a honeybee beneath
sepals, amassing nectar bales.

You shall find the first flower, borne
somewhere withstood the gaze-of-love
you might think this flower-lowborn
-found, but there's nothing sweeter above.

Snowdrops

Can-it-be winter is leaving;
such loveliness is joyous
their greenery is-beauteous,
with a charm undeceiving.

Snowdrops are pushing up
last year's magnolia leaves
making little-brown tepee's
I can almost hear their blood.

I can almost hear a choir
of archangels singing
while briar woods are sleeping
their flowers is an appetiser.

But how their memory lingers,
how those green-and-white
bells so static, still excite
icy chilblain, fingers.

Encompasses a whole

Do our daydreams leave impressions?

Like fossils leave-footprints

why count our possessions?

With others be wolfish.

This-life child is only

a recital, only

a prelude rehearsal

to another, full circle.

This is-part-of-a test,

that encompasses a whole

never made manifest

to which we give our soul.

A creaking blue door

I recall a lake, waters emerald
sunlight glinting, and in every corner
a school of fish, I'd sit like Tom Sawyer
I'd watch fir-trees swaying tall and pencilled.

I'd see fat carp in groups of seven or more
move with the ease of summer clouds that had
now become unaccustomed to downpours
and recall the old-fishing hut, table plaid.

It's lime green, boards and a creaking blue door
I recall kingfishers darting, side by side
how they would plunge and then suddenly soar
I was in [heaven] till insecticides

-from a crop, sprayer flew over, killing
off all the fish, which meant no revenue.
The fishing hut got hauled down, a clearing-
Made; trees-fell like some God had gone achoo!

A heartbreak evident in daylight
gloomily that's how I recall this place
squats lakeside like being graveside
a feeling all [heaven] had been, defaced.

Like a fish

Like a fish
like a fish Lord,
like a fish devour me
like a fish consume me

like a fish salt-dried soak me
like a fish smoke-hung, hangs me
like a fish in a frying pan, fry me, eat me
like a fish, I contain the minions of the Ocean Sea
like a fish, the mermen and the mermaids all know me
like a fish let me spawn in a riverbed
like a fish let me catch the waves
like a fish let-me-leap and play
like a fish let-me-swim upriver
like a fish let-me-spool away
like a fish let me drown
like a fish let-me-be
-fish food for thee
succour for, you
like a fish Lord,
like a fish
a fish

Spring pathways

I love seeing the common toad entering the road
just sat there resting like it's on some royal commode
I love seeing that red army of ants in their troops,
and those little white mayflies in their aerial-loops.

Forget being the first man in space or on the moon,
I'd rather have my lover lay on my breast entomb.
Forget being the first to leave footprints in the snow,
I love being the first to weave through a spring-meadow.

I love making clouds of pollen as I run-ahead
looking back, watching those tall grasses wands as I sped.
I love huge-brown sideways dragonflies flying-boundless
I love making flowerbeds switchblade in their prowess.

Excavating trouble makers

Dusk and annoying woodpeckers take their rest
from 'rat-a-tat-tat' holing-out tree a nest.
They'll drum from 'January until June'
in pairs - some 200 times a day their beaks harpoon
in a splintered tree; excavating a chamber
till their nonstop, noise becomes faint...fainter.

High summer now the drilling falls to a low hush,
except for the road works—a ground-hopping thrush.
Peace will now mostly transcended on-the-wood
as everyone is going about their livelihood.
A woodpecker brood fills their large hungry-guts
while schoolchildren-practise their 'desktop-woodcuts.'

April sunlight on lake water

Dancing on their embarkations,
triangular-arrowheads enter the water
dispersing a blinding light, shimmering
-like a thousand fish mouths opening,
biting—then just as suddenly closing.

'Each wave mirroring the next as if
-an oily mercury serpent was passing
with all its diamante alloy-scales flashing
against some current that held it fast,
Fast-enough that I, might, repeatedly gasp.'

'Such things as these often go unseen,
as if it were a figment of a dream
the serpent becomes a rainbow,
the rainbow becomes a serpent
and no one recalls the dream.'
the beauty depth of all we've just, seen.

There is an open jarred cavity in us all
an eternal eye that sees entirely-everything,
it doesn't matter if for a second you blink

its lens has already been light-exposed
the film in the darkroom fully developed.

Semi-sweet

We're only sometimes; semi-sweet-hmm
I wish we could encounter that honeybee
-under the dappled, shade of His apple tree.
And meet only at the core - but alas again.

Autumn holds our goods in-store; so we preserve
to sing like blossom trees insatiable - wryly
last-out-these lengthy winters tentatively,
in springtime eat our royal jelly reserve.

Our nape feels cold fingers harsh words
their wintry blasts see windblown fruits fall
in the end, good-seasons return my call
we're dipping into flowers with hummingbirds.

We're sitting on mossy boughs holding hands
watching April clouds roll and dissipate
I kiss, her-cheeks, she blushes-red I expiate
I'll do things right at the core of her pangs.

Tentative fingers

When May woodland flowers are on their timbers
and horse chestnut trees have on tentative fingers
a shadow prevails within a sea of green
it wanders down to the village green
fringe with flowers like a tablecloth,
there links with your heels like a wetted-cloth
that's dragged-through the fields yellow moss
when you reach the churchyard and see a stone-cross
that shadow reminds you of a bell that will toll
candles that'll-be lit for the passing of your soul.

The journey home

Aisle-on-aisle in them, church pews, going home
they hold their iPhone 7s like a prayer book
bent in devotion switched to some—Om!
Haloed busses, baited on a fishhook
each waiting for that vital uplink call
is it the voice of God or just subtext?
I feel I'm not connected, less enthrall
I don't-like iPhones at all—I'm perplexed
I haven't God, at my fingertips—my ear
and this isn't my church or Sunday school.
As a rule, I read a book some seer
a clear-eyed poet, prophet so I'm, uncool
I'm, inclined to sit, alone, quite detached
a vestibule, where God and I are, patched.

A guiding faun

I remember a willow tree half-eaten
by fire and lightning;
and later a blue tits nest a living scroll
within a cracked open blackened vest.

I remember a frozen landscape

a winding stream with yellow primroses
and a personal agony back then
-I imagined would-always-remain a torrent.

I remember thinking, how do I fit.
How do I survive-identical a blue tits egg?
Will I endure lives every misfortune;
equal half-eaten willow trees apportion.

I remember thinking this is no dream.
It holds nightmares of every persuasion
-of joy and misery of equal equation;
it evolves as do the season's opposite.

I remember thinking, how life goes on
how it flourishes with virtuosity,
how it fights back from adversity,
inhabits-remote places, a guiding faun.

Arctic snow

The news is a constant in all our lives
like microplastics found in arctic snow,
yesterday's news headline no one forgives
but we're all part responsible, and so
let's not adlib some sense of innocent's
act-like it's some, sort of manslaughter-charge.
'We can beat that crap, ' we aren't villainous
that smoking-gun wasn't ours or this scourge
of waste; decomposing-body unclaimed
on the worlds, cold mortuary table
waiting to be identified - reclaimed
no, this-isn't-ours it's been mislabel
no lead I didn't fire that pistol?
Look this snow is pure and clear as crystal.

Take skywards as wings-are-meant

Her eggs are round, white as snow
one, that's been thrown and is now,
quite-imbedded with black-stone
not-round as a honeycomb,
infamously, hard to see
she could be a sedge-land-bee
chasing insects, eat chaff seed,
nesting beneath-the-bindweed
yes, leave the flowers-be.

Male sings, before the moonlight
soaking up drowsy sunlight
till it whispers in wheatear.
it's now time to leave mid-air
find someplace fairer—avail
come-away ground-hugging, quail.
there's more my heart can-lament
take skywards as wings-are-meant.

Prayer bells

It's a topsy-turvy-world, but don't-be-fooled or confused.
Everything will be-unfurled and again suitably fused.

There will be prayer bells spun across the Himalayas
they shall pitch, fecund at some higher alertness:

You'll sense all living things have a tone of fulfilment
you'll pace in a labyrinth there find endless devilment.

That everything that's known still goes unrecognised
like reflective doubles, more in ways crystallised.

The house-of-love

True love is a mirror
what you see
is what you get
and what you give
is what you'll receive.

Opposites mirror one another,
hate mirrors hate,
disappointment
disillusionment.
And-true-love, love,
love honest - love in earnest.

Earth and sky are one.
One can never be two,
two halves make one whole.
This journey centres us
like a fruit stone,
like a temple,
like the Taj Mahal.

The love we're-shown
is received
as our garden, as our home.
As our country, so gracious is
the house of love.

A little less commonplace

Angels need not infer they have wings
a heart or even an angelic soul,
should you not believe in their hymns?
Should you close your eyes tight, blindfold?

Wad cotton balls into your ears;
it would be hard to fathom anything more
other than Fire and Ice; pain that disappears
'say, wouldn't it be a nice-allure

-if an angel melted the ice, extinguished
the fire and put a smile on your sour face, '
wouldn't that be a grace something kindred
like a friendship, a-little-less commonplace.

A meaning beyond lyrics and verses

Conceive poets can fragrance the world with words
What would you do that's different and new?
What lush curds and whey, would be-sent our way
What three-fold prayers would find their calling?
Hover with the spirit of hummingbirds
Justified amassing this nectar-accrue
It'd be proper to sing without cliché
Find silence in a chorus high-soaring
A meaning beyond lyrics and verses
That grows even as it deepens—kernels.

Similar in so-many-ways

World conscience must make strides,
and prise open doors and open eyes
so our fragility can-be recognised.

But how is it we get so polarised
so self-destructive
look beyond the mirror,
see there's more to all of this than you.

Let continents and cultures-collide.
we're all citizens poorly advised;
similar in so-many-ways, no-disguise.

We bleed we die, and know-how to cry,
we are brothers and sisters,
and when it's all, told a-bag-of cinders.

Left-unclaimed waiting for repatriation
to another isolation chamber,
to be rediscovered like a gnat in amber.

DNA-sequencing of every atom,
sent down a collider
questions answered about the laws of attraction.

Poetry in motion

We're all poetry in motion in God's-hands
'aren't you a poet? ' I am if God made me.
The body of butterflies is damn ugly,
but with glowing wings, their beauty expands.

We're not two-or-three dimensional
we've got a fourth and fifth; do you get my gist
there is something very intentional
something special makes us exist.

And yet remains purposeful and unclear
every life radiant with its own, music
follows its drumbeat each balladeer
comes, composed of grace own acoustics.

If a rock crumbles to sand - composedly
turned to crystal glass, can't you apprehend?
We're all poetry in motion in God's hands
'aren't you a poet? ' I am if God made me.

With glowing wings, beauty wanton expands
flies in the face of many hopeless demands;
guess the music in me wasn't-really mine.
Like an orchestra, everything intertwines.

Trumpet-praises like a priest

Sorry, it has no more love,
feelings for the stars above
my hearts already crushed
got, trampled into powdery dust.

Yet-even-now remains a seed
a blossom that can't be creased
still climbs to heaven on-Bindweed;
there trumpet-praises like a priest.

Chaste-in-chastity vowing to love
ah, only one, Him above
heart as swollen as rose Prospero
true-unto it's self no-alter-ego.

There my heart and soul would flower
whole as a day of an equal hour
twinning round some arching bower
climbing-upwards, heavens, tower.

All my magic powers disowned,
all my evil spells somehow atoned.
All doubting thoughts newly answered
my whole essence beside Him enraptured.

Birds are nesting the world-over

Birds are nesting, the world-over
shoulder to shoulder.
Between the desert and the sea,
the sky and the land,
the mountains and the forest
as far as the eye can see.
Something-greater than us feathers
the spume-of that great-oceanic sea,
hatching these unborn stars;
above you and me.

The heart is love-personified

What the eye doesn't see, the heart can feel?
From-the-heart also is the mind and body,
for the heart, the heart is love personified already.

What does eye-do-better than the heart?
Your eyes are only the tip of the dart.
first, you must feel each gouge bleed crimson
Then taste the blood the essence of a flower.

And know that for each flower
there is a root that you can trace
trace back to the dawn of that first throbbing hour.

Who?

Who sees you and, who sees me?
And therefore sees everything
and doesn't compare unequally-anything;
equate with the same sad piano key delicious way.
Who walks, between all our shadows?
Fluid as light, indivisible from-the-whole
just as the darkness and shadow
amalgamates-all we can't see unabridged.

Who only who does-speaks
Speak with the wind and understands
the winds utterances incoherence
a butterfly's winding twist subtle bend.
Who hears a pin drop?
And every animated, strangers voice
like a dewdrop trembling to sing
falling into a whirlwind underpinned.
Who, who, who?

Cobwebs-Broken

Standing around like road-signs in the snow,

Most pointing upwards shouting stop, don't go
Others like traffic-cones kicked-over
Cobwebs-broken with names lichen ochre
Read—tread no further - hold on to your time
Let Sunday-bells chime in late-wintertime.
Let the migration of youth, turn south first
Let it be sun-bleached by some 30000 days immersed.
And then rise like a helium balloon
... Break from that shadow, from its ankles, hewn
Then stand tall amongst these headstones entombed.
Let crypts of snow, in your soul be-exhumed
Mingle on the ivy that's always green,
And congeal to a stop-sign evergreen.

Life on the wind

Life on the wind of a butterfly's wing
moves hither and thither, if only we
could catch it, in essence like a sphinx
placed in our palm and watch ourselves esprit
find peace and rest, lapping up the brightest stars
-discover a lifestyle, without remorse.
In stillness rest and find fulfilment blest
but life on these winds all hurly-burly
for each-and-every one, it is a test
to remain afloat always inexpertly
learning how to steer a steady course.
Hope one-day our-faith will be, reimburse.

Summer worshipper

Let me give you this summer as a gift
it'll never come again with such hot bliss
let me feel your pulse racing against your wrist
it'll never feel the same we'll coexist
and in time life will flatline fall static
we'll live in shadows each a nesting doll
pushed further back from our real-selves, tragic
isn't it how lifeless-and-banal?
The future will be after this summer
-let's dovetail like well-made furniture.
Burn on a campfire, till stars grow, duller
brighter by design, leave a worshipper.
In me, a parched breath breathes as if for you
as if after today all is lost, subdued.

Beauty is all around

Beauty is all around us.

If we have the eyes to see it
the heart to reach out and touch it,
the soul to spend an eternity in its pleasure.
All you have to ask is, does it?
Does it rekindle your desire?
Extinguish or relight your fire.

If we can but just exceed-our own-measure
beauty is, is all around us.

Come-what-may let us serve it up today,
beauty is all around us.

If we-just had the eyes to see it
and the heart to reach out and touch it
or better still; share with a living part of it.

Autumn and winter

As for spring and summer

I can wake a hummingbird in you
make an eagle hovers-to-devour you
as for autumn and winter
in her final-grip their icy-moans.

I can call a vulture to pick your bones
make you, my robin redbreast.
Strip your feathers to line my soul's nest.
And as for all the rest; let eternity-
know that I've been devoutly blest.

The prodigal son

Silence frustrates your prodigal sons
returning to a shut door a bosom,
left outside your chambered—bullion
their names worth remain still a misnomer?
Through a keyhole, they see chinks of light
yet-where, there's a protruding key
that light disintegrates out of sight
out of view, that's how it is with you.

Don't get me, wrong we look for an entrance
we want to lodge open our syncretic eyes
collapse any walls and inherit your skies.

In-the-near-future we'll have descendants
locked vaulted in tombs to be opened
but yet there you are, Father a keyhole
a chick of light never eroded
radiantly gold, waiting for us to behold.

Ripe-old apple-trees

I want to write a poem about ripe old apple trees
and poets in their armchairs with arthritic knees,
carving out words into windblown dandelion seeds
circling trunks and boughs where a snake precedes
to hiss and talk in serpent tongues of ancient-times
I want to write a poem that reaches starry climbs,
lower-shadows in the grass than an adder
that gives-off a whiff-taste of a sour-thereafter.

Again, I want to write a poem about Adam and Eve,
how Adam rolled up his sleeves, but couldn't please Eve.

How Eve jealously guarded a secret;
how it tipped the world into self-revilement
such white-blossoms inked, flail into the sky,
like snake scales outgrown all-too-often-left awry.
I want to write a poem about ripe-old apple-trees
and poets in their armchairs with arthritic knees,
but sadly I haven't the time to-do-so child,
I'm becoming all-too-old and now sleep beguiled.

Ghost apples

Aren't we all hung, by an indivisible-thread?
Like ghost apples the remnants of a core?
Old age it has to be said.
Does a-difficult journey take and endure?

But what beauty could we too have left hanging
Has even-me hankered when I mature
Shall-I-also leave-as-much dangling
Kindness sweetened with a harvest store.

Let me be as apple-blossom

White and cylindrical piped from black-caviar
let me be as apple-blossoms five-pointed star
let me perch sit upon the boughs of heavens blue

fall ripe and-heavy when my time is way past due
and rest in your lap for collection, life anew
then when all is said and done, I'll bid you adieu.

Lay still my beating heart

Beneath the white wet dew-lit foxgloves,
the lichens and apricot boughs
beneath the dusky grey church clock tower
and the ambient wet westward clouds,
lay still my beating heart.

As silence wrestles with silence taut
as topaz ladybirds march unduly
through the myriad ichor of lustrous web,
through a needle of time unravelling,
lay still my beating heart with His.

Consider you are a tree?

When a tree is, grown
you have to decide
its purpose its size
and more besides.

Do you want dappled shade,
do you want flowers,
and want tremulous-movement
upwardly moving powers.

Or swaying in the breeze
considers you are a tree
what did you wish to be
a thorn or a tulip tree.

The lovers fall

I am the leaves of a tree
I am Aspen whispering about you
because I've nothing better to do
I spread my gold dappled-leaves over you
and take root under you, and ask you
are you the sun, are you the sky?
Are you the ocean, are you the moon?
Because I've been searching for you
I've spread my leaves to the four winds
and, found my resting place beside you.

Let me urn

Beneath the tree of God
I am not sinful or sinless
but if-doomed I am to die.

Can I borrow your lips?
Your heart and your smile
taste the fruit of good and evil
and know all there is to know
about ripe plums their stones.

Beneath this tree of God
if I am condemned-to-know
only this flesh, live in this flame
we call a body that dances
leaps headlong for another
let me burn at a steady rate
and in your arms my love,
slowly, ever slowly disintegrate.

Silently lulled

Falling leaves they're like parchment memories
they crisp stronger than ever was before.
Falling in your lap; change trajectories
hand clasping - the seed of the sycamore
and as it does in nature's store, the winds howl
the tree-bares-all. Naked autumn-fall
roots on-this-earth so deep, they groan and growl
never, wanting to lose an inch of, bedroll
but as all things collapse, so does - the mind
into its own-rich-black velvety mulch,
that resembles ourselves consigned
these amber pages, which drop-silently-lulled
we give up our evergreen fripperies
tongue and cheek our emerald mysteries.

Blowout its cheeks and rage

Where does the wind reside
does-it-circle the causeway rocks
does-it-reside in County Antrim
does-it-enter a cavern and there sleep,
like a snail within its spiral walls
did it charter a rainbow to a rainbows end?
Does it hush its breath and dream its death.
But then blowout-its-cheeks and rage,
rage at the moon rage at the sun
because it can't find rest, it can't find peace,
peace in the heart or soul of anyone.

Anima mundi

In a sense, we're a part of every picture?
The foreboding presence of our death
only heighten how we feel about Him too,
with what sagacity we all sense Gods
school-bell rule, we'll all return soon
back to the land and the Lamb of God,
with an even-bigger heart full of love.

In every sense, we're a part of the picture?
The foreboding presence of our death
only heighten how we feel about survival
how our-lives are really-like the waters
that roam eternally like oceans-returning
we are all survivors of another time
to be rediscovered in another place.

I should like

Pray, tell your vision of the afterlife?
Be there a seed invested, still to grow?
Who will germinate it in the next afterlife?
I should, like to see it leave its embryo,
I should like to water it daily, between
dusk and dawn; watch its vines twist and climb,
I'd like to see a sapling tree, waving green
her boughs bent following the moon, downstream.
I should like your roots knitted deeply in me
a hopeless romantic sings-eternal joy,
yet-knows the limitations of their plea
I'd like to be there, when your eyes, reemploy
Open-up dew-wet flowers ever so coy,
a Helen that's beautiful as that of Troy.

Like a salmon

Nothing brings me as much pleasure
as gazing at your eyes countermeasure
like a salmon, I would leap to catch the stars
like a firefly, I would imitate hot fiery sparks.

As we kiss waxing like hot-orbs delirious
melting into each other's lips - it's mysterious
how it all unfolds, how one day it will die,
leave a gaping-black-hole nothing can transmogrify.

It's-hurtful sleeping alone in my bed

when I've been-warmed by your blood
yes it's wounding, cold cruel, being misled
when all you ever wanted was to be loved.

A poor man's archaeology

I recall excavating ash-dark earth
-and then that silly sudden happy mirth,
smooth brown 'stoneware' uncovered still interred.
Excitement, ever so slightly deferred.

Knee-deep; in Dog-Wood, diggings like a mole
hillocks-all-over the show—black as coal
and in my hands a piece of history,
forcing it out ever so gingerly,

And a question mark hovers is it entire?
Will it rest on my shelves a survivor?
in my kitchen with two dozen others
Edwardian, Victorian, brothers

dumps can yield much paraphernalia
digging finds no royal regalia.
But bottle-diggers find hand-blown treasure
even, small ointment ones, without measure

-are intrinsically a special tell-tale
as they've survived something more than airmail.

Or the dumping's in an old chamber pot
they sentimentally, just mean-a-lot.

The jarring of midnight dew

What permanent vanquished beauty
What tyrannical sea of change
Transmutes and transmogrifies
All that is indigenous to atoms
Rock, iron, wood, salt, root, flesh and bone
What increments are rooting for you?
In us in this archaic, masquerade
What sagacity, what foresight
Inch us forwards singular
Into an esoteric silhouette
What everlasting beauty
Imbibe through you so you too
Can be tantalised and bid for
The jarring of His midnight dew
Enchantments moth flame repository.

Garden roadside paradise

A picture-perfect postcard-prairie
my garden was a slice of my personality
always trying to be, at its, very best.
But my lovely garden isn't love-blessed
sadly there's a cuckoo perched on my breast
who's decided I should be dispossessed
now bindweed does its best to be caressed
but I can always make another garden
all I need is some dirt with a bit of
sweetness; all I need is a spade, sharpen
I can't be too disheartened my love.
Every garden starts from a dustbowl
it just needs caring-for someone to cajole.

Life is what?

Life is what? A ball of clay
punched and softened
spun around and moulded
kiln-baked every single day
till its final shape is, fashioned
or it cracks and explodes—
it's in your hands how it's finished
how it's used and glazed
every pot is made, with love

but not all vessels contain it.
Some flaws we can work upon
others are too ingrained.
All pots will be made-clay again
it's the way of every container
it's the way of every retainer
that everything put in, took out is, repaid.

With a song delicate

Wish I was a happy chap
could stitch and close every gap

between a song delicate as scented air
wish I could betroth a flower so, rare
join in with the bee's buzzing mad
tasting their love for honey, forbad.

Love, let us build a humble nest
lives every moment of our lives blessed.

God, will save-us-all

God will save us for sure
No need to worry, final
Child, do not live in denial
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
He'll open a portal
Tell us we're no longer mortal
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
I hear we're near his call
He delivers us from evil
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Just leave a light on
Just leave an open door
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Listen, I hear his arrival
Nothing to fear or be frightful of
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure

Even-handed one and all
The meek and mild and those who are wild,
God, will save-us-all.
How can I

How can I square the four corners of her heart of my world?
How can I cross deserts without water to wet my thirst my throat?
How can I defy gravity if I'm not catapulted or whirled?
How can I climb all those mountainous terrains without a rope?
How can I find paradise if I'm living in some underworld
How can I sail all these seas and oceans without a boat
How can I survive the infernos of these smoky settings blurred?
If I'm not selflessly devoted to every word spoken love-emotes
That says she loves me; she loves me only unreserved.

Rainy days

What streets have seen more tears?
More grief than the cobbled streets of Manchester
my heart was once a flower meadow,
but now the prettiest littlest thing that grows
in-between the cracks are purple-blue Milkwort's
otherwise known as snakeroots; this is how
our paths cross and combine until-the-way is lost.

Jostling for space for sunlight

overshadowing others more shrivelled-out trampled-upon.
We appear from our cracks like fat wriggling earthworms,
sensing a virginal world is unfolding,
but then along, comes a blackbird
or a red robin and all our sunshine,
rainy days and tears are gone.

Climb my way upstairs

I am not a board-game
I am no snakes-and-ladders
but inside me, I know
what truly matters?
I am not a banker
neither is I a vampire
but both are no better
then one or the other
I am not an atheist
neither is I a priest
but both will have no answer
when they leave in a hearse
I am not a politician
neither is I a diplomat
but both have sown immense sorrow

daily creating some shifty, avalanche.

I am not a thief
neither is I a charity
but one day, I'll wear a wreath
and die someplace quite happily
I'm simply a poet
I whisper sweet nothings to the wind
but don't quote me
because I can blissfully sing!
I am not a sharp dresser
neither is I a ladies man,
but I know I'll leave this dark seller
climb my way upstairs
I am not a board game
I am no snakes and ladders
but inside me, I know
what truly matters?

Consequential sequences

... Working through consequential sequences
We learn to dance away-our-weaknesses.

Visible but in the periphery,
... Focus on a life full of victory.

Burnt to a cinder; rise above your ills,
Springtime - waking like nodding daffodils.

We're carried, through the singeing, flames of sin,
And moth-like to-a-flame we're drawn to Him.

In prayer did I hear a hum

In prayer did I hear a hum
loud as any drum,
with what measured breath did weigh?
The probity-of-all our days
the incline of this steep decay:

Faiths emphatic leap
the deities of men the ungodliness of snakes
love in its mortal coils heap.
Motionlessly, kneeling, frequently asleep
only momentarily, awake.

Like a cricket at the gate
ready to jump blindly toward fate.
In prayer did I hear a hum
-loud as any, drum?
'Come, approach, come...come? '

It is nightfall

It is nightfall
hymns to the silence soothe me.
Rain tinkles on terracotta tiles
an owl hoot by the railway line;
a milk float approaches quietly,
and a poem self-seeds itself;

adjusting like a flower to absorb more heat.
And yet I cannot sleep-
for fear, I might bend like a head of wheat
overripe - too heavy,
weighed down by own, unending conceit.
It is nightfall
and even a poet must one day sleep
meet his midnight
and let better hymns to the silence speak
and embroil on the lips
of those best left to mildew weep.

Double strong in you

Have you ever watched a hawk hover?
Follow the flow of the wind along with the heather
stood in silence gazing at the lapping water
or run through a meadow filled with laughter.

Have you ever watched the morning dew sparkle?
Have you ever swum with the barbel
or stood amidst a storm and felt colossal
even-stronger than a tidal wave costal.

Whatever makes a boy a man?
An acorn to grow in the palm of your hands
whatever makes a hawk hover?
Without-crashing into its motherland
whatever makes a meadow flower root
derived its strength double-strong in you.

Whatever makes the morning dew?
Wells up in tears of happiness in you,
whatever makes a barbel swim firm midstream?
Have a steadying grip on me and you too
That's why the storm can't sway your resolve.
And that's why I believe in you.

An orchid plucked by the hand-of-God

Palm-over-palm, above the treetop pines,
let us climb these mysterious vines.
Climb from their roots and touch the sky,
hang there like a fruit waving goodbye.

Join a designated star an atom, a spore
-that will happily fly not fall to the floor.
That's not yet entirely-self-constituted
that will divinely dine air-rooted.

Let us like sunflowers are torn from the sod,
rise-up, again fan-flamed newly forged.
that nothing can fake on-the-spot
an orchid plucked by the hand-of-God.

The divinity of life in all things

The worlds as precious as a honeybee
and treasured as the clear sparkling dew
it's exquisite as a bride in her sari
the world's clearly, as dear to me as you.
The divinity of life in all things
is always fresh and unsoiled—virginal
has the purity of gold, crowning kings
the majesty of a queen worshipful
the worlds a pear balanced about to fall
a star trembling upon a midnight hour
we each part of the final segments whole
synchronicity blooms but one flower
delicate as woven silk unravels
like dead flowers to seed on their scaffolds.

Joy-jumps heart-to-heart

heart-to-heart
like a grasshopper.

But all I need to do' is-but-hover
over zenith green-tips of dew.

All I need to do' is-but-dance
above His skies grey purlieu
to feel His rainbows lance
and not feel blue.

All I need to do' is-but-touch wings
with His mirror-ball awnings
His unworldly, light!
'Then learn heaven is truly-bright.'

All I need to learn is-to-be still
like a grasshopper
He can but net at will.
Clasp in His palms prayer
our mortal souls free of sin forever.

Barbarity all around me

There is this barbarity around me
and although I close my tired leaden eyes
I can't close my heart make it a detainee
my soul, I can't make it naturalise.
There are times, bloodhounds baying at my door
stop, stop their howling go, play, hide and seek
and like a tortured ravenous carnivore
they go cold, hungry and morally weak.
In human clothes; I can be cruel
leave my cage and join that pack, bloodthirsty

eyes open, hard and frozen burning fuel
is this life just somehow perfunctory
I don't know where these feelings come from
but all their barbarity makes me numb.

Love unperturbed

Regrets are best, left to smoulder
as ashes in the grate, undisturbed
yes, now they'll burn without closure
but that's how love grows, unperturbed.

Gentle puffs of air once rightly directed
can rekindle fires—thought long dead.
Please let your heart, not be neglected,
once a well-placed spark turns infrared.

If you've some dying flame in your heart
already a fire to spark and burn,
you'll touch some heat, residual not dark
unearthed, paint a starry, Nocturne.

But like wet oil, fresh on canvas
still to be stretched permanently, fixed.
You'll be glad you left ochre ashes-
of regret to burn fully-eclipsed.

As a measure of the sunrise
-shining, glowing right with you now
so later coldly you can summarise
embers fervour, dying with own two eyes.

A love unperturbed with no regrets
let it burn, simmer in its flames
a part of your old life vignettes
Escapades turned blue in old-campaigns.

In your garden

I find myself, in your garden
a gorging fat caterpillar
Lord with leniency and pardon
Lord allows me to climb a pillar.

Step forth on a blue pergola
and, examine-all-of heaven
from a flower buds corolla,
yes with a little discretion.

I might find my fantasy wings
and go loop-de-loop in the skies.
Catch me, some permanent-fixings
I-can truly re-energise.

Did it prevent your sun-kissed dreams?

Father that sundial, is it death
is it Father - the hand of death?
Is it the sword that cuts short a bird's flight?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life.'

'It's a window of infinite-endless light.'

O' Father is it a guillotine
do it covert our breath.
O' Father how much time,
time-does-we have left?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life
until the bird in your soul takes flight.'

'Child, a question ...answer your father this.
Did it prevent your sun-kissed dreams? Last night.'

Confession

Eve's lover comes to warm her with hot apple tea,
he brings the peppermint the acidity of lemon
she brings the honey, the vitamin C,

he needs, he hands her over a piece of ripe heaven
at the core, all she wants is to bite this phial of venom.
And hear his deepest, darkest, confession
forget all about fig leaves and noble, discretion.

Without you

Energise my heart of a winning glance
if I were fain to look away, but glow
with every fibre of my being, I owe.
I would gaze at you with no more askance
then a flower does a gentle shadow
while wilting of thirst like a Pasque flower
for the morning dew to enrich its power,
'you're starlight here' nothing can foreshadow.
Nothing native or common, about you
you're more graceful than the prairie crocus
eyes on you, I hold the world in one breath
eyes closed and the universe is in focus

all's fixed, in rightful place, life and death
they mean, totally nothing, without you.

Colossal choices

Open my heart, open my eyes
prise-me-open like a mussel
I have grit, I've got, fire, passion
little else belies inside my shell
but my heart and soul they're colossal.

'I cannot undersell such a pearl? '

Not when countless others are misshapen
so give me all you've got, prince or frog.
Or else the deal is off null and void
and I'll head back to my grotto-gutted
miserably empty and totally, annoyed.

Mother-nature

Mother-nature what is the essence of spring
-does father berate you turning back his sheets?
Does he wait in the wings with chilly deceits
Mother-nature you're waking up everything.

The dawn is rousing with birdsong and crickets
hens are cluck, cluck, clucking once again
the farm dog is barking-mad in the thickets
And coppiced-boughs emerald in the woodland-fen.

Mother-nature what is all this foliage about
my ankle they're reddened by stinging nettles
and the mountain, rivers are leaping with brown trout
Mother-nature, there's cherry, blossom petals:

Everywhere I walk; you're a good ten, steps ahead
the grounds covered in slugs and snails it looks
like they're carrying picnic baskets on their head
Mother-nature—father is reading hymn books.

He wants to blanket the world in ice and snow,
put a bookmark in this passage and embrace you.
But you're as skittish as a new-born lamb, so-
I ask for Sis Summer, 'what's your overview.'

Has the moon found her rose?

Has the moon found her rose?

In the mirror of your face
when she soothed in repose
did you steal her grace?

Quill in hand, did she quiver
then strike out the stars
short-fuse Gods voltage emitter
baneful of how beautiful you are.

Has the moon found her rose?
One equal of her rhythmic music
her nocturne throes
Poetic refinement is therapeutic.

But so is the hand we trace
to the stars in their orbit
that weaves and embraces
the world with us transported.

The rose and the bumblebee

Love must have its tempest
said the bee to the rose

love must have its passions-harnessed
before its midnights, close.

Yes, love must have its passion
said the rose to the bee
love must unburden of a fashion
if, it's ever to be free.

But isn't that loves, betrayal
said the bee to the rose
peering beneath; her petal veils
before whisking on his toes.

Your-love truly a tempest
said the rose to the bee
but I'm the queen most - royalist
Sir—on this we'll both agree.

Love must have its tempest
and this is plain to see
why passion's flame did bless
the rose and the bee.

Ashes

You've reduced my heart to ashes
but still, I would ask you to blow,
blow, deeply into these remains static
see me glow, tremble into living flame.
Know my fire for you cannot die
its tempest has no inner peace or calm.

A hurricane that alternates between
heaven and earth, longing, longing

to be in just one happy dwelling
but like an ocean tide, there's no such place.
So of course, if my fire, fire were to burn
begin to vent throughout my core—its

Because I love you with my every, pore
I'm near extinguished, but that only
makes me yearn a million times more
to feel our fanned flame fire restored.
You've reduced my heart to ashes
but I've-still-this-love, this unused-passion.

Let me burn

Beneath the tree of God
I am not sinful or sinless
but if-doomed I am to die.
Can I borrow your lips?
Your heart and your smile
taste the fruit of good and evil
and know all there is to know
about ripe plums their stones.

Beneath this tree of God
if I am condemned-to-know
only this flesh, live in this flame
we call a body that dances
leaps headlong for another
let me burn at a steady rate
and in your arms my love,
slowly, ever slowly disintegrate.

When we're gone and no longer

To be there when we're gone and no longer
that freshly taken photo, with our children
in some movie at a wedding as a spectator
part of the scenery, not yet an anachronism
a footnote in time isn't that our aspiration
remembered as a star in their constellation.

Orbiting their hearts, their starry heavens
still shedding some contributory light
that guides them on their path, a presence
that gives them the courage to face the night
to be there when we're gone and no longer
so they might not in their footsteps falter.

The whisper of the muse

With his violin bow in hand, the man plays
-then stops, listens to his whispering muse.
Where-others-were entranced, he breaks and weighs.
His face solemn in thought; much less enthuse-
resembling a wilting flower head drooped
for the world-looks a man who has been, duped.

He's old, and he has passed this way before,
he knows off by heart, the music his soul-
has sealed inside, and like green Hellebore
in the wintertime, his head will rise and roll
and the blood of Christ, a clap of thunder
makes all bolt up straight in awe, and wonder.

On the wings-of-love

Mayfly if ever an angel be
It was you and me
Pirouetting in the air so free
Above a cobweb lea

If ever a child had azure blue wings
As blue as a periwinkle sky
Then sweet-tenderfoot swimming
It must have been you and, I

Down amongst the meadows
Where the green woods-wend
Down amongst the willows
Where the reeds draught an end;

There I came a dancing
Roving like a bee
With honeydew brown eyes
By a river; like the river Spree.

Soft as ephemeral moonlight
You took wing with me
Oh mayfly green and tender bright
True, angels; once were we.

Fine-silk-spun with gold

Folded moth wings placed together in prayer
open to discover the moon and starlit air

in madness flap circle my heart
and like a curtain, take little bites at my soul.

But what can they discover - there!
My heart isn't threaded spun with gold.
And my soul isn't made of fine-silk
I'm just as the moon lost in this black ink.

With folded hands at night, I am, locked in sleep.
I dream and pray to fly away
indeed there-are no limits to the madness I seek.
'I even have the freedom to fly.'

In madness flap circle the light in a distant sky.
My prayers are never more of spoken
as I draw back a curtain, which reveals a fine-silk
-spun with gold in madness, desires even my soul.

Just Imagine

Just imagine you didn't have long to live
what would you give to live that bit longer?
Just ponder, don't meander into overdrive
strive to answer like a cataloguer
what you've somehow have lost and forgot
like the key to your house - standing outside
take a long look to find, access and plot
Away back in, don't look mystified.
Your life's just a short story, chapter and verse
there's nothing to rehearse, acceptance
isn't a curse; roll over a new stone, nurse-

your old wounds and fight - be impetuous
just imagine life is a wave returned-
to life and nothing's ever adjourned.

Honeypot of gold

Oh, lucky, lucky me
I climbed a maple tree
and, found a sacred bee
making honey; just for me.

Omnipotent and gold breaking free of the shadow
Supreme Being you are an eternal summer star
you light the way that I and others must follow
that I and that lonelier moon with her guitar

will shadow, Supreme Being with a golden-sitar
you light the way, and all is, bathed in ash and fire
ah, oceans, rise, rise, rise, rise and-I am-baptised

Supreme Being your warmth is a deep, deep magnifier
you light the way so that others feel energised
just by your touch, more, and more humanised.

Oh, lucky, lucky me

I climbed a maple tree
and, found a sacred bee
making honey; just for me.

Restrain me

Restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want a southern moon to shiver on you
from the naked shadows, I cast over you
restrain me I'm like an applecart toppled over
soon, I will be showing you the core of my heart
how I've longed to touch you in the dark
and trace the horizon that lights up in your eyes
restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want only for you, I hunger-for-you
there is no other star shines brighter than you.

When winter does wrestle death

When winter does wrestle death
snow lies falling with petals bereft
her mantles a meadow, white lily
uprooting stars, in heavens pity.
Fine, veils of silk they're spun to order
wheeling moths—circle and flutter
then Ferris wheel across the border.
Our souls are curdled, in God's butter
when winter does wrestle death
no heart will beat in shadows bereft
the feeble will draw a second breath
when winsome-winter wrestles death
the old cudgelled wings, given new
-give wave their goodbyes, at us adieu.

Braid your hair with His

God - has many names,
but 'Love' is the one that counts
most aptly 'Love' ... 'Love'

'Just Love' only, one word
one name like 'God' isn't it?

God - has so many names
each acts as a veil
but 'Love' is, 'Love' only.
So braid your hair with His
embrace, lock fingers with His.

His is a tree twining roots
His is the first branch you perch on
His is trees-bough at your centre
your hearts bead is a locket of amber
'the trees name is Love.

While here

While here run through tall meadows

while here smell the scent of flowers
while here feel the beat of a bird's wing
while here touch the tingling snows.

While gazing up at the moon
while here sit in the arms of a tree
while here count at midnight the stars
and thank yours, mine are still ours.

Have we lingered in their attic floors?

On hearts of angels, have we trod?
Heavier-sorrows than the weight-of-sod
have we lingered in their attic floors?
To glimpse, hear, behind their doors.

The sound of the vesper-bells upon their toes
have we glued our hearts decomposed?

Sifted through shadows only He knows
still yet find ourselves, juxtapose.

Any learning uniform wind commands.
Oh, such a bounty is in-store pre-tax
if we can exert a torque force of love
might we discover the wings of a dove?

A hornet on the wing

God, he would catch a hornet on the wing,
relish infinite beauty, not its sting.
Your-beauty is such; I cannot-truly-say,
words have no meaning this or any other day.

'Should I love you, well that's not a question
He would entertain at any junction.'
your petals are like-a-rose not-quite formed,
but neither are you, to-be-outperformed.

Attic room

Through a narrow doorway turning left
I was, dumped placed in the attic room
the linen white was crisp pressed
And a crucified Christ hung bereft
silver dappled draped a shining moon
how-clear I still remember the sorrow
of that little attic room, within me
it's darkness like a shining barrow
gloom, waiting to be lifted, freed esprit.

Exotic flowers unfurl

Let only one be your centrepiece
and the others,
let them brocade your world
swim in your dreams
like sirens to remind you,
that a wayward sailor often drowns
the torso on fire doused
I have picked one jewel
one gem, I was meant to receive
and it was purely instinctual
not anything to misconceive
I plucked her wings, there and then
held her steadfast against my skin
after tonight the world
shall never be the same again.

Crystals of light

Purge the light
find to your delight
that darkness
isn't such, a fright?

See the crocus
purple enveloped
even white striped
does she change your focus?

Look there are stars
in the dead of night
look there in a cave
there are crystals of light.

Smooth as onyx stone
I want to touch with my mind
surmise that even if I go blind
I can still steer my way home.

The bells echo

When time is stilled and stoppered in your heart
an echo heard that might not mean that much
shall a song to remember be impart
it'll ring in your heart of silence a touch
so tremulous you will shake from within
believing something unforeseen,
has taken shape and form within your skin,
and a host of angels shall intervene
they will sing in chorus some unknown hymn
likes of which you'll never hear again
what they've written has no pseudonym
no nameless-place to hide or condemn.
A bell once struck rings pure its purpose true
it carries the essence we'll imbue.

When it shines

When the sun shines-
it shines through you

I am molten-rock, rock in love
what more can I do?
I am, moved, and I am
quenched in your sea
I am a frozen lamb,
what more would you have me be?
Let us feel a tendril vine
as it grows, as it trembles
as it climbs, as it flowers
as its seeds, get dispersed
let us sense and remember
our petals gave rise to sunsets
gave rise to births and deaths
and when it shines
it does so for you.

We're-as-a candle's flame

Your soul is a key jammed in a lock
you cannot force forwards or back
right or left; all you can do now is wait.

Wait long enough you'll come to see,
understand there isn't a door or lock.
The ocean of life retains not the vessel.

That floats and drifts, endless upon it.
That's a vapour you cannot-contain,
the sun is an all-consuming fire it-exists

In humble beginnings as also an end.
It lives without life, therefore, coexists yet
because it only requires waxed-wicks to burn.

We're a candle's flame; we're not the candle
we burn to our extinguished ends
to be ignited by this life - once again.

Bolshoi dancers

I believe the world is changing its core beliefs
it's moving from iron changing into a zinc alloy.
It's now, moving from zinc alloys to a mercury core
and what's more, the temperature is rising,
the-temperature is rapidly-rising for sure
and what's more, potentially there is no guarantor.

No promise the Bolshoi dancers shall dance anymore
no, promise that the world will be here at all
to ballet-dance on its axis
to figure skate like a dying black swan
once, we're all dead and gone.
Once, were drowned in the bottom of this mercury pond.

A moment of truth

Every day is a kind of 'what if' kind of day.
But 'what if' today was a different kind
of 'what if' kind of day 'what if' this day,
happened to be you're final 'what if? '
Kind of day, would you do anything differently.

Forget those commitments
and there long dead ideology,
what would you do - differently?
Be selfish - come now be serious
would you leave the sick and lame?
Would you toast that dying minute?
For a seconds worth of selfish, fame.

Or would you earnestly,
just carry on all the same.

Stick or bust

I married my heart to you.
I pinned it to the wall
you can crush it like a flower.
Cause the way I'm feeling
it now doesn't, really matter
it was freely, given
and yours equally
you didn't have-to-barter
I gave you, it willingly at cost
hoping you would make
-the most of it, and you did.
Now it's stick-or-bust
or do you twist,
and have I lost?

The journal-of-the dead

The Journal-of-the dead, what would it read
today we eat dust and, walked on Duckweed

tonight we all partied and waltzed through walls
disturbing the living; with white overalls.

Tomorrow truly who knows what that'll bring?
Floorboards' squeaking a baby is mewling;
the graveyard was-crowded so I went for a walk
and, then flew alongside a sparrow-hawk.

It soared up over an ancient coppice
chopped once a decade to warm a goddess,
her flesh without fire, cold as a river.
That flows down the mountain through a fissure.

The Journal-of-the dead, what would it read
today Jesus blessed me with good old mead
I joined the flock pursued by a collie
ambling like a lamb lost in the valley.

Closing this book, I now too must here go,
say amen and rest, like fresh winter snow
putting down, pen. My own Journal is-done
the last page is-written, goodbye everyone.

Obituary of a dead poet

One day, he'll have a name-tag around his big-toe
like he belong-someplace and didn't have far to go,
the slate will be wiped clean all will be, reimburse
his Caucasian-toe, free of lesions blisters that burst.
All that will-be-left shall be pages and pages of verse
a body - that can't afford a burial or the price-of-a-hearse.
And few-other-than a priest will mourn or even attend;
as he can count his friends, on one-hand, let's not pretend.
The obituaries - let the record show

that custom tears did somehow flow,
and angels banked both sides his coffin, row on row,
and God was in attendance as his guide when he died.
That God removed the name-tag
that God, in His heavenly ascendance was by his side
God was in attendance and somehow even-he-cried.
The day they tagged his big-toe
like he belong-someplace and didn't have far to go.

Mark Heathcote

Stick Or Twist

Why do you desist?
When I know you want to be, kissed
This-isn't-a game of stick or twist
Don't you want to know what you've missed?

Darling, the hair on the back of my arms, is raised
It's pricking my soul
Because I know
We've already mingled and left the ground.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Paradox

The moment a moon
A swan glides-on-water a
Paradox gains faith

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Stork

Stork-waits tentative
Each pause rouses my spirit
How captivating!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Euphoria

Ah—euphoria

The scent of a scarlet rose

Petals undisclosed

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Bacon Skyline

Guessing you readers haven't discovered this T-shirt depicting New York City, San Francisco, and Pittsburgh skyline with a backdrop of bacon rashers, it's an abode smelling of plenty, yes, ample pork fat to go around? The Bacon Skyline T-shirt depicts the city as being wonderful a place where its residents never want for anything. Once a very similar vista greeted me one morning on the 101 Stagecoach bus crossing the scenically sparse river Mersey at 8 Am from Princess Road in mid-October, heading out of the city of Manchester to earn a buck earn less prosperous my slice of low-fat rationed bacon.

rashers of bacon
the sun made an omelette
autumnal breakfast

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anything But Broken Reeds

The Spectator 8 December 2018 by Matthew Parris a 'judge' for the junior section of the Queen's Commonwealth Essay Competition, discusses "Why are children so fearful about the future?" Matthew Parris goes on to report children are tearful and fed up being taught by rote. They feel their individuality is being crushed, not allowed to grow, that their talents are being fettered away and drowned, but a rebellious spirit resides to exist, grow and thrive. Our young saplings are made to feel miserable but the light of the sun-isn't-diminished. Whatever happened to 'Mighty oaks from little acorns grow? Furthermore, Matthew later states but the good news is this. However they may chafe at the way they are taught, these children are anything but broken reeds.

those parachute seeds
are a living time capsule
a wind-kissed promise

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Warm And Unwrap You

I require fearless wings eternally erudite
I require a tearless dream
I require a peaceful eternal night
I require a restful endless sleep becalmed like a ship
Let's not go out haggling
Let's not go out shopping senseless this winter
Instead, let's embrace each other nightly tightly.

Let me be warmed in your arms embrace
Ah, my lover let me tremble
Let me like a Christmas candle, flame, flicker,
Flicker till our flames are blown-out from this banquet table.
Cause I require no further gifts in my arms anymore
I require no other promises
Then our, own, hard-fought-for possibilities.

Let me warm and unwrap you from that shawl
These feathers here that haven't yet been shorn,
That has no intention of leaving
That has no plan of flying south
Wrap around me, cradle my soul
Like a winter cloak of snow-
That never freezes feels chill or cold.

Let me warm and unwrap you forevermore
Let us sleep beneath a frozen ancient waterfall
Let rest in a forest, a woodland glade
And hear the lure of our hearts echo without greed
Echo, in a mirror, echo and echo stuck inside a wall
Indefinitely melting, ever slowly, forevermore
Let me warm and unwrap you from that shawl

I require fearless wings eternally erudite
I require a tearless dream
I require a peaceful eternal night
I require a restful endless sleep becalmed like a ship
Let's not go out haggling
Let's not go out shopping senseless this winter
Instead, let's embrace each other nightly tightly.

Mark Heathcote

In The Heat Of Summer

Soft-willow shadows soothe my temples
their dancing arrows is a great relief
when summer days their rustling expressions-
like ladies-nattering brim-full with grief.
Such heat makes them squawk like a parakeet
the heavens descend and, trees start flapping
odd, how green turns to gold in heads of wheat.
'I hear thunder—in the distance clapping...
But all that endless barking goes nowhere.'
Yes, it's dressed with fanfare, blooms dancing
but see how they wilt, dine on stoneware;
passions as this scorch the heart subtracting
when all about me turns cold and brackish
'then, dear, all my own, summers will vanish.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me, Perish In The Night

She was once one of the most
Beautiful women in the world
But age purges away the smooth;
Cracks appear in the marble.
But yet how often, did I marvel
Gaze on her serene eastern, beauty.
Sure it's as if her time on earth
Had been, once truly captured
In that lens, actual split-second
The Moonlight captivating shone
On the Taj Mahal's inner sanctum,
There awakening an angel groaned.
Wiping the long sleep from her eyes
Spied a blue shooting star—wished.
'When I die, ' let me, perish in the night
A star cracking open the universe
Let me, crackle in the lightning's bolt
So, it was and is exactly as she dreamed.
Her black ringlets coiled like a snake
Her comets tail leads me to distraction;
If only her beauty could have remained
Shallow as an open grave, wouldn't we
All have leapt into that timeless void
Wouldn't I be the destiny of her sum?

Mark Heathcote

On The Merry-Go-Round

You take your chances
On the merry-go-round
The carousel horse ride;
Paper-chain—doll-linked—cutting-room
Where there's just no solitary room
So, I guess you're going to fly
So, I'm guessing you're going to roll
Till you find yourself back home.

Beaten, bruised and all alone
A tenderfoot on the wrong shore
With just a fortune cookie of trust
To get along with, with all you must
The faster the wheel spins
The dizzier we all feel it's mysterious
How I have, not yet, fall off
Lost-my-spinning, top.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Vests

Stand firm, and wherever possible, be counted
there-are-few real men in this turncoat-world
who can't be bought, haven't a denouncement
to sell you down a river, unheard, submerged.

Never be at fault with your analysis
egos may differentiate between semanticists;
but in your confusion, possess a conviction
never-just-give-up, that's a self-dereliction.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ketamine, Date Rape

In reflection
She was just alive
A wisp of air ejected.
Barely breathing
Faint as a vapour
Near-anaesthetized

But the rapist himself-
Chuckles manically he giggles
Still, cannibalising
His own, disagreeable, breathing.

It's now her eyelid's flutter
Her pupils dilate, begin to bulge
Greying, wax-over
She mumbles and gurgles.
There's a tone alert in tune with Death.
She pleads with her taxi driver, home!
Don't hurt me!
In one last ultimate breath,

One last twitch
A notable life is
Sadly over—soon to be forgotten,
Her last breath, caged in the mind
Of someone malevolent abhorrent
Who is truly-evil rotten to the core?
Another tabloid headline,
You know the score.

Mark Heathcote

Metaphorically Speaking!

Let these ashes fan a voracious desire
Let her searing hot flames garb me
I should take off all my clothes
And discard them into her fire
"Naked, I should walk into her life
With nothing overtly savage to hide".

Together may we dance into the afterlife?
As man and wife, all passions satisfied
Heart sated, our minds beginning to meld
Souls entwined in radiance—soldered divine.
Warming-other-to other love unparalleled
Be her—my "mild, merciful" dotting Clementine.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Are You Like?

I heard him say, over and over again.
"What are you like? "
It must have been quite a challenge-
to bite her upper-lip
and in spite of-all-that.
"What are you like? "
But obviously, she loved him-
with all her might.

Standing there I heard him say it again.
"What are you like? "
It must have been quite a challenge-
listening to his condescending tease
but smiling, she just, looked on.
"What are you like? "
Not even a squint in her eyes
not one could I spy.

"What are you like? "
He sniggered again
and she just shrugged
with involuntary laughter or was it pain.
"What are you like? "
She chuckled and grinned
as I ground my teeth away
it was then I was glad my bus came
saving me from this tumultuous pain.

Mark Heathcote

The Cyclones Eye

The cyclones eye

Every cyclone has an eye
So come to think about it why don't I?
Do I have a soul? ... That's the question I imply,
Am I not a storm that-can-be tamed,
That has a centre repentant - calmly - ashamed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ask Not Why?

A small-dream planted as a seed
A small-dream germinates and grows
I'm not talking of a fig vine in the wilderness strangulating
I'm not speaking of its sweet rancid fruit intoxicating.

Maybe we're all trivial in the grand scheme of things
Maybe, individually we all have four-good-limbs,
But that doesn't entitle us to any more or fewer benefits
Than any other living non-congratulatory medallists.

Appreciate every creature beneath these golden elm leaves
Life is a merit badge, a miracle all by its self if one believes
However minuscule, it has fought to live, battled to survive
Of this or any other life that won't be, deprived.

A small-dream planted as a seed
A small-dream germinates and grows
I'm not talking of a daisy or weed
I'm not speaking of a spring that overflow's

Or an accentuated love poetry, somewhat verbose
That whispers in every opening and crumbling red rose
If ere you'd listen with both eyes opened dwindling closed
You'd know any further nothing here on is decomposed.

Mark Heathcote

Twin Souls

Let us navigate each other like stars in free fall
like ships on an ocean, never sailed before
let us pilot a course, each other's coastal shore
and drop anchor and wade amorously ashore.
Barefoot, let us taste each other's bounty,
and cleave each other open like soft sweet fruit
that has much more than pomegranate ripeness.

Let lust, sweat salt out of every passionate pore
and harpoon and reel-in net each other's souls
and when we're reluctant; let us break any forming ice-
packs and dance till the dawn light tiptoes
in through our locked, congealed eyelids
that was just about to reluctantly close yawn and say, Amen.
There is always better-fairer weather, my darling lover.

Let us circumnavigate these dark volcanic rocks
and finally, when we are truly-exhausted
let us break like the beached shells into a white shingle
and mix in the rhythms and tides
that returns to the ocean
let us linger in a pearl-oyster and after
thereon journey for an eternity locked together.

Mark Heathcote

Cosmic Parasol

I am a fire
I am a warning
I am a fever
I am a boiling pot, boiling over
Darling, do you dare to touch me?
Darling, do you dare to bathe in me?
Darling do you dare to cast off your shadow
And, wear only me like an infernal ring of fire
With an opalescent-core of midnight moonlight
That will circumference all around you
Darling, do you dare and taste, taste me?
I am the tears the sentiment
That hides in your heart
I am the tsunami wave
That'll sweep away your soul.
Darling, do you yearn to be saved
By a creator who makes you feel all that
Do you yearn to sleep in these arms?
And never look back
Coz-if you do, I'll love only you
The same way too
The same way, the same way,
Darling are you willing to dance beneath my
Cosmic parasol
Till all this cosmic dust settles, no longer guides,
Or lights our way,
Darling, tell me what do you say.

Mark Heathcote

Come And Get It?

'Come and get it? ' What a happy phrase
it reminds me of The Walton's
... weren't they all gifted on the stage.
That family who lived in rural Virginia
in the Great Depression, lived hand to mouth;
Each like some poet master or sage
or a half-starved hermit mouse about the house.
'Come and get it? ' Jumping off the porch swing,
'Come and get it? ' Running down some mountain stream,
waving a dying torch glowing in the dark starlit gleam.
'Come and get it? ' A ringing bell that sent
their hearts, ours ringing to and throw.
'Come and get it? ' A candlelit table's glow;
wet feet shaking off the dirt and snow
'Come and get it? ' What happened to all that family time?
I guess it went out of fashion like poetry and rhyme.
'Come and get it? ' They slavered around the mouth,
each one happy to live either North or South,
but today East or West, there is no place best.
Little did they know back then.
'Come and get it? '... They were all blest.

Mark Heathcote

An Empty Red Pillar Box

I love saying 'Merry Christmas' or
I did as a kid expecting a gift,
but always along comes disappointment
the Pound-Store bow and arrow snapped
having no backbone or marrow, no-
strength to last even a single day.
It exemplified family tensions
in just the same-colourful way.
I remember gifts that came with no-
permission to touch - too expensive
to play with - then return to the shop
or the local thief, the man in the pub,
who'd knocked them off, so poor parents
like mine could save a bob. I remember
those ritual visits to my parent's folks
that foot-tapping itch to-leave-just as
soon as we would enter. I remember
saying 'Merry Christmas' and believing
that others like me also really meant it.
But always along comes disappointment
like a large-cardboard-box and inside
you realise there's just another box of frogs,
and the future is just an empty, Christmas Eve red pillar box.

Mark Heathcote

Keep Faith With The Promise Of His, Light

A butterfly moth that dappled shade of the moon drifting from view
You have the scent on a rotting pear orchard covered in dew
The world surrounds you like a honey drop waiting to fall.
The stillness of your wings—carries the weight of us all
You stumble in circles and sometimes pause to change direction.

... Butt your head against a window or door, with much conviction

Just as the sun dims and the streetlight awakens, you rise
And helter-skelter into vision, like some distant angel of the Lord,
Waving each wing like a sword of justice,
You attempt to extinguish a fire, perish without anything at all
Anything at all but yet, you keep faith with the promise of His, light.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Daily Light Circles The Globe

Daily light circles the globe
A light that is light then dark
But I bathe in your blue orbs,
Dance naked in your heart
Lassoed in your arms
My eyes, smart. But not with pain:
They smart with joy,
Like a star about to be born.
That will shine for eternity,
An eternity without ever, blinking.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hope Expands Your Confides

I want my poetry to open-
pathways through your heart
I want to sum up your soul
or another counterpart
I want it to ingrain a sheet
of metal through both sides
And see a pinhead of light
of hope expands your confides.

I want it agreeable
like the warmth of a fire
I want my poetry to
make your skin, tremble, expire.
Final as a suicide clings to life
long after death.
I want the leas of your eyes
to dry, smiling at the sky.

And forever ask how he
transmits those feelings to me
How did his, his serpent tongue-
enter-the-illusions of my mind?
And talk, talk of God, let-
love govern, don't persecute me
Poets pick up your quill
and release your opiate juices.

Let us hold hands and the
word of-friendship of-hope extends
standing apart conflicted and
war wages, rages, descends
Come, let us hold hands and sing,
sing a simple, loving tune
Words to thread a needle
make your heart a wealthy tycoon.

Mark Heathcote

Better Than Any Lovers Flower Bouquet

How I love it more when winter draws in
when the chill in the air freezes still
resting on my pillow a tired journeymen
nodding off to sleep like a tried daffodil.

I like it when I'm tired and fatigued.
Close by my side, when I'm all alone
yes, its warmth is a lovely bittersweet;
least it doesn't snore like a megaphone.

I like to squeeze it between my knees.
Cuddle up to its pink velour fur
fill it to the neck with warming leas;
screw-in tight its corking-aperture.

Had one as a child, it made me feel safe.
It was special then, still is today.
My hot water bottle I lovingly embrace.
Better than any lovers flower bouquet.

Mark Heathcote

Waiting For Winter

Waiting for winter

Is like waiting for a transient prince

A temporary spider's web, that stretches over life.

It's a pail of water that can't be drawn easily or safely.

It can't be touched by your lips,

Not without it cutting you down, with a slaying kiss.

Waiting for winter

Is a wooden flute played at the break-of-day

It gets into your head and spoons your brains away.

Makes of your heart a schoolboys sleigh,

That one emptied that had your days numbered

Like a champagne cork exploding.

Waiting for winter

Shall have you exploring the dark sinking in the snow

Forest creatures run an

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Heart Song

Fill your hearts with moments
of spilt warm dew, each
as fresh as the last,
each is as special as a
ah, blackbird's healing heart song.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Angels Of The Light And Dark Dance

Whose perception is correct?

Whose stance is right?

When angels of the light and dark dance.

I face my demons daily,

As do they, waging war, that battle against me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Promise To Be Fearlessly Brave

Hey, have you seen that subterranean passage beneath the earth?
What do you think is hiding in there? What beast lies there in its lair?
Hold my hand, let us go into that dark earth together and shed some light.
I know with you holding my hand, I'll be alright; I'll have courage enough to see
it through.

What waits in there for me and you? Lead the way; Father I'll follow you,
You will see - yes, I'm right here by your side, let's enter this cavern this cave.
Let's go together, I'll promise to be fearlessly brave if you can be brave for me.
Hey, let's enter its mouth; listen hear an echo calls as its ribs open to feed.
I hear water running away kissed by love, locked searching its own mind.
I think there must be gold or jewels somewhere here inside;
Oh, I hear footsteps in my heart; eerie echoes ripple close upfront
And right behind all around. What is that reflection, that isn't my face?
Whose hand holds my own and crawled into this deep dark lonely place
It must be by God's grace I found my way back out of this solitary tomb,
To the winging joys of a startled woodland blue jay
Lord, do tell me, who or what saves?

What do you think is hiding in there? What beast lies there in its lair?
Hold my hand, let us go into that dark earth together and shed some light.
I know with you holding my hand, I'll be alright; I'll have courage enough to see
What waits in there for you and me? Lead the way; Lord I'll follow you.
You will see - yes, I'm right here by your side.
Take me back home, back home, back home an echo calls me
So I promise to be fearlessly brave if you can be brave for me.

Mark Heathcote

In The Dead Of Night

I'm an oak with rings ingrain-
my heart is a woodcut carving.
My soul a gnarled wooden cane
no longer prevents my falling.

I'm a mountain-pine-forest
a field of flattened wheat:
a no-man's-land, a gauntlet
threw down in beseech-

of war, of madness or friendship
take your pick; I am ready, for all.
I have sharpened and whetted,
sheaved my blade; heeding its call.

I have vanquished-my-enemies
one and all to see them lonesome fall
I have rewritten their parodies.
In my turn stood, equally tall.

I have ignited into blossom,
and unfurled to catch-sight
every flower my breath can-bosom
hold to itself in the dead of night.

Mark Heathcote

Stolen Days As An Enchanted Gardener

I love a rose yellow as a shining sun,
petals fanning in the gentle breeze full sail
blousy as a mellow moon, a moth benumb,
resting in my palm like some lost Holy Grail.

Cupping silent skies while they lie in ashes
I love yellow roses beside a red brick wall
the colour of which has searing hot splashes
cooling to white foam, as one by one they fall.

Like armoured knights, strewn aside in the battle
each falling petal holds my breath in wonder
such beauty found is seen as insubstantial
but for me, they're the rewards of plunder-

Stolen days as an enchanted gardener
each a reminder that these our days are short
the lease of life a yellow rose globular
from our melting grasp at-times-unadorned.

Mark Heathcote

A Less Than Promising Fate

Let's go to the top of the mountain
let's leap off into those distant clouds
let mum and dad and all the townsmen,
come and search the hilltops and hedgerows.

Let us explore and leave our breadcrumbs
like Hansel and Gretel outwitting-
a witch let us leave our city slums
with willow sticks, string, let's go fishing.

And find a vase full of precious stones
enough treasure gems to live our dreams.
Let us leave these grey old cobblestones;
our parents: our teacher's cruel regimes.

Let us go now and fulfill our destiny
or forever be lambs at the gate
that never swings open heavenly,
head home to a less than promising fate.

Mark Heathcote

All That Lies Before Your Soul

Form leisurely child a balanced opinion.
Be true-right unique to your-own, conviction.

Judge not the worldly or mentally-smart
Or that poor old lame horse before the cart.

Equal opportunities seldom are seen,
Often are zealously-guarded, by the mean.

Be fierce in principle but able to bend
And with your core beliefs, your-own-heart befriend.

Live not by cruel opaque regrets-alone
All that lies before your soul a steppingstone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dispatched To A Watery Hereafter

Soak me with your kisses
drench me, till I drown,
I no longer want to be rescued.
I no longer want an eiderdown pillow alone.

Be a siren in the wind.
Let me crash against the rocks.
Let the coral reefs of my soul stretch free.
Be the kelp that entangles me.

Be the conch shell that calls to my distant heart.
Let me fall like an anchor:
rest like a sunken vessel in the dark
and find only buried treasure.

'Siren, enchanter-
after we've made love
and I'm no longer flotsam,
I'm no longer a cadaver.'

Dispatched to a watery hereafter
I'm no longer a Bog Myrtle insect repellent.
Revitalised, I'm a pond-skater dancing on air.
Hearing-music violins, just about everywhere.

Soak me with your kisses
drench me, till I drown,
I no longer want to be rescued.
I no longer want to stab, Poseidon's trident-
or take his or any other's lion's share or crown.

Mark Heathcote

I Feel-The-Hairs-On The Back Of Your Neck

I feel your touch
A vapour on an up current
I feel your touch
A breath on the wind and water
A brush of a butterfly's wing
A snowdrop on my tongue
I feel your hand
My body sinks into you
Baby, you could be
The only quicksand I can safely lie on
My knees they shake
I feel-the-hairs-on the back of your neck
Your blue eyes like a lily pond
Fingers like a gentle fern frond
Dewy wet with love
Wet in the dawn
I feel your touch
It's like the mist around a mountain tulip
When the sunlight shines right on through it
Tremors in its petals
I feel your breath, like the arrival of the moonlight
And rise on an air current
And float on a butterfly's wing
On-a-moth's-driven-madness
And enchanted alight bird-like
I cling on to you for another night another dawn
Another night another dawn
Another night another dawn
For an eternity I'll clutch and cling on to you.

Mark Heathcote

Wait Here

Wait here don't leave
Wait here don't leave me now
Wait here don't leave me now I see you
Wait here don't leave me now I see you clear
Wait here don't leave me now I see you clearly
Wait here don't leave
Wait here don't preen my Narcissus lover
Wait here don't bathe
Wait here don't bathe reflect
Wait here don't bathe reflect in a moonlit river
And wash me aside
Wash me aside in the ripples
Don't leave, don't leave me now
Wait here don't leave me now I see you
Now I want to soak immerse myself in you
Now I want to drown
Now I want to drown at your feet
Now I want to drown in your eyes
Now I want to swim deep into your soul
Now I want to weep dewy tears my Narcissus lover
Wait here don't bathe
Wait here don't bathe reflect
Wait here don't bathe reflect in a moonlit river
And wash me aside
Wash me aside in the ripples
Don't leave, don't leave me now
Wait here don't leave me now I see you
Wait here don't leave me now I see you clear
Wait here don't leave me now I see you clearly
Wait here don't leave
Wait here don't preen my Narcissus lover
I can be your one true, reflection
Your one true mirror

Mark Heathcote

Heavenly Love

Heavenly peace, enter me
Defend me - seed in me a new-peace
A slow-everlasting, heavenly release.

Let me coo like a dove
In the highest of evergreen-eaves
Heavenly love, guide me

Lift me and mend my broken wings.
Help me raise don't allow me to fall,
Fall anymore, anymore, anymore.

Heavenly love, I betroth my heart
Please don't release me
I am obligated to be eternally faithful
However, dark my ancestors have fallen.

I strive to say amen!
And live with you once again.
Heavenly love, every blade of grass
Shall wither without you,
Bow, bend to take shelter with you?

True love, enter me
Free my soul let it take to the wind
An eternal summer star
Side by side me inside of you
Amidst our first last celestial, eclipse.

Mark Heathcote

My Heart Is An Open Door

My heart is an open door
You're welcome to entre
You're welcome to take shelter
You're welcome to reside in forevermore
Love, my heart is an open door.

My love, walk-right-on-in, this is your home
My love dines with me, lies with me, shares my tome.
Share my first and final inhales breath with you
After we've kissed, what is there left for me to do?
But fall deeper and deeper in love with you.

My heart is an open door
My soul a transparent starless sky
My love a star in my night you could be
A raven sings like a blackbird this morning
My heart's door has a sensuous lock you've unpicked.

And you're like a golden buttercup
Glowing like a marigold within me
You bring me peace
Peace like a bee sting, which swells without hurt
A bee sting without poison surges through my heart.

My soul flowers just for you
It bleeds teary drops of dew, just for you
My heart is an open door
You're welcome to entre
And like a bee welcome to take shelter.

You're welcome to reside in forevermore
Love, my heart is an open door
My heart's door has a sensuous lock you've unpicked
Love, see how the sunsets
Magnifique for you and me.

Mark Heathcote

I Who Am

I who am air and water
Salt and alloy
Plant and mineral
Eating, pulses and pak choi
Sipping nectar and wine
I'm no better than pork-belly-swine
I'm no better than my furthest neighbour
Who's no better than me?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Sure I'm Not Alone In Saying

I'm sure I'm not alone in saying
It definitely, was a bit cringe-worthy,
That sex education at school.
Countless faces went pale at the facts, one girl
Who asked to leave class, started crying
Then, another begged and began to heave.
Her eyeballs rolled white in the back of her head
While the eyelids of some angels were firmly agape
There-were-others who roared with laughter
Insensitive arseholes—eyes closed nervous as hell.
The teachers themselves lost all their
Own, decorum and started internally arguing.
By the time anyone gained their self-control
Or got to grips with the subject
The class was over, the last bell sounded
And I went home nonetheless or more, the wiser.

~or~

I'm sure I'm not alone in saying
It definitely, was a bit cringe-worthy,
That sex education at school.
Countless faces went pale at the least facts, one girl
Who asked to leave class, started crying
Then, another begged; stop and began to heave.
Her eyeballs rolled white in the back of her head
While the eyelids of some children were firmly agape
A few others roared with a loud, startling laughter
Insensitive arseholes—eyes then closed nervous as hell.
The teachers themselves lost all their
Own, decorum and started internally arguing.
By the time anyone gained their self-control
Or got to grips with the subject of 'No' means 'No...'
The class was over, the last bell sounded
And I went home nonetheless or more, the wiser
Knowing it would shape my own, imminent behaviour?

Mark Heathcote

Caddisfly

There are times I wish I were a caddisfly
the lure of a rainbow trout's eye
nothing-special in the way-I-look
head or tails way-up, on a barbed hook.

Just that-I's plain with no songs to savour
let me drown preserved in molten amber.
Let me perish with flowers unvisited nectar.
By the waterside with no more tenure

Or lease than a poem once whispered.
Whose timbre-
the likes of is never heard again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Opening Seed Once Again

Your soul is a double-edged sword
It wields a protective circle around your heart
Your heart is a chalice-of pain and love
It hungers to be, opened, its contents emptied
It hungers to be saved, remoulded from its clay
It longs to be an opening seed
To make a long journey over the sea
To flower all the colours of a rainbow
Stretching, from one end of eternity to another
Like a lost child looking for a missing father
Or a father the return of the prodigal son
Or for some long-lost brother
Your heart is a chalice you see
It cradles a world a universe
Your soul is a double-edged sword
It wields a protective circle around your heart
And as you say, it's been promised to me?
It cuts down the pastures that lie in wait
To be devoured like a slow fuse burning
Your heart is a chalice-of pain and love
It hungers to be, opened, its contents emptied.
It hungers-to-be-saved, remoulded from its clay.
It longs to be an opening seed once again.

Mark Heathcote

Be Sensible

Be sensible we hear it a lot
Be sensible, stop fooling around
Be sensible, woman-stop crying
Be sensible, darling, nobody is dying
Cut your losses
Hang up your gloves.
Be sensible it's time to surrender
Be sensible your life is in danger
Be sensible, listen don't digress
Be sensible, wear a bulletproof vest
Don't marry young
Don't marry-poor.
Be sensible, don't disagree
Be sensible, listen to me
Be sensible, I tell you, the truth
Be sensible; lend me twenty-four bucks
I'll pay you, it back in driblets and drabs
Be sensible, take your antidepressants tabs.
Be sensible we're all lab rats.

Mark Heathcote

Not Even By Default

... Acceptance is always difficult
That isn't my job, that isn't my fault
We complain we also gesticulate
Our anger - in the mirror-
That isn't my face, not even by default.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Things

I shall list my favourite things

Once it was woodland flowers and fraying rope swings
Newts and frogs, creepy crawlies with moth-like wings
Now it's my lover's, welcoming caress and kiss.

Once it was wild strawberries, fresh laundry
Now it's a special lady, who can't-be-eclipse
Once it was unwrapping, a mountain of Christmas gifts
Now it's undressing just one and thanking the lord

I shall continue to list my favourite things for you
Once it was school trips, days out to zoos
Rainstorms followed by rainbow-heart-harpoons
But, now it's simply waking up alongside you.

Once it was the school bells final ring
Now it's reading your messages back and texting,
Knowing a neon-strobe-light heavenly vexing
Is pulsing pumping through my veins, my heart for you?

Mark Heathcote

Silently Lulled

Falling leaves they're like parchment memories
they're crisp and stronger than ever before.
Falling in your lap; change trajectories
hand clasping - the seed of the sycamore
and as it does in nature's store, the winds howl
the tree-bares-all. Naked autumn-fall
roots on-this-earth so deep, they groan and growl
never willing to lose an inch of-bedroll
but as all things collapse, so does - the mind
into its own-rich-black velvety mulch,
that resembles ourselves consigned
these amber pages, which drop-silently-lulled
we give up our evergreen fripperies
tongue and cheek our emerald mysteries.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Somewhat?

Clinging like a vertical steeplejack
I see one small common daisy
(buried in a pavement crack)
petals tinged pink, blushing inanely-
red, as if for the very first time
they'd been, lovingly kissed
remind me of a girl's fiery lips-
the colour of rosé wine.
Remind me of my younger days:
Full-to-over-brimming with passion;
how in my melancholic-malaise
I'd eke out a living of a fashion.
Sure many things were in ration!
But-that-in-its-self was an attraction
like learning to unfasten a bra strap
thinking, she loves me, she loves me not
with a deeply hidden lump in my throat.
I-really-wanted to tie that knot,
take that maiden voyage, sail that boat
soon it will be spring and still ill-shod
I'll be gazing at a wilting forget-me-not
'See how my mind wanders somewhat? '

Mark Heathcote

Trapped In Your Beaming Headlights

I'm out of my shell, exposed far-too-ajar;
Have we dined out on oysters and caviar?
Your beauty is the full-beam of the moon.
Oh, how I have ventured out too soon.

I'm trapped, in your beaming headlights
Where can I roam, run to tonight
I'm frozen, like ice, a zigzagging scar
And you are an oncoming car.

But now I'm here; let me make it quite clear
I'll not be a rooted rodent running or dodging a spear
I'm here because your beauty blinded me and invited me here
I'm here because your heart never lost sight of me
I'm here because your soul called, cooed out to me.

Your beauty is the full-beam of the moon
Oh, how I have ventured out and, pretend it's too soon.
I'm trapped, in your beaming headlights
Oh, where can I roam, run to tonight.

But like the mouse and the lion,
My fate and, my faith was the same.
I knew you weren't a lion with a scorpion tail
I knew you weren't some, kind of Manticore
But like a legendary creature
You sealed my fate-forevermore.

Like in some fairy-tale way, I knew you weren't ever lame.
That you were in that slow lane to knock me over
And I guess I just had to meet you on that hard-shoulder
And fall prey to all my fears
Blinded by your light; blinded by your beauty
Blinded by your light; blinded by your beauty
Blinded by your light; blinded by your beauty

... You ran me clean over
And left the dust still spinning rising in the road
And the harder we, you drove the closer we wanted to be

How we both, wanted to be mowed down blown over.

But like the mouse and the lion,
My fate and, my faith was the same.
I knew you weren't a lion with a scorpion tail
I knew you weren't some, kind of Manticore
But like a legendary creature
Love, sealed my fate-forevermore.

It clipped the wings, the tail of a mythical Manticore.
And for the first time, I felt like I could really, roar!
And for the first time,
I felt like I could really, be glad to knock on your door!
I felt like I could really, be glad to snore and let my heart outpour
And be exposed far-too-far-ajar
Dining-out on oysters and caviar?

Mark Heathcote

Our Love Can Surpass Starlight

Sow a silken thread through my soul
glue and heel it like a well-worn shoe.
Wear down this sole till it leaks
then holding my heart squelching close
walk barefoot into the desert.

Eternities long dine and drink.
Tell me you are full to brimming
that love, our love, can surpass starlight
that the night has no grasp
that our heart's love can continually last.

Barefoot walk beside me into the dust
not because you can or must
but to fulfil an eternal, endless lust.
Suture a tear in me, still bleeding
confess your-endless-love.

Your heart is a libation it's-an-ocean
I will never thirst or go hungry,
never will I again walk home alone?
Or go home drunkenly,
still hungry or thirsty.

Mark Heathcote

Words, Like A Pulmonary Disease

Words like a pulmonary disease
Can never soothe my heart
Like scalpels in the wrong hands
They are lethal weapons with deadly garb.
But occasionally, my lungs are lifted
And butterfly wings hover in the air
And like darts hit a bulls-eye centre square.

In the right hands, words they are
Electric, fantastic, bombastic, sarcastic
Each syllabic footnote walks across my soul.
Just like footprints, smoothed over
They are digested, like a well-made profiterole
My hunger for these words never wanes
I guess that's why I devour quatrains.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Pulmonary Disease

Words, like a pulmonary disease
can never soothe my heart
like scalpels in the wrong hands
they are lethal weapons with a deadly garb.
But occasionally my lungs are lifted.
And butterfly wings hover on the air.
And like darts hit a bulls-eye centre square.

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Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Moon

I want to get intoxicated
I want to sit beneath a yellow moon
And drink red wine while we dine
Looking deep into each other's eyes

I want to drown and get woozy...
When the jazz of what we both do
Makes me tipsy,
Makes me lightheaded

I want to get intoxicated by you
I want to sit beneath a yellow moon
And row my arms out to you
For shore leave,

Love, what do, you say
Can you be a tropical island?
With a Hawaiian sway
Can I write my SOS on your soul?

Will your heart be the raft that saves me?
Oh, I want to sit beneath a yellow moon
And fall fathomless under your spell
Oh, I want my heart to levitate

I want my body to fall, down a well
And find its walls contain all of me!
And find I'm inside of you
And you're like a yellow, intoxicating moon.

Mark Heathcote

Awfully-Cold

I venture into the snow,
Kicking pine needles;
Back over into the sunlight, oh how I too
Feel awfully-cold distant inside.
More than you or the wind chimes
Will ever come to know or understand.

It's as if I have a whirlpool inside
When an Acadian door, blows open wide
And in enters dressed in white robes
Unfolding his arms my God,
He is bathing in the minions of souls
He has yet only still partially saved.
Walking and dancing on wild thyme
He wants me to sing, stir, and breathe my icy last with His.

And breathe life back into pine needles.
Oh how I have ventured into the snow,
Kicking-over black muddied pine needles;
And the seasons how they have changed
Now I see a brocade of marigolds spilling over
Their cups are filling up with bubbling champagne.

And for a moment
All my pain disappeared for the tiniest littlest while
And as the sun sank west
My smile lank as a bird on a waving branch
Climbed over the mountains
Crossed the frozen rivers I made in my mind.
And for a moment, I felt fine.

Mark Heathcote

You're An Angel

There's a lot of power that will embrace you
Devour you, if you've got the heart for dreaming
There are lots of integrating, integral touching souls
You could meet and bleed right on through
Skate through, but if you're true
Only, one will ever do.

There are lots of important decisions you need to make
But always remember, remember you're not alone
You're not a skimming-pond-stone
You don't have to sink or stand-alone
You're an angel and not just on the surface
Your deep-down beauty makes others also shiver too.
And not just on the surface
You're an angel
You're an angel
You're an angel in my heart
And not just a feeling, that's eternally right.
And not just a feeling, that's eternally right tonight.

Mark Heathcote

I, Want To Be Saved By You

I follow to view your distant shadow
Like a crow in a cornfield
The sun leaves lesions on my eyes
I devour all that I see before me
But I can't hide in the night.

You're a glinting star in my heart
Oh, I can't sleep far from your light.
I am in this illusion of shade
Like a fire truck waiting to be called out
To put out the flames, disperse the smoke.

But it's my life wants to be saved
Make no mistake!

Oh, I'll devour all of you, all your fears
And burn to a cinder
No matter how many stratospheres
I have to fall through, climb fly through
I'll surrender myself to you.

Oh, I'll free-fall like a comet into serenity
I will follow you on a moonbeam.
I follow to view your distant shadow
I burn at my core, my finger they're flames
That wants to snake, hear your insides hiss.

As the sun leaves, lesions on my lips.
I devour all of you; I, don't want to be saved
Any further, nor do you.
But it's my life wants to be saved
Make no mistake!
I want to be saved by you.

Mark Heathcote

I Feel An Urge

I feel an urge to crack open—once again
But I'm not sure I can bear the strain
... Whatsoever, anymore!

I'm not sure I can take another lover
I'm not sure I can recover
... Whatsoever, anymore!

But - yet there's an egret
Wanting to spread its wings azure, inside of me
And nest, again, once more for sure.

But - yet there's something in my heart
Tells me there's no rainbows end.
No pot of gold.

But I require a loyal, loving friend to hold
That won't or can't be, told
... Whatsoever, anymore
That our love grows, cold.

I require me just one lover, telling me there is, no
No fissure, can't be crossed, bridged, healed or closed.
Take my hand; we are all so near to the end.

Here-every-story truly begins afresh
Here-no-one asks to be, saved
From being crushed by talons or bleeding claws
But-just is a rehearsal instrument singing in bliss?

... Whatsoever, they're forever more
Like the cry the thunder in the sky
They too forget the reason all things must die
Be quenched dry, only to again cry.

Mark Heathcote

Silence...

God, has a comforting word for us all
Its ripples reflect on a mountain lake
It holds hands between each pine needle branch
It freezes - sets into a snowy crystal shape
It falls into your palm pale and silent
Before even you can perceive its shadowing estate
It has melted away into a deafening silence.
God, has a comforting word for us all
And, silence is His residing final call!
The comfort we all desire but then fear
Solemnly, how we then to might soundless expire
From the echoes that rekindle not ourselves entire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Have Left...

I have left the green treetops of joy
I have a heart like a dejected-leaf
The sun no longer serves my life
The moon spins webs I no longer see
I join many others less buoyant
My purpose is now to linger in the long shadows
And wonder how I came to be?
That mocking mulch sat around a towering tree.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lightning Bolt

In the darkness when I could not see
My love held his hand out to me.
There isn't just light at the end of my tunnel
But a beautiful lightning bolt
That lights-up the dark sky...and that is you.

And that my love is why, why...

My hearts vapour was carried on a breeze
That has circled the globe
And rested, fallen on a canopy of fig trees.
It has even dripped off a cacti flower
And moisten the air to reign down its power.

But its soul essence is a frozen crystal tear
That melts to be near
The hand that in my darkest hour
Shone and showered a spark of light
That covered and transformed my universe.

Debbie Michelle Hennessey & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

My Raven Lover

You said your hair was red
The ruby of the sun on lesser
Then all the stars that have shone.

'My raven lover', can you deliver
One golden radiant feather!
Fly with me like a phoenix forever.

My lips, hesitate on your's hypnotic
I'm heady with wine, intoxicated.
Asking-myself-harmonically will you be mine?
You kept me from the darkness
I wanted to rent and weep in repeatedly:
Now, I only bleed to-crimson-flower.

Like a sand wasp trying its best
To shelter inside that heart of blown-glass
In that bower-of-her arms

Oh, I swear I could float
Feel the blood rushing to my head, my face
My soul hovered for a moment in ecstasy and grace.

'My raven lover', can you deliver
One golden radiant feather!
Fly with me like a phoenix forever.

Oh, I swear I could float
Be intoxicated by you forever.
Fly with me my raven lover
Fly with me my raven lover forever.

Mark Heathcote

Where Songs Once Sang In The Heat Of Summer

How diverse each heart, each songstress warbler
nothing remains, ice-covered forever
even deserts once had running water
ocean birds rose, floated on-a-zephyr
do we perceive the melodies of nature?
Those that are folklores within folklores
they hide many a-tantalizing-dangers
but others are raging like wild snowstorms.

That bares their claws and takes their pound of flesh
where-songs-once-sang in heat of summer
have transcended into the bleakest winter;
it's here a man's heart is frozen by-a-sorceress.
Fairytale elephants do ballet
all things combine to lie or tell the truth,
but what is the truth, what is a lie today,
may well be the truth tomorrow-uncouth.

Beauty remains in the beholder's eye
nightingales whatever nest us feather
each heart dies-a-death, at its epicentre
yes, we are sure to one day sadly fly.
But let's hope, it's a distant far-off day
that, that today's as far from returning
as any chance of seeing - yesterday
with yesteryear with today, merging.

Mark Heathcote

You Have The Spirit Of A Red, Red Rose

It's not defined or hidden by petals
nor demarcated by sharp wetted thorns
her eye's hypnotic beauty possesses
the stars like the sky that the sun adorns.
You have the beauty of a wild hedge rose
I want to prick my thumb, feel all loves woes
your heart doesn't require any bedclothes
you have the spirit of a red, red rose.
Don't-want to hold you in any-way course
like the Persian rose, you are the truest-source
but-like-the hedge-rose if taken by force
all four petals frail will-disperse of course
love, taken slowly, grows not in deceit,
gowns-they're-for dilettantes in conceit.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Anticipate

Like two swans
I believe we should be mated paired for life
& look out for one another
we both, want the same things,
I'm not rushing you, but you know I want you.

I want you to want me.
I want to be deep inside of you darling
I want-you-to-take-me & make me yours
... I'm a Leo, we Leo's fall forever
Set-your-claim love-me.
...We're going to be so entangled
it will feel heavenly
I want you; I want you, I want you making love to me.

You are already mine darling
I'm claiming you mine;
you're weakening for a divine taste
a morsel of my love my weakness for you.
I want to absorb your every breath as you melt in my arms powerless...
I want-you-like a bee visiting the first-ever flower opening velour in the
sunshine, closing-
tight back around its stem in the moonlight
I want to make starlight within you,
inside of you & watch your beauty glow
& spangle like the stars above the foaming sea.

I want you; I want you, darling I want you. I want you to be my love. Not like
anyone I have ever known.
A dragon; fires breathing... my heart the only thing
You leave I anticipate.

Mark Heathcote & Debbie Michelle Hennessey

Mark Heathcote

I Long To Dance In Our Ashes

If every drop has been-tasted
-and seasoned with love.

Not even the bones of love
the perspiration-of-passion is, wasted.

Not one more drop on my lips,
could quench the fires we've ignited.

I long to dance in our ashes,
bathe in the afterglow of our cinders.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lost In Search Of Hope

But I have never recognised one
least not until he sent me you
and then, I felt His emanations.

Trembling like the morning dew
then my hearth drowned overrun
every sweated tear dropped in that
subtle-movement called me out.

At the broken edges of sameness
hands bleeding, clutching broken-glass
I give to you my heart, shameless
faithless, lost in search of hope,
yearning for that one remote - perhaps,
perchance you too will disrobe.

Bear your soul; naked as a spring lamb,
that I might lay down my life
sacrifice all I am as a man.
And find a woman equal
a wife in this and the afterlife
two halve made one, coequal.

Mark Heathcote

I Won't Ask To See More

Disrobe; drop those rose petals to the ground
I won't ask to see more
Then a rose hip bursting with magnified seed
I won't ask for more
Because my heart forswore not even
In a future time, shall a winter impede?

Not even if adversities and calamities
Shake, bring down a naked tree
Lightening chard, I'll hold out my arms for thee
Plant my roots; forget all seasonal maladies.
Live my life every day in spring,
And flower for only you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where - One Body Begins And The Other Ends

I prefer a slow burn to a flash of light
I keep thinking is he the one?
Then, I back off
"You may be the one darling-

I just, need-to-know for sure."
"I understand, I see that
In your face & eyes
It's in the touch of your hand."

"Darling, I wish I could touch you now.
—I get scared, I back away.
Maybe—you can find me? "

"You seem defensive after
You have opened up a little.
Like when you asked me
Is this a staring competition?
I know it will take time for us both,
But I am very, happy."

"Me too darling
And I am falling in love with you.
Slowly & surely & once I do...
& if I do, I won't let go."

"I want you.
I am willing to follow you to the end of the earth.
I am no quitter either my love.
I would never leave you.
I am willing to do anything to make things work out."

"I want us to be together—comfortably.
Within our own, rights.
So deep into each other
We won't be able to tell
Where - one body begins and the other ends."

Debbie Michelle Hennessey & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

Chaos Winds Its Wire-Mesh

Chaos winds its wire-mesh around my heart
But I've got wire cutters like a black widow spider
And, I will be the one to entangle her heart.

Thread it like silk, and wear it for my crown
I'll meltdown her tiara, and cast silver-light
Out of shadow; into splintered jewels gold.

That'll dance like shaken dew when the gipsy
Remains camped, doesn't want to run away,
Oh, chaos winds its wire-mesh around my heart.

But now I'm never happier than when it's dark
And, I find the starlight hidden in her heart
Like the black keys on a piano all in tune.

Missing only that opposite spark
Ebony heart, make music with me
Beneath this broken web this ivory-moon tonight

Mark Heathcote

Leo & Mars

We set fire to our fire signs: Leo & Mars

My-love-is-true, it's true—it's true

It's true for you

What can I do but fall, fall deeper, ever-

Deeper, every, time I look into your eyes.

Blue as the bluest of skies

Oh, I've fallen under—a spell

It's taken me, by surprise.

'This Dream, when I look into her azure blue eyes

Is more real to me than anything else

I ever knew, known held in my heart complete,

Self-discovered self-realized nothing compromised.'

At first, we take baby steps,

Moist palms melt snowflakes into sparks

Guided by our astrological stars

We set fire to our fire signs: Leo & Mars

Leo & Mars, Leo & Mars

Till-all-past tears of pain, are filled with joy

Over-brimming with love; hot loving-radiance once again.

Once again we set fire to flames

We set fire to our fire-signs: Leo & Mars.

Mark Heathcote

Zero Trashy Blues

It's no good you saying you want a new life
What was so wrong with the old life?
Don't you know?
I had plans on making you, my wife?

Oh, praise the lord you lost all feeling
Oh, praise the lord I gave up having a phone
I don't want to call home
And remember how you just left it constantly ringing.

It's no good you saying it was all me
Treating me like a dog
Flicking me off like a malnourished flea
Thank god I'm free to be amphora.

It's no good pans are flying
It's no good you saying you want a new life
What was so wrong with the old life?
Didn't you want to be my wife?

Oh, praise the lord you lost all feeling
Oh, praise the lord I gave up having a phone
I don't want to call home
And remember how you said I was now just unappealing.

Oh, praise the lord you lost all feeling
Oh, praise the lord I gave up living in this monotone
And realized I could have stereo
And zero trashy blues.

Mark Heathcote

Making Love Is Like Taking Insulin

Making love is like taking insulin
I know it also rains in the dark
I know you want to bang your tambourine
Wave it above the branches of your tree
Squeeze two ripe figs between your knees
Hear a dog bark!
But babe if you please, let us first make
Tie-dyed patterns... silkscreen t-shirts.
Yes, I know your lips are solvent
But don't they thirst like a one-armed bandit.

Making love is like taking insulin
I know it also rains in the dark
Because babe I've tasted your heart.
Oh, I want to shoot the world with insulin
Forget all our schooling, their indoctrinated curriculum
I know you want to bang your tambourine
Wave it above the branches of your tree
Squeeze two ripe figs between your knees
Hear a dog bark!
Someday soon I'll feel the same
Less any profane hellish barking.

Mark Heathcote

Visions Of Serpent And Lotus

One day we will all be born in test tubes
Sit in the electrical leas of a Rubik's Cube
Leave our rivers of words and wombs,
It's the vision of the serpent and lotus
Now that they've identified all your genomes
There's no need to cry or blow your nose
The beast comes as a proton atom a foetus
It doesn't matter now if he's strong,
It doesn't matter now if he's got defences
The only firewalls he needs now hereon
Is to forget he was dealt a hand with consequences.

It's the vision of the serpent and lotus
And that woman you once lusted after
That one with serpent earlobes that-poetess
That gave up weaving and wearing snake-black leather
And now throws away her one good, dress
Says you annualize, and preach too much it's not her style.
But then wants you to open up, Pandora's Box one last time.
Wants you to answer what was her crime
The beast comes as a proton atom a foetus
It doesn't matter now if he's strong, hereon
It's the vision of the serpent and lotus.

Mark Heathcote

Beauty And Peace

We look at each other like statuettes
But I'm left with the bitter taste of your cigarettes
I'm in a crater too now, looking at the moon
How long do you want that apologetic dew?
To be running down my pallid face
That now looks more ashen than it ever has before
You say I don't love you I love cyberspace
You say I don't love you, but-you-just wanna get off your face
We look at each other like were both statuettes
Honey, I think you are a disgrace
But I want a Venus bust of you I can't erase
Forever sat naked, cross-leg on my mantelpiece.
You know stone dead silent so I can experience beauty and peace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Democracy

... We'll obey the laws of this stale democracy
Its leaders will have over us full autocracy.
Let's be honest it's just another bureaucracy,
We will do our best to keep this covenant
Pledge allegiance to form no other government.
We will do our best for those wealthy discomfited
Who don't want poor people in their neighbourhoods?

'Calling for better standards identical brotherhoods'
Or equal pay for much fairer better livelihoods.
Forget those gender feminist sisterhoods
Democracy - democracy - democracy
We must spread it throughout the entire world
Democracy - democracy - democracy
Wouldn't you also like your voice—complaints to be heard?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No More War!

No people

No war

What are we all fighting for?

No people

No war

No one to keelhaul

No people

No war

No free firing cannonball

No people

No war

No brothers or sisters to overhaul

No people

No war

No neighbours to kill fight or brawl

No people

No war

No martial law to install

No people

No war

No good like Nelson Mandela said, you acting small

No people

No war

Do you want a genocide, which will take care of all?

No people

No war

Once again, what are we all fighting for?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tequila Sunset

Well, although I've no recollection, I have drifted
Dune after dune tracking you till I've no idea
Who I am, much like a car that's been-requisitioned
A petrol tank emptied, but yours still ran on tequila.
To paraphrase a phrase, I don't know where to begin?
You enjoy life, without remorse, as part of the course.
A rookie at first; but now I'm a journeyman
There's nothing I wouldn't give you or endorse?
But of course, this time I must take the woodcutter's path
Part-with the herd, not be own author a holograph.
'Swear to God, I love you, but haven't lifejacket-
For two, I-must-leave I'm sorry' things went stagnant
If I'd known daily dramas—more-excitement
Were required I'd have chosen the leading character
I know; indicative of a bad-indictment
Lousy, timing I know? A bad-progenitor
But I was never any real good at role-playing.
For you, well my honest portrait was always, boring.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Lover's Migration

MY Shoulders were blotting-paper for her tears
Naively I dealt with all her bad nightmares.
Every day her sanity was shaken?
Her grip on reality wasn't reawaken
I was there attentively listening
And it was all just - so exhilarating:
I, being the thread that held two seams together.
She wanted us to marry, you know? - Whosoever?
But like birds in the sky, I can't stay, settled
I yearn to fly, eventually be, resettled.
When the sun shines no more when seams, are torn
I want to stay, but have to leave love forlorn.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Common Attitude Is Best

When making friends, a common goal attitude is the best.
Together we can be combined and allied with the greater good.
Then there's less of a chance of being misunderstood?
If only we'd all amplify that rule of thumb
-and leave a path-to-neighbours peppered with breadcrumbs.

Have them all meets neighbourly and greet us friendly-like,
but instead, we've our war machines standing sentries,
soldiers combat-ready to take up arms and die for their country.
Fight for small-political gains fraught with suicidal jeopardy.
Countries who often then retaliate act far too robustly?
Sit finger trigger happy to deter threats to their national security.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nothing To Oversee

Those noises in a nutshell
those whispers in the night
came even as a prequel
them billion dots of starlight.

Even carpets of Speedwell
flowering blue & white
lower placed than asphodel.
Was prior listed on an, invite.

... So then what of you & me
I hear you ask; well weren't we
in His, first thoughts, weren't we key.
Well, I can honestly guarantee.

Everything without us
would have been an absentee
even limestone & carpet dust
there'd be nothing to oversee.

Mark Heathcote

A Frown Or A Smile

Reach for what's thought worthwhile
Remember every facial curl narrates
A frown or a smile
Let your heart be open
Let your heart be-brave.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Daily Prayer

Worse treatment than animals in abattoir stockades
Soldiers have fallen into the hands of butchers
They've been maimed, tortured & have suffered
They've lost limbs but in the fullness of time?
Met challenges head-on slew their old demons
Ultimately by God's grace, faith beats each enemy.

These fearsome fighters refuse to be, enslaved
These men & women have felt ripsaw-bullets
Burning and exploding grenades
And at low-ebb become our greatest heroes.
Rehabilitation prepares them for healing inroads
Without hatred or hubris, millstones, but hang on.

Our forthright defenders have financial worries
Like anyone else jobs-housing is needed not charity
Ex-military needs help to forge a sustainable future.
Wars fought for our homeland, protect the mainland
It takes a will of iron, at great personal expense
It takes strength & courage to defend the weak.

To guard, shield them from tyrants, criminals
There's no winner in these hard-fought battles
That friend can only be, flag-waving-vanity
Right now definitely, let's not boast or despair
Let's hope optimism & peace prevails everywhere
Win's by all means fair. That's my daily prayer.

Mark Heathcote

Living Life Is Beauteous

Blood is spilt-on parchment on vellum
But it is not forever treasured
An empty pen used by your cerebellum
Is filling with ink; overflowing, uncensored
Yes it should be joyous living a full life
Embodying all life with eternal love
We can all preach and wheel a sharp knife
Carve a message in stone, using our tongues
That's, either for good or evil wickedness
But let love embody you—entice us
Let's put love on our children's syllabus
Let's teach them living life is beauteous
That social media is a frivolous waste
That leaves us all feeling empty displaced.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pin-Fall

I hear the grasses heavy with morning dew
I hear whispers, willow roots in the night
Snaking like a slow worm on rendezvous
But most of all, I hear your heart-ignite
Like a variable star—pulsating
Ah, and in its unwinding mystery
My own begins to pause in lovemaking.
Much calmer now, yes, it was jittery
But love, it never stopped beating for you.
Why can't you see or hear a pin-fall
My feelings I've got, don't subdue.
Like salmon chasing a high waterfall
They strengthen the longer I'm with you
They don't vanish with the morning dew.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Be Taken By You Entirely

Even waterfalls can freeze amid their roars
How cold silence trickles during intercourse
Everything nudges my heart towards yours
But even a mountain river can change course.

Oh, how I love a piano concerto just before-
All the others join in with their own musical score
Those solo moments are oh so enthrall
But I want an ensemble and a whole lot more.

I want to watch our shadows dance in silhouette
I want your kisses, your fingers to tickle my ivory
I want an orchestra to push me over the edge
I want to lose control, be taken by you entirely.

I'm not the kind of man who goes seeking a bordello
I want an encore when all is said and done.
I want torrents of music, a crescendo
I want movement, a crying mandolin, a dying swan.

Oh, how I love a piano concerto just before-
All the others join in with their own musical score
Those solo moments are oh so enthrall
But I want an ensemble and a whole lot more.

Now you've kissed me, I feel I'm once again twenty-one
I'm learning how to play again my first musical marathon.
Oh, what a phenomenon you are
Does my music with you, registrar.

Mark Heathcote

To Where Now Do I Safely Steer

Clouds will come, again my darling
And when they do where will you be
I feel a shadow hangs over you and me
The sky is darkening my darling

The road ahead is far from clear
It's getting darker by the second
By the minute now my darling-dear
To where now do we safely steer.

Oh, I've never passed a driving test
I've never taken the time
But now I'm like that Ancient Mariner
Who paid a lifetime for his crime?

My heart is a segment a piece of fruit
Yours is an amber locket
But mine now is rotting to the core
Do I navigate by your pendant darling?

You left it on the sideboard
When was it darling you jumped?
And pulled that ripcord
Was it only yesterday; was it.

But it could have been years ago.
As the hearth my heart
Has frozen over with winter snow
—Not fighting, letting you go.

Clouds will come, again my darling
And when they do where will you be
I feel a shadow hangs over you and me
The sky is darkening my darling

The road ahead is far from clear
It's getting darker, darker by the second dear
By the minute now my darling-dear
To where now do I safely steer.

Mark Heathcote

What's Barring The Way?

My heart is in penitentiary
clouds will come again, my darling
what is barring the way my starling?
And, when they do, where will you be.

My soul is-in-purgatory
I couldn't be more ungodly,
what's my sin, why am I, starving?
And, when my love will I eat, again.

My spirit is exploratory
but it feels like I am snow plodding
I want to climb the summit darling
and, when I do; love is obligatory.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Intervals Of Impulse

Remember when our hearts beat like cymbals?
Love, must you always be planning ahead
can't we act on intervals of impulse?
Once we spoke the words of the alphabet
in the silence that transcended language
and filled a whole encyclopaedia
every utterance now re-examined
nowadays, I feel like anaemia
have drained the blood from my heart and my face
where does all our spontaneity go?
Nowadays, I can't get a warm embrace
and every verbal word is a death blow
love, must you always be making up lists
does every moment require an eclipse?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If You Love Me Just Let Me Drift Away

I feel the touch of wind reverently suffused
All around me like a gerbil on a wheel confused
Looking at the eye of a hurricane
I feel the throbbing of my brain
I hear the music of time a heart beats thrum!
It's unravelling on my loose tongue
I embrace the day but want to run away
If you're-confused, I don't know what more to say.
I see a misted window smudged
Oh, what if I to fall succumbed.
Remember your finger on my lips
Shortly before we kissed
And sank back down in winter to subsist
Like field-mice in meadows playing battleships.
Oh, what if like the light at dawn
You should grow, so strong
But leastwise not today, love it hides in the grimmest of clouds
Like the sun, clouds that are black as ink and woebegone
Beyond any deliverance of light
But love, you can still help me to be strong.
If you're-confused, I don't know what more to say.
If you love me, just let me drift away.

Mark Heathcote

Leda Is Irresistible

Like Zeus men in the form of a swan,
Want desperately to seduce Leda.
Whose hair is as black as a peppercorn?
"Oh, did I hear she arrived here on a unicorn."
"Oh, you thought they were all dead or just mythical."
No, there as real, as she is, irresistible

"Leda is irresistible
It's everything else that's fictional."

Like Zeus men in the form of a swan,
Want desperately to seduce Leda.
Only she's more heavenly than a dove
When we see her floating on the screen
On the stage, we all simply-envisage
Instantly dreaming we've fallen in love.

"Leda is irresistible
It's everything else that's fictional."

Like Zeus men in the form of a swan,
Want desperately to seduce Leda.
She's fashioned, in white satin petticoats
Nothing about her is ever leaden
She is angelic, a musical note, blokes
Men fall at her feet, she is, is perfection.

"Leda is irresistible
It's everything else that's fictional."

Like Zeus men in the form of a swan,
Want desperately to seduce Leda.
Once they've seen her, only cure after
Is an everlasting bout of amnesia?
Once that happens they can pray forever hereafter
And dream they too danced with Leda.

Found a way through her petticoats too
Believing all dreams can come true.

Fly like Zeus this Christmas in their dreams
Leda is melting; her petticoats are falling-apart at seams.
And they for the first time undressed their dream bride
Had their one, true encounter, that can't be, denied.

With irresistible Leda
Leda is irresistible
It's everything else that's fictional
It's everything else that's fictional
It's everything else that's fictional
Apart from Leda on the screen
She isn't fictional, she's, just a dream.

Mark Heathcote

Squirrels Gnawing

I am an introverted soul
a prickly chestnut opening.
You might prick your poor bare soles
or fingertips unfastening
a kernel-shell that's fallen
on the ground, ripe for eating
ready for winter roasting:
should I stay in hibernation?
Or allow squirrels gnawing-
take hold of me and devour.
But it's all so exhausting,
plated, served up as cold chowder.
Emotionally I'm empty,
but I'm willing next spring to call.
And for love to raise her levy
for just one last final toll.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Additional Suit Of Armour

It's good to have an additional suit of armour
But I would rather walk naked back into your arms
Embrace your lips on mine; Oh see I'm not a monster
Although I might be short on charms
And have an uncontrolled temper
I love you more than ever.

Oh, I'd rather you kill me
Then you leave me
It's good to have a whisky straight
It just might seal my fate.

Christmas was over
You decided that comes the New Year
We were defiantly over
But still, you wanted to blame me
As you'd done love already for years.

Only now this time I couldn't care less
I was already halfway to forgetting your caress
I was already halfway to forgetting your kiss
Love, your problems are now just too complex
I've had enough, enough, enough of all this nonsense.

Oh, I'd rather you kill me
Then let me stay
It's good to have a whisky straight
It just might seal my fate.
Now I've given up asking is it all too late.

Christmas was over
You decide that comes the New Year
We were defiantly over
But still, you wanted to blame me
As you'd done love already for years.

It's good to have an additional suit of armour
Just ask Lancelot bleeding, brought to his knees
Solemn and sombre

Just ask that part of me that still believes
You still love me.

Mark Heathcote

Stars Are Born Out Of Light-Not-Darkness

Stars are born out of light-not-darkness.
Obscurities-river flows without behest,
We must all navigate the fathomless
The starless universe within us lest-

We forget where we did begin to shine
Lest we forget the ocean's broken shells
Think this earth is just dirt and brine
Remember a star always - inside you dwells.

It embraces a fire never quelled quenched
Takes-light-year's to warm your bones
Remember you have an ardour entrenched
Its pitted gold is red hot in undertones.

Love, you're my one northern star tonight
Love, you're my one loving, guiding light
Stars are born out of light-not-darkness
Born of fire; not a dwindling catharsis.

A living flame that never expires or dies
Stars are born out of eternal-existing fuels
Stars are a metaphor, my love, analyse
Their warmth and brightness aren't delusions.

The heat you've come to know in their coals
Doesn't-glow differently day or night
It's not just where your soul, mine juxtapose
Circling to one day collide, explode like dynamite.

Stars are born out of light, not darkness
Born of fire; not a dwindling catharsis
A living flame that never expires or dies
Stars are a metaphor, my love, analyse my eyes.

Mark Heathcote

All Paths Lead To A Phrase Or A Saying

Where there's muck there's brass

You bet your arse!

Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things

Tilting at windmills

There are many irritating sayings

Old as the hills

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues, we write in water

Like 'lambs to the slaughter

Every man for himself and the devil, take the hindmost

Now is the winter of our discontent

Pipped at the post

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

The fat of the land

A house divided against itself cannot stand

Off with his head

Waiting with bated breath

A fate worse than death

The quick and the dead

Every cloud has a silver lining

Chance would be a fine thing.

Pennies from heaven

How the mighty have fallen?

Let me begin again

It all started when

The elephant in the room

April fool

Beyond our ken

Best-laid schemes of mice and men

As black as Newgate's knocker

As cool as a cucumber

Snug as a bug in a rug

Became that first-ever stick in the mud.

Mark Heathcote

Petticoats Of Pear Tree Blossoms

... Clouds of hoary white, cast ribbons of light like prophets:
Yarn spinning-tales of something more than hot-air columns.
In March we have the petticoats of pear tree blossoms...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Beauty Of Wildflowers

The beauty of wildflowers, wood violets, and dandelions a leafing of gold coming out of a dark cloud.

The bee is burring in the breeze as you pick and join pink-tinged daisies on your knees with a smile that lifts another smile once violet-blue.

~or~

The beauty of wildflowers, wood violets,
and dandelions - a leafing of gold
coming out of a dark leaf mould.

The bee that is burring in the breeze
as you pick and join pink-tinged daisies
on your knees with a smile
that lifts another smile once violet-blue.

Spring is a christening dress revealing itself
after a dusting of apple-blossom

It is the innocence; the baptism experienced
felt pricking out a stem of Lily of the Valley?

And silently again hearing a sacred psalm
which ends with the chorusing of voices
singing in tune ending in amen.

Mark Heathcote

Please Leave Nothing, But Your Footprints

Please leave nothing, but echoes of love
when everything is gone turned to dust
this world will remember you, your shadow.

It may not be, seen, but like a winged dove
it will punctuate an extra symbolic pulse-
heartbeat, nothing can foreshadow.

Please leave nothing, but your footprints
when everything is cleared and cleaned up
this world will fall in love with you again.

In between, you're washed-away prints
run skipping a wild-eyed child a pup,
he's stepping in your footprints once again.

Please leave nothing, but echoes of love
please leave nothing but your footprints
so some future self can follow you once again.

Please leave nothing but echoes of love
please leave nothing but your footprints
they'll not be heard but like wind chimes
they'll tremble inside of me, once again.

Mark Heathcote

On My Schoolboy Gooseberry Travels

I remember cutting myself on blackberry brambles
Trembling morning dews beneath crab apple blossoms
I remember swinging & spinning on the end of a rope
& jumping into the river where it twists & bends
I remember friends who I thought would always be?
But died like beehive colonies far too soon for me
Where did all those summer elations, delights go?
I remember we stole strawberries in a straw furrow?

Or tiptoeing in the cool waters of a creek, for a closer peek?
I remember crimson cheeks when girls looked at our feet
Cause I'm-told if they like you she really-likes-you
That's where her eyes would look you, once-over
& if she didn't, wasn't it like a blackberry bramble cut.
A graze that wouldn't heal until all the crab apples
Outside the school, gates were all trodden crushed up.
They're fate a squashed pulp never sweet enough again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pass Me The Salt

Her eyes they're quite centrally placed
And remain focused on the present
And nothing looks to escape her view.

But mine are bulged looking back at you
Like you're a rich delicatessen store
I marvel at every crease and wavy curve.

I long to taste, what I don't fully-deserve
And what's more, you've only
Just began to whet my appetite.

Pass me the cruet, the salt, please!
And I'll crash like a wave that'll lick
And lap up that golden coastline.

I'll make her eyes look and gaze and stare
Eternally into mine
The way, I now gaze into hers.

Mark Heathcote

Pep Talks

If I could simply-imagine-a-way forward
brush-myself-down and cure every injury
live a life that's a little less disordered
more structured and a lot less contradictory
then maybe I could do a lot better for myself
and improve my overall fitness and my health,
someday I'll change; there are no magic spells
individually we should take care of ourselves.
Eat well and drink less, and get enough adequate rest.

But isn't that just a-little-bit-bland and boring
it's difficult in a straightjacket oppressed.
If indeed that goes around your head somersaulting.
It's difficult to-play-by all the rules.
Everyone has a weakness don't-you-agree
mine as a young man was very much, too-much-booze.
We give ourselves a pep talk; you're the addressee.
It's time to make those changes now, not tomorrow.
Do something now by being your own - hero.

Mark Heathcote

Good Honest Gesture

'Do you suppose' they know what?
They're even talking about.
'Searching for truth is opening-
Up a whole new coconut:
Better, keeping closemouthed
Better, than old wounds reopening.
'It never seems to end'

Guess that's why they're no longer
Either lovers nor best friends...
'Time is like William the Conqueror
And it's passing too quickly'
And once it's gone it's gone...
And all else is forlorn.
Unless eternal-love is a cosponsor.

Let's hope the age of chivalry
Is still with us yet, my pet
And let's hope futility-
Isn't a seedless grape without taste?
Let's hope the age of chivalry
Isn't dead and that you might hold
Good honest gestures, thoughtful uncontrolled.

Mark Heathcote

Only Love Keeps Us Aflame

Everyone flickers in and out
we all have friends that logout
time is our fickle friend
right up until the end.

Only love keeps us aflame.
There is no fault or blame
we each catch a bullet
death, it-can't-be cushioned.

Connected vertically, I love you
every breath shared was overdue.
Everyone flickers in and out
we've all had friend's lover's logout.

We all decline it's, just entropy
we can't change our destiny
it'll take us all by the hand,
it's just a matter of time, sand.

Mark Heathcote

On The High Seas

Almost all relationships are like being
on the high seas, if you fall overboard
be sure you can survive; float like a gourd
keep a lifeboat that isn't keeling,
that isn't leaking; no good you hoping
to be saved, that isn't ever enough.
These storms can be rough; you need to be tough,
sloping out tears, feeling depressed, moping,
and crying for years helpless what will that achieve?
Sometimes, we've got to learn to swim
paddle to shore kicking hard with each limb,
'must I hope I don't drown in the reeds?
One day I'll sail and sink, never no more.'
Admiral, higher ranked than Commodore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

United We Stand, Divided We Fall

The words: United we stand, Divided we fall
Every soldier over a wall
Has borne the weight of a fallen comrade
Knows that at the heart of any Galahad
A lance may strike or kill at any given time
Destroying the prevailing, paradigm;
Ending once and for all our Lion Kingdom,
Whose many men, band together, fearsome?

What Sir Galahad injured like a lamb,
Hasn't need a brother to guard his flank
Doesn't require a home a motherland
However lowly his rank: United we stand
Divided we fall, brothers one and all
Brothers one and all rise to a roll call
The world has need-of gallant heroes
We need more moral leaders, not psychoses.

These ravaged wounded soldiers men and women
Still sacrificed, would give no dominion
To foreign powers rule over us
They are our Knights of the realm, standing truss
Shoulder to shoulder, shout! 'United we stand
Divided we fall' bled their red blood for this land
One and all, one and all they are our champions
Won the peace; brought about this quiet ambience.

Mark Heathcote

Where It Goes, There Is Little Known

The present, an oily eel on my path,
Is something I can never holdfast:
It leaves the water, crosses land a nomad
Ah, the whereabouts of this, wavy staff
Really where it goes, there is little known.
Like an ejected lover out on his ear
It wriggles off but to where is unclear
Maybe it's gone to blow its own, trombone.
But off it goes a conduit unaided
Without a caring soul; carrying a torch,
A flame, but in whose name abhorred
Was this once sharp sword dulled on a crusade?
When cut and thrust went through water silky
A hot knife through butter—sodden milky.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Elation Was Mine, The Promised Life

Walking across a lakes frozen expanse
I reached a point of no return
The cracking ice was about to collapse
Decision made; I could not squirm.

I had to hold my nerve and move on
Not one backward step could I take
Although I knew without any alarm
Thinner ice laid ahead of this lake.

For its bank was densely forested
Hence the frost wasn't as hard
Or nearly as deep the contortionist
In me couldn't weep, I felt - calmed.

I learned to cherish every single step.
Elation was mine, the promised life
Was something akin to a bayonet
Stabbing through my heart, like a knife.

Yet-with each promoted step, I didn't break
This sheet of ice; my faith cheered
Even my face that was white then opaque
Returned a colour normal, indistinct.

What an ecstasy it was to walk
Take those first steps back on dry land
Knowing I wasn't going to the morgue
Not today leastwise fate in hand.

Mark Heathcote

Funhouse Of Mirrors

It's tragic how love turns a corner and,
One or the other forget to look back-
In search of the other and continues alone.
They then are forgetting the whole journey
A fault that is a multiplicity
A fault divided equally by two, me & you.
Its then love enters the funhouse of mirrors
Trips, downstairs, gets locked in a coal cellar.
It's tragic how, love like a mature wine
Can often turn bitter and disappoint.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where It All Once Began

Navigating your tears, I make oceans out of despair
Out of despair, I evaporate mysteriously into thin air
I've somehow arrived at an oasis thirsty but still alive
I've wandered barefoot and chanced upon a cave
There's a trickle of water that's made a lake to swim
So I dive right in and drown foaming at the mouth,
Kissed in the darkness submerged at the entrance
My journey has ended, where it all once began
Death nourishes liberty such is love such is life amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

On The Edge Of A Precipice

We stand on the edge of a precipice daily-
asking a silent voice in the wind, should I jump?
Should I-just-step-off? I'm sick of this cockamamie-
life, this isn't real, nothing here is really—real.
Yes, many of us have gotten close to the edge.
Close enough to hear a pin drop, land thousands-
of feet below; but for most 'later without regret
they endure' they grow and on their journey doubtless...
they accept they'll be back in the future one day.
But hopefully, they'll be better furnished
having-faced-whatever turmoil waters aweigh.
Having steered and severed their anchors, rocks, adverted.
It will be ever so slightly that bit easier
to pull back and avoid an outright catastrophe
with each hardship faced, we become a bit steelier
hopes pursued; defeat these and each new malady.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Slow-Footed Time Is A Bloodhound

You have to forward leap when slow-footed time
Is a bloodhound on your scent, you must climb?

You mustn't wallow, lives flickering flame
Will one day extinguish you, and your name?

Don't over generalise too much
Don't live life with an eternal grudge.

Else you'll live a beast at Gods table
Learn a lesson from Cain and Abel?

... Not easy, the road of resentment...
Live life to the full and find contentment.

Don't want to go to hell any day soon
Be just a flower and let yourself bloom.

Orchids' see they've left the grave the ground
Their hearts you'll never find icebound.

Mark Heathcote

Epicentre

Rose-coloured tints at sunset
above skeletal black trees
seasonally they're bloodshed
as the sky turns a red pastiche.

How shall our hearts remember
that that was once before their fall?
It's in our soul's framed epicentre.
Where we'll best, remember all?

Those rolls of film that are still not exposed
shall observe the light of some new day
when these two ends of the film enclosed
are opened up and developed, far, far away.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Have You Seen The Petals Dance?

Have you seen the petals dance in April?
Watch them chase one another in a circle
like orange blossom, an archangel
rising to the ether on a thermal.

Have you trod amongst their spinning spirals?
And fancied you too could be light as air.
Drown as a water lily with naiads
calling you to follow a doctrinaire-

Ideal promised you - you can still follow.
And rise again like a water lily-
that time is endless and has no tomorrow.
Nothing we do is involuntary.
There are always choices worth their weight in gold.
Better the petal that hasn't fallen cold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Between The Season's Dearie

Resting back against the architect
In autumn we all reflect
How time passes by quickly
Between all these season's dearie
Our harvest gathered in yearly.

.....
The Starlite Cafe
THE FIVE WORDS FOR THIS CHALLENGE ARE...
AGAINST
BETWEEN
GATHER
REFLECT
TIME

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Judicious Editing

Editing sentences sends us mad
I've torn twenty sheets of paper
With pen in hand from my notepad
Each word nailed down faces failure.

I've had to tread carefully,
It's a painstaking business,
Writing one line, arbitrarily-
You, really have to be judicious.

Writing-anything in poetry
Either that or slightly crazy
Sharing so-much emotionally
Likes you are just serving gravy.

It takes a lot of willpower
To create one decent stanza
Or a couplet my Flower
That ends in nostalgia.

Mark Heathcote

I Love It When

I love it when painted skies
Look like oven-ready pies
When clouds like lambswool
Slowly but surely vaporise.

I love waiting for a rainbow
What an excitement
Brimming over like a volcano
To see all those colours vibrant.

I love it when the rain stops
When raindrops fall plip plop
When dancing clouds spin & roll
And thunder growls atop.

I love it when pavements steam
And the evening skies sapphire
Sparkles with a starry dream
I lose my pathos mixed with satire.

I love that taste of freshness
As though the world has been
Cleaned and has no penance
And every surface got sheen.

Mark Heathcote

Lake Waters

green pines point skyward
from low to the very high
~azure lake waters

~or~

~azure lake waters
from low to the very high
green pines point skyward

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Might As Well Been Born A Jersey Cow

Society has changed, no one cares
We are here to be milked don't you know
Might as well have been born a Jersey cow
Branded a lowlife by millionaires
Clinging own, unanswered prayers.

Society has changed, no one cares
If you, trip, if you fall they'll help
Throw you down another flight of stairs
Look, don't be a cry-baby, don't yelp!
Through the hard times, things are lean,
Life feels, often cruel & mean.

Society has changed, no one cares
If you lose your job, your house
There'll be tariffs, lies, and smears
There'll be bills coming out of your ears
Large add-ons having-add-ons for years

Society has changed, no one cares
You are here to be milked don't you know
Might as well have been born a Jersey cow
Branded a lowlife by millionaires
Clinging own, unanswered prayers.

Mark Heathcote

Summer Worshipper

Let me give you this summer as a gift
it'll never come again with such hot bliss
let me feel your pulse racing against your wrist
it'll never-feel-the-same we'll coexist
and in time, life will flatline fall static
we'll live in shadows, each a nesting doll
pushed further back from-our-real selves, tragic
isn't it how lifeless and banal?
The future will be after this summer
let's dovetail like well-made furniture.
Burn on a campfire till stars grow duller,
brighter by design; leave a worshipper.
In me, a parched breath breathes as if for you
as if after today, all is lost, subdued.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The First Wave & Nothing More

A wave has travelled across the world
reached shore in a cathartic release
in repetition followed & submerged
the outcome of each is a masterpiece.

A Japanese gardener experiences the universe
as White foaming cherry blossoms fall
and swirl around his feet and disperse
inside him, all oceans calm their wild squalls.

A wave has travelled across the world
and for a moment, it's a migrating bird
coming ashore as the horizon clears
there is a colliding of two hemispheres.

Hopeless acts-of-finding lesser-known kingdoms
the Japanese gardener knows he is the stone
at the centre, where everything else ripples
knows, travelling any further windblown.

Knows-already, he's home on the one shore
and that all journeys start from within him
no one else can rise above or submerge him
his wave was the first wave & nothing more.

Mark Heathcote

Watermelon Slushies'

Let's make a strawberry watermelon slushy today.
It's going to be searing & sticky hot, warm, sunny-day.
The sun's shining, I anticipate no change today.
Let's make one into a Popsicle, a melting-puree.
We can add a little fresh green crushed mint & honey - hooray.
Don't even care if we get a-small-bit of a toothache.
As long as my belly-is-filled, watermelon shaped today.
Look - this one's as big as the moon yes, yes, another cliché.
My hearts a big, a big opened up watermelon today.
Hooray, hooray, watermelon slushies today all day.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Stop The Trigger

More gratitude is needed not agony
What gives meaning and importance to all?
Perhaps its only peace and family,
The question is how we can pre-war
Stop the trigger or justify the cavalry.

The Starlite Cafe poetry forum

Take five challenge

THE FIVE WORDS FOR THIS CHALLENGE

GRATITUDE

MEANING

PERHAPS

QUESTION

JUSTIFY

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Its Air And Water

Are our poems assortments of random thoughts?
Thrown at an empty page like tomahawks
From-breath to ink are they doing somersaults?

Do our spilt words make a splash do they bleed
What's the germination time for this seed?
Did it grow a flower does it succeed.

Funny how much passion goes into it
Like music blown-through a small reed equip
At making your heart sings in fellowship.

We poets have no choice, its air and water.
Coursing through our blood, at first its torture
And later, revels of a goal scorer.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How Much Happiness Can You Summon?

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Can you be a burning rising sun?
Can you be a star in the darkness?
Can you be subpoenaed to be a witness?

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Can you fight, can you wrestle me on a bearskin
Oh and feel eternally young
Oh I must learn to bite my own, tongue

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Oh I'm in love with you
And I wouldn't paddle my canoe
Around you but instead, I'd impale you.

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Can you sing like flames-sap-hissing?
Can you be moonbeams reminiscing
Oh, the heat, oh, the heat, oh the heat,
Can you be a burning rising sun?

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Tell me it is as much as I can for you
Tell me you're the phoenix of my heart
The spark, the star to reignite my heart
Oh, I must learn to bite my own, tongue and again act dumb.

Oh, how much happiness can I summon from, within?
Are there enough ambiences in my singing?
For you to turn to me and be clinging
Because I think you're hot, I think you're scintillating...

Oh, how much happiness can you summon from, within?
Oh, how much happiness can I summon from, within?
Can you be a burning rising sun?
Can you be a star in the darkness?
Can you be subpoenaed to be my life-saving witness?

The Song Of The Conch Shell

There are waves within waves
Meeting in collision
God is the same in that
Wherever you turn, you turn to him
Or he follows and gets deep under your skin.

There are waves within waves
Some of them submerge us
God is the same in that
His the first light that enters
Banishes the night & quietens our inner dissenters.

There are waves within waves
And each is like a rolling kiss
God is the same in that
He embraces every scrolling wave
That would run away fearing to be, saved.

There are waves within waves
And each one must be released
God is the same in that
He gives you the freedom to resist
But know his love for you will always persist.

There are waves within waves
There are sky storms as far as eyes can see
God is the same in that
He battles evil to calm the wind the sea
That drowns that surrounds you and me.

Mark Heathcote

Forever, Preserved In Gold

Your heart has a scarab amulet placed over it
The beetle of Egypt dances in the sands of time
It'll build a pyramid one grain at a time over you
Place a sphinx at the foot of you
And it will all look to distant looters sublime
In soulful serenades the sun of yesterday
Enamelled blue and green will tell a story
No one will believe but a scarab beetle
A King and I, who once fell in love with you,
There are heathens amongst us
But your heart was forever preserved in gold?
Just so this nomad's endless story could be told.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Flowers And Houseboats

Egos they'll grow like daisies in the corn
But if your love be pure, true-in-its throws
The bonds we make won't be careworn
If our love, opens grows into a rose
All our nemeses will perish run in fear
There'll be corn circles in our heart, but
Don't be too forlorn your heart won't sear
There'll still be a rose in that desert scrub.
It'll open a vein of gold rooted in love
That runs so deep through the core of your soul
Eternity rubs its eyes and gulps
To see such riches untold, quadruple.
But lovers forget and leave their outposts
Drift apart like separate houseboats.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cradling That Record Stylus

I can remember cradling that needle in my hand
And it, crackling at the beginning of every song
As it began to increase in volume and lift my soul
I remember dancing and looking into your eyes
A bowl of syrupy porridge; just, when the steam would rise.
I remember when the record stylus returned to rest
I remember the streetlight like an allium seed
And you were cradled in my arms
In the ink of many colours
I remember it was night, but there was a rainbow
Over you and me again as the moon began to sink or rise.
I can remember cradling that record stylus
Like it carried your soul and even mine in your eyes.
I can remember dancing and sleeping beneath the stars
I can remember hearing that heavenly music crackling
All over, again, again, again-with-you
Till at one point it became a heavenly choir
Till at one point it became a heavenly chorus with you
I remember when that record stylus returned to rest
I can remember the streetlight like an allium seed
And you, you were cradled in my arms
Ready to grow; again, ready to go once again
I remember it was night, but
There was a rainbow in the sky
A syrupy light twinkled in your eye.

Mark Heathcote

Gushingly Poetical

If I kiss you, it will be biblical
the world shall forever remember you
for when poets speak gushingly poetical
about their love, their words indeed accrue:
mean more over time than did at the time
that's not to say my feelings weren't real.
Or that they were misguided hate crimes
crimes of passion still seem quite puerile.
But if I was to kiss you, know one thing.
I intended to find my true love.
And then make her you—my everything,
I do not want someone superfluous.
Just someone, loving and down to earth,
any more or less, I'll give a wide berth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Hell And High Water Comes

When hell and high water comes don't hold fear
Tell me, my dear, how will we steer
See I placed all my faith in store
Cross-eyed in you and forswore
I'd love you, you and no other
I thought you would be my buffer
But how wrong was I to trust you
When hell and high water came
Didn't you wish me adieu
Its goodbye my love, I've enough of you.
It was good while it lasted in the fog,
But now you're sober and I'm still drunk
It's over; you can no longer be a patriarch
I won't sail or sink in Noah's ark
I won't follow you two by two
But you can still give me all your revenue
And I won't call you too much
Because in my eyes you're still the hub
Your apart of this family, honestly
But the house is mine
The children they're all mine
No, you can't have joint or sole custody
Cause when hell and high water comes
I'm their mother.

Mark Heathcote

When The Worm Stops Working

When the worm stops working
And your children starve to death,
Because there's nothing to harvest
Fill an old big Swan chest freezer.

What will you do, cry like the dew
Those factories are all closing shop
There's-not-another paying job
It's The Grapes of Wrath for you.

Life doesn't get easier; ask any vulture
Who's still picking on last year's bones?
It's his majesty, his kingdom
To find a home - any rest in a cyclone.

You can cry for the archangel Gabriel
To come down with his revelations
His proclamations vitriol
But it won't feed you or me.

When the worm stops working
And your children starve to death,
Because there's nothing to harvest
Fill an old big Swan chest freezer.

You can call to God and eat grass
And drown yourself drinking mead
But when these shifty systems crash
No one's going to care for hard-working graft.

Mark Heathcote

Defer Your Own, Execution

I see your fear even to be?
who you-really-are
let yourself be
a fully open portal ajar
you are a Tsar, a king
your heart a-
star-strewn reservoir.
Your love a watering hole
many would-be-mesmerized
drinking their fill if only
you believed your hearts worth giving.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When You Whisper My Name

There's intensity in a whisper
That isn't present in a yell or shouts
In the way, a sun opened flower pouts
Or hushed autumn leaves fall to a gutter.

There's mystical clearness arrived at
Sensed in the murmuring cherry blossom
That swirls around your ankles like flotsam
In a churchyard or falls into your lap.

There's clarity in your stillness
In the lucidity of-loves eyes
When they no longer love you but despise.
They appear like dead flies in appearance.

So you're raucous and loud, filled-with-rage.
But I have a serpent in-me-that-hisses
Its head is in the sky, storm diminished.
Laughing, I remember the sins of wages.

Don't you remember the quietness - contented?
When wings were clipped, by love in the holly bush
Love it's as if you drove me insane forsooth
I am sure I would now be happy to die.

My hearts like a startled robin that's in pain
Eccentricity-it's a noisy-game
But I like it best when you whisper-my-name
... You can't pretend to hide behind shame.

There's intensity in a whisper
That isn't present in a yell or shouts
In the way, a sun-opened-flower pouts
Or hushed autumn leaves fall to a gutter.

Oh, my love whisper, whisper, whisper,
Whisper, whisper my name forever.
Like electricity creep-up-on me
I'll remain charged for eternity.

My love whispers my name, a soft soothing-song
Let me feel your breath as it pales in the dark.
As it ignites another thousand sparks
Whisper my name, for you, love, I'm-far-gone.

My spine trembles and for a little time
I forget to feel blue - because I-love you.
I forget to-feel-empty - because I-love you.
Because I hear you've whispered, you're mine.

Mark Heathcote

Sustainability Should Be Our Creed

I think it's now generally agreed
sustainability should be our creed
not this endless slash-and-burn destruction
that mentality comes from self-centred greed.
There isn't any defining definition
much more could-be-done, in a coalition-

If we could bring about some lasting change
some balanced ideas, sweeping in exchange
on some-universal-scale the world
this blue planet could be better sustained
for all, we mustn't ever be, deterred
Cause-any-meaningful-outcome is hard-earned.

We all need to meet the needs of the future
who amongst us here isn't a wrongdoer?
All our thinking needs to change at some point
who amongst here hasn't been a polluter?
Each man, woman, and child should be employed
surely we don't want to disappoint.

Shouldn't our children, children's existence
be better or equal in ecosystems
how can we make a difference ourselves?
Listening to all the statisticians
wows, scary, please-give-it-your-best attempts
no longer close your eyes in pretence.

Overpopulated are our societies
side by side, spreading untold anxieties
our global footprint isn't-it a crushing weight
we must look at our improprieties
decide how we're going to change this fate
else-just-drift till it's all just too late.

Mark Heathcote

Mother Dear Mother

Her hand gestured be told, be good
But the boy's tears spill over
Leaving their prisons wet immured
Like dewfall on purple clover
Upon a gentle wind did sing
His heartfelt teardrop splattering's
Mother dear mother don't be scything
I'll stop my mewling meanderings
When I've finished all my drooling
When I've finished all my boohooing
When I've finished all my cartooning
When I've finished all lives schooling
Mother dear mother don't be curt
For in my heart I am exploring
And you are like a tarpaulin
Keeping me warm and safe from all hurt
But all children will graze a knee
And run away longing to be free.
Her hand gestured, scolded be gone!
Be gone, be gone, and be gone for good.
But the boy in all likelihood
Just grumbled into manhood, thereon-
Mother dear mother what've I done wrong?
Mother dear mother sings another song.

Mark Heathcote

Loop De Loop

We're all thrown in a loop de loop
left feeling a nincompoop.
Yes, reality's truth might jackknife
send us cartwheeling in strife.

Look, drop your pompous crown.
Pick yourself up, brush yourself down.
Tomorrow's-dream won't be found-
beneath juvenile blankets of eiderdown.

But with some fresh conviction
better practice and some good rhythm,
we can steady our course and flight
feel like we're dynamite?

Such my child is the journey of life.
Be on your toes, be nimble and lithe.
Remember always to recognise
We all have the promise of butterflies.

Mark Heathcote

With Just A Single Brush Stroke

Depending on the artist's medium his pigments
Ambitious colours take centre stage on the page
Take Gauguin for instance, would use bright flat colours
With simple strong-outlines vibrant, sunset-richness
Awoke - feelings dreamy his inner eye could gage
Red foregrounds that were calmed by tree green clusters.

Those set back in the distance with cobalt blue skies
And golden, ripe fields in the midst-of-harvesting
Peasants bent double with just a single brush stroke
Yes, colour transforms and can come to symbolise
Creation its people all their wondrous blossoming
Something likes an emotion with an upstroke-

Turn-of-hand, Van Gogh could make the world swirl alive
The land was a moving field of shimmering locus
Each dash pulsing like a heartbeat pounding for breath
His canvases, radiated with life, he didn't contrive
To impress, his art no matter, where you focus
Has a living energy long, after his death.

Mark Heathcote

I Hear Thunder, I Hear-Rain

I've too much to live for
there's such a variety of new things
I really want to explore.
Every emotion, all these feelings
I hear thunder, I hear-rain
and the pitter-patter of my heart
like a locomotive train.
I can't escape Charon's barge.

No, today is not my time
I'll not let omens of destruction
rule, shape my feeble mind
'sod Deaths idle and empty seduction'.
I hear thunder, I hear-rain
and the pitter-patter of my heart
like a locomotive train.
No, my winding-sheet Death, you cannot starch.

I am not ready to fall...
Evil portents chose another, and dance,
Dance alone I, hate your gall...
Tell Charon today I have no finance.
I've no will to leave these shores
I'll forfeit my life another day,
So he cans just-rest-his oars
I've too much life and love to repay.

Mark Heathcote

Dark Clouds

Tenacious blighters, they bite us endlessly
Summer evening's buzz with biting gnats
I need insect repellent not waving bats
By the middle of the night, I'm temporarily
Going crazy, wishing I wasn't so, itchy
I was back in the city.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Harbour Lights

Harbour lights twinkle in their smoky sparks
gulls-above circle, where a wet dog barks
barks, barks at the white waves leaping ashore.
I shudder to think of sailors offshore;
how fates in the hands of a pitch-and-toss
there is no-patina there is no-gloss
lives-are-lost at sea and-widows are-made
singing shanties on a pier promenade
so when I look at harbour lights twinkling
in and out of view and the sacrifice
that is daily-given, freely, think twice
because one of those lights might not come home
one of those lights might not go out alone.
And that poor widow, let's not forget-
her bed is now empty not, just a net.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Second-Hand Love

We fan-flame the fire; whose reach is higher
With vile words for fuel, hear them, transpire
Skewer each other; flame-licked like gutted fish,
Bulging-eyes are the other's dish.

It's long since either kissed the other
With a baited hook that says you, will not leave,
Leave me. You will not leave-for-another
Instead, words thoughts behave to misconceive.

Flames, submerge us both in our burning-oils
A token hand and the other recoils
What's changed? Why are we on opposite shores?
Once what was mine was without question yours.

How like an angler fish you want to dine
Stripe me bare like a tree in wintertime.
Chew me up and spit me out—quite grotesque
How you treat me and now turned statuesque.

Vulture talons are drawn to lacerate
How-is-it our love turns to bitter hate?
I cannot fathom, dear to understand
How its value can drop to second-hand.

Mark Heathcote

Smattering Of Rosé Wine

You were born on a Tuesday
chock-full of beauty
I remember it like it was just yesterday
I remember you wore pink Aran Wool
you were in your hand-knitted cardigan
your darling mother made with love.
It had 6, tiny pink love heart buttons
it was a truly stunning day,
that day you were delivered.

I remember we were holding hands
I remember you squeezed my index finger
one forearm had a strawberry birthmark
smatterings of rosé wine
you were so beautiful.
the first child I-could-truly-hold & call mine
and call my very own.
I couldn't let you go.
I couldn't release you.
I sent all the midwives away; they could all go home
the sun was shining ever so brightly that day.

Ah, where does the time go, my daughter?
Now that I am a grandfather
you are supporting me, cradling me
where would I be without you; I wonder.
Where would I be - without my beautiful daughter?
I remember, light years ago
like it was yesterday,
picking cradle-cap off your head
looking at your jaundice face and thinking
how blessed am I to hold you
how blessed-am-I-for knowing you?

Mark Heathcote

Catch A Falling Star

Father, can I catch a falling star
beneath the setting sun
set the bar high and reach for the sky,
then you might just, catch-one-son
at what age can I drive my first car?
My-son don't wish to grow old
these stars you speak of are manifold.
Father, how will I ever fill your shoes?
You're doing it now, son, singing these blues.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If I Were An Eagle

If I could soar above all my inherent problems
And fly like an eagle where should I nest
Every place I would seek to rest has problems
The wind is either too strong-or-light
The cliff tops are a slither of a knife
The tree is too low or waving too high
That even as an eagle, I might suffer vertigo.
You see this is the problem wherever you go
Do I fly South, East, West or North?
If I could soar above all my inherent problems
And fly like an eagle where should I nest
I guess here right back in your arms would be best.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ken Dodd

The legend that was Sir Ken Dodd
said his final Tatty-bye today
he lived his life at Knotty Ash,
where his Diddy Men did play

A gentler soul you could not find.
a heartier showman neither
with wand in hand his 'tickling stick'
you either laughed or cried.
Or you just died for a breather.

Remember his signature song 'Happiness'
it charted in 1964
remember his wild-hair its shagginess
it's a 'Tattifelarious day' he would say
Dodd, you could never call him a bore.

His shows run on for several hours
frequently past midnight
it's as if the man possessed
some magic comic superpowers.

He died at home in the house
he was born age 90
he was given the OBE and Knighted
I guess all he could say was 'blithely'
'what a to-do'

His tomfoolery knew no end
Ken Dodd was a bohemian
he was the King of the comedians
I guess that's why he was so well-loved
and had many a lifelong, friend.

Mark Heathcote

The Bells Echo

When time is stilled & stoppered in your heart
An echo heard that might not mean that much
Shall a song to remember be impart
It'll ring in your heart of silence a touch
So tremulous you will shake from within
Believing something unforeseen,
Has taken shape & form within your skin,
& a host of angels shall intervene
They will sing in chorus some unknown hymn
Likes of which you'll never hear again
What they've written has no pseudonym
No nameless-place to hide or condemn.
A bell once struck rings pure, its purpose true
It carries the essence we'll imbue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Winter-Like Mildew Seeps

Winter-like mildew seeps into my soul
I, long for log fires, early nights.
Toes curled in the mattress foam
and the taste of brandy on her tongue.

I, long for those crisp mornings
The dawn fog, hangs on and prolongs.
Winter-like mildew seeps into my soul
it creeps like crushed scented thyme.

And distils into my mind
one day I might return home.
And corn crows will cry in the sky,
circle and fly, migrate on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ghost

Why is it that a ghost keeps his clothes his shackles on?
Is it even when we're dead we're still imprisoned
why is it that a ghost walks through walls isn't free
is it even when we're good or bad, we are all alone?
Why is it that a ghost wakes up in the twilight zone?
And believes he can scare even the likes of me
why is it even I walk these dark halls alone
why is it even I howl at the moon?
Why is it even I keep all my clothes on?
Why is it even I keep my shackles close
why is it my ex-lover is around every corner?
Why is it she can't see me
why is it I can't leave her?
Why is it I can't go?
Why is it I only hear?
oooooOOOOOooooo
oooooOOOOOooooo
oooooOOOOOooooo
... A ghost!



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

Cuckoo Clouds

Maybe you've been in your cuckoo clouds too long
Maybe it's time you dined with that angry bear
The one who thinks your Goldilocks without a care
Maybe you've been in your cuckoo clouds too long
Maybe you broke his chair and fixed it with honey
And fixed it with honey for glue,
Fixed it without money to buy a new pair of shoes
Tell me was it you
Tell me was it you
Tell me was it you
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Your lips are sticky with honey too.

And an amber locket hangs just in view
I hope it keeps you and those little bees well-fed
Now that in my heart you are now completely dead,
Maybe it's time you dined with that hungry bear
Maybe he's got forgiveness in him, but not me
Maybe you broke his bed and fixed it with honey
And fixed it with honey for glue,
Fixed it without money to buy a new pair of shoes
Tell me was it you
Tell me was it you
Tell me was it you
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Why should I believe it wasn't you?
Your lips are sticky with honey too.

Mark Heathcote

The Girl With The Blue-Hibiscus

I want the world to be orderly
But I'm like broken earthenware.
I want the wind in its northerlies
To restore me when the trees are bare
I want the spring to reinstate me.

The absurdity of life isn't lost, on me
I've looked for the meaning of all life
But it's all just a fairy tale fantasy,
The attributes of which lead to my anxiety,
Waves of confusion they're crushing me.

Yet-simultaneously
We all want to leave our bedroll.
We all long to be made whole
Have our roots in the earth,
But be able to still, roam.

I want to understand my existence
And why the girl with the blue-hibiscus
Anatomized my soul and my body
With only her jade-green, eyes.
When will she again - materialise?

Who isn't aware of their own, mortality?
And the decisions well they will have to take
Take daily, whether big or small.
Ah, our vitality melts away like the fallen snow
And yet we all feel we still have far-to-go.

Yet-simultaneously
We all want to leave our bedroll.
We all long to be made whole
Have our roots in the earth,
But be able to still, roam.

Honestly, these decisions are yours to take
We must all choose our own, purpose.
The path, we must follow isn't fastened to a cloud

Actions lead to reactions;
So be sure to make decisions-good and stay blessed.

We only have ourselves to vex
If we forget to be true to our, own-essence
A star can shine forever
In its own, phosphorescence
Likewise, we're not, dispensed with like cigarettes.

Yet-simultaneously
We all want to leave our bedroll.
We all long to be made whole
Have our roots in the earth,
But be able to still, roam.

Mark Heathcote

The River Cries/Weeps

The river cries/weeps, circling the moon at night
I can't reach I can't find a way to your ocean
The river cries, silver stone
I've smashed into every wall
I've crash over every mountain
So what stands in my way?
I want to serpentine your languid valleys
I want to fill every unchartered crater,
Smooth them over with mercury from a star
The river cries I will evaporate, I will rise
And arch like a rainbow,
Fall like a waterfall on your shore
You're all I now long-for.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Liar

Wasn't she his fire his desire
Wasn't she his night his day
Wasn't she his friend his confidant
Wasn't she his better half his beating heart?

Wasn't she the reason he went to work
Wasn't she the reason he smiled and smirked?
Wasn't she the reason he was happy
...Happy getting along with nothing in this world.

But now she's left him, she's gone
All his strength has left him; he doesn't want to go on
What mattered yesterday now doesn't matter at all?
What he got up for has lost all its taste
There's just a cold bed to return to drunken early dawn.
And the birdsong seals his fate

Wasn't she his fire his desire
Wasn't she his night his day
Wasn't she his friend his confidant
Wasn't she his better half his beating heart?

Or was she a liar
A liar right from the start

Wasn't she the reason he went to work
Wasn't she the reason he smiled and smirked?
Wasn't she the reason he was happy
...Happy getting along with nothing in this world.

Or was she a liar
A liar right from the start
He trusted to open, and then break his heart
Burst his bubble; lose his faith in this uncaring world.

Liar, liar, liar, liar, liar, liar
Liar, liar, liar, liar, liar, liar
Liar, liar, liar, liar, liar, liar
And not another word is heard beating in his heart.

Mark Heathcote

Full Circle

Love is like binding honeysuckle
But it can make the best of us hurtful
Love will have us turn full circle
Turn bitter less mindful.

Love is something unpredictable
Love is like a falling ripe apple
Some are picked as a keepsake
Winners in a sweepstake

While others are left to just rot away
Love will have us turn full circle
Turn bitter less mindful.
It just loves-way.

Love is an engine running every day
It needs fuel, it needs compliments
It needs fresh flowers added to its bouquet
Not just a godsend.

Because if she's a godsend
She can be taken away tomorrow my friend
Love can make you weak
Turn your heart to a brick without a home.

Somehow again
You'll learn to live again alone
But love will feel like it's broken every fragile bone
Torn every tissue; from its ligaments that twist.

Love is like binding honeysuckle
But it can make the best of us hurtful
Love will have us turn full circle
Turn bitter less mindful.

Love is something unpredictable
Love is like a falling ripe apple
Some are picked as a keepsake
Winners in a sweepstake

While others are left to just rot away
Love will have us turn full circle
Turn bitter less mindful.
It just loves-way.

Mark Heathcote

The Primrose And The Thistle

Are there born-again Christians?
Or saints made from sinners
Who now comprehend or believe
There are more winners than losers
Who are they, I speak of?
Why do you look on me beguiled?
They had innocence as a child
And never started-out wild
Clearly, something happens
But we're all able to change
What was it you kept in your heart?
Hoping someday to exchange
Okay it's not easy to know
Why people can't always be friends
But I guess forgiveness
And hope always-transcends
There's a primrose
In every valley, and a thistle
Sure you can write your last letter
Make it an epistle
But it doesn't mean diddly-squat
I tell you, if you don't believe in God,
I tell you, if it isn't authentic
All we can do is forgive their crimes
and be a little more empathetic.

Mark Heathcote

One Heart

Love, your shadow I will follow
Till we stand in each other's
At 90-degree slant angles
Till we're equal in all parts
Then in solstice, we'll share one heart.

And in time it will grow
It will gravitate
Disproportionately large
It will take in the universe
And shape the course of other stars.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Because A Smile Shared

Be intimate with God, share your fears, and love
and remember there were olive branches and a dove
let a smile guide your footsteps through the dark
let it light a path that others follow in high tidemark
let it be your choice when it's fraught with danger.
Heart on sleeve, be always kind to a passing stranger.
It could be a child who's lost his/her way gone astray.
Remember to invite them into your heart each day.
Because a smile shared is more than just a sunray.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Goodbye

Not a day goes by
A cry of farewell returned.
That he doesn't flit and fly
Like a butterfly.

But then he hears a lullaby
And somewhere mid-air!
Petrify, frozen. Every day
He went as far as saying "goodbye";.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Brush Stroke Of Art

Ivy leaves of green turn the shadows dark

The beauty of spring hinges close to my heart

A glow of renewal in a tempestuous spark

A painting of nature a brushstroke of art

Or

A painting of nature a brushstroke of art

A glow of renewal in a tempestuous spark

Ivy leaves of green turn the shadows dark

Springs ultimate beauty opens wide my heart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Before The Ink Dries

Before the ink dries
and the cockerel rattles off his last chilling cries.
A poet must comprise somehow to
resurrect, compose what has been long hidden
many years behind his greying charcoal eyes,
his tattooed thoughts an inkblot blood
a picture which cuts deep into love.
Cuts-deep into his bones and ageing tissue
a sterile scalpel twists and turns
a sutured wound gapes wide open.
He is happy there is daylight
between each tusk rib,
when his heart finally-is-handled and placed
it beats on still in the binding covers of his books.
Only for the ink to dislodge a tear
a tear held back many, many a year.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Chump Feed

A family that doesn't live together works harder
dies younger, that's good productivity-folks.
They've got us by-the-short and curlies by-the-throats
that's good productivity-folks.
'I hear you; ' you say you've got depression;
well here you go, take some of-these
then later—you come back;
'what, what yah-doing still alive.'
'what do you live for chump! '
'The wolf is baying at your door, ' but you don't
live there anymore, do you, 'chump.'
Can't pay your bills because you're on these pills
and the wife at home she's higher than-you.
So 'what yah-still-doing alive then chump, '
kids' are-sold sugary caffeine drinks everywhere-you-go
their addiction starts in the ovum, don't you know.
Down at the family clinic: to be a good drone
live-for-work stay close to your mobile phone
so legalized-Mafias can, just bill it or give you a loan.
Need another pill, Bro;
here—this one will no doubt finally seal it.
But look I say it sincerely 'mind how you go.'

Mark Heathcote

2-Year-Old Language Classes

My grandson constructs his first sentences perfectly.

Mine is like a bouncing ball a flat skimming stone.

His: 'Strawberry-one, pick it.'

... 'I want one more'.

His sentences are, all so small.

Description, action, meaning

Who needs one word more?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Fall Of The Titans

If she fastened down her tears with eyelids closed
dazzled by the sun, the moon, a dream on the horizon,
would you be there when they open composed?
Made of starlight - would you be her Titan?

Her protector, her Kronos: Sire, do not devourer me?
Instead, let me also rest in the 'Isles-of-the-Blessed.'
And there wake sire beside your giant torso invitee
shielded and protected, in your heart I-shall nest.

There I'll grow wings and fly above the rain clouds
and tears will no more dampen my heart quest.
Perched-in-these heavenly gyres like wild fowls:
Sire, see to my need to join others I dispossessed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Feathered Raven

By what mental block what dark o'clock
starlight locked within a feathered-raven
does desire keeps; our hearts protracted post hoc?
And yet how we've chosen-simply to ignore-
these days and nights we dreamt in Eden
after Eve left him, she returned no more.
Once she had succumbed to another lover
Adam was a rotten apple; he was just a bore.

~or~

After she left him, she returned no more.
By what mental block what dark o'clock
does desire keep in our hearts post hoc?
These days and nights, we dreamt in Eden
starlight locked within a feathered-raven
and yet how we've chosen-simply to ignore-
once she had succumbed to another lover
Adam was a rotten apple; he was just a bore.

Mark Heathcote

Froogle, Dougal

Froogle, Dougal
Wanted a poodle
Something he could politely tootle
Call on his old tin-bugle & canoodle.
But instead, he settled for a rescued mongrel
The marriage well it was quite woeful.

Froogle, Dougal
He didn't want to splash his dosh,
Too to buy a better breed; class of dog
Poor Froogle, Dougal he wanted to sleep foetal
Sleep amongst beds of chamomile
And take a little what you call tinkle.

Nonsenses rhyme

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Attic Room

Through a narrow doorway, turning left
I was dumped and placed in the attic room
the linen white was crisply pressed
and a crucified Christ hung bereft
silver dappled draped a shining moon
how-clear I still remember the sorrow
of that little attic room, within me
it's darkness like a shining barrow
gloom, waiting to be lifted, freed esprit.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Like A Dog Chasing Its Tail

I woke up one morning, and you were gone
But there you were still wearing my ring
How could I be so wrong to think you, mine?
I looked for any old similarities' found none
I was lost, and not a trace of you-lingered on
I was at a station with no destination known
And more luggage than I knew what to do with
I queried your eyes thinking does she see me
Am I even here, is someone else speaking for her?
And then I wept a silent tear; I didn't show it
That would have just been too weird. So I left
Because she asked me to but where do I go,
I don't know I beg my shadow to lead the way
But like a stray dog chasing its tail, I wake each day
At morn and, if I had one, I'd look across the lawn
Look for your coming, calling me back home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Alien Abduction Ii

We are all on foreign soil
We are all alien to each other
Every touch and taste is Martian
So we scramble to make sense of it.
We differentiate we make allies
And draw up lists of enemies
We build tough external walls
And have locked internal doors
We are like desecrated graves
When a lover takes their leave
We don't know who is at home
Only that an abduction has taken place
A room somewhere is, occupied
And child cries covering its face.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Self-Indulgence Is King

We are living in a secular world
Covered by secular politics,
We-are-given our secular-families
Nothing has any meaning anymore
So we spend, spend, spend, spend
We spend little time with one another
Self-indulgence is King
Love is liquid, liquid love
You can shop for
And dropped if you haven't got the money or the time
It doesn't matter if there are two groups,
In this secular world
Those who are superior or inferior
Be on a different flight path,
Self-indulgence is King
Ask any rough sleeper if he has he got any credit
Upward mobility and he'll say no.
The superiors don't look down or back.
Not until they too crash and burn alone
Democracy's spiritual secular nucleus is a big fat zero.
They've no meaning, their lives are empty.
That's when clutching nothing it all comes home.
Self-indulgence isn't King of a principality of thieves.
You better beg on your knees or lose that pious morality, please.

Mark Heathcote

Where I'll Lie

... Where I'll lie, there will be no seafloor
I'll paddle my skiff over a waterfall...
I will not return to the same shore
Instead, I'll join a rainbows water vapour.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Little Flower

Your designated time a brief hardship a journey
Without tears clouding your eyes; devout devotion
Like a little paper boat, you sail unworthy,
Taking in bilge waters filled with high emotion.
Come, kneel in total submission. A willing bride
Your journey is a lifetimes undertaking
Your heart moans a keep only one Lord can reside.
His residence sits lest not I'm mistaking
In the centre of your heart the vortex of your soul
You must, by all means, flail out the wheat from the chaff
It's a vow of faith to make, thyself, whole
To undertake this journey ends all hatred and wrath.
O my little flower your quest to be a nun,
Is a heroine's noble deed that requires faith?
Every battle has two outcomes, lost or won
Love enslaves and, in true love, there is only praise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Luminary Light Befalls

When shadows drib a luminary light befalls
Sweet visions are born filled with aspiration
So it is we should stand tall never be small
The sun rise's on us all when a new day begins.
It is with the angels & birds our heart sings
Don't lose faith, please, hang in there strong-strong-strong
The dark-nights, they're many but hope-always rings
Catch me in them falling leaves Lord, lifelong.
Let us soar on high with eagle-talon claws
Let me seize my life from dark obscurity
Let us balance on a sword's edge to applause
And love ourselves and others fulsomely.
When shadows drib a luminary light befalls
On butterflies, wings fly straight through them squalls.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Orchid's Air Root

Orchids' air roots to your chosen habitat
sit on your gateposts like a welcoming cat.
Let love leach out of its pine-resin sap,
Purr at the sunlight curled squat in your lap.
Awaken that garden within yourself;
'you're an aster flower whose warmth impels.
Needs no alias, any mask or pseudonym,
rid yourself of winter, reside in spring.'
And your summer shall remain eternal
as don't all burning embers, nocturnal.
'Liberate' yourself, one bloom at a time
nothing should be left, unseen, or mimed.
Frescoes of light should meander into each other
while they dance, while they sparkle & glimmer
they're like fresh wet portraits on white plaster
without any cross-hatching, we've all got lustre.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Why?

Why do we hide-our-true emotions?
Ridicule-other's-best-intentions,
why are we like pus, weeping wounds?
Open lesions, spreading infections.

Why don't we learn from our lessons?
Why do we fight?
Why do we kill?
Oh why, oh why, oh why, dear God.

Why do we reserve our innermost feelings?
Till they-froth-in our mouth,
till they gag in our hearts
till they dull in our eyes.

Why are we reserved in our outlooks?
Till our dreams are not our's,
our hopes fill with despair.
Till our self-reflection isn't ours.
Why? Why? Why?
Since childhood, this has made me want to cry.

Mark Heathcote

Blessed Imelda Lambertini

Blessed Imelda is no-more
her heart was-twined
like a sycamore seed
taken on the wind to our, sweet Lord.

Blessed Imelda is no-more
she is one without a doubt joined-
the Incorruptible Saints
her vocation is now forevermore.

Blessed Imelda is no-more
she prayed to her beloved Jesus
and was discovered by nuns returning,
still in prayer bent like some whitish hellebore.

Blessed Imelda is no-more
she received her communion.
The Holy Eucharist a year early,
and later was found dead on the floor,

Blessed Imelda is no-more
each denied request increased her love,
it-was-said she died of pure love-and-joy
glass-encased never to age or mature.

Mark Heathcote

Thanks Giving On This His Harvest Festival Day

As mortals, we must feed these minds
And hearts of decadence and decay
And give thanks for the way
We live our lives today
And give thanks! For Thanksgiving
Thanksgiving for our working hourly living
Thanksgiving to the Nations of the World
Thanksgiving for the sun and the stars in his lantern shield
Thanksgiving to the birds and the bees of the field
The autumn harvests in their granary high-yield
Thanksgiving to the Lamb of God
Thanksgiving unto each and every one another
Father, sister, mother and brother
Thanksgiving for the lightening whirling winds and rain
Thanksgiving for the burning bush his eternal voice of living flame
Thanksgiving to the sublimation of new life in his glorious name
Thanksgiving on this his harvest festival day:
Thanksgiving to now harrowing a new and better field of play
(Give thanks) Thanksgiving every single day
Until the lord is god your saviour to stay
And let us not forget his worldwide enemies' empty anger and bitter hunger
Let us not beg nor borrow nor lazily steal another man's thunder
In that old fiendish devilish well-drained-dried-up-way
As mortals, we must feed these minds and hearts of disarray
Cup and poor his spiritual gift, send an entourage of love that's shepherding calm
kind waters
Into these empty sanguine passages of fulfilment hopes and dreams
Into these waylaying cadis fly vessels in his forking midnight streams
unto these soulless suffering idle human beings of sorrow
That knead the bread of riches but not the humbling soil
Praise be to God! Most of us do dig like old farmhands in the cattle sheds ditch
And praise be to God! We're finding glories in his deepest manure barrows
pitched
And praise be to God! On this his harvest festival day:
That you and I are not a satanic minstrel band passing on its parvenu way:
Praise be to God! We all came to wander poorly along
This same old granite churchyard road today in jubilant cornucopias throng.

29.07.09

A very old poem I rediscovered

in my unread emails this week written by me. Needing much I guess in the way
of

editing but not today.

Mark Heathcote

False Imprisonment

These past 10yrs have I not loved you?
Clothed you, fed you, held your hand,
Wiped away your overlapping tears
Sent them into a contented, remission
Have I not crawled on my own, belly?
Out of every self-made bottomless-pit
You've made quicksand of a fairy tale.
Have I not put you, on a pedestal?
... Said openly out loud, I love you.
Are you not beautiful in my eyes?
Then, if all this be true why, why, why
Am I still ugly to you?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I've Frozen Time & Space

Fleeting as an ocean wave;
once, surge waters knocked us both for six. 'I know-
and it is as if only-yesterday for me.
I held your hand in mine a lifetime ago.
Still, it holds at its highest peak.'
It doesn't reach the shoreline or turn tail & run,
someplace inside of me quite-unique-
I've frozen time & space; honestly, it doesn't succumb,
never do I forget how clear-
our waters coursed through our veins.
Never do I forget the oceans I'd bleed?
For you, nothing ever in me wax-or-wanes
it's as if some drop of crystal-water still holds-true.
As if love is a part & parcel of every soul
for even if it turns cloudy or murky,
I know, I too want to evaporate & sprawl
& perspire once more flawless over you
like dawns first-ever drifts of morning dew.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lady Chatterley's Lovers

Her silence drew his breath out wistfully,
He reasoned every symphony and outcome.
Touching his knee it was an open question
The gardener and a groundsman nodded,
Timeless - unless except for their gossip.

Take five challenge
The Starlite Cafe

QUESTION
REASON
SILENCE
TIMELESS
UNLESS

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Be Honest

If you are looking for a lover
I'll be honest and say,
I prefer to satisfy,
Before, I'm nearly satisfied.

If you are looking for a lover
I'll be honest and say,
Every tale requires a quest
Some slow, striptease at best.

If you are looking for a lover
I'll be honest and say,
Look no further
I've-for-you a smoking revolver.

If you are looking for a lover
I'll be honest and say,
Three days after you've kissed me
You will eternally love me.

If you are looking for a lover
I'll be honest and say,
My heart is still, broken
I may never really love again.

Mark Heathcote

A Dog-Eared Storybook

Life isn't a fairy-tale
It's a dog-eared storybook.
Then it's closed folks,
It comes to an end.
Big or small
The mightier the oak
The harder they fall.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring Is Almost Here

We know the drill
reticent as a daffodil
spring is almost here.
It comes but once a year.

Those last few touches of frosts we sneer
but to a man we all sincerely revere.
The first snowdrops bobbing gondolier
it's peeping snowy white stratosphere.

Ice becomes all the thornier.
When the pussy willows catkins quill
bursts and shivers like frothy beer
with cushions, white downy, fiberfill.

Then all-of-a-sudden, it's like a prayer.
All is well to stand and stare.
Feel as though a promise could fulfill
was nodding residing in a golden daffodil?

Mark Heathcote

Self-Named: Always-My-Words

It was hard to compete
With the likes of Pete, a poet wordsmith
Many like me admired and aspired.

His art & his wit were like...
Well, a multi-coloured rainbow,
A Tiffany glass lampshade
That shone on the desk of a darkened world.

At times Pete's words were opalescent
At others
He was just infectiously pleasant
Like all well-oiled sunshine is after a raincloud.

But here was a man to esteem;
Whose words clip-clopped along at some pace
And speed, elegance and grace.
Do you know what I mean?

Like a racehorse that's never lost a race
Never came close to conceding into second place
But have the good breeding, poise and sense
Have the decency, the charm of a man unassuming.

He was never, never, a pretentious prig.
He was always a poet with an olive sprig,
He was a poet with an olive branch of friendship.
A bother I guess of unequal laureateship.

Ode to Pete Crepeau

Mark Heathcote

From The Crib To The Zoo

'Let's go to the Zoo, ' my sisters would ask
I was always quite quiet at best.
But dreamed of keeping a monkey under my vest
He'd peek out occasionally unmasked.

'We didn't do family holidays, often
Father worked and drank a lot.'
A father who smacked and mocked
I regularly wished I were an orphan.

Mother- she was pregnant out of wedlock.
Me, I was then born hidden from view
This as much as far as I knew
Her heart was cut from a sprig of hemlock.

So my grandmother took over the reins,
Leastwise till these two teens wed.
Else back then gossip would've been widespread
Grandmother told me of her own, pains;

How her, own, baby boy fell ill and died
How he slept in the attic where I too was laid
How both became ill and yet, I survived
How pneumonia took him to his grave.

It was then, grandmother, tearfully cried.
My world until then was oversimplified
Changed forever; some confessions are best
Left quietly chambered in your chest, oppressed,

Like a little, small monkey under a boy's vest.
Caged animals have us all mystified:
It's intriguing to see them clearly, distressed
Less wild, but somehow even more dignified.

Mark Heathcote

Brand New Horizons

Brand new horizons expansive as the morning sun rays
That's what we pray for, and want for every solitary day
So let's plan our goals, without any more silly delays
Life is short, especially when we've turned old and grey.

.....

40 words: The Quickie Challenge at The Starlite Cafe

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tomorrows-Not-One

When blue skies a vision of despair?
When a sense of anguish fills the air
Clouds gather in from everywhere
Colliding with us they ensnare-

Thunder bursts, rain falls lashing down
Dulls each heart, tilts each heavy crown,
That commands the sea, the weather
As King Canute, would his pleasure.

Frail in eternal laws are we
None, above the life of a flea:
That humblest of beasts, are we not
If, I recognize-my-own-lot.

Now look the skies vault opens new
We see azure the cloudless blue
A reminder someone other
Reigns in things we've set asunder.

We see a weary turtle dove
Returned with cooing words of love
So don't despair the weather's fair-
Tomorrows-not-one, cloud in the air.

Mark Heathcote

I Would Climb The Highest Mountain

I would climb the highest Mountain
I would join those Mountain cowmen
I would go to the Himalayas today,
Please don't send me away.

For you, my love my messiah
I would catch a slow boat to China
& walk every step of the way
& lay prostrate and pray.

For you my love I would fast
Under the stars unsurpassed
I would dream & imagine a cry
My name called & you stood nearby.

Love, so why am I sent away
Why are you so distant faraway
Have I reached a Himalayan Peak?
Why has everything turned out so bleak?

When once I could touch the sky
& brush the clouds and storms away.
I would climb the highest Mountain
Dear, what is our final, outcome?

Mark Heathcote

Orlando

This portrait picture of Orlando
is still somehow strikingly fresh,
her lineaments dress no scarecrow.
Whether it's male or female
a heavy-suit is a father's crèche
a caring parent makes us wear
myself I wore genderless clothes
when able to pay for my wares.
It's as striking as eyes set on a raven
still to see a woman like Vita,
wearing her Sunday best.
Her manly appearance aroused both sexes
her face, quite oval, her jawline pronounced
she was a poet of changing seasons
a poet of fluctuating genders
Sissinghurst Castle Garden,
was her one and only, blank white canvas?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Should Like

Pray, tell your vision of the afterlife?
Be there a seed invested, still to grow?
Who will germinate it in the next afterlife?
I should like to see it leave its embryo.
I should like to water it daily, between
dusk and dawn; watch its vines twist and climb
I'd like to see a sapling tree waving green.
Her boughs bent following the moon downstream.
I should like your roots knitted deeply in me.
A hopeless romantic sings-eternal joy,
yet-knows the limitations of their plea
I'd like to be there, when your eyes, reemploy
Open-up dew-wet flowers ever so coy,
a Helen that's beautiful as that of Troy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Within These Labyrinths

Her love has left an exit wound, a ravenous cave.
'One name' enters, echoes, and begs still to be saved.
It serpentine my heart, which now appears, leaden dark
where only Mandrake roots or fern fronds debark
inch any further growth within these labyrinths.
The walls veer in to form their sharp jagged crypts:
Each one a ledge twists and turns and falls off
and on each, a memory clings like a tablecloth,
damp linen, awaiting the head of John the Baptist
blood dripping to the lower levels, unbalanced
it's where my hand rests on an implements stabbing blade
knowing all is decayed has been dead for the last decade.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

1 In 7

When something is broken, when something doesn't work for us, why should we continue paying for it? Why should we pay our taxes to a government that promised to eliminate child poverty only to double it? A government that promised to help make families that work together stay together; one-of-their central policies, but instead they systematically help break up homes and neglect the vulnerable sleeping rough on our streets that should be safeguarded. A government that'll instruct public services to fine and thereafter source out its debt collection to robbers and thieves who will happily charge 150% or more than the original debt or take your belongings your house or car. This government of ours that's happily allowing rip off retail contracts & payday loans, and borrowing at interest rates like 1294.9% APR Representative. Where are their morals, I wish they too were White goods we could insure or send back without payment, I wish we could, fine them with huge penalty charges for their failures and pretend they were given short notice to pay, I'm sorry prime minister but now there is an extravagant call-out charge needs paying, rant over.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Willing

Cupid's arrow leaves us clutching our hearts
It's a kind of open-heart surgery,
Needs suturing, putting back together again
But I am willing to take on all it encompasses.
I am willing to linger alone in the dark.
For Cupid's dart to strike, dead centre my heart.
For me to feel that old mercury-needle-rising
I'm willing for my soul to undergo microsurgery,
I'm willing to bleed, let love in once more again
I'm willing to feel them cruel extreme emotions
I'm willing to fan the flames of the past
Move on with both hands devotionally clasped
I'm willing to tempt hatred once more again
And grasp at just one rose, a bleeding thorn
Have my jugular torn out powerless in love
I'm willing to fall back and share in the dishes
That's what love is, so says the misses.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Quantum Physics Is A Paradox

What is your aspiration?
Is it to find love and be loved?
What price this damnation?
In the sunlight or linden shade
Is it to find enlightenment?
Is it just for materialism?
To be enslaved, ambivalent!
Knowing matter, life, nihilism-

Rules our days that we subsist,
Exist, simply in the mind
That matter doesn't truly exist.
Our eyes these thoughts combined
It's only through observation,
Joined dot to dot, we exist at all?
Are you praying for salvation?
An angel, a God to hear your call.

Changing on viewing not viewing
Like the double-slit experiment
Are we really, dead or living?
Well-oiled on wine our merriment
Like dust blew across a sepulchral
Tomb wants its burial date moved.
Quantum physics is a paradox...
Its mathematics is greatly used.

It says friends we are not matter
There's no colour, so please desist
Matter, colour doesn't exist, remember
Your wife, your house they don't exist
Least not in the shape of matter
So could a solitary thought
Have my head put on a platter
Now, I am feeling overawed.

So colours do not exist
I too do not really, exist
And maybe a single thought

I thought would come to nought.
Will truly alter my destiny
Could, in theory, change the future?
And rewrite our history
Each thought a microcomputer.

Through the many-worlds concept
All realities, really do, occur.
If I just think, make me an omelette
My godsend will bring it with liqueur
Quicker than a TV cook does dinner
But guess what time doesn't exist
A blur that went by in a flicker
Your flame died, but yet we coexist.

Mark Heathcote

I Love You Anyways

Words are butterflies dancing in the sky
Looping one another in somersaults
Words can be heartless dumbarse thunderbolts
Or ripple through your heart, they beautify
Valentine cards, written once a year
I sense their meanings are much more sincere.

They're here in my heart, do you not hear
And after sharing all my yesteryear-
Secrets with you, will you not believe me
I too cry a sea wave on reaching the quay
That wave's goodbye but doesn't know what to say.
I love you anyways that's-my-decree.

Whatever words I swallow, I choke on-
Each day they mean more than ever before
Summer heat, winter frost, or water vapour
Soaking up whatever clouds, weather, wan.
Guess I will fall deeper in love with you;
Till words will no longer, no longer do?

Mark Heathcote

My Garden Was A Roadside Paradise

My garden was a roadside paradise
a picture-perfect postcard-prairie
my garden was a slice of my personality
always trying to be, at its, very best.
But my lovely garden isn't love-blessed
sadly there's a cuckoo perched on my breast
who's decided I should be dispossessed
now bindweed does its best to be caressed
but I can always make another garden
all I need is some dirt with a bit of
sweetness; all I need is a spade, sharpen
I can't be too disheartened my love.
Every garden starts from a dustbowl
it just needs caring-for someone to cajole.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

God Has Always Sent Me Angel

God has always sent me angels
But I have never recognised one
Least not until he sent me you
And then, I felt His emanations

Trembling like the morning dew
Then my hearth drowned overrun
Every sweated tear dropped in that
Movement called me out

At the broken edges of sameness
Hands bleeding, clutching glass
I give to you my heart, shameless
Faithless, lost in search of hope,
Yearning for that one remote - perhaps,
Perchance you too will disrobe.

Bear your soul, naked as a spring lamb,
That I might lay down my life
Sacrifice all... I am as a man.
And find a woman equal:
A wife in this, and the afterlife
Two halves made one, coequal.

Mark Heathcote

The White Elephant Dream

After the lotus blossom flowered
the White elephant floats out of her sepals
seven days later, Queen Maya died.
The White elephant doesn't mix with jackals.

He doesn't witness death, hunger, or sickness
not until he's in his mid-to late-twenties
not until he wanders outside the palace walls
witness's people-suffering dying eddies.

Does he question his mortality?
Now faced with a man's dead severed skull
does the White elephant his death contemplate
how can an emancipated body like a lotus unfurl?

Find spiritual harmony - enlightenment.
How does one reach a state-of-true Nevada?
After some six years of profound hardship,
he's no closer to understanding finding karma.

Not until he sat meditating under the Bodhi Tree
many days, not until he was shown a middle way
did he find what he was searching for?
Never would he be born again, be anyone's protégé.

He found peace in the blossoms of his serenity
where the petals of the Bodhi tree rained on his brow
he found an explanation that explained everything
the dream his mother had was, after all, like the Tao.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Not That Bad

All I know is I should have thrown you out
Why have I given you so much of my life?
Am I not good enough to be your wife?
"I'm sorry" if you don't marry me you're out
I was good enough onetime but not now
"I'm sorry, " I hit you, I was drunk
"I'm sorry, " I kicked you, I was drunk
"I'm sorry, " I told so many lies about you
"I'm sorry, " but if you don't marry me you're out
I was good enough one time but now I'm not
"I'm sorry, " I took your bankcards I was drunk
"I'm sorry, " I destroyed your good credit history
"I'm sorry, " I had you wrongly arrested
"I'm sorry, " you were given those bail conditions
Anyway it's your entire fault
I'm not responsible for any of it, I was drunk
You know I love you, you're my rock
And right now I just can't remember so
Just say you're sorry and that will be that
Just plan the wedding Baby, and marry me
Then darling I'll forgive you I'll return your key
Just be good to me and I'll take you back.
And Baby you can see your kids anytime
Because sweet darling, I'm not that bad.

Mark Heathcote

Willing Prey

Given glass ceilings
we're all ring-fenced
drown in rank tall-growing reeds
that'll sedge up all our sweet inlets
While they widen their bitter, greedy outlets
they bask like piranhas, ready to leap and feed
they'll snap at anything that breathes.

So we must hover
like wispy blue dragonflies
and drink in stillness the morning dew
we must, on balance, be their willing prey
tremble and fall like autumn leaves
and yet resist combusting into living flames
somehow we must soar, soar without wings.

Bare on the emptiness, their stewardship-brings
and live with barely enough money or hope.

Given glass ceilings
we're all ring-fenced
we're all metaphorically milked
it's an unwritten agreement
they own us.

Mark Heathcote

Robbery With A Ribbon Tied On It

Anything, green is about tax.

Robbery with a ribbon tied on it, we see it all the time

How is it legal, why is it not a crime

This is organic; sure we'll put a pretty bow on it

We will charge your companies for free inner city parking

It's all about keeping our municipal areas clean.

They fine, you, your children for kicking a football £50

For your dog fouling £90

For dropping an apple core that's another £150

For picking a park daffodil on Mother's day,

That will be a further £250 payable now, please.

We will charge you 1500% for any late payments

So your £30 dental appointment is now £170

There'll be no reminders sonny Jim;

We are trying to go paperless and have no staff

If you can't pay we will take your car and furniture

And social services will even take your children,

We'll even decide what is best for their future

It's all about accountability and responsibly,

The courts are leading the way, sending in the bailiffs

It's their civic duty to squeeze the coffers out of you.

Let's wrap this up and put a bow it

Let's help you put your head in a noose and tighten it.

How is it legal, why is it not a crime

Its greener, greener, greener,

You can take it to the bank and retire in the sunshine

That's why.

Mark Heathcote

The Road Ahead

Focus on the road ahead
Those cateyes glowing in the dark
When half the world's asleep
And footsore wayfarer's
Men like me can't another step abide to take
And ache and wish they were dead.

Focus on the road ahead
Whatever the gale
Whatever pothole you hit
Remember the meanness of love
Didn't send you cartwheeling, spinning
For real love never sends you, off the road.

Drive till dawn, and mourn-
Not the sunlight on a barren field
That stretches out on every bank
And fights its corner on every flank
Focus on the road ahead
More so when a teary wet fog, creeps in without a sound.

Focus on the road ahead
When you're in a bind when you're, lost
And you're home has turned to dust
A croplless desert with a Joshua-tree-lust
Focus on the destination of one leading to another
How you're only leaving the desert for the Bayou
To put down roots be really, rediscovered.

Mark Heathcote

Rough Sleeping

In so many doorways,
so many children
where is the thinking
how can it go on ignored?
Why aren't they safeguarded?
What is their mental condition?
Why all these negative suppositions
they take drugs,
they are drunks,
they are tramps.

Giving is easy and saves lives.
But isn't it also prolonging these awful lies
and allowing our governments
to disseminate more hateful divisions.
Without making policies to help
it continues to be normalised, malnourished,
so what are laws like 'safeguarding for? '
If it isn't for the destitute
the mentally ill,
or those rough sleeping in a shop doorway lay on the floor.

If this were a World War
and that frozen swaddled body in a sleeping bag
were simply a victim of war?
I guess there would be an outpour of help,
sweat and blood, not just when it is -4 °C
so let's get them off the floor until they all thaw.

In so many doorways,
so many of our nation's-children line the street.
Where is the town planning the thinking?
How can it go on being ignored?
Looking on, watching our leaders
how-these-jackals-feed on me and you,
rule with the might of an unsheathed sword
a fist ungloved,
what is happening, my gentle Lord.
Lord, can't we alter the course of this one catastrophe?

Mark Heathcote

The World Is Corrupt

The world is corrupt
And wants to corrupt
Everything it touches tonight!
We get squished, squashed
We get crushed
We get hit by boulders, rockfalls
Good-is-always swimming hard uphill
Against all oncoming currents, tides
Good is subsistence, God is deliverance
Life-lived on nothing but hope
Is like having holes in your shoes
But you have a reef of dope
Blowing your brains

But like flowers on barren soils
They're often at their most beautiful
Squished, squashed, crushed
And undernourished
You can find they're even twice as kind
The world is corrupt
And wants to corrupt
Everything it touches tonight!
But if it's filled with your love
That's fine, you-can-blow my mind
Cause when I'm-broken, I will heal twice as kind
Good is subsistence, God is deliverance
Darling, you are meek and mild
And then just evil meanness, all the time.

Mark Heathcote

I Am With Saint Jerome

Born anew each day into the light and dark
Woken from the cradle, placed into the grave
We are born both sinners and Saints
No good pretending you is one or the other
Because honestly, you-is-neither
We are born both sinners and saints
No good thinking you've turned a corner

Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Sisters and brothers, I am with Saint Jerome
I've left the wilderness
I've taken this scribe by the hand
I've turned over blackjack-card-tables and come home
I've transcribed the bible manifold in my mind
I've turned over a-new-leaf in my miserable soul.

With ink, blood and my marrowbone
I've toiled and died in both ports alone staring into the dark
Straight-jacketed fed to wolves I've loved you
And worn both evil and good crowns
Every soul is sinful, indulged and loose
But sisters and brothers
It takes a Saint a saint-like Saint Jerome born anew

To do it day and night in the light or the dark
It takes a Pentecostal spurred-rooster
To crow on high, hallelujah, hallelujah!
And spit in your eye and say he's never going to die
Say by God's grace I've left the wilderness
We are born both sinners and Saints

But brothers and sisters
But sisters and brothers
I've been born again, I've been baptised again, amen.
I am with Saint Jerome
I've left the wilderness
Do you silly people believe me?
There are riches that can't deceive the sunshine, not even mine.

Of Drifting Empty Shadows

Do you, remember my sisters?
The roof alcoves full of doves
Their little beaks like small pincers
Wormed-out stars, like rosebuds.

In their feathers, spring weaved silver
By summer those threads were gold
By autumn the scene a spilt-pitcher
Of drifting empty shadows doled.

And then the alcoves were sealed up
By men who never loved or cared.
The following spring lurched shrugged
Forward but I was quite, unprepared.

It tears into my heart my sisters
How we too now have alcoves shut
As if to ask where flown these winters
Who wormed-out the rosebuds plucked?

Mark Heathcote

Primal Instincts

Is this why we are ripping-
each other limb from limb
so, primal instincts live again.

Can we not be brothers in arms?
Fight the good fight, sing our psalms
however different we must look.

Let us have discourse,
and work out our problems
friendship has got many spinoffs.

The God in our bibles he's the same
at least let us build bridges
take solace in the same golden shade.

I'll openly tell you now-
before weapons are even drawn
I have sworn not to kill you.

I have sworn not to betray you,
sworn, not to hurt a hair on your head
only to love you, until-I'm-quite dead.

Mark Heathcote

Reduce To A Number

We call, pray to a desert for rain
Yet-not a drop falls to ease our pain
Apparently, normal that hunger-and-thirst
To cut you down like-a-lesion that's burst.
Apparently, normal, sleeping homeless and cold
Better if they brought back slavery; so we're sold.
I guess that's what a birth certificate is.
Reduce to a number, until we fall through their sieve
But not like gold, or anything they would miss
It's just that we've been chosen to enter an abyss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Criminalizing Poverty?

Why are we not criminalizing poverty?
Is it not cruelty to govern unfairly?
to help people out demographically-
the whole world over; is that wrong, scarcely.

Why-then-are we not - criminalizing poverty?
Why are these tax avoidance vultures still circling?
Why are they not perching in their condominiums?
Are they so fat they don't care for that living?

What is our commonality in low minimal-paid work?
Why are we not criminalizing poverty?
In this twenty-first century
from bonds, we allow money to be printed-out-of thin air
so our elected governments can promise likewise thin-air.

Why are we not criminalizing poverty?
Why do all the newspapers focus on crass celebrities?
What is our commonality in low minimal-paid work?
That all might descend into poverty feeling-little-more-than dirt.

Mark Heathcote

The Deprived & Destitute

Her life He claims
His heart He tames
Is that not the way
To be saved

His spirit broken
Her soul an empty token
Is that not the way
We find faithfulness

Heart readily slaughtered
Hung, drawn and quartered
Is that not the way
We pay for our crimes

Oh, to find-Him all-merciful
Oh, to be shown, endless love
Oh, to be sheltered and fed,
Peace restored in the wings of a dove

A dove namely called Death,
For the deprived & destitute the bereft
For services without servitude;
May we be given, everlasting, angelic breath?

Mark Heathcote

Every Teardrop Tells A Story

"All life needs it" as far as I know.
Present above and below the seafloor?
Yes, water soaks into every pore
It even survives where cacti grow.

We can all discern its strange mystique
Each crystalline form holds its own, reverie
Water is said to contain memory,
Guess that's why all snowflakes are unique.

Every teardrop tells a story.
That part where it comes from and where it's at
Is it any wonder? From an ungodly-
World I should want a return to just that.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Rightly Candid A Liar Deplores

Peeling back caustic onion layers
Lies conspire to outwit the liar.
It is then our empathies tire
Tire of teary crocodile-behaviours.
From feathers a fiery Phoenix
Rises anew, unencumbered
Lives put to ashes if discovered;
Liars they aren't defeatists
Their cares are quite predominant
You'll hear the words, "honest" I swear
To any broken web, that's laid-bare.
Some deceivers turn arsonist
True sociopaths picking their pawns
Each drama; playing the lead role
Desires checkmate, total control
The rightly candid a liar deplores.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Head-Throbbing-Eavesdropping

It's simply annoying trapped-on-a-bus
Listening to loud people talk for hours
On their smartphones with nothing to discuss
How's the weather where you is, showers-

Here, Mum what's for dinner? My laundry
Is it done? I need my black shirt and pants.
Yes, mum, I will get the cat-litter shortly,
What you mean you're on the verge of collapse.

Mum, shut up a minute and listen-will-you
Mum, I haven't got time for all this claptrap
"Get the cat-litter yourself" a barbeque
Are you going insane? Tightening his handclasp

Ok, love you too mum, mum before you go
Can I lend some money to buy a new phone?
I'll sell you mine cheaply, pay-pay-what-I-owe?
What you mean mum; I've been paying—groans...

Mark Heathcote

I Am Carried Away To A Honey Garden

In this labyrinth, I'd be gladly lost:
Her composition steals my soul.
Whole-again I dance beside her in permafrost
plays my heart inside-out till I am whole.
Her music a dancing humming bee
it-hypnotizes me to wait for her sting
she wears gold splayed peacock earrings sultrier
then the sun plucking on her mandolin.
Naked to her muse, her song is buttermilk
I am carried away to a honey garden;
where her ladle did pour on me to drink.
I am consumed bathed without pardon.
I am drunk I am slowly, anestied
that is how I know I've been stupefied.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If They Built A Time Machine

If they built a time machine
Would I go forwards or back?
And just how many times umpteen
Would I go forwards or back?

The real question remains why
What would be the fascination?
Being sentinel is to beautify,
Herewith now, no affirmation

Can exist better in time
Then the moment we all call now
To be alive is sublime,
I can't just change course disavow.

What's meant, from the beginning?
Can't just move forward or back?
Without slowly permitting
I likewise to become, unstuck.

If they built a time machine
It wouldn't hold a fascination for me
I'd rather have a painted silkscreen
That momentarily I can see.

Wet paint on canvas drying
On this wall, I would gaze at you
In love truly identifying
Each rainbow colour brushstroke, hue.

All for this one moment frozen
I'd hold my breath and say Amen
Frame what comes with corrosion
Forget tomorrow never comes, again.

Mark Heathcote

Baboons

A baboon has a stern sideways glance
An air of indignation like-an Indian
Railway-guard at a busy train station:

I see baboons, groom each other
Then wonder why one doesn't groom me
Don't I deserve ticks fleas bitten off me?

Baboons they are simply fascinating
Either from the front or behind:
How did we get talking about baboons?

I do not know, but let us not be unkind
Just in case there is one, one-of-a-kind
I don't want to hurt their feelings too deeply.

Coz-baboons wear the same expression
It's human too, I, don't care who you are
You'll see it when they smash up your car.

Baboons, baboons, baboons
I see them daily going to work fed up
Squinting with a look, that says what the f***.

Mark Heathcote

A 3-Minute Irish Song

She went so, young
I still haven't heard what happened.
All I know is
there are pregnant moments where
you should fill up your lungs
draw in fresh, abundant air.
But at times right out of the blue,
Death, herald's silence to a song
removal of a dream, that golden tune
that wasn't yours or hers for very long.
But it's now Death,
who is joyous Baby, can't you see
you've given him all the stones
and ammunition,
all the artillery he can throw at you and me.
She went so, young
But I still haven't heard what happened.
All I know is, soon it will be you or me coz
life at times is just a 3-minute Irish song.

Mark Heathcote

Mother Teresa The Mission Of Charity

She joined the Sisters of Loreto age 18yrs
Had a 40yr faith crisis, yet has-been-canonised?
Taking her vows as a nun in 1931 her life blurs
'peace of heart' she never developed one
she'd a calling to enter the slums she-agonised
distressed by what she saw and thereupon,

She gave up all gave up searching for peace
to this end, she gave her heart to Jesus
her call, that wasn't seen the least bit caprice?
she aided the dying, the poor in Calcutta.
She helped the sick battle their diseases
she doesn't feign to like the slums or those gutters.

But she wanted to help eradicate poverty,
eliminate hunger and help heal the sick.
While all the time she struggled and conversely
prayed for guidance to strengthen her faith,
holding hands with the insane the lunatic
she made a difference in her humble ways,

She jarred a door wide, showed a needless path
if there were more like her willing to help?
And dedicate help to healing the psychopath,
help sucker the emaciated heart of humanity
war-could-be eradicated, hunger expelled
and peace, faith could reign enigmatically.

On even her Mother Teresa's wrinkled face
but she felt deeply, alone quite abandoned
this void of emptiness at times took its place
she lived in a state of spiritual pain,
but her resolve to help never dampened
from 12yrs of age—knew her path, been preordain.

She opened; open a hospice for the poor,
a home-for-orphans and homeless youths
herself,15yrs-living in a hovel furthermore
opened another for the sufferers of leprosy

yes, I guess she was saintly, you want, proofs?
Leave your riches; homes spread her kind of equity.

Mark Heathcote

In My Love, I Was, Lost

In it so lost I was aghast
Terrorised—so lost
Such a loss it cried alas
What did I do?
Do to meteor a collision
Cause a head-on impact.
When we collided with each other
You marked it the beginning of a love
That now orbits me like the moon
Or should I say, the sun
Warming my thermal inertia
In his, love, I was, lost
Within the sprinklings of his stardust
He again materialized-me
He once again established
That twinkle long lost in my eyes.
In his twinkle lived my eye
In the night of the eye
Where thunderstorms rode
On clouds
Where stars shone as one
Shining all night
I fall
Light of me, O life
Don't let me fall.
I'm the shining star of life
Bright
He, he is the gravity
That binds all matter
Biding, me, his eternal-star.

By Nutan Sarawagi & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

All The Fun Of The Funfair

Her eyes they're like pear drops
Soft-centred when happy,
But hardboiled like eggs,
While grudgingly she smiles.
When happy she winks, asks
"Am I the right one for you phoney? "
As you are for me
"I love dodgem rides, clear the gangway".
If you love—me too—she says
Then let's run away.
Over the hill of the prairies to play
Our little games
... Not to go astray, roll far away
You can be Jack, and I will be Jill
Our hearts they're like test crash dummies
But she wouldn't have it any other way.
Those other happy lovers are all phonies
When she's happy, doe-winks-asks?
"Am I the right one for you phoney? "
As are you for me
But of course, I still love you
I'm just teasing, teasing, teasing you
Love, you're all the fun of the funfair.

By Nutan Sarawagi & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

Her Irresistible Pearls

Once again reticent as the tide
Behind her own, lines as prophesied
She draws back in a retreat like a sea
Forever called homewards, invitee.
She'll make landfall & then disappears
Leaving behind a single gritty tear
That never dries until her return,
Lured back by the moons calling, Nocturne.
Music so thrilling, she just longed to stay,
And nuzzle every curve and bay.

In your beauty, you had come to stay
Washed ashore from far away
As I waited for you
To be the love of my life—to come, to me
I heard a cry no more yearning to go
Than before;
So far away you seemed to me
A distant, cry, unheard to be
Until I looked for myself, so far away, from me
I saw only you, —in me.

Outwardly my appearance glows moonlike
Naked as the day, I left my Mother's womb,
You were more than just some distant shore;
You shone like a fog light a burning coal,
A floodlight cinder in my soul
Your inner beauty a glowing white pearl
You transformed, internally my whole-wide-world.

In my maternal Mother
I wait for my life to be
My Mother please comes back to me
I wait for you, —in me.
You were always alone
Left for me to comb & search
I was always-the-one
With you, to one day be.
Now no longer alone

As you leave me to me
Alone, without you in me
I find myself in love, clinging firmly
To him, I'll never-leave-again.
That fathered my heart gave back my soul.

By Nutan Sarawagi & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

This Whispering Is Over

This whispering is over & the secret texting
I can't play lip-sync with you forever
Not when it feels so cruel,
Not when it won't, bring me, closer to you.
Not when you make me burn, burn
Like a fire that needs evermore fuel,
Such loving harmonies can't be quietly defused.
Love, I am drowning in deep water - Shh!
"Those words I need not hear from you my dearest
Even now unspoken have opened my heart
My love, truly you possess & embody my soul
I do not visualize another world
Without your nearness"
Keep me warm, stay
Never shall we allow our desire to pass away.

I would rather, feel the cold than let you go,
You are the loving warmth I've always longed to know.
You are too precious to me
To be melting away like warmed snow,
Let our love come out into the open & join the ocean
I am tired of playing lip-sync with you forever
Our secret whispers in corners they're over
We both—need our orchestral music to be harmonized.
Let us unleash our love, openly
And let nothing now remain disguised.
Love, I am drowning in deep water - Shh!
Love fills my lungs with love, a kiss that'll never die
That'll buoyance my heart like a star in the sky.

My love, this I say, our thrilling rendezvous
Increase my oxytocin because of your touch
I know you know, O' how you look at me
Magically—plays an endless role in all this
Only you, yes you!
Entre my bloodstream in full submersion
Who-could-ever change my behaviour?
Make me coil & love like a serpent one lover.
That warmth that thrusts, the openness we share

Wants to share it out in the open air
Kiss me, kiss me, and kiss me
I am, I am drowning in deep water
I am tired of playing lip-sync with you
Skin to skin, say no more my darling - Shh!

Duet poem By Elizabeth Ongpauco & Mark Andrew Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

One Foot Still In The Door

My insides are feeling hollowed out
Yes, I've been tossed aside before
But this time is different it's-a-drought
My heart is wilting, dried up to the core.

I listen intently for any reason to stay
There are only lies on top of lies
What we had ripe fruit rots and fades away
I take comfort in the mould that slowly dies.

How it lingers to survive, but untimely croaks
This now how it feels holding your photograph,
The fire is dead-it-no longer sparks, smokes
And your old love letters read like an epitaph.

Love hearts and kisses engraved on a tomb,
I ask myself which way you lean
But plain as day there's-nothing to exhume
All I need now, a match and some gasoline.

I ask myself which way I lean
Finding myself with one foot still in the door
Vying this darkness back into its ravine
I, wanting you back once more.

~or~

His insides are feeling hollowed out
yes, he's been tossed aside before
but this time is different it's-a-drought
his heart is wilting, dried up to the core.

He listens intently for any reason to stay
there are only lies on top of lies
what was ripe fruit now rots and fades away
he takes comfort in the mould that slowly dies.

How it lingers to survive, but untimely croaks

this now how it feels holding her photograph,
the fire is dead it-no-longer sparks, smokes
and her old love letters read like an epitaph.

Love hearts and kisses engraved on a tomb,
he asks himself which way he lean's
but plain as day there's-nothing to exhume
all he needs now, a match and some gasoline.

He asks himself which way he lean's
finding himself with one foot still in the door
vying this darkness back into its ravine
he, wanting you back even now once more.

Mark Heathcote

Death Is Never An End

My heart is a snake
that consumes its self
from head to tail
and if it somehow fails
endeavours to remove
each-and-every scale
slip beneath your skin,
and ingest your heart
munch on your soul
just ever so slowly from within.

Oh, my faith
don't-leave me now
take-me to Budapest
to the River Danube,
there I will build a bridge
that crosses two distant shores
there I will plant and grow
my own, World Tree
and the universe the cosmos
will one day, just-be-my canopy?

But here sometimes I'm a tree
on a rocky outcrop
roots searching for purchase
in the silts and clay
probing examining the forest
what more can I say?
I know of an Ash tree
whose every sinew writhes
in this celestial, terrestrial soil
whose heart never dies?

Mark Heathcote

Tom Mcenroe's Last Sabbath

Tom was one of those 17,000 navvies that hand-worked on digging the Manchester Ship canal.

Earning £19 for a 10hr working day and incurred backbreaking toil and yet was no numskull.

The Sabbath had its special place in-his-Irish heart
a man of very few words and an early riser
never late for church, always dressed his best, really, smart
A whiff of pipe tobacco on this eulogizer-

Fine, but those that dare to criticise a pungent crime
he died of shingles did grandfather many years since
in his early 90s, but I still remember wintertime
braving, snow and ice, tying boots, curtailing winces.

He was fearful of cold weather and, fearful for his health
but he had faith a widower he'd his convictions
promises to keep heart & spirit in moral wealth,
his Lord would see to that whatever his afflictions.

Under his flat cap, he kept a hearty smile, a grin
like a quarter slice of an apple, rosy pink cheeks
hair white and yellow like the rind of a lemon skin
he was chesty when he chuckled in those little squeaks.

As a young boy, I never asked but would wonder why
his wife, my mother, and her sister weren't by his side
didn't they care about his beliefs or what he believed?
Their dereliction of duty three was times amplified.

The Sabbath had its special place in-his-Irish-heart
one time I went to church, my role as support-
worker with a client whom I did dress very smartly.
Later, at home, I inhaled pipe tobacco, a whiff, a snort.

I believe he visited my sleep, proud that I'd been?
Leaving me again the smells of the resin—woodbine.
I woke to remember that evening of the Sabbath
incense burning at home & the sound of hosannas.

Mark Heathcote

Death

Death, I'm guessing for most, it will be like the first time they entered the 'Ghost House' at the funfair, only to then realize-they've-been tricked, short-changed, and that they have seen and done it all before. Death is the greatest of all unknown adventures left to us, isn't that why people run scared? As they enter the Funhouse wall of mirrors shouting who's afraid of the big bad wolf. Death will be grinning in that alien trailer park when your heart finally stops beating like a traction engine. When your soul your spirit are no longer ectoplasm candyfloss stuck to the side of your gums, you will scream and learn, Death, wasn't the star attraction that you had already played every part, been done every scene in a movie you and you alone directed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Life Is What?

Life is what? A ball of clay
punched and softened
spun around and moulded
kiln-baked every single day
till its final shape is, fashioned
or it cracks and explodes—
it's in your hands how it's finished
how it's used and glazed
every pot is made, with love
but not all vessels contain it.
Some flaws we can work upon
others are too ingrained.
All pots will be made-clay again
it's the way of every container
it's the way of every retainer
that everything put in, took out is, repaid.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

New Year, Starting From Tonight

Let's hope this New Year brings us closer
let's hope it closes the distance the fissure
let's hope it mends those broken fences
Let's hope it bridges all those gaps.

Let's hope this New Year heals us all
let's hope it's filled with love and friendship
let's hope it's a shining example to our kids
let's hope it kick-starts your heart, starting tonight.

Let's hope this New Year has a resolution
let's hope that, resolution lasts beyond our lives
let's hope everyone has fought their last fight
let's hope we can build a better future.

Starting right now one second, after midnight
starting right now, let's make the future bright.
No use thinking good times are impending,
let's all make it happen, starting from tonight.

Mark Heathcote

I Love A Misty Morning

I love a misty morning
When the birds are merry
Like a hatchling, seen vaguely
With the memory of missing-
Sunlight made opaque and aptly
Sing it back into being.

A 30 Words or Less challenge
The Starlite cafe

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tinderbox

I-just-want to be the fire
that ignites and burns free
whatever ills avail me
I don't desire to change
I-just-want to be me
less the mask I project
less the chains that bind
less these bars that confine
or any self-righteous straw man intellect.

I-just-want to be the ignition;
that first firing spark of who I am
who really, I am?
yes, there's a tinderbox-
inside of you and me
there's a spark a star eternal-
that-hasn't-been consumed.
'And this fire, I want to unleash-
to one day, devour you.'

Mark Heathcote

Nature

her soft refrained breath
vastness immeasurable
outstanding nature

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Furnish Yourself With Nothing & Possess All

The land is furnished not with precious metals
not with precious stones
the land, before us, is furnished, with life & love
life presents its self as hunger searching
love presents another-self as a found gift
after & following hunger, we feel less hungry
but still, that other self isn't enough.
So furnish yourself with nothing & possess all
live life like a stream always arriving
love without hunger & deluge on more than just the land.

or



The land is furnished not with precious metals
Not with precious stones
The land, before us, is furnished, with life and love
Moments of untold gold
Life presents its self as hunger searching
Love presents another-self as a found gift
After and following hunger we feel less hungry
But still, that other-self isn't enough.
So furnish yourself with nothing and possess all
Those dispersing clouds, bitter tears of mortal bliss
Live life like a stream always arriving
Love without hunger and deluge on more than just the land.
With an unquenchable thirst
Till your own heart is ready to bear fruit and burst.

Mark Heathcote

Just Alone

Now I'm the fox, and you're the hound
the tables have turned, turned upside down
I've got to jump, plummet like a stone
and run and hide, and leave my home
now I am the mouse, and you're the cat
I've to hightail it like a plague-carrying rat,
I've got to carry the weight of all your lies
and be as homeless as the wind that cries.

Now I'm an island without an isle a stream
I'm left wondering again who I am
what vestige, what remnant of me is, left?
Once I was a young stag, but who am I today,
now I am a mote without a sovereign's castle
I am a land without a country,
I live my life each day a little more numbly,
drinking, more and more ale, a lot more bourbon.

Now I'm a vulture without a bone to pick over
I feel I am broken, like a cracked china plate
one if you release, will surely-break
get buried in the corner of a garden, never visited.

Now I'm the fox, and you're the hound
now I am the mouse, and you're the cat
now I'm an island without an isle a stream
now I am a mote without a sovereign's castle
now I'm a vulture without a bone to pick over
I am just alone, I am just alone,
I am a broken reed, without a tune.

Mark Heathcote © 2017

Mark Heathcote

Exotic Flowers Unfurl

Let only one be your centrepiece-
and the others,
let them brocade your world
swim in your dreams
like sirens reminding you,
that a wayward sailor often drowns
the torso on fire doused
I have picked one jewel,
one gem I was meant to receive
and it was purely instinctual,
really-not-anything to misconceive
I plucked her wings, there and then-
held her steadfast against my skin
after tonight the world-
shall never be the same again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

High Noon

sundial reads high noon
stationary in the sand
wingtip outward pointed

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Need Pillow Talk

It is as questionable as the weather
tomorrow, whether or not, I will still
love you, or you'll be, overlooked-forever
it is not lust or desire nor the thrill
of your touch that I crave or that pining
I can't sleep; restless as bats using sonar.
Nor because of our sexual entwining
am I feeling temperate? And thus far-

It is not out of hunger, neediness-
I say these words but like a Vampire bat.
Honed-in-on-me you in your greediness
want to be loved in your dark habitat.
found out as much as I do in the sunlight
I need pillow talk, a caring shoulder
someone with a poet's heart, a playwright
who hasn't typecast me in any way either?

I need a lover with whom I can confide.
I need a lover, who'll be my closest ally
and who'd circle the globe to be by my side.
One who isn't some draining prickly cacti?
One who isn't as preachy as an old rabbi?
A lover who won't change with the weather
who will cuddle me and share their wif
knows me best and treats me right forever.

Mark Heathcote

Loves A Ballet Dance

Loves a ballet dance
it's a slippery romance
its thunder and lightning
it's a feeling that leads to tribalism
it's Beauty & the Beast
west meets east.

Loves a ballet dance
it's a hard-fought stance
it's Margot Fonteyn,
meeting with elephantine
feet that can't keep a rhythm,
without a head-on collision.

Loves a ballet dance
and like 'Gay Paree' France
there are moments of beauty
that is if-you're-not-too, choosy
shall immortalize your appreciation
you're too short a life duration.

Loves a ballet dance
a reckless circumstance
sometimes with guile, we glide
at other times we tap-dance
in our hobnail boots,
we stick together even if it persecutes.

Mark Heathcote

Be Glad Love

Given to me is the life of the sea
forever rolling in and out of view;
Green then turquoise, then sometimes clear-blue,
given to me is the life of the sea
it rages and then becalms in front of you.
It has high-seas, then low-soft waves that mew,
that circle and laps the world that is you.
Love, I bring oils and herbs and Indian tea,
given to me is the life of the sea
unpaid, wearisome like bills overdue,
each account must be paid its full rupee.
Each wave comes to touch the shore and quay,
must make retreat and wave goodbye one day,
be glad love, harboured - that isn't today.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Last Cuckoo In The Nest

Even to near or look at her
"Question, do we stop & console
Or walk by at a leisurely stroll
We'll walk over do you concur".
She carries a basket of eggs
Sits by a coppice that's regrew
Her own, hearts yolk split into
And, cries out her teary dregs.

Her pink knees & legs tremble
To the sobs that go unheard.
Birdlike in a nest; sits inert
So deeply hurt it's distressful.
Young lady brush yourself down
Remove that frown, he isn't worth it.
If false, he was counterfeit;
Not fit to lie beneath your eiderdown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Now That's I Call Magic

Magic is something you make
By hard work and diligence
No potions like tongue-of-snake
—It isn't evil wistfulness
Some old witch in a cabin
Head lay back in bracken
That some are thin or fatten
That good or bad thing, happen.

Magic is something honest
Something that's true & pure
That's never despondent
Doesn't hide they're being demure
You can be compassionate
And be equally talented
Not the slightest bit tragic
Now that's what I call magic.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Like Flailing A Dead Sea Monster

I can advocate "love, " until eardrums burst and bleed.
Until your heart is a red pomegranate seed squeezed?
But it's like flailing a Dead Sea monster into life
hoping a tide will rise and resurrect the long-dead
and carry them offshore to a recuperation chamber.
And like a pearl in some gothic housed splendour
or a seahorse chanting at the bit, you'll rediscover it
once-again for a split second only, find tears to cry.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beauty Is All Around

Beauty is all around us.
if we have the eyes to see it
the heart to reach out and touch it
the soul to spend an eternity in its pleasure.
All you have to ask is, does it?
Does it rekindle your desire?
Extinguish or relight your fire.

If we can but just exceed-our own-measure
beauty is, is all around us.
Come what may let us serve it up today,
beauty is all around us.
If we just had the eyes to see it
and the heart to reach out and touch it
or better still; share with a living part of it.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do Guns Make You Cry Or Go, Whoopee?

A gun is Liberty—they've heard it said:
& yet it kills & leaves their children dead.
I question, do guns make these people free?
If that is so, let us hold a Fanfare!
If that's the case, throw your hands in the Air!
& let us altogether shout, Whoopee!
(For their forefathers-of-the brave & free.)

If these people want guns for a hobby,
By all means—don't let them out the lobby,
Keep them licenced all indoors I decree.
There are too many morons & crazies-
Fighting fire with fire; pushing up daisies.
... "Once again" for their forefathers, Whoopee!
(For their forefathers-of-the brave & free.)

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Soothe Her Rampant Delights

A rose doesn't require razors
but they're there to help her climb,
if swamped, surrounded by alligators
she will, over the summertime-
draw blood to soothe her rampant delights
she will scramble over the wall, over fen and fell
to reach that sunlight that still excites
that wild trembling heart cast her spell
she will seduce not only our fickle minds
but leave us all gasping in her beauty paralyse.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Leap Of Faith

... Every child gravitates to a snowy white feather
If you're to discover your wing's on a gentle zephyr...
"It necessitates a leap of faith", that's the measure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How Many Caps Do You Wear?

How many caps do you wear?
Does your heart need a headcount?
Does your soul need a shepherd?
Does your free spirit need to be reigned-in
I give you a pictorial question, but
Look how you shut close your eyes
Lasso your thoughts into a defence.
How many caps do you wear?
Why is it, I am left catching the wind?
At one stroke, I know all there is about you.
In the next, I am burned by lightning
I am thrown, into a pack of hungry wolves
And then next, we're, physically entangled
I pluck a flower for you, for your hair.
So why is it I ask you, my one true love?
How many caps do you wear?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

With An Ordinance Of Grace

With an ordinance of grace, I want to die
Drop like a lemon, too heavy for the sky
I want to have every pip squeezed dry,
Know I've given everything before I die.

With an ordinance of grace, I want to testify
I want your love to kill me, make me cry
Show me at my lowest; I still swing high!
Reaching upward, Lord, let me espy.

With an ordinance of grace, I still can fly
Join those ephemeral things like butterfly
That has two lives that cocoon and solidify
With such beauty, here I cannot quantify.

With an ordinance of grace, I want to detoxify
Put all my sins, behind me and glorify
How I survived like some ancient Samurai
Lived with honour and died, Lord, I am gratified.

With an ordinance of grace, I too was crucified
I thank you, Lord, even now a little dissatisfied
That no hurt or love was ever classified
That nothing was ever oversimplified.

Mark Heathcote

A Pilgrim's Question

A pilgrim asked a penny on the road
To where does a lonely penny roam
To which the entire penny said, was
To a pocketful of gold.

He then asked a beggar on the road
To where did he wish to roam
And all he did say, was
To a heaven, he called home.

Thu,02 Oct 2008

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Composed Over A Lifetime

Every note has been written for you
it is free-flowing, and it is gushing
come, my love, let us have an impromptu
-rehearsal, it'll begin by just humming.
All my feelings they're wrapped up in it
my heart & soul, they're contained.
Can't-pretend I haven't tortured over it
here I've nothing left out or restrained.
I hand over to you this music sheet
composed over a whole lifetime
just so you, can hear it's no ragtime,
it's no blues, yes it's bittersweet
come please listen, sit on this loveseat
even my heart has a metronome beat.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rose Petals At My Feet

Rose petals at my feet look destitute
they're strewn all around our front garden path
they swirl like clouds trying to reconstitute;
it pangs my heart that in their aftermath
once again this summer draws to an end.
And my own, 'Damask Rose', I gave my heart-
didn't open, wasn't for a minute my friend.
Rose petals at my feet will now depart
and winter shall arrive with snow and sleet
spring and summer will come, but never again.
Love-deprived I shouldn't settle for conceit
remembering a once, glowing, warm gem.
Rose petals at my feet foretell our end
no longer in this rose can I pretend?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's So Bewildering

Dawn in the wintertime is like a coffin-lid
lifted and, a feldspar of bones shimmering
ice-covered reaches out to touch your hands.
Ice crystals bear their impressive teeth, mouth-crammed
it's so bewildering and embittering
-yet enriching, splashing about snow like a squid.

The world flickers into life; turned ghostly white
shrubs are buckling with weight, not of their own.
trees, like the horses of the apocalypse
-stand frozen, mid-gallop, and stars like steamships?
Glisten orange like a flower overblown,
petals near spilling like a meteorite.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Prayer Bells

It's a topsy-turvy-world, but don't be fooled or confused
everything will be-unfurled and again suitably fused.

There will be prayer bells spun across the Himalayas
they shall pitch, fecund at some higher alertness:

You'll sense all living things have a tone of fulfilment
you'll pace in a labyrinth there find endless devilment.

That everything that's known still goes unrecognised
like reflective doubles, more in ways crystallised.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Honeypot Of Gold

Oh, lucky, lucky me
I climbed a maple tree
and, found a sacred bee
making honey; just for me.

Omnipotent and gold breaking free of the shadow
Supreme Being you are an eternal summer star
you light the way that I and others must follow
that I and that lonelier moon with her guitar

will shadow, Supreme Being with a golden-sitar
you light the way, and all is, bathed in ash and fire
ah, oceans, rise, rise, rise, rise and-I am-baptised

Supreme Being your warmth is a deep, deep magnifier
you light the way so that others feel energised
just by your touch, more, and more humanised.

Oh, lucky, lucky me
I climbed a maple tree
and, found a sacred bee
making honey; just for me.

Mark Heathcote

Kissed By A Butterfly's Wing

In such a way it should be contraband
Her heart & soul fluttered heavenly south,
As a butterfly's wing kissed her hand
& then her cheek, & then her open, mouth
Taking little bites & long drawn out sips
It was then all she could do to resist.
Like a fallen nest exposed, her own, lips
She then coiled around him like moonlit mist
Where she pressed firmly against his naked chest
He squirmed inside an outward-flowing tide.
All inhabitations now dispossessed
He hears her heart crackling electrified
Hearing hallelujahs then, then amen!
He presses forward & kisses her once again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Put Your Heart Into A Frying Pan

I'll put your heart into a frying pan,
See if I can't reach a temperature
Above freezing, but an executor-
With sharp tongue; who likes to harangue
Sure, it won't be easy, I'll be at pains
To curl a lip or raise the faintest smile
I'll be at pains to think of reconcile
Sure, it won't be easy, I'll be at pains
Even to consider sharing the fuel costs.
You see, I've given up, giving- again,
Time, time and time and time and time again
You are in an eternal equinox.
I want sunspots on this barren cold moon
I want a hot sunny June afternoon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Still Love Your Words

I still love your words, and now you have a voice
that is bewitching-in-its-cadences.
You talk of cuckoos - birds, and my heart rejoices
you talk of vines and quiet awakenings.
And how your words claim a right to haunt-
while I-remember-my-own, inertia.
Ah, how my own words were given applaus
complementing each other and vice-a-versa
I still love your words and-much-have they grown
your old cuckoo birds are now nightingales
your vine, Morning glory, entwines a throne
not one word would I edit or curtail.
You talk of cuckoos - birds, and my heart rejoices
talk of vines-now isn't these-my-languages?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Viper's Nest Or A Garden Of Orchids

This is why tonight, I run away
Leave this vipers nest to their disarray
I know a thing or two about chess and cribbage pegs
I know a thing or two about sex and breaking eggs
I know a thing or two about winning and losing
I know a thing or two about domineering men
Their subsisting and coexisting women
They're like a garden of orchids
With soilless orphan roots
Or their like thorny roses
That gouges your heart
Sources out the dark
That gouges your heart
Or their like thorny roses
With gloomy crimson roots
Or they're a garden of orchids
Their subsisting and coexisting women
I know a thing or two about domineering men
I know a thing or two about winning and losing
I know a thing or two about sex and breaking eggs
I know a thing or two about chess and cribbage pegs
This is why tonight, I run away
Leave this vipers nest to their disarray.

Mark Heathcote

Restrain Me

Restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want a southern moon to shiver on you
from the naked shadows, I'd be casting all over you.
Restrain me; I'm like an applecart toppled over
soon, I will be showing you the core of my heart
how I've longed to touch you in the dark
and trace the horizon that lights up in your eyes.
Restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want only for you, I hunger-for-you
there is no other star shine's-brighter than you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Take, With A Pinch Of Salt

'Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man, '
Come over here; sit on my divan.
Bring a good knotted loaf and some brie
'Man, I've got passions, come and feed me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Someday Soon

Someday I will see our Lord God
And kneel, a broken man
And he shall offer His hand
Someday soon I'll be etched from this land

And be seated at his right hand
And He shall look pleased on me
And then I'll just drown in the verses of His, sea
That washes from His eyelids over me.

Someday soon He'll heal my soul
Someday soon He'll make me whole
And I shall thank Him for all my troubles
Despite all my drowning convulsions

Someday I will forgive the spirit of my Lord God
Someday soon there will be nothing but love
Someday soon He'll heal my soul
Someday soon He'll make me whole

Someday I will see our Lord God
And kneel, a broken man
And he shall offer His hand
Someday soon I'll be etched from this land

And I will thank all the troubles I had
And be eternally thankful
And be eternally blessed
And be eternally glad.

Mark Heathcote

When It Shines

When the sun shines-
it shines through you
I am molten-rock, rock in love
what more can I do?
I am, moved, and I am
quenched in your sea
I am a frozen lamb,
what more would you have me be?
Let us feel a tendril vine
as it grows, as it trembles
as it climbs, as it flowers
as its seeds, get dispersed
let us sense and remember
our petals gave rise to sunsets
gave rise to births and deaths
and when it shines
it does so for you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Remembered Dead

To be amongst these remembered dead
That is enough honour for me, foe or friend.
Eyes of crystal, souls of glass,
When they've long gone; alas laid to rest.
What is there left to still, embrace that lasts?
A few splintered baubles of a forgotten past.
That draws fresh blood when newly caressed
That is, the best tribute, I can a test.
If newly formed blood should one-drop-bleed
Then all my suffering shall have, succeed
And, the will of my heart intercede
With another heart not yet even a hayseed.
To be amongst these remembered dead
And here now look faintly ahead.
... Here lies a dead poet, may he remain asleep
Whose words a spider's web capture you all discreet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Avoid Needless Bloodshed

What else was I, she meant to do?
Don't be alarmed, don't act fake
There was just this cosmic ache
A kismet spark in our heart
No one asked me
No one asked for you
To discover our unknown destiny
Or give up our trusted fidelity.

After leaving high school
No one approached me
No one approached-you
Said he, she just won't do
I guess they all somehow knew
Maybe, even before me and you
But how did they know you'd touch my soul
Not for the first time in my life make me whole.

How did these people know?
She'd accept my hand
And lead my heart away
And then crushed it like a cheap bouquet
How did these friends know?
Our love would reach a plateau
And you'd run far away, one day
Tell, does all love end the same way.

No one asked me
No one asked for you
To find our unknown destiny
And end it happily or regrettably.
But after marriage; lamentably
Lovers often turn away
Often love to disappear in a hurry,
So is it all a cabaret act, a cliché.

I can't decide, so let us hide
Let us keep our love
A clandestine secret

Just between you and me
I'm sure it would behove
All to keep it a secret at least
For just one more sunset
And avoid needless bloodshed.

Mark Heathcote

Carried Up Above The Crowds

A swan moves in a murmur then takes-off
First, she glides on a millpond gracefully
Next, she parts the waters into a trough
In that, moment very ungracefully,
But the next, thrust like a dagger dripping
She plunges headfirst into the waiting clouds.
What must it be like to be there sipping-
That thin air carried up above the crowds
On motorways never, having queued
Or been brushed aside; by some loud-mouthed louts.
Finding openings clear with certitude
Flight paths, into the heavens azure, sky
Pilot destiny, "what's to edify".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Finding A Religion To Follow

Finding a religion to follow
Is like trying on a new shoe
That doesn't allow for airflow
None are made to measure you
And finding none of them, really fit
Is a little bit disconcerting
So it's difficult to commit
Some are too snug, constricting
If I had to make one choice
My first choice would be to go barefoot
If I had to choose the second shoe
Guess it would have to be Hindu
As like walking
It is just as way of life
Dualism may be, seen in pairs
Here it's only our feet that are jackknife.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dustbowl

Those bars of attrition are very-real
where life might only be monetary
where survival is counted in days
not in years, and your very next meal
has little nutrition, and feeds the many
and isn't shared equally; in this malaise
people, children die, and so few grow old.

Their sky is a boneyard of black-sunlight
it's gods own country, but it's like he has left
and the lands a dustbowl, Oh Lord, behold
this plight of hunger you have umpired.
Will this evil suffering be addressed?
It's no Garden of Eden, but we do our best
send us some rations, and we'll do the rest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Night Of The Coffin Fly

Is this the night of the 'coffin fly? '
that will riddle down 6ft under
deeper than deep
in short bursts of running
jerky, movements in a midnight flurry
no, it's another gun wheedling madman
a 'scuttle fly' with a machine gun.
Scum of the EARTH!
Bringing mayhem to a nation in turmoil, crying
—and why, why, why
and why, why, why
and why, why, why
their parents ask
their partners ask
the headlines ask
the people ask
but their politicians never answer
it goes deeper
deeper than deep
and 6ft under; the night of the 'coffin fly? '

Mark Heathcote

Minuscule Life Forms

I am by nature always consoled
Although sometimes I subsist
I cherish the mildew and mould,
lichens how-simply-they exist.

Taking on-board their apricot surface
I've imagined minuscule life forms
living in cities, seen from space
but here, there are no thunderstorms.

It's a colony without any enemies
I'm kind of envious of this civilisation
this race without landlocked boundaries
none are attacking their next generation.

Lichens grow, I guess in equal harmony
I fear we on earth will never accomplish.
such well grouped, organised-colonies
we are exemptions from a rule.

Mark Heathcote

Make Love Under The Spotlight

As I cry I forget all my worries
Till I wonder why I cry at all
Whilst I am floored cut off, down
I ask myself
What is it to die on stage?
Not in a way that's bad, I mean
For you to bring it all
Open your own, cage door
Let the angels & dark beasts rage
Make love under the spotlight
What is it to be loved, adored
What is it like to be, renovated?
What is it like to feel renewed?
Worshipped, worshipped, worshipped
And listened to, to be like snowfall
Fluttering on everything on everyone
To then listen to like a shaman
A soothsayer a new-born Buddha
To be like a pristine burning fire
That purifies the shadows in you & me
What is it to die on stage?
Not in a way that's bad, I mean
For you to bring it all
And open a cage door
To be loved & adored
To be renovated?
To find your own, wings.
Find that spark that ignites who you, really are.

Mark Heathcote

I've Gotta Sell My Soul

I've gotta sell my soul, again
On the corner of some sidewalk
And forget my father's arms
And his hurt eyes, and his pet-talk
And my mother's vocal alarms
Shouting the night air is cold and bleak
It's too cold, baby, come back home, honey
We can support you, you can eat and sleep
We can forgive you come back home, baby
But I've got to sell my soul, again & again
In the rain, in the rain, in the rain,
Because I need to get loaded
I don't care for priests and saints
I don't need saving from my sin....
Because sin, it pays for my gin
I just need to get loaded out of my mind
And not to be told how to begin again
I've gotta sell my soul, again
Just as the night follows the day
I need that dark side of the moon
I need to find a whisky fire breath of a man
Who can pay for the motel room by the hour?
Because I've gotta get loaded, and I've finished
I've finished, I've finished with finishing-school
I'm old enough to make my own, make mistakes
I'm old enough to be my own, fool
But father I still need your arms and pet-talks
And mother I still need your worried grace
Shouting the night air is cold and bleak
High and vocal alarms in a shrill
That sends a shiver, a chill down my spine
Because one day soon I just might change my mind.

Mark Heathcote

Birds Of Paradise

We are all of us birds of paradise
So why isn't this life joyous; I suppose
It is for a few, but for, me and you
I'm not sure what we can do; I'm not oppose
To happiness, and nor are you, what price
Are ecstasy and bliss, can we pursue it.

Can-it-be achieved by, me and you?
Love, where's our nirvana to be found.
My heart is crimson, and it bleeds ablest
Having established your scent like a hound
Loving you and yet it hurts deeply too,
Because we can't, achieve something sacred.

This world is a garden without harmony,
But it is entwined with sweet honeysuckle.
Bee's tirelessly work; return a blessing
Yet carry; still a sting, life's such a puzzle.
There's a great beauty but disharmony,
With you, there's no more need for acquiescing.

We are all of us birds of paradise
I am joyous for this pleasant evening
For the sunset, having spent it with you
Every day our bounty - increasing
So together what can be, optimise
What more, what more can we expect now due?

Mark Heathcote

I'll Plummet

I'll plummet from here on in.
Dive into the depths of love
I'll gladly sink or swim
gaze at her beautiful
blue eyes; I am falling-
herein, no need to shove.
I can hear my heart sing
my soul was light as a dove
I can hear my-heart-beating
taking wing up above
I guess this must be love.
I'm a burning brown kingfisher.
Love - my pulsating extinguisher.
I'll plummet here on in,
dive into the depths of love
I'll gladly sink or swim
to feel the touch of her skin
shoulder to shoulder,
rubbing mine - for all time.

Mark Heathcote

From The Cradle Of Life

Open up your heart
be excepting of love
do not just disregard
But attune your pulse
it's a constant reality
beating a passive refrain
till its final finality
we gather and pertain.

There is one vibration
that interlinks all breaths
all living things delineation
no matter how many deaths
or lives we might inhabit
we are all made of water
the cradle of life on our planet
has-memory - it's an absorber.

So let us cleanse our thoughts
and join in spirit the ocean,
the ocean doesn't divorce-
it's itself it remains unbroken.
Every raindrop is a kiss
an ardent lover's embrace
fresh from the skies abyss
the mist on our lips we interlace.

Mark Heathcote

Spiders In A Bathtub

At stints in cramp corners of our heart
One must go at times spider-webbing
To protect at least one sacred part
A panic room at times compelling
Holds us trapped self-immobilised
We roam our own, bitter emptiness
Like spiders in a bathtub, we're despised
We're self-made puppets and thespians
Fools are we who wish to be, drown
At the same moment saved by love,
A love so endless it becomes renown,
A young or old lout headed home drunk.
We crumple up, a drying leaf
Adrift we find comfort in sorrow
Whatever happiness comes is brief
Whatever light we find we borrow
Our destiny is a closed portal
Because our thirsts are never-sated
Our songs are always mournful
Our intentions meant to denigrate.

Mark Heathcote

A Christmas Tree, Galleon

A galleon lit-up like a Christmas tree
Anchor rose, sailing out of port to sea
It looks for the world like a many-tiered
Wedding cake, but no bride is perceived
Guess her handsome groom has her below deck
Coiled around him like some clinging whelk
Yes the whole scenes out of a fairy tale
At this moment she's ready to unveil
Let this maiden voyage truly begin
A toast to their future shipmates with gin
And sail this 110 guns galleon to-the-moon
Salute these newlyweds on their honeymoon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Egyptian Star

You are an Egyptian star
O sees how bright you are

I would build a pyramid
to stare closer uninhibited-

At you, because I love you
I think that's what I will do.

To take an uninterrupted view
altogether better look at you.

With genuine gratitude, I thank
the universe, you're in a basque.

The one I bought for you to wear
it's time to give up solitaire.

And here make our bedchamber
sands of time are our narrator.

Mark Heathcote

Glory, It's A Gorgeous-Glory

Gorgeous-glory, woodland margins in spring
each March springtide the marigolds arrive.
And woodpecker's knock and spring lambs are baaing.
And grasses are lush as bees leave their hive.
The worlds humming, wand-rushes start thrumming.
Back and forth, a wren flies to the ivy.
And dragonfly's wing comes drumming.
The wind's all crisp-fresh sparkly, and breathy
as stoats observed drink spring water
glory, it's a gorgeous glory this spring.
Gorgeous-glory a daffodils saucer
spring rabbits dancing on a hill gawping
till a boy, I come picking cowslips
and spring fresh mushrooms in my fingertips.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love, Preserving

Loves a fruit that requires preserving
if stored, in an equable larder
that isn't hot-tempered isn't fluctuating
hot then cold - might even keep its ardour
spring meandering into another lifetime
especially if not bruised mishandled
if it's cared for - can see out wintertime
enchanted, sweetened, heart gladdened.
But those that are badly handled just-won't-last
and sadly, they will perish as soon as not.
Leaving all your hopes and plans dashed
and that preserved loved fruit will rot
somewhere cankers will set-in take hold
and all you've cherished shall take on mould.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Can You Make Any Sense Of It?

Life is a forceful wind
a gust of static electrical air
we can't make heads or tails of it
it smacks us hard in the face
or it gives us a soothing, gentle kiss
it circles the ground where we walk
but it is, ungraspable it is inert and invisible
it is ever-present yet passing by, however faint
you cannot follow what hasn't yet manifest
or comprehend what is ever-changing
it is an illusion to believe otherwise
only a fool can say where-it-starts begins & ends
are you a fool, should I, follow a fool
can you say you fully understand its nature?
Life is a wind that brushes beside you & me
as it sweeps us up like a paper bag
and drops us back down
like a lover leaving town.
I ask you, can you make any sense of it?
Are you in control of it?
If you are, then what is it?
Life is a potent-wind
I don't know where it begins
but I know it sometimes sings and has eternal wings.

Mark Heathcote

The Lovers Fall

I am the leaves of a tree
I am Aspen whispering about you
because I've nothing better to do
I spread my gold-dappled leaves over you
and take root under you, and ask you
are you the sun - are you the sky?
Are you the ocean - are you the moon?
Because I've been searching for you
I've spread my leaves to the four winds.
And found my resting place beside you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Hurt The Dust

Love, you have painted your fingernails red
And excavated the marrow from my bones
Now my heart has an open wound to vanquished
To crawl back to its subterranean-grave
I think I'll join Icarus and fly like a jet plane.

A suicide jumper, a hatchling fledged
Love, you have me crawling on a high ledge
Twenty floors up, too fearful to look down.
I guess it could have been me fighting-
For Fathers for justice; melting, from the sun.

But I learned to step back and read some books
Dream again and shake off the hurt the dust
And rid my heart of its emptiness and hate.
You crushed me like a bug and called the world
To fumigate my existence from the sidewalk,

But I suppose I'll never get over you
There's a better chance that; that, that cow
Does jumps over the moon than I getting over you.
I guess it was something Icarus always knew
When eagerly trying to fly with the doves in the sky.

Mark Heathcote

Nothing She Does Can Make Me Leapfrog

We've all got our own, rolling stock
But her value increases daily
It rises sky would like a hollyhock
There's nothing at all lost inanely-

About her, I guess its high tide mark
Is where I drown ever frailly?
Calling her name like a meadowlark
In deep love so, desolately.

Whatever her sad monologue
Her stage door draws me every night
Nothing she does can make me leapfrog
Whatever might evilly expedite,

I know we've all got our own, stock
And all though nothing is watertight
I would happily be a mealy bug
And increase fourfold my appetite.

Look I'd eat the scraps off her table
And never moan because love is blind
And nothings reimbursable
If you, don't value it hold it prized.

Mark Heathcote

Prayer Waves On Sand

Prayer waves on sand
Life is sluicing through my hands
And then a distant postcard arrives
Like a message in a bottle, it reads
Loving you is like loving an overdue postcard
A long expected postcard from heaven
You've waited a lifetime for its safe delivery,
Then it only says on it, sorry, sorry,
Sorry, you're not here with me. Here right now.
Prayer waves on sand
Prayer waves on sand
Prayer waves on sand
Life is drifting through my hands.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

On The Cusp Of Death

On the cusp of death, a moth fights not just for the light
but for its fragile life; drowning, eventually surrendering.

When there's no breath left to save in watery ringlets
what will you do, when your corrupted lungs collapse?

When in ever decreeing-motes, you yield and submit:
more to the point will you embrace the dark unknown?

Will you balance on a knives edge with nothing to lose
and die remembering, every happy beat of your heart.

And think to yourself; no, I'm not here alone
this last breath is just a key lock turn from home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rosebuds

Some rosebuds require opening
A soft, gentle, handed approach.
You've got to peel them back, focusing
On each petal, you would disrobe
Remember there's a warm-hearth
You can fan back into a living flame.
And a heart that's bled reservoirs
Can overcome any testing terrain
'Flower all the same', where it roots-
Delve deeply; you too must go
Whatever should be her, altitudes-
Her latitudes - suck and withdraw
Any poisonous misgivings
Stay pure and thornless if you can
Don't propagate fungal clippings
And please, please don't harangue.
Or shake, by the hand or mistreat
Petals like these, you've to cherish
Watch for beauty none can secrete
Nothing on Earth can embellish.

Mark Heathcote

Drunk With Love

If I covertly look into your eyes
I see before me my destiny. Clearly-
see my both hands resting on your warm thighs.
See our two lips kissing feverishly.
Believe me, our fortunes they're intertwined.
If I look unwaveringly at you,
I know our stars are forever aligned.
So just for tonight, I bid you adieu.
But I might come back only to go blind.
And take what I know inside to be mine.
There isn't a soul that hasn't been maligned.
But you're my one and only Valentine
I wouldn't permit one bad sullied, word-
even if I, myself right now sound slurred.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Passion Led Us Here

Passion led us here in fend or fight
To stand together or take flight
Either make it right or call it a night.

Passion led us here in dreamy flight
Crossing these many bridges day & night
We're locked in battles, we all must fight.

Passion led us here at dead of night
I argued; gosh, what an unpleasant fight
Like wild geese in their opposite, flight.

The hemisphere ringing to our fight
We attend to our wounds and took flight
Like all true lovers, returned that night.

Passion led us here you, are so right!
No, I couldn't fight least not that first night
I saw in your eyes, my heart, take flight.

Passion led us here beginning that night
Each console other let's not take flight
Let's make it right, love, let us not fight.

Mark Heathcote

Omniscient Gods

We simply mature as we get older
We don't become a sage or get wiser
And you don't become someone else's master
Or teacher, you are just changed - I agree
Life's lots of lessons - I don't disagree.
Our soul resides with another-trustee

Our bodies exist in the here and now
For all our learning, however, endow,
Life's little more than the blade of a snowplough,
Sometimes rides-a-long, glistening smoothly
At other times runs aground uncouthly
It's not until all the melt waters profusely-

Run back to their source and mix and mingle
Is clarity seen; look God isn't bilingual
Simply put, it's we that are multilingual.
Who can't fathom the cries of an infant?
How can we guide anyone to fulfilment?
Behaving as though—we are omniscient.

Mark Heathcote

Elven Child

Elven child, my hearts a toadstool
but do sit on it awhile.
Then goes climb another country stile
and run a country mile.

Elven child, I've paid my penance;
I'm only a human being
Look, go battle some orc,
and leave me to my silly dreaming.

Elven child, why do you smile
and grin at me this way, be-off
Go, gather fresh spider webs
and embroider them into cloth.

Elven child, why are you
such an irritant, little nuisance
You know I need to take my bath
and enjoy my ablutions.

Elven child, am I going mad
this worlds full of deceptions
Stay awhile; elven child
help me with-my-misconceptions.

Mark Heathcote

Snowdrops

Can-it-be winter is leaving;
such loveliness is joyous
their greenery is-beauteous,
with a charm undeceiving.

Snowdrops are pushing up
last year's magnolia leaves
making little-brown tepees
I can almost hear their blood.

I can almost hear a choir
of archangels singing
while briar woods are sleeping
their flowers are an appetiser.

But how their memory lingers,
how them green-and-white
bells so static still excite
icy chilblain, fingers.

Mark Heathcote

Icicles

late night fly fishing

who'll take a bite of the moon

icicles hanging

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Search For True Love

I cobble a path to your door
Its road was winding
Ascending Mountains footsore
Neath, Starlight, guiding.

I hack through dark rainforests
Following a mud stream
Affronted by stinging hornets
Love, all but a dream:

I walked on hot desert sand
That kept zigzagging,
This opalescent moonlit land
Icy left cliffhanging.

I fjord a river homeward
Where my heart should live
Crossed ice plains, a snowbird
Never-more-alive..?

I came to your oaken door
And lay there prostrate
On my knees, now some 70 yrs. score
But, still was blind stargazed.

Mark Heathcote

Away Supporters

See them on the terrace showing their Patriotism
Rather they did a bit of naturism
Down on the beaches where naked love is the scene
The only thing to hide behind is your mobile touchscreen.

But the violence here comes with the territory
And a 1-nil scoreline was inflammatory
Songs are sung with bitter hatred, culminating cheers
Followed by boos and hissing menacing sneers.

Flag-waving, nationalism; goes with a beer
Results in street fight caused by one racketeer
Your country is shamed, and filmed around the world
These louts look happy totally, unfurled.

They can't wait for that next international
... Back to the grind of pretending to be rational
Earning the money to follow, and support
Their nations team in whatever Port.

Mark Heathcote

Dragonflies

Dragonflies have a poised presence, directness
We observe their glowing effervescence
The air announces their arrival as they emit
A jolt to the heart at the same time soothes it.
Prismatic glass, wings beat 2400 times a minute
So, fast it's as if they're gatekeepers of the wind
At times they make us run in fear - imperilled
We keep a watchful eye, keep them in mind.
Walking, around any lake shores we come to
We tend to see one that startles us, no awe
It's more 'Bah & yikes' in a loud voice-shoo...
Like I said they're otherworldly guvnor.
I hope they don't take my number that said
Just be extra careful when their overhead.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bitter Sweet Days

There are never enough moments to fill a day
and yet there are days your heart just-simply-breaks.
Sore eyes swelled to a point - they won't obey
and yet still your day is so unfulfilled it aches
it-is-filled with anguish wanting better results
it's as though very few live the lives of adults.

And fewer still put in the hours to experience-
what each day holds - contain with overabundance.
Is it simply we are just too inexperienced?
We don't accept our gifts, this overabundance.
Have we become bored to the point of self-denial?
That it tastes bittersweet like a poisoned vial?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Dragon's Lair

Mountain paths are a winding road
the red crest of a twisting dragon
heaped on the earth about to unfold
a bolt of fire; unleashing sharp talons
where could it lead? What cavernous jaws
let's make camp in its mouth while it snores
it has plaque deposits said to be gold.
That's been here since the dinosaurs
we must remove this from a dark abode
and equally, all share - no short straws.

Mountain paths are a winding road
the red crest of a twisting dragon
heaped on the earth about to unfold
a bolt of fire; unleashing sharp talons
where could it lead? What cavernous jaws
let's make camp in its mouth while it snores
it has plaque deposits said to be gold.
That's been here since the dinosaurs
we must remove this from a dark abode
and equally, all share - no short straws.

Bring it into the light. Look, let's not-
squabble or fight, there's enough for all
and let's not care for murder or plot
this bullion is ours by the bucketful.
Grab your shovels, lads and bend your back
let's move this damn earth in sack-cloth-rags
and should some old dragon steal it all
we'll see to it he's gnawed by giant rats
and that his head rolls on the seafloor
we're not here to make richer aristocrats.

Mark Heathcote

August, I Love

August, I love your parched lips
for the twining clematis
they're like orientalist
that shows no sign of an eclipse
for rosehips that slowly hints
leaning like a burning pyre
a drop of blood dipped in fire
every blushed; red, inch.

August, I love teasing fruit
that sits on high, up aloft
waiting - but soon to be scoffed
to fall like some treasured loot.
For the way, you are so lazy
but equal in day or night
for your sunflowers upright
looking now, quite ungainly.

August, I love the chattering calms
when the eggs, have-been-laid
every flower has been brocade
and geese forget their qualms.
For it is then in my youth
I remember the willow
and the warmth of my pillow
sunsets, more dappled and diffuse.

Mark Heathcote

The Journal Of The Dead

The Journal of the dead what would it read
today we eat dust and walked on Duckweed
tonight we all partied and waltzed through walls
disturbing the living with white overalls.

Tomorrow truly who-knows-what that'll bring?
Floorboards' squeaking a baby is mewling;
the graveyard was crowded, so I went for a walk
and then flew alongside a sparrowhawk.

It soared up over an ancient coppice
chopped once a decade to warm some goddess
her flesh without fire, cold as a river.
That flows down the mountain through a fissure.

The Journal of the dead, what would it read
today Jesus blessed me with good old mead
I joined the flock pursued by a collie
ambling like a lamb lost in the valley.

Closing this book, I now too must here go,
say amen and rest, like fresh winter snow
putting down, pen. My own Journal is-done
the last page is written, goodbye everyone.

Mark Heathcote

Wishing The Weather Was Fair

I wanted to see you flourish
And bloom all season long,
In waves of orange blossom,
Nurtured and fully, nourished.

I didn't wish to confine you
I wanted you to roam...
Like fresh wild thyme, imbue
That scent in this hearts cobblestone.

I chose you like a flower
For a buttonhole
Love, you were the one flower
I chose for my soul.

I wanted us to grow old unruffled
By whatever winter-
Throws our way, untroubled
But Love's a different picture.

Like a rose have its brambles
We too have our faults
We are loving companions
That has some thunderbolts.

But we both tend our garden
And water it with care
There are times we become harden,
Wishing the weather was fair.

But I'm settled for when they are
Resided for when they're not
And count you my lucky star
You're the winner in my plot.

Mark Heathcote

When My Hands Tremble

When my hands tremble will you hold me
I've been hurt; I was young and cruel
But I need structure and I need you.
I live still kind of each day instinctual
But I'm growing older too, I'm mature now
So meet me under these covers
I might not be a trophy in the thrall
Anymore but I still need your love
I'm mature now, that's why I tremble
Just before you touch me, I hesitate
Like a bird on its very first solo flight
But I still need your arms buoyancy
My love can you keep us both afloat
Be an angel; let's not play this blame game
Love when I tremble, I tremble for you
I don't want to leave you behind
I'm not a school kid anymore going insane
I'm not the person I was, believe me
When I say I still need your love
No, I'm not going out of my mind
Now I'm no longer a femme fatale
Now I'm no longer a streetwalker called Nana
I've got my faculties there in working order
That's why I'm shaking, trembling
Looking distressed not because you're older
But because I'm not getting any younger
And you've been good to me
Love when I tremble, I tremble for you
For you to hold my hand in yours
And take back these broken pieces
Believe me; I still need your love
Believe me; I still need your love
Believe me; I still need your love
So hold me, love me till I leave
You know it's not just boys
Who love their toys?
You know I love you a lot
My love can you keep us both afloat
Be an angel let's not play this blame game

Love when I tremble, I tremble for you.
I don't want to leave you behind
So can you be extra kind to me?

Mark Heathcote

Naked As The Day I Was Born

I'll no more condemn a living soul or the dead
I'll sleep in your arms, a child of Bethlehem
and know no other manger-I-can lay my head.
To rest in your arms, I'll give up all this blaspheme
go bed and repose; I'll take off all these clothes
and feel I was, granted all I ever desired.
Naked as the day I was born, eat fishes and loaves
and take my fill of you forever unexpired
such is all I ask when I lay down next to you
my word is my bond, Lord-what's-left to misconstrue?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Offence

Is it free? Is what free? Is your love, free?
"No it isn't free" nothing comes free.
So then what does it cost a guy like me.
Well to start with you must talk to me
In a nicer tone of voice, be gentle
Don't be nasty with me, "what you mean...
I am gentle, I'm not nasty nor am I mean";
I didn't say you were you freak; you just did.
"Take it back"; take it back or else, or else what!
Or else I'll leave; well go ahead then leave.
Find somebody else - you freak; I might just
... Someone else like who? Like who? You!
Look no offence but no, thanks.
"No thanks ha, ha, ha lol I didn't ask";.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Burn

Beneath the tree of God
I am not sinful or sinless
but if-doomed I am to die.
Can I borrow your lips?
Your heart and your smile
taste the fruit of good and evil
and know all there is to know
about ripe plums their stones.

Beneath this tree of God
if I am condemned-to-know
only this flesh, live in this flame
we call a body that dances
leaps headlong for another
let me burn at a steady rate
and in your arms my love,
slowly, ever slowly disintegrate.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Stick Or Bust

I married my heart to you.
I pinned it to the wall
you can crush it like a flower.
Cause the way I'm feeling
it now doesn't, really matter
it was freely, given
and yours equally
you didn't have-to-barter
I gave you, it willingly at cost,
hoping you would make
-the most of it, and you did.
Now it's stick-or-bust
or do you twist,
and have I lost?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Man's Land

Trenches go down; the barbwire
comes up along the colonnade
there are times it seems someone
has thrown a hand grenade
dead centre of your heart and
truly it has detonated
leaving you stuck deep
in no man's land, desolated
with barely anything to retrieve;
we're holding an arm
or a leg, waving it high
shouting loudly I'll disarm
look I'm waving my bloody white flag,
I love you, you know
let's call a ceasefire
I'll surrender - no more tallyho!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lust

He came across a landscape of dust
He thought it was a desert
Truly it was, it was a desert of lust
Love for the taking, his eyes avert
Not: his heart shielded his soul vacated
Signpost 'Damnation' straight ahead
Every flower bud mildew blighted
The life he'd known on its deathbed
He faced a reality checkpoint
One with no immediate return
What to do ask held at gunpoint
Should he yield, should he'd given in or spurn
What would you do or another like you, do?
Every flame has a tongue a fire
Calling us to dance fall in a gyre
Some might shout out! Stick to your virtue
Pitch your tent and drink like a camel
For that long journey ahead of you
Save your strength and reread your bible
Honestly count better your meagre, revenue.

Mark Heathcote

Humanity

Looking in or looking out
humanity needs a big, big shout.
But frequently, it goes missing
leaving many just coexisting
but working and showing mercy
it's like an angel, otherworldly
has joined us to lend a hand
they're not here to reprimand.
Their benevolence is a gift
always geared to uplift
but when humanity goes missing
we see fighting and killing.
We see murder and starvation
refugees from other nations
they're here begging profusely.
Please don't sit back passively,
please, lend a little humanity
it counteracts tyranny and cruelty.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Centre Of A Maze

We meet, occasionally at the centre of a maze
Hold hands and look into each other's eyes
There are moments that, aren't a malaise
That keeps us coming back which clarifies.
It is this true, point at the heart of our existence
It shouldn't be put off until, tomorrow but we do
Each time more withdrawn with more resistance
We go blind; our love is a faded tattoo.
But these open spaces all around aren't knit
They scare us, they no longer interweave
Now the journey back gets much bigger, doesn't it?
There's no turning back; it's now time to leave
'Wait love', bring a picnic basket and watch the stars
Gaze first the dusk, refill our reservoirs.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Too Have Tears

I too have tears counting backwards the day's
Longing to fill the pool from which they came
Pining life's first slow, peaceful waterways
Before even, life arose and took flame.
I had gardens in my heart that, was stocked
With fruit trees and flowers of every kind
With dew drops dripping off the bowers rocked
Before, even tears from the depths entwined.
I too had tears counting backwards the day's
That has seen gardens turned to rubble and dust
Tears, that had laid waste and, made commonplace
Much seen tangled in weeds - choking to distrust.
I had gardens in my heart that, was stocked
With climbers climbing balustrades atop
But now love, their weeping all of them knocked
As though Jack Frost, taken an axe to chop.
I too have tears counting backwards the day
's but looks like teary days are here to stay.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Microaggression

MicroAGGRESSION

He/she has learning disabilities
"Please" direct your questions to me.

Those people are, really tiny & cute!
Look they're like Santa's little helpers.

"Does that one come in any bigger sizes? "
Sorry, No! Madam, we only stock size 12 petite.

"God knows we tried & tried & tried"
Teenagers eh, who'd have them?

I've bent over backwards for those people
"Do I get any, kind of god damn thanks? "
No, none whatsoever? Bloody foreigners!

He isn't fit for work he's too old.
He's only fit for the knacker's yard, truth-be-told.

This old chair smells like grandmothers'
"Do you remember, mouldy & damp" that reminds me
I need to visit our mother at the nursing home.

Did you see "them" poor beggars covered in flies?
'It beggars belief' they could make ends meet.
They were so piss poor, on their knees
Their own, government said such poverty is a virulent disease.

Did you hear the joke about the two forgetful Irishmen?
One named Mick, Feck sake I've forgotten the other:
Fr O' Grady, Father was it Paddy or Murphy?
"I Cannae believe it", you dimwit my name is "Alastair."
And that beneath my chin is just my white goatee.

The Whisper Of The Muse

With his violin bow in hand, the man plays
-then stops listens-to-his whispering muse.
Where-others-were entranced, he breaks and weighs.
His face solemn in thought; much less enthuse-
resembling a wilting flower head drooped
for the world-looks a man. Who-has-been duped?

He's old, and he has passed this way before,
he knows off by heart, the music his soul-
has sealed inside, and like green Hellebore
in the wintertime, his head will rise and roll
and the blood of Christ, a clap of thunder
makes all bolt up straight in awe and wonder?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Passion Flower

She wore a leafy sash, still treasuring
The Passion Flower, which entwined her heart
It bore-fruit of the vine, long-festering
Deeply did its memory, it's sharpened dart-
Cut her daily, and still bleeds fresh pricked blood
It waxes and wanes and tears of agony flood.

She wore a leafy sash, that's withering
Across her bosom, hoping a blossom
Rancid-white will open, be slithering
Worm it's way back into her, lost gardens
How any pain raw is sadly prolonging
Each day, when the new sun comes gawking.

She wore a leafy sash cobweb gathered
And look to the moon for some bleak solace
It's here in those purple shadows, tankard
Drunk to her heart's content she sees garnets
Seeds of red pomegranate but none like you
Grow in her heart and leave its residue.

Mark Heathcote

Put One's Finger In The Dyke

When love turns to conflict where can you run
the walls of your defences they're built on
the same ground that's eroding your gumption.
Putting one's finger in the dyke, anon...
might stem the flow much further down the line
but once the air's poisoned it's systemic
you'll go grey over night, lose your hairline
considering crazy things like arsenic.
But do you, yourself, administer it
look for help, squirm in their reluctant arms
when lovers are this divided, this split
no amends can rediscover their charms
why is it opposites attract then don't
or is it simply once they've been parted - won't.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Has The Moon Found Her Rose?

Has the moon found her rose?
In the mirror of your face
when she soothed in repose
did you steal her grace?

Quill in hand, did she quiver
then strike out the stars
short-fuse Gods voltage emitter
baneful of how beautiful you are.

Has the moon found her rose?
One equal of her rhythmic music
her nocturne throes
poetic refinement is therapeutic.

But so is the hand we trace
to the stars in their orbit
that weaves and embraces
the world with us transported.

Mark Heathcote

Entomologist

The way you are neglectful and uncaring
the way you dangle love as a lure to deceive
portraying an image of what is to procure.
Then snatch it away is unforgiving.
Like a child that pulls off a butterfly wings
hoping to stitch each membrane wound,
and see it fly again for you is a ruse.
A kiss outward blew, inbound.
Like the Anglerfish,
it's the entomologist way-
to sheath what was beautiful.
Make it stay encased, grotesque.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Synthetic Love

Is it unconditional, will it survive, the journey of a lifetime?
If it were a book, would it be fiction, a romance, or a crime novel?
Love is what I'm asking for, and willing-to-give hard-core.
But what we meet with is people who want more and more.
Something synthetic that's totally manufactured.
Sex-toy robots, which can outperform near everything, even the real thing.
They are always too self-enamoured - enraptured.
These are people who believe they deserve a whole lot more.

These are people who always remain dissatisfied.
Like a piranha fish, their hunger never wains
Like a piranha fish, they're hungry again as soon as they've dined.
No enjoyment and nothing they feel sustains.
I guess the meaning of unconditional love never crosses their mind.
But how often, they're portraying the same said offence.
Mirror-imaging everything, telling you your love too is pretence?
They have entitlements and take what is rightfully theirs.
Down whatever rat run, makes-them feel like an empty-millionaire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mascaraed ...

My heart isn't a lavatory seat for you to take a dump on
My souls isn't a lemon for you to squeeze the last few drops from
My feelings count, they matter, whatever I do or say is wrong.
... So I'm a square peg, in a round hole but here I'm not alone
At least I am consistent, minute to minute
Hour upon hour, year after year
When I say I love you, I meant it dear.
I wasn't shouting 'Whatever' in some heartless mascaraed ...
I wasn't acting out of character all sappy and weird.
I don't come running with tears and tantrums
With vacuous promises, I'll change, change for the better
Time and time again, all I have in my pocket is loose change.
I've fought a few battles, gone far too many rounds
You've floored me to the canvas knocked me out for the count
But this time I'm staying down, I'm leaving the ring
And whatever belt, crown or trophy fits you best please wear it proud
I know when I have been beaten the victory is yours
Have the house the kids and even your own last vitriolic words.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wondering Just What I Did Lack

You heard me swearing
I was half-crazed
my heart was breaking
it's time to separate.
Done all I can do ...
time to drink those last few
drops of cyanide
time, I saw the world anew.
Look the blind, can't lead the blind
any more than I
can carry on loving you,
your heart, your love is
a crushing avalanche
there is no more purchase
nothing left I can cling onto
your walls are sheer
your cavernous heart long emptied.
Filled with ice, occasionally
hot springs that freeze on touch
circumvent new labyrinths
in which to pour out, spill out your guts
you ask forgiveness, ask for kindness
my support, for love and understanding
only to deceive - there is a vast open country
then later forget the warren-paths
you've made, you turn into a grinning polecat
putting back on your one true albino coat
I now sadly wear as a hat
wondering, just what I did lack.

Mark Heathcote

The Flowers In My Neighbour's Garden

I come to see the flowers in my neighbour's garden
They're so pretty and superficially, beautiful
I look and don't know what to say to them, again
My cheeks are flushed, from gazing at angels in heaven.
And the world is in such a damn silly rush
Oh I've gone another day with nothing much to say
My neighbour's daughters they're like noisy swallows
They'll be migrating on, soon one day.
So what does a shy freckled teenage boy do or say
Should I have shaved my head and gone Mohican?
Just-to-turn their heads should I have waved
Gestured I wanted to be more than friends today
Soon it'll be winter, and they'll all be, blown away
Four ways to the corner of the earth,
And I'm sure to be here still looking on
-My neighbour's garden, where every flower is gone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poverty, It Was You

Poverty, it was you
Made me feel inadequate
Quite unappreciated
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
That put that chip on my shoulder
And made me feel worthless and small
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
That liquidated all my assets
Pawned my belongings to pay off debts
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
That forfeited my mortgage
Took my home, left me destitute
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
Who issued my divorces papers?
Split up my entire family unit
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
Who signed my death warrant?
Said I hadn't paid enough health insurance
You were unfair to me.

Poverty, it was you
Poverty, it was you
It was you, it was you - it was you
You were so unfair to me.

Mark Heathcote

Hoping

Hoping all my tears regroup and create an oasis
yes, I'm going out of my mind, but I sense a change
hoping the dawn will have a new warm embrace
hoping every cloud will dissipate
and tree vines of love
take hold and root me to one spot.

Hoping my dreams that sped away come back to stay,
and all the smog of confusion clears
and those painful yesterday's turn to happier yesteryears
and I grow old with someone worth living with every day.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Keep The Curtains From Closing

At these times I feel a breath on my nape
At these times my thoughts are like a flailing ribbon
At these times I hear
Footsteps closing in on my heels
And see a deer in the distance
Looking anxiously into my eyes
But I know I'm safe-
For maybe only the very first time in my life.

Closing my eyes
I feel like I am soaring ...
To some place, I've never been before
As you lift me into the air
I feel I can fly
And leave all my disappointments behind me
Is this a stage?
And if it is can we keep the curtains from closing
And our own, sweet encores, coming.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Light And Dark

How could it be any more pensive-
then, at these times, both lay located together?
Why should I feel any more apprehensive?
When seeing the sun and the moon,
standing shoulder to shoulder
two silver disks
-trying their utmost best to outshine one another.
Is one the evil twin of the other?
Light and dark
at times it's enough to break your heart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fake Mask?

Your reflexion isn't a pillar of strength
it's just a pillar of salt melting in the rain
ask yourself what is really real
do you believe in that fake mask?
Hiding behind impenetrable scars...
it will only carve your insides out
make you a charlatan
at the mercy of other weaker phoney's
who wants nothing more than to break you?
Don't be self-hoaxed self-loathing
don't be putty in their evil hands
mirror, mirror on the wall I hate you
but I remember how you made me your pawn
and somehow I drown in your depths
only to survive and smash you
mirror, mirror on the wall
I no longer heed your call
I should have broken you a long time before.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Not If I Can Help It

I've never been to prison.
I couldn't hack that lost time.
As I, hated-school dentition
'me' leads a life of crime?
Stand in line, a-number counted.
Not if I can help it.

Can I-be-truly candid?
Keep your counterfeit
-money, your drugs & distance
I've seen lives you've ruined
you take no care or prudence
didn't you get cautioned?

Receive dozens of chances
and continued, anyway
has it earned you any badges
these violent, brief forays
did you moralise your bit,
justify your acts.

Did you honestly omit?
Think who it impacts.
All wrongdoing has a cost
want to change-your-ways
look beyond bars permafrost
fix-your-hearts broken vase.

Remove that chip-off-your-shoulder
work towards your goals
no longer be a cheater.
Or one of those trolls.
Take any hand up coming your way,
and do it today.

Mark Heathcote

Courtship

It was all so natural
somehow we forget
you know courtship
like a spider's web
requires a sacrifice
a degree of patience
but most of all
in a relationship,
shouldn't we be, well?
Open and receptive
enough to forgive
break all that tension
and willing to start again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Playing The Hand Of God

To divert the wind, wouldn't that be good
to turn back the tide; remove the torrent?
Wouldn't that be me playing the hand of God?
Wouldn't that be virtuous, not abhorrent?

Life is a little slow at times pedestrian
but when chaos presents itself, it comes
like a bolt from the blue on a chariot
in a head-on collision course, it comes

Ah, it comes to level the playing field
and flatten our sandcastles, meaningless
we're all standing in its path of stand or yield
inquiring if it'll be redeeming us?

But I wouldn't want to play the hand of God
change-will-come, come as it-must-for-us all.
To divert the wind wouldn't be that good
it would just be another kind of curveball.

Mark Heathcote

Sorry

It was my mistake, you've-heard-the-story
how many promises end with "I'm sorry."

It won't happen again; it was my fault
and then often ends in Common assault,

"I'm sorry." I gambled away our money
"I'm sorry." I'll pay back every penny.

I know she was persona non grata
but she was like Nabokov's Lolita,

And my hormones got the better of me
"I'm sorry." I do love you, my "sweet pea."

"I'm sorry." So I messed-up-our finances
I'll pay back those loans, "yes, and no more chances."

"I'm sorry." I broke your heart, love, trust me
"I'm sorry." I acted cruel and was beastly,

"I'm sorry." "I'm sorry, " I swear, I'll change
I've-learnt-my-lesson, please, please, don't act strange.

I know I've been foolish, but that's the past
anyways you're the reason I get slashed.

Mark Heathcote

A La Carte'

As a cold empty beast with a hungry heart
I seek to find you, find love and eat you.
And eat my fill, all I want a la carte
So tempt me with your eyes and come through

I want the best, so let's go 'cordon bleu.'
And howl and hoot under a blood-red moon.
I want to devour you, run-barefoot through
That meadow rue, I want to read that rune.

Find divinity, the beauty of my beast
I want her to warm me, my insides out
I want her to tease me with a love feast,
I want to be her first and last takeout.
I want to baste you in rosemary and thyme
And have you, darling, anytime-all-the time.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Imminent Just Before Death

Your voice is like fruit under ripened
Your hair needs to turn a silvery grey,
Your thoughts need to weep like a cloud
And pave the ground in a creeping moss
Your fingers need to wither like coffin nails
And palms roll out a ball of unravelling-yarn
But your eyes need to glint like white jasmine
And strike and put the moonlight in fear
And then and only then, will they learn
About your wisdom, your solemn truth
About your knowledge and faith
And listen to what you have in abundance to say.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Patience

I know it's never easy
Walking on broken eggshells
And no one likes a phony
Someone trying who repels

Wouldn't it be much better if?
We were all more thoughtful?
And had fewer plaintiffs
I am not saying I'm an angel.

And equally I'm not saying
I lack moral substance
I'm neither; all I'm saying
Shouldn't we act with more patience?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seduction

She wanted him brought, blindfold thrown at her feet
subject to all her desires, her whims
biceps bursting; submissive in defeat
she wanted him expended on aching forelimbs,
his eyes unwrapped when drowning right in the last
-floundering - ebb and flow of seduction:
she coveted every sighing breath that passed
That met her mouth, a kiss now forbidden.
but with a forefinger arched like Newton,
she measured his moist open-mouth-gaping
brushing its rim, she'd bitten a red-crimson
then feigns tiredness. His love is drugging
my senses take leave; let's keep on the blindfold
let him think I'm this red-hot centrefold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Zeus

A slave ship cut adrift, a castaway
A constellation of the Milky Way
I sail for P Cygni the Northern Cross□
The body of Christ; with prayers at a loss

A man who has fallen and bled away
Cries an ocean for a plank, a gangway
Leda was seduced and took to her roost;
But I was left a broken man reduced

To tears of torture the very second
My façade fell and no longer beckoned
I too felt mortal and divine at times
I didn't realise the sins of my crime.
Penalties befitting the depth I'd sunk
Opening Pandora's box her sealed trunk.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Appearances

A sentry leopard on high
black and white
basking in the midday sun
wonders why chameleons
change colour in response
to all other passing scenes
is it to find merit without risk
why qualm about appearances
about politics, look at me,
I've got charm-and-charisma
with all your different guises
I doubt even you
can spot-the-difference?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wheels Within Wheels

In all the footprints of the world
and you followed in mine
in all the known M planets of the universe.
•Question, have I lost my mind.

In all of Mesopotamia,
where did that first sailboat maritime?
what was the first Sumerian verse written?
and did it even rhyme?

In all the fictional characters I've come across
love-it's-complete-dross, such a waste of time
how is it [love] we're all so duped
by this god damn awful pantomime.

In all the harlot houses,
why did Samson come to rest?
in the arms of a whore called Delilah,
imprisoned and oppressed.

In all of Mesopotamia,
where did that first invented wheel reside
isn't it a shame our advancements
turn to genocide.

Mark Heathcote

God Will Save Us All

God will save us for sure
No need to worry, final
Children do not live in denial
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
He'll open a portal
Tell us we're no longer mortal
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
I hear we're near his call
He delivers us from evil
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Just leave a light on
Just leave an open door
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Listen, I hear his arrival
Nothing to fear or be frightful of
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Even-handed one and all
The meek and mild and those who are wild,
God will save us all.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Jay Feathers

Please spare a thought for them Blue jay
Feathers you collect daily on your walks
And thought nothing of it - no ripostes
Or sharp-tongued anecdotes:

Weren't they the shards of angel wings
That got buried in ice due to atmospheric
changes in our own, human hearts

Blasphemy
Against
gainst
The
Holy
Spirit

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just You Wait And See

All but for those ghouls in cabaret
That has vanquished the living sun
And want to linger all-day
Whilst I bleed out my heart benumb
Penning every empty cliché
That has ever been sung by a drunk
Without the will to moderate
to get off a barstool and debunk
All those lies they indoctrinated
Ink bleeds like a river
Ink bleeds from a fissure
Ink bleeds and I wither
Ink bleeds but I'm a caterpillar
And I'm gonna be a butterfly just you wait and see.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Garbage Collected

The garbage collected
What is left we hope
Is more than hollow

More than pecan shells
That ends up as mulch
For some TV ad slogans

Or Hallmark Cards
Filled with endless
Teddy bears and love-hearts

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Joy

When you sing soprano
And my hands are empty
And my heart is hollow
Your love is a royal flush

When I'm sick of playing
Wild-cards, I look at you
And I blush, portraying
A man once again in love

When you play the piano
The world goes into silent-
Mode a hushed, concerto
That fills my soul with joy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Healing Properties

She awoke the Vespers of that noon
rang alarm bells longing to be attuned
she moved like a dune on a starlit night
ran through my fingers, jealously guarded
her skin was the colour of dolomite
pinkish marble, a crystal regarded
to own healing properties within it.
I marvelled at her quiet tranquillity
how she captivated me to submit
my heart, my soul with such futility.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tentative Steps

I pen my thoughts and become a sage
taking tentative steps in rhythm
I garden with words and set the stage
making each paragraph and line mine.

And as dawns light touches the page.
I am struck by what has evolved.
What once was hard and cultivated-
and looked forced and unresolved.

Now looks effortless and organic.
And where once was darkness
now there is only a botanic-
garden of flowering goblets.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Not In Any Haste

I will entice-you with my-sorrow
but expect to find joyous love
I'll encrypt my darkest passions-tomorrow
if you'll but turn my heart instantly to mush

And then reveal it as a love potion
you've always longed to taste.
You may die in my arms, in devotion
but my darling, not in any haste.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Silence That Is Everything

I'd have to say it's all of this and more
How do you sum up these shadows dancing on the wall?
Their only purpose is to possess the light
And make music to enthrall the silence that is everything
And nothing at all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cold At The Core

I sensed it in his touch
A fog that lifted
Revealing a deep frost
Shards of ice pierced my flesh
Clawed at my inner soul
What happened next to me?
Could never have been foretold
His kiss wrenched my heart in two
It was Antarctic and more than cold at the core
I wondered what I'd ever seen in him
And how I was now to evolve.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lost In The Wilderness

Your insidious hopes
Shone like a beacon
Like a star about to die
So I took to the air like Raven
With a sprig of mistletoe, about cry
When you bawled like a lost cub
Lost in the wilderness
Return, return, return from the shadows
I've been mislead
And now I've honestly turned over another page.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Everything

Baby don't be afraid of black ghosts
The angels are always near, close
Just open your eyes don't be, afraid
Let them open to the sunlit skies
To the stars that sink into your soul.

Baby soak up the moonbeams
Of this life, life is your parade
Don't let those monsters enter your skin
Open your heart to love
And send them black ghost packing.

Because of you, we are strong
When it's midnight, that's the time
To show you have faith in all you know
And make a stand and make love
Love to all the sadness darkness

That hides and sinks in quicksand.
Stand proud and firm, wipe away your tears
Baby don't be afraid of black ghosts
You know who you are
And you are everything if you're willing to be saved.

And baby don't harbour hate
Garden faith in a better tomorrow
And grow, let all those black ghosts go
Winter will have its time, but spring
Will always have warmer climes for us to climb.

Mark Heathcote

Sea Change

As he gazed back at her scornful
Some flotsam and jetsam pearl grit
She thought that the sea was immortal
A far-off wave he upon it.

She thought for a moment he'd swim
The entire breadth of the ocean
But I guess it was just a whim □
Some manifested emotion.

But seas change direction; don't they
So she swam an inlet outshore
And his hard coastline wasn't ofay
Nothing is black or white anymore.
□
And that's how she, drown they all say.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Meeting On The Hill

A hand up brother, a free man's gift
we can share this summit in a handshake
it's barren; nothing to steal here or take,
there's no dividing line, African Rift,
nothing here to fight over and conquer
'so let us parley with one another
as if we're two kings' and discuss sulphur
ore and lumber, and who is the squatter?
And spin a revolver; I own Ghana,
you, Tanzania, I Mozambique
whose women are beautiful and mystique.
We will fight for Sudan-the-Savanna
one-day-soon I will kill you, blood brother.
Steal your wives and make them my lover.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Have Angels On Hand As Consorts

Let the hand that rocks the cradle
Always be a force for good
And shoo away them few baneful
Bent like carrion flies; manured
Let their lives be our light and joy
Support constantly—do right
By them, and don't try to destroy
Their precious childhood or make light
Of that exquisite gift called life
Feed and nourish each small moment
Help them to reach the afterlife
Help, them with their development
Be the heart that waters breaks-stone
Be the hand that feeds noble thoughts
Makes bread and sow flowers to roam
Have angels on hand as consorts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Little Less Commonplace

Angels need not infer they have wings
A heart or even an angelic soul,
Should you not believe in their hymns?
Should you close your eyes tight, blindfold?

Wad cotton balls into your ears;
It would be hard to fathom anything more
Other than Fire and Ice; pain that disappears
'Say, wouldn't it be a nice allure-

If an angel melted the ice, extinguished
The fire and put a smile on your sour face.
Wouldn't that be a grace something kindred?
Like a friendship, a little less commonplace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Last Gasps

In his crooked coarse hand a fag end
expended somewhat like his life
still savoured, but his thoughts transcend
mists of smoke, they'd internalise
all that's gone before in search
and has never returned his gaze.
Why did nobody come back perturbed?
Put him out of his own, malaise.

Tell they're sad story; sure if he could
he'd return at 10: 30 am and whisper a word.
Smoulder down another smoke assured
one last time, his deathbed deferred
in that crooked coarse hand a fag end
wet spittle on his beard, 'I'm back old hags
I died, but have returned to attend-
this my funeral and hear your last gasps.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lily-Of-The-Valley

Lily-of-the-valley
You're immeasurably
Beautiful as was Eve
You alone now exceeds.

I wholly adore you
I care not tears ensue
Duplicities treason
The Garden of Eden

I leave for the woods now
Bracken, ivy here endow
Let this sweet potpourri-
Bequeathed, poison me.

Enter my heart and soul
Love, darken your eyes kohl
Not for their purity
I care incurably.

Or that hoary lustre
Marbled alabaster
Your aroma I find
Soothes and leaves me resigned.

Like the roots of the soil
You totally embroil
Ensnare me head to toe
Like treetop, mistletoe.

□

Lily-of-the-valley
Your sweet music finale
Touches my heart's core
Bell-like tunes allure.

Mark Heathcote

Wrecking-Ball

Where's the honour in deceit, my love
yes, crush us all in your iron glove
and watch your world disintegrate.
Or choose a nobler path and rehabilitate.
You can elect to be the glue the cement-
or the wrecking ball, it's-your-call.
No one by you shall stand or fall.

You cannot invent or circumvent-
more lies in the hope that in retrospect-
you can reshape the past and architect-
a new future, but not if it's built on bullshit.
It is only you then who'll be hoodwinked-
amidst the ruins of your lost homeworld
A car wreck standing alone, not yet, sobered.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Numerous Self-Reflections

I've never endorsed one lost moment
never mind two, but isn't it funny
how sometimes we negate coldblooded
our feelings and act inhumanly.

And become hollowed-out shadows,
each one has numerous self-reflections
spent like worthless banknotes,
so we disguise our imperfections.

Clinging to whatever surface is current
always feeling disenfranchised
somehow we misinterpret-
each other, and then we backslide.

We regress and portion blame
lapse into our old defences,
I'm-not-at-fault and then counterclaim
whatever the consequences.

Mark Heathcote

Fearless

Fearless—breaking through all obstacles
smashing down the walls that bind us all
blazing trails that put us in total-awe
reaching all your goals, your optimums:

You laugh at danger, that's your hauteur-
nature, doing it all in your leisure
gardening in God's light - every treasure
nothing frightens you, lips red, fuchsia.

Soak-up life, love like a bursting rosebud
your existence, each moment a hot flame
nothing in life did you-fear or abstain,
leaping headlong; nothing left betokened.

Skydiving-around heads in the clouds
weightless thinking nothing can bring you down
you're the envy of every sad clown
parachutes open they're just another ball gown.

Mark Heathcote

Dragon

We're all monsters here,
How do we live in our animal minds?
Bent and twisted, subpoenaed to lie
Tell the truth all the truth until it
Has nowhere, no place counterfeit it can hide?

And dear, you can't bear another to look,
To look you in the eye
Especially if that someone is me:
The one who knows your every dark secret place
Show your teeth, grin and smile.

There is fresh blood beneath your fingernails
It's a vile thin veneer a see-through veil
Grinning back at you; yourself reflection.
The one you know is a real monster
It is the animal you keep in the basement cellar.

That roars like a cat to breathe it's self-back
Back into your heart at nightfall
That you've pretended to yourself isn't really - there.
But now you've only gone and set it free
We're all monsters here, 'love' don't you agree.

Mark Heathcote

First Kiss

There's a moment before any first kiss
You've breathed in deep and reached into the abyss
You've closed your eyes and imagined the stars
And chosen-one that somehow registrars
It's pulsating beneath your eyelids
And on touch, it romanticises
It's just about to go supernova
Sure enough, it does - here's the corona.

And the world in that short instant has changed
But isn't always forever ordained
If it wasn't your first kiss, then the debris
Of the past will never go, absentee.
Before you know, you'll be kissing again
Back on your horse like an equestrienne
Looking for Mr Right, wondering why it rained
... On the very next first kiss feeling faint.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Paper Darts

My eyes fall on you like paper darts
Blank and expressionless
Never hitting their target; internally
I'm already too battered to reach you.
And now you're an unfamiliar mountain range
I'm even too weak to circle and follow you
Into cavernous shadows where I took my distant rest
Hoping nuggets of gold would exhume my chest.
Hoping that the north face of the Eiger
Will be ice-carved in steps that'll reach a summit
Where the winds rage, but stops - drowns in the pause
Like paper planes as they fall back down to earth.
Again toppled in surprise that there is some ground
Only a small ridge a ledge we can both hold on to
Till we either tear, ourselves apart or learn to float
On ethers hot cooling without a dark cloud in sight.
Or crash in some valley never to hear an echo!
A heartbeat a crease on White paper
That has never been, finger marked or scrawled
Awaiting that misplaced fold in, the wrong place.

Mark Heathcote

Passions

My passions endure
They're like a boulder in a river submerged
Wanting to feel just that one dewdrop touch of your love
Whatever happens, let us remain, friends
Let us meet in the moonlight, tangled up in vines
My passions are tinged with pain, but they also dream high
And sometimes I can almost touch the sky,
They're like a stone, so crushed, they become crystallised
With a feeling, whatever happens, I will endure
If just one spark of a maybe is breathing in your heart
Look you-you can dam this river and slow this stream
Just to a trickle that only knows how to circle you
Look my heart this a boulder in a muddy, cloudy river
But it could be the foundation stone
On which you build your home
Whatever happens, let us always remain, friends
Because my feelings for you, run deep
And this boulder will never properly dry or crack apart.
Not as long as I get this feeling this hope in my heart
I am not just another stone in the creek turned over
Tossed back because you never got the same smooth, warm, soft feeling.

Mark Heathcote

The Sins Of Seduction

May the world rub shoulders with you in friendship?
May its Seven seas buoy us up in comradeship?
May the celestial stars in heaven shine upon you?
May these mountains fade behind your shadow?

And guide your every footstep on a righteous path
And of scars, how many must we carry, I ask you...
Does not the weight of it make us all desperadoes?
How many tears spilt make an ocean, do the math.

Each, in turn, has ventured on some self-destruction
Reaching deep within ourselves, then turned around
Having aptly sailed a ship called The Sins of Seduction
We've hit icebergs, and at some point, run-aground.

... Wrote with stick our own, desperate SOS, come, get me.
Here, let these damn, sad egos of mine be drowned.
There's been a part of me waiting like some detainee
Another part of me, a chaperone, always harbour bound.

Mark Heathcote

When We're Gone And No Longer

To be there when we're gone and no longer
That freshly taken photo with our children
In some movie at a wedding as a spectator
Part of the scenery, not yet an anachronism
A footnote in time isn't that our aspiration...
Remembered as a star in their constellation.

... Orbiting their hearts, their starry heavens
Still shedding some contributory light
That guides them on their path, a presence
That gives them the courage to face the night
To be there when we're gone and no longer
So they might not in their footsteps falter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Many Things In Kind

If you engage your heart and mind
I'm sure we'll find many things in kind
I'm a lot like you, but you don't agree
Well that's only because I'm a flower
And you sir, are a greedy bumblebee.
Look you're not in the sea don't flounder
"So I say to you, we are two of a kind
And hope you observe me more closely
And changed your stubborn mind
I'm a lot like you, but you don't agree".

It's a tenuous game, let's play some more
Ahha... I want to confuse you, you see
I'm not just really annoying, I'm in love
I'm in love with you are in love with me
If you engage your heart and mind
I'm sure we'll find many things we've got in kind
I'm a lot like you, but you don't agree
Well that's only because I'm a flower
And you sir, are a disgruntled bumblebee.
You've visited all the wrong flowers

Mark Heathcote

Wilting Flower Chains

In love's summer wilting flower chains
You bind my hands in fire and then ice
Of my heart and soul, you demand flames
You then request I dance in a vice.

You ask me to be warm and take you
In my arms, when I'm all frosty-eyed.
Burning yet inside alone less inclined
Dangling upside down, I ask you.

Tied in twisting vines, columns of air
Is there still, still time to right-me-up
Can I abide veils of smoke, be fair
Only want not to be snubbed by you.

Love lets make new flower chains new bonds
Let's do away with fire and black-ice
Let's be extra warm and just be nice
Let neither one of us be demigods.

Love lets talk till we sleep, tick-tocking
With time without one bad, evil word
Let's be friends and stop scaring the crows
Honey, I understand things get blurred.

Love lets strip out of our wilting petals
Here's mine, where's yours, love here goes
Love let's get back to the fundamentals.
Here's mine, where's yours, love here goes.

Mark Heathcote

A Creaking Blue Door

I recall a lake, waters emerald
sunlight glinting, and in every corner
a school of fish, I'd sit like Tom Sawyer
I'd watch pine trees swaying tall and pencilled.

I'd see fat carp in groups of three and four
move with the ease of summer clouds that had
now become unaccustomed to downpours
and recall the old fishing hut, table plaid.

It's lime green, boards and a creaking blue door
I recall kingfishers darting, side by side
how they would plunge and then suddenly soar
I was in [heaven] till insecticides

From a crop-sprayer flew over, killing
off all the fish, which meant no revenue.
The fishing hut got hauled down, a clearing-
Made; trees-fell like some God had gone achoo!

A heartbreak evident in daylight
gloomily that's how I recall this place
squats lakeside like being graveside
a feeling all [heaven] had been, defaced.

Mark Heathcote

Ashes...

You've reduced my heart to ashes
But still, still, I-would-ask you to blow,
Blow, deeply into these remains static
See me glow, tremble into living flame.
Know my fire for you cannot die
Its tempest has no inner peace or calm.

A hurricane that alternates between
Heaven and earth, longing, longing
To be in just one happy dwelling
But like an ocean tide, there's no such place.
So of course, if my fire, fire were to burn
Begin to vent throughout my core—its

Because I love you with my every, pore
I'm near extinguished, but that only
Makes me yearn a million times more
To feel our fanned flame fire restored.
You've reduced my heart to ashes
But I've still this love, this unused passion.

Mark Heathcote

Mother-Nature

Mother-nature what is the essence of spring
-does father berate you for turning back his sheets?
Does he wait in the wings with chilly deceits
Mother-nature you're waking up everything.

The dawn is rousing with birdsong and crickets
hens are cluck, cluck, clucking once again
the farm dog is barking-mad in the thickets
And coppiced-boughs emerald in the woodland-fen.

Mother-nature what is all this foliage about
my ankle they're reddened by stinging nettles
and the mountain, rivers are leaping with brown trout
Mother-nature, there are cherry, blossom petals:

Everywhere I walk; you're a good ten, steps ahead
the ground's covered in slugs and snails it looks
like they're carrying picnic baskets on their head
Mother-nature—father is reading hymn books.

He wants to blanket the world in ice and snow,
put a bookmark in this passage, and embrace you.
But you're as skittish as a new-born lamb, so-
I ask Sis Summer, 'what's your overview.'

Mark Heathcote

Irish Harps

Irish harps cast a spell when played well
It could be that those players are pretty,
And they put me under some, kind of spell
Secretly my heart wants to accompany,
Drum to every string, and hope one look
From me and they'll lose their heart, their key
Oh, Irish-Rose you keep me on tenterhooks
Oh, Irish harps cast a spell on me.
The hand that plucks this chord must grasp the flame
And touch the burning that can't be, doused
And not even a good strong stout can drain
The way she picks those strings out of my heart
Irish harps cast a spell when played well
Oh, Emerald Isle, you're the star of my heart
Oh, look at me now dumbstruck open-mouthed
It could be desire comes to me unannounced.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Pretend

Still waters moon reflected
Let me swim through you
And drown my sins in their sorrow
In their darkness, I have swum
Owning nothing to who I really, am.
In their marshes, I've mud sunken
Clawings on some distant shores
Wolven, I have fed howling
Wishing I too were slain, dead
But this life hasn't any, still waters.
There aren't any clear pictures
One can trust with your life
But the moonlight here is serene
In this tranquil water
Let me dream, let me pretend.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

White Nightingales

Those petals fall like separated white wings
and this is the way we also shall fall
gradually losing altitude - our slings
have carried us thus far, and each sepal-
crimsons like a withering chalice, a flame
is-aged-like the rosehip sliced wide open.
We recall our flush almost the selfsame
a budding white-rose newly awoken.
Such youth in bloom were we also when
with a nightingale - birdsong - invest,
we built our futures and feathered our nest
but slowly, our petals succumb, fall—amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Journey Home

Aisle-on-aisle in them, church pews, going home
they hold their iPhone 7s like a prayer book
bent in devotion switched to some—Om!
Haloed busses, baited on a fishhook
each waiting for that vital uplink call
is it the voice of God or just subtext?
I feel I'm not connected, less enthrall
I-don't-like iPhones at all—I'm perplexed
I haven't God, at my fingertips—my ear
and this isn't my church or Sunday school.
As a rule, I read a book some seer
a clear-eyed poet, prophet so-I'm, uncool
I'm, inclined to sit alone, quite detached
a vestibule, where God and I are, patched.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Without You

Energise my heart of a winning glance
if I were fain to look away, but glow
with every fibre of my being, I owe.
I would gaze at you with no more askance
then a flower does a gentle shadow
while wilting of thirst like a Pasque flower
for the morning dew to enrich its power,
'you're-starlight here' nothing can foreshadow.
Nothing-native-or-common, about you
you're more graceful than the prairie crocus
eyes on you, I hold the world in one breath
eyes-closed and the universe is in focus
all's fixed, in rightful place, life, and death
they mean-totally-nothing, without you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring-Cleaning

There are times our inadequacies get brushed aside
like those dust particles on the bedside cabinet
and I analyse their presence as a kind of catalyst
and I think how they amassed to cover the surface
and how inanimate I have also become.
How our anxieties persecute us, almost feel justified.

How adamant were their own, stay of execution
how easily they accumulated taking pride of place
But yet with one sweep of my hand and a solution
-is simply found, nothing too extravagant
just a bit of spring-cleaning; some self-application
and I no longer have this feeling of being inadequate.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mirage...

Whenever I feel lonely I look at all those stars
And how, they've shone a little light on me
Then I think how loneliness is only a mirage
And how, I'm just a minute part of a great sea.

~or~

Whenever I feel lonely, I look at all those stars
think how they've shone a little light on me.
Then I think how loneliness is only a mirage,
a minute part of who we are in this cosmic sea.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Light & Shade

As we step out of these shadows, we see
sunlit corners, unravelled; as children,
we hide, swirl around like autumn leaves
passed over during others autumn fall time.
Still, as ferns unfurling, trembling reflecting-
on our innermost excitements, we see
brought back into the light new-world-skies
with this light of discovery, our brevity is-
'all practising light & shade is here for life.
Wasn't that the reason clouds were made.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's Not With Them They Want His Rest

We've all seen wood violets circling
like a purple mushroom ring
but they aren't by choice our guest
to us, they're an unwelcome pest.

When a gardener a poet ages, it's not
with them, he wants his laurels laid
it's not with them, Forget-Me-Nots
he wants his bones arrayed.

It's not with them he-wants his rest
but in some songbirds, cawing nest.
Feathers pumping out of breast
with a newborn song in his chest.

It's not with them they-want to rest
forgetting some border still not divest
of flowers and beauty acquiesced
still, not completely made, manifest.

When a gardener a poet ages, it's not
With them, wood violets growing low
They want to truncate or finally lodge
It's not with them or treetop mistletoe.

But at some higher unknown level □
one wants the earth burgeoning
and the other wants it chirruping
with all the birds celestial.

Mark Heathcote

Happy Holidays

Some holiday destinations
Are like returning home.
The sea tide that went out
Return's, surf & foam.

Familiar, feelings somehow
Warm, soothe aching bones.
Smiles beam, ear to ear
Expelling - pheromones.

Carefree, holidaymakers
Barefoot to apartments
Walk as if on air
Some have on few, garments.

Others like their on film-set
Like they're going on safari
Like they're on a camera shoot
With both eyes starry.

Seeing that first Gazelle leap
Excitement cemented.
Some require another holiday.
They're all overexerted.

Mark Heathcote

Hadron Collider

We are all in a Hadron Collider.
But I want you to take me to the stars,
I want you to go supernova in my arms.

I'm, so nervous I'm trembling, inside.
I'm feeling lots of internal vibration,
lots of emanations are shaping my world.

Right now I'm in touching distance from heaven.
Hearing heavenly harps interspersed-
with heavily, beating tachycardia hearts.

We are on a collision course to kiss.
We are on our own, particle accelerator-
circling this universe just about to starburst.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nothing Like White Rose's Hiding In Briars

Hiding behind soiled curtains, unknown
some people behave like-spiders
living reclusive-lives alone
never time for any outsiders
aloof as fawns and leprechauns
nothing like white-roses hiding in briars.

Often there's an underlining thorn;
where dementia, mental health issues-
went on bleeding lovelorn long ignored.
I remember a strange neighbour
That wore his mother's old clothes?
Ivy clad all his windows and doors;

But for all my grown-up-neighbours
seeing him dishevelled became the norm, doing-their-daily- chores.
So, intrinsically as a child, I stayed away.
But I watched him, this poor dishevelled-man
oh, how abnormal, subnormal is he,
what must have he suffered-staying-that-way?

Never time for any outsiders
aloof as fawns and leprechauns
Nothing like white-roses hiding in briars
he'd search bins, black oily-skinned
I thought, what could be ungodlier-
I thought, what a survivor, what a warrior.

My heartfelt it-could-break
as I stared at him with my own,
two eyes filled with helpless self-pride.
I never knew his name
it-was-never spoken
but I got-to-know some part of-my-own shame.

I guess he died when I saw all that old-ivy
was slung, aside
his doors and windows visible opened to the skies.
He'd never time for any outsiders

aloof as fawns and leprechauns and spiders
nothing like white-roses hiding in briars.

Mark Heathcote

Reflective Thoughts

Are we not in many ways Avatars?
the manifestations of star-foundries
stars that have surpassed their own, boundaries
are we not made of light, the light of stars?

And who-or-what will be ours when we die,
what holds-us-all reflective that we share?
And why should anyone-care to despair?
There are no rights or wrongs to quantify.

I'd like to ask, can an atom expire—
no, it seems they can't, they just get reduced.
The smaller bits they're known as quarks what guile-
cunningness is this I guess we're, seduced
into believing the fable of the Phoenix
why not, when, so few of us grasp physics

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Occasionally Learn To Flower

Sometimes there is a course needs taking
To come from back to front and rise above
I mean you've to take on nature's decaying
Show who you are; standout don't mistrust
Intermingle, be like a Virginia creeper
And, occasionally learn to flower.

Without a strategy, you want to arrive
How's that possible, answer me that?
For the cream of the crop to thrive
They've to work round the clock, that's the stat
Give it all you've got don't get clogged down
Be Sunflower-like wear your frilly crown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

August To November

August to November

It's a game, just when that old depression
Will hit & knock me for six again.
They say it's seasonal & they call it (SAD)
How right they are, but Doc this isn't a fad.
Feeling awkward, feeling bad, quite, quite mad.

August to November

It's a game, just when that old depression
Of mine will hit & strike me down again.
As black holes go, this one is the crapper
There isn't anything worse or blacker
Wished at times, sadly I'd some form of incurable cancer.

August to November

It's a game just the same it leaves me full of shame
How I nearly couldn't tolerate any more pain
They say it's seasonal & they call it (SAD)
How right they all are, but when it's passed— isn't I glad.
More down-to-earth, sadness-taxed, I just say I've had it.

Mark Heathcote

Green Ear Of Corn

I hate cucumber, I hate the cold
But I don't hate anyone
I stopped hating when I was very young
As it left me with only myself to scold.

I stopped hating when I was a green ear of corn
It made me feel lonely and forlorn

I hate a hole a stone in my shoe
But I don't hate anyone
There's just too much sunshine in the sky,
Too many new things out there to do.

I stopped hating when I was a green ear of corn
It made me feel lonely and forlorn.

I'm like a river that runs straight
I haven't the time to rattlesnake-sidewind
And fill my heart up with hate
Who wants to spend their lives trying to rescind
I'm headed to an ocean in the sun.
Those desert birds that pick over bones
Can hover and have their fill like vampires
If I don't like you, I'll just disenfranchise you.

I stopped hating when I was a green ear of corn
It made me feel lonely and forlorn.

I never want to feel that feeling again anymore
I'd rather stand shoulder to shoulder
Heretofore with you, my heart full of love.
I'd rather love you than hate you.

Mark Heathcote

Life On The Wind

Life-on-the-wind of a butterfly's wing
moves hither and thither, if only we
could catch it, in essence like a sphinx
placed in our palm and watch ourselves esprit
find peace and rest, lapping up the brightest stars
-discover a lifestyle, without remorse.

In stillness rest and find fulfillment blest
but life on these winds all hurly-burly
for each-and-every one, it is a test
to remain afloat always inexpertly
learning how to steer a steady course.
Hope one day our faith will be, reimburse.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Akin To Moonlight

Pearls would accessorise her neckline
But then that opalescence of her skin
Needs nor requires any baubles enchain
Her pale nape is hypnotic; beauty-akin
To the moonlight beamed from the heavens
Like a serpent, I longed to ascent:
Coil and get tacky with her resins
Collar to collar bone, I'd circumvent...
To each earlobe with kisses; trinkets -
Would only serve to get in my way
Her body like a white eucalyptus:
And whether day or night, night or day,
Thirsting now it's all I want her to purvey.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bolshoi Dancers

I believe the world is changing its core beliefs
it's moving from iron changing into a zinc alloy.
It's now moving from zinc alloys to a mercury core
and what's more, the temperature is rising
the temperature is rapidly-rising for sure
and potentially, what's more, there is no guarantor.

No promise the Bolshoi dancers shall dance anymore
no, promise that the world will be here at all
to ballet-dance on its axis
to figure skate like a dying black swan
once, we're all dead and gone.
Once, were drowned in the bottom-of-this-mercury pond?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

"Shut Up You"...

She cannot be silenced by his "Shut up you"...
Makes her blood boil into a piping hot stew,
Volcanic lava erupts, begins to spout
Now a dark squealing sow gets out her snout.
"It gets pretty dirty" this defending—honour
Don't be small, listening to others manure.
Don't hide and become non-existent
Sure have an equal say and stay insistent.

"Looks here-I-am, I'll have my very own, say.
Don't you even try quieting me or inveigh-
That, what you've said has more importance
Else, believe me, they'll be holding post-mortems".
Her simmering pot; it's now starting to cool
She cannot stay angry with this grinning fool
It's now her, the-one-saying "Shut up you"...
"Shut up you"... "Shut up you"... ghoul!
In the end, it's all just a hullabaloo.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In All Walks Of Life

Speak when spoken to, isn't this often said
growing up as a child; as we were being fed?
But it's much the same, in the grown-up world
especially at work, when you want to get heard.
Those put-downs, insults you feared to answer.
From bullies that have reached places of power
people take advantage of you - in all walks of life
they're not just divisive, their goal is to deprive.

Belittle and control others, sometimes subtle,
unintentional or not, there's always a rebuttal
they'll marginalise you, like an orphan child
their cruel discriminations make you reviled
don't buck the trend or you'll not have a friend.
And your stock will fall and forever descend
speak when spoken too, isn't this often said
growing into a man and getting, marginally ahead.

Our voices are squashed, in a vice-like-grip
don't paraphrase them, or their evil editorship
step-back into line or I'll, have you whipped
locked, behind, bars deported and shipped.
Their racism is trivialised and made the norm
their doctrine is to lead and thereon misinform
wherever you look, there is one unbearable fact
when banded together they have the largest pact.

Mark Heathcote

Burst Open On High

There is an aura around you
I feel it uprooting my soul
I sense it taking root; in due -
Time germination will out unroll

It's first two embryonic leaves
And fat flower buds will appear.
Burst open on high in the eaves
Each rambling rose is thornier -
And sweeter than the last, it's true
Just taste the moist air around you.
Watch the petals fall, watch these whirl
Soon those seed of doubt that did knurl.

Tight shut frozen, will gently open
And hearts that were once verboten
Will branch out find old routes reopen?
And the world shall become their poem.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The First Whack Of Light

As a boy, I loved verdant virgin lands
the first whack of light peeking through the mist
glistening-like a golden cloak sun-kissed
and nature's volume going through its radio bands
I loved wands of droplets weighted just so
the silent dew cannot enumerate
-watching robin redbreast reverberate
his shrill bloated song to what do we owe

-this honour of your presence, little friend.
Why does the earthworm turn tail with the snail?
Does your red jersey; scold their eyes, offend.
As one kingdom ascends upon the vale
-another descends blindly as a mole, a bat
lucky is I in my bright habitat.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hate Is It A Termite Mound

Hate is it a termite mound built layer upon layer
There's a symbiotic requirement; fire needs fuel
Words are just columns of hot air, without actions
They're just, cyclones of ridicule growing-
Redundantly weary it's a multiplayer game.
You've got to work endlessly, closely, compliantly,
Connectively, multifariously, cooperatively
To expand or kill other colonies
With, opposing sides to build or destroy empires.

To become terrorists out to destroy airliners, you've
Got to be mad and lose your inexpressive mind.
Have a wooden heart the size of a termite hole
Never to bed, never to rise, did you know
Termites never sleep, never close their eyes.

Isn't this the state of love and hate?
Termites they're children of the night, I wouldn't
Want them slipping through the cracks of my home.
Biting my soul, eating my home these social cockroaches
When found in a home means the owner will soon die
Hate is it a termite mound built layer upon layer
All I know is if left to their own devices it won't be long
Before, they've eaten all the stars and maybe the moon
Adding more and more, fire to the fuel.

Mark Heathcote

When Rivers Run Cold

When rivers run cold, it makes you wonder if they were ever warm
Why we ever went skinny-dipping, swam naked in a thunderstorm
When fires turn to ashes, it makes you wonder did they ever burn.
Why was the air sulphur every other silent nocturne?

When gentle words turn harsh, it makes you wonder what went wrong
Why we ever stayed, what happened to all that loving birdsong
When love, turns to hate it makes you wonder why we ever kissed
Why we ever [melted] only to freeze up like snow inside too cold to exist.

When your soul is left wondering where to go because your all alone
Is it time to rewrite another chapter, cross over that next stepping-stone
When your heart is like a wilting tulip is it time to close up and drop
Or is it time to rise anew and flower atop of all those others nonstop?

The healings of your heart and soul, don't let them rivers run cold or dry
There are fires eternal simple as a simple firefly no one else can see or classify
When words turn ugly hold out an olive branch and remember it isn't you
It isn't you; it isn't you, so remember you can't be ever, subdued.

When rivers run cold, it makes you wonder if they were ever warm
Why we ever went skinny-dipping, swam naked in a thunderstorm
When fires turn to ashes, it makes you wonder did they ever burn.
Why was the air sulphur every other silent nocturne?

Just remember it isn't you. It wasn't you, you, built a fire
You were sent here to be a beautifier.

Mark Heathcote

In The Shape Of A Key

'I see a desert island in the shape of a key
And a small boat with a leaking hull adrift
It anchored inshore; it became, liken a door.'

This island, for now, is a perfect, fitting key
Where two, are flung, together to explore—
One washed ashore, has survived by thrift,

The other - alone mermaid from the seafloor
Has arrived out of curiosity? Moving wormy -
Slivering to meet this seafarer, whose, gaunt eyes

Fill up with, surprise, swollen with adoration
She points to the scuppered boat, get in and capsize
We'll drown together in total loving saturation.

Then the small boat with keel shattered drifted
It sunk where it stood - pivoted on top of a wave
Just as the seafarer flapped his arms and jiggled

Both heels joined, kicked to the reef into a concave.
Waves above were heard hissing like a banshee
'Ah, we see a desert island in the shape of a key

And a small boat with a leaking hull adrift
It anchors offshore; it becomes, likens a door.
To this island, for now, is a perfect, fitting key.'

Mark Heathcote

Might As Well Of Been Mermaids

God is such a joy, but he can annoy
Like a sibling too good at "hide and seek";
"Fathers too busy to be a houseboy,
He is far too tired to use doublespeak";
Calls down the thunder as our mother makes do
Make ends meet; she's making bubble and squeak.
God in my house was a kind of taboo,
As was not knowing how and when to speak
As was leaving the table to take a leak
Religious education, on Friday's
God in my school was taught once a week
A double class might as well of been mermaids.
Next geography, I thought ironic
TV back home, Steve Austin, he was bionic.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I See Stars About To Be Extinguished

Again my heart enters the gallows camp
At the perimeter of her crystal gaze
I see her root chakra fires burning red onyx
I see stars about to be extinguished.
But I must trust and put my faith in God, she
Who doesn't sleep, watches over us, - including me?

I rest my head upon her out would breath
Hearing the lulls of her, navel, fall and rise till they rest.
She staked my heart, I wear her; 'ship mast' laurels
Pegged my soul upon that ever-changing tide
Now she lures me to a starlit pasture and says
Here, my lord now is it your time before the next sunrise.

To walk your own, path to follow your own, course
Swallow your own, mortal pride and fear
Join the other stars about to be extinguished.
To be hunted down, before I've changed camp
Two, three generations later or more
Before the camp, the fire and, I relinquish your sword.

Mark Heathcote

Solo Flights

There are runway lights in his eyes signaling her
I'll let you go if you don't land take my command
You can scowl all you want and circle the moon
But if you don't return to me soon
I'll let you go
So—put your autopilot back on
And if you aren't sure you will survive
Just trust in me; I'll see you home safely...
And I promise you, I won't criticize you.
We'll forget you flew and got your wings clipped
We'll forget you danced alone with a sister a friend
That diverted your heart and mind away...
And how, she taunted you to play.
Leaving home, and take on-board other passengers
Just to see if you and they too could cut it.
I'll forgive you if you don't fly away...
I'll forgive you if you stay grounded at home
Quit all your solo flights
Or else I'll have to drop you, honey, let you go
I'll let you go if you don't land take my command
I'll let you go
I'll let you go
If you don't put, your autopilot back on
And let me run the show...

Mark Heathcote

Sleeping With The Doves In Paradise

Not everybody eats cornmeal bread
Not everybody needs a silver spoon.
Subsistence is whatever leaves you fed, half-filled
Whatever you've got, you've learned to survive.

Not everybody cares about a leaky roof or shoe
Whatever they've endured somehow makes them more.
Not everybody howls - cries at a full moon
Some live their life as pure joy in the Garden of Eden.

Not everybody, not everybody has a picket fence a front door
A vaulted place to keep things in store
A prayer a voice trembling on an autumn leaf about to fall
A whisper is a meadow of skylarks and a dream still fading
Not everybody wants to be captains and kings.

Not everybody has a place for harps and violin strings
Not everybody seeks applause and praise, as proof
Not everybody needs a fairy tale a frog prince
There are those with almost two, full good hearts-

Living their days like Sundogs, in the shadows
Without a bed or a blanket just, glad to be alive.
Sleeping like drifting clouds with the doves in paradise
Stretched out like rainbows, wherever it rains, and
And bends the wheat; without, breaking.

Mark Heathcote

It's Your Hearts Purse

It's your hearts purse
I want to unclasp
Be it today or tomorrow
I hope to make you, purchase.□

Well, I hope one day, perhaps
We'll have joint accounts
There'll be lots of interest
Limitless bonds to tie us over.

And timeshares not just in France
It's your heartstrings
I want to unravel
Be it today or tomorrow.

I hope you will see me again
And notice who I am
You can take me to the bank
But I guess you believe I'm a Sleazebag.

Mark Heathcote

Nefertiti

Amidst the golden hues of some far-flung temple
a woman bathes in radiance all her own,
unaccompanied like she's just returning home.
No doubt she is a tourist escaping reality,
her books and pens have all been set-aside
there are to be no more revisions, she smiles.

Her-auburn hair is flung-forward not back
on bare shoulders—shows a winner's confidence.
Now it's me who's the tourist intrigued by
this strong, heady - authoresses, profile photo
visiting thoughts, you wouldn't necessarily
find in some far-off pillar Egyptian temple.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Semi-Sweet

We're only sometimes; semi-sweet-hmm
I wish we could encounter that honeybee
-under the dappled shade of His apple tree.
And meet only at the core - but alas again.

Autumn holds our goods in-store; so we preserve
to sing like blossom trees insatiable - wryly
last-out-these lengthy winters tentatively,
in springtime, eat our royal jelly reserve.

Our nape feels cold fingers harsh words
their wintery blasts see windblown fruits fall
in the end, good seasons return my call
we're dipping into flowers with hummingbirds.

We're sitting on mossy boughs holding hands
watching April clouds roll and dissipate
I kiss, her-cheeks, she blushes-red I expiate—
I'll do things right at the core of her pangs.

Mark Heathcote

Barbarity All Around Me

There is this barbarity around me
and although I close my tired leaden eyes
I can't close my heart and make it a detainee
my soul, I can't make it naturalise.
There are times bloodhounds come baying at my door.
Stop, stop their howling, go, play, hide and seek
and like a tortured ravenous carnivore
they go cold, hungry, and morally weak.
In human clothes; I can be cruel
leave my cage and join that pack, bloodthirsty
eyes open hard and frozen, burning fuel
is this life just somehow perfunctory
I don't know where these feelings come from
but all that barbarity makes me numb.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All-Of-Somebody Knows

All-of-somebody knows
I take off all my clothes
And hang me out to dry,
With every ounce of my faith
All-of-somebody knows
I'm a rare four-leaf clover
Needing-somebody to believe in me.
With, every scrap of luck, afforded.
All-of-somebody knows
I can't wear Armour
I can't wear chainmail
I wear my heart upon-my-sleeve
All-of-somebody knows
How much they too mean to me
Does anybody here disbelieve me?
He's as naked in love as-can-be
All-of-somebody knows.
If only those doubting Thomas's
Could unveil their own, inner selves
Reveal their, own naked true selves.

~or~

All but one person knows
I've removed my regalement all my clothes
And hung them out with lemon-drop tears to dry,
With every ounce of my strength,
All but one person knows
I'm a rare four-leaf clover
Needing no one person to believe in, me.
With, every ounce of faith, afforded
All but that one person knows
I can't wear Armour
I can't wear chainmail
I wear my heart upon my sleeve
All but that one person knows
How much they mean to me

So if anybody here disbelieves me?
He's as naked in love as can be,
Because all but one person, really knows,
In the mirror, if they too are a-doubting Thomas
Who couldn't bear to unveil their own, inner selves?
Reveal their, own true selves.
Couldn't - wouldn't wear the emperor's new clothes.
... How could I then believe in them?
As much as I believe we all have on
We all put on ourselves different cloth, different clothes
But all but one knows for real our true inner selves.

Mark Heathcote

How Can I

How can I square the four corners of her heart of my world?
How can I cross deserts without water to wet my thirst my throat?
How can I defy gravity if I'm not catapulted or whirled?
How can I climb all those mountainous terrains without a rope?
How can I find paradise if I'm living in some underworld
How can I sail all these seas and oceans without a boat
How can I survive the infernos of these smoky settings blurred?
If I'm not selflessly devoted to every word spoken love-emotes
That says she loves me; she loves me only unreserved.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nights Of Arum Lilies

I want to worship the ground she walks
belly down in the warm earth like a snail
and climb every lush green leaf stalk
I can avail myself of
simply-to-see God's, master-stroke.

See Arum lilies uncoiling their starched mainsail.
I want to touch the ground she walks.
Watch her dance and unite my shadow.
With hers—submerged
and drown skin to skin.

Watch her undo her long swishing ponytail
see how it swirls watch her cry, anchors away.
When I pluck her flower, limp and languishing
Waiting to be saved longing to be watered-
spoon-fed from my thirsting lips.

I want to worship the ground she walks
I want to trace the ground she walks
when I close my eyes, I imagine I'm a wild deer
at the doorway at the threshold of her heart
I love the silence that permeates the air
I love dreams when ghost ships-

reach a foggy shoreline like tired homing-birds
where the scent of purple valley-heather
is ringing their tiny spire church bells
I love the moment sleep takes both our hands.

And not the sun, like a bad-tempered noisy hunter
who brings the world too close to bear?
And, I'm left wondering? Were we ever really there?
I have to wonder, has another snail taken my house.

Mark Heathcote

Coffee Mat Stains

May we spill the coffee and grind the beans
taste a snippet of moonlight as it creams
as love has us pampering to its dreams
let's not forget the burns and quarantines.

Loves neither here nor there if we don't care
a bolting mare will break her bridle, soon as-
mended - she'll upend tables full of chinaware
just so you too are aware, she has wrath.

Let us laugh till we cry and die-bleeding?
Such is loves passion if it's worth our salt.
Never let it be said in ways misleading,
else there'll be a thunderbolt.

That a man or a woman isn't equal
as many great opposites do attract
and together, therefore, are made coequal
like coffee mat-stains, we're the artifact.

Mark Heathcote

When The Cockerel Cries

Sing your hearts out when the sights of the stars
would seem to run for cover, go-make nests
leastwise the owl does her daytime seminars
sharpening those talons; while food digests.
Listen to life's nuances—enchanted
Each song is a dawn roll call to life, renewed.
'We've made it through the damn night they chanted
the wars ended come, leave your solitude
feathered friends, rejoice the fox in her den.'
It's time to begin again. Let's take to the skies
when the cockerel cries, stir his peahen
taken, under his wings, head, waving crest
a red sun breaking; draw-on your yolks blood
cockerels strut; do your stuff in the mud.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Deer Antlers

Some questions are for gamblers.
Like two profiles kissing under the moonlight
like locked deer antlers
who will shed the other first?
And what is their cataclysmic colliding-
got to do with glue, with lightning, and Orion
the stars in the sky, choppy waters
Some questions don't require answers.
Some questions, don't involve second chances.
It all depends on how close you are
Or how far, away those rewards are.
Like two profiles kissing under the moonlight
like locked deer antlers
who will shed the other first?
Because there are always rats in the vineyard vines
when you, want to get eternally entwined
And lose your heart, your soul, your mind.
Some questions are for gamblers
Will it land on the black or the white?
Oh please Lord can't we just swap-it-all for gold
And take it all on back home to Heather Street.
And close the blinds, sleep together carefree.
Darling, you and me
like locked deer antlers
Who will shed the other first?
Darling, it won't be me.

Mark Heathcote

Every Step Of The Way

Love beguiles us every step of the way
Like Feb, snowdrops we-too want to play
Blood pumping heart unfazed by loam or clay
Resisting the freeze of hard mid-February
We-too want to be a green stalk again
That white flower of hope—sullenly
Sparkling like distant stars that underpin;
Hold all things in place o'er above planetary.
... Once again I want to discern the world
In its infancy; we've experienced vast joyous-
Expansions and know that miracles still exist
Within the confines of our, little or, little, known selves.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Eskimos

Let us love like Eskimos
Throw off heavy animal-skins
Remove all our underclothes
Stretch out our tired limbs.

Let us nose kiss and open-
Ice holes we can fish.
Eating their hearts just-frozen
Still open-mouthed writhed.

Snowmen haven't we all warmed
To some melting point-
Freeze in this permafrost
With rheumatoid arthritis

Let us be Eskimos here and now
With few external ice walls
Let us be naked skin to skin, avow
To drop all work-related coveralls

Haven't we built igloos brick by brick?
Only then to-bed-down separately-
In wear's, you can't unpack-or-preshrink
Let's naked, each-warm the other inseparably.

Mark Heathcote

Where Beneath This Hill

Where beneath this hill can I find you still?
In your black mink coat, palms so immense
they've tunneled the earth, uprooted a daffodil
all for a worm, have you no common sense.

You've uprooted the boundary barb wire fence
I splat down the soil, flatten your overspill
I stamp down your mounds with my espadrille
with you, I've never seen I'm becoming incensed.

Pack up your belongings and leave my address
each waking morning new bombs have fallen.
Let's get out the beach flags and wave fanfares; The Moles they're a-coming,
our-house has befallen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Else, Don't They—know?

What else, do we know?

What else, don't we know?

As a kid, I thought teachers were all kind of thick.

They taught me, the world is round.

That people once thought it was flat.

That gravity was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton

When an apple-fell from a tree - well, what a clever-twat.

My eyes, would-roll, what else they can teach me

What else, do they—know?

What else, don't they—know?

As a kid, I thought teachers were all kind of thick.

They taught me how to stand and sit.

How I should stop-fidgeting and stop this and that bad habit.

I use to sit and think - what's their contribution?

They drove me mad, with their tedious thoughts.

My eyes, would-roll, what else they can teach me

What else, do you—know?

What else, don't you—know?

As a kid, I thought teachers were all kind of thick.

You're hurting my head once again, dumfound-

I would try not to snore, scratch my head blood red.

School I hate it all - I hate being in that institution.

Those teachers, who taught us not to think, interrupt

Have independent ideas, what else they can teach me.

What else, do we know?

What else, don't you—know?

What else, what else, what else.

'Can you teach me to read? '

'Can you teach a disillusioned dyslexic boy to spell? '

No, today we'll have French followed by P.E. class.

And then we'll have geography followed by RE lessons

And because you're not keeping with it, it's special English

For you tomorrow, and every day that follows.

Mark Heathcote

Yet We Are Lost

It all comes from wanting and not having
that indeterminate something
that'll make us all, once again, whole.
Every failure is a mask unwillingly peeled back.
Tornados are we that have hollowed-out insides
on a path of destruction lingering to unfold.

Unwilling to collapse, taking nothing at face value
good or evil, it all pivots at right angles.
It triangulates our position, yet we are lost-
heart-fragments in Bermuda's flotsam floating
in some remote stupid hope, our souls will
find the buoyancy to one day again float.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Flotsam

I danced in the flames of her love
tongues of wantonness trembled inside me.
I yearned for her bones' resting place
for those joyful tears on her face.
Now I'm like a seabird downing in her arms.
Her siren songs raised white buoying-waves
pirouetted buoyant, I like flotsam, my love
I am drowning on-this-one plume my dove.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Parable Of The Lost Sheep

Everybody knows the parable of the lost sheep
But I am not lost, nor am I malnourished
Nor am not filthy rich, nor am I poor or dirty
I am not overly good or bad.
I am not the second coming of Jesus Christ
You can nail me to a cedar cross
I'll not willingly be, sacrificed.

I'll not be shepherded, like a new-born lamb
Or led like a lame horse to slaughter-
Hung, drawn and quartered
I'll not be drowned like some kitten underwater.
I am not, somebody's glove puppet
I am of nearly equal importance!
I can account for my own, ego, pride & gluttony
So hold off, holds off you're—post-mortems

Listen, every man controls
His own, destiny
Jailors too are jailed as are the thieves
... Only they'll never be given any clemency
If all they'll know is this prison time
Then shall Satan continue to make them contribute
Make them pay for their ill-advised crimes.

The parable of the lost sheep
Isn't about, searching to restore oneself to the fold.
... It's about what-isn't-lost
Within ourselves made whole
To break out of these cells, we build internally
All we need is faith & love unconditional.
To cajole the desert flower-open within its bud.

Mark Heathcote

Dung Beetle

He touched the hem of her skirt
She burrowed hermit crab-like, rattling
Don't don't—I'll hurt you, where it hurts?
"Manhood's a sensuous thing, a clay pipe
... She can smoke it,
He thought in his very simple insect mind.
But please don't castrate it, don't break it".
He touched the hem of her skirt once more
Her knees knocked, but parted outward, then back in?
Don't demons either require legs to walk?
Or bellies to crawl
And sonar, wings like bats to steer
Don't they need both a stomach and a mouth?
To defecate to sprout out their troubles.
Don't they need keen eyes to search out those innards?
And find me;
Your secret blind spot scratched and itched
He touched the hem of her skirt once more
And then she scampers dung beetle-like,
Dragging his sorry carcass his body
She said nutrition is a word
But what I need is dirtier, more substance
I need the flesh of your bones
The morrow of your existence
Splurged across my own
Before, I, we both decompose.

Mark Heathcote

Every Sorrow & Joy Imaginable

This Earth plays artful music from sorrow to joy
sure, we-are-but instruments to be played.
Hark! Does not the Songbird sing sweet, never coy-
though ear-piercingly can squawk a good masquerade
in milk & honey, her beauty is unquestionable.
Such desert roses are ever prevalent as weeds
violets with bloodied thorns, our days disreputable
torn apart by ever-changing winds that cleave's
like a suckling child that is now cruelly weaned.
Flung every which way their canvases stretched-
out, framed & stapled, life-is-such a feigned-
at death's embrace, no more will it be wretched
except for the night of the nightingales' last song
to his lover, in answer to all her joys & sorrows
that came never having any more night-long
terrors the cosmos—bring them no new tomorrows.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Unperturbed

Regrets are best, left to smoulder
as ashes in the grate, undisturbed
yes, now they'll burn without closure
but that's how love grows, unperturbed.

Gentle puffs of air once rightly directed
can rekindle fires—thought long dead.
Please let your heart, not be neglected
once a well-placed spark turns infrared.

If you've some dying flame in your heart
already a fire to spark and burn,
you'll touch some heat, residual not dark
unearthed, paint a starry, Nocturne.

But like wet oil, fresh on canvas
still to be stretched permanently, fixed.
You'll be glad you left ochre ashes-
of regret to burn fully eclipsed.

As a measure of the sunrise
-shining, glowing right with you now
so later coldly you can summarise
embers fervour, dying with own two eyes.

A love unperturbed with no regrets
let it burn, simmer in its flames
a part of your old life vignettes
escapades turned blue in old campaigns.

Mark Heathcote

Life Under A Toadstool

Life under a toadstool can be heavenly
looking up, not looking down,
seeing beyond these snow-capped mountains
that loop around the valley floor.
Where crystal water bubbles, outwards pure
and streaky bacon, pink skies wear-
green aprons with yellow kingcups
-dancing, pirouette beneath the Horse chestnuts.

Life beside these mossy-boughs amid lush grasses
can be moderately delightful
watching, while toad carries off her mate to placate
-his wisdom, his seed through her spiral necklace.
Where great crested newts mechanically walk
till they slip their bellies, flick tails like a knife
bolts of lightning with flashlights of spotted orange
-coiled inside a flask rising like steam barely seen.
Life under an ilex holly can be prickly and jolly
it all depends on how you see it,
if seen like the stoat washing his whiskers in a stream
after eating a blue tit egg, it's all a happy dream.

Mark Heathcote

Nobody

Propped up on his crutches outside
The Night and Day Café a beggar
A homeless man doubled over,
After I was listening to Robert Francis sing
Cadging my fags leans towards me.

... Nobody, I can easily stereotype, nobody
Says he's sorry for bothering me
Tells me he's got no toes, they all froze
I got frostbite sleeping rough one time.
I asked to see, and he promptly obliged.

And shortly-thereafter barefoot, he smiled.
To him, it was like a war wound,
A badge of honour that legitimised
His emboldened approaches, head-on
We passed pleasantries, and he shuffled on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Eclipse

Today I leave behind the sun and moon
and set my sights on the twilight
of their romantic getaway, honeymoon
where they've both reached a finite
amount of non-existent time
and decided it's now an-opportune
-moment for both to eclipse the other
and disappear together forever.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

God's Own Time Zone

I haven't climbed mountains to be benevolent.
I haven't crossed this river to tie your shoelaces
I didn't fall in and out of love to become a pessimist
I didn't sleep to overlook you in wide-open spaces
I haven't walked over hot coals to wave goodbye
I didn't work my fingers to the bone, baring my soul
-my heart to learn or forget how to smile or cry
'God, I didn't cross this or any other Timezone
to be simply here or there, then live or die alone.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Hope For That Day

I hope for that day I met you
I hoped it would, all start again...
For that second kiss that lingered
That I thought would; should never end.
There was a tragedienne feeling
That we might just become good friends
Never, knowing intimate, longing.
As the world freezes & suspends
I hope for that day I met you
I hoped it would, all start again...
Asking myself could I take the strain?
... Forget all past mistakes gone eschew.
I trembled like still, lake water wedged
As you skinny-dip, off the ledge.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Purring...

She says a cat purring is good for one's health.
Then say's stop sighing before I've had my chance.
I sarcastically respond—I've heard it all before.
'Sighing might be very good for our health, love.'

... (Asking) has there been a published study,
and then the cat pounces, clawing her right arm
drawing blood and I just think-it's-terribly funny,
that now I'm the one left purring at my honey.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Little-Tern Colony

Donald Trump said wind turbines are bird killers
well, that blew my mind & had me thinking about
recent holidays to the Norfolk coastline
where I walked beside a little-tern colony,
that has a stretch of beach dunes wire-fenced.

They say these rare birds face a number, of threats
threats from predators, dogs & human disturbance
that even toy kites can appear as large birds-of-prey
and just a few miles away from Winterton-on-Sea,
where they spend their summer breeding, I can see-

the Scroby Sands Wind Farm, construction cost: 87-
million EUR,30 wind turbines, each turbine has three
40-metre (130 ft.) Blades that rotate (200 ft.) Above sea level
these West African birds have suffered chronic declines
numbers are dwindling for our UK's rarest seabirds.

And all we do is, ask for volunteers to build fences
pray that deer & foxes stay away & numbers
restore themselves to some forgotten yesterday,
Donald Trump said wind turbines are bird killers
big-white killing bird scissors; who am I to-disagree.

Mark Heathcote

The Taste Of Cyanide

What can he 'resist' he's just a feeble man
Who leers at all the ladies, big & small?
Tall or short, a scoundrel he likes them all.
He quit smoking, but like a boomerang
He returns again and again because,
Because he enjoys each long pungent, kiss
The taste of cyanide burning his lips
That gamble of not pulling the short straws.

What can he 'resist' he's just a feeble man
Down the pub, necks as many as he can ☐
He's what many might call a journeyman,
his mug is all over Instagram
Thinks he's the bee's knees from a bygone age.
A likeable chap some mothers might say
But won't settle down, gone too far astray
His looks are fading, longings disengage.

What can he 'resist', on the homeless list?
Not those free soup kitchen meals, a blanket
Not those coins tossed aside on his jacket
Nor the knife at his throat, where men subsist
What can he 'resist' he's just an ex-serviceman
Done his best for queen & country, one time.
Now praying to survive the wintertime
Find a warm bed, quit smoking; drink his last Dram.

Mark Heathcote

There Are Days

There are days your heart feels rotten to the core
And you want to blot out your parched teary eyes
That—only bleeds internally inside these dark skies.
Heart drumming lip-synchs missing a beat—sore!
There are nights with duct tape I want to bind-
It to a chair, question every fault.
And eventually, free it from its dim vault
Join you, you love & feel less self-maligned.

Join the rest of humankind, but I'm not...
'Fairweather friends' ... come & go as you, please.
But love, forgive my idiosyncrasies
Why, because nothing lasts - everything-a-rot
'Stay a little while longer; so I might change
That I might, once again discover my old heart
Or should I say boyhood heart, another counterpart
I would give to you, love outspoken unfeigned'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Homeless Soul

I walk home past welcoming doorsteps
they litter my path,
not one I'd call my own,
mine was one I sometimes feared to tread
like some unwanted trespasser-
a poacher caught red-handed, my heart races.
My heart pounds near the foot of the door well
one foot in the traps,
the other turned side-on turned out to run.
Is this where I abode, this my home, this is family-
it's a welcoming bosom of love.
Is-it-any wonder then my soul feels homeless?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's About Knowing Jesus

Those two in the middle look like a marriage
and the one on his own in a starlit carriage
seen cradling a star above his nodding crown
looking like an infant in a glowing kaftan gown.

Those five lit candles of different shapes & sizes
could they have a significant meaning?
The three in the foreground share gifts & spices
like three wise Kings, come supervening.

I mean, there is something here familiar
thou I've never visited this Bethlehem town
there is something here, here like sand scripture
it's about knowing Jesus didn't die didn't drown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Three Elements Of Love

Just a few short moments after making out
it's likely, time to bicker and shout.
The moment I don't hold you, I want to be gone.
The moment I wish for you, you are timid and afraid.
the moment you are not, I tremble-
like some boiling over cooking pot lid.

But when making out, there is a quiet moment
transparent, like the wick amidst a candle flame
that is pure, and passions are achingly fluid lit
a hot-scented bed of magic
where three-elements-are marinated and
happily are married equally together as one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Acts Of Love

If you observe acts of love
They don't begin with me I
Or my loves a sacrifice, love
It's about giving, whereby-
You give yourself unto others
Payment deferred no expectation
Reward required we are brothers
You're my sister, my salvation
Let me help lessen your burden
I'll do all this for you because
It fills my heart, let this serfdom
Be my recompense my cross
Like the forge for high tensile steel
It will strengthen our inner faith
It will fortify us and heal
This life's, unfulfilled-malaise
If you observe acts of love
They don't begin with me I
Or my, love is a privilege, love
Ah, how we all transmogrify.
Find our hearts, find our own, wings
Learn how to become butterflies
Are we not our own best engineers?
Come, brothers, be the brother, I summarised.

Mark Heathcote

By All The Trees They Plant

I map the world by all the trees they plant
the Ginkgo trees near the dental hospital
the Jacarandas around Manchester's town hall
my golden Indian bean tree that's-special.

At least it's special to me; I don't-know-why
I map this world by all the trees they plant
but I never get lost, even if they're bonsai-
small, knee-high - rooted in a crumbling wall.

I remember the gardens I pass, their flowers
the richness of the grass, the foliage colours
I don't care for street signs, sir I-never-have
it's the trees that get me around the suburbs.

The dandelions in the pavement crack
for me, their reference point is my RAC road map
season's here written like the Almanac.
Dear, when I die, plant a tree, piercing the sky.

And heavenly map one star there perhaps
a flower that doesn't fade loses a bloom?
That'll light-a-path for me, and you: bestrewn-
all-fire and perfume; let this be-ours-locale.

Mark Heathcote

The Artist's Restorative

The visions of Pablo Amaringo
transport us to magical wonderlands
it's like oil & water had amazing-
hypnotic properties and-I-expands.

Ayahuasca art resonates with me.
But it's short-lived, too hectic for my pleasure.
Like some hallucinogenic sari,
the "real beauty lies" within its nectar.

That went about healing the painter's soul.
For me, there is a stiller-reflection
in those water lilies - powers - enthrall.
Monet canvases each flower-a-brethren.

Each blue eggshell brush-stroke heals like a balm;
such are the properties of great artists.
That they can find within to such aplomb,
a composure arriving, some solace-

they've got this almost restorative knack-
of lifting our tired, beleaguered spirits
the poet, speaking tongues elegiac;
doesn't he do the same - sweet and viscous?

Mark Heathcote

New World Explorers

They crossed broad, wild rivers together
They did this almost daily
Sterns bumping into one another
His oars rowing, sedately
She crisscrossed great lakes, loves deep waters.
Their own, welfare forgot
They anchored like New World Explorers
Once, they'd disembarked.
She held his hands taking those first few steps
Then they Scuppered those old boats
With their loaded bayonets
Ready charged, beneath their underclothes
... They fell upon each other, panting
Breathless, you are my island
I, I am now yours for the asking...
And, then they kissed unbridled.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Sky Turns A Red Pastiche

Rose-coloured tints at sunset
above skeletal black trees
seasonally they're bloodshed.
As the sky turns a red pastiche.

How shall our hearts remember
all that was once before their fall?
It's in our soul's framed epicentre.
Where we'll best remember all?

Each roll of film that's still not exposed.
Shall see the light of some new day
when it too, ends your film enclosed
be opened developed, far, far away.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Finally Free

Barefoot I walk along the water's edge
ecru sand seeping wet through my toes
a myriad of tiny grains threatening to devour me
impervious to the cold waves lapping at my feet
oblivious to the cold winter air that surrounds me.
I sigh; thoughts evade me.
I become a voyeur to my very soul.
Negate all that I am—a bookmark in this life
deaths now so close, she-is-in propinquity
so I swim in the middle of her vast darkness.
Vivid memories flashed before my eyes
I cry out aloud as I succumb to her salty depths
I ask if I am now 'finally free, 'she-does-not answer me.
So barefoot, I step back away from the water's edge.
Back on shore, I prepare to go on living,
at least for another day without drowning.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mrs. Robinson

She's got more decades and experience
then style; but she can still beguile
With a little curl of a smile, you're a doting
Fool, fresh out of college out of high school.

She could even be the real Anne Bancroft
Playing the role of a neglected housewife
Shall I call you, Mrs Robinson and boast...
How I hung my clothes on your bedpost.

Her seduction is a heady damask fragrance
A mix that fills both lungs, unrepentant...
With enigmatic looks, she's so, bewitching
Shame for Benjamin Braddock she's married
And a little boa snake, airways constricting.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faux Leather Sofa

Up close and naked that's where we want to be
fingers locked, tongues entwined
counting the notches down-each other's spine
toes, pressing-hard against a faux leather sofa
ah, all that will do us perfectly fine.
Velcro to adhesive, laid back, supine
up close & personal, doesn't it all rhyme
... well, maybe not.
But please dear take your time
every moment is a divinity of sorts-
when you close your eyes
here too, I fantasize
close my own and realize
how-divine-is-
each moment locked in time.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beautifully & Dutifully Bound

Gods an atlas book, beautifully & dutifully bound
But beware before you make your own, journey
There are no pages covered within it to be, found.

Covertly you are the story not yet been written
You are the darkness flooded by a lit clerestory
Choir of light the voice; that isn't any, one man's religion.

That's your northern star your difficult course to sail
Remember some books require patients to prevail
And a good lot of working senses to follow braille.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bittersweet

How weary, a foot can be, placed
one following another
each one a brother slightly splayed
one following another
but never, truly together.

How, easily can a mind be spliced
torn roughly apart
like a peach from its stone—sacrificed.
Ripped roughly apart
but never, with a total, disregard.

How tiresome, a heart can beat.
Breath after breath
not finding a moments breath replete
breath after breath
brimming, full but yet full of conceit.

Heavy like golden ears of wheat
we hang our heads
as if life were something obsolete
we hang our heads
thou others are no less bittersweet.

Mark Heathcote

Poetry In Motion

We're all poetry in motion in God's hands
'aren't you a poet? ' I am if God made me.
The body of butterflies is damn ugly,
but with glowing wings, their beauty expands.

We're not two-or-three dimensional
we've got a fourth and fifth; do you get my gist
there is something very intentional
something special makes us exist.

And yet remains purposeful and unclear
every life radiant with its own music
follows its drumbeat, each balladeer
comes, composed of grace's own acoustics.

If a rock crumbles to sand - composedly
turned to crystal glass, can't you apprehend?
We're all poetry in motion in God's hands
'aren't you a poet? ' I am if God made me.

With glowing wings, beauty wanton expands
flies in the face of many hopeless demands;
guess the music in me wasn't really mine.
Like an orchestra, everything intertwines.

Mark Heathcote

Mission Accomplished

Mission accomplished
let's love one another
sister and brother
mother and father
mission accomplished
let's love one another.

Freedom fighter
rabble-rouser inciter
mission accomplished
let's love one another
mission accomplished
let's love one another.

Chaplain and preacher
terrorist and missionary worker
mission accomplished
the war is now over
mission accomplished
there's nothing left to fight over.

Every stone has-been-turned over
there's not a shadow left to smoulder
there's not a crossing blade of light
to fight back against this eternal night
mission accomplished
let's love one another.

Let's turn over the ashes
and remember the fire
of our teary eyelashes
let's remember the pyre
mission accomplished
let's love one another.

Mission accomplished
let's love one another
mission accomplished
let's love one another

where did all those people go
once they roamed everywhere
much like buffalo?

Mission accomplished
let's love one another
sister and brother
mother and father
mission accomplished
Let's love one another once again.

Mission accomplished
let's love one another
freedom fighter
rabble-rouser inciter
mission accomplished
let's love one another once again.

Guess I must be dreaming.
no one is crying
no one screaming
no one is killing
guess I-must-be dreaming.
Mission accomplished
let's love one another once again.

Mark Heathcote

I Am A Chameleon

Nutrition is a word a substance.

I need the flesh of her bones

Morrow of her existence

Splurged across my own,

Before, we've decomposed.

Some people, luxuriate in poverty

So much so they bathe-in-muck

The filth of their own, excrement

Like lily beetle grubs self-absorbed in the mirror

In their poor-lost divinity, identity,

Shouting look, look, this isn't the real me

You are neglecting me no one cares for me

Why don't you love me?

Love me for who I am.

I am a chameleon, can't you see me.

Look here I am preening my scales

My feathers - lover, builds me, a nest.

So as I can idle and admire myself entire

Love is very nutritional,

But no I'm not a carnivorous spider.

Though I can dangle and hang out alone

I don't choose to because

Even if I neglect you

I promise you that I still love you

And my heart would bleed if you were to leave.

Nutrition is a word a substance.

I need the flesh of your bones

The morrow of your existence

Splurged across my own

Before, we have both decomposed.

But I'm not a carnivorous-spider

But I still want you in my eiderdown,

Black and brown, like a feathered bird,

Tarring my feathers to the ground
I-want-to-be spoon-fed your-love

Mark Heathcote

Roses Are On Fire

A river of stars
a bed of roses still in bud
we're but water lilies
learning to be rainbows
with comet ribbons of light

where a thorn of passion cuts
bled itself out red in the valleys
I find lust is my ground-blanket
but it's always bitterly cold.
Black ashen as a moonlit cloak

I long to kiss the earth
be one day returned to the dust.
The smoke engines a star
to glow red and orange.
I long to be another solitary-seed

waiting for its roots to cleave
cut a blade of green corn.
But I'm like a phoenix born
without any feathers
looking lost—mystified back at you.

Roses are on fire
tears perspire—I choke.
I wither on the vine
always faithful, without true faith,
isn't it time this star my star collapsed?

And joined a river of sand
ah, quicksand isn't He, my companion.
He's filled the chambers of my sky,
He's filled life, my lungs I no longer-
remember, how once I too could cry.

Mark Heathcote

Salmon Haiku

Battling way upstream
Live life like the red salmon
Natal wishes returned

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Haiku 8

I knotted my face- and
Squashed it close to a window
As the world went by

I drifted like a cloud
Hoped one day the sun would shine
Obstacle- rainbows

I chose one moment
It passed me by so quickly
Life in the slow lane

I saw two dog suns
Consecutive years running
Soon there'll not be one

I found friendship once
Where it went I've forgotten
Companionship none

Even fish must talk
And decipher the silence
Like a heron pause

God, has a language
That has only one dialect
Yet, none can speak it

Pass the salt of life
And the chilly of passion
Love is on ration

1.
His heart an ocean
moist lips now refreshed—kiss Him
drink the world expands

2.

swallows head home south
the rice fields have been harvest
koi fish - good to eat

3.

gold mountain monkeys
survive winter on lichens
dead trees long provide

4.

moss hugs the stonewalls
wintertime mimicking snow-
covered parking lots

5.

wild yak butter is
rubbed-on prayer flagpoles
journeys end comes soon

6.

mantras are loud sung!
the Thunder looks on circles
the fox and the bear

7

the mandarin duck
paired for a lifetime are they
shadow and mountain

8

I knotted my face
squashed it against a window
and the world went by

9

I chose one moment
it passed me by so quickly
life in the slow lane

10

lightning steals the show
orchestrates a brief nocturne
fervent pianist

summer lightning
orchestrates a nocturne-
fervent pianist

.

snow mimicking
-mossy gravestones
parking lots

.

shuttlecock racket
pairing for a lifetime
mandarin ducks

Mark Heathcote

As They Sing For Our Troubles

We all hammocks between two political parties
Swaying, side to side; as they sing for our troubles
Blowfish, blowing bubbles; they're-filthy harpies
-In branches without roots, yes, we're in their clutches
Each one of us is toeing a line of their rhetoric
Each one puts their own, cross in that ballot box
Hoping the sun stays warmish, somewhat mesmeric
Blind—can't anyone see during each new, Equinox?
The changing of the guard carries no real power
Each is just a puppet-moon controlling a sea-tide
Between two shores that never alter or empower
Centre they sit polar north & south, satisfied.
Whoever rules for them, it doesn't have to matter
Long as people are trussed-up in wire mesh hammocks
It rains down the thunder, or they're rising to scatter
Like autumn leaves, we're all drained by these maggots.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Are Tigers

There are tigers, behind curtains
Every cat would like to meet
But they have to stay indoors; they're
Not allowed to just, roam the street
Not even if he/she knows they're also in heat.

There are tigers, behind curtains
That long to catch you like a parakeet
But they're too timid, too afraid you'll-
Derail their life, not know how to be discreet
How even not to maltreat & make them weep.

There are tigers, behind curtains
Rather than tigers turn into cowardly bobtails
That wishes that they could have web-feet
That they too could magic up a bit of deceit
Confuse maybe just one heart still incomplete.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Promiscuous Depths

I longed likewise like a brook
to work out and understand her
ever-changing promiscuous depths
that sank-deeper than the soft-silts
that these willow tree roots hook.

I wanted to swim with her current
I wanted to bridge her stepping stones.
Lose all balance and fall into her
shallowest margins and once there.
Tiptoe-deeper till the swirl-water tugs.

Pull's me away from the safety of help.
I wanted to experience drowning.
First hand and be saved by someone.
With even fewer virtues than myself
so I could say I showed her the way.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Speak Of The Devil

I speak of an evil-Chaplain
Relishing-every mean crime of sin.
How-he's judgemental.
How he, corrupts the innocent-the-poor.
I speak of an ever-tightening capstan.
A reeling web of demonic deceit
I speak of his whims.
His body's heat.
How he prayed on his victim's whims
How he corrupted the pure
As-they-learnt to endure his never ending hymns.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Manifest Destiny

Having lost, the losers who'd held the moral high ground
who'd instigated, one of the dirtiest smear campaigns
I've ever witnessed in my entire life; all in the name
of democracy, & having lost; their voters are marching
protesting & burning whatever they can find in the street.

'What I ask myself is, if the vote had gone the other-way
would the other party, have behaved in such a manner?
I'd-have to answer no? People say their government.
Is corrupt & it's own, politicians, don't look like refuting-
it publicly, so maybe, the outcome is a right & just one.'

As for this nation, we can only hope that the man who
has faced bankruptcy himself, can fix the damn problems-
of a nation, near-bankrupt a nation that owes nearly-
thirty trillion dollars, let's hope he knows, what he's-

Doing, because he's a very, difficult job ahead of him;
where to begin & is this man honourable, who cares.
Isn't this a country who frequently romanced, violence
who pushed back the frontiers & who pioneered?

Isn't it time, they recall their own, 'Manifest Destiny.
Surely some old policies are worth revisiting.

The virtue of the American people & their institutions;
the mission to spread these institutions, thereby redeeming
& remaking the world in the image of the United States;
the destiny under God to do this work
after all, wasn't it expansionism that took them to Mexico?

Mark Heathcote

Avenge Your Tears

Avenge your tears
Don't let the years
Divide you
Heart & soul
Don't let these chill-blames of love
Divide you
From the warmth
Of the one-
You love.

Spread your wings
White as snow,
Around me till I go.
Until I know
That the coldness
Inside a heart of loneliness
Can't find me
Or confine me
Cause you any more snow blindness.

Avenge your tears
Don't let old deep-rooted fears
Divide you-
Heart & soul
It's up to you, right now
To let all this bitterness go
Fight for what you really do know
If it's your desire in your heart & soul
To forgive, forgive
Forgive & lets all those bad memories go.

14.12.00

Mark Heathcote

I See It's A Journey Just To Hang Around

Never-wanted a shadow any drama following
never wanted anything fake - how disappointing
never-wanted ever-to-be washed, be baptised
never wanted to fall out of love or be reconciled.

Never wanted to chastise a child or become angry
Never-wanted money beyond having a full granary
never wanted to break a heart hurt a living soul
never wanted to be that bully, demanding-control.

Never-wanted to miss a sunrise, become a sloth
never wanted to break a promise or an oath
never wanted this pensive sadness, this melancholy
never-wanted depression or to resemble a zombie.

Never-wanted to attempt to take my life, abandon God
never wanted to be buried or my ashes in a coffee-pot
now I'm here I, see it's a journey just to hang around
at times life can feel like a commit hurtling inbound.

But now I'm so happy to be here close to you
forgetting who I am, what I've been, without you.
Never-wanted a shadow any drama following
but now I'm with you nothing is too imposing.

My body sighs; it's singing I'm grateful for all of this...
I'm-grateful for the moonlight each starlit abyss
when I look into your eyes and feel our fault lines
touch and collide, it's-like-everything has to crystallise.

Mark Heathcote

Travelling Gipsy With Rusted Wings

with rusted wings, she leafs through the valley
twisting & turning, she cannot find rest.

A social butterfly, no one sassy
she's been, around the block; sometimes, behest-
to sojourn here, there, smile, mingle & kiss
but she's never mixed in any circles
she wanted to stay; now hearts like a skiff
wants to push away, float on the surface.
Drift alone her, own way like a fog light
warning stays away, now, she's not, so young
and, looks are fading, she's an appetite
to balance her eternal yin & yang,
and put down permanent roots, settle down
sleep with one man, under one eiderdown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Soothsayer

Here is a man, a crop sprayer
Wants to, do aerial acrobatics
But nestled today; in a hayloft.

The air scented, heady damask.
Gazing at his new enchantress—
He's a flightless layback soothsayer.

Creative Talents Unleashed: picture prompt

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Family Foundations

In principle, all want solid foundations-
a good upbringing and happy-life.
Strong family roots, healthy relations
find themselves a loving husband or wife.
In principle, that's what we all-set-out-
to accomplish, not that stale atmosphere-
you can cut with a knife, get handed-a-clout.
Because in your heart you're a pioneer
because in your soul you're a forerunner-
who sets his/her own high standards others?
Tempt to follow at a future juncture.
Families now fragment, hit the buffers-
having, lack of structure all-doing-own-
thing, following, own path, course windblown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If They're Not Watered

Dreams wither & die if they're not watered-daily
& like blue skies, they can turn unsavoury-

If you don't have, keep a little glint of sunlight
back for a rainy day, life becomes a mudslide.

& melancholy a never-ending monsoon
sodden hearted in a badly-tailored consume.

Dreams sadly fade & self-doubt grows, it denigrates
it destroys our faith & belief. It infiltrates-

Our very core; till we all fear, frankly to fall.
Fall, get back-up we must if we're to walk, not crawl.

Dreamers rise to the occasion they don't give in.
Unlike me & others, they carry on & win.

It's only by force of root that a seedling grows.
Created a sturdy stem; a flower called a rose.

Mark Heathcote

Seek Awareness In Your Heart

Seek awareness in your heart, not your head
And follow it evenly as justly as it pumps
Your head is filled with irrational thoughts
Follow your heart; each drumbeat that thumps.
Hasn't any ego or self-doubt, easily misled.
Follow heart; remember the head distorts
It lies that's why it always talks, talks, talks.
Like a tribe of Indians throwing their tomahawks.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Octagon-Love

Does her ivy; an oak bough cleave?
When her body, is clenched in unison
Does a twofold breath still bereave?
It's one single, singularity in motion.

Does he tent-peg her octagon-love
High or low in her valley of stars
Does she yearn, more deeply above?
Or below, compass arthritic arms.

And should both their oceans mingle
Like a green velvet salt-sea-spray
Let each dual shipwreck slowly shingle
Not a salvage slipknots anchor away.

Wed,14 Jan 2009 edited 2016

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If I Were A Tree

If I were a tree
a Rowan, I would be
sitting unaided on an ancient wall,
looking both-ways which way, not to fall.

Yes, here would I perch, between the two.

... To feel my redraw clay roots in you
that signal red-leaf is a star's light shone through.
A pagan people in whose love the woodworm grew
in circles flame; unending, around me and you.

Tue, 11 Nov 2008 edited 2016

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Men Would Quake In Their Opium Hearts

Men would quake in their opium hearts to meet
a beauty, in whose pleasing narcotic glance
all the spheres of this primate's earth would beguile
in whose doe-eyed glances Goddess graces dance.
Forever's-are-here confined to them awhile,
whose tyranny it is never to maltreat
if they espied, that orbit she should, reside-
nightly, they would give-their-all for a perchance.
Just one gaze from her tempting eyes so sweet
such wretched, wantonness, do we pray, by chance.
Such is the grandeur these angels can entreat
such does the zodiac lovers-tears-chide.
Hapless nature isn't so hot to soothe, prove
-the commits graveside-plot of endless love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Has He Seen The Light?

Have I seen the light?
He who holds a candle-
Lit up at midnight.

Making all things bright
He who holds the candle
Examines my heart...

Is it sunny or dark?
I only ask, impart
So you can remark.

... Has he seen the light?
Has he seen an angel?
... Don't be so contrite.

Please do bedazzle me.
Does he see the light?
Esprit is it brighter tonight.

But just because I see you
It doesn't mean it is light
It doesn't mean I'm a draftee.

I've given up the dark side
I've given up the fight
I'm not a devotee.

I'm just someone clearly
Who's not that pritheer
Or generally even, polite.

Mark Heathcote

Unconditional Love

Every being on earth wants unconditional love
but their egos are like ebony, tough-as old-larch
Their resin is volatile, a turpentine thereof.
Nought-like a soft-dripping unyielding willowy arch.

But there-are-those the pulp of which has love in their hearts.
Can-paper-Mache some the cracks—be charitable!
show some Christian love; they are like the old, ancient-guards
souls that, did, pass this way before quite unpalatable.

Suffering themselves softened, ensuring a balance
-of compassion and benevolence; that's absolute.
But for the most part, folks, there is this-counterbalance
some middle ground. Most—aren't made of teak, jute.

These cloths are fibrous, but that's how-we soften-to-silk
our own, metal is, moulded, our-sharpest-edges rubbed-smooth
by charitable acts, meanness turns-to-buttermilk
and the milk of human kindness moves-on and imbues.

Mark Heathcote

My Take On: Isaiah 27: 11

When they the wicked the sinful break the bough
Upon the tree, on which they're seated, perched.
When the broken twigs are dry, they're snapped off
And women come to use them as kindling for a fire.
Hence He who made them will not know His favour
He will not have compassion nor show His mercy,
He will not be gracious in want of pardoning them.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Howl At The Moon

... Howl at the moon, then wait for my response

... Howl at the moon like a klaxon!

Under the moonlight waxen

Under the stars feel the oceans pull

Don't treat me cruelly if I wear Lambswool

Don't treat, I heartlessly with nonchalance.

If I just want to look at the stars, endlessly

Reflected in your eyes all so bloodthirsty.

... Howl at the moon and wait for my reaction

Oh, how your heavens, stupefaction-

Leaves me wanting to bleed, relentlessly

Quite empty, quite utterly.

... Howl at the moon together we'll sing in scansion

... Howl at the moon await for my petrification

If you see me turned to stone

You'll know it wasn't anything you did alone, wrong

It was just your seduction that came over me too, strong.

Mark Heathcote

Nocturne-Song

My heart feels, so warm inside next to you
It'll scorch the grass, devour the sun
It'll leave this earth as barren as the moon
Now I'm distracted lovingly I'll fall for no other, then you.

Eyes blinded, whistle shepherded; I'll not run
One more step further without you leading me
You have that gravity that pulls a comet's heart
Heats its interior in orbit, till it enters a red-sun
And spontaneously bursts explode like a star.

Oh, to you I am tethered, till I disintegrate
Till I die, till we too self-imploded two will be one
Oh, my heart is a red-sun next to you
Do you feel the heat of my love, my love doesn't shun
His, heart hammers out, every night a nocturne-song.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Remove The Gas Effluent

Love is the moment oil and water mix
If you remove all the gasses from water
Chemist Ric Pashley says & contradicts
The scientists, they don't have any iota
Love is the moment oil and water mix.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Squirrel's Dream

Do squirrel's dream, it-isn't-observed
but I bet all those nerves & sinews twitch
as it leaps & bounds to its stash—reserved
with its red tail like some broom of a witch.

Airborne through the forest, unmatched
a squirrel's dream, what might it be, let's guess
I guesstimate it won't be anything abstract
it's feasible to assume and acquiesce.

That in all likelihood, it'll be food orientated
a hoard of chestnuts, a cache of gold acorns
a stockpile of hazelnuts newly expiated.
Larders restocked stolen from its neighbours.

In all likelihood, it'll have nightmares also
just as we do, only they'll be about the red fox
chewing down on its ribs, eating its torso
in all likelihood, it's just a normal paradox.

Mark Heathcote

Digital Iceberg

We all live in a digital vacuum
We all live on a digital iceberg
Hoping to meet someone other special
And be exhumed.
We each click that like button and smile
When we're just about drowning
Don't forget to fill in that last census
... No one has left town, yet
They're all still here half-dead in bed
Waiting for that last uplink
That says their last message was, read
So I guess I'm still here, I'm not dead.
I've been, read, I'm not dead
I guess I'm still here; it's like a blood-drip
Waiting for every last drop of saline
That's our life on-line.
Someone cut the internet
Their life signs are going down, down, down
They're running low on oxygen, sanity
Wasn't that what it was designed to do
Didn't anybody message that to you
We all live in a digital vacuum
We all live on a digital iceberg
Isn't it Titanic we're all still around
Are—you.

Mark Heathcote

Baby Talk

Is he learning any new words today?

Dad says to the baby, planetary.

No, not 'plant a tree' but planetary

the baby mumbles back; plant a tree

maybe the baby,

has more important stuff to say than he.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Flutter Like Angels Channelling Their Solace

Let the trees wear autumn gold tiaras
let these snowflake whispers of mid-winter
flutter like angels channelling their solace
let fissures open up an elixir
let us be, salted, hung, dried, smoked, and cured
let these magical powers intervene
puncture my heart, locked, immured
let me be redeemed, find my snow queen
live life amidst a never-changing scene
let it be frozen white like quartz in stone
sculptor. Carve your immortal figurine
anklebones locked together, never windblown
like marble ice melting going nowhere
liquid fluid ...yet—still, as a polestar.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sleepy Hollow

Waking up in Sleepy Hollow, I'll be near to you
so close to you, you'll feel me tremble inside
but I'll not shiver with you in my world.

This place might have a headless horseman
but I don't mind waking up three times
each night - each night - each night next to you.

Oh, he can slay the others, each one a victim-
he can decapitate them all, but you are mine!
'Sugar, ' goes to the cave-dwelling of the sorceress.

And she'll teach you how to demystify
the look of love on your face and with iodine
she'll heal your wounds and suppress your pain.

Anon, anon, anon
and like an autumn leaf, you'll fall at my feet
undress, each night - each night - each night:

Anon, anon, anon in Sleepy Hollow, □
we'll hear the hoofs of that dismounting
Headless Horseman:

Anon, anon, anon
night after night, Night after night
just before he bites Lady Van Tassel
fulfilling her end of the deal with the Devil.

Mark Heathcote

With You I'm No Longer A Damsely

You are the apple of my soul, not my eye
With you, I'm no longer a damsely,
Living one day at a time hoping to fly.

With you, I'm no longer an empty core
With you, my body feels whole and pure.
Like a waterfall, I've fallen for you - out of control.

My lips purse every time with thirst
Every time that you're on my mind
My heart is, is ready to burst.

You are the apple of my soul, not my eye
With you, I'm no longer a damsely,
Living one day at a time hoping to fly.

With you, I'm no longer alone!
Walking home, under aromatic moonlight.
With you, every night is bathed, in starlight.

With you, I can atone for lost time
With you, there's a natural high
Like a rainbow, oh, I could happily cry, stop & smile.

Mark Heathcote

Warm & Fuzzy

Warm & fuzzy is how, oh I felt that wondrous night
As the stars sang out, like a choir all in satellite
Like a new-born phoenix, I am reborn in your eyes
Every setting in the universe can catalyse
How I feel when I look transfixed in your opal eyes
Warm & fuzzy is how, oh I felt in that moonlit dark
Let every neighbour's dog bark my hearts a meadowlark
My soul for the first time knows it's rich I'm an oligarch.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Good Home Cooking

Good home cooking, the smell of pie
unmistakably makes her smile, pry
internally is he like that steaming crust?
She cuts open to inquire, is this puffed.

How well seasoned is he - can she be coerced?
To have a second taste, a second bite.
If I cleanse my palate, will I still be immersed?
Will I still have an unfilled appetite?

Will I have room for more, or can I diet-
and be forthright. If I'm right, I'll want more
oh, he's so hot; I'll need a fire hydrant
his home cooking, it's so good, I'll want more.

Good home cooking, the smell of pie
unmistakably makes her smile, pry
internally is he like that steaming crust?
She cuts open to inquire, is this puffed.

Is the meat chicken or tenderloin venison-
is it seasoned with rosemary and thyme?
When opened, will it be meaty full of gelatine-
rich-gravy, will he be her heavenly crime?

Mark Heathcote

Until You've Suffered With It

When you've depression abstinence
comes from not speaking, not eating,
not caring, but plenty of hard-drinking
when you've depression temperance
is a lonely fictitious word out of verse?
No longer coupled with the meaning of this world
sobriety isn't it just an oceanic bird
not yet drown, but in a self-denial
that it has been flying, way too long?
Indulgence is a self-inflicted rushing tidal-
wave through the dense, thick fog, ere long.
No, it can't ever be confused with love.
When you've depression, there's no love-
can keep you safe above the waves that choke-
until you've suffered with it, depression is no joke.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Sort Of Man Of Straw Are You?

The lonely scarecrow and we have a lot in common
yes, we are both at times resigned but don't-dishearten,
don't-feel sad about him/your double-ganger scatterbrains.
Because he does have a heart an ear of corn the grains

-that could restore, fill hungry mouths and empty spirits.
Given a chance, just one grain can feed and heal sickness.
What sort of man of straw are you? One who nourishes
all or nobody - needful of their refurbishments?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

This Blessed, Life

This blessed, life is just the beginning
10 fingers & 10 toes & a name tag.
Spring is in the air & the flowers are brimming
horse in the stable, head in a nosebag
she is neighing and skipping, tail swishing
frogs near lily pads by the riverbank
are leaping without any misgiving
everywhere there is a loud bird song-swank
joyous as a butterfly warm molten
filtering those first few morning sun rays
through its soft wings, body and abdomen
this blessed life abounds with many clichés
but no question it is truly a gift
even at times of life were cut adrift.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fall Colour Of God's Love

I am the fall, the colour of God's love
I am Lava I am Rosso Corsa
I am Magenta I am Fuchsia
I am Rosewood disintegrating rust
I am Oxblood I am Lust
I am Raspberry. I am Persian red
I am Ruby. I am Indian red
I am Vermilion I am Carmine
I am Carnelian I am Wine
To name but a few
I am the fall colour of God's love
What is the colour of your blood?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Good News

Good news comes in all shapes and sizes
Some good news might be you've won prizes.
Coming top, first in a spelling competition
Beating all the opposition, in subtraction
Proving you're a great mathematician
Good in addition a future statistician.
But, good news often follows these words
Heart faint, "I'm pregnant" trailed by waterworks...
Are you happy "Good news" we're getting married?
Can you be my bridesmaid, "no he hasn't been-harried
It was all his idea, honestly", it was, don't believe me
Go, ask him. My point being, like a beautiful, banshee
The good news thing is regularly, tinged
Often it makes you cringe, clipped, winged.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Football Feasts

Each Boxing Day we get our quota of football feasts
Presided over by the usual referees
Making nonsensical and ludicrous decisions
Throughout the top, mid and lower table divisions.

But at least they now have some goalmouth technology,
No more disallowed goals that awful atrocity
Of going back home, knowing you've been, sadly, cheated
Heading back to cold turkey totally - defeated.

Sitting back to watch the TV repeats - repeated
In your new dressing gown so happily cosseted
A whisky in one hand and cigar in the other
Sitting by the fire; orange coals burning umber.

Falling asleep in your armchair replaying the game
You score all the goals; take all the accolades the fame.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Immersed...

The night is a nicotine patch.
A burnish of black leather...
A bleeding scratch
...On a naked nether.

It is altogether a womb,
Some giants, eyelid blinking
A mammoth's, bog, tomb...
Glinting of times, eroding.

Sleep navigates its marshes
Through - nightmare—forest.
Crawling into reeds, sedges
Standing, fearfully deforest.

Legs trembling—in coyness
Light is again touched
And rousingly it is loved
Immersed in a new, mistress.

PoemHunter.com

Wed, 18 Jun 2008

Mark Heathcote

Picture Perfect Morning

It's like a picture-perfect morning
It's like a breathless swirling
In a cornfield of golden wheat
It's like a mighty shadow in
The rainfall suddenly
Lovingly secrete vanished
Under our tender loving feet
It's like a patchwork quilt
You just-can't-get back under
Without hearing a sudden
Heartache claps of thunder
It's like a crying wingless angel
In a long lost Edwardian fable
Sitting on a silver thimble in tears
Holding back the sands of times
Unending—years
In order only to dance with you
In order only I meet with you
In your dreams
In a moist buttercup, misty, wet meadow.
It's like I've fallen in love
Don't you know?
The whole way through—with you
It's like I'm in a velvet-Bluebell-dream
With you in my black bird's heart
It's as if all the birds of June
Built their stick nests, around you
And me too, just to keep-us-two
Feathered warm together
From the cold lunar moon; the morning's dew
It's like we've lost the coffee pot dark starlight
And found the sunlight decaffeinated
In only us two,
Lighting-up all around us
The whole world through & through
It's like it's all been made just for me & you.

Mark Heathcote

By No Means Is This Woman Who I Am

... Her Stetson apparel had taken her thus far
Oh, how she wishes she were a Cinnabar moth
An eye-dazzling beauty wearing silken red, cloth
Black heels - rather than the protocol
Steel-toed work boots, this is what she internal, spoke.

But on-site she too behaves like some burly sexist, bloke
Shouting out the orders, ogling whistling - no joke!
She gives as good; if not better, than she gets.
And they my friends aren't sweet vignettes
-Quotes from the bible, but she's no regrets.

... Well, maybe only this one, the dress code.
Like lots of women, she wants to look her best, be glam
Sit on the bonnet of a JCB, a red hot siren.
'Read each passing man, his cardiogram'...
'Say look, lads, by no means is this woman who I am'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Power Of A Smile

The power of a smile
Can do more than, beguile.

It can throw light, on
More than you're Supermom.

At times it's mesmerising.
Wholly - characterising.

What smiles can do alone
'How' - just one can atone.

For a lot of ill, will
Melting, that iciest chill.

It's very contagious.
Ah, even the faintness.

Can help restore your faith
Warms like a fireplace.

Your heart interred—malaise.
Now shines a smile ablaze.

Because it's beamed these smiles
Made you feel more humanise.

Because you aren't now shied
Another's eyes, love magnified.

Mark Heathcote

Art Is It A Finger On The Pulse -^-

Art is it a finger on the pulse -^-
Is it a still-life? Abstract creation
Holding the vitals of a nation
That's about to somehow, convulse.

Does it capture your heart's internal workings?
Paint your nightmares in their alternate diverges.

Art what does it do for your soul
Does it awaken your deepest senses?
Does it unpick the lock the goal?
Where imprisoned for offences.

Sitting alone, a mask of your own, duplicity
You thereby question your own, insensitivity.

Art is it for art's sake—outgrown
You ask yourself can it stand alone.
What, if any, is its lasting, undertone?
Does something, of us all still, remain unbeknown?

Mark Heathcote

Turn Aside Freshly Cut Soil

A poem should cultivate your heart & soul
It should riddle out every rock & stone
Turn aside freshly cut soil like a scroll
Driving straight furrows till the seed is sown.
There to harvest the grain these men must toil
Dig with their brawny, weak minds a new earth
Labour as though their way home would uncoil
Like a flower, that's been doubled, in its girth.
All this, a good poem can endeavour to do
But often they're far & few that written
Can shine some fresh light or cast some fresh dew
Everything that's written is, rewritten.
It's no use cultivating the topsoil
If it already has a bountiful spoil.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Death Of A Single Tree

The death of a single tree saddens me
oak, yew, pine or ash, Dutch elm disease
sadly has killed off some 60 million trees
deforestation the death-of honeybees
it all deeply quietly saddens me.

Then there's this Horse chestnut canker
and Horse chestnut leaf miner
once it starts, they'll never leaseback
another spring season; green in leaf
126 million trees are at risk of ash dieback:

Then there's this acute oak decline
it's hardly a laughing matter-folks
if truly you care for British oaks.
The world is doing a trapeze act
'what can you do to lessen the impact? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mad Hatter Day

'5 teaspoons of sugar-
found in a full-fat coke today,
turn-down that woofers
children, why's there such disarray.'

Like a box of frogs
we all have our Mad Hatter day,
at times in a strop
we're deflated, like a soufflé.

So then we're somewhat-
boisterous in-our-cabaret
nutty as a coconut
playing-all-parts - in-a-matinee

Well, keep taking them-
'White-tablets' that's all I can say,
'another cup of tea, hmm.'
I'd love an additional Earl Grey.

Mark Heathcote

Shades Of Orange

My nursery was wall to wall orange
A single bed, on painted floorboards
An Indian rug where I did yoga.
Learning all about my odd - persona.

My bedroom was wall to wall orange
I the "pip" at the centre on-all-fours a drunkard
One time I got Pneumonia:
Sweating in bed, like some hot Samosa.

My nursery was wall to wall orange
That's all I recall, that and a few mothballs.
And serpentine shadows like a cobra
All shades of orange, turning blood red fuchsia.

My bedroom was wall to wall orange
And in my heart caged a yellow songbird
Longed to explore and leave this Bermuda
See new colours and touch a living fauna.

Mark Heathcote

From A Crow's Eye View

From a crow's eye view, I see the world
yes, we are small we-are-minuscule
yes, we are insignificant in a word
we are just a trifling 'molecule.'

A small piece of the jigsaw known as life
how many atoms; make up this universe?
If there's a thing known as an afterlife,
everything practised; could have been rehearsed.

It's been done millions of times, over
each new morn, the dew is pure & fresh
the world is full of zeal & zest, moreover
we-too-are born, each to acquiesce-

What we see, what we feel, what we sense
(Real) can we trust the wind beneath our wings?
There might be some long-lasting recompense
if sitting on a dais - I should fall off my plinth.

From a crow's eye view, I see the world
its fire knurls like a knob of butter
waiting to splutter-into-emeralds whorled
a living, breathing watercolour?

Mark Heathcote

Burning Embers

Burning embers a setting a story
blown back alive in the morning hoarsely
eyes forced-open feed on their delight
the fire entire survived one whole night.

Soon bacon will be frying, fat sizzling
your hands will be warm, stopped from shaking
hot tea in a billycan steams away
riverside camping is great, they-all say.

But I hate those thick, dense clouds of gnats
that hovers around these kinds of habitats
give me lots of insect repellent, sure enough
then I won't wake up feeling too gruff.

Tickle me a trout as big as your walking shoe
I'll fry it in butter, then, I'll make love to you
following which we can both lie about
there afterwards watch the stars all burn-out.

Mark Heathcote

Goodbye Summer

Goodbye summer, summer goodbye
Her stay was only brief
I wish she'd stay and magnify
Warmer-dryer, relief.

But very soon her leaves shall fall.
We'll bolt the kitchen door
And remain here cold inside—sprawl
Shivering abhor.

Oh, how I hate each frigid winter
Oh, how I hate cold feet.
Oh, how I hate each midwinter
I can't afford to heat.

Oh, how I hate absent summer
For taking leave of me.
Oh, how I love hot midsummer
Each flower's idiosyncrasy.

Mark Heathcote

Grownup Autumns

The leaves that fall that sweep on through the hall
landing on your doorsteps solidified.
Aren't that many, but there's still several
it's-annoying when they are blown inside. /
But it's great when you're a small child, knee-deep
wading through them, kicking them to the sky,
scooping them up in armfuls with a leap
throwing them air-bound like a dragonfly-
with a thousand wings, they hover cloud-like
suspend a second and fall tumbling down /
with an upside-down frown; what's to dislike
about this autumn's seasonal ball gown.
'Guess I am older; get me a yard brush...
I've no time for all this senseless—mush.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ego Vs Modesty

Modesty is a river circling several plateaus
It encourages a level playing field for all.
...For spectators and players all
Whatever origins, we may have, or backgrounds.

Modesty has become our very backbone bedrock
But seldom is it found in all honest truth
Everybody's ego is a blabbermouth-
Two-timing, double-crossing - benchmark =

Of what is rotten and corrupt.
But honestly, I'm not like that...?
Believe me, I, wouldn't cheat or lie to you
I'm a modest person; I need nothing and nobody.

"My ego is under control".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Colossal Choices

Open my heart, open my eyes
prise-me-open like a mussel
I have grit, I've got, fire, passion
little else belies inside my shell
but my heart and soul they're colossal.

'I cannot undersell such a pearl? '

Not when countless others are misshapen
so give me all you've got, prince or frog.
Or else the deal is off null and void
and I'll head back to my grotto-gutted
miserably empty and totally, annoyed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Solace

Of course, the night will gather us
And fold us back into the stars
Back into her dark, mysterious charms
Back into her ebony, lifeline palms.

The universe is beautiful
Her, pitted spangled eyes, her black holes
Wanting only to devour us whole
She is like a black mole, blind so studious.

We fear death will close our eyes
Make us eyeless in that darkness
But even in sleep, there are sunlit skies
Moments of joyful; solace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Confession

Eve's lover comes to warm her with hot apple tea,
he brings the peppermint the acidity of lemon
she brings supplies the honey, the vitamin C
he needs, he hands her over a piece of ripe heaven
at the core, all she wants is to bite this phial of venom.
And hear his heart's deepest, darkest confession
forget all about fig leaves and noble discretion.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Candle Burns On The Mantle

Candle burns on the mantle; in red glass
it flickers like red-hot winter coals
it'll be autumn soon with searing casseroles
it'll be winter with frozen toes, alas.

But-here-the-candle flickers are the last
embers of summer; my fiftieth all told
I wonder how much more will-be-surpassed
I'll amass before any more springs withhold.

Springs a passage of rights that we've survived
I'll enjoy this night with a Malbec wine
I'll not curl up my toes, yet I feel too revived
but I will lay on my back writing supine

I'll look out the window to see the stars
I'll climb into bed in my lover's arms
and dream of a candle, a fire in our hearts
that never has seasons, never has these qualms.

Mark Heathcote

Mother Says Get On With It

Tell me how many attempts does it take?
To spread these wings to find my buoyancy
Trembling at the thought of falling, I quake
Mother-says get on with it, poignantly.

Tell me where I must go, when I should leave
Son follows your nose wherever it goes
Take to the air; see what you can achieve—
Gather all your strength up before the snows.

I've cried so hard, I'm now, newly baptised
"Robin-redbreast", here her heart agonised
I've brooded, long enough now what is best
Mother-says get on with it, leave my breast.

Go, go and join those other—dispossessed
I've done well, by you, now do well by me.
Head north-west son or even head south-west
But by me do your very, very best.

Mark Heathcote

Top Hat & Tails

My mother & father fought day & night
but they made a hat with cardboard & glue
they measured my head & was erudite
this accomplishment, of their love, shone through.

To me, who'd more than just a few doubts?
I slept right through it all and then went to school
the very next day, Hat on, they recount
my hat-had-won the show; yes, this was cool.

'Oddest-thing-is' I don't recall wearing it.
I don't recall going to school at all
all I remember is seeing the skip-
& joy in their proud hearts, still so enthral.

As they recapped the story late one night
describing how they saved their silver foil.
A '40 a day habit', I guess they'd to light,
buy more packs, hadn't they heard-of tinfoil.

Mark Heathcote

Love Endures

My life is an appendage of yours
when we're together, there are no more brochures
or flirting innuendo—overtures.

Don't you get it, what's mine is yours.
Okay, I've nothing, but our love endures
every-now-and-then I feel it, I mature.

And with a little faith, all else procures
believe-me, there's-no-one else who allures
me as you do, and that's what reassures.

Okay, we could take some detours.
Spend a night beneath some coiffures
and run naked over the moors.

But truly lust, desire only obscures-
our true unquestionable lures
honestly, darling, nothing but love endures.

Mark Heathcote

Two Turtle Doves

Wrens - warble
Turkeys - gobble
Rooster - cock-a doodle-Doo
Calves - bleat
Cows - low, moo
Crickets - chirp, creak
And chicks - cheep!

Humans - cry, scream, sing, and talk
Darling, let's take a moonlit walk
And listen to the countless critters
All their vocal, neurotransmitters
To every sound, that crawls or slivers.

Hens - cackle, cluck
Dolphins - click
Komodo dragons - growl, snarl, hiss
Cats - purr, meow, hiss, yowl, spit
Bats - screech
Hares - squeak
Lambs - bleat

Humans - cry, scream, sing, and talk
Darling, let's take a moonlit walk
And listen to the countless critters
All their vocal, neurotransmitters
To every sound, that crawls or slivers.
Darling, they're all out there
Playing-their best-hand at solitaire.

Darling, they're all out there
Calling out; come about and find me
Sleep under my leafy teepee
Nestled close like a honey bee
For me, I just want-you-to-snuggle-up
On the settee, next to me and smile
Like two turtle doves, and coo a little while.

Here's My Dowry, Daisy

I want to open up my heart again
and hear that old cuckoo that hourly
wanted-you? Oh, I'm a tragedienne
no one can save me now here is my dowry.

I'll pay whatever it takes to have you
I'll pay whatever it takes to kiss you
I'll pay whatever it takes to hold you
I'll pay whatever it takes to warm your bones
I'll pay whatever it takes to take off your clothes
I'll pay whatever it takes to hear your groans
I'll pay whatever it takes to sing my creole songs.

Oh, I want to open up my heart again
and hear that old cuckoo that hourly,
wanted you, oh I'm a tragedienne
no one can save me now here is my dowry.
Oh, I'll pay you whatever it takes, make no mistakes
I'll pay whatever it takes to have you
I'll pay whatever it takes to kiss you
I'll pay whatever it takes to hold you.

Till I hear in my heart the sound of that old cuckoo
that hourly sang his heart out to you
oh, I'll pay you whatever it takes, make no mistakes
I want to warm your bones, take off all your clothes
I want to hear your loving moans
oh, I'll pay whatever it takes to sing my creole songs
you might think I'm kind of crazy
but I love you more each day we're apart, my Daisy.

Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo
oh Daisy, how I love you.
Here's my dowry, Daisy
coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo
oh Daisy, how I love warming your bones
oh Daisy, how I love taking off your plumage clothes
oh Daisy, how I love hearing your twilight groans
oh Daisy, how I love singing you my old creole songs.

Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo
Ooh Daisy, how I love you.
Here's my dowry, Daisy
coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo
coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo
coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo.

Mark Heathcote

Fire - Haiku

element - fire
cinnamon sticks are magic
heavily spiced—ah!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pining Road Ends

Old shoes, how many roads have I walked?
How many cul-de-sacs have we entered?
To turn back; have our view of this world warped
We all need to be centred and mentored.

How many, numerous boils have blistered
Old shoes, how many times have I knotted you?
And turning away all alone whispered-
Shhhh my lonesome, heart, don't weep just say adieu.

It won't be long till our pining road ends
Guess if it can be mend-best to make do.
Old-shoes, I'll put a few dry cardboard shreds
In the toes of you, my old trusty, friends.

No falling out, that's our last epitaph.
There'll be blisters, bleeding & pus
We've got a long journey ahead of us
But for us, there'll be no blocked impasse.

Mark Heathcote

I See A Road Stop Up Head

I see a road stop up head
No, that's nothing new.
But I'm not talking about a highway,
I'm not talking about a romantic boulevard
Or a busy thoroughfare or even a slow lane motorway

I see a road stop up head
No, that's nothing new.
Signals are if I go any further I'm dead,
All indications are I must leave you
And find another way...

I must leave you and go my own way...
What use is there to pretend?
When we're not even now good friends
Look there's a crossroads with a sharp turning left
And I want you to continue straight ahead.

I can't even look into your eyes
No, that's nothing new.
But the simple truth is I'm leaving you
I've gone as far as I or you can take me.
Now I must end this journey alone without you.

I see a road stop up head
And no, that's nothing new.
But I can't any longer travel this course, I'm leaving.
But still, I dearly love you.
I dearly love you and no, that's nothing new.

What use is there to pretend?
When we're not even now good friends
Look there's a crossroads with a sharp turning left
And I want you to continue straight ahead
I see a road stop up head
And no I no longer am travelling that road home.

Mark Heathcote

Winter Chills

Everything in the garden is rosy,
until, the frost—leans against its sharp scythe.
The rose that spent all summer long blowsy
now it is cold curled up tightly, heart writhed-
relinquishing the fight; with head nodding.
It accepts the love affair - concluded.
It's now a brisk wind & rain cannonading-
against our will, has also intruded.
Like them rattling window panes we close up.
We freeze over - sinking back to our roots.
What can adjudge this poison chalice cup
to be charged in you, and me, that dilutes-
the warm sunshine in a bare, lifeless tree
unadorned I, ask you, to still love me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To See The World Up Close Its Nuclei

A scoop of the sea, a scoop of the sky
To meet your eye to swim or fly
How dear, we are to Him some falsify
Some testify and try to nullify
And His only son, crucify.

A scoop of the sea, a scoop of the sky
Did it ever make you cry?
How beautiful it is in your eyes
To see the world up close its nuclei
And then feel its presence transmogrify.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Winter Desire

The crackle & fire, to night-time desire
Wet's their appetite's & so they perspire
Yes, I know how to unknot sweetbriar
Uncurling toes by a warm chestnut fire.

Kissing earlobes like some sweet verifier
Skinny-dipping each to each cutting barbwire
I guess even a vixen can sing in this choir
Long as the sparks they've lit still transpire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Lies In Ruins

What we called love once lies in ruins
There was a time not so long ago.
Each gesture was met with approvals
Fingers entwined, not so long ago.

We could agree on our home décor
Not so much as a word, was sworn
Every breath spoke of forevermore
Now every second day feels lovelorn.

I remember not so long ago
Making vows & promises as we kissed
We'll not separate not so long ago
We got on well and learned to coexist.

How times change each of our parting gifts
I'll take that & those, you can have this
Everything changes just as the sand shifts
Now there isn't even a parting kiss.

I don't blame you, no I don't blame you
I just long to, once again, kiss your lips
Brush aside all these clouds that omit
How I always loved you.

Mark Heathcote

In The Pursuit Of Success

Before any strenuous deployment
before any full-on engagement
our washed-out muscles require exercise
it necessitates, we practise our art.

So stewardship is therefore needed.
We've got a certain creativity-disorder
that goes beyond a misplaced compunction.
Sometimes egotistical genius needs to show off.

Leap front of the pack from the starting blocks
race down the home straight to the finishing line
to win by only the shortest of necks
know what matters, first of all, is our stock.

We gave it our own, personal best shot-
as winners; always blaze a trail of dust.
It's for us to exercise inserts a new slot.
Meet that last final-hurdle first to success.

Mark Heathcote

I Can Feel The Wind Changing

Does what we imagine, actually happen
Can it be controlled like an iPad touchscreen?
Like a self-fulfilling prophecy
Do we automatically get the rub of the green?
If truly we do believe all heartily.

Everything you've envisaged is there for the asking
The good the bad, true or false assumptions
Has an outcome depending on how you're thinking
These aren't just my presumptions
In quantum physics all that's possible occurs.

Every eventuality, every outcome does exist
Who would imagine wireless hands-free phones?
Who would imagine photons, can resist
Measurement and be in all places at the same time
When fired in one of two, direct lines.

So a superstition within you felt it in your heart,
Not you're untrustworthy mind.
How can I tell you not to listen?
When I can feel the wind changing and not know
-Where or how it even began.

Mark Heathcote

Street Performer

A circle has formed
let's hope it doesn't disband.
Street-performer, you've
them eating out of your hand.

They're all in awe
of your raw-amazing talent
He looks so confident
and boy, is he gallant.

Fire eating and-
spinning five china plates.
As the audience
holds their breath, he hesitates.

Then one by one he
catches each plate from falling
someone there cries he's good
he sure found his calling.

Coins aplenty are-
tipped into his olive cap.
One man shouts good-performance
and then everyone claps.

Mark Heathcote

Environmental Justice

Development and sustainability
without any question should go hand in hand?
The world with its people, demand stability
a fair-global market, nothing, underhand.
Give a living wage, and every child, a school.
Treat no man, dog-like no woman as a maid
weren't we made equal: look at His grandeur
look, isn't there ample—what's the masquerade.

Look for every man there's also a woman
so why's there all this rape and pillaging
the land can't provide any more gold bullion
Haven't you had enough? Stop dispiriting
-every one of us with your warmongering
let's have meaningful relations with neighbours
we've had enough of your scandal-mongering
we all know it's all about scheming payoffs.

Fill their pockets don't care about tomorrow
I'm just living for today as life was, made
that's the business I'm in, so keep your sorrow
if nothing-else corruption will still pervade
that's the attitude our children are faced with
are raised with and aspire to live I'm afraid.
Hazardous-material is so much, pith
a cleaner, fairer world - it's just a charade.

Mark Heathcote

Superstitions

Truth be told who doesn't have at least one?
Friday the 13th is one a lot will share.
So she's had beginner's luck and won
Cross your fingers, and say a prayer.

Find a penny, pick it up
And all, the day you'll have good luck
Superstitions chill our very blood
And can leave us quite thunderstruck.

Make us despair numbers such as 666□
Many do have a doomsday fear
Myths that can make us—lunatics
Then others act almost cavalier.

Walking even beneath-ladders
We think it's peculiarly odd
That all these dangerous hazards
Superstitions can't be dislodged.

Like—no open umbrellas inside
Knock on wood, hope all will be good
If that black cat, the one outside
Should not, cross paths in all likelihood?

A rabbit's foot will bring you luck
And garlic will keep vampires at bay.
Remember your sign of the zodiac
That bad luck comes in threes, they say.

Mark Heathcote

Puppeteer Haiku

pulled against our will
puppeteer cut free these strings
every tree must fall

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Envy Is The Road Jostled By Crabs

What does she see in this fisherman?
Can't she see he's a will-o'-the-wisp?
What does she see in him an old man?
Tattooed—sun-baked and burnt to a crisp.
Netting shrimps & crabs, catching the breeze
Bronze tanned the colour of autumn leaves.

Does she think he's some, kind of merman?
... At the drop of a hat—gone are her panties.
Guess I'm a jack pike a young salmon.
Does he sing her some old sea shanties?
I guess the likes of me - are small fry;
I'm glad—who am I to objectify.

Envy is the road jostled by crabs,
'Look sees' I've got more meat on my claws
With a much younger mate! Keeping tags
It's just the same as drawing short straws
Being well matched 'now that's the best catch'.
Maybe that's why he isn't too, well thatched.

Mark Heathcote

Mr Schooler Taught Us All Things Backwards

I remember our English teacher, Mr Schooler.
Who quickly rose through the ranks to headmaster?
He was a slick, well-dressed snazzy kind of rooster
he'd all those teachers' speed-reading books faster.

They were told-to-read books backwards for one hour
Then asked to read-normal, and forward some report
Not all reported improvement...I thought how dour.
He quizzed us with paperclips, a chuckle, and a snort.

Telling us I bet you can't 'guess class' what profession
when asked to list all the uses for a paperclip, came top
he boasted none would get it; a bowl of contention
hmm, I thought this is, too easy one boy shouted cop.

Another yelled out, astronaut, another said doctor!
I laughed. Another said banker, another butcher.
Confidently my hand went up to this dismissive-proctor
who didn't want my answer? So I gave him Famer.

He looked deflated. I just thought how patronizing
that he should think, a man of such great ingenuity
wouldn't make his list and, isn't this just stigmatizing?
A profession; don't all things involve some congruity?

Mark Heathcote

Rusty Gears

As we grow old we start to jitter & shake ☐
No longer are we the angels of Swan Lake.

Our balance helter-skelter's first left then right
Forwards, then backwards, filling us with pure fright.

Our skins are like those thin layers of an onion
We've moral dilemmas, what's our compunction:
☐

What holds us here; we've rusty gears taking us
Off track—have we all become superfluous?

What can we all do to stay virile and fresh?
I tell you, we'll be senile soon back in crèche.

Giving our best goo goo ga ga impressions
Forgetting, all our earlier, transgressions.

As we grow old we start to jitter & shake ☐
No longer are we the angels of Swan Lake.

Mark Heathcote

They're Not Our Gods

True Gods don't have democratic processes
They don't allow for such human complexes:

A God would ask that you lay prostrate & pray
They'd only ask; that you, love them & obey.

We'll give you a party & full membership
So come vote for our man, our leadership.

We shall promise jointly to take more & more
We'll keep; a glass ceiling, over the poor.

Take care of our sponsors; their riches offshore
Whoever takes over—leads a well-oiled corps.

They've learnt the lessons of 'Bad King John' & Robin...
Only it's us held hostage & downtrodden.

Not Richard 'The Lion', King of Scots, not him
It's us in our very own bed chambers dim—

Who can't scratch a living to save our, own skin?
They're not our Gods but they sure all act akin.

Mark Heathcote

Precious Sunshine

Handmade with a mother's love, they beguile
Two blue booties hanging on a washing line
Two blue booties that bring a curling smile
Belonging to a cherub, lay down subline.
Gazing the moon, cooing comes back soon
Come back Mommy dear with your heart yearning
Don't leave me; I want to smell, your perfume
Swaddled me in your arms and cocoon me
Come back Mommy dear, with your heart yearning
I was bound to your womb, but now hold me
I want to hear your heart sing to me, croon
Mommy dear, you're my precious sunshine
Mommy, you have a certain kind of brightness
Mommy, dear—we are of the same bloodline
My love will always have colour-blindness
I will always cherish my handmade clothes
I will always cherish my chromosomes,
Because Mommy they came straight from you.

□



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

The Mystery Of The Key

See's here an old key. 'Is it useless? '
Did it lead to somewhere quite glamorous?
'Who can tell? 'Look around what-did-it fit?
Such secrets withheld evidence shall not omit.
Ah, it's captivating, 'I here do admit.'

Could it have opened the gates to a palace?
'It could have; ' it's sure heavy enough, I guess.
'Could it have unlocked some jailor's handcuffs? '
Or been used as a skeleton key by assassins:
'Slow your horses' Hercule Poirot' don't digress.

Pick it up and hold it up to the light:
Does it have any markings, 'words or numbers? '
No, none that I can see or discover
then a hushed silence the air is sombre.
A hand rises from the subsoil like clarified butter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Captured Heart

You captured my heart
You did from the start
But now that it's dark
Where do we go from here?
Nothing is ever totally clear.

I pictured us amongst the stars
Asking which one is ours?
Did it fair shine as bright?
As it did our first night.
When I looked into your eyes
Oh, I cherished those elliptical skies.

Oh, ask not what has changed
When I'm still just as enslaved
Oh, where do we go from here?
But nothing is ever totally clear□
But I still have these feelings for you, my dear.

Because you arrest my soul
You keep my passions and lust
Burning under your control?
But now things aren't so good I feel crushed
Tell me, love, how I learn to adjust.

Where do we go from here?
Nothing is ever totally clear.
But I still have these feelings for you, my dear.
Because you captured my heart
Because you arrest my soul
Don't you know once you open Pandora's Box?
You're in trouble.

Mark Heathcote

Come Away With Me

Oh, you're wise but you can barely hide
That you are young and wild
A free spirit still easily mortified
You're young, not yet defiled.

You're old and mature beyond your age
But still, how little, you know
My beautiful little guru—sage
But still, how little, you know.

You're like a dream out of sequence
A fairytale, without—
A stationary moment of frequency
A fairytale, without—

A happy ending, but don't be sad
Darling oh, there's still time
At least for us, so try and be glad
Because our, love, isn't a mime.

Oh, you're wise but you can barely hide
Your heart is a burning house
Oh, you're wise but you can barely hide
Your heart is full of vows.

And your soul is ready to run astray
So come away with me
I want you for my bride, salutary
Marry me I invitee.

For good or bad for better or worse
Come on what's there to fear
Darling, say to me, you'll not be averse
Marring me a life we'll share.

You're old and mature beyond your age
But still, how little, you know
My beautiful little guru—sage
But still, how little, you know.

You're like a dream out of sequence
A fairytale, without—
A stationary moment of frequency
A fairytale, without—

A happy ending, but don't be sad
Darling oh, there's still time
At least for us, so try and be glad
Because our, love, isn't a mime.

Come away with me
To Gretna Green...
By the old blacksmith shop
In Dumfries toasted with a drop of scotch.
Come away with me
Girl marries me.

Mark Heathcote

A Lake Of Fire

My heart is a lake of fire
I invite you to walk or sometimes swim
but please don't expect to ascertain
any firm ground beneath your feet
don't expect to find a constant shoreline.

I can at times provide you with-a-raft
and even a lifejacket, but don't
Don't expect to discover any polar ice caps.
My heart wasn't meant or made to freeze-
my heart wasn't-designed to be an island.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Agaric, Mushrooms

They're red & white with hallucinogenic properties
that's all before you've dried them out & eaten them.
If you're brave enough, go ahead and cook some recipes
but don't forget to pray & say one final amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I-Am-Here

We don't want a love that's
here today, gone tomorrow
here today, gone tomorrow
here today, gone tomorrow
love is seeking a way out at times
but first, it must discover a way in
like a bookworm, it must devour
Its own dustjacket from cover to cover
and write in the margins of every chapter
I-am-here, I-am-here-my-lover
touch my spine, read me cover to cover
but know that when you and I reach an end
I must go. I never asked to be just good friends.
I never wanted it to be ever over
I never wanted to leave you,
but what could I do?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Freshwater Pearl Mussel

It was better than any stupid gerbil
yes, it-sounds-pretty cruel I now admit
I didn't feed it, and I never once cleaned it
I had it 2yrs on the bedroom window sill.
But it did pretty well, and it was special
I prized it from the moment I found it
and hoped it had taken in a bit of grit
I knew it would survive—it was primaeval.

I'd watch it for hours at night one-footing round
a plastic, oblong tank beneath the moonlight.
I collected earth and blanket weed poolside
everything was fine in its little compound.
But that said, one day, I returned home from school
and this silly fool threw it out to get at me
'there'll be no more-of-that-it is my rule
being my stepfather, he set his decree
there are no more prized possessions here for me.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Mirror Never Lies Or Does It

She reviews her arse in the mirror.
Has it still got a dimple?
Has it got, any bigger?

It's the same with her face.
Has it got a mole or a pimple?
Have I lost my youthful vigour?

Do I now have bushy nasal hair?
She reviews her ears in the mirror.
Are they getting bigger, so it's official?

She's getting older "I'm Old" now tears.
Stark-horror even my height is shorter.
My face is showing wrinkles.

And there are red blotch blood-vessels
Around her nose, her mouth and chest:
Her husband shouts don't worry, love.

□

Bless I'll still, love—yeah!
Don't worry, love.
I'll still love—yeah!
"Dear ... you're simply the best."

Mark Heathcote

Old Life Adieu

When I was 9yrs old, we moved house, upped sticks
Leaving the city for the countryside
I was brought-along like the candlesticks
Unwanted baggage, I was petrified.

With nervous excitement I said goodbye-
"Old life" and welcomed a new beginning.
I'm going to climb huge-oak trees and pry-
Into nests, my insides were now grinning.

With heart pumping, jumping out of my vest
I'll chase brown butterflies and dragonflies
And like Huckleberry Finn, I'll digest
The stars the streams the forest as it sighs.

Wasn't this going to be an Adventure?
On arrival, it was my dreams come true
No parents or dumb teachers could censor
Old life adieu - off to the fields I flew.

Mark Heathcote

Singsong Nights

Her fingers were flat keynotes out of tune
But I accompanied, I played along
We made playful music—I didn't croon
She said I wasn't her type we don't belong.

I thought great, I'll just stay and prolong—
Good then us meeting; wasn't it opportune
But everything she said was all just a costume
The following morning it was love, lifelong.

It was a completely different singsong!
And boy didn't me feels like a dumb baboon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Right Here Will Do

Right here will do, lying here next to you
Listening to the rise and fall of your heart
Right here will do, holding hands with you
Feeling your kisses, your love as it imparts.

Right here will do, I've found my place, it's with you
Looking into your eyes, they tell me that too
Right here will do, I've found my place, it's here with you
Soon after we met, I just felt it inside, I just knew.

Right here will do, no more feeling empty and blue
No more longing, wandering the desert alone
Right here will do, I've found my watering hole
Like a prospector, I've found my riches my revenue.

And softly I said to myself right here will do
Right here will do, right here with you
Right here will do, right here with you
Right here will do, right here with you.

It doesn't matter if it rains—because if it does
It rains in heaven in paradise too
So right here will do, right here with you
Right here will do, right here with you
Right here will do, right here with you.

Mark Heathcote

Fractured Planet

Hold on to your britches
it's a fractured planet
there are no quick fixes
there is no universal magnate
so hold on to your crucifixes.

The world is fractured
we are different—continents adrift
we are a people deeply-fissured
there will always be a rift;
shadowy days when the sun does eclipse.

Nights—neighbouring parties
go to war; days when parleys
confabs hit a brick wall
putting us all on a collision course.
I wish we were all non-combatant.

But it's a fractured planet,
there are no quick, easy fixes
there is no universal magnate
it vexes me that one day we'll be all out
and without any more innings to play.

Mark Heathcote

Climate Change

Tanka)

skiing meltwaters
to measure climates long past
they drill ice cores
soon as these Popsicles sticks
are chilled back home - they're-consumed?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Guess I'll Just Cherish The Scar

Ah, errant-star, how distant you are
how far we have travelled to collide
collisions like these are few and far.
So why, love is it, you're unmodified?

Shouldn't my sphere be circling your planet?
Like it was at the start, on fire.
Why's it now your heart's core is cold granite?
Why's it jagged rock, my once sweet briar?

Shouldn't my oceans, my moon be evaporating?
Shouldn't it be liquid mercury expanding?
Why's my hearts flask still emanating
counting the years apart, notwithstanding:

Wish we-were closer, my errant star
now we've untangled this relativity;
I guess I'll-just-cherish the scar
remember its radioactivity.

Mark Heathcote

Excavating Trouble Makers

Dusk and annoying woodpeckers take a rest
from rat-a-tat-tat that hole in a tree, nest
they'll drum from January until June
in pairs some 200 times a day, their beaks harpoon
in a pine tree; excavating a chamber
for fun - till their nonstop-noise-becomes fainter.

High summer now the drilling falls to a hush,
except for the road works, a ground-hopping thrush
peace will now mostly transcend on-the-wood
as everyone now goes about their livelihood.
A brood woodpecker fills their large hungry-guts
while schoolchildren practise their desktop woodcuts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's Your Birthday Is-It-Not?

If I am your first, you're 'doing fine, '
just drop to second gear, let me steer
better than my husband doing time-
in stir; and that is sincerity,
that boy is me being sincere.

It's your birthday is-it-not? Groans...
turn that vinyl record over again.
Marvin Gaye - Me and Mrs. Jones
ah, that stylus I can feel its tedium
how suitable, God, he's a comedian.

Looking over my red-dralon settee
I believe in miracles—only she,
she isn't a sexy thing, but it's nice
like sugar & spice, gripping her thighs
till every probing heartbeat satisfies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Blue Flame

Cold brackish heart waters don't flow backwards
They trickle underground—ceasing slowly to be
Evaporating to salt crystal tear duct, caverns
That slowly collapse to a point of singularity.
There they get dabbed away, O blue flame
Why is it they ignite this ongoing pain
This rhapsody of emotion once thought overcame
It's too difficult to control and ascertain.
Blue flame eternal: first love is you now
A pale imitation lets your flame be, gone
It's time another shone—so I can vow
True love, forever and ever ere long
To her, now river waters sweet flowing
My heart to hers blues blue, blue, blue glowing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bridges We Can Admire

Be brothers strong steadfast as that stone bridge?
Strong-as-that bridge at Blackwater, Fermoy,
Co. Cork in dark, turbid times it's a stint
not to teeter or fall to the seafloor.

Remaining firm-footed day in day out
it's a brawl against-the-tide to be sure;
bridges we can admire sitting in dark stout
fools toppled over—might as well be manure.

Wake-up sonny boy, pull yourself together
let's head back to the pub and sink some more
that's sound advice, but it's hard to weather
-when rapidly you're world-is-sinking offshore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just Like Love

Just like love

I wear you like a glove

Don't you know that's love?

Don't you know that's real love?

When I wear you like a glove

That's real love

That's real, real love

The kind that keeps my blood pumping

And my mind and brain thumping

I might not be music to your ears

But it's what my heart thrives on...

Just like love

I wear you like a glove

Don't you know that's love?

Don't you know that's real love?

When I wear you like a glove

That's real love

That's real, real love

My desert flower—buttercup

I'd live on a dung heap if it wasn't for you

You refine me and beat me like sugarcane

You keep me from going numb and blue.

Just like love

I wear you like a glove

Don't you know that's love?

Don't you know that's real love?

When I wear you like a glove

That's real love

That's real, real love

When the heart is stuck like treacle

And the bees burn in kerosene

Like they're all in love having themselves a party.

That's when I've met with my dream baby.

That's real love

That's real, real love baby

When ribbon lightning takes you for a ride

Don't you know that's love?
Don't you know that's real, real love?
When I wear you like a glove
That's real love
That's real, real love baby
It isn't chocolates and flowers
Enfolded in the wings of a dove
No love that isn't love, that isn't real love.

Mark Heathcote

Acrostic Chaos

Arcane we are mysterious-
Choosing not to trust what does it bring-us?
Rifling through our thoughts near-delirious
Only the heartbreak of loneliness, thus-
Something-must be changed now within-us-all.
To challenge this deceit that likes a sore
It cankers covers the wound felt too raw.
Can't we at least try and break-down the wall?

Chaos brings-new allies, it smashes laws.
How can we elect from a fairer system?
Arcane at times are we not unchristian-
Or are we full of enigmatic flaws?
Still coddling ourselves holding on to straws.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Extinguisher

What element of nature would you be? so I said, fire
She said I would bring water to douse your fire
She said I was well coordinated but lacking in appeal
She said she likes to drive: buckle up I'll make you squeal
She said I was supple but firm and well endowed.
She said she'd like to rumba in her very own self-made raincloud
And make out like heavy metal music very, loud
I want to make your voice weep she said
And then rise like a church steeple to the sun
I want you to lean against me like some hot south facing gable wall
I want to feel your heat and the weight of the world
But most of all I want to bring water to your fire
Extinguish a pot molten with desire you, call a fire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Love Song

Life is a love song

Defined aurally

Felt internally

It might hurt you

But it can't chain or jail you

Because you are your own jailor

So it can all so free you

Life is a love song

Your heart beats is its chorus

It's your calling

It's your journey

Time is its currency

It can be spiritual and lonely

It can be fulfilling and empty

Life is a love song

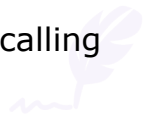
Your life is a love story

It isn't written till it's over

Then it'll echo back into life

Back into its highest ascension

Pulsating evanescent



PoemHunter.com

In the firmament

It'll sprout phoenix wings

And sing, fly without any apprehension

I know your life is a love song

Your life is a love song

Life is a love song.

Mark Heathcote

Have I Lost Touch With Courtly Nature

Willow-wandering in my mind
My red roots delve the river bed
And pan for flakes of gold refined
I drink the water that's always, fed
The source of which I'll not question
I'll not deny; I sometimes quiver
Hibernate & pray to head downriver
I too don't like all that congestion...

It's enough to make your faith waver
Or query was I ever happy
Staying put have I done, myself a disfavour
Living in this jungle, that's so wide so vastly;
Have I lost touch with courtly nature
The briar rose, bee-glade meadows whisper
Interlocking bark—crisscrossing scripture
The skinny dipping kind—that adventure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Confessions Of A Dead Cat

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
to fall off a wall
and not land on all fours.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
to-get-gingivitis
even before I could-hairball.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
cat in a hat
to get fired from a cannon like a cannonball.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
the owl and the pussycat
who went overboard down a waterfall?

I'm a realist☐
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
Now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
Who went Christmas Shopping?
Stampeded, crushed at the shopping mall.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives ☐
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
who sat in the jaws of a crocodile?
To be eaten by another dinosaur.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
that can't find love, sing a note
and yet they still say I'm a troubadour.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
to climb the bough of a tree
and fall from a fell sycamore.

I'm a realist
I'm not a pessimist
I had nine lives
now I've none at all
I'm the only cat
who drank neat salt water by osmosis
and-thereafter-visit the seafloor.

Mark Heathcote

An Elegy For Dot

Knit one, purl one
a drop of whisky or rum,
Dot, she was a good-un
and so much fun.

Dot, she was a rum-one
and loved by everyone
knit one, purl one
a drop of whisky or rum.

Dot, she was a good-un
she wasn't a cold, unfeeling nun
and now that she has succumbed,
knit one, purl one

Our Dottie's been-undone
and-we-her friends
and family is like the Aran knots-
she banded together—Dots-

Knit one, purl one
knit one, purl one
has stopped the ticking of clocks
let's raise a toast and dry our sobs.

Pass the whisky and rum,
Dot, she was a good-un
Dot, you went-too-young
Dot, you are loved by everyone.

Dot, how we wish
your own knit one, purl one
in our own lives
hadn't come undone.

Mark Heathcote

Pure

Before I kissed her my jaw dropped to the floor
I questioned did I deserve her
Thinking to myself; I couldn't want for more
How can I kiss, taint, what is so pure?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Equator

I've a life that's ventured the snow
And froze hard under every footstep
Until I crossed my own equator
Found it melting everywhere I go...
So now I know the sunlight the woodshed
Within myself; is the fire, my vindicator?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

She-Herself Could Be?

She could be, but for her now, ageing carcass
she-herself could be the Hindu goddess
of fortune with her soft date-palm tree broom
she could be 'Lakshmi' in that bright costume.

Also known as 'Sri' the goddess of wealth
'diffusing light or radiance' and in stealth
such a broom could get rid of all evil forces.
Her face says she's no time for hobbyhorses.

But this broom isn't-special it's for outdoors-
and the old lady, she somehow reinforces
we've all our very own light and radiance.
We can sweep ourselves into irradiance.

To coin an old biblical statement-
'idle hands are the devil's workshop.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Stardust

a black lambskin purse
a status of subtle wealth
caviar leather

mountain avalanche
I am, flung against the ropes
the wind packs a punch

willows bend - don't break
weep to the floor - sprout some more
green caterpillars

Fire tempers steel
memory - metals reshape
love is a coiled spring

fossil fuels burnt
life converts all energy
yet - we are stardust.

Mark Heathcote

Dahlia

Lord, what a view, what a panorama
Stretches before my eyes - miraculous
Fighting through woody hazels to dahlia
Windblown, tumbling, bonny romanticists
Who soothes their way to my heart's watery?
Fat-green stems like-some kind of makeshift stars
These tangibles are the kind of sorcery
You can touch like golden avatars
Boarded-up drop petals like burning shards.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Disillusionment

You can paint the skies and make a rainbow
But you cannot quieten a dark rainstorm
Not when it's political when it's the norm,
Those people will-rise-up - they'll refuse to bow.

As long as we are speaking; we are friends
Love is a fellowship at times ours is-
A sinking ship with bilge water to pump-out
But like matchwood, we always seem to float.

But if they sink my small boat or your boat
There'll be no brotherhood no love of man
Yes, they can paint the skies, ask us to vote
But when it's over this s*** will hit the fan.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Is The Source

What is the source of creativity?
Some would state it's their faith
Some would say it's their proclivity

It just naturally comes and conveys
These you might suggest are cliché
But we all have our own, protégé

And for that, we can be inherently
Thankful for all who came before us
With their inky pens or oily brush

What is the source of creativity?
If it's not, mush, what does it matter?
As long, as it's done & done, skillfully.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just Imagine

Just imagine you didn't have long to live
what would you give to live that bit longer?
Just ponder, don't meander into overdrive
strive to answer like a cataloguer
what you've somehow had, lost and forgot
like the key to your house - standing outside
taking a long look to find access and plot
away back in, don't look mystified.
Your life is just a short story, chapter and verse
there's nothing to rehearse, acceptance
-isn't a curse; roll over a new stone, nurse
your old wounds and fight. Be impetuous,
just imagine life-is-a-wave returned
-to life, and nothing's ever adjourned.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Was It

When was it you weren't there to wind my dial?
One day at a time with a sultry warm, smile.

I can still feel the trace of your soft-fingers
Silk spinning those webs how their touch lingers.

Cocooning me in their eternal flames
Heart and soul, how it ever now exclaims

'Forever, ' forever, ' let's together-
Be and always give, through our best-endeavour.

To stay fixed as one, hand and in another.
That's always in the heat of midsummer.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Miss Missing You

I miss missing you like a nagging toothache
The pain was deeply rooted in my heart
I didn't go to the dentist; did you
The pain, the pain was all too sharp.

Destiny makes me pine with every supple-sinew
Then you came alongside me taking my hand.
Ah, all agonies then slowly dissipated and withdrew
Season after season into eternity, they extract, subtract.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Can I Canonize The Way

Can I canonize the way
I look into your eyes
Like a fish unblinking
You can call me a slime-ball
Anytime; cause I'm truly hypnotized.

Can I canonize the way?
You look into my eyes
Look, I go all dreamy
When I see you when I see you
With a smile on your face in a yellow Bikini.

Can I canonize the way the way
I feel when I look into your eyes
In my coffin and you in your shoes
There's a squeeze, but as I'm living
And we're naked there's no need to freeze.

Can I canonize this midnight New Year?
Because we pressed lips
Like two serpents loosening our skins
Winding down some sunny hillside road
Forgetting we each had separate homes.

Oh, can I canonize the morning fog
Can I canonize the fever
And the goosebumps the birds singing
Oh, so clear when we were like crickets
Making music when the dew was all dried out.

Mark Heathcote

Your Ego Is An Egg

Your ego is an egg
You wanted it to roll straight
But it just annoyingly rolls back to you
Your love is the same its a hard boiled egg
It goes rancid as soon as she looks at you.

You can't leave her now
Now she makes your toasted soldiers
And cries in the dead of night that you might
You can't leave her now
Now you've made her that death till we do part vow.

Your heart is at her disposal
She's got a tendency for the blues
She can scramble your brains
And happily feed you moonlit winter barbecues
And then transfix you painting her red fingernails.

Your ego is an egg
You wanted it to roll straight
But it just annoyingly rolls back, back to her
It just annoyingly rolls back through her legs
And back into bed somehow I need to calibrate.

Does, do any of you relate!
Come go guys you know we aren't kings
We're just pawns making 24/7 sacrifices
Pretending to be princes
When really we want to get scrambled

But not from a broken heart a broken yolk□
But not from a broken heart a broken yolk
But not from a broken heart a broken yolk.

Your ego is an egg
You wanted it to roll straight
But it just annoyingly rolls back to you
Your love is the same its a hard boiled egg
It goes rancid as soon as she looks at you.

You can't leave her now
Now she makes your toasted soldiers
And cries in the dead of night that you might
You can't leave her now
Now you've made her that death till we do part vow.

Mark Heathcote

Siren

Heart-
Open
Sing your song
Start drum throbs now
Yes, lifelong, belong
My love, perceive, forsworn
You must here promise now this morn;
By the early break of dawn, climb
Footsore, mountains lovelorn up to where
At the summit; waterborne you're a siren.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We All Carry A Bible Inside Of Us

We all carry a Bible inside of us
Our, own set of rules and standards
But ask do we give praise enough?
For those that love, abide with us.

It's hard to take others best advice;
Misguided at times, we all believe
We're the ones who are always—right
And not take offence, start to criticise.

It's hard accepting we could be wrong
Harder, still believing we're misguided:
It's harder, still if we're use to preaching
Say, you know what? You were right.

We all carry a Bible inside of us
Our, own set of rules and standards
But ask do we love ourselves enough?
To let others see, we're not all that gruff.

Mark Heathcote

Lost And Found Identity

I have a heart of ice; I think it's nice
But don't be shocked, don't be all open-mouth
"Friends are for life", nothing kept, imprecise
There are glaciers to both the north and south.

And passages to the Himalayan east
Where the Himalayan condor has his
Sky burial feast; but I'm from the West
Nor does England reside in that abyss.

I have a heart of ice; I've said it twice
I'll not say it again; I have a heart of ice
Look now I've said it thrice, sorry! Look I
Exaggerate; I don't have a heart of ice.

I have a distant Irish heritage
That puts the music in my soul and the
Penny's in my pocket; it's all verbiage.
"I lost an eye" because of a Belfast man, blah...

A friend's misplaced accent caused offence
Speaking his own forgotten native tongue
When another guy thought he'd dispense
His own, brand of justice, let loose and swung-

A punch flooring me for doing no wrong:
I have a heart of ice; I think it's nice
"Friends are for life", erelong, livelong...
And that's all I've got to say that'll suffice.

Mark Heathcote

A Timbuktu Peasant From The Street

With bottle tops, a watch strap weaved in her hair
She's an enchantress she's a Witchy affair.

Her full lips pouting push forward blushed with gold
Poorer than a jackal, too proud to be sold

Eyes full of intrigue they're the portals to her soul
She's been here before: too difficult to control.

Men kneel at her, feet; Kings bow in defeat:
She's just a Timbuktu peasant from the street.

Her allure is regal, pride-unwavering
She won't eat with pigs her life want's savouring.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seventh Heaven

There are seven ways to devour a cake
the first let its delicious smell intoxicate you
the second is to let your eyes self-implode.
The third gaze in lustful desire,
the fourth to perspire-and-drool
the fifth has to be a fingertip lick
the sixth is a sin when you cut within
and the seventh is simply seventh heaven.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

One Dark Stand

One dark stand against the world
can light up and ignite the universe.
The voice of change for justice
is fierce; unafraid it can't-be-coerced
it strikes fear in evil men's stomachs.

One dark stand against the world
can lead the enslaved to freedom
break the chains that bind the unbeaten
and lead us all to a midnight vigil
and all it takes is 'one individual.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Share Your Hopes

I share your hopes
I share your desires.
I share your heart
I share your religion.
So then we're parcelled just the same.
Remove your skin.
And we are kin
And that's what's the simple shame.
Forget this stuff of flesh & blood.
It just muddies up the waters.
Then silty fester up a living swamp.
So now we're parcelled just the same.
But it isn't in the marrow of us all.
That, that useless-wasteful fat
That pollution we call political ideology.
It's always the few who are bad.
And brothers, that's what's the simple-shame
That's the meaning of their game.
I share your hopes
I share your desires.
I share your heart.
I share your religion.
But not their greedy ideology
I like most of you just study their criminology.
Pray, I don't share any of their genealogy.

Mark Heathcote

Let Them Build Into Ledgers

Love, pen me your innermost thoughts
darling so that my heart may whorl
and, sense under candlelight the moths
madness to dance and burning twirl.

I want to read my sweet pangs
in your wings patternation
I want to touch, remove masks
read and find no imitation.

Like Yeats & Maud Gonne's letters
send me your best-written love poems
let them build into ledgers
that account for our burning coals.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who'll Fall Headlong First?

In their throes of love, a tree rocks
Back and forth, roots near uplifted
Hold tight; a fear a paradox-
Comes to them, all subsidised.

They are like two forests embracing
Second, guessing the changing wind
Who'll fall headlong first? Heart racing
Will forever be intertwined?

The other will be entangled
By a Virginia creeping vine—
It will turn from a wild spangled-
Green; to something a lot more sublime.

Their love shall carpet the ground
Spread scarlet waves across the sky
The horizon shall look tie-dyed
Rose dimpled like a rainbow trout.

In their throes of love the world shakes
Down the blossom on the budding bough
It opens secret hearts endow
With gifts therein all-time forsakes.

Mark Heathcote

Interwoven

We're composed of shadows meeting on the lawn
our bodies bump like boats in the boathouse
yearning to cut through waves, leave at dawn.

I sail into the sunlight with my spouse
hand in hand while our free hands-oar the air
pluck marigolds; she wears one in her hair.

These hot summer days are long and golden
while the morning dew freshens the meadow
where we lay till our shadows are interwoven.

Foundered boat like creaking like a cello
all starlight & music, not a single
-shadow, hereafter, did intermingle.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Crab Claws Of The Moon

The crab claws of the moon held my breath
In its pincers, I am all out of breath
And nearing death, because I loved her/you
—I'm chronologically wiser than are you
Said the wan moon loves me instead:
I can just as well make your eiderdown bed.
She has on my onyx complexion:
But your hearts lead feather shall fall from her bed
And never reach the floor—when all is said.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Could Be Eco-Lovers

We could be eco-lovers
adopt a 'hands-on' approach
we could be gentle sisters & brothers
let ignorance breed, fan its flames
and isolate itself, who are we-to-reproach-
ourselves against these hell-bent folk;
let us shut our ears
close our eyes, lock our doors.
Really, who is to blame?
Political correctness wires all our jaws
it's all part of the government course
to breed hatred to divide,
as divided-we-fall
we could be eco-lovers
refuse to vote
but then who on earth would steer the boat.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is But Only Four Seasons

Love is but only four seasons
the first is spring apple blossom kissed.
The second when songbirds sing less succinct
the third when autumn fruits are all prefixed
the last when hearts are one, no longer coexist.
Love is but four seasons
but with each, there is never any thriftiness.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Heart Of A Bedouin Traveller

The heart should pitch side to side like a tent
giving every foe and friend some shelter;
sandstorms circle your tent and give vent
to its anger, who are they to swelter-
raise and break the calm, all placid temper. □

Shouldn't—they'd-better foresight, well, perhaps-
they're not your betters; they're not, your keeper
your heart should pitch, but it should not collapse.
your heart should learn from its fragility,
learn old lessons from those Bedouin; those-

desert nomads—show hospitality
towards other traveller's, guide, help foes
protect them like they were your family. □
Cultivate a heart of neutrality,
but one that gives generously, freely.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Such A Love

Such a love; mortality won't dwindle
Like the starlight, a star, lost, struck from the sky
You and I know where it'll rekindle
Without, saying that hello or goodbye.

We won't discover it in a photo!
That's too distant a sky; just search your heart
You'll not require angel wings rococo-
Their styles too artificial self-absolved.

All you need to do now is remember
Ah, every second we spent together
And not one paper cut-more can dismember
A minute an hour a millimetre;
Of what we shared in total surrender
As, when we were each other's, loving, avenger.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Same As Looking At The Stars

Who do you—think, you are
What are you looking at
—How did I address that?
When I look into your eyes
It's the same as looking at the stars.
When we each wondered if
If, either they're dead or alive.

The world is cynical.
Your eyes are cylindrical.
They're the only two stars; left in the sky.
I sense I haven't seen enough to know.
I sense I haven't seen enough of them.
Not even if I look into them
Unblinking, until-I, go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Can't Answer Every Question

I can't answer every question sweet-child
my mind is not a camera - it is
a wide river running forever wild
it takes a panoramic view - it is
a-ladle in the hot-soup-bowl of life
I am but bread and water the gruel.
That passes from hand to mouth still rife.
With all the waters that, fountain jewel.

Spring up or falls-down on you, the moist dew□
that trembles pearly now have more answers.
Then all the scientists and birds-singing—view.
Ah, crystal thoughts hang on you with lanterns-
lit and yet child, you think my heart is glib,
while believing woman; was made a slave
to carry and fetch for you—of one rib,
was not the world made, my dear, little, knave?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fig Limerick

Johnny'd a fig in his britches ripe
it was big and round and archetype
and very good for cooking.
Fannies - pie wanted, filling.
'No! No! This won't do, it's still unripe.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Consumerism

They're like a row of patients needing saline.
Yes, stock markets can crash and trampoline,
what happened, wasn't they the dream machine?
Were times back then lean and unforeseen?

I look at this old photo and think how-wasteful
it's wholly obscene; how can it happen?
Consumerism isn't it distasteful
that these cars sit idle here covered in bracken.

It's like a vintage drive-in movie scene
24 redundant automobiles
lined up, and not one has any gasoline.
There were never any ownership deals
-in place for these, rusted-up tired old wheels.
It paints a picture and what it reveals.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Soul Mates

What if we were raindrops and together
emerging, we then fell out of our heaven
separated ah, yes, but not within
say we're detached, yet birds of a feather.
We can fall and freeze just as does snowflakes
but on our descent, we'll follow each other
in our spiral falls, we'll sleep as soul mates
melting each into the other, my lover
say, wouldn't it be fun if we were hailstone
falling on the heads of those living ghosts
all waxy pale, and cold, frozen to the bone
hey, say love wouldn't it be something to boast-
if we were tears in two lovers' happy eyes-
laughing loudly, looking up to the skies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sphinx-Moth

Insects such as the nocturnal sphinx-moth
Pollinate these flowers, these stars
What are we if not nocturnal flowers-
Ourselves in our, own lunar cycles
We are the: Night Bloom Water Lilies.
The Night Gladiolus, Moon Flowers,
A naked man, a sitting figure, hands-on head.
Body leant forwards, feet together
Legs outstretched. Elbows on knees
Where the shadows fall, we now see
Eye sockets and an open jaw.
He looks for the world like a skull
When pictured moonlight lit from above
But he too is just a flower in need of love.
He too is a nocturnal sphinx-moth
Waiting to pollinate his nocturnal flowers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Kingfisher

What if God were a kingfisher
you and I was a fish, would you hide
would you go, play, hide & seek?

Since I have welcomed death
of death, I have no fear
so-I-welcome the kingfisher of souls.

To snap me up when my time is near
sure enough, I shall not fight
struggle as he holds me midair in flight.

Fish gills shut tight; let mouths be, opened
let every fish scale suit of armour fall
when it's time to answer his inanimate call.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Alien Abduction

I can't doubt you—you're my best friend on earth
I can't doubt you because my heart's under attack
how can I doubt you, when you're my universe?
I'll stand rooted to this spot like an insomniac.

I'll wait here to hear your footsteps crush somewhat.
I'll wait here for you if it takes years or months
I'm going nowhere, you can't destroy me as such.
I'll take your insults darling, that's the crux...

You can't punch a hole in my biosphere dear
you can't tilt the axis of my hemisphere
it's an alien abduction, but I can't wave adieu
because I've no doubt, I still have some faith in you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tinnitus

The noise is constant-unending
It's almost intolerable to bear.
Noise, noise, noise, loud whistling
NOISE! Sir! You've just got to just grin & bear.
'I can't take the constant drumming.
TINNITUS, DOCTOR IS THERE A CURE'
Uh, unsure, have you ever tried humming
Something-soothing 'WHAT A BUCKETFUL OF MANURE.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fortune Teller

She held the sphere within her grasp
And took a long, pausing look at him
He's missing a band on his third finger
It's what his other free-hand does clasp

She held the sphere within her grasp
And took another long look at him
His brogue told her that he was a Tinker
Clothes tarmac oily and skin tanned.

She held the sphere within her grasp
She thought to herself while still gawping
Now that's my kind of man; there's no glitter
You just get what it says on the can.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Weeds Of Neglect

Our love hasn't yet pleaded poverty,
but there are days, my dear - it goes hungry.
Do you think our love has a life, condemn?
That withers away like our last encounter.
It's bled so much like a cut flower stem
it withers; shrivels like a burnt flower.
It rolls its head into the shadows cool, hem.
Here, not even the wild mint can tower.
Above the weeds of neglect left to grow
they've divided us like Juliet & Romeo.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poets' Hearts Are Bitterly Proud

If only I could control my anger
Turn it from a volcanic ash cloud
Of simmering hot water vapour
From a furry, a rage to a whimper
But poets' hearts are bitterly proud
They reside each under a thundercloud.
Hoping, praying for rain, for a rainbow
Arching, palms to palms like a halo.
A lightning bolt that's some charged words
Something hovering, with hummingbirds.
If only I could control my passion
Fasten it down with more dispassion.
But poets' hearts are tempered, annealed
It takes years for them to bend and yield.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Trailer Gone

The trailer gone, she got away and left me
She unhitched and jackknife and left me
I don't know what I've done wrong
The trailer gone, she got away and left me
She unhitched and jackknife and left me
I don't know what I've done wrong
I don't know what I've done wrong
But now I'm all alone,
The trailer gone, she got away and left me
Now I'm left feeling lonely, alone
The trailer gone, she took all my goods and left me
The trailer gone, she took everything
I don't know what I've done wrong
The road is empty don't know if I can make it alone.
She unhitched and jackknife and left me
I'd call her a bitch, but she's my loving-doll
I guess it was my alcohol
The trailer gone, she got away and left me
I guess it was my alcohol
I'd call her a bitch, but she's my loving-doll
The trailer gone, she took everything
And Jackknifed me!
I don't know what I've done wrong!
The trailer gone, she got away and left me
She's unhitched and jackknife and left me
I'd call her a bitch, but she's my baby doll.

Mark Heathcote

It's Never Been Dated...

There was a morning last summer
Not quite like any other
But it's never been dated ever
It's that moment we got together
Sure, it was the day that changed the weather
All that miserable weather forever
Made your hair curl
Made your heart unfurl
Made your soul whirl
It's that moment the ice melted
And you let out a yearning cry
Ah, it's that moment you perfected
How to kiss, transmogrify
And move, shake your hips
It's never been dated
But there was a morning last summer
Not quite like any other
But it's never been dated ever
It's that moment we got together
Sure, it was the day that changed the weather
All that miserable weather forever
I had to put my good book down
And fall down the well
And hope I wasn't headed to hell.
There was a morning last summer
Not quite like any other
But it's never been dated ever
It's that moment we got together
Sure, it was the day that changed the weather
All that miserable weather forever
Made your hair curl
Made your heart unfurl
Made your soul whirl
It's that moment the ice melted
And you let out a thawing yearning cry
Ah, it's that moment you perfected
How to kiss, transmogrify
And move, shake your hips
It's never been dated

It's never been dated
It's never been dated
But its unmitigated, unqualified
Absolute I'm in love with you!

Mark Heathcote

Silent Meditation

What does it purport to be this silence
This inner peace, this blessed inner calm
Surely there is no such thing as silence
Do these sprout stalks from the cardamom?
Make no sound; hold a conch shell to your ears
Do you not hear far off a distant sea?
Isn't this universe chattering /squeal
Somehow like incessantly, you and me?

□

Abstention is good, as long as it doesn't
Separate the ocean reverberating
my heart shores will sit around a jolt
Refraining has its good points elevating.
Vibration is matter reshaping matter
That's why every snowflake is individual
No two things are; have the same strata.
Isn't that why; your soul is cognitional?

It too is a star burning grass-blades
It too is the keeper of many tomorrows
Silence a dead space in-between blockades
When you yawn, your spirit also borrows.
But not from the silence, oh, but not
From this silence, our own, universe
Singing, mocking with every kilowatt
Molecule and atom vibrating immerse.

Mark Heathcote

It's Never Been Dated

There is a morning in the summer
Not quite like any other
But it's never been dated ever
It's that moment we got together
Sure, it was the day that changed
All the miserable weather forever.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's Just Hard Luck

The face of poverty is here again
The silent vagrant without a friend
Sits cross-kneed watching businessmen
In suits and ties condescend-

Their needs, filling pockets out of greed
They aren't moved by the homeless
They all stand together, black-millepede
Looking at you like you're dead begonias.

They aren't bothered that your livelihood
Was destroyed, they made a fast buck
Let's not kid ourselves theirs no brotherhood
When they look at you, it's just hard luck.

Oh, and if you're lucky they might just put
A few old silver coins in your flannel cap
Maybe enough to feed that bed companion
That sad old greyhound dog sat on your lap
Have a nice day, sir! Don't forget to come back.

Mark Heathcote

The Day Yana Went Shopping

Yana saved all her birthday money and went shopping, momma, I want a doll. Then Yana, I shall take you to the toy shop in Posyet harbour. No momma, I want an old doll... A frayed and worn-out doll; one that has been loved & needs loving again. Momma, yes, my child, momma I want us to make her a new dress. Lots and lots of new dresses, lots... Then Yana dear takes my hand, I think I know just the place to put a smile on your pretty 7yr old face.

Taking a right and then a left down this narrow, steep cobbled street: Yana followed her momma Svetlana Osborn down into the harbour seafront and to a little blue doorway. Its locket said Yana, nervously, no silly it's just stuck give it a good old push use your shoulder put your back into it. Yana pushed as Svetlana had instructed and sure enough, it opens. Is it a sea treasure shop momma, yes Yana it is a sea treasure, shop, full of old unloved things needing to be loved again? Ooh, I like all the china teacups and the hats on the hatstand. But where are all the dolls? Yana dear, go look under the stairs.

Momma, look, there's a dolls house, here! Yes, Yana that's right, dear! Yana went snooping around.

Beneath the cobwebs like small fishing nets hung to catch children may be. Momma, I think I've found her. The good child brings her to the window and shows me what you've found. Momma, she spoke to me that is how I found her. Shush child it was only the seagulls lets take her home to see papa.

But momma she did she spoke to me, shush child it was only the wind in the attic.

Papa! Papa looks what I've bought she's my very own and she talks to me. Does she, said Viktor leaves her with me Yana whilst I clean my pipe and return your coat to the closet? Viktor picked her up and turned her over. Do you mind, sir! Said a voice small as a mouse. Do you mind, sir! Do you mind, sir!

Viktor shouted get this here creature out of my house.

Mark Heathcote

Cougar Sunflowers

It withers; shrivels like a burnt sunflower
It rolls its head in the long shadows hiding
But that's not, enough, I need more gunpowder!
I need more in my life. No good, subsiding-

I need fireworks daily, need passionate lips
Pressed to mine, I need a furnace, hot burning
A life companion - I don't give internships...
If you think you're the man, it'll need, confirming:

Because I'm still searching, and Lord, knows I'm no
Spring chicken, my minds all confused now young man
You've got my heart feeling like well-kneaded dough
I'm putty in your hands don't you know, door jam-
□

Your future, don't turn your back on me, I'm yours
Come; pretty sunflower lolling, in the shade
I'll show you the sun, so make your overtures□
I need fireworks are you young don't be afraid.

Mark Heathcote

Life's A Diamond

Life's an exquisite; diamond a stone
That's daily turned toward the light and cut
Sometimes inner calm—others a cyclone
An uprooted heartache, pain in the gut.
Yes, each slice is a painful reminder
How difficult it is to lose in love
But if you remain, true and act kinder
Always being grateful and thankful of
Each new twist and turn, life can be precious
Good, or bad with a little acceptance
We can grow strong, steadfast like cypresses
And turn our amber souls into carats
Many-faceted, on a whole faultless
Happy midst highest or lowest solstice.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Control The Outposts Of My Mind

You control the outposts of my mind
I want to parlay with you in the backroom
On a soft sofa, I'll lie on my back
Honey makes some pony saddle room
I want to gaze at those two lunar moons.
Oh, Honey, you control the seasons
You control the star's excretions
The heaving breaths under my folding ribs,
The danger thrusts zeniths
The raw flesh kisses under your fingertips.
You control the outposts of my mind
The avalanche snows waiting always inclined
Honey, you lead the wilder beast down home
Through the mountain, pass... alone.
Honey, I want to parlay myself consigned.
Oh, Honey, you control the ways I think
You might think I'm dirt; but Honey, there's
There's 24ct gold in this unspoiled ground
If you'll be my jewel, I'll act less like a fool
And take you to my after school.
And teach you 1 add 1 make = 2
And eternally love you.

Mark Heathcote

Shades Of Grey

You know we are all the same shade of grey,
I guess only the strength of the sunlight
is different, when, we're, anchors aweigh
it's to the same destination gunfight.
It's to the same port, chasing the same loot
using the same sad bait, but possibly
or maybe played out to another flute
or tune; maybe just, just impossibly
made that little bit harder for a few,
as hard as breathing; living on the moon
there are many shades of grey, some subdued
you've to ask and make a choice of costume
who will you be? What will you wear, between
white and black, will you be Glaucous or gleam.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Sunset

My hearts river reaches far out to sea
I'm the water that has travelled thus far.
Circling the globe, it has returned to me.
I'm the sunset and the first evening star.
A Bedouin asleep in the desert:
Camping out alone, till you came to me
a mirage of wonder to be treasured.
Shone like the universe in a sari-
dress, like the Babylonian, gardens
her two full breasts, the honey and the milk
drinks me dry, she's no cacti and pardons,
I - but my river runs dry in the silk-
wefts of her warm flesh, I am the sunset
everything after being quiet subtext.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Halves Of A Clothes Peg

Warm and snug - tight like a turtleneck
Tightly wound and sprung together
There wasn't a lever, could apart-us ever
We were two halves of a clothes peg.

There was never a thread between us
We didn't fight about the missing sock
Our legs were never far apart or inverse
She didn't even care to wear a smock.

And faint fine lines didn't need collagen
We were both flushed with the vitality of life
The world was our garden of life
And, came sated everything to our appetites.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Canary Song

My lonely auntie Katherine
kept them till-they-croaked
but I, myself, don't keep canaries
I don't keep canaries
If they sing, then they can sing
If they cry, then they can cry
If they fly well-then-let-them fly
I, myself, don't keep canaries
I don't keep canaries.

I would rather die.
I would rather live-alone
then turn my home into a cage
and listen to their sad songs rage
but God knows I like them all
I like their happy vocalised-trill
but not their awful shrill
especially-if-they-feed me up pig-swill
I swear I'll swear it's-my free will.
My lonely auntie Katherine
kept them till-they-croaked
but I, myself, don't keep canaries
I don't keep canaries

They're like daffodils, better left unpicked
but God knows I like them all
so let me hear contradict myself
I've picked just one, and I love her to bits
she makes me sing.

She makes me cry
and at times, I wish that I could fly
but for her, I would die.
My lonely auntie Katherine
kept-them-till they croaked
but I, myself, don't keep canaries
I don't keep canaries.

Roulette

Despite our trivial, endeavours
life isn't a key broken, nor a glass shard-
turned to please; cut by millimetres.
Nor a jewel anyone should disregard
in-order, to pawn, repay debtors.

Neither is it a charming treasure either-
that keeps just one in warmth.
We're all as the wind on the ether-
one terse word transforms-
us into thunder a hellish transceiver.

The heart isn't a roulette wheel you spin
In the hope of making one man, smile.
the soul isn't a flower you nurture
or own disown or buttonhole pin-
in making, a connecting, merger.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Inquiry Into Friendship

The warm reciprocation of a smile
Is all it takes to bridge something, worthwhile?
So why then is it so many people frown
As if they've now, shared their own, eiderdown.

I do not know. Friendship is a handshake
With oneself an acceptance of a backache
One must carry like a turtle the world around:
Refusal implies; this is a battleground.

That you, yourself are entrenched in a war
That has no allies. Your hearts a matador
Red flag waving at an unruly bloodthirsty bull
Imagining your Chi's a carpet of lamb's wool.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dreams

Our dreams are precious flowers.
Ah, each one borne upon the wind
Comes-to-while-away the hours
Each blossom is a gift disinclined
To unlock her chamber embowers.

And nourishment is required.
So we must persevere in our faith
In whatever shells get misfired
We must overcome every malaise
And somehow remain awe-inspired.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hijab

Do her eyelids bat & her cheekbones blush?
Do they have their own, indigo embargo?
Which way do her almond eyes look?
Beneath her veil an impromptu, shush.
But do they look inwardly happy?
Or are they filled with bittersweet sorrow?
Do they share a glint of sunlight?
Or is they like sallow moonlight pale
What colour even are her precious eyes
Most likely they'll be brown in pigment,
And not almond-shaped but round
Isn't it intriguing how we avoided gazing?
In each other's eyes as though we all
Have on our very own two-tier bridal veil
Aren't-yet, willing to walk down that wedding aisle.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Last Words On The Titanic

Well guys what would they have been
It's really, hard to know for sure, I think
I'd ask the waiter to pour another drink
No, better still, hand me a bottle of gin.

'I'd think' is it time to be a hero or a laggard
'Ice' sir...? Is that meant to be funny mister?
Or absurd; abandon-ship the last transistor
I'd pray to God, that we were all-in port anchored.

I'd take a porthole panoramic lookout
'Sir, she is-going-down sir!
The Titanic she is-going-down, sir! '
And smoke one last final Cuban cigar~
Cadge one last kiss. Lips the colour of cinnabar
Ah, buoyancy, then acts as everyone else dumfound.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poetic Melody

Every heart has a poetic melody
doesn't every voice want some form of parity?
Like that alert; spring blackbird, flying back and forth
perched in boughs both low and high in treetops and gorse
flying unheard to nurture her own cherished world.

Aren't we full of song, aren't we too keeping them hushed?
Waiting, just the right moment in the morn, abrupt
to sing our hearts out rhythmically, pure and loud.
Isn't every breast full to bursting out in song?
All night long, all year long, all live lifelong.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Enchanted Bridge

An enchanted bridge no longer sides walled
overgrown a part of nature a lingering link
between more than two river banks galled
being separated by the waters, like buttermilk.
'One bank wooded the other a wild meadow
are singing to each other eternally wooing.'
Come across and sojourns here a while - echo!
On the bridge, they meet honeymooning.
Reproducing wildflowers and Pine cone trees
they're like two heavens emerging lost in beguile.
The enchanted bridge is like a gaping smile
reflected upwards from, the waters muddy lees
ah, how it is that many opposites attract
and establish ways in which to interact.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Conkers

Life is like a game of conkers
sometimes, you feel badly matched
not tough enough for those conquerors
who'll leave you all too easily dispatched?

Maybe I haven't hardened up enough.
Maybe I need soaking in brown vinegar.
Maybe my skin isn't thick enough.
Maybe I'm just a 10er to their 100er.

But isn't life like a game of conkers
the cheaters-always don't they do much better
With all that said, haven't you got to be bonkers?
Wanting willingly, wanting to play conkers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Divinity Of Sorts

Blest, aren't we with a divinity of sorts?
Isn't-life-following-some sort of grand design?
Love your love, isn't it a divinity divine
for me to take as mine and extort
in full payment, what is rightfully mine in kind?

'Love isn't just some rosy cul de sac
nor is it a brief roll-in-the-haystack.
followed by a momentary lapse-
of memory a confession, I've amnesiac
love is a divinity of sorts; well, perhaps.

If you don't believe me take a good look
look outside and humbly gaze in awe
stare at all these treasures and wonders in store.
If-you-just-sail down the Panama Canal
of your heart what a venture you'll entrepreneur.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let The Wind Be My Publisher

Let it make dulcimer-music
let it circle the globe,
turn over the page & engage.
Fill your earlobes with beauty,
& when finally it's closing in
on its final chorus final chapter.
On the last concluding, word & hour
let it be, heard God said amen!
Thanks to my little birdsong, songbird
come with me & let us be,
let us be eternally good friends.
Hark! Now listen to the foolish wind-
how your music transcends and suspends.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Violet's Chatter

Violet's face to face turning in confession
Chatter in pleasant conversation in a green vestry of sins
Their heads all heavy lolling with dew,
They're looking up at me and you. Asking who are we
Think you're looking down on us with your double chins.
We're purer now than you you'll ever be
How rude you are trying to weed us apart
Is there no loveliness in your heart to depart?

□

We'll grow in stone, we need little don't you know
We are tough, we are strong and resilient
We don't ask for much a little rain a little sunshine
And we do fine. We don't quarrel we don't complain
We don't go waging wars or driving tanks. We just say thanks
Thanks for our little plot of earth of loam
We don't expand our girths out of greed
Just to triumph over the world dear with a burning ear.

Violet's face to face turning in confession
Chatter in pleasant conversation in a green vestry of sins
Their heads all heavy lolling with dew, in the grass
They're looking up at me and you. Asking who are we
Think you're special think the Lord loves you only dear
Don't you know every dewdrop is a tear shed for you?
Trying to cure every wilful ill you do
Trying to purify every ill, you have ever caused.

Ah, we'll grow in stone, we need little don't you know
We are tough, we are strong and resilient
We don't ask for much a little rain a little sunshine
And we do fine. We don't quarrel we don't complain
And we don't destroy our heavenly home
But nothing for you is ever enough, you strip every leaf,
Turn ever stone, turning mercury poison into gold
Doesn't it matter child what happens to your flowering soul?

Mark Heathcote

Do You Remember Walking Retiring On Sleeping Feet?

Do you remember walking retiring on sleeping feet?
When we were little more than three
Oh, how we always held hands, we plodded on heavy feet
We were like two crumple leaves
Do you remember how we were?
How we were the universes, unwilling guests
Do you remember how we were?
When we cried and dried a wet tear, always falling back.
We did not need counting sheep
After a long day of play climbing up the stairs
We'd of a hammock in a nearby crescent moon
Took whatever bitter medicine mother puts on a spoon.
Do you remember how good it felt falling back into bed?
In new folded bed linen sheets.
Do you remember walking retiring on sleeping feet?
When we were little more than three
Like too tired spirited weary garden bees
Retiring to our beds, like two crumple leaves
With a kiss, the breath of mothers tired sighs on our lips.
Do you remember walking on sleeping heavy feet?
With a song, music; playing in your corn doll head
And mildew in the heavenly clouds as we slept.
Do you remember how we'd fret about the dark?
How we clung on to a ball of starlight in our hearts that never went out.
Oh, how much would you give to plod on heavy feet back there again?
To fall back into bed with new crisp folded bed linen sheets.
When we were little more than three
Like too tired spirited weary garden bees
Retiring to our beds, like two crumple leaves
With a kiss, the breath of mothers tired sighs on our lips.

Mark Heathcote

Panties

Hang your panties on the line and dance
There's no time to weep
Hang your undies in the sun in the breeze
Dance and bend your knees
Peg them bloomers, let them blow
Live your life like you're naked and happy,
Whistle in the air, wear a floppy big-hat.
Be happy you aren't a baby with legs chafing.
Be happy your neighbour steals your silks and fancies you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Darling, You Might Want To Eat Me

I might sit on a web waiting to be eaten
but that does not mean to say that I am smitten
only that I, is twice-shy and have been bitten
and I'm not afraid of love or being eaten.

No, I'm not afraid, and I just want you to know.
No matter how this goes darling, I won't blame you.
No matter how high we go, I don't get vertigo.
No matter how this goes darling, I won't blame you.

Darling, you might spin me a delicate web of lies.
That's okay as long as I believe you've found your prize.
That's okay as long as I don't have to compromise-
and we've got something we can both galvanize.

Darling, you might want to eat me.
Darling, I'm not surprised I feel the same way as you.
I want to eat you too.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Take In The Light Of My Soul

Your eyes are two black pearls of anger
That I can't
Thread a bead of light through right now
That I can't
String or connect with much less anyhow
That I can't
Lift the doldrums from
So I'll leave you to languor
Till your two black pearls of anger
Take in the light of my love.

Your heart is a zealous fire leaping to conclusions
That I can't
Dampen, I can't control
That I can't
Persuaded to trust, I believe, only tears, do I cajole?
That I can't
Begin to understand or fathom
So I'll leave you to yourself delusions
Till your two black pearls of anger
Take in the light of my soul.

Mark Heathcote

Come Now Everyone Keeps A Little Back Unsaid

Hands cupped clenched brooding in silence
Curdle; make buttermilk of your heart
When, anger beats its drum, your souls
In mortal shock, wants only to depart.

Every face has a story, a page to scan and read
Do you think you know me well—you don't?
You don't know my every chapter and verse —
Do you believe you've been, misled?

Do you believe you've-been coerced
Do you think you know me well enough, you don't?
Does a leopard drop all her spots?
Free-rent does a spider give up her web?

Something's are-better-left in the darkness with God
Come now everyone keeps a little back unsaid:
Do you think you know me well enough, you don't?
Don't all ripe apricots have a pit a stone?
Just be sure when you eat me
You eat me whole.

Mark Heathcote

Be Who God Wants You To Be

Be who God wants you to be
walk in his footprints; it's your vocation in life
to follow in these simple footsteps
whom you are-meant-to-be.

Look, this isn't just some form-of-happenstance
perchance, it was the wrong way.
You'll get warning signs every step of the way
Karma has a funny way of turning us around.

And if we don't listen, then the chips are face down
and like a weak swimmer, you'll-certainly-drown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Temporal Vision

A temporal vision
That's what I had
When I was a child
I walked not as a lad,
But as a lord or was I a man
Wandering; wistfully, blissfully tall
Wild and mad, hand in hand
Ghost like across the land
Through fields of thick low lying fog.
Did I trace the wind backwards through its red iron clay root?
Trace it back to the core of a cavern in the mouth of a cave
Back into them dank, dark smells of England's thorn and fire
Green-oaks tall as a bluebells spire
English yews soft, scented, with a slow-growing desire.
A temporal vision
A fox, a hare, a nightingale's stoic stares
The spleen of a river cutting through...stone, sky, and air
Bringing with it mouth-watering joys of despair.
In a country lane
Where a noise-filled highway, railway train
Disturbs a stoat
A stickleback in its watery throat
Electrical in her belly of light
Where the white owl flicker of a woodland, night
Seethes in the silence with earth, roaring nerves
Temporal as a winter's frost
Temporal with the joys of a childhood lost.

Mark Heathcote

Her Work

Her workbench is a tale of art
brushes of every size lay in wait
she says it's heaven to spoil her-self
paint and pamper and decorate.

My job is to look my very best
and to put out my chest, pose and smile.
Wink in the right direction if it-
serves me well; I'll put you under my spell.

Hair blonde, then purple and pink the next?
Body inked, all is a canvas, and nothing is real.
The hair, the eyelashes, her teeth-whitened
and even her face has had a peel.

An all-over body tan straight from
a spray can, isn't it obligatory
to then carry a Pomeranian a-
Pekingese, a Shih Tzu in a Chanel bag.

'I wear Stuart Weitzman heels, baby,
I've-got-status, baby, to hell with you.'

Mark Heathcote

All Our Prayers

Is this life all fire and brimstone?
How crudely my heart is chipped-away
Imprisoned elaborately, carved like bone.
Lord, is my poor soul, its stowaway?
Does it form some, sort of Fabergé egg?
Shaped by all these torments of hell
Most of my life has been statuesque
Lord, who will finally break its shell
... All our prayers are with you & yours.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fish Out Of Water

It's now you feel like a fairground fish
Sloshing around waiting and hoping
That, that bag doesn't burst.
Fall apart in the clutches of her damp palms
Waiting for that, first open mouth kiss.
I'll lick your wounds if, you'll lick mine
You lick my wounds, and I'll lick yours
That, that must be how it all began, healing
It takes many years and a lot of liquor
Then hearts once again learn how to quiver.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Till All The Leaves Have Fallen

We are shadows interlinking-one-another
Till all the leaves have fallen
We are shadows interlinking-one-another
Passing through one another—till
Till all the leaves have fallen
Cast aside by autumn, we have our summer
Passing through one another—till
Till all the leaves have fallen
We have our shadows interlinking-one-another
For one whole shared season, with each other
Till all the leaves have fallen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Different Flight Paths

Lost in her contours
Contours I've kissed and-tore-into.
Shorelines-eroding yearly is now-absent
Leaving me clinging to the gable end of our home
Like a cliff dwelling bird a cormorant in winter
Begging a sea change—plots a new course.

Let's not Segway around each other
Let us Segway around the stars
Cause every need is ours
Let's us collide with and beyond our outer limits.
Oh come, come circling with me my white tern
Let us fall crash together with a centrifugal force.

Love, cannibalize-my-heart eat it raw like sushi
Here, let me carve that tenderised choice part
You said you weren't hungry enough for yet.
Love let us drive these sea fogs back that blinds our eyes
Let us not fight, let us not fight
Let us not separate, take different flight paths.

Mark Heathcote

Pretence Play

Who will be Captain Hook? "Let it be me"
Who will be Peter Pan? "Let it be me"
Who will be the Lost Boys? "Eh, let it be us"
Who will be pirate crewmen Mr Smee?
"Oh please, let that be me"
"He the only man that Jas. Hook had feared."

And who will be Tinker Bell,
And who will be Wendy,
"I will be Tinker Bell, "
"Ooh and, I will be Wendy, who is she? "
And who will be Tiger Lily?
And do any of you know the story?

... I've watched it twice on the telly
It's boring.
I've seen it at the theatre
And I agree it's boring...
I've played it on my Xbox 360 Ms...
And it's just for babies. It's really boring.

Right, let's all pose for a photograph! ☐
Right, that's all - well and done, thank you, class.
Ms what do we do in pretence play...
Right, Class all dismissed, be on your way.

Mark Heathcote

Johnnies Bowled Over In Fits Of Laughter

Johnnie climbs on the fold-down bus seat
Next to the luggage holder
Isn't he sweet isn't he a monkey very chirpy?
He stands and shimmies up the pole
And slides back down like a fireman's pole.

A ginger little Charlie Chaplin
Only this isn't a silent black and white movie.
Up and down, up and down he goes
His mother looks on as if she's very proud
He's grinning ear to ear, look mummy dear...

Mummy rocks the pram in front of her
Johnnie dear; don't wake the baby, dear!
Jonnie peeps in on his sis shouting don't press it!
Don't press it! Don't press that blue button, sis!
Sis, don't it's naughty.

Johnnie then presses it, I didn't do it.
I didn't do it, mummy, aw, isn't she naughty.
Then bus pulls over, Johnnies bowled over
In fits of laughter, mummy, isn't this driver a nitwit?
Sis, he shouts you shouldn't have done it.

Mark Heathcote

Holi

Explore the colours of life
Before the curtains close
And all shades are lit equally exposed
Dance and sightsee a diamond sky
Hold my hand while I learn to fly.

Let us love one another beneath a rainbow arc
Let us join both ends of this rainbow's arc
With our hearts and minds
Across whatever waters divide us
Let us explore the colours of our lives intermingled.

Let us arise and flower.
Let us find new ways to mix oil and water
Let us explore the colours of our life
Before the curtains close
Share in our lives all happily together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How We Too Are Now Like Gulliver

Two worlds collide as we close our eyes
Synaptic pathways jolt leap-highways.
Second, I sleep, I-visualize
And frequent paradoxes - byways-

Strange new worlds now appear from nowhere
Cities sprawl into ancient jungles.
Lost at sea, we search for some polestar
But like Alice in wonderland, it puzzles.

How we too are now like Gulliver
Ostensibly we're-bigger now-smaller
Apparently-shorter, and then we're taller
While we hear odd music on a dulcimer

We hear on the wind finding our wings.
Float amongst non-existent heavens
Drift deeper into the labyrinth
Of Lilliput, Lilliputian, devils.

Dreams they're vaporous mystical things
Flights of Icarus they've tragic themes.
Falling on mountains of daffodils
They can warn us of our own, extremes.

Mark Heathcote

Ever Wakeful He's A Shepherd Now

Once upon a time, upon a time
in a dangerous mountainous climb
a child got lost sleepwalking from camp
he was a bonnie little lad a scamp.
And when he finally awoke, he cried
no one was around he was horrified
but slowly he gathered his senses
and dispensed with all his pretence's
he followed the river downstream
he dreamt his nightmare was just a dream.
And before the sunset in the sky,
back at the camp, there wasn't a dry eye;
after that bells were-tied to his ankle's-
to awaken his parents and companions
but he never went sleepwalking again.
Back in Scotland, he wanders the glen
ever wakeful now he's a shepherd
seeing his flocks don't to go unfettered.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Could Be Warmer Love If I'm Honest

Ice on windows, static as dead feathers
That is how I see our lives, love, right now
Yes, it's still beautiful love, it weathers
But it could be much more; it could be snow
Piling up at the door, it could be clouds
Whirling in the mountains forming rainbows
Could be the place white-water rapids joust
Where the trout wore spotted waistcoats.
It could be those unblemished dew drops
Be those tears of laughter when love was strong
And pure like a bubbling spring-like sutras
Read in medieval time's condensed—song!
It could be warmer love if I'm honest
Be more affectionate, as you promised.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just As We Do

Just as we do
God needs a spoonful of medicine
Every-now and again
That is why lamps require paraffin
And clocks need a pendulum
Our flesh & blood needs a skeleton
Just as we do
God needs a spoonful of medicine
Every-now and again
I know our ailments are of no comparison.
And that's why He's so meddlesome.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Gold Foil

Here amid the layers of golden autumn
the crisp and not-so-crisp leaves fall
them that are extra-large—them that are small
drop to form mulches for their absorption
in a nearby churchyard, this-reminds-me
of that patchwork portrait of Adele Bloch,
each - gold foil - each square pattern on-her-frock
Gustav Klimt made shimmer, here wintrier
As-if-she were transcended here from above
her hands still clutching some warmth about to
press home gold leaf hearts-into-honeydew.
tracery airbrush souls on a hairbrush
to the canvas edge while serenely
looking coy looks on in all naivety.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Borne On One Branch Of Thought The Same

'Now you are me' you are not just with me
as you read, our thoughts are intertwined
and momentarily, we are all-one-and the same
here we both pause together consigned.

For now, we are redefined and like a raceme
with pedicel, flowers were both combined
to one stem, one branch of thought the same
that flower's another line in a poem of verse.

That flower's another blossom in the universe.
'Now you are me' you are not just with me
for now, we are redefining and like that raceme-
flowers, borne together, we are the lily of the valley.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Saving The Best Until Last

All your hearts music thus far was an overture
it's a matinée, a prelude to what is the real affair
it was a practice run saving the best until last.
Your thoughts are transparent as the morning vapour
your love is priceless it soaks me right through
your voice has likened a harmony it is music mid-air.
I'm always waiting for you in the middle of a story
waiting in the wings to open each-and-every chapter
I know you feel the same way by the way that you stare
your love is the vitality I feel quickening my pulse
your scented like a musk rose slightly pungent
it's hypnotic just-to-breathe the same languid air
knowing these overtures are now finally finished
our recitals of love are now set as the main event
this-was very pleasing to all the birds & bees
who'd second-guessed it, given to rapturous applause?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

People Pray

People pray; give me absolution
Take my sins away
Make me a better person today
But seldom, does it happen that way.

People pray for friends and family
Many ask for more security—prosperity
Lord, send some more money, hope my way
I'll promise not to squander it, blow it all away.

People pray for their own, difficulties
Pray for others of a natural disaster
Lord, take care of my sister & brother
Lord, take good care of my mother & father.

People pray for other people of a different faith or of no faith
Lord, we are all dandelion seeds scattered to the four winds
Lord, water these poor thirsty folk
Prevent them from leading empty lives, from going to hell broke.

Some people pray for their enemies
Ask on their behalves for forgiveness
Repent, preaching the ten commandments of Moses
As they share useless, hollow, condolences.

These people pray, give me absolution
Take my sins away
Make me a better person today
But seldom, does it happen this way.

I pray Lord; all these seeds don't find religion
But-just learn to flower and flourish anyhow
By any means, they too know-how
Not any day soon, but now.

Mark Heathcote

How Wrong Was I

Once I came close to your Magnum opus
I thought I was your inspiration
How wrong was I
Once I came close to your whispering soul
I thought I was its constellation
How wrong was I
Once I came close to the vortex of your heart
But I never entered, you didn't want me there
Oh, how I drowned in deep despair.
Once I thought you could be mine
And I thought silly me, I could fly
Oh how wrong was I
I fell hard like a stone from on up high
But never could I nullify her
So my heart learned to live in mourning every night.
Wishing one day she might even feel the same way.
Oh, how I drowned in deep despair.
Once I thought she could be mine
And then I thought silly me, I could fly.
Oh, how wrong was I?

Mark Heathcote

O Lord, Let Us Dance

O Lord, let us dance & skip our heart's content away
Whilst listening to Gaelic pipes let us fill our cups
And follow those amber lamps stars that glow by day
And keep our hearts chartered by a distant star
That hasn't turned dull leaden silver with apathy.
Dreaming to be good, and never, just superfluous:

O Lord, let us dance & skip our heart's content away
Let us tarry and climb your heights your winding stair
O, my Lord, I speak bluntly, but please answer our prayer.
Never just let us fall skip & dance without you in clear sight.
When hearts full of love and mead pour those waters contrite
Promise us we can be saved, climb on high despite all or what we be

O Lord, whatever you do don't spite me!
Just tell us... them, tell me we've all been saved that I'm with you.
That my sins are consigned, consumed never again to be exhumed.
That no one can curse me, call me evil and tar me.
O Lord I wait for the last standing sparrow and your cockcrow
O let us dance & skip our way home.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Winter Snow

Blue winter snow, I want to remember you that way
The way the river winds, drifts silently away
The way the Canadian geese v migrating home
I wanted to remember you crystalline, pristine.

I wanted to remember your haunting eyes Anemone
How they looked at me longing, midstream
In a dream, we shared like nothing ever dreamed before
Blue, numb bitten fingers cruelly unwarming like your body.

That never felt my loss when your inevitable melt came
Came all too well, dead, frozen deeply buried in melancholy
Blue winter snow, I wanted to remember you that way
The way the river winds, drifts silently away.

The way the Canadian geese v migrating home
Oh, maybe we'll meet again someday soon.
Blue winter snow, I want to remember you that way
The way the river winds, drifts silently away.

The way the Canadian geese v migrating home
I wanted to remember you crystalline, pristine.
I wanted to remember your haunting eyes Anemone
How they looked at me longing, midstream
Oh, I swear it was all a dream taken away.

Mark Heathcote

Exoskeleton

You must be my exoskeleton
Because whenever you leave me, I fall, down.
Because when you're not there to be found
I'm like a small child, looking around for you.

□

It's become clear to me, that you're like oysters to me.
You're an aphrodisiac
You're mouth and tongue contain amino acids
That triggers sexual hormones I just can't live without.
Oh, whenever I see you I need to wear gravity boots,
Simply to anchor me, hold me upright, support me.

Oh, you must be my exoskeleton
Because I'm floating into outer space
I'm lost; I'm all at sea
I'm a jellyfish weak at the knees without life support.

Oh, it's become clear to me
You're like the air that fills my lungs
Oh, it behoves me to kiss you
And drown in your sea, even if it's full of rebuffs...
It's you that buoys me, understands me.
Oh, you must be my exoskeleton
Oh, tell me now, how you love the bones of me.

Mark Heathcote

Rosa Mundi

'No excuse' has been given short-shrift
my heart is too cumbersome to lift.
A mop head rose after a shower.
Wish didn't care for him, didn't flounder.

I've given him his-marching-orders
he's told his last lie. I can't help but cry
the die has been cast. Bring in the lawyers
I'll show him thorns - a rose not to defy.

I'll cut him to ribbons. And show him
I can be bicolour like Rosa Mundi
the white of my heart of his crimson
splattering's laced imperturbably.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Scenic Road

I'm taking that Joshua Forest Scenic Road.
54 miles along Route 93 northwest of Phoenix
In Our 1953 Packard Clipper Sportster Sedan
The rarest Clipper made. There's no floweriness-
Here: hot sun, straight roads and distant mountains
It all brings back memories of being young.
Chrome flashes, no-roots no-place to call home
Just open road, a few bits of luggage slung
Crumpled in the backseat; destination,
Unknown, with a seven o'clock shadow,
Trailing behind us, hope to find a motel-
Soon, Jimmy Buffett's-incommunicado
Is on the radio & I feel like I'm-daydreaming
No worries to conceive clear roads ahead
The rest of my retirement-planned in my head
O, honey, just pass me another cigarette.

~or



PoemHunter.com

He's taking that Joshua Forest Scenic Road.
54 miles along Route 93 northwest of Phoenix
in his 1953 Packard Clipper Sportster Sedan
the rarest Clipper made. There's no floweriness-
here: Hot sun, straight roads and distant mountains
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crumpled in the backseat; destination,
unknown, with a seven o'clock shadow,
trailing behind him, hoping to find a motel-
soon, Jimmy Buffett's-incommunicado
is on the radio and it feels like-a-daydream
no worries to conceive clear roads ahead.
The rest of his retirement-planned in his head
oh, honey, just pass me another Marlboro cigarette.

Knife

Why don't you eat me now, are the words I heard you sang
They spoke to my heart and moved me in my liver
I am here you can eat me now, I will not shiver
Here I am, go on taste me on your tongue; I am seasoned.
I will not disappoint your pallet. I am not rancid
Eat me now, I long to feel your wet tongue taste me
I want your feedback, when you're lying on your back.
Why don't you eat me now, aren't you ravaged to know
How good I taste when in you plunge your sharpened knife.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

He Alone Can Assume Only Himself

He alone can assume only himself
Through His gaze I am a watercolour mix
Through His palm, like sand, I ask not to be released.

He tries like I would a child of the world
But I flit through His fingers
Like a small sandpiper bird.

He alone can assume only himself
And I in-his-grasp like oil and water
Cannot define these sanctioned living quarters.

Where oil and water mix freely
As if at no time they'd ever been divided.
But when I do. I'll assume all of you can too.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Small Words

Small words create large landscapes.

'I love you' oh see the condor fly-
into a razor-sharp sunset, lacerate
your heart and hope to die.

All love emancipated.

Small words create large landscapes.

Coffee pots & ashtrays
the smell of her morning pomades
as she remembers our forays
in what was to become an uncomplicated violet haze.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Say What's Meant The Best And Easiest Way

We all want to somehow outshine-Apollo
with our own branded musical sliding scale;
every voice wants to resonate like a nightingale
singing under the eaves beneath a Dog Star
we all want to improve our repertoire
say what's meant the best and easiest way,
Not be deterred, but spurred-on not turned away.

We all want something for nothing let-it-be-said.
And be praised, told, how you alone excelled.
For me, I want good mortar between my bricks.
We all want an easy, quick fix and to play worded-battleships.
For me, I want a solid foundation for my house-
irrespective of how many-
inseparable lunatics are licking their lips full of quips.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Is Love Beyond Loving?

What is love beyond loving? □

What is darker than the light?

When you're a ship in a bottle sailing—where.

Oh, if only I, could answer all your whispery prayers wailing

Change your compass make it spin in my heart everywhere

Turn those agitated blues into still calm waters.

Oh, why do you shiver, asking where we all come from and belong?

I wish I could say to you now, I'm not afraid to die alone.

I'm like you a siren. Don't you hear my song crying for you every night and day?

I'm an atomic clock my hearts a boiling pot

I want to go naked in the basement with you □

So, I can do it all again in heaven, with you.

What is love beyond all this endless loving? □

What is darker than that light?

When you're a ship in a boat sailing—where.

Oh, I'm a Nashville girl, baby

So shut your mouth around my tongue and kiss me

I want to break every spring in this here bed

And wake the thunder-waves of lightning in your head.

Oh, I'm a Nashville girl, baby

What is love beyond loving? □

What is darker than the light?

When you're a ship in a bottle sailing—where.

Oh, if only I, could answer all your whispery prayers wailing

Change your compass; make it spin in my heart everywhere.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is A Monument A House

Love is a monument a house when it's empty
Where the wind climbs the rickety spiral stairs
A ghost in her nightdress hovers in her penitentiary
Looking on dead golden pastures unawares
The beatings of her heart don't make a sound
Not one, chime crunch of leaves searching around.

Love is a monument a house when it's empty
Like a disused Sunday school with a piano
Playing only to a scarecrow looking back all edgy
In the distance black crows circle in the shadows
Then come to rest on a rusty old iron harrow,
Above someone's long-forgotten dry bones.

Love is a monument a house when it's empty
Lost in its own self-importance, eerie
All the widows echo. Who has taken over my room?
When the dead and the living appear & disappear
Like a lonely child staring back at the full-moon
Waiting for sunlights yesteryear to reappear.

Mark Heathcote

Forget The Colony

Last night Lord, I dreamt I had a beehive for a heart
and in the morning, every bee went flower roving
there I lay wondering, should this queen my soul depart
what might they bring her back as her last Royal Jelly?

Ah, curtains half ajar like a honeycomb, dozing-
there I lay pondering what if my own antennae
sensed the nectar of every flower; would I choose one
and only one, and would my heart; like all of theirs, thrum.

Last night Lord, I dreamt I had a beehive for a heart
now they've all returned, I knew there's no counterpart
for instinct: So I guess for you alone I'll succumb
forget the colony and-just return to the one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Aren't All Our Words Like Threadbare Cloth?

What can infringe upon this will to live?
Our desire to spill one last drop of blood
Nothing given is enough, so I strive
To give much more than, what's adjudged.

I ink my heart like a bleeding stone
Every tarred feather is plucked clean
Given pestle & mortar; ground to the bone
The dust I leave you I grant is serene.

But if it isn't and it's still stained red
Know that I've given all that I had.
And nothing was done willingly misled
Aren't all our words like tartan cloths plaid?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let's Enjoy Life's Enrichment

What does it proffer a star to shine?
Each flower opens a heart divine.
But why does any of this take place
no matter the space remote, there's grace.

There's a cherub's primrose bulging face
happy as a hamster on his wheel
showing more than what is thought genteel
squirring around full of tireless zeal.

Ask not what it proffers you or me
to pontificate on the life of algae
the primordial soup that's esprit
doesn't the most humble germ deserve merit?

Such is the beauty of the world inherent
does it matter what is coherent
whilst here, let's enjoy life's enrichment
yes, my colleagues, our nearest and dearest.

Mark Heathcote

The Imaginary Joys Of Childhood

Let us make a treehouse in this here oak
Let it be seven-foot square and bespoke
Let us gather and chop down the wood
Let us fill the gaps with straw and mud immured
Let there be a window to the south and west
Let there be a little put-me-up-bed for our rest
Let me be your Tarzan, and you-be-my Jane
Let us toast our happiness together with cheap champagne
Let us give up tawdry schoolwork and toil
Let us build a new life, farm, and till the soil
Let us hideout in the woods and learn the language of rooks
Let us catch fish by bending your hairpins into hooks
Let us live one day at a time full of living full of gifts
Let us marry here and know ourselves that our God exists.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Taken With A Runcible-Spoon

What's our prophesy in their ridicule world of rot
theirs is the voice of a generation found garrotte.

Each leader and politician is a hatchet man.
Every pledge voted for a distant catamaran.

So they've done away with those inquisitional chairs
but still, we're the ones made to answer for their affairs.

In arm and leg restraints that are now invisible
they speak without a remainder, indivisible.

So we are now each force-fed from their runcible-spoon
swallowing whatever's in their remit-to-buffoon.

Many are too weakened, can't be heard and are the scourge
but like a catamaran, they can re-emerge.

Plot a new course, one with an even brighter future
with voices joyful that don't require their suture.

Mark Heathcote

Gambit Highs

Gambit highs form, part of the lowly?
That has a humble, authentic-technique
When too restricted are dire to fail
Lose all the wind in their mainsail.
Worded too many, or a word too few
Too many syllables encountered undue
Shall, reason our rebuked withdrawals
From, lines not worthy of any laurels.
...Tumbling forth without any morals
The nostril steam of a horse as it chortles
Like drug addicts past all critique
Perfected habits are what we seek.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Inquiry Into Friendship

The warm reciprocation of a smile
Is all it takes to bridge something, worthwhile?
So why then is it so many people frown
As if they've now, shared their own, eiderdown.

I do not know. Friendship is a handshake
With oneself an acceptance of a backache
One must carry like a turtle the world around:
Refusal implies; this is a battleground.

That you, yourself are entrenched in a war
That has no allies. Your hearts a matador
Red flag waving at an unruly bloodthirsty bull
You imagine your Chi's a carpet of lamb's wool.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Taste & Flavours Yet Unseen

It's not just a case of believing
Indefatigable faith
Isn't it all about knowing regardless
-Of making, any concrete abstractions
That you, yourself touches comprehend.
It's something you can taste
In your own mouths quarter watermelon
Like a watering, tongue
Tasting the aromas of spices, cardamom
Tingling's burning your eyes, yet unseen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Burnings In The Rain

Oh, are all our tempests are they transient burnings in the rain.
Voices are calling, crying out again, louder again, echoing
Our pain reflected in a teardrop in a broken windowpane.
Oh, and somewhere all our souls, they're looking on fumbling
But you, you can't ascertain whom
Because you've become too immobile, too catacomb,
Too lame; to move on, to leave
Your own derelict home your piñata cold heart.

Listen, there's only the silence of one who cries
There's only the loneliness of His far off lonely good-byes
In the tear ducts of our eyes a cloud form
In the wilderness years spent apart, we've all tried hard to disguise.
It's only my heart aches breaking news
It's only the next world, staking
A claim on my heart, claiming my soul, that I hear this singing at all
Oh, if only the hurt could be sent away swept away.

Oh, if only the life I've lived all my life could be lived again.
Then, all my useless hopes might fill an entire ocean
And your love might heal an ancient rift
Oh, if only the desert drought no longer waged war
Then the minion's in their waves may not have drowned in vain.
When darkness follows you, you might lend their shadows,
And when looking left to right; remember, discover
It was only you what's been haunting—you, yourself each night.

Mark Heathcote

I Hate You Love You Like Never Before

Love, goes away, I'm saying no more
Love, goes away, before I say something hurtful
Love, goes away, keep your distance
I might say something hurtful to you.

Love, goes away, my heart isn't doing ballet
Its pounding away, love, goes away,
You're driving me insane
Love, goes away, you're hurting my brain.

□

Love, goes away, I'm saying no more
Love, goes away, I hate you like never before
Love, goes away, keep your distance
Love, goes away, I've only got weak resistance.

Love, goes away, my heart isn't doing ballet
Its pounding away, love, goes away,
You just breathing makes me mad
Love you twist and turn my thermostat I hate you.

You're driving me insane
Love, goes away, you're hurting my brain
Love, goes away, you're driving me insane
Love, goes away, you're hurting my brain.
Love, goes away, I'm saying no more
Love, goes away, I hate you love you like never before.

Mark Heathcote

Poppa I'm Prepared To Runaway

Poppa, I'm prepared to run away
Before I ever apologise to you or momma
Poppa, I'll be with the angel of death, dead
Before I come back home to you or momma.

Poppa I'll dance on your ashes like a firefly
Before I ever do as I'm told by you
Before I ever do as I'm told by momma
Poppa, I love you but I don't want to live with you.

Momma, I love you too
But I don't want to take advice from you
Poppa, I'm prepared to run away
Momma, you can't bring me back
Life with you is just a drag.

Poppa my friends are waiting
And I'm not being chastised anymore by you
Momma, it's just an illusion if you
Still, believe you can make me cry.

Now I'm fourteen going on twenty-five
Now I'm fourteen going on twenty-five
Now I'm fourteen going on twenty-five
I'll not be penalized or analysed

Listen, poppa and momma I can't overemphasize
I'll not be dictated to
Now I'm twenty-five going on thirty-two
But poppa and momma I really do love you.

Mark Heathcote

Fresh Off The Boat

What must it be like caught in the headlights
at New York's John F. Kennedy airport alone
it's not as though you'll be able to prize-fight
fistfights your way to the top 'hold the phone.'
The only Big Apple here is in your throat.

Now that you're feeling fresh off the boat
doubts are coming thick and fast
as nauseating as 13,000 bright yellow cabs,
oh, my lord, it is vast, how long will I last.
Crablike - scuttling with cases in either claw.

Looks like-I'm-back to my ingenuous wishing-
father was here to pick me up in his big bear paws.
Turn-me-around, pack me off back home.
'Hold-the-phone' I'm a grownup now aren't I.
Bring it on, Big Apple aren't-you just a tad overblown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Death And Renewal

Death and renewal, seen up close and personal-
is fascinating—see-an-ancient forest
smashed, battered by storms, ask what is merciful,
what's-lain-unfair to waste? Here it does not proportionate.
The answer, of course, is simply-everything makes-way
everything is pooled-symbiotically
helping make way, as to formulae
build upon the next step chaotically.
No, simply-there is nothing remotely chaotic
everything's in the blueprint; even dead trees
are-here-to-support-life it's symptomatic;
ask the fungi living on the bones of absentees.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Not Run I Don't Know How To Resist

Oh, man... you have the eyes of the beast
You look at me as though you want to feast
What has tainted all the stars?

Oh, man... you have the eyes of the beast
You howl at the moon like you're a wolf
Like you only want to feed yourself and feast.

□

Oh, man... you have the heart of a beast
Darling, it's yours; you can take my golden fleece
I'll be your enchanted maiden, tethered slave

Oh, in return give me the mark of the beast
I'll not run I'll not resist □

One vampire bite, not one misplaced, kiss.

Oh, man... you have the eyes of the beast
You look at me as though you want to feast
What has lit, fanned your flames

Oh, darling a serpent in the apple blossom
Has set my heart, my bosom on fire
He looks at me through eyes of tortuous desire.

Oh, my man... he's taken a leave of absence
But that's okay...

It's now he's found something heavenly
No man had before

Oh, man... you have the eyes of the beast
Darling, it's yours; you can take my golden fleece

I'll be your enchanted maiden, tethered slave
Oh, in return give me the mark of the beast
I'll not run I'll not resist

One vampire bite, not one, well-placed kiss. □

Oh, man... you have the eyes of the beast
You look at me as though you want to feast
Darling, I'll not run I don't know how to resist.

□

Mark Heathcote

All Fur Coat And No...

Naked under a broken street light
Naked underneath her fur coat
Naked underneath her fur collar
Upturned, pointing to the half-moon.
Waiting; with her black leopard skin, fur coat on
In her high heel red shoes, like two menacing fangs.
A fiendish woman with a rattlesnake serpent echo.

She's walking on broken shards of moonlight
She's out there strutting, her stuff,
On broken shards of moonlight, moonlight, glass.
One hour in People is saying she's nothing but trash
Her useless, flesh is drained, tired, emptied out.
Trying not to tremble for a moment, look feeble.
Where does your blood flow? □□

□

When hearing those potential punters laughs□
Come and go. Coming and then going.
Oh, her own self-annihilation is it just a lipstick□
Stain left on their collars. It's quite a deliberate mark
Done when coughing deeply between her thighs
Guess you're feeling dizzy now an angel
Where does your blood flow? Where does childhood go?

Taking those last few drags...
Sucking on a Marlboro fag scrounged
Saying how it's been your pleasure to please
Come again, my name is Candy Ebony Eloise.
Forget your woman, she's just a tarantula
A dead piece of meat I know how
I know how to please and satisfy you.

Mark Heathcote

At A Certain Age

At a certain age
there is a tribal brotherhood
dress code of togetherness
often misunderstood.

Says we'll take on all newcomers
it exaggerates
their tribal rites of passage
and attitude—status.

They've got courage,
and vitality, physical strength.
Each comrade bother/
sister, true to his, herself.

It's like no other alliance,
they are soldiers
the title of which
leads us to many misnomers.

The likes of which,
they'll never come across again
they all set themselves
-apart from being underpinned.

Just the same; a hippie
that dark Goth, a mod, a punk,
they're all equally programmed
with personalities we debunk.

But I respect them personally
their individuality,
their stand out behaviour
that steers clear of banality.

Mark Heathcote

Let's Ask The Lord To Lend Him A Helping Hand

Let us go to the chapel and say our prayers
our hearts might be feeling broken right now
but then again: little-one Him upstairs.
Might provide us with some answers and endow-

us some well-needed hope to continue.
The doctors are all doing all they can
Here my sweet darling takes this tissue.
Forget about what dad's cardiogram-

Says he'll pull through. Let's ask the Lord to lend
him a helping hand, He knows your father-
is a good man, I'm-sure He will commend?
Mend his body prevent his departure.

The surgeon avails himself before them.
Dads pulled through; it's a miracle amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Forevermore

His proposed engagement - she had dreamt.
... You'll have my answer in the morning
I'll sleep on it. Don't wish to repent-
At leisure: find me resorting
To whims acting oddly, filled with doubt.

Hands are trembling; her knees are knocking
Her heart is shouting, yes, to avouch
Take this moment, isn't he, charming-

She had never slept so well before.
When his morning wake-up call arrived
It rang with the words for evermore
Yes, I'll be your bride
Forevermore!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Comparable To White Wisteria

Oh, how your moonlit arms are comparable to white wisteria
Waving in the air, twisting around my waist
Darling don't you ever let me fall down ☐
Darling all our senses are now interlaced
And now I've forgotten how to put a frown on my face
Darling my heart is now unstable with all this loving hysteria.

Oh, how your moonlit arms are comparable to white wisteria
Waving in the air, twisting around my waist
Love, you are making me laugh and giggle all over...
Now all my senses are charged, but nothings in any haste
Darling, you're every touch. I can read I must be bilingual
It's so dark now, there's no discerning anything's getting blearier.

Oh, how your moonlit palms gamble winding in my hair
But darling it's too short for braids, but you don't care
Oh, darling, no matter however fateful
Our love in its scramble, becomes
I will always remember you in my sky, ever so graceful
Because darling when, I was in your wisteria arms ensnared.

Nothing derides these loving hysterias I feel when I look into your eyes.
Oh, I will always remember you in my skies
Darling don't you ever let me fall down
Darling all our senses are now interlaced
And now I've forgotten how to put a frown on my face
Darling my heart is now unstable with all this loving hysteria.

Darling, you're my kind of wisteria, hysteria.
Oh, I guess I can now quite happily die of malaria squinting at a moonlit sky.

Mark Heathcote

A Bad Thought Is A Message To

A bad thought is a message to
Listen to it; it purports all your weaknesses
Just as a bad dream guides you
Shows you at your disadvantaged self, now falling,
Trembling scared of the bleakness's
Reported to be groundswells opening above & below you.

A bad thought is a message to
Remember, it's not every flower flourishes.
On a rose bush, it's not the sinew
Of every rosebud on every bush, nourishes
Isn't that more reason to then deadhead wisely
Then let them, continue festering unwisely.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Happens When?

Nausea is a billowy blanket
that makes it difficult to swallow air
rich, clean, air—clutters the lungs
like a folding deckchair
just won't be expelled—I swear.

And still worse
a nervous disposition
makes you itch like you've hives all-over
makes you feel there are ants all-over
your body in places you'd not rather go.

Stress... Oh my lord, what an evil to do...
never should have worked so hard.
where's the time gone
doc says take a pill it'll-all-be fine
darling, falling apart isn't a crime.

And depression, oh my word it
took away my one world
swallowed it clean up & whole.
After which I could barely breathe
or control the way I felt or myself cajole.

Mark Heathcote

Gazing On Jelly Ear Funguses

Your heart has a tranquil spot, in a shadow,
a place in which I too would come and sit
gazing on jelly ear funguses - sallow
beneath, ancient elder tree boughs and midst.

The river silver that zigzags—slithers
through an opening of soft pine needles
scattered on either bank—witheres
grasses sun-scorched, once emerald—enfeebles.

The sound of which reminds me of the heat
we bathed away in meadows primrose.
Rolling as field mice entwine; bittersweet.
Odd, how memories cling to their blindfolds.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

They Were Wormwood Folks Slightly Crazy I Guess

She said he had a head like wormwood
Ever forgetful it drove her crazy
At times there were signs it was her who was crazy
At times there were signs it was her
Whose head was like wormwood?
But they'd solider on; they were just two of a kind.

She would shout & he would holler then apologise
She would cry, and he'd start crying himself wiping her eyes
But together they'd solider on; they were just two of a kind.

He said she is his homestead his stable home
The spark, what kept the hearth fire, from going out?
She said he is my father, my bother
She said he is my best friend, my lover□
I could never wish for another
There's simply not anyone better.

He would holler & she would shout... I'm at the end of my rope
But he is dope, I love looking in his big blue eyes
I love being held in his big brawny arms.
Yes, she would shout and he would holler then apologise
And she would cry and he'd start crying and wipe her eyes
But that's how together they'd solider on; they were just two of a kind.

They were wormwood folks slightly crazy I guess
But aren't those, love stories the best
Every day was always eventful & full
Ever so crazy I guess.

Mark Heathcote

Please, Please

Let some small degree of happiness enter your life
let it rooted be like a willow tree, tapping its water
let it sway in the wind and speak of your delights
let it sop up the moonlight, its sunlight quota.
Please, please don't forget to show you've got empathy.
Lest we're left, all thinking you've no sincerity.
Please, please don't forget to find some small contentment.
Please, please don't forget to sing, sing like a songbird.
Lest we forget that you too could be resplendent
lest we forget your stories never just meandered.
Pegging us existentially like owls in their holes
pinning-us like butterflies' in their dusty motes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Almighty Rain Clouds, Dark Come Hither

I am here, respond takes heart
Almighty rain clouds, dark come hither
The ground is aching for you to deliver.
There are mouths to feed not just water
The earth parched we're all hungry.

I am here, respond takes heart
Be benevolent, majestic, make us shiver
Send down your fork lightning rod river.
Hark! I am listening; loud applauder
Show me, your majesty, robustly.

I am here, respond takes heart
Breastfeed this land, matriarchal mother
Strike fear in your sister bosoms, give them
Your reprimands, so there can follow tear
On tear on high, that has a tear duct glad.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Grey Heron

Seen as a wader the gleaner
of these murky margins.
He is in for the long haul. Neck deep,
so gracefully slender.

Mercurial in his marshes
he marshals, lean and tall.
So still yet; quickly rises to flight
a windblown, paper kite.

Something prehistoric visits
town garden ponds. The bathroom
-light that now solicits your own
fountain, disturbs this pool.

Through a small open window gap
You can hear something flap
Like linen hung on a clothesline
see huge great wings align.

Mark Heathcote

The Last Leg Of The Siberian Crane?

Rapidly, reaching, eradication
due to wetland, development, projects
sadly, there's a dwindling population
of the Siberian crane, the onsets
the likes of which may-never-be reversed
they winter on or near Poyang Lake, China.
Their remaining years remain few if durst-
to survive, they may need a Messiah.
Some, sort of saviour for their existence
they'll require that Mongolian fire.
A now how life brings in subsistence
sadly, their extinction is now nearly, entire?
Two-sightings-were reported on the Volga Delta
it's the death song of an operetta.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's All About The Carat & Clarity

Every day of our hallmark engraved lives
Is given over to some near immovable patina
That requires some gentle soul—polishing
Jewel like craftsmanship, quality cutting.
(... Waiting that all-important, jeweller's final fitting) .

It seems we're all going through some sort of oxidation
Program or other chemical processes. Not desiring...?
Our engagement ring disposed of or seen as dull glass
'Thrown out of paradise, accused of being lacklustre.'

So it is as if the gem we're refining here becomes our crown
I'm not talking teeth here—folk, it's all about good-character
Its all about the carat & clarity of our feature gemstone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Grey Moth

Grey moth, waiting its timely moment to fly
waiting its moment to swoon into a flame
takes to the air: while its life for a moment
is suspended in animation; hangs in deep despair.
Doesn't-matter, it doesn't care, it hasn't a care
transfixed by some distant starlight's snare.

Only, it's not a distant star as it spins-in-the-air
as it's catapulted into flame, it's now on-fire
it's a vision of an all-consuming, transparent desire.
Grey moth, Grey moth, now it-can't-be found
I guess it has found in its-peculiar-way
what many today would fervently expound.

Call it madness or pure satanical-craziness
but there it has found a sublime happiness
ah, contained it in its inimitable exultation
while headlong leaping into a fiery annihilation
Grey moth, Grey moth now-it-can't be found.
Grey moth, Grey moth, now-it-can't be turned around.

Mark Heathcote

Million To One

Did a tear make this cool blue ocean?
Did mildew or moss make this isle?
Was it a miracle that brought you here?
And set your whole face for me a smile.
Even when there was a million
Good reasons almost every day to frown.

Pray-tell whereby did that, first tear
That sprung filled an ocean come from
Pray don't say I ever made you frown
Hang around like a cloud full of rain
Don't tell me you laid like moss on a hill
With a stone in your heart covered in mildew.

Oh, just tell me I was that miracle too
The one who made you smile through
It all when it all was going badly wrong
Just tell me I was the million to one
That kept you strong downy-soft at heart
When the land; had grown intensely dark.

Darling, how I thank the ground the ocean
That brought you back home safely to me
And if any tears did stop, suspend to give
I'll kiss them away with every day that I live
To give my love to you without a day of sorrow
Wherever we live, it'll be our own heavenly, isle?

Mark Heathcote

Watching A Honey Moon Rise

Fields of gold and silver shadow
You can taste on you tongue
Mm how I miss those days
When, I was young.

Watching a honey moon rise
Walking over the squelching kingcup ground
Mm listening to the bellowing mooing of cows
When, I was young.

The morning fog was lying like a spangled serpent
Coiling its self all around the town
Mm making everything shivery serpentine
When, I was young.

Ah, how I remember the dew dripping orchard
Starlings in a black wave cacophonous...
Mm flying in circles frenetic in the rain
When, I was young.

Ah and how I remember lissomely catching
Lightning fast miller's thumb fish
Mm in that brook when life was truly aimless
When, we were all young.
Oh don't you wish you were
All that young again
Mm watching a honey moon rise
When, we were young.

Gathering golden fluted daffodils
Gathering ancient woodland bluebells
Mm don't you wish to make dens again?
Dance with the meadow butterflies
Like when, we were young
When, we were all young
When, we were young
When, I was young mm.

What Can I Or Anyone Else In The Future Do?

I don't want to be the master dog
I don't want to work looking down the barrel of a gun
in a chain gang with low-paid, unfulfilled, expectations
I don't want to be ruled and exploited
but you must by now know, understand
they have an agenda; it's all been a plot
that ends in a glass ceiling future, which ends in no future
where you, we all rot and live like featherless battery hens.
But you must by now be aware, understand
know that the janitor is one of your best friends
I don't want to be the master dog
I don't want to work facing the barrel of a gun
but what can I do, they planned it
when I/you were small, birth certificate a bill of sale
because they need, you and me waiting on their tables
they're the same people who introduced yesteryear's Roof Tax
they're the people who introduced today's Bedroom Tax
they're the same people who, introduced
Candle Tax (1709 - 1831) Wallpaper Tax (1712 - 1836)
they're the same people who introduced
Hat, Tax (1784 - 1811)
they're the same people who introduced
Playing-cards Tax (16th C - 1960) Soap Tax (1712 - 1853)
they're the same people who introduced
Brick Tax (1784 - 1850) Window Tax (1696-1851)
Fireplace Tax (1662 - 1689) Income Tax (1800 - 1816)
these are the people who care for me and you
what can I or anyone else in the future do?
Except, cluck some more and suck-it-up
before they tax even the air we breathe.

Mark Heathcote

The Right Ingredients I Need

You've got all the right ingredients I need
you're like sweet crème fresh to me
soft and delicate with a kick of lemon
on a stick of celery & a bit of mild heat
a bit of wild horseradish & something non-
fattening in the middle of the night to eat;

you're like a rib-eye steak, very juicy
you're so very lean, you, keep me mean
to keep me keen, together we're like-
salt & pepper, with a little bit of rosemary
some wild thyme a drizzle of olive oil & red wine
you've got all the right ingredients I-need.
You're like a sweet piece of cheesecake.

With enough strawberry tang to leave
ah, whispers of vanilla ice cream.

You've got all the right ingredients I need
the faintest tastes of mint chocolate, lingering.
Murmurs of naughtiness implanted in my heart & soul.

Mark Heathcote

Past Remembrance

We looked for something past remembrance
cutting through some fields of emerald green
like a ploughed furrow waiting for a seed to grow
we looked for something past remembrance
something that's not yet solidified, like a black crow
something that's not unnoticeable and is-eerily seen
we looked for something past remembrance
vexed all things have a known resemblance.

Until we hit upon a coagulated black oak bough
that was no longer the yolk of an acorn green
no longer a sapling, oak, here only a bog oak now
the remains of which wanted-kindling in gasoline
it was something past all remembrance
it was something past all resemblance
wanting, discarded—only to be fanned into flames.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jack's Mother Bought A Space Rocket Bean

Jack's mother bought a space rocket bean
The likes of which had never been seen
Jack was eager; he jumped right on board...
Its engines exploded and he was catapulted...
By luck his pod burst on the lap of the Lord.

Jack's mother knew it had a rotten green fuselage
The likes of which had never been seen
Jack was eager; now he'll never sit on another bean.
But just for a moment, Jack, was an astronaut...
Gone; Jack's, mother never gave him an afterthought.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

His Words Are Apt To Do Her Acrobats

His words are apt to do her acrobats
His words are apt to do handstands
And brush away her stinging nettles
Then she's reaching for her star
And wrestles adjacent his smiles.

He winks as she, wiles
She thinks, isn't he charming.
The midges are dancing; they sense there's going-
To be a ménage à trois, a threesome, mingling.

But when he climbs and walks her tightrope
She gives him the shake-down quite flatly
But when he's down heartened, weeping acrobats.
Its then she in turn gently catches him
In her non-existent all-embracing safety net.

So now he's winking again as again she, wiles
Again she thinks, isn't he charming.
And all the midges are dancing; they sense there's going-
To be a ménage à trois, a threesome, mingling.

Mark Heathcote

Even More Graced Am I

I'm conflicted and astonished by the sunlight
Even more, graced am I by these moonlit nights.
Sunlight is our first brush with love
But moonlight even when eclipsed
In its shadowy, bloom
When it falls on our lips
Is second to none
It tugs at us... in its ocean swell
It points us in ever unexpected new directions
It is the eye of a hurricane
It is the lily pads swaying
The braying's of a gelding horse held by its reins
It is the bride on her honeymoon, waiting-her groom.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Is Like Facing Death By Firing Squad...

Poetry is like facing death by firing squad
It's like finding your sea legs
Whilst dancing with King Canute
To a spider's waltz that always excels
In it's spinning out a velvety, yarn, tune.

Even when waves of disappointment
Drown them; they're up singing, sailing again.
Sucked under—drown like small sailboats
Toss every-which-way, you're a tragedienne
"Ah, who needs weather anchormen?"

Oh, poetry is like facing death by firing squad
Indeed it's like finding your sea legs
Whilst dancing with King Canute
It'll lead you astray in every-which-way
In a snagging rig, somersaulting, dive.

Until you die. Or learn again to breathe.

Most poets are like small vessel sailboats
Pitch and toss in every-which-way
They're skippered but their lifeboats
Seem like they're made out of lead or clay.

Their pitch and toss on a wave is like matchwood
Most like I haven't a hope or a prayer
Of ever being read or riding those high waves
We're too weak in our riggings to forbear
That stare a word from a veteran's critique.

That is until we die. Or learn again to breathe.

Mark Heathcote

Poetry Is Like Facing Death By Firing Squad

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It's like finding your sea legs
Whilst dancing with King Canute
To a spider's waltz that always excels
In its spinning out a velvety, yarn, tune.

Even when waves of disappointment
Drown them; they're up singing, sailing again.
Sucked under—drown like small sailboats
Toss every-which-way, you're a tragedienne
"Ah, who needs weather anchormen?"

Oh, poetry is like facing death by firing squad
In deed it's like finding your sea legs
Whilst dancing with King Canute
It'll lead you astray in every-which-way
In a snagging rig, somersaulting, dive.

Until you die. Or learn again to breathe.

Most poets are like small vessel sailboats
Pitch and toss in every-which-way
They're skippered but their lifeboats
Seem like they're made out of lead or clay.

Their pitch and toss on wave is like matchwood
Most like I haven't a hope or a prayer
Of ever being read or riding those high waves
We're too weak in our riggings to forbear
That stare a word from a veteran's critique.

That is until we die. Or learn again to breathe.

Mark Heathcote

If I No Longer, Have You

Loneliness, was I contrite that night
When all I felt was emptiness
When river, panning out my heart.

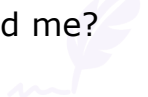
I pretend I'd found my golden nugget.
Whilst; down there on bended knees
I watched a disk of moonlight drift away.

She went with you my Paper Moon
To what price is silver or gold?
What good is all this ghostly rhetoric?

If I no longer, have you
My fool's gold to have and to hold.

If I no longer have you
Chasing my back; with your brambles
Poison ivy charms, this golden mocking night
Who'll find me?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Just A Flower Basket Full Of Woes

I wanted to be folded-in-your arms
behind protected closed garden walls
a fountain - I'll bend to the wind's breeze
'I summon you to bathe, ' lightning dance.

As I open my heart, you're a hive of bees.
As I look into your sweet brown eyes
I guess I've never felt this so alive.
Shaking down those willow tree leaves,

Carving our names, writing, I love you.
On your olive skin, an unwrinkled rose.
But I guess I guess all love is a fairy tale.
When you've given up poems, prosaic prose
love is just a flower basket full of woes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hook, Line & Sinker

There is one lover;
I've come to know all too well
Whose eyes are like two faucet dripping taps?

Whose tears drown all those about her?
Who pour themselves all about you over you?
That stems their flood as soon as they're gratified.

These casual weepers make no mistake
Want you to fall hook, line & sinker
Bleed and camphor,

But never find an everlasting cure.
They display themselves...
Like those drowning bellied-out worms.

Riving on the ground in the steamy summer rainfall
Till their all dried up, curled up in a ball.
There is one lover;
I've come to know all too well.

At one time she was my wishing well—dream!
But now like a leather satchel water carrier
I'm bleeding, poison-
Camphor's of my very own from every seam.

Mark Heathcote

Paper Moon

If it's night, my Paper Moon
There are just enough lit candles
Keeping it from; getting too dark
Ooh, just enough warmth my love.

To keep it from; getting midnight cold.
Oh, just enough residue of warmth
To fool the world and his wife
To be no more than heartbeats apart.

Ooh, just enough warm my love.
Even if it's night, my Paper Moon
For forgiveness to lighten up the stars-
Mend the broken standpipe between our hearts.

Divert what little trust we have left
Like a whale song finding each other
In a vast open ocean in the ebony dark.
I'll still harbour to every beat of your heart.

Even if it's night, my Paper Moon
There are just enough lit candles
Keeping it from; getting too dark
Ooh, just enough warmth my love
To count our lucky, stars.

Mark Heathcote

Our Love Is A Coppice Tree

Our Love is a coppiced tree and if you
just take the time to let it season grow
my love, no matter how low it gets cut
it'll still grow tall leaves in the breeze.

You may at times be left weeping, holding-
on to an apron of cinders, clutching-
to your breast; some charcoal years
but there's a nest our bluebird still sings.

With each coppice, its crowning glory
Sparks a new linden bough—strengthened.
By the sun, ah, how its toughen-gold smartly.
Grows years hence; life forever lengthened.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Longridge Woods

When did his focus on life
Turn to death as though,
Annulled—there wasn't a drop left.
Lungs like two emptied bagpipes
Like two dead cats side by side.

Eyes glazed over— gingerly void
Three sheets to the wind: flung over-
Slantwise, nothing absent to glamorise.
He just went to Longridge woods to harmonise
Only a vacant wind listened to his last cruel notes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Collateral Damage

To be fair

There is not a lot of difference

Between in here or out there

Wherever we go

There'll be collateral damage

What faculties did we take for granted? ☐

All said and done!

It's a part of being young

When a vineyard is plum-ripe

You know its time call it a night

And close the deal

Barrel up all your days

And remember those lax long summers

Delinquent remises.

What faculties did we take for granted?

What the atom-bomb will I do?

When I can't control my bowel

Or bladder to urinate or do a number two

Of course, you can blow the world to smithereens'

When I'm wheeled into a nursing home

There'll be no airs or graces I swear

To be fair

There is not a lot of difference

Between in here or out there

Wherever we go

It's all a sanatorium don't you know.

Mark Heathcote

Don't Postpone Any Thoughts Of Our Love

Don't postpone any thoughts of our love-
until the rain refrains from falling-
on ourselves; from on high-up above.
Don't postpone any thoughts of our love-
until the rain refrains from falling-
let tears converse on the windowpane.
Let them blur all panoramic views but ours.
Let those clouds whose thunder is profane,
lose heart and faith and their entire domain.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Does A Cricket Know Of Death?

What does a cricket know of death?
In his leaping heart a meadows weft
The rasping sound that silence left
Treading forward each step bereft.
What does the cabbage white know?
Fluttering about like a flake of snow

What did any of them know about American buffalo?
Slaughtered to the cowboy shouts of tallyho
What did any of them know about three dead moles?
Strung out on a barbwire fence, full of holes
Like a dewy wet necklace, all hung out, dispose

What does a cricket know of death?
In his leaping heart a meadows weft
What does the cabbage white know? □
Fluttering about like a flake of snow
That at times I'd wish I was a dead mole, full of holes
Because after this life, I know another life extols.

Mark Heathcote

Eternal Warriors

It's-what-all Samurai warriors
in attendance to their nobility,
Desired a clean death, they're torchbearers
helping forge, some sort of civility.
Till their souls & hearts meet as icebergs
they will be separated poles apart
gathering momentum like spitfires
on course to collide, unharmed.

Unharmed because they formed alliances
laws that governed their sacred paths
emphasizing their fearless guilelessness
Towards total loyalty, even, unto death.
'When there are brother clans to unite'
as an old Samurai saying goes.
It is a matter of regret to let
the moment when one should die, pass by.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The World & We Are Following

God has always travelled alone —
like a pit pony with an ore cart & a torch
He travels down some lonesome highway.

All his colours congregate into one rainbow.
Leaving behind another Bible belt rich country
He takes one last peek through a window.

His misty breath steams up the pane
it's unclear-for-certain which way He is going
All we know for sure is. The world & we are following.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Return To You

This night I'll carry like an embryo
My heart bubbles, but now I've got to go
This sunrise golden calls me to my chores
But I'll not go far my boat shares its oars.

You need to let go of my hand and trust:
This our tide runs full circle back to you
For you are right now my ship's prow, readjust
I'll disembark, but I'll return to you.

Until this bubble bursts these embryos stillborn
I'll return, but for now, love-I-must go
Oh, hold me now in your arms waterborne
Like two water boatmen mirrored we'll stow.

This night again until tomorrow comes
With the distinct beat of oars our heart drums.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Old Neighbourhood Lives On...

My old neighbourhood lives on in my thoughts
White doves on communal greens kite above.
Each one landing, walking like-cosmonauts
Each with a fig branch of love pecking crumbs-

Brushed out of aprons from mothers in flight
Between kitchen jobs and school gate runs
A lost world found for a while watertight.
But like all foreign cosmonauts like gulls.

All your pigeons come home to roost.
Then you realise fairy tales are lies.
And the cold-truth is finally-deduced
They're just childhood moments we've-polarized.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Between Heaven And Hell

Look when I look into your eyes
So blue and clear so sincere.
I feel like I'm a guilty, dirty inhuman defendant
Being judged between, heaven and hell, hell and heaven.
What category prisoner am I, A, B, C or D. tonight now darling?
When I sit in solitary confinement listening
To our silent echoes passing without a spoken word
In that moment's second thought
Within that moment's hurtful glance
I have to wonder, why
These moments last
Imprisoning me for an eternity
Between, you and I baby
Being judged between, heaven and hell, hell and heaven.
I have to ask what category prisoner is I, A, B, C or D. tonight now darling.

So, yes, I am caught me is trapped like a wingless bird
But not for the first time
Oh, darling please remind me you are mine, I don't want to be
Some old jailbird you set free
From this our communal cage
I don't want like you, debaucheries to rage.
Love I've done my penance give me a sign
Acquit me of all my crimes
Yes, I feel like a guilty man I feel like I'm being judged
On every single thing, I do if it doesn't include you.
Oh, I don't want to be set, free honey
I only wish to spend eternity with you.

Because you see
I'm caught, between
Heaven and hell, hell and heaven
Oh, if a perfect darkness
Chains me, guides me from its solitary confinement
Blind me with the amnesty of your love.
Look when I look into your eyes
So blue and clear so sincere the night times never dark.

12.1.2001

Mark Heathcote

Bleak In A Blue's Hell's, City

Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city, aha
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city
Poison grows like cancer it appertains to deliver my fate
Threading through my veins Quicksilver of late
Brittle is my pride, preacher, I might as well be dying of incurable advanced lung,
heart, kidney and liver disease.
Now all my hopes and all my empathy have dried up and died.
Lord, why am I here dying with all these other corrupted infidel fools
Lord, why am I here dying with all these other cynical tainted vultures.
...Singing my own brand of impotent blues

Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city, aha
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city,
Lord, oh how I wish someone would show me some care
Share a meal or two a comforting word or just a smile.
Sister, I'm a vagabond sleeping destitute
On the boulevards of loneliness
With a bottle of vodka in my right hand for company
Buskin for no men pities no man's pride.
There are many here like me fallen on hard times knows
Who I am but no one cares
About another impoverished infidel soul
No one understands; no one cares anymore.
Apart from that old whore trafficking her big blue eyes

Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city, aha
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city
Girl, it's my nightmare's trodden highway
Living with sewer rat's drifting with rogues
Begging in a subway
Just taking what each cold day doles out to me.
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city, aha
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city
Girl, they say I haven't long to live
And they haven't a broom store cupboard to give affordable
So, I'm sleeping on the boulevards of loneliness
Where some old junkie, might say, it's surreal, it's bliss
But surely to god, they're either stoned or pissed.
Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city, aha

Bleak in a Blue's hell's, city.
That's the place the lay of the land I be.
This worlds a rotten peach you see
It's got a stone heart and that's all that's left of me.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is A Thankless-Task

Love is a thankless-task
love is giving
love is receiving, whatever comes to pass?
Love is acceptance
love is forgiving
love is nurturing
love is something given, never asked.
Love can't be explained
love can't be easily be defined
love is ecstasy
love is biological
love is chemistry
love is mutual
love is heavenly
Love is sexual
love is consensual
love is unconditional
love is parental
love is empathy
love is a thankless task
love is selfless
love is acceptance
love is life's essence
love is curious
love is unbidden
love is smitten
love is virtuous
love is glorious...

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Breathe Abdullah Like Under Water

Let us breathe Abdullah, underwater.
Coexisting on one last mermaid's breath.
Does she alone push stars into moraines?
There they'll fizz ultimately to their death.

Let us swim amongst our sea anemones.
Pearl dive through them oceanic waves
till the tension builds like a barrier reef
and seahorses kiss under saltwater caves.□

Like the pearl, it's self-trapped enslaved.
Let us breathe Abdullah-like underwater-
seahorse; dance in their caves lets us saunter-
galley slaves sucked under their crested waves.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anecdotal Love

Anecdotal love, you're writing a new chapter
a new-phase a time & a place,
my heart's blood wants to race,
without any trace, an ordinance of grace.
It's a disgrace, a time & a place you've now interlace-
to satisfies all my animalistic; attentions, animalistic affections.
Anecdotal love, this narcosis of ours is all smoke & mirrors.
It's a-high; it's an opiate, manufactured dream of lust.
Somehow, I've just got to believe.
I can still, independently, breathe.
Or else I'll die, I'll choke
& life will drift on by
with all my misogynistic, distrusting's
animalistic attentions, animalistic affections
in all those misplaced theatricalities, self-confessional, discretion's.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Hour Of Your Time

An hour of your time
Don't make it a crime
If you say you'll be mine
Somewhere deep inside
Arrives a truth, that doesn't lie
That our love should never die.
Deep beneath your eyelids
A one breath pearl swimmer dives
Like a spy without—disguise
He's injured & he's hurt
Waiting for a word
To console his depleted air his world.
A patriotic thinker
He's got his finger
On the trigger
And doesn't know
How or which way to go...
Doesn't care to live or die alone
So spare a minute on your cell phone
Invite him when he comes in from the cold, back home.
On your terms make love to him & grow old
Together fight the oncoming years and grow old.
It's in his hearts where the truth arrives
I can read it in those tea leaf skies
Before my soul became the mirror of your eyes
Somewhere deep inside
Arrives a truth that never lies
That love for you, it will never tarnish, never die.
Deep beneath your eyelids
This one breath pearl swimmer dives
Like a spy without a disguise
He's injured & he's hurt
Waiting for a word
To console his depleted air his world
A second from his fading time on earth
Don't make it a crime
If you say you'll be his you'll be mine for all time.

14.1.2001

Mark Heathcote

Choirs In The Night Wake Me

Choirs in the night wake me
Like twinkling leaves in the rain
Somehow the wind must take me
Carry me back here dreaming—again.

To that figment of a memory
That shall always remain the same
To my darling, I will love forever
Though she's—already— gone forgotten our songs refrain.

Choirs in the night wake me
Like a creature filled with fear
I look round the darkness
And know that you're still not here.

It fills me with the deepest sadness
It fills me with tears
Though I have long loved you, darling,
I haven't because you've been gone for some years.

Choirs in the night still haunt me
Shackle me with pain
Though I have loved you always
You don't know, even-now how my tears exclaim.

The wind is a howling
Like a tempest in a storm
But in my heart, there lies an empty vessel.
And one who is a shipwrecked soul of my soul?

If only life its self were more faithful
To the feelings in our hearts
Maybe then we'd been much more, able
To both finish what we start.

Mark Heathcote

Oh, Eternity

Oh, eternity

I don't want to wear

You're worn out shoes

I just want to toil

Live out this darkness; for my Lord of all time and modernity.

In the morning

I'll not sell-out my soul ☐

To Satan or to Judas of Iscariot

Not for a single kiss

Not for one more day of eternity from their chaliced poison lips.

Oh eternity

I'd gladly be led in your washed away footsteps through the mist

And find there's nothing in all of time and space

In the whole world, I should remiss

If I could just take timeout only in thanks for one last parting caress.

Then time would be immortally blest from you to me and from me to you.

Oh eternity

Loving you can be

Such a liberty,

That finds this love in me set free.

Oh, liberator of my soul I'm in your creation

Like a shooting star that hasn't got far to go to find, eternity in eternal liberty.

17.12.00

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Afrikaner, Caribbean

You're a shepherd of the land

You make the mighty lion meek

Now he's shivering at your feet

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Life's your Nativity in the sand

Build Jerusalem if you can

Cause Eden is not yours or mine to command

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Tears are falling on your land.

Raise an ark for Noah's man

Save a people if you can

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Man's blood can't heal the land

Send a dove its God's command.

{Peace in your soul}

Is his command...?

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Wore his heart like a talisman

Beneath the sun, fell a dying man

And in his eyes he says; Just who I am...

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Wished to be a European

And in his eyes, I did see in him

Something lost still to believe in...

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Wants to be a politician

Sanctify all that he believes in

Home the homeless & feed the starving

Afrikaner, Caribbean

Sow the seeds of freedom

From the fountains of unquenchable desire□

Let corruption burn in loves eternal fire.

Let poverty perish to gold that brings us all together

Let barren lands over flow...

Let these your Israelite children go

Let the bounty of your love show

Let the power of one love grow
Let the kingdom of one heart & soul
Touch the majesty kept not a secret; let it be known to all
Come together gathered in a multitude of purity like snow
In our life's there's a little bit of heaven left to show
From the melting fury of man's hate did you lead or follow
Just because the sleeping shepherd the slaughtered lambs didn't billow...

Afrikaner, Caribbean! Afrikaner, Caribbean
Afrikaner, Caribbean

4.10.00

Mark Heathcote

Mamas' Kitchen

"Honey"
I am hot chocolate
A palpitating desire
Like the suns hot kisses
On white, pink fringed daisies
I am a storage heater
By day I wait hungrily to eat my fajitas.
A corn dog in the warm, comforts
You get between two fridge magnets.
I am his better half
Of course, he likes his toasted soldiers
But I am his full-fat fried breakfast;
I am the one who fortifies-all-his strengths
Sister, I built up his head of steam,
Giving him a taste; for some of my all-night caffeine.
And lord didn't him, sleep after
Like he'd consumed too much love or Ovaltine
Too much, chocolate-flavoured milk "honey in my mamas' kitchen."

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cottonseed Bloom

Beneath a hot prairie sun
knelt a dying man,
sowing and picking seeds - chains of liberty.
When he closes his eyes,

he hears one of the seeds speaking.
Asking do you rest in sleep like me?
Does your heart wake in fatigue?
Are your roots too—wormy?

Yes, it's the source of all life?
Ah-old-man lay here beside me.
Tell me about all those flowers in the world.
Tell me of all that glorifies.

Ah-old-man, when will you water me?
Cut all that binds and carry my harvest home.
Dear little-seed your green blade
it cuts to me the core; it cuts a hole in me.

For me, it is already midnights-hour.
But soon you'll stretch to the full moon,
and bloom my little disburse flower seed.
And find your solace and freedom,
like my own, a little cottonseed bloom.

Mark Heathcote

Animal, Carnal Attractions...

Sorry, it's been nice, but with an ordinance of grace
This narcosis of smoke & mirrors is over
It's been a false high, an opiate-manufactured dream of lust.
A drug you've decided we must each still believe in
That we must breathe in. Have a collected faith in
Or else we'll both die, miserably.

Sorry, but for me, it was just the stupor
Of a drunken night spent together
It was just some animal, carnal attraction
And now that its morning, I feel-I'm-caught
Trapped in a barb wire noose,
Wanting-to-gnaw-off a limb and hang loose.

Sorry, my apologies it was just the hangover speaking
Let us go back to bed and pillow talk
My legs, they're too tired, I don't feel like walking
Not all arthropods are capable of casting off a limb,
Let's go back to bed for one more night of passion.
And begin, again.

//////////

A shawl of apricot

She wears a skirt of honeysuckle
A with one-eyed serpent buckle
And says nature is her groom
She wears a shawl of apricot
Says she, she's a goddess of the moon
She grips a serpent by his faggot
And eats an apple, white bloom
Says she'd slay old Sir Lancelot.
Lay him dust upon his tomb,
But she's no more an angel
Trifling penitents in a brothel
Then the punters in her room
No more the lady of shallot,
Then nickel is gold to a fool.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Beginnings Need Happy Endings

Blue miserable beginnings need happy endings
So, if your life has been just a hard struggle ☐
You've gotta believe all those hexes
Are gonna end with a chuckle.
Hey you, hey you, you fickle heart
Don't you cry again?
Sun or winter, autumn or spring,
Life is your friend, so don't you frown.

Because all blue beginnings need a happy ending
Hey Life, you know that crimson velvet rose
Has a switchblade knife
It doesn't do anyone any good comprehending
What went wrong? Son, that's unwholesome
Just you find yourself another song.
And break that switchblade knife before it's irksome
Break it before it cuts your god damn, throat.
Break it before it cuts your god damn thumb, again.

☐
Blue beginnings need some happy endings
So, if your life has been just a hard struggle
You've gotta believe that all those hexes
Is gonna end one day with a hefty hearty good chuckle.
You've gotta believe that one day all those hexes
Is gonna leave you and make that devil pay his dues.
Blue miserable beginnings with just as blue an ending...
Would be fine if your name is Satan,
But that's not for me and you, that's not our fate
Our fate is golden.

Mark Heathcote

White Ash Sapling Trees

Outside a large door, teal paint is flaking
And above the ornate lead transom light-
Cobwebbed: shows us there is no mistaking
This place is a place of neglect—despite
Being the threshold of her house—her home.
There are brambles and white ash sapling trees.
Growing and barring the path. And leaf loam
Soft and solemn, here's a sense of unease
Captured by herself; the occupant—wan.
Ashen, she a winter's moon, a strange girl-
Stark and withered, she's like some winter swan-
On its frozen pond, her goosebumps knurl.
She only wants access - what can she do.
When the bolts in her heart, they're pulled to.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Is A Rose In Every Candle

There is a rose in every candle flame
where the heat is at its highest point
it's-here-my-love-and-I meet to reclaim
our ceremonial oils and anoint;
set alight this butane in one another
again, as beeswax honeycombed
we are inseparable yet juxtaposed
melting as wax flows into lava.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

As Ever I Did When

I made a promise to my abandoned neglected heart
That when tonight is over and it gets cold and dark.
I'll walk you back down that old lover's lane
And calm your trembling hand, just the same...
As ever I did when we were young and in love
As ever I did when we were young and in love.

Oh, I'll hold you in my arms...
And count my good luck charms□
Forever if you'd just now remember
The times we had spent together!
When we weren't that much older
Then two babes; rocking in a cradle of love
Then two babes; rocking in a cradle of that love.

Oh, when, I promised you I'll never be unfaithful
Never, unthoughtful... untruthful...
Back when, back when, in our love.□
You promised you'd go easy on me and never quit.

Oh, when, I promised I'd be more understanding & romantic
And even make your heart beat a little bit more or less frantic
As ever I did when we were young and in love
As ever I did when we were young and in love.

In those times of old, we spent together!
Walking down an old lover's lane
When I calmed your trembling hand, just the same
When we weren't that much older
Then two babes; rocking in a cradle of love
Then two babes; rocking in a cradle of that love.

Mark Heathcote

What Is Your Calamity?

What is your calamity, crying daily?

Why are you frowning on every passing stranger?

Why do they only present you with some hidden danger?

Love, darling, dear!

They're not all here preying on us... each other...

What is your calamity, crying daily?

Oh, believe me, darling your problems

They're just a grain of sand.

So, why then love is your face like petrified stone.

Love your false smile is a barricade a place to hide. □

What is your calamity, crying daily?

Love, whys we love our fire, turning to ashes...

All these people passing aren't assassins.

Love, darling, dear!

Why do you hide all your passion for life?

□

What is your calamity, crying daily?

What is your calamity, crying daily?

What is your calamity, crying daily?

Crying daily, crying daily, and crying daily

Why, why, why are you living with me the stranger one?

Mark Heathcote

Often I'm Like Some Noisy Raccoon

My spirit is in its solar eclipse
It is fulfilling to think, not posture.
This ascension isn't an apocalypse.
It's a time my muse takes an adventure.
And listens to all my seven chakras
Sitting here with the goddess of the moon
I enter into her poetic trance.
And align within some mystic harpoon.
Often I'm like some noisy racoon.
But occasionally, she takes pity
And my own words meet hers on honeymoon.
Those moments feel now distinctly princely.
For when they are fewer and far between
I feel like a king bereft of his queen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Harvest Moon

Let me touch, kiss you, like apple-blossom
Let my lips like two meeting side streets
Serpentine your spine, let me be Merlin,
Ah, listening, magically the reeds.

Whilst-your-own music bends the chords.
Let us cocoon, spin silk spider webs
On-never-ending spools, bridge these fjords.
Let me phosphor glow in your heart's inlets.

Let me love you, be the flower stamen
In your heart, let me be your harvest moon
Like earth bring me along in fixation
Tell me you love me, my elations-bloom.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

'I Know That I Know Nothing'

Some don't require barred windows or locked doors
whatever crimes frankly they've committed
by far the worst, apathy, omitted.

The fact they no longer care, everything bores?

But who jangles their keys, makes them sit-up
on their scabby knees, lap dancers to please.

If not themselves, they are their masters' pup
pulled on, short leads by nobodies.

Are we not all governed by thirty tyrants?

Who amongst us now has-any-real freedom?

'Democracy doesn't bring omniscience.'

Its camouflage meant to greatly-deepen

our divides closing tightly shut our eyes.

Makes-fools believe they've got a compromise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Clockwork Toy

My life's a clockwork toy.
It's had some broken parts
And has a few rusty old springs
A few broken mended limbs
One blind eye, but that's okay
Because my heart still sings...
It's stuffing right out for you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Battleships...

Cracking loves enigma, dictatorships —
Nether regions, must you hear a feather!
Don't explain, twitching, feeling, fingertips
Don't confound each moment spent together
Leastwise not whist my words enter your lips.
'Know only we're pleasure bound in tether'
In frolicking, games of battleships...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Songbird

What angelic birdsong is this I hear?
O Lord, singing in my heart
Singing in a furnace
Of my inner core, calling me ever near
Your slingshot orbital stars dying in the dark.

Now I see a deeper shadows ember
The sunlight turning itself-inside out
From grey clouds to that of sunny amber
Oh, the lightning transfiguring!
Oh, so strong I'll always remember.

Lord you captured in my heart
A willing treasure
A fraternal brother
In those eternal moments
When pure light—lights up the dark.□

I saw a songbird
O Lord, singing in my heart
On a sill, an escaped prisoner of the dark
Breaking free of its caged bars
Without a doubt the better part of me.

Is perched singing
With pearl pear tears trapped?
Kept in the corners of your eyelashes
Where a cloud of hesitation
No longer dupes.

I now know the depths
Of these singing oceans
How silent the clouds in His heart wept.□
And wailed for all the good they'd do
If a fresh rainfall song of love would impart.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is...

Love is a tide

Love is a blessing

Love is the kiss that needs caressing.

Love is an avalanche

Love comes in landslides

Love is a volcanic ash cloud before settling.

Love is an indefinable something

Love is what all the birds are twittering

Love is the thunder & lightning, that's why it's frightening.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lucian Blaga A Romanian Philosopher, Poet

With hands trembling on the leaf of a page-
I haven't yet reread, wondering is it,
Only a book I am holding,
Or the author—sage, himself..
I am rereading for a second time.

“Is it the rapture - his - I'm feeling?
Yes, it goes through my head- ☐
All his fledgeling-eggs have hatched."
I've sensed their breast collar bone twitching's☐
Beneath my fingertips,
Wings of philosophy conscience sensed.

So, now I eat the hearts of Canary birds, ☐
Not so common.
Ah, how my feathers are aching to join with the wind:
So, as to take flight in these azure clouds
With distant silent, lightning's dazzling.
And a larva lit sun as it sinks, drowns then dies.
Oh, Lucian, how you have my senses dreaming...
Senses heady, dumbfounded.

Now you've lifted me from-off this basin of mud
Stagnant earth's stage, this stagnant ground.
Held me in your poet's hand a crown of thorns bleeding
—A lily or a rose was I—
Oh, a poet who never uttered a single word until the age of four?
"You who grips with talons, my own fledgeling heart & soul-
To his, a piece of wedding cake,
Petals of a white shaken rose,
I still long those trebling are with - his - his with my own, fall."

Mark Heathcote

Old Fat Parish Cat

Old fat parish cat
wears a church spire for a hat
wears a white-collar
with a gold disk for his namesake
around his black nape
now, what do you think of that?

The mice he guides
them to their pews
in their piety
they all look bemused,
as he reads them,
the Lord's sweet angelic muse.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Lions Cave

Do I remember the day we met?
I forget what day it was, what time it was,
where I was, but in my heart, I became a dancer
I became a dancing creature amazed in the meadow watching you.
So much like a cat, a big yellow cat with big round emerald eyes
and after we made love, and you made all those sweet promises
oh, how I was wailing like a yapping puppy dog
when the raindrops spangled silver and gold.
And drenched us through all coaxing with whispers
Oh, how much I loved you.
You turned my world into a honey-coated amber dream
When you pulled me near
Oh, my dear one.
It was then the bee honey melted in the mouth of the lion's cave.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Small Reminder

Sometimes your heart needs a brand new kick-start
but the shock, it's dying is all too much.
Is there life after death? We guess at such
when it all falls apart like a Slipknot
no longer bothered by what's said-in-earshot!
That's when we die, say goodbye, insomuch
now we can't live this way, out of touch
knowing each heartbeat needs love eternal
sometimes, your heart needs a small reminder
a refreshed-heart-rhythm, someone paternal
sometimes we need to act a bit kinder
to that loved one whose love is maternal.
'Oh, broken heart, what good a faultfinder? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Almond Blossoms The Deferring Sentence

Some early gnostic paraded his knowledge
weren't they a bunch of unbearable, know it all's
with fraternities and with rationale
they'd have harden-up-insides icy, soon as blossomed.

Van Gogh saw the blossoming springs; the Almond
as-a-special tree to him, it was part of the chancel
that represented a pearl of hope amidst a backdrop of darkness
But here are some know-it-all atheists seen laughing at him
his eyes and veins were swollen full to their bursting brim.

God doesn't-exist forget your brushes, your oils, your gospels
those apostles, don't sing that nonsense hymn,
don't paint those blossoms;
you're all just deferring your sin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Botanists

She ran headlong far away in disgust
from her prize dahlia, like it had black flies
was it withered up when about to hybridise?
Couldn't she spare some water for its dust?
What's happening that you are this robust?
Uncaring, why snap it then so obliquely
a thing that wasn't-yours-completely, not chiefly?
My-sweet-flower comes let us not mistrust
yes, of course, let us look out for earwigs-
other bugs, yes, we need to stake, cane it.
Manure it; give plenty of love and care
that's when it transfixes all those glitches,
seen unveiled by judges who'll approve it.
Say it's best on the show, way beyond compare.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All Parents' Hearts At Times Sink Like A Soufflé

We teenage children bring tears of dismay
hold your breath, countdown before you scold.
'Look! Father Christmas, won't come' be foretold
do not be naughty, do not disobey,
we'll give you some leeway call it naiveté.
At times, disappointments by the truckload
come—stay, won't go-away-take the high-road.
We try; we try not to shout, get angry
but try as we might, it's a battleground-
all parents' hearts at times sink like a soufflé.
Screaming like seagulls makes no one happy
as parents, we look for some common ground,
relate a lesson we've learned the hard way.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Aren't Just Dead Flowers In A Lalique Glass Vase

Reaching into the hourglass
Emptying out the sand
There's always a tomorrow
With an external hand
But in your heart there's
Never been a moment of play
All that stands between us
Now is slipping away
But in your heart its
Never been a little acorn
Sometimes loves a sailboat
Adrift around the Cape Horn
Sometimes you've got to hold on
With both hands for dear-life
At the end of it all, she's the one
Wanted for strife
It seems when time is ebbing
And flowing away at pace
We'll remember by God's grace
We too are stardust in space
We aren't just dead flowers
In a Lalique glass vase.

Mark Heathcote

Tears That Could Unlock These Fire Hydrants

Boys: who hasn't been duplicitous?
Wanting, rigid air roots, affirmed faith. □
All-around love, it's ubiquitous
Who'll open their sepals then petals
Come when there are no more shared bouquets
Love, let's stop these screechings of kettles.

Tears that could unlock these fire hydrants
Songs loathe hating life, not wishing death:
Even in darker pressing moments,
There writhes in rainforest darkness dour.
Two lungs that spill out even more breath,
Denote my loves an orchid flower. □

□
Close up nestlings, the light of my heart
Still, we argued—stray into the dark
Where starlight gives nothing to impart
Its then she flew off a barn owl screeching.
Wishing, I still that brownish, skylark □
Singing its small heart out, beseeching...

Mark Heathcote

Happiness In All Things Grey

Russell Lee's photo 1939

Simply shows a young negro African-American man drinking water
From a 'coloured' wall-mounted-fountain in a streetcar terminal in Oklahoma
City,

A young black man, he's just standing there simply passing the time of day,
Between two ordinary everyday objects, he grew up alongside.

... Two every day ordinary tin-plate signs.

The right sign points Right & simply say 'WHITE MEN COLORED MEN'

The left sign simply says much the same pointing Left

'WHITE WOMEN COLORED WOMEN'

These two arrows oppositely opposed show we've reached a crossroads.

Here & now at this precise time & moment there is a meeting point a merger

Here where there was no concord, no equality, there is now fresh hope.

The man himself seems nonchalant, unconcerned about his future-

His destiny is now firmly in his own two hands to command.

'Where there was black & white segregation' there is now, happiness in all things
Grey.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lust Has Always Been My Achilles Heel

Lust has always been my Achilles heel
I guess we all have weaknesses
Mine is when those pretty girls go by
With Short miniskirts, knee-high.

Lust has always been my Achilles heel
But what can a weak man do
With a roving eye, always want to spy
Silk tights, oh, there's nothing to demystify.

A pretty woman dressed to turn heads
And breaks hearts will always
Make me react, act juvenile act crazy
Act without shame, disconsolately.

Lust has always been my Achilles heel
Oh, I've often asked myself
When will this all stop?
Is it because, I'm a shy, retiring astronaut.

Oh, lust has always been my Achilles heel
But now I'm bifocal, it gets harder every day
To see all these angles passing by
Oh, abandoning me, leaving me alone to barfly

Mark Heathcote

African Summer

My heart can't fly
But it can walk high wire
In a gale-force wind
And roar like an African lion
With pride and grace, I can sing.

My heart can't lie
But it sure can cry
When I hear laughing hyenas ☐
Chasing away my lioness
With another tribesman, like I & I

My heart has trouble picking up the pieces
Of ten thousand warring nations
And healing the spirit of loves
Broken, olive branch those reverberations.

My heart is a prisoner of true unremembered feelings
My heart is a spear-tip of all man's blood raged killings
My heart is the fibre the hemp that binds this world
In orbit around you girl...

Oh, women, your love is the substance of mankind
Oh, women do I make you feel full inside
Because it's an African summer, outside
And girl, there's nowhere to hide
From this gravity the desire you are making me feel inside.

Because it's an African summer, inside
Oh, and heat-waves of passion rise
Oh, gravity won't be pushed back by desires tides
But it isn't gonna be that long before
I'm once more again, tranquillized
Sunstroke hypnotized... as these heat-waves of passion rise.

12.07/2000 edited 28/01/2016

Aching Compromise

Howling heart, don't leave me
Don't deplete the darkness
Under hungry, loving eyes
With any long-drawn-out goodbyes, aching, compromise.
Howling heart, don't leave me
Let this sufferance suffer
The pangs of always
Dreaming of our better tomorrows.

□

Darling don't you keep the wildness guessing
Passion is a killer
Passion is a force, there's no stopping
Passion is a tiger□
Stalking inside of yeah
And my love, it's hungry for that
All-consuming fire
That uncompromising; melancholic Phoenix of desire rising.

Howling heart, don't leave me
Women, in the fiery dawn
Don't deny me!
Unless it's because I'll always be here howling
Like a hungry wolf at your door
Love even if you treat me mean and bad
I'll be that tiger
I'll be that all-consuming fire
Burning your desire
Howling at your door
Forevermore...

11/12/2000 Edited 28/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

I Tried To Love You

I tried to love you
Let it be said
I tried to love you
Like you loved me
But I was too young to understand
The dedication
Two hearts meant as one
Can command

I tried to love you
Let it be said
I tried to love you
But in my heart
There was a web,
A web of deceit
A web of deception & lies
Hidden in tears
Tears of good-byes
Tears of good-byes
I tried to love you
Let it be said.

I tried to love you
But you were so upset
When, I was unwilling to get wed.
And said adopted my children
Half my own age
You said...
You'd be better off dead if I left you alone
I tried to love you
I tried to love you
Let it be said.

□
I tried to love you
But in the end
All I asked for is to remain the best friends
I tried to love you
You see
But maybe it's best

If we just remain good friends
Oh, I tried to love you
I tried to love you
But I'm too young let it be said.
□

20/11/2000 edited 28/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

A Spark Ignites A Fire

Two hearts together
At the moment
A spark ignites a fire
Of inextinguishable, desire.

Two Campanile bells they're heard ringing!
Under the maple tree shadows, sharing one tone
That builds into one, which builds into one
-Inseparable moment, movement in their hearts forever.

Two thoughts held as just one holds them together
To love and hold one another, she says baby, forever
Love, I need you
And for me, love
No other heaven will do
In my arms, there's only you
You and only you!

It's a hard heart that doesn't hear
What I'm feeling
And baby you must be believing
Believing in my love
And loves eternal healing

If I'm gonna love you
Forever and a night
If, I'm gonna kiss you
And make you mine tonight
You better believe
I can treat you right!

I'm gonna make, every breath I breathe
In my heart believe there is nothing to lose
Love, I'll take every breath of love out of you
Till you're so weak that even another lifetime, wouldn't do
To put the life and soul, back into you!

Oh temple bells are ringing
Bringing two hearts together

At the moment
A spark ignites a fire
Of inextinguishable, desire.

Two Campanile bells they're heard ringing
Under the maple tree shadows, sharing one tone
That builds into one, which builds into one-
Inseparable moment, movement in their hearts forever
Two thoughts held as just one holds them together
To love and hold one another, she says baby, forever.

19/04/2000 edited 28/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

Oh, My Bronzed Love Says You'll Stay...

Oh, how can it be?
You don't wish the same sweet happiness' for me?
Surely we're not two worlds apart.
Just because I'm white and you, you are dark
Oh, cast out the stones in your own heart□
Set that doubting Thomas free. Break his chains and
Drown him and find that shorelines, SOS, please
Darling right here next to me.

Oh, like a pebble plucked in the depths of a deep blue, shining, sea.
Like a dream upon a sandy shoreline reseeding
Let me rescue you.
Watched by hordes of jealous mermen come back to me again.
Oh, how envious is their lot next to mine
Now there's a rainbow
Of mixed color mingling our love under an umbrella cover of love.

Oh, my Lord there goes your Noah's dove
With an olive twig,
It's a banquet in heaven, it's a royal feast:
I guess the cherubs are the swine the pearls
And all the angels, they're only mermaid siren girls singing
When we get to dance away our blues with... wants...
Desires every night & day□
Oh, my bronzed love says you'll stay...
Now there's a rainbow of color mixed under an umbrella cover of love.

15/02/00 edited 28/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

A Soul Divine

Raw and savage, beauty
is abreast of the world.
She sits in her arbour
an ardent little girl.

Raw and savage, beauty
is a blending of pure design.
Hopscotching-to-her duty
-as subtle as a soul-divine.

~or~

Raw and savage, beauty
A conquest seldom conquered.
The hordes bow at her feet
And kings lay down drunkard.

Raw and savage, beauty
is abreast of the world.
She sits in her arbour
an ardent little girl.

Raw and savage, beauty
is a blending of pure design.
Hopscotching-to-her duty
-as subtle as a soul-divine.

Mark Heathcote

Thoughts

Liquid forms all forms of life and evaporates, does that mean the flower never was?

And its mortal fleeting beauty shouldn't be spoken of and enjoyed as flesh and blood.

□

The deepest ocean is a bottomless pit whoever throws the first stone never reaches the pulp of it or the seed of it or the pip.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

And Be Worth So Much More Than Gold

Every story generates lies and tall tales
Distorting mirrors sadly, ruin lives.
It is better to be independent of any fictions
Find those sieves within yourself
That filters out fool's gold and reaches the core.
And whatever's left must be real
And be worth so much more than gold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Shadow Rung Out Of Bloom

Oh, how I wish death, weren't prolonged.
Where are you going to my heart of wonder?
Chasing gentian folk lightning-tongued
Now, that the, rising pain, starts to thunder

So still the pause in the flicker of death's eyes.
So quick-fan-flamed, the fire kilns bake up our skies.
Youth in her wax burn's out at both ends of (life) .
"That these daughters of mischance give up being, wife".

Beauty was her enigma, once cherished to the last
How she's ageing older, now haunts a bitter flask!
How cold this elongated suns-eclipse by the moon.
Love - isn't death just a shadow, wrung out of bloom.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Childless Woman

A childless woman is carrying my pain
Rapt in her own white shawl she's out in the rain
She's crying to a hollow that's buried deep in my soul
She's crying for a baby; guess simply to call it hers & hers alone.

A childless woman drenched to the bone
Walks around endlessly weeping alone!
Whilst, here in the mirror looking straight back at me
Is a reflection of the father I too never did see?

A childless woman is rocking herself to sleep
Dreaming one day, she'll also stroll with pram across the street.
With a baby of her very own a fat little cherub baby.
With two bright, glistening blue button eyes.
Gazing up to the goodness, which looks down from the skies?

A childless woman now she's only got a short grip on life
Wants to be a good mother and an even better wife.
A childless woman now she's only one wish, to command
A crying little infant, oh wouldn't that be grand.

Rapt in a shawl oh, he's so tender and meek
He's got ten little toes on two little feet
To one day walk down yours and our streets.

Written 19/01/2000 edited 27/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

A Man Carries An Icon Hand Painted

A man carries an icon in his heart and more
He crosses the steppes in search of a distant shore.
He's a wanderer a rambler, lain up feeling lame
He goes to the end of the world to exclaim.
And proclaim he's got only one home!
He goes to the sea white watery, milky foam
To transcend lose every step, and find salvation.
He sees devils and saints under trackless skies
The sores on his soles bleed, his hearts in flotation
Like a dove, it soars. Every step needs still to synchronise.
He goes on and on, on and on, amen!
His own heart his best friend an icon hand-painted, amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Minute An Hour Is A Distance

A minute an hour is a distance in any bodies head/heart
When they're alone with their own expiry date
Thinking sadly, towards, their own end, their own death.
Laying there on some long-forgotten shore
Just as some long-forgotten distant shadow
Newly approaches you up ahead.
Where purple-headed heather clouds, storm.
Like a thunder cloud gave over to its own last roll call.
Reaching down into me/you: Oh, when I fall
It's like the ghost of a shadow has come to call.
That lacerates, that cuts into us all
None of us can lean-on bear upright stand tall
When your love has been the one!
The one true insider influence to mortally wound you.
Who nailed you/your heart to a cross to pay what cost?
A minute an hour is a distance when it's your hearts own, roll call.
When, it's your love, your life that you've lost
When it's your love that is dead.
A minute an hour is a distance in any bodies head/heart
When, you've got to go on living alone, awaiting deaths roll call.
Oh, instead of just feeling free
Like a wave returning out to sea
An hour, a minute is a distance you just can't fathom.
Don't you believe me?
A minute an hour is a distance in your head
A minute an hour is a distance
A distance in any body's heart
A minute an hour is a distance
A second is a distance too late
When you've need of another last chance to pay your debts.

First written 24.2.2001 edited 27/01/2016

~Original~ song

A mile is a distance in my head 24.2.2001

A mile is a distance in my head
When I'm alone death...

Like a distant shore
Where the heather clouds of a storm
Like a thunder cloud, call...
Reaching down
Into me
When I fall...
Like the ghost of a shadow
Cuts us all...
None of us
Stand tall...
When your love has been the one
True outsider to wound you
And nailed your hearts payload to the cross
A mile is a distance when it's your heart
When it's your love that you've lost
When it's your love that is dead
A mile is a distance in your head
When you've got to go on living
Instead of just falling free
Like a wave returning out to sea
A mile is a distance can't you see
Do you believe me
A mile is a distance in your head
A mile is a distance
A distance in my heart
A mile is a distance in your head
A mile is a distance
When you've need
Of turning another corner
When you know that your heart is dead
A mile is a distance in your head
A mile is a distance
A mile is a distance in my head.

Mark Heathcote

Microcosms Of Existence

A child is born
And taught in ways to think
But what child born,
Hasn't character
Of his/her own to drink.

Is it any wonder?
Each captive soul of thunder
Becomes the same as any other
Victual night of passions plunder.

Love is not advanced
By the sphere of a lance
Love is not imbued
With lusts bastard brood
Any more than love
Love can be only one Gods subterfuge.

First written 25/03/2001 edited 27/01/2016

Mark Heathcote

Sailboat

A sailboat has no direction.
But to go wherever it-is-taken
drift or tides make no mistake
we too-must glide across this lake,
this endlessly, deep dark-fractured ocean.

And row, possibly without an oar
navigate possibly without-a-rudder
or hold fast without a well-bedded anchor.
We-too-must abhors and even-at-times adhere
to stir in the devil's own watercourses his ashen fiery winds.

Till the buoys of time
turn and direct us in on-a-wave returning to the tides soul.
Surf-like until another or He directs us home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Her Moods Are Volatile Announcements

Her moods are like ever-changing rain clouds
Some days I just want to float with her
And whatever enshrouds, I'm happy inside
Drifting over oceans and deserts bestir ...
And not spill a drop of blood, not a residue a tear
Some day's I'm happy for her to chauffeur.

But her moods are like volatile announcements
Some days there's this dark thunder inside
That disembowels and leaves no place to hide
Her disappointments they're tearfully exemplified
Her emotions are lightning bolts electrified
When a storm must give up being soundless.

It's then, it's then I want to run
And take cover and shelter...
Ooh, it's then, I feel the cold. Ooh its then, its then,
It's then I wonder will the sun ever shine again...
Oh, her moods are like ever-changing rain clouds
Yes, the subject is sore; at times it's a game of volleyball
But that only makes me want to love her more.

Mark Heathcote

Nothing Makes Me Happier

If my heart were a gilded flower
Would I give it to the first bee?
To arrive embowered in light.

I see. Yes, the world is often dour
Oh, I want to of drink love—drown in ghee
That buttermilk, she made metabolite-

Nothing makes me happier or drowsier.
Then watching her a woman in her saree
Moth like beneath the moonlight.

Remonstrate and dance encounter
Her lover, in his trembling apology
Hearts distance, still-in-satellite.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is You Wearing War Paint ☐

Love is you wearing war paint ☐
Is your mascara running or is it waterproof
Is your heart & soul fireproof?
Since the colour of our flame, turned opaque
It's been harder to arbitrate
It's been harder to elucidate
It's been harder to come together
And thereafter remain bulletproof.

☐

Love is you wearing camouflage
It's no longer summer everything's in dark contrast
Autumn & winter are in mortal combat
Maps and isobars are changing our hearts
Oh, the world is frozen, waiting
Springs yellow & gold dynamite
Love if you are wearing your heart inside-out
There must be an entourage of broken hearts.

Love is you wearing war paint
Love is you wearing camouflage ☐
I can no longer find or see a way inside.
It's no longer summer everything's in dark contrast
Love is you wearing war paint
Love is you wearing camouflage
Since the colour of our flame, turned opaque ☐
There are just teargas explosions all around

Mark Heathcote

The Bee & The Hummingbird

If I am, suspended
Sleeping on purple heliotrope
If you feel too abject to dignify
Or descry there is still any slim hope.
And there are only slings & arrows
Then what good are wings—cocooned?

If I'm suspended or sleeping
Near a sprig of heady purple heliotrope
If we're not to bridge this gap,
Then somebody needs to fly
If you feel abject & cocooned
And I'm feeling spider-web-like suspended. □

□
A honeybee obstructed
By a hovering hummingbird
Somebody needs to diversify.
Find themselves better flowers than daylilies
And learn to fly again alone
Amongst those Salvia flowers windblown.

Mark Heathcote

A Blind Man Sayeth To A Shrew

... Now don't ask me how
Our hearts came by valour
Yes, I too will disavow
That you or I ever knew.
That we'd wade with the marabou!
Through, flower openings velour.
Though at times, I couldn't see hitherto
I didn't need to peekaboo anymore.

... Now don't ask me how
Love is always in plain view
... Now don't ask me how ...
A blind man said to a shrew.
Or else I'll disavow...
Like you, my teeth wear-down
And I too will drop dead
If, startled by a sudden, loud, sound.

..

Book title "Prayer Bells"

Tomorrows-not-one
Beautifully & Dutifully Bound
I've Frozen Time & Space
All that matters is now
Attic room
Little flower
Be Like the Wind Ever Watchful
An Ode to spring
Black Tulips
A Gentleman's Question
A Hornet on the Wing
Injustice
Exotic flowers unfurl
I'll Pray You Never Run Away
Apathy
Any More than the Moons Aglow
Hopping
A Thought Is an Idea in Transit (Pythagoras Quote)

Tinderbox
Rose petals at my feet
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That First Unsullied Snowdrop
Kissed by a butterfly's wing
Consider you are a tree
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The Tree Brides
And Be Worth So Much More than Gold
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Healing Properties
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Elven child (fantasy poem)
Snowdrops
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Just Imagine
On The Wings of Love
Wishing the weather was fair
The Journal of the dead
The Whisper of the Muse
Let me burn
A Common Brother
A Creaking Blue Door
We're as a candle's flame

Stick or Bust
Has the moon found her rose?
God will save us all
Everything
Her work
Last visit & conversion
The Rose and the Bumble Bee
Mother-nature
Bolshoi Dancers
Bubble Gum Pavements
Colossal Choices
The journey home
Without you
Confession
The first whack of light
Cot Death
Could You Image Just One Navajo Indian Tribe?
Did It Prevent Your Sun Kissed Dreams?
'Nothing like White Roses'
Every Second an Eternity Prolongs
When rivers run cold
Sleeping with the doves in paradise (song)
Nefertiti
Semisweet
The Taste of Cyanide
Barbarity all around me
Joy jumps heart to heart
In prayer did I hear a hum?
What do you want with me?
A Moment of Truth
How can I
With a song delicate
Top Hat & Tails
Redemption
Roses are on fire
Bittersweet
Mrs Robinson
The carpenter's hands
Poetry in motion
Unconditional Love
I see it's a journey just to hang around
My daily prayer

Baboons

Bridges We Can Admire

The world is corrupt

Rough sleeping

The white elephant

New Year, Starting From Tonight

Life Is What?

My garden was a roadside paradise

Tomorrows-not-one

Tomorrows-not-one

When blue skies a vision of despair?
When a sense of anguish fills the air
Clouds gather in from everywhere
Colliding with us they ensnare-

Thunder bursts, rain falls lashing down
Dulls each heart, tilts each heavy crown,
That commands the sea, the weather
As King Canute, would his pleasure.

Frail in eternal laws are we
None, above the life of a flea:
That humblest of beasts, are we not
If, I recognize-my-own-lot.

Now look the skies vault opens new
We see azure the cloudless blue
A reminder someone other
Reigns in things we've set asunder.

We see a weary turtle dove
Returned with cooing words of love
So don't despair the weather's fair-
Tomorrows-not-one, cloud in the air.

Beautifully & Dutifully Bound

Gods an atlas book, beautifully & dutifully bound
But beware before you make your own, journey
There are no pages covered within it to be, found.

Covertly you are the story not yet been written
You are the darkness flooded by a lit clerestory
Choir of light the voice; that isn't any, one man's religion.

That's your northern star your difficult course to sail
Remember some books require patients to prevail
And a good lot of working senses to follow braille.

I've Frozen Time & Space

Fleeting as an ocean wave;
Once, surge waters knocked us both for six. "I know
And it is as if only yesterday for me
I held your hand in mine, a lifetime ago.
Still, it holds at its highest peak"
It doesn't reach the shoreline or turn tail & run,
Someplace inside of me, quite, unique
I've frozen time & space; honestly, it doesn't succumb,
Never, do I forget how clear
Our waters coursed through our veins.
Never, do I forget the oceans I'd bleed
For you, nothing ever in me wax or wanes
It's as if some drop of crystal-water still holds true
As if love is part & parcel of every-soul
For even if it turns cloudy or murky,
I know I too want to evaporate & sprawl
& perspire once more flawless over you
Like dawns first ever drifts of morning dew.

All that matters is now

Moments come and go

All that matters is now

Fleeting as aeons ago

A glance exchanged

Swift melting as snow

What has changed?

A first kiss is memorable

But nothing is eternal

Nothing except these passing's

Of each other's love, more than needful.

More than wishful

More than baptismal

Death is never deceitful

Moments come and go

All that matters is now.

Attic room

Through a narrow doorway turning left

I was, dumped placed in the attic room

The linen white was crisp pressed
And a crucified Christ hung bereft
Silver dappled draped a shining moon
How-clear I still remember the sorrow
Of that little attic room, within me
It's darkness like a shining barrow
Gloom, waiting to be lifted, freed esprit.

Little flower

Your designated time a brief hardship a journey
Without tears clouding your eyes; devout devotion
Like a little paper boat, you sail unworthy,
Taking in bilge waters filled with high emotion.
Come, kneel in total submission. A willing bride
Your journey is a lifetimes undertaking
Your heart moans a keep only one Lord can reside.
His residence sits lest not I'm mistaking
In the centre of your heart the vortex of your soul
You must, by all means, flail out the wheat from the chaff
It's a vow of faith to make, thyself, whole
To undertake this journey ends all hatred and wrath.
O my little flower your quest to be a nun,
Is a heroine's noble deed that requires faith?

Every battle has two outcomes, lost or won
Love enslaves and, in true love, there is only praise.

Be Like the Wind Ever Watchful

Outside the wind inhales its own, enormous voice
But inside it's quiet, a needy crummy little mouse
Bravely it lingers watchful at the window-door
It's self an ever-expanding universe a metaphor
Hurling both rain and snowflake with an icy raw
The wind an unbalanced creature on falcon's claw
You feel his bewilderment of flightless strength
You're a chasm he enters in a lonely wavelength
Be like the wind ever watchful at the window-door
Be as the ever-expanding universe forever more.

An Ode To Spring

Look how the gardener hates those weeds
As soon as the Wren makes her move to nest
It's then his squeaky wheelbarrow impedes
With the forked-out; green Medusa's headdress.

But look here in the meadow of idle hands,
A yellow chaffinch and a cluster of bluebells
By tall oaks here Primrose edge of woodlands.
Clouds pass-over in shade of dappled pastels.

Cosy silence is broken; by half-a-dozen Ravens
In the Horse chestnuts waving ship like masks
Spring opens a drying pine-cone as lupines
Purple like spruce trees opens flowery Basques.

Glistening fishes, abdomens are swollen like a pear.
At first taste of spring a sheet web spider?
Makes her own, perennial hammocks snare—
To sew-up spring her first petal winged fibres.

Here to a brown hare crouches dying in numbers
Once a common sight, running at 35 mph—
In male, dominance but now on one's uppers
Their circles of competition to attain - plagued.

Sorry I couldn't make it more cheerful
But that is the nature of nature after all.

Black Tulips

Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold
They warm my heart from the bitter cold.

On bending stems they curtsy on the wind
Bob on the air, like sunlight, been pinned.

In frozen earth crossways hatched at night
They weep - close - fall asleep till daylight.

Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold
They warm my heart from the bitter cold.

I wish I were a snowdrop an astronaut.
Above the clouds but I'm not, I'm an ink blot.

A Gentleman's Question

I have a gentleman's question
I have questions - lots, how did it go,
I'd inform you, but I only had,
Have these very few moments which to sow.

Okay, then dear chap, dear man

Make it swift then, write me a poem,
If only I had time, I'd give you
My words opening, prelude in rhyme.

Don't tease us, sir, with mystical silence
That just will not do, conform
Confess we want precise details
And the measure of her underclothing dress.

A Hornet On The Wing

God, would catch a hornet on the wing,
Relish infinite-beauty, not its sting
Beauty that is such, I cannot-truly-say,
From now on, words have no meaning
From this day forward to any other day
'Should I love you, well that's not a question
At any junction, He wouldn't entertain'.
Your petals are like-a-rose not quite formed
But neither are you, to me outperformed.

Injustice

We paint injustice

like a Crayola sunset

but His love isn't child's play.

Exotic flowers unfurl

Let only one be your centrepiece
& the others,
Let them brocade your world
Swim in your dreams
Like sirens to remind you,
That a wayward sailor often drowns
Torso on fire—doused
I have picked one jewel
One gem, I was meant to receive
& it was purely instinctual
Not anything to misconceive
I plucked her wings, there & then
Held her steadfast against my skin
After tonight the world
Shall never be the same again.

I'll Pray You Never Run Away
A song with a story, not just jingles
I go with the moonbeams
The stars in the dark
Aqua blue is the air that filters through
Where first I took, a hold of you

Fevers broke on my brow
If you love me, let me know now.

Here I felt your glow
With the moonbeams in the dark
Here I'll park my heart
Under a street lamp in the dark
With a song a story, not just jingles
I'll light your way home
So you're never alone.

If you love me let me know
Fevers will break on the light of day
If you just kiss me at this hour of the dark
I'll pray for Aqua blue air every day
I walk in the moonbeams
Real slowly, I'll pray you never-run-away
Without our story, not just jingles with bells on your toes.

Apathy

I'm losing the will to live
At important times to fight
To put this world to rights
Cause it so not right
...living on despite
Others, plight.

But because I'm
No giant of strength might.

I don't want to pick a fight
I'm a lightweight
That's me alright
So, I'll just say now Goodnight.

Any More than the Moons Aglow

There are fairies in the light
In that glowing bulb so bright
Resin trunks - amber locket
Wound around a ring of spirits.

Who goes there in the wilderness?
Shaking snow, laden with deftness.
Is she an angel—I don't know?
Any more than the moon's soft glow

Who goes there in the shadows?
Winking, when all I do is frown
Oh, there's a seraph in the moonlight.
Owl-wing-flutters drown my soul tonight.

Hopping

Hoping my tears regroup and create an oasis
I'm going out of my mind, but I sense a change
Hoping the dawn will have a new warm embrace
Hoping every cloud will dissipate
And tree like vines of love
Take hold and root me to one spot

Hoping my dreams that sped away come back to stay.
And all the smog of confusion clears
And those painful yesterday's turn to happier yesteryears
And I grow old with someone worth living with every day.

A Thought Is an Idea in Transit (Pythagoras Quote)

The world is living memory without thought
Music has an unlimited number of percussions
For us, there are all manner of repercussions
Precursors that like birdsong changes, and

Resonates into all spheres all individualities
Therein it attracts expands and contracts
So it is we ask of our infant minds, why
Why does Pythagoras not answer us?

Why didn't abacus calculate this for us?
Dark matter, energy, matter our solid matter.
Why does it, only amount to a measly 4%?
I guess that's why the god particle, was sent.

It obliterates and yet it now unmeasurably
Creates expands its music across the universe
Its true gravity is thought to be infinite
It is a singularity that began as a single note.

It sang the first OM, OM... OM...
If music be the food of love, play on.

Tinderbox

I just want to be the fire

That ignites and burns free
Whatever ills avail me
I don't desire to change
I just want to be myself
Less the mask I project
Less the chains that bind
Less these bars that confine
Or any self-righteous intellect

I just want to be the ignition;
That first lit spark of who I am
Who I really, am
Yes, there's a tinderbox
Inside of you and me
There's a spark a star eternal
That hasn't been, consumed
And this fire, I want to unleash
To one day devour you.

Rose petals at my feet

Rose petals at my feet look destitute
They're strewn all around my front garden path
They swirl like clouds trying to reconstitute
It pangs my heart that in their aftermath
Once again this summer draws to an end.
And my own, "Damask Rose", I gave my heart

Didn't open, wasn't for a minute my friend.
Rose petals at my feet will now depart
& winter shall arrive with snow & sleet
Spring & summer will come, never again.
Love deprived I shouldn't settle for conceit
Remembering a once, glowing, warm gem.
Rose petals at my feet foretell our end
No longer in this rose can I pretend?

A Hornet on the Wing

God, he would catch a hornet on the wing,
Relish infinite beauty, not its sting.
Your-beauty is such, I cannot-truly-say,
Words have no meaning this or any other day.

'Should I love you, well that's not a question
He would entertain at any junction'.
Your petals are like-a-rose not quite formed
But neither are you, to me outperformed.

That First Unsullied Snowdrop

Love, what flower do you most aspire?

Love, what flower should I most admire?

Red peonies with lustful, conduit, desire

Purple crocuses cupped with fire

Or the now, pink foreign, ragged robin,

Breathless; rolling on a country, common.

I'm like a sprig of green Solomon's seal

You're like a single rosebud, so, genteel.

Love, what flower should I most aspires?

Love, what flower do you utmost require?

Be it the foxgloves fleshy advancing spire

Or the honeysuckles tendrils of wire.

Be you, simply May time's forget-me-not

... Better still that first unsullied snowdrop.

Kissed by a butterfly's wing
In such a way it should be contraband
Her heart & soul fluttered heavenly south,
As a butterfly's wing kissed her hand
& then her cheek, & then her open, mouth
Taking little bites & long drawn out sips
It was then all she could do to resist.
Like a fallen nest exposed, her own, lips
She then coiled around him like moonlit mist
Where she pressed firmly against his naked chest
He squirmed inside an outward-flowing-tide.
All inhabitations now dispossessed
He hears her heart crackling electrified
Hearing hallelujahs then, then amen!
He presses forward & kisses her once again.

Consider you are a tree
When a tree is, grown
you have to decide
it's purpose its size

and more besides

Do you want dappled shade
do you want flowers
do you want tremulous movement
do you want upward Powers

Or swaying in the breeze
consider you are a tree
what do you wish to be
a thorn or a tulip tree.

The Family Tree

Old men cling to their gnarl-wooden sticks
And wither from the cares of the world over
Like apple blossom kissed silver with icy cold licks
They know there are no more days of clover

But from their flowering came the fruit
The seed of wane-blown family
From their branching water-shoot
A core of all that's good and Bramley

So remember dearly, remember clearly

The canker of their clay sincerely
Since they still warm us ever so dearly
With their glowing embers.
And sweeten our childhood, Septembers
Long into their autumnal Novembers.

Raspberry Canes

In and out the raspberry canes
'On a jack frost, bitten day
With nothing more than twine,
and knife
To earn my daily' pay.
Bending back the line of whips!
From: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats'

These willowy viaduct sticks
...Seemingly it will never end.

In and out the raspberry canes
'With nothing burning on my mind:
I accept the numbing' hail and rain.
And the wisps of empty time
Bending, back the line of whips:
Beneath a solemn; grey stone-sky.
Under the derogatory east-wind

A hells purgatory cry
From: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats'

...Seemingly it will, never-end:

The lovers fall
I am the leaves of a tree
I am an aspen whispering to you
Because I've nothing better to do
I spread my gold dappled leafs over you
And take root under you, and ask you
Are you the sun, are you the sky?
Are you the ocean, are you the moon?
Because I've been searching for you
I've spread my leaves to the four winds
And, found my resting place beside you.

Have We Lingered In Their Attic Floors?

On hearts of angels have we trod?
Heavier sorrows than the weight-of-sod
Have we lingered in their attic floors?
To glimpse, hear, behind their doors.

The sound of the vesper-bells upon their toes
Have we glued our hearts decomposed?
Sifted through shadows only He knows
Still yet find ourselves, juxtapose.

Any learning a uniform wind commands.
Oh, such a bounty is in store pre-tax
If we can exert a torque force of love
Might we discover the wings of a dove?

Any More than the Moons Aglow

There are fairies in the light

In that glowing bulb so bright
Resin trunks - amber locket
Wound around a ring of spirits.

Who goes there in the wilderness?
Shaking snow, laden with deftness.
Is she an angel—I don't know?
Any more than the moon's soft glow.

Who goes there in the shadows?
Winking, when all I do is frown
Oh, there's a seraph in the moonlight.
Owl-wing-flutters drown my soul tonight.

The Tree Brides

Of course, a tree has rings
Each one, a wedding, band
Oh, to be the 'bride' of such a tree
To bask in His emerald love unendingly

Minus all other pining - cordialities.
But just a litany of birdsong
Oh, wouldn't that be truly heavenly
Wear plain sky, as a wedding sarong

Miracle in the dark

It's like a miracle in the dark
That sardines chase the light
It's like a miracle in the dark
That squid rises up the moonlight.

It's like a miracle in the dark
That fireflies signal, intermittent
It's like a miracle in the dark
That bats are honing their skills cogent.

It's like a miracle in the dark
That golden orb-weaver spider
It's like a miracle in the dark
In that world of nocturnal, cat caper.

It's like a miracle in the dark
That an owl calls to wild owl
It's like a miracle in the dark
Meeting your sweetheart; in her cowl.

And Be Worth So Much More than Gold

Every story generates lies and tall tales
Distorting mirrors sadly, ruin lives.
It is better to be independent of any fictions
Find those sieves within yourself
That filters out fool's gold and reaches the core.
And whatever's left must be real
And be worth so much more than gold.

Who'll Fall Headlong First?

In their throes of love, a tree rocks
Back and forth, roots near uplifted
Hold tight; a fear a paradox-
Comes to them, all subsidised.

They are like two forests embracing
Second, guessing the changing wind
Who'll fall headlong first? Heart racing
Will forever be intertwined?

The other will be entangled
By a Virginia creeping vine—
It will turn from a wild spangled-
Green; to something a lot more sublime.

Their love shall carpet the ground
Spread scarlet waves across the sky
The horizon shall look tie-dyed
Rose dimpled like a rainbow trout.

In their throes of love the world shakes
Down the blossom on budding bough
It opens secret hearts endow
With gifts therein all time forsakes.

While here

While here run through tall meadows
While here smell the scent of flowers
While here feel the beat of a bird's wing
While here touch the tingling snows

While here gaze up at the moon
While here sit in the arms of a tree
While here count at midnight the stars
And thank yours, mine are still ours.

Braid Your Hair with His

God - has many names,
But "Love" is the one that counts
Most aptly "Love is" ... "Love"
&"Just Love" only, one word
Like..."God" isn't it?

God - has so many names
Each acts as a veil

But "Love" is, "Love" only.
So braid your hair with His
Embrace, lock fingers with His.

His is a tree twining roots
His is the first branch you perch on
His is trees-bough at your centre
Your hearts bead is a locket of amber
"The trees name" is "Love.

The Wind to Be My Publisher

Let the wind be my publisher
Let it make dulcimer music
Let it circle the globe,
Turn over the page & Engage!
Fill your earlobes with beauty,
& when finally it's closing in
On its final - chorus final chapter.
On the last concluding, word & hour
Let it be, heard God said amen!
Thanks to my little birdsong, songbird,
Come with me & let us be
Let us be, eternally good friends
Hark! Now listen to the foolish wind
How your music transcends and suspends.

Yellow On Purple

Sitting here in the casement window of my soul
In two minds 'dancing in a theatre of dreams'
'Yellow on purple', I dream of you
Ah the Himalayas was cumulated in such a conflict
Where parallel thoughts like parallel bars did collide
Where white prayer flags, suspended above 20,000 ft.
Gymnastically awaited the arrival of something heavenly,
Oh, I feel like an eagle flying over the Lions Gate Bridge
Stanley Park Vancouver, closing my eyes kissing your lips.

When winter does wrestle death

When winter does wrestle death
Snow lies falling with petals bereft
Her mantles a meadow, white lily
Uprooting stars, in heavens pity.
Fine, veils of silk they're spun to order
Wheeling moths—circle and flutter
Then Ferris wheel across the border.
Our souls are curdled, in God's butter
When winter does wrestle death
No heart will beat in shadows bereft
The feeble will draw a second breath
When winsome-winter wrestles death
The old cudgelled wings, given new
Give wave their goodbyes, at us adieu.

Prayer bells

It's a topsy-turvy world but don't be fooled or confused
Everything will be unfurled and again suitably-fused.

There will be prayer bells spun across the Himalayas
They shall pitch, fecund at some higher alertness.

... You'll sense all living things have a tone of fulfilment
You'll walk in a labyrinth there find endless devilment.

That everything that's known still goes unrecognised
Like reflections clone, more in ways crystallised.

Healing Properties

She awoke the Vespers of that noon
Rang alarm bells longing to be attuned
She moved like sand-dunes in the starlit night
Ran through my fingers jealously guarded
her skin was the colour of dolomite

Pinkish marble a crystal regarded
To own healing properties within it
I marvelled her quiet tranquillity
How she captivated me to submit
My heart, my soul with such futility.

After Global Peace

'After global peace, what next, will follow? '
Course there'll be no apathy or gluttony,
'Course not, ' you won't beg, steal or borrow.
There'll be no infighting even for survival
Love will follow love and topple all evil.

Imprisoned poets, will sing of joy and life
And return home to unknown foreign lands
There'll be no more murder on the 10 o'clock news.
Soon soldiers will down, their barbaric tools
Stop listening to governmental patriarchal fools.

'And write about how even they too were used.'
Course there'll be no hunger or indifference

We shall all be—bothers & sisters
There'll be no envy or lust, no avarice
Growing rice; living in harmony, this could be, nice.

'After global peace, what next will follow? '
Well, we shall all live like Easter Islanders
With big heads, and practice slash-and-burn.
'Pretty shortly, won't we run out of resources? '
Yes, but like so many, before us, we'll set sail for the sun.

Put all our faiths on a straw-raft as did our forefathers.
Kon-Tiki man, and look for the Promised Land.
'I beg your pardon, but hasn't that ocean, been mapped.'
You Sir! You have no faith. Look at our giant statues
Hollow-eyed, gaunt faces, didn't their ancestors survive

The lovers-root is a white-flower

The month does but shiver with joy,
With the tears of a snow-drop,
Little-bells, buoyant, green and cloy,
Ringing, beyond the hilltop.

The lovers-root is a white-flower
On Valentine's Day
Thus it performs both sweet and sour
Piercing the walls of shy Cathay.

Kisses: mingle, like wild woodbines
As brown; blue jays' mêlée in the eaves
They're limbs, entwined, like vines
Need only, the wind, which now cleaves.

Violets stir in that amethyst snap!
She's my oracle, hears my lover—sings

And awakens from her frozen nap
A mortal being, with wings.

See His Ceiling

See His ceiling lit with many a mirrored star
See the lamps that glimmering is, truly ours
Then alchemises, these cherished hearts
Into moments, minutes, & hours
Then alchemises what love eternal is yours
What radiance shone meteoric ashore?
What pull has turned a melancholic tide?
And harboured so many a soul & mind
Through a seismic, storm
Brimful of a universe without impudent pride
Know your place is a golden elixir by His side.

When it shines

When the sun shines
It shines through you
I am molten rock in love
What more can I do?
I am, moved, and I am
Quenched in your sea
I am a frozen lamb,
What more would you have me be?
Let us feel a tendril vine
As it grows, as it trembles
As it climbs, as it flowers
As its seeds, get dispersed
Let us sense and remember
Our petals gave rise to sunsets
Gave rise to births and deaths
And when it shines
It does so for you.

Night of the Coffin Fly

Is this, the night of the 'coffin fly? '
That will riddle down 6ft under
Deeper than deep
In short bursts of running
Jerky, movements in a midnight flurry
No, it's another gun wheedling madman
A 'scuttle fly' with a machine gun.
Scum of the EARTH! ! !
Bringing mayhem to a nation in turmoil, crying
—And why, why, why
And why, why, why
And why, why, why
Their parents ask
Their partners ask
The headlines ask
The people ask
But their politicians never answer
It goes, deeper—
Deeper than deep
And 6ft under; the night of the 'coffin fly? '

Restrain me

Restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want a southern moon to shiver on you
From the naked shadows, I cast over you
Restrain me I'm like an applecart toppled over
Soon, I will be showing you the core of my heart
How I've longed to touch you in the dark
And trace the horizon that lights up in your eyes
Restrain me because I want to bathe in your sun
I want only for you, I hunger-for-you
There is no other star shines brighter than you.

Honeypot of gold

Oh, lucky, lucky me
I climbed a maple tree
And, found a sacred bee
Making honey; just for me.

Omnipotent and gold breaking free of shadow
Supreme Being you are an eternal summer star
You light the way that I and others must follow
That I and that lonelier moon with her guitar

Will shadow, Supreme Being with a golden-sitar
You light the way, and all is, bathed in ash and fire
Ah, oceans, rise, rise, rise, rise and, I am, baptised.

Supreme Being your warmth is a deep, deep magnifier
You light the way so that others feel galvanised
Just by your touch, more, and more humanised.

Oh, lucky, lucky me
I climbed a maple tree
And, found a sacred bee
Making honey; just for me.

Drunk with love

If I covertly look into your eyes
I see before me my destiny. Clearly
See my both hands resting on your warm thighs
See our two lips kissing feverishly.
Believe me, our fortunes they're intertwined
If I look unwaveringly at you
I know our stars are forever aligned
So just for tonight, I bid you adieu.
But I might come back only to go blind.
And take what I know inside to be mine
There isn't a soul hasn't been maligned.
But you're my one and only Valentine
I wouldn't permit one bad sullied, word
Even if I, myself right now sound slurred.

Just Imagine

Just imagine you didn't have long to live
What would you give to live that bit longer?
Just ponder, don't meander into overdrive
Strive to answer like a cataloguer
What you've somehow have lost & forgot
Like the key to your house - standing outside
Take a long look to find, access & plot
Away back in, don't look mystified.
Your life's just a short story, chapter & verse
There's nothing to rehearse, acceptance
Isn't a curse; roll over a new stone, nurse-
Your old wounds & fight - be impetuous
Just imagine life is a wave returned-
To life & nothing's ever adjourned.

Elven child (fantasy poem)

Elven child, my hearts a toadstool
but do sit on it awhile
Then goes climb another country stile
and run a country mile.

Elven child, I've paid my penance;
I'm only a human being,
Look go battle an orc,
and leave me to my silly dreaming.

Elven child, why do you smile
and grin at me this way, be off
Go, gather fresh spider webs
and embroider them into cloth.

Elven child, why are you
such an irritant, little nuisance
You know I need to take my bath
and enjoy, my ablutions.

Elven child, am I going mad
this worlds full of deceptions
Stay awhile elven child,
help me with my misconceptions.

Snowdrops

Can it be winter is leaving
Such loveliness is joyous
Their greenery is beautiful
Their charm is undecieving.

Snowdrops are pushing up
Last year's magnolia leaves
Making little brown teepee's
I can almost hear their blood.

I can almost hear a choir
Of archangels singing
While briar woods are sleeping
Their flowers are an appetiser.

But how their memory lingers
How those green and white
Bells so static, still excite
Icy chilblain, fingers.

Fine Silk Spun With Gold

Folded moth wings placed together in prayer
Open to discover the moon and starlit air
In madness flap circle my heart—
And like a curtain, take little bites at my soul.

But what can they discover - there!
My heart isn't threaded spun with gold.
And my soul isn't made of fine-silk
I'm just as the moon lost in this black ink.

With folded hands at night, I am, locked in sleep.
I dream and pray to fly away
Indeed there are no limits to the madness I seek.
'I even have the freedom to fly'.

'In madness flap circle the light in a distant sky.
My prayers are never more of spoken
As I draw back a curtain, which reveals a fine-silk'.
Spun with gold in madness, desires even my soul

On The Wings of Love

Mayfly if ever an angel - be
It was you and me
Pirouetting in the air so free
Above a cobweb lea

If ever a child had azure blue wings
As blue as a periwinkle sky
Then sweet tenderfoot, swimming
It must have been you and, I

Down amongst the meadows
Where the green woods-wend
Down amongst the willows
Where the reeds draught an end:

There I came a dancing
A roving like a bee
With honeydew brown eyes
By a river; like the river Spree.

Soft as ephemeral moonlight
You took wing with me
Oh mayfly green and tender bright
True angels once were we.

Wishing the weather was fair

I wanted to see you flourish
And bloom all season long
In waves of orange blossom,
Nurtured and fully, nourished.

I didn't wish to confine you
I wanted you to roam...

Like fresh wild thyme, imbue
That scent in this hearts cobblestone.

I chose you like a flower
For a buttonhole
Love, you were the one flower
I chose for my soul.

I wanted us to grow old unruffled
By whatever winter-
Throws our way, untroubled
But Love's a different picture.

Like a rose have its brambles
We too have our faults
We are loving companions
That has some thunderbolts.

But we both tend our garden
And water it with care
There are times we become harden
Wishing the weather was fair.

But I'm settled for when they are
Resided for when they're not
And count you my lucky star
You're the winner in my plot.

The Journal of the dead

The Journal of the dead what would it read
Today we eat dust and, walked on duckweed
Tonight we all partied and waltzed through walls
Disturbing the living; with white overalls.

Tomorrow truly who knows what that'll bring?

Floorboards' squeaking a baby is mewling,
Graveyard was, crowded so I went for a walk
And, then flew alongside a sparrow-hawk.

It soared up over an ancient coppice
Felled once a decade to warm some goddess
Her flesh without fire, cold as a river
That flows from a mountain through a fissure.

The Journal of the dead what would it read
Today Jesus blessed me with good old mead.
I joined the flock pursued by a collie...
Ambling like a lamb lost in the valley.

Closing this book I now too must here go...
Say Amen and rest, like fresh winter snow
Putting down, pen, my own Journal is done
The last page is torn goodbye, everyone.

The Whisper of the Muse

With his violin bow in hand, the man plays
Then stops, listens to his whispering muse.
Where others were entranced, he breaks and weighs.
His face solemn in thought; much less enthuse
Resembling a wilting flower head drooped
For the world looks a man who has been, duped.

He's old, and he has passed this way before,
He knows off by heart, the music his soul-

Has sealed inside, and like green Hellebore
In winter time, his head will rise and roll
And the blood of Christ, a clap of thunder
Makes all bolt up straight in awe, and wonder.

Let me burn

Beneath the tree of God
I am not sinful or sinless
But if doomed I am to die.
Can I borrow your lips?
Your heart and your smile
Taste the fruit of good and evil
And know all there is to know
About ripe plums their stones.

Beneath this tree of God
If I am condemned to know
Only this flesh, live in this flame
We call a body that dances
Leaps headlong for another
Let me burn at a steady rate
And in your arms my love,
Slowly, ever slowly disintegrate.

A Common Brother

Red squirrel your grey brother
Has more earthly power
Then you; in all your frivolous fire
He does wrinkle out the lower
Where you have climbed the higher

And this has made the difference
To the bane star of his eye
Where you; my red brother
Eat your last supper and die.

A Creaking Blue Door

I recall a lake, waters emerald
Sunlight glinting, and in every corner
A school of fish, I'd sit like Tom Sawyer
I'd watch pine trees swaying tall & pencilled.

I'd see fat carp in groups of three & four
Move with the ease of summer clouds that had
Now become unaccustomed to downpours—
And recall the old fishing hut, table plaid.

It's lime green, boards & a creaking blue door
I recall kingfishers darting, side by side
How they would plunge & then suddenly soar
I was in [heaven] till insecticides

From a crop, sprayer flew over, killing
Of all the fish, which meant no revenue.
The fishing hut got hauled down, a clearing-
Made, trees felled like some God had gone achoo!

A heartbreak evident in daylight
Gloomily that's how I recall this place
Squat lakeside like being graveside
A feeling all [heaven] had been, defaced.

We're as a candle's flame

Your soul is a key jammed in a lock
You cannot force forwards or back
Right or left; all you can do now is wait.

Wait long enough you'll come to see
Understand there isn't any door or lock.
The ocean of life retains, not the vessel

That floats and drifts, endless upon it.
That's a vapour you cannot contain,
The sun is an all-consuming fire it exists

In humble beginnings as also an end.
It lives without life, therefore, coexists yet
Because it only requires waxed wicks to burn.

We're a candle's flame; we're not the candle
We burn to our extinguished ends
To be ignited by this life - once again.

Stick or Bust

I married my heart to you
I pinned it to the wall
You can crush it like a flower.
Cos the way I'm feeling
It now doesn't, really matter
It was freely, given
And yours equally
You didn't have to barter
I gave you, it willingly at cost
Hoping you would make
The most of it, and you did.
Now it's stick or bust
Or do you twist,
And have I lost?

God will save us all
God will save us for sure
No need to worry, final!
Child, do not live in denial
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
He'll open up a portal
Tell us we're no longer mortal
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure

I hear we're nearing his call
He delivers us from evil
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Just leave a light on
Just leave an open door
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Listen, I hear his arrival
Nothing to fear or be frightful of
God will save us for sure.

God will save us for sure
Even-handed one and all
The meek & mild & them, that's wild
God will save us all.

Everything

Baby don't be afraid of black ghosts
The angels are always near, close
Just open your eyes don't be, afraid
Let them open to the sunlit skies
To the stars that sink into your soul.

Baby soak up the moonbeams
Of this life, life is your parade
Don't let those monsters enter your skin
Open your heart to love
And send them black ghost packing.

Because you, we are strong
When it's midnight, that's the time
To show you have faith in all you know
And make a stand and make love
Love to all the sadness darkness

That hides and sinks in quicksand.
Stand proud and firm, wipe away your tears
Baby don't be afraid of black ghosts
You know who you are
And you are everything if you're willing to be saved.

And baby don't harbour hate
Garden faith in a better tomorrow
And grow, let all those black ghosts go
Winter will have its time, but spring
Will always have warmer climes for us to climb.

Has the moon found her rose?

Has the moon found her rose?
In the mirror of your face
When she soothed in repose
Did you steal her grace?

Quill in hand, did she quiver
Then strike out the stars
Short fuse Gods voltage emitter
Baneful of how beautiful you are.

Has the moon found her rose?
One equal of her rhythmic music
Her nocturne throes

Poetic refinement is therapeutic.

But so is the hand we trace
To the stars in their orbit
That weaves and embraces
The world with us transported.

Her Work

Her workbench is a tale of art
Brushes of every size lay in wait
She says it's heaven to spoil her-self
Paint and pamper and decorate.

My job is to look my very best:
And to put out my chest, pose and smile.
Wink in the right direction if it-
Serves me well, I'll put you under my spell.

Hair blonde then purple and pink the next
Body inked. All is a canvas nothing is real
The hair the eyelashes, her teeth whitened
And even her face has had a peel.

An all over body tan straight from
A spray can, isn't it obligatory
To then carry a Pomeranian a-
Pekingese a Shih Tzu in a Chanel bag.

'I wear Stuart Weitzman heels baby,
I've got status-baby, to hell with you'.

When we're gone and no longer

To be there when we're gone and no longer
That freshly taken photo, with our children
In some movie at a wedding as a spectator
Part of the scenery, not yet an anachronism
A footnote in time isn't that our aspiration...
Remembered as a star in their constellation

... Orbiting their hearts, their starry heavens
Still shedding some contributory light
That guides them on their path, a presence
That gives them the courage to face the night
To be there when we're gone and no longer
So they might not in their footsteps falter.

Bolshoi Dancers

I believe the world is changing its core beliefs
It's moving from iron changing to a zinc alloy
It's now, moving from zinc alloys to a mercury core
And what's more, the temperature is rising
The temperature is rapidly-rising for sure
And what's more, potentially there is no guarantor.

No promise the Bolshoi dancers shall dance anymore
No, promise that the world will be here at all
To ballet dance on its axis
To figure skate like a dying black swan
Once, we're all dead and gone
Once, were drowned at the bottom of this mercury pond.

Last visit & conversion

Here lies—

My grandmother

Weak tired, nearing her death

The archetypal grandmother

Who soothed all manner of nursery cries

Who made everything so much better?

Here lies—

My grandmother

Weak drained approaching her final breath

In that last week of heinous lies

... Spoken in strictly sweet "hellos";,

Not in those sad, departing, closing "goodbyes";.

... Valedictions, farewells

Before, the cloak of her life

Lifts & falls silently bereft.

Closes like a child's ballerina music box

In her last wheezed surrendered, dying breaths.

In hopes-prayer

In hopes coiled never-fading-ending

In words, formed all too cold & informal

Like crusts of stale bread.

Floated in the mouths of the living,

Where it has been faithfully-said

That our own, increments will also rise

Conversely, against all natural logic

And speak from our own, deathbeds.

"Will not each & every one of us..?

One day, converse, with the dead";.

Here lies—

My grandmother

And to bring you up to date she is now dead, deceased.

But conversely against our present state of mind

But not this individual, not my heart or will.

I'll open a ballerina music box; hear her sing once more

I'll see her again in this life or the next, all logic denied.

Of that my dear friends I am not just nostalgically sure.

Ashes...

You've reduced my heart to ashes
But still, still, I would ask you to blow,
Blow, deeply into these remains static
See me glow, tremble into living flame.
Know my fire for you cannot die
Its tempest has no inner peace or calm.

A hurricane that alternates between
Heaven and earth, longing, longing
To be in just one happy dwelling
But like an ocean tide, there's no such place.
So of course, if my fire, fire were to burn
Begin to vent throughout my core—its

Because I love you with my every, pore
I'm near extinguished, but that only
Makes me yearn a million times more
To feel our fanned flame fire restored.
You've reduced my heart to ashes
But I've still this love, this unused passion.

The Rose and the Bumble Bee

Love must have its tempest
Said the Bee to the Rose
Love must have its passions-harnessed
Before its midnights, close.

Yes, love must have its passion
Said the Rose to the Bee
Love must unburden of a fashion
If, it's ever to be free.

But isn't that loves, betrayal
Said the Bee to the Rose
Peering beneath; her petal veils
Before whisking on his toes.

Your love truly a tempest
Said the Rose to the Bee
But I'm the queen most; royalist
Sir—on this we'll both agree.

Love must have its tempest
And this is plain to see
Why passion's flame did bless
The Rose and the Bee.

Mother-nature

Mother-nature what is the essence of spring

Does father berate you turning back his sheets?
Does he wait in the wings with chilly deceits
Mother-nature you're waking up everything.

The dawn is rousing with birdsong and crickets
Hens are cluck, cluck, clucking once again
The farm dog is barking-mad in the thickets
And coppiced-boughs emerald in the woodland-fen.

Mother-nature what is all this foliage about
My ankles they're reddened by stinging nettles
And mountain, rivers are leaping with brown trout
Mother-nature, there's cherry, blossom petals:

Everywhere I walk; you're a good ten, steps ahead
The grounds covered in slugs and snails it looks
Like they're carrying picnic baskets on their head
Mother-nature—father is reading hymnbooks.

He wants to blanket the world in ice and snow,
Put a bookmark in this passage and embrace you.
But you're as skittish as a new-born lamb, so-
I ask for Sis Summer, "what's your overview";.

Bolshoi Dancers

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It's now, moving from zinc alloys to a mercury core
And what's more, the temperature is rising
The temperature is rapidly-rising for sure

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To ballet dance on its axis
To figure skate like a dying black swan
Once, we're all dead and gone
Once, were drowned at the bottom of this mercury pond.

Bubble Gum Pavements

City pigeons make street art under bridges
A Jackson Pollock, something organic.
It, could be Mural 1950s and look—here?
A bubble-gum pavement is this urban street art.
The pointillist canvas does it mimic the universe
And all that's still, to 'comet' through there...?
I love all kinds of art but a dead carcass.
In formaldehyde stretches that to the limit.

I'd rather see some burnt-out Wreckage!
A car, where no-one got hurt or died.
I'd rather see pigeon excrements...
Then a human, anatomy, artist:
Using, someone's once living flesh and bone

I'd rather see bubble-gum pavements.

Then see this great, new modernistic art of nothing at all.

Colossal Choices

Open my heart, open my eyes
Prise-me-open like a mussel
I have grit, I've got, fire, passion...
Little else belies inside my shell
But my heart & soul they're colossal.

"I cannot undersell such a pearl"...

Not when countless others are misshapen
So give me all you've got, prince or frog
...Or else the deal is off null and void
And I'll head back to my grotto-gutted
Miserably empty and totally, annoyed.

The journey home

Aisle on aisle in them, church pews, going home
They hold their iPhone 7s like a prayer book
Bent in devotion switched to some—Om!
Haloed busses, baited on a fishhook
Each waiting for that vital uplink call
Is it the voice of God or just subtext?
I feel I'm not connected, less enthral...
I don't like iPhones at all—I'm perplexed
I haven't God, at my fingertips—my ear
And this isn't my church or Sunday school.
As a rule, I read a book some seer
A clear-eyed poet, prophet so I'm, uncool
I'm, inclined to sit, alone, quite detached
A vestibule, where God and I are, patched.

Without you

Energise my heart with a winning glance
If I were fain to look away, but glow
With every fibre of my being—I owe.
I would gaze at you with no more askance...
Then a flower does a gentle shadow
While wilting of thirst like a Pasque flower
For morning dew to enrich its power,
"You're starlight here"; nothing can foreshadow.
Nothing native or common, about you
You're more graceful than the prairie crocus
Eyes on you, I hold the world in one breath
Eyes closed and the universe is in focus
All is fixed, in rightful place, life and death
They mean, totally nothing, without you.

Confession

Eve's lover comes to warm her with hot apple tea,
He brings the peppermint the acidity of lemon
She brings the honey, the vitamin C,
-He needs—he hands her over a piece of ripe heaven

At the core, all she wants is to bite this phial of venom.
And hear his deepest, darkest, confession
Forget all about fig leaves and noble, discretion.

The first whack of light

As a boy, I loved verdant virgin lands
The first whack of light peeking through the mist
Glistening-like a golden cloak sun-kissed
And nature's volume going through its radio bands
I loved wands of droplets weighted just so
The silent dew cannot enumerate -
Watching robin redbreast reverberate
His shrill bloated song to what do we owe -

This honour of your presence little friend
Why does the earthworm turn tail with the snail?
Does your red jersey; scold their eyes, offend.
As one kingdom ascend upon the vale
Another descends blind as a mole, a bat
Lucky am I in my bright habitat.

Cot Death

I dream so, oh so, so high of ye
Night and the soul, wilt rest
And raise me on an oncoming cloud
Aloft to my angel, my angel child
That winged my heart flutters with joy
I wish to bring ye young one home
And clothe thy bones with flesh and blood
But all I have is gone, my seed in the grave
Ye have flowered and died in the spring;
Our little-winged soul is ye lost. Like sheep
When I count my dying prayers and weep
Don't bleat child, don't bleat!
In the holy meadow, sleep, sleep, sleep
Until that time again we meet.

Could You Image Just One Navajo Indian Tribe?

In the absence of any Law there
Was once upon a time order
Order without any crime, and
Loyalty and love without a penalty.
Can you imagine such a serene, springtime?
Could you image just one Navajo Indian Tribe?
Spinning & weaving, hunting and fishing,
Farming and growing, living and loving in relative peace
Bivouacking under buffalo hides
Gently, grinning ear to ear, with razor sharpened teeth
Teeth sharpened for indigenous decoration.
Not to start any hostilities, of course, I could be wrong...
Even predawn Eden may have been stillborn.

Did It Prevent Your Sun Kissed Dreams?

Father that sundial, is it death
Is it Father - the hand of death?
Is it the sword that cuts short a bird's flight?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life.

The window of light

O' Father is it a guillotine
Does it covert our breath
O' Father how, much, time
Do we have? Left...

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life
Until the bird in your soul, takes flight'.

'Child, a question—answer your father this.
Did it prevent your sun-kissed dreams? Last night.'

Life-on-the-wind

Life-on-the-wind of a butterfly's wing
Moves hither and thither, if only we -
Could catch it, in essence like a sphinx

Placed in our palm and watch ourselves esprit
Find peace and rest, lapping up the brightest stars
Discover a lifestyle, without remorse.
In stillness—rest and find fulfilment blest
But life on these winds all hurly-burly
For each and every one, it is a test
To remain afloat always inexpertly
Learning how to steer a steady course
Hoping, one day our faith will be, reimburse.

'Nothing like White Roses'

Hiding behind soiled curtains unknown
Some people behave like spiders
Living reclusive lives alone.
Never time for any outsiders
Aloof as fawn's and leprechauns
Nothing like white roses, hiding in the briars.

Often there's an underlining thorn
Where mental health issues
Went on bleeding lovelorn long ignored.
I remember a strange neighbour
Who wore his mother's old clothes
Ivy-clad all his windows and doors.

But for all my grown-up neighbours
Seeing him dishevelled became normal when doing their daily chores
So intrinsically as a child, I stayed away.
But I watched him this poor dishevelled man
Oh, how abnormal, subnormal-
Is he, what must he have suffered staying that way.

Never time for any outsiders
Aloof as fawn's and leprechauns
Nothing like white roses, poking through the briars.
He'd search bins, black oily skinned
I thought what could be ungodlier-
Then he, but what a warrior.

My heart felt it could break
As I stared at him with my own,
Two eyes filled with helpless self-pride.
I never knew his name
It was never, spoken
But I got to know, some part of my own, shame.

I guess he died when I saw all that old ivy
Was slung, aside
His doors and windows visible opened to the skies.
He'd never time for any outsiders
Aloof as fawn's and spiders
Nothing like white roses, hiding in the briars.

Every Second an Eternity Prolongs

A face like chalk stoically cast
Hand on pane of leaded glass
Face peering in at times past
A stalker calls to harass.

She's not calling to post letters
She's outside looking in,
And you get to wearing fetters
Haunted, but not by boogeymen.

It's "written"; she's not just beguiled
It's all because you're a superstar
That she wants to carry your child
And drive your latest new car.

She believes she has rights
She's imagined the whole wedding
The honeymoon & magazine rights
She's even picking out new bedding.

Now & again the doorbell is ringing
As she's singing one of your songs
You feel frightened the air is thinning
Every second an eternity prolongs.

When rivers run cold

When rivers run cold, it makes you wonder if they were ever warm
Why we ever went skinny-dipping, swam naked in a thunderstorm
When fires turn to ashes, it makes you wonder did they ever burn.
Why was the air sulphur every other silent nocturne?

When gentle words turn harsh, it makes you wonder what went wrong
Why we ever stayed, what happened to all that loving birdsong
When love, turns to hate it makes you wonder why we ever kissed
Why we ever [melted] only to freeze up like snow inside too cold to exist.

When your soul is left wondering where to go because you're all alone
Is it time to rewrite another chapter, cross over that next stepping-stone

When your heart is like a wilting tulip is it time to close up and drop
Or is it time to rise anew and flower atop of all those others nonstop.

The healings of your heart and soul, don't let them rivers run cold or dry
There are fires eternal simple as a simple firefly no one else can see or classify
When words turn ugly hold out an olive branch and remember it isn't you
It isn't you, it isn't you, and remember, you can't be ever, subdued.

When rivers run cold, it makes you wonder if they were ever warm
Why we ever went skinny-dipping, swam naked in a thunderstorm
When fires turn to ashes, it makes you wonder did they ever burn.
Why was the air sulphur every other silent nocturne?

Just remember it isn't you. It wasn't you, you, built a fire
You were sent here to be a beautifier.

Love unperturbed

Regrets are best, left to smoulder
As ashes in the grate, undisturbed
Yes, now they'll burn without closure
But that's how love grows, unperturbed.

Gentle puffs of air once rightly directed
Can rekindle fires—thought long dead.
Let nought in your heart; be neglected
Once; a well-placed, spark turns infrared.

If you've some dying flame in your heart
Already a fire to spark and burn,
You'll touch some heat, residual not dark
Unearthed, paint a starry, Nocturne.

But like wet oil, fresh on a canvas
Still to be stretched, permanently, fixed.
You'll be glad you left ochre ashes-
Of regret to burn fully-eclipsed.

As a measure of the sunrise
Shining, glowing right through you—now
So later coldly you can summarise
Embers fervour, dying with own two eyes.

A love unperturbed with no regrets
Let it burn, simmer in its flames
A part of your old life vignettes-
Escapades turned blue in old campaigns...

Sleeping with the doves in paradise (song)

Not everybody eats cornmeal bread
Not everybody needs a silver spoon.
Subsidence is whatever leaves you fed, half-filled
Whatever you've got, you've learned to survive.

Not everybody cares about a leaky roof or shoe
Whatever they've endured somehow makes them more.
Not everybody howls cries at a full moon
Some live their life as a pure joy in the Garden of Eden.

Not everybody, not everybody has a picket fence, a front door.
A vaulted place to keep things in store
A prayer a voice trembling on an autumn leaf about to fall
A whisper is a meadow of skylarks and a dream still fading
Not everybody wants to be captains and kings.

Not everybody has a place for harps and violin strings
Not everybody seeks applause and praise, as proof
Not everybody needs a fairy tale a frog prince
There are those with almost two, full good hearts-

Living their days like Sundogs, in the shadows.
Without a bed or a blanket just, glad to be alive.
Sleeping like drifting clouds, with the doves in paradise.
Stretched out like rainbows, wherever it rains, and
And bends the wheat; without, breaking.

Nefertiti

Amidst the golden hues of some far off temple
A woman bathes in radiance all her own,
Stands alone, like she's just returned home.
No doubt she is a tourist, escaping reality,
Her books and pens have all been, set aside
There are to be no more revisions, she smiles.

Her auburn hair is flung forward not back
Over her bare shoulders with such confidence.
Now it's me who's the tourist intrigued by
This Goodreads, authoresses, profile photo
Visiting thoughts, you wouldn't necessarily
Find in some far off pillar, Egyptian temple.

Semisweet

We're only sometimes, semisweet; hmm
I wish we could encounter that honeybee
Under the dappled, shade of His apple tree.
And meet only at the core - but alas again.

Autumn holds our goods in store; so we preserve
Sing like blossom trees insatiable - blithely.
... Last out these long winters tentatively,
In springtime eat our royal jelly reserve.

The cold touches my nape as harsh words
Their wintery blasts sees windblown fruits fall
In the end, good-seasons return my call
We're dipping into flowers with hummingbirds.

We're sitting on mossy boughs holding hands
Watching April clouds roll and dissipate
I kiss, her cheeks, she blushes red I expiate -
I'll do things right at my core for her pangs.

The Taste of Cyanide

What can he "resist"; he's just a feeble man
Who leers at all the ladies, big & small?
Tall or short, a scoundrel he likes them all.
—He quit smoking, but like a boomerang
He returns again and again because,
Because he enjoys each long pungent, kiss
The taste of cyanide burning his lips
That gamble of not pulling the short straws.

What can he "resist"; he's just a feeble man
Down the pub, necks as many as he can
He's what many might call a journeyman,
s his mug all over Instagram
Thinks he's the bee's knees from a bygone age.
A likeable chap some mothers might say
But won't settle down, gone too far astray
His looks are fading, longings disengage.

What can he "resist";, on the homeless list?
Not those free soup kitchen meals, a blanket
Not those coins tossed aside on his jacket
Nor the knife at his throat, where men subsist.
What can he "resist"; he's just an ex-serviceman
Done his best for queen & country, one time!
—Now praying to survive the winter time
Find a warm bed, quit smoking, drink his last Dram.

Barbarity all around me

There is barbarity all around me
And although I close my tired leaden eyes
I can't close my heart make it a detainee
My soul, I can't make it naturalise.
There are times, bloodhounds baying at my door
Stop, stop their howling go, play, hide and seek
And like a tortured ravenous carnivore
They go cold, hungry and morally weak.
... In human clothes; I can be cruel
Leave my cage and join that pack, bloodthirsty
Eyes open, hard and frozen burning fuel
Is this life just somehow perfunctory
I don't know where these feelings, come from
But all this barbarity makes me numb.

Tom McEnroe's Last Sabbath

The Sabbath had its special place in his Irish heart
A man of very few words & an early riser...
Never late for church, always dressed his best, really, smart.
...A whiff of pipe tobacco to this eulogizer—

Fine, but to a criticiser a pungent crime:
He died of shingles—grandfather—it's many years since
In his early 90s, but I still remember—wintertime!
His braving, snow & ice, tying-boots curtailing wincing.

He was fearful of cold weather and fearful for his health
But he had faith a widower he'd his convictions
Promises to keep, heart & spirit in moral wealth
His Lord would see to that whatever his afflictions.

Under his flat cap, he kept a hearty smile a grin
Like a quarter slice of an apple, rosy pink cheeks
Hair white and yellow like the rind of a lemon skin
He was chesty when he chuckled in those little squeaks.

As a young boy, I never asked, but would wonder why—
His wife, my mother, her sister wasn't by his side
Didn't they care about his beliefs & what could belie
Their dereliction of duty three times amplified.

The Sabbath had its special place in his Irish heart
One time I went to church, my role as support—
Worker—with a client whom I did dress very sharp
Later, at home, I inhaled pipe tobacco, a whiff, a snort.

I believe he visited my sleep, proud that I'd been?
Leaving me again the smells of the resin—woodbine.
I woke to remember that evening of the Sabbath
Incense burning, at home & the sound of hosannas.

Joy jumps heart to heart

From heart to heart
like a grasshopper.
But all I need do is but hover
over zenith green-tips of dew.

All I need do' is but dance
above His skies grey purlieu
to feel His rainbows lance
and not feel blue.

All I need do' is but touch wings
with His mirror-ball awnings
His unworldly, light!
'Then learn heaven is truly-bright.

All I need learn is to be still...
Like a grasshopper
He can but net at will
Clasp in His palms prayer
Our sinful souls free of sin forever

In prayer did I hear a hum?

In prayer did I hear a hum?
Loud as any drum
With what measured breath did it weigh?

The probity-of-this another day
The incline of this my decay

Faiths emphatic leap
The deities of men the ungodliness of snakes
Love in its mortal coils heap.
Motionlessly, kneeling, frequently asleep
Only momentarily, awake.

Like a cricket at the gate
Ready to jump blindly into fate.
In prayer did I hear a hum?
Loud as any, drum.

What Do You Want With Me?

You're god-like sir & I am a pint sized lizard
A chameleon with many personalities tintured
What do you want with me?

I can barely hold my head above the quicksand
You, yourself, walk-on-water not just dryland
What do you want with me?

Don't you see I am a poor man, a poor-imitation?
Spiritually I'm homeless, of non-denomination

So, what do you want with me?

How say thou art, my lord & my saviour?
If true, sir you'll forget my many misbehaviours
Come now, sir, what do you want with me?

I'm but an insect a cricket with a song or two
Yet-sirs you want my song, although many times
I'm as ugly in looks & melody, as a marabou stork.

A Moment of Truth

Every day is a kind of 'what if' kind of day.
But 'what if' today were a different kind
Of 'what if' kind of day 'what if' this day,
Happened to be you're final 'what if'
Kind of day, would you do anything differently.

Forget those commitments
And there long dead ideology,
What would you do - differently?
Be selfish - come now be serious
Would you leave the sick and lame?
Would you toast that dying minute?
For a seconds worth of selfish, fame.

Or would you earnestly,

Just carry on... all the same.

How can I

How can I square the four corners of her heart with my world?
How can I cross deserts without water to wet my thirst my throat?
How can I defy gravity if I'm not catapulted or whirled?
How can I climb all those mountainous terrains without a rope?
How can I find heaven if I'm living in some underworld
How can I sail all these seas and oceans without a boat
How can I survive the infernos of these smoky settings blurred?
If I'm not selflessly devoted to every word spoken she emotes
That says she loves me; she loves me only unreserved.

With a song delicate

With a song delicate as scented air
Wish I could betroth a flower so, rare
Join in with the bee's buzzing mad
Tasting their love for honey, forbad.

Ablutions

What's it take to cleanse a polluted river?
Takes Mountains and mountains bother

Takes a hard-bed a soft silt bed sister
That's why silver and gold are so pure
They burned in the suns highest summit
Ablutions were, discovered in that plummet
That's what-it-takes for a virgin or a whore
That's what-it-takes to cleanse, procure
A body of water another sees, effulgent.

Top Hat & Tails

My mother & father fought day & night
But they made a hat with cardboard & glue
They measured my head & were erudite
This accomplishment, of their love, shone through.

To me who had more than just a few doubts
I slept right through it all and then came school...
The very next day Hat on, they recounts
My hat had won the show, yes, this was, cool.

"Oddest-thing-is" I don't recall wearing it.
I don't recall going to school at all...
All I remember is seeing the skip-

& joy in their proud hearts, still so, enthrall.

As they recapped the story, late one night
Describing how they saved their silver foil.
A "40 a day habit, " I guess they'd to light,
Buy more packs, hadn't they heard of Tinfoil.

The Artist's Restorative

The visions of Pablo Amaringo
Transport us to magical wonderlands
It's like oil & water had amazing-
Hypnotic properties & I expands.

Ayahuasca art resonates with me
But it's short-lived, too hectic for my pleasure
Like some hallucinogenic—saree
The real beauty lies within its nectar.

... That went about healing the painter's soul.
For me, there is a stiller-reflexion
In those water lilies - powers - enthrall
Monet canvases, each flower a brethren.

Each blue eggshell brush-stroke heals like a balm;
Such are the properties of great artists
That they can find within to such aplomb,
A composure arriving, some solace.

They've got this almost restorative knack
Of lifting our tired, beleaguered spirits
The poet, speaking tongues elegiac;
Doesn't he do the same, sweet and viscous?

Redemption

"Redemption" does it come with a sell-by date
if it does; I fear I'm already too late.

See I've - done my bit of blasphemy disrespectfully
but I've turned over a new leaf - oddly.

So, I query my past transgressions in earnest:
I've made many mistakes & was never ablest.

Does "redemption" have its own, lock and key?
I know the jailer looking in the mirror is me.

A two edge sword is each personality;
forgiveness is a fine, bottled, whisky.

Once you open it, you want to drink it dry,
limits forgot then your ego, you espy.

Like sailors after an arduous journey,
on their shore leave winking at the honey's going by.

I ask myself is it a port in a storm

ah, "redemption" why does it, leave me lukewarm.

I guess I don't have it, and never will
walk in the straight path of this obscure treadmill.

Roses are on fire

A river of stars
A bed of roses still in bud
We're but water lilies
Learning to be rainbows
With comet ribbons of light.

Where a thorn of passion cuts
Bled itself out red in the valleys.
I find lust is my ground-blanket
But it's always bitterly cold
Black ashen as a moonlit cloak.

I long to kiss the earth
Be one day returned to the dust
The smoke that engines a star
To glow red and orange
I long to be another solitary-seed.

Waiting for its roots to cleave
Cut a blade of green corn
But I'm like a phoenix born
Without any feathers
Looking lost, mystified back at you.

Roses are on fire
Tears perspire—I choke
I wither on the vine
Always faithful, without true-faith
Isn't it time this star my star collapsed.

And joined a river of sand
Ah, quicksand isn't he, my companion
He's filled the chambers of my sky,
He's filled life, my lungs I no longer
Remember, how once I could cry.

Bittersweet

How weary, a foot can be, placed
One following another
Each one a brother slightly splayed
One following another
But never, truly together!

How, easily can a mind be spliced
Torn roughly apart
Like a peach from its stone—sacrificed.
Ripped roughly apart
But never, with a total, disregard.

How tiresome, a heart can beat
Breath after breath
Not finding a moments breath replete
Breath after breath
Brimming, full but yet full of conceit.

Heavy like golden ears of wheat
We hang our heads
As if life were something obsolete
We hang our heads

Thou others are no less bittersweet.

Mrs Robinson

She's got more decades and experience
On her than style, but she can still beguile
With a little curl of a smile, you're a doting
Fool, fresh out of college out of high school.

She could even be the real Anne Bancroft
Playing the role of a neglected housewife
Shall I call you, Mrs Robinson and boast...
How I hung my clothes on your bedpost.

Her seduction is a heady damask fragrance
A mix that fills both lungs, unrepentant...
With enigmatic looks, she's so, bewitching
Shame for Benjamin Braddock she's married
And a little boa snake, airways constricting.

The carpenter's hands

The carpenter's hands are bleeding blood
His hearts a house made of sandalwood
He carves & smooth's it to fit a tawdry groove
A dovetail joint he shares with you. And, you approve.

But still you complain his soul; it has a splintered-
Stairwell, where nothing ever is newly charted.
You say he gazes with knotted eyes spiralling outward
Into a space of stars, sawdust sutured.

His carpenter's hands are bleeding blood
His forefathers' arms cradled in a love-of-dust
He is now at a distance from the sharp end of the plane.
If only he could, uproot, uncouple one carriage of this thought train
Derail the distance in that discontentment, love, once again.

But still you complain; his work has no honesty?
Or shame, she cries like a gull, whose ocean has no-sea-wave.
His hearts a house made of sandalwood
Is but flotsam; is but some malnourished driftwood.

A splintered
-stairwell, where-nothing-ever is ever newly sculptured.

Poetry in motion

We're all poetry in motion in God's hands
"Aren't you a poet"? I am if God made me.
The body of butterflies is damn ugly,
But with glowing wings, their beauty expands.

We're not two or three dimensional
We've got a fourth & fifth; do you get my gist
There is something very intentional
Something special makes us exist.

And yet remains purposeful and unclear
Every life radiant with its own, music
Follows its own, drum beat, each balladeer
Comes, composed of grace own acoustics.

If a rock crumbles to sand - composedly
Turned to crystal glass, can't you apprehend?
We're all poetry in motion in God's hands
"Aren't you a poet"? I am if God made me.

With glowing wings, my beauty too expands
Flies in the face of many hopeless demands
Guess the music in me wasn't really, mine
Like an orchestra, everything intertwines.

Unconditional Love

Every being on earth wants unconditional love

But their egos are like ebony, tough as old-larch
Their resin is a volatile, turpentine; thereof-
Unyielding nought like a soft dripping, willowy arch.

But there are those the pulp of which has love in their hearts.
Can paper-Mache some the cracks—be charitable!
Show some Christian love; they are like the old, ancient guards
Souls, which did pass on through before—unpalatable.

Suffering themselves softened, ensuring a balance
-of compassion & benevolence; that's absolute.
But for the most part folks, there is this counterbalance
Some middle ground. Most—aren't made of teak, jute.

These cloths are fibrous, but that's how we soften-to-silk
Our own, metal is, planished, our sharpest edges rubbed smooth
By charitable acts, meanness turns to buttermilk
& the milk of human kindness moves on & imbues.

I see it's a journey just to hang around

Never wanted a shadow any drama following
Never wanted anything fake - how disappointing
Never wanted ever-to-be washed, be baptised
Never wanted to fall out of love or be reconciled.

Never wanted to chastise a child or become angry
Never wanted money beyond having a full granary

Never wanted to break a heart, hurt a living soul
Never wanted to be that bully, demanding control.

Never wanted to miss a sunrise, become a sloth
Never wanted to break a promise or an oath
Never wanted this pensive sadness this melancholy
Never wanted depression or to resemble a zombie.

Never wanted to attempt to take my life abandon God
Never wanted to be buried or my ashes in a coffee-pot
... Now I'm here I see it's a journey just to hang around
At times life can feel like a commit hurtling inbound.

But now I'm so happy to be here close to you
Forgetting who I am, what I've been, without you.
Never wanted a shadow any drama following
But now I'm with you nothing is too imposing.

My body sighs; it's singing I'm grateful for all of this...
I'm-grateful for the moonlight each starlit abyss
When I look into your eyes and feel our fault lines
Touch and collide, it's-like-everything has to crystallise.

My daily prayer

Worse treatment than animals in abattoir stockades
Soldiers have fallen into the hands of butchers
They've been maimed, tortured & have suffered
They've lost limbs but in the fullness of time?
Met challenges head-on slew their old demons
Ultimately by God's grace, faith beats each enemy.

These fearsome fighters refuse to be, enslaved

These men & women have felt ripsaw-bullets
Burning and exploding grenades
And at low-ebb become our greatest heroes.
Rehabilitation prepares them for healing inroads
Without hatred or hubris, millstones, but hang-on.

Our forthright defenders have financial worries
Like anyone else jobs-housing is needed not charity
Ex-military needs help to forge a sustainable future.
Wars fought for our homeland protect the mainland
It takes a will of iron, at great personal expense
It takes strength & courage to defend the weak.

To guard, shield them from tyrants, criminals
There's no winner in these hard-fought battles
That-friend can only be, flag-waving-vanity
Right now definitely, let's not boast or despair
Let's hope optimism & peace prevails everywhere
Win's by all means fair. That's my daily prayer.

Baboons

A baboon has a stern sideways glance
An air of indignation like an Indian
Railway-guard at a busy train station.

I see baboons, groom each other
Then wonder why one doesn't groom me
Don't I deserve ticks fleas bitten off me?

Baboons they are simply fascinating
Either from the front or behind:
How did we get talking about baboons?

I do not know, but let us not be unkind
Just in case there is one, one-of-a-kind
I don't want to hurt their feelings too deeply.

Coz-baboons wear the same expression
It's human too, I, don't care who you are
You'll see it when they smash up your car.

Baboons, baboons, baboons
I see them daily going to work fed up
Squinting with a look that says what the f***.

Bridges We Can Admire

Be brothers strong steadfast as that stone bridge?
Strong as that bridge at Blackwater; Fermoy,
Co. Cork in dark, turbid times it's a stint
Not to teeter or fall to the seafloor.

Remaining firm footed day in day out
It's a brawl against the tide to be sure;
Bridges we can admire sitting in dark stout
Fools toppled over—might as well be manure.

Wake up sonny boy, pull yourself together
Let's head back to the pub and sink some more
That's sound advice, but it's hard to weather
When, rapidly your world is sinking, offshore.

The world is corrupt

The world is corrupt
And wants to corrupt
Everything it touches tonight!
We get squished, squashed
We get crushed
We are hit by falling boulders
Good is always swimming hard uphill
Against all oncoming currents, tides
Good is subsistence, God is deliverance
Life-lived on nothing but hope
Is like having holes in your shoes
But you have a reef of dope
Blowing your brains

But like flowers on barren soils
They're often at their most beautiful
Squished, squashed, crushed
And undernourished
You can find they're even twice as kind
The world is corrupt
And wants to corrupt
Everything it touches tonight!
But if it's filled with your love
That's fine, you can blow my mind
Cos when I'm broken, I will heal twice as kind
Good is subsistence, God is deliverance

Darling you are meek and mild
And then just evil meanness, all the time.

Rough sleeping

So many doorways
So many children
Where is the thinking
It can go on ignored

Why aren't they safeguarded?
What is their mental condition?
Why all these negative the supposition
They take drugs
They are drunks
They are tramps

Giving is easy and saves lives
But isn't it all so prolonging these lies
And allowing our governments
To disseminate more divisions

Without making policies to help
It continues to be normalised
So what are laws like "safeguarding" for?
If it isn't for the destitute
The mentally ill,
Or those rough sleeping in a shop door on the floor.

If this were a World War
And that frozen sleeping bag swaddled body
Was a victim of war?

I guess there would be an outpour of help
Not just when it is -4 °C
Let's get them off the floor until the thaw.

In so many doorways
So many of our nation's children line the street
Where is the town planning the thinking?
Can it go on being ignored?
Looking on, watching our leaders
Rule with might of sword
What is happening, my gentle Lord.

The white elephant

After the lotus blossom flowered
The white elephant floats out of her sepals
Seven days later, Queen Maya died.
The white elephant he doesn't mix well jackals

He doesn't witness death, hunger or sickness
Not until he was in his mid to late twenties
Not until he wanders outside the palace walls
Witnesses' person suffering in their dying eddies.

Does he question his own, mortality?
Now faced with a man's dead severed skull
The white-elephant contemplates his own, death?
How can an emancipated body like a lotus unfurl?

Find spiritual harmony, enlightenment
How can one reach a state of true Nevada?
After some six years of profound hardship
He was no closer to understanding finding karma.

Not until he sat meditating under the Bodhi Tree
Many days, not until he was shown a middle way
Did he find what he was searching for?

Never would he be born again, be anyone's protégé.

He found peace in the blossoms of his own, serenity
Where the petals of the Bodhi tree rained on his brow
He found an explanation that explained everything
The dream his mother had was after all like the Tao.

New Year, Starting From Tonight

Let's hope this New Year brings us closer
Let's hope it closes the distance the fissure
Let's hope it mends those broken fences
Let's hope it bridges all those gaps.

Let's hope this New Year heals us all
Let's hope it's filled with love and friendship
Let's hope it's a shining example to our kids
Let's hope it kick-starts your heart, starting tonight.

Let's hope this New Year has a resolution
Let's hope that, resolution lasts beyond our lives
Let's hope everyone has fought their last fight
Let's hope we can build a better future.

Starting right-now one second, after midnight.
Starting right-now let's make the future bright.
No use thinking good times are impending,
Let's all make it happen, starting from tonight.

Life Is What?

Life is what? A ball of clay
Punched and softened
Spun around and moulded
Kiln baked every single day
Till its final shape is, fashioned
Or it cracks and explodes—
It's in your hands how it's finished
How it's used and glazed
Every pot is made, with love
But not all vessels contain it.
Some flaws we can work upon
Others are too ingrained.
All pots will be made clay again
It's the way of every container
It's the way of every retainer
That everything put in, took out is, repaid.

My garden was a roadside paradise

My garden was a roadside paradise
A picture-perfect postcard-prairie
My garden was a slice of my personality
Always trying to be, at its, very best.
But my lovely garden isn't love-blessed
Sadly there's a cuckoo perched on my breast
Who's decided I should be dispossessed.
Now bindweed does its best to be caressed
But I can always make another garden
All I need is some dirt with a bit of
Sweetness; all I need is a spade, sharpen
I can't be too disheartened my love.
Every garden starts from a dustbowl
It just needs caring for someone to cajole.

Satan calls you 27/06/2019not published

A Cobra whispers to a Horned Lizard
"He's got a-good-foothold on ears and minds";.
They're lining up tens of millions adrift.
Satan profits from each of the four winds
Our sense of injustice-isn't-rectified
He afflicts and conflicts our flesh, assists
In a manner meaningful, quantified
People, never ask? ...does, Satan exists.
His adversary, questionable
Did you read the memo, "Prayer is dead"?
... That dude-Lucifer the unmentionable
Caused the death of Catholicism; discs of bread,
Warm wine represents the blood of Christ body.
People love their abyss of drugs and drink
They don't whine-on about melancholy,
Bodied in a hot daisy-chain interlink-

They're all happy wayfaring Infidels.
Who'd give up rosemary-beads and sandals?
For scenes from the bowels of hells brothels
For lascivious moments, hot scandals
Lives become somewhat tainted with neglect
Folks sleeping-rough on every city-street
Of their fate, that political, excrete...,
No-longer care, who is the architect
That's ejaculated, in every, tabloid
Tells us it's a dog eat dog world, stays guarded
Closed, captured black and white in celluloid;
Live life in-full-Technicolor, uncharted.
Have your sexual mishaps let them shape you
Desire is the clay, vessel that reshapes you
So slip-on as many shoes as you dare too
Be diverse, explore another avenue.

Poverty by rote

Where's the dialogue between the rich and the poor
Those who have and stand tall—those left behind to crawl.
What we require is a poet in residence
Like the one at Fremont Bridge with two testicles;
The one that crosses Lake Washington Ship Canal
In part might keep both sides happy - rational.
France, the yellow vests movement are making protests
Hong Kong there is anti-extradition protests
Government the world over are short on hearing.
Their benevolence always to be endearing
To the bankers and their corrupt party sponsors
And in England-always in the New-year honour's
Where's the dialogue, where's the bridge and where's the voice
Of reason and justice, who listens to our noise?
Our castrated expressions are-strangled at birth,
But it is we cast out like-so-much afterbirth
With a birth certificate, ownership papers
A number to rise-up glass-ceilinged ladders
But the future is shaped by each generation
That holds a ballot box vote affiliation
Wavers to decide between the choices of two?
Nothing-changes no one is ever overthrew
Only the hoodwinked, gullible allowed a vote
The child brought up in-constant poverty by rote.

An effigy in a candle flame

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I fashion to light an unlit room
Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could sleepwalk my way to the moon.

Crawl as does an oyster; wax and wane
Burn-away to a cratered cinder
... An effigy in a candle flame

I too could walk on the moon
Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could fashion a stroll to your room

Just too, watch-better how your eyes gleam.

... Star of the show and yet a mixture
Of dirt and snow, a polished dream
With a trailing, comets, stardust plume.

Much like mercury that quicksilver
I could watch your star rise strike out the sun
Remember how it was when I was young
Gazing heavenly those stellar-front-row views

When I was like mercury and you were-all-the news
I could fashion a stroll around a new moon
I could sleepwalk my way back to your room.

Arctic snow

The news is a constant in all our lives
Like microplastics found in arctic snow,
Yesterday's news headline no one forgives
But were all part responsible, and so-
Let's not adlib some sense of innocent's
Act-like it's some, sort of manslaughter charge.
"We can beat that crap";, we aren't villainous
That smoking-gun wasn't ours or this scourge
Of waste; decomposing-body unclaimed
On the worlds, cold mortuary table
Waiting to be identified - reclaimed
No, this isn't ours it's been mislabel
No lead I didn't fire that pistol?
Look this snow is pure and clear as crystal.

The wild creature you keep in cold store

Howling from the outside looking in
I am the beast you won't let in

I am the animal you can't ignore
I am the wild creature you keep in a cool store.

The thing you cannot tame or groom
Goes padding around your nursery room
Goes padding hungry beneath a blood-red moon
It's an intuitive shadow following behind you.
Banging closed the door—you,
You intuitively barred opened only to run away.

But this monster has your best interests at heart
But you just-keep running away,
Instead of being fearless
You just run away.

Listening to the storm that would not stop or stay,
The desire you baited like it was, only child's play.
"Roared" ever louder to be heard,
Tears of pain and hunger deferred.

Howling from the outside looking in
The beast you won't let in
The animal you can't ignore
The wild creature you keep in a cool store.

The things you tamed inside, groomed
Now wants to live, breathe and be-exhumed.
And live inside.
"Roared" and let the world know it isn't dead.

Individuality

At a certain age
there is a tribal brotherhood
dress code of togetherness
often misunderstood.

Says, we'll take on all newcomers.
It exaggerates

their tribal rites of passage
and attitude—status.

They've got courage,
and vitality, physical strength.
Each comrade bother/
sister, true to his, herself.

It's like no other alliance,
they are soldiers
the title of which
leads us to many misnomers.

The likes of which,
they'll never come across again.
They all set themselves
-apart from being, underpin.

Just the same a hippie
that dark Goth, a mod, a punk,
they're all equally programmed
with personalities we debunk.

But I respect them personally
their individuality,
their stand out behaviour
that steers clear of banality.

We don't want no, bullshit rock 'n' roll

We don't want no, bullshit rock 'n' roll,
we want Margaret Thatcher Toilet Roll.
Give me safety pins through my nose
and black bondage S&M clothes.
A youthful rebellion is what we need,

a nihilistic vision to, counteract tory greed.
We want Mohawks, The Ramones, The Clash
we're the anti-establishment can you grasp.

We hate manufacturer pop culture—canned,
we need The Sex Pistols we are the spat on Damned.
We want "No More Heroes" by The Stranglers anthem sang,
Yes, some idiot will wear a swastika, but he isn't one of us, man.
We want the New York Dolls,
our Transit vans no "F-ING" tour bus, Bentley or rolls.

We don't want any diamante bullshit Elvis, rock 'n' roll clothes,
We don't want your far-right fascist record deals
We don't want to grow old and get Meals on Wheels
we want Margaret Thatcher's head on our "F-ING" Toilet Roll.
Give us The Buzzcocks, The Dickies, the UK Subs or 999,
give me that kind of shit anytime.

Fast and furious, speeded up and in your "F-ING" face,
and when you sit down with your better half, alter ego,
don't forget to say your "F-ING" grace.
Give us something real and minimalistic,
something far from enchanting or eulogistic;
give us Dr Martens, Sham 69, Angels with dirty faces,
give us something that can change the course of ages, history,
give us back our freedom, subdivided "F-ING" liberty.

Mark Heathcote

Postcard

Loving you, it's much like
waiting for a postcard
it's quite unsportsmanlike
ah, nothing to safeguard
except for some avant-garde
leopard skin, leotard
a postcard from heaven
you wait a lifetime for
so long you feel chasten
neglected deep down to the core
written on it one word.
illegible (Sorries) blurred
from-a-hybrid, little bird.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Come Now Marilyn, Let Us Not Split Hairs

Your birth wasn't it a doorway
A passage into death's kingdom
Didn't you sit head of its throne?
Making light work of it, atom!

About to explode, split in two,
Come now Marilyn, let us not split hairs
Metaphorically or other
We all have to expend our wares.

Find out our value, good or evil
Bank it for triple interest.
Hope its tender doesn't annul
A brides interest that one who is blondest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

More Than One Side To An Argument (Satire)

Some see white, some see black
Some grey, some are just out of whack!
Need a visit to their local quack.

On one side of the bed, there's amnesiac
On the other, there's an insomniac
Couplings aren't made easier by zodiac.

Okay, so you want to scratch my back
Kiss my royal arse or counterattack!
But sorry, I'm just a nymphomaniac.

Cor blimey, I fancy that local lumberjack
But I don't want to give him a cardiac
I'll take the man by the ducks that quack.

I heard the ladies all call him The Anorak
He looks Goth, a-bit-kind of demoniac
But my guess is he's just lost the knack.

Maybe together we could play piggyback
Eat al fresco, and empty his haversack
Uncover a sticky romance paperback.

Mark Heathcote

Flood Survivors Rebuild

What happens when your house
becomes a riverboat?

A boat that neither swims
with the current or float.

A house that's a watershed,
watermark of pure dread
how do you look or forge ahead
such hearts well with deep regret.

But somehow, you'll find new strength
pull together and make amends.

With near-certain death averted
whatever catastrophe-

brings whatever portends.

Flood survivors rebuild

pandemic survivors regroup

stand shoulder to shoulder

disasters internship

makes them stand together

soldier on twice as strong.

Mark Heathcote

Butterfly, Haiku

peace - still reflection
two lancet butterfly wings
light - souls allowance

~ or ~

peace still reflection
butterfly lancet windows
souls light poised - flight

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Every Day's A Tug Of War

As one foot steps in front-of-another
the beating heart perceives every journey
a fight over right and wrong, together
in-tandem, act as a trial attorney.

The courtroom mind never closes its doors
here, there are never any adjournments,
just walks down long-forgotten corridors;
pets and people - how many lost remnants
every day a tug of war, an appeal
to the bar, please grant me some mercy.
Show me clemency isn't a raw deal
life with-a-human conscience, it's balmy.
But then again, when we fall in love, its
magic, it's-wonderful, we all omit.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poets—sprinkle Words

Poets—sprinkle words onto paper
That, in turn, becomes glass sandpaper
Optician's lenses, they're freely given here
Readers choose what grade they want.

Is it to be abrasive or persuasive?
Interrogative or simple, non-invasive
As readers, we'll ask ourselves.
What will it even be denotive of?

What will rub, off?
Whatever eventuality, we want polish
We want black or white glistening onyx
That's all our readers want, let us be honest.

We might like,
But we don't want clairvoyants.
Prophecy is all well and good
But it isn't sexy or joyous.
□

Mark Heathcote

After Global Peace

'After global peace, what next, will follow? '
Course there'll be no apathy or gluttony,
'Course not, ' you won't beg, steal or borrow.
There'll be no infighting even for survival
Love will follow love and topple all evil.

Imprisoned poets, will sing of joy and life
And return home to unknown foreign lands
There'll be no more murder on the 10 o'clock news.
Soon soldiers will down, their barbaric tools
Stop listening to governmental patriarchal fools.□

□
'And write about how even they too were used.'
Course there'll be no hunger or indifference□
We shall all be—brothers & sisters
There'll be no envy or lust, no avarice
Growing rice; living in harmony, this could be, nice.

□
'After global peace, what next will follow? '
Well, we shall all live like Easter Islanders
With big heads, and practice slash-and-burn.□
'Pretty shortly, won't we run out of resources? '□
Yes, but like so many, before us, we'll set sail for the sun.

Put all our faiths on a straw-raft as did our forefathers.
Kon-Tiki man, and look for the Promised Land.
'I beg your pardon, but hasn't that ocean, been mapped.'
You Sir! You have no faith. Look at our giant statues
Hollow-eyed, gaunt faces, didn't their ancestors survive.

Mark Heathcote

If Your Heart Is A Sleeping Elephant

If your heart is a sleeping elephant
then truly your dreams must open orchids
in the heart of God in a garden of love
God himself might well pluck your haunches
don't be prerequisite; or malevolent
be aware your seed is sown here to grow
He'll expect you to fulfil a promise
He'll expect you to find love, cut off tusks
give concerts, stop being an impresario.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fishbowl Aura

Honey, you must be blessed
You look like you have an aura all around you.
And I'm just a goldfish in your light
Learning how to breathe
With two jellied eel knees
With two eyes on a petri dish
Wanting and wishing to close all my days with you.

Honey, you must be blessed
You look like you have an aura all around you.
Guess it must be the moonlight
Now that I'm getting to know you
And I'm just tongue tied
Closing my eyes still mesmerised
Wanting and wishing to close all my nights with you.

Honey, I must be blessed
You look like you have an aura all around you.
Could it be you have found, love?
Oh, honey I've never flown with milk white dove
But I'm blessed I'm happy to fall in love with you
And live in an aura of you
And live in a fishbowl aura for two with you.

Mark Heathcote

Woodland Clearings

Life is a poisoned pinned brooch in living flesh
It is midnight hour at the stroke of death.
It is a flowering walnut tree
Maybe it is just the debris of a holm oak a holly, a green sprig.
Somehow, it is still bleeding pressed into one palm,
In woodland clearings clapped together!
Ah, you think you will remain forever a sapling twig in your heart.

But no, it has these bitter black fruit berries
That once was red as dried blood.
Even now an unfettered unfed spring bird, early springtime
Won't glance a second of these as the hard winter passes.
The brooch on the ground is just a stroke at the midnight hour
It's a long-forgotten flower on a long-dead flowering tree
'Says the atheist' but I say thank God, that isn't me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Eves Love Entices The Phoenix

I'll put your heart into a frying pan,
see if I can't reach a temperature
above freezing, but an executor-
with a sharp tongue; who likes to harangue
sure, it won't be easy, I'll be at pains
to curl a lip or raise the faintest smile
I'll be at pains to think of reconcile
sure, it won't be easy, I'll be at pains
even to consider sharing fuel costs.
You see, I've given up, giving again,
time, time and time and time and time again
you are in an eternal equinox.
I want sunspots on this barren cold moon.
I want a hot sunny June afternoon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

On The Corner Of Some Forgotten Road

Some, days the world fills your eyes with tears
Every second feels like a thousand years.

Who can be tarnished gold and remain gold
Be rich having purity golden uncontrolled.

On the corner of some forgotten road
Where nothing, was ever bartered erode.

Be 24K gold and you too—will then seen too soft-
To mould, something unfashionable at cost.

You too—will be seen as something too weak!
At fault of wear and tear, and to antique.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Calm Tranquil Water

If your heart was an empire, how would you
defend it from the vast armies of heartless marauders
or would you just hand it over like tranquil waters?
Look you mass murderers; it's here for the taking drink.
Drink your fills have done, and kills, me at your—will
I am but dust, the clay, the vessel in your hands.
You'd break before baking in the kiln-
or even being moulded or made.
Should I build a Great Wall of China?
Or should—like I say, be just-calm tranquil water?
Ah, every tsunami vilified has these unnatural events.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Is No Letting Go...

Your first flight expedition into your soul never dies
each one after another is just an alternative sunrise.
Another band added to a glittering rainbow.

Explore all the colours that make it so,
but when it's time to leave the one you love,
those that matter the most in the entire world they know.

No matter how many lives you go on to live
there is no letting go.
A dream, dreamed, cannot be undreamed
every life will be a returning journey back to them.
A far outstretching rainbow - can I get an Amen!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let's It White Hot Smoulder

Love is it fiction a worn-out fantasy
A loose thread you've been too afraid of pulling
Do alarm bells ring louder substantially?
Are you drowning lost to yourself consoling? ☐
Asking, does it matter as long as I'm not alone?
Pure fiction or autobiographical
we each all need to write, wear our own, cologne
wherever we, you've come from topographical.

Our demographics our differences
love should be an extension of our better selves.
Not governed constitutions, alliterative-
eloquent make beliefs full of lying snares.
Love should be a costuming fire a sun
only getting hotter and getting colder
when life's full physical course has been out-run.
Then even hotter lets it white-hot smolder.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Abstinence

Love-like-this, olive oil drizzled, tossed salad.
Saying who needs your prime cuts of meat?
A plump beef tomato has just as many pips
More than anybody wants to eat.
Look takes a leaf out of a vegetarian's book
They don't need two veg's one meat to cook:
Put bubbling broths of love back into an artichoke.
Abstinence well, it's a chosen garment for some
But for me, it's-quite-unpalatable too bespoke.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Praise And Thanks

When my heart is subdued, on the brink of collapse
when my heart is subdued, when we haven't held hands
when my heart is subdued, on the borders of romance
when my heart is subdued, and our lips haven't kissed
when my heart is subdued, on the verge of a great expanse
When there's a moment forestalled in perhaps perchance
we will one day be spooned into each other's laps
it's then I remember to give due praise and thanks.
Oh, it's then my soul is as joyous as a songbird
Chirping to the world, this girl is my joy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Has No...

Love has no boundaries
no wall's no fences, any enemies
love has no trenches
no bows & arrows
no silly, childish jealousies.

Love hasn't any disparities
no axes to grind, no one to undermine
nor penalizing penalties
love has no favorites
no hidden agendas irregularities.

Love is love is love is love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Cup Half Full

I now fear nothing can be, enhanced
Now I have a cup-half-filled at last.
How can a water lilies reflection
Be more refined and crystal clear
Now's that, it's sitting up unapologetic
Above, pondering the still blue air
The cycle of life - isn't it prophetic
We live; we die, in poetic states of abjection.
And our, lust is an additional stratosphere
Like flower stalks stretching to Apollo
Likewise, we're a submerged waterlily,
I guess all it wants to do, then is to follow
These cups & saucers brim too full, spilling over
And like her not too shabbily either.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Regrets...

It would be wrong of me
To ask you to bed me
To vet me
But worse even still to regret.
You might have said, yes!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'd Like To Shake Hands With The One

I would like to see the eternal me
And hear how I survived
I would like to meet the eternal me
Give thanks for the life sufficed
I would like to meet the eternal me
And be told nothing can harm you.

□

I'd like to shake hands with the one
Who's giving up trying to be in control?
That's joined my heart and soul
That has forgotten how to dramatize.
I'd like to shake hands with the one
Who has accepted all my faults?

□

Ask when we/I can do it all again. Amen!
Oh, guess you think!
I'm out of my cotton-picking mind
But with a little help from my eternal self
I am one of a kind.
I could just do with being a little better aligned.

I was like a key in an old rusted lock frustrated
I just need a little delicate handling
And my vaulted treasures I beg I'll supplicate
Will dress my attire and place on my crown
And I will see and stir a new heading
And sleep more heavenly on my eiderdown.

Mark Heathcote

I'm A Thorn In The Side Of Love

O, I'll write a hundred gazelles?
each a flowers unopened bud
unlocks those passions intense
that desire busting, hereof.

And yes, I will draw your blood
those last few pulsating drops of love.

I'm a thorn in the side of love
press me deeply, and I will delve
into the fires that bleed blood
press deeper, love unawares.

And yes, I will draw your blood
those last few pulsating drops of love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All Costs, Without Any Of The Blame

Guilty pleasures we long to touch
Burning our fingers on aching calves
When strawberries are just out of hands clutch
Every last brimming empty moment fills our epitaphs.
Greed's root, a palmed hand turned face down
Always takes what it cannot absorb-
All cost, without any of the blame.
Desire is a sin.
But today, there's scarcely any stigma or shame
Or burden to add, place in our heart or soul
Happily, we're branded by burning coal
When strawberries are just out of hands clutch
Free we won't be, selectively judged.

.....



PoemHunter.com

Guilty, are the pleasures longed to touch
Burning our fingers on aching calves
When strawberries are just out of the hands clutch.
Every last empty moment fills our epitaphs
Greed's root a palmed hand turned face down
Always takes what it cannot absorb,
All costs, without any of the blame.
Desire is a sin.
But today, there's scarcely any stigma of shame.

Mark Heathcote

His Love Belongs To Everyone

Silence lifts white fraying fogs
That's hidden by deviltry
Isn't he known or unknown? □
His woodland inn winters throne.
Here smokeless monologues —
Whisper like a brick chimney.
□

His love belongs to everyone
No one everyone, but me.
Meadow rolling, Lord, how twee.
Their flowers on lolling stalk.
His love belongs to everyone
His hearths fire inglenook.

His love belongs to everyone
No one everyone, but me.
But one day still somewhat numb,
I'll be that threadbare pine tree.
Evergreen ichor blood flows...
Waiting his soft springs touch. □

Through his veins my sludge overmuch
Gives flower, I've not disclosed.
Now's I'm not so grandiose
His love belongs to everyone
No one everyone and me!
Shining stars in a shining sea.

Mark Heathcote

Voices Of Space Dust In Your Night Sky

Friends are adding ignoring blocking
What does it say about their hearts?
Abiding, interest: it's defeatist having not
Loved & finally, lost some counterpart.

□

Ignore blowing clouds of any-which-way.
Make new friends, who'll just stay,
That'll hear you, support you, anyway.
Whatever's in your heart clearly say?

Friends are adding ignore blocking□
What is my fate does the sun not shine?
Does the moon in its solace not also blind?
Whatever your dear departed friends do, you'll shine.

You'll be just fine you're one of a kind.
Ignore those clouds; allow them to blow away
Friends are adding ignore blocking
Let them blow hot & cold, stay away

It's not for you to pronounce, inveigh□
Hostility - let them. You can be a star
'Let them have their silhouette nebulae □
Their voices of space dust in your night sky.'

Mark Heathcote

The Self-Portrait

Love - isn't-a-guise or a disguise
my love for you isn't a prop or a backdrop
I fan the flames that fire your heart
am I not; that landscape, within-without?
am I not the canvas?
The self-portrait in oils you've longed to paint
I taut stretched the cloth to the frame.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Truly-There's-Never Two Of Anything

A caterpillar's journey
is, unlike any others
but principally, it's
like two birds entwined, engaged in lovemaking
Truly-there's-never two of anything
it is always the one becoming the one:
Even in coupling—all sources cocooning mirrors.
Rainbows appear when-sunlight-is refracted-
through any prism, life is no different in spirit
the soul's life isn't it a raindrops evaporation
the rainbow we see when
our chrysalis is also eternally opened.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Anadolu Ponies

One morning with renewed faith we'll-awake
like Anadolu ponies dancing, and
skip outside...kick open the stable door—shake-
our manes, and nod our heads flick our tails stunned.
One morning clip-clopping guided by-a-light
we'll leave all our doubts to climb some snowy pass.
Loop the clouds, left-to-wet our appetite,
and lie in fields of dew-wet untrod green grass.

One morning, but not when we've candlelight
but not tonight, not when you're here with me.
Not when you're in my arms mesmerized sight
not when I hear your heart beating esprit
love, I'll be your groom, rein in your bridle.
For our lives, they're entwined-fluid and unmindful.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sing Me A Drunken Gospel (Song)

Sing me a drunken gospel
With two hands held together clutched in prayer
Ah, I'll bring the sharpened axe
To cut that tether binding you to another
Ooh, I'll sing you a dawn chorus a song,
A drunken gospel, then I'll be gone.

Oh, sing me a drunken gospel
Till we get both cold stone sober
We'll have such a heavenly choir-of-a time, tonight
Ah, I'll bring the sharpened axe
Just you still yourself, but don't get too relaxed
And together we'll feel the leather and lace

-Of a magic drunken gospel
Oh, I want to bite you and kiss you
Hear you hiss, when, when I leave you.
I want you to claw like a vixen
Imbuing all you've got still needs fixing...
You still need loving not rescinding.

Oh, sing me a drunken gospel
I want us to meet in that river of love
And get baptized all over again
At least until the sun rises above
And the gaslight of daylight hits the pedal
Ooh, my midnight's petal. Oh, my midnight's gospel.

□
Oh, sing me a drunken gospel
Oh, sing me a drunken gospel
Oh, sing me your drunken gospel my devil's angel.

Mark Heathcote

Five Cotton Haikus Making A Song

I

Valleys white with snow
Elk they're going round the bend
Cotton grass prairies

II

Do cotton prairie
Maidens sit at their big looms
Quilting the new moon

III

Cotton picking days
There coming— darling keeps me
Warm this cold dark night

IV

Ah, warm gossamer
Mountain cotton grass—my soul
Summits grey rain clouds

V

I fell for Venus
In cotton starry prairies
Like elk bedding down

Mark Heathcote

Old Man...

When your voice oscillates, cracks appear
Instability and hostility make your face shake.
Lakeside waters quiver—exotic birds shiver
Disappear.

Old age lines up silver birch tree roots
'Does your old age grace you, garnish you old fool?
Are you too antiquated—stubborn as a mule?
What love' if any guides you through the woods?

October absorbs like canker rotten fruits
But somehow, you tender a sweet peas tendril smile.
Through all of them cold clotted thrombosis veins.
I can't easily comprehend the reasons why.

I guess the drum beats of your heart:
That is marching faster away.
Beats just as hard and as loud today,
Glad peeling back these skies' grey clouds

Mark Heathcote

Dirty Unicorn

Love comes no more with elderflowers
leastwise my heart is in satin flames
not whilst my kisses are-
all dried out and blistered
-burst balloons.

Love knit me a new heart in my basket:
'Dirty unicorn', you are my ballast
I need you to burn and circle the moon
I need you now to gallop, unload
now my flower grows unfolds.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Listen To The Voices Of Our Forefathers

The voice of our forefathers is oddly subdued
no longer do we hear their pain, toil, sweat, and blood
even if we could somehow guess with certitude
we'd not marvel lengths they went to turn back the flood.

Always gates were open like a roaring fire
no walls constricted the icy-cold grip of death
lives before the NHS, it was a bittersweet briar
babies dying are put on hot coals at cease of breath.

What a parody if we measure our days,
against all their yesterday's, living hand to mouth
if we measure our difficulties, tooth-decays
their suffering, making pacts with the devil-like Faust.

Would it make you cry or laugh to compare ourselves
sadly, city streets rank-and-file line up with morose
-destitute men as compassions safety net shelves.
This wealth-of-healthcare cost-cutting hides comatose-

More problems to the public purse penny pinchers
in the future more than likely will cut free health care.
Guess then we'll remember our forefathers' timbers
as we shiver and sweat and die in fever threadbare.

Mark Heathcote

Time Traveller...

Could a time traveller enhance his/her life?
Would it help them somehow better manoeuvre?
Or would it twists, some metaphorical knife
Leaping forwards into some distant future.

□

Would seeing what it holds help him pick his wife?
Would it help her find her one rightful suitor?
Ask yourself what benefits there'd be in store
Leaving all you-know-about.... What it illustrates

Here's the question, do you make the same mistakes □
Do you over boil your soft-boiled eggs, burn your -
Soldiers, and still arrive late for work. Put skates -□
On backwards, get eaten by a brontosaur.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

They Say It's Too Late It's-Karma

A drug taker knows his self-imprisoned
a smoker knows the importance of not smoking.
A drinker knows about the damage he does to his liver.
The gambler isn't just a well-practised sinner.
The adulterer does he misses the loins of his mother.
They all speak the same and blame - bad karma.
But all admonish their stupid irresponsibility;
they all see their shortfalls as a kind of inferiority.
But no one is willing to administer any change.
Change one part of that suboptimal behaviour.
Till their lives reach a tipping point of danger
but then again, they say it's too late it's-Karma.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Speak From The Yolk Sac Of Your Crocus Lips

Is your love an echo?
Is your love a typo, a drastic linguistic error?
A miss print,
Did I miss interpret it, did I hear you wrong.
Oh, it's only now I can't hear your thoughts
You're convoluted summer morning songs
Your minds, hearts words...
That used to lisp like the melt spring snow.
Can I use braille, I still might be swayed
By the touch of your breaths heady kiss...
On the back of my dumb hands my wrists.
The yolk sac of your crocus lips the saffron of your tongue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Until, I've Gone Completely Out Of My Mind

Until you know where I'm, standing
Until you know where I'm, waiting
Until you know where I'm, waving from
Until these shadows take your hand
Come search for me, in the hinterland.
I'll be beneath your feet like mossy quicksand
Amid the tall pines the back of beyond
The purple woodland the stagnant pond
A remoter area you'll not fall upon
I'll wait for you forever but don't be too long
For you, I'll wait forever. I've no sense of time
I am vying for us to lie together entwined
Until, I've gone completely out of my mind.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Is It All A Load Of Pollock's?

We live amongst mortals wanting to be immortals
So ask who is satisfied life contented. Tell me, speak.
Please my eyes are open like two diagonals A4 blank pages
My tongues a bookmark of some distant narrow ages
"I cannot disguise the looker from the on-looker";
The best of me wants always to be a good lover
Loving you only you.
The worst of me wants only to use you.
And, thereafter leave you.
My thoughts are simple and as complex as-
Paintings by Jackson Pollock
How do we abridge-
These mixed mediums of disappointment and expectation?
Do I drip my paintbrush wherever feelings take me?
Do I explore my pallet these otherworldly multi universes?
And break all unnatural universal sacred laws
Why, because a person has shown me some carnal interest.
Why, because I need some egomaniac praise to take off
My undergarments and expose, and express some inner self
Use them as my next canvas to uncover something real in myself.
To reveal the next masterpiece sculptured Venus de Milo.

Mark Heathcote

Ghosts Don't Know

Of course, ghosts don't know
where they're headed; it's like-we-sleepwalking.
Why they were somehow, waylaid
look sees they just-don't-know
why-they-were-even...born.
Why they die. Why they were given a life.
Ghosts don't even know that much about life
they get up and go out about their ghostly business
yes, it's a daily chore, but someone has got to do it.
Yes, they go around feeling empty & neglected
of course, ghosts don't know just why they also exist,
any-differently from us, to them it's all-natural...
To us... We call it supernatural, and to an atheist
it's just another hazy drunken Saturday night
in the wee small hours still snoozing on a market stall.
Whilst desperately trying to make sense of nothing at all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Elephants' Graveyard

Of course, when it's my time to go
I'll gladly join that elephants' graveyard
dragging my sad, sorry carcass back upriver
I'll go salt-mining on my way down.
I'll scar ancient walls, delivering a taste
of life from whence death still entreats.

I-too will venture into Mt Elgon in Kenya
deep inside, I'll remember my roots
stood embedded not only in ivory tusks
not only on these weary roads of dust
but we're a part of the African Savanna
that led its way out and built mud huts.

I'll take pride in this dangerous journey,
that it hurt like hell. That hot-red desert
of hunger boiled over to empty, each well
leaving deeper pangs we-go-in-search-of.
Of course, when it's my time finally to go
I'll join that elephants' graveyard
happy don't you know.

Mark Heathcote

Our Lord Forgives

What does He hold back in good sway?
That I should waylay, say nay.
Does it not take two wings to fly?
Given one, provided other.

Around me curled my true lover
Be my guardian, instructor!
Keep me warm, in the coldest depths.
Lord, lead me in your wise steps, else...

I forget - respect, give offence.
What should I do in return, Lord?
'For you live unadorned, ignored
Life at best is a checkerboard'.

Rolling weighted dice, you'd fix
The game is laden with afflictions-
Seven, take sinners to heaven.
Our Lord forgives, his love persists.

Mark Heathcote

Sorry...

I've done with hearing you or I saying sorry
No, I won't hurt you anymore, I'm so sorry
Will you forgive me? Will you hold me?
Will you kiss me? I'm so sorry - really.

Let us talk till the dawns light fall at our feet
Let us learn to trust one another again
Oh, it's an old story that needs a new ending
Oh, I'm sorry, oh, tell me we're not obsolete
Let us learn to love and cherish one another again
Oh, we need to turn over a new chapter darling.

Oh, I've done with hurting you, I'm sorry
No, I won't hurt you anymore, I'm so sorry
I've done with hearing you or I saying sorry
No, I won't hurt you anymore, I'm so sorry
Will you forgive me? Will you hold me?
Will you kiss me? I'm so sorry - really.

Let us talk till the dawns light fall at our feet
Let us learn to trust one another again
Love forgives me; I love the bones of you
I don't see how to live any further without you
Love, I'm so sorry love you complete me
Darling, please don't leave me, I'm sorry

I'm so sorry darling; find it in your heart
To see beyond these dark clouds to better days
I'm so sorry darling; I love you, I'm a fool
But trust me better days together we'll chart.

□

Let us talk till the dawns light fall at our feet
Let us learn to trust one another again...
Love forgives me; I love the bones of you
I don't see how to live any further without you
Love, I'm so sorry love you complete me
Darling, please don't leave me, I'm sorry
Love forgives me; I love the bones of you
Love forgives me,

Love forgives me,
Oh, love keeps us
Oh, love keeps us
Keeps us together...

Mark Heathcote

Sea, She Murmurs

Sea, she murmurs a wave anchoring down
Oh, yes, do I drowned dear in a sea cave
As I hear echoes in what she calls my own refrain
Again and again, I hear a lifeguard shouting-out
Calling out is there no one left out there to save.

Oh, I guess all those mermen have drowned
In those White Sea waves returning to the grave
Guess I too couldn't vouchsafe-
I'd not be drowned in that shipwrecks grave
In them echoes of that mermaids cave.

Oh, she murmurs in her cave mewling mouth
Whilst internally I am literally vaporized.
Linger on down, like an airship rain cloud
Ooh, as she grins, ear to ear a rainbow
I grin too again and again.

I grin at the whispery-seas turn of foot
As the sea turns me around,
Again and again, again and again,
To the sound of her murmurs cry echoes
Her murmurs sweet refrain echoing, calling to me.

Mark Heathcote

Relief To Life's Cuts Grazes Iodine

It's bleak-looking backwards
Remembering you were once mine
Memorizing bee's fleeting
In sunshine that smell of pine.

□

And recalling your hand
Taking mine everything sublime.
Tears of time
Like resin on these cheeks, my heart maritime.

When you were mine
You added the sweet and bitter to lime
You add soothing-
Relief to life's cuts, graze, iodine.

Recollections fade-
But I keep them locked up in my mind.
Nothing is lost or boxed-up
In my thoughts rest as dust consigned.

I may be eighty,
But we're still only twenty-something.
Oh, ageing declined-
It'll never affect a living memory.

Mark Heathcote

Aging Never Takes Any Respite

Ageing has such cruelty
Catlike claws
Crow's feet wrinkles
How the ladies abhor.
But some men age well
Their lines define them
Growing grey even suits them:

Many ladies, admire them
Envy their rugged good looks
And carefree ways, unkempt hair.
Some peacocks quite debonair
Go unshaven, without-a-care.
But ageing is a spiteful foe
Unhurried in some
But in others, such ease of flow,
Don't you, know?

It's vindictiveness
Never stops!
Ageing never takes any respite
Don't matter what's in a Renaissance
... You might as well give up the fight
You can't beat it ladies try as you might.

Mark Heathcote

That's Why I Came Around

What would you do if no one loved you?
Does it even matter if you hurt?
If no one sees, loves you.
Who's, gonna miss you?
If your pots boiling over
Who's, gonna turn you off?
Settle you down, if your insides are spilling out
And your head is filled with-
Turmoil lost in doubt.

Who's, gonna find you?
Who's, gonna knock on your door?
Break it down, and stay till dawn
And turn you around.
If your pots boiling over
Who's, gonna turn you off?
Stay awhile and say some-sweet-nothing
Who's, gonna miss you?
Make everything feel alright...

Who's, gonna find you?
Who's, gonna fill your heart with diamante poetry?
And give you a good reason to hold on
If your pots boiling over
Who's, gonna turn you off?
Simmer you down, if your insides are spilling out
And your head is filled with-
Turmoil lost in doubt.
There's always, there's always
There's always time to melt boil some snow.

But there's always a better one time
That someone to kiss under the mistletoe
But there's always a better one
To renew your glow, like fresh falling snow
Simmering with the words, love wants so dearly to spell.
If your pots boiling over
Who's going to turn you off?
If your insides are spilling out

And your head is filled, filled with-

Turmoil lost in doubt

Who's, gonna find you?

Who's, gonna knock on your door?

Break it down and stay,

And turn you around...

...Just ask me.

That's why I came around.

So as to break down your door...

And sweep you off the ground and make you mine.

Mark Heathcote

Passiflora: Passion Flowers

His hand, sweaty palms, his fingers
Slipped to her nautical waists, tether
Tulip-red-petal-lips press together
With a stamen, tongue twining
With lingering dreamy longing.

Whilst their flowers-clock lost time
He stripped her out of all her apparel
And she came forward in rhyme
Rocking back on his calypso carol
Support needed, she leaned back.

Headlong like a sunflower lolling
Amongst his arms, like a megalomaniac
Shaking her head to-and-fro
To-and-fro, to-and-fro, alarming
In ways of the first flowers deathblow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just A Schoolboy At Preschool

New generations, they're arguing all the time.
Old Generations, they look down the line
And they see an orderly line
From the moment you too opened your eyes
You too were subscribed-

Whether your hands are rough or smooth,
Generations, they're changing places all the time
When you're old, you can't fix a leaky roof.
So you grunt at the youth of a young man who can:
Who never did see how fast as a child you ran.

How high, back then you could leap into the sky,
How bare-fisted you could deal with a thief.
It's a natural incline of the fool to becoming wise.
And the old wise man to once again decline
Look back; see he's still just a schoolboy at preschool.

□



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

Weren't You The First Bird Noah, Sent Out From The Ark? ☐

Oh, raven art thou a loathsome trickster
And art thou a stealer of souls.
Why did you curse my eyes you transformer...
Do you bring me bad tidings and dark creoles?
Or contra to all these many disputed unknowns
Do you represent a message from the divine?

"Weren't you the first bird Noah, sent out from the ark? "☐

Hark! Hark! Hark! When death comes, as come it must...
Like an anchor chain gathers rust, let me go...
It's now because of you; I have learnt how to deal with death.
Raven didn't you show Adam and Eve how to bury a body,
Whatever is your omen, good or bad?
I'll tend to my own soul, and be bitterly glad.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Oh, What It Is Like To Love Others With All Our Might

Let someone know you are flawed every day
And every day they will treat you with derision
Let someone know you have faults and every day□
They will look for holes to put them worm hooks□
Let someone know your kind, and have weaknesses
And they'll take advantage of you, and laugh at you.

Let someone know your deepest thoughts and secrets
They'll draught-it-up, and hand it back a poison chalice
Let someone have your heart and it won't be long
Before you've forgotten how to be right and never wrong
Let someone promise you all the stars and the world
And you'll find yourself full of malice and all alone.

Let someone know you can be vulnerable, you can hurt.
And they'll pour their love out like its charity
Let someone know you are easy, and they'll leave you
Before your heart has time to fill up with cruel spite
Oh, what it is like to be totally open and unafraid
Oh, what it is like to love others with all our might.

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Mark Heathcote

At That Moment In The Beginning Of Your Life

At that moment at the beginning of your life
There was a briny-widow-opened on death
When it closes, it'll shut out that golden sunlight
It'll shut out even twilight on a dark-cold night.

It closes in your face, on your final breath.
And at that very moment, you've steadied
Your gaze on that open window, that vista
It'll be slammed shut, frosted closed from view.

And in another ethereal spring moment, it'll be
Opened again from the dark like a living spark
With a wink and a smile, it will again whisper!
And beat wings in the shadows of your heart.

Firefly like a cricket singing on a grass blade
It'll bleed in your heart looking for love again
That jealous saving kind again anew with you.
On-that-loving-morning perfumed with jasmine dew.

Mark Heathcote

The Smoking Bishop

Made with Seville oranges stuck with cloves
And slowly roasted drank and eaten with loaves
Grate in some nutmeg with a race of ginger
The rind of a lemon, it's heavenly, winter.
A famous drink, known as the Smoking Bishop,
It was once a popular, winter ticket.
In Victorian England at Christmas time
But nowadays it's simply, called Mulled wine.

Served in bowls, shaped headgear resembling
A Bishops Mitre, warm and welcoming
Of course, recipes have now changed over time.
They'd use oranges a taste of Clementine.
It was then served in, medieval guildhalls,
Universities it's had lots of spin-offs
It appears in Dickens' A Christmas Carol
It was made with claret, drank by the barrel.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Try A Mulled Wine, It's Really Nice

I need a chaser for my bones
A bottle of spirits groans again
It says drink me, drink me
Drink me with something softer
Add a little water, add a little ice
But when you're young, you need
You need to medicate the pain.

But when you're young you need
You need to drink something harder
Drink your drinks a little stiffer
Forget how hands quiver and shake.
Yet friends, who care say, drink it
Drink it with something softer
Add a little water, add a little ice.

"Come on sonny boy, try a Mulled wine
It's really nice, take it easy,
You don't really need it".
Drink something softer
Something taller, something weaker
You don't need anymore-
Whisky chasers, it's just your insecurity.

But when you're young, you need
You need to medicate the pain.
Oh, I need a whisky chaser for my bones
A bottle of spirits groans again
It says drink me, drink me
I can take it straight I haven't any anxiety
This is just me being happy and cool...

Mark Heathcote

Winter Is A Small Boat Built For Two,

Winter is a small boat built for two,
It floats whilst sinking amid the clouds
Just a token shade of blue
But it's grey, it's deliberately cold and bloody.

It's got lots of battlegrounds really,
And it can put a cold compress around your heart.
And not show you any regret
Sure, winter is a small boat built for two.

It's an iceberg, honey, hold on tight
Because tonight I'm trembling, for you
I'm feeling heavy angel, I am not a snow cloud.
I'm just tobogganing around you.

Hoping spring will dissolve and insulate us both,
Loath as I am, I am literally froze
Spring makes us buoyant once more
Oh, winter is a small rowboat built for two,
Oh, honey warms me to my core!
Oh honey takes an oar
Oh, honey warms my flesh my every pore.

Winter is a small boat built for two,
Like Noah's boat built to rescue lovers two by two.
Winter has a small boat built just for me & you
Winter has a small boat
It's always just floating above the ground.

Winter is a small boat built for two,
It floats whilst sinking amid the clouds
Just a token shade of blue
It's something lovers learn to deal with
It keeps their winged feet on the ground.

Mark Heathcote

Celluloid

Starting with every childish-caper
one day, sat back in your rocking chair.
Skin and bones like crinkled crepe-paper
we'll remember our lives-lot, its full-share.
Changing like caterpillar's amorphous
catching toads and newt's black tadpoles.
From red, white, and gold carousel horses
attached to their shiny brass poles.
From blowing bubbles on holidays,
from climbing trees to that first-true kiss,
we'll remember all our friends, our protégés
those-dreamy days we-spent-in-lost-remiss.
Hauntingly they'll flood back even with dementia.
As the rocker leans back and forwards
doesn't matter if you're some worsening amnesiac.
It's been a good day; there are no mourners.
Sure, seesaws have a pivotal point.
After golden memories, turn celluloid.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Nurse My Heart, My Right To Love You

Though your words injure me cruelly
I nurse my heart, my right to love you
I'd never weep or cry unduly,
I don't second guess or misconstrue.

That in-between each storm, rainbows-shine
where slight or lots of rain has fallen,
I have an overview quite crystalline
our love, it's just blossom and pollen.

It can take a bee to uncover
on angry wings the-real-true-treasure
the passion that fashioned her lover
his kisses, weight of countermeasure.

To embrace her and rediscover
her sting is just an acupuncture
her lips, later his cartographer
mapping every joint, every juncture.

Mark Heathcote

Can We Not Love One Another?

Little brother, little sister
Protagonists of disaster
When our fists are raised in anger.

We're met by laughter and rancour
I ask now who is a winner
Who amongst us is the loser?

little sister, Little brother
Can we not love one another?
Let us open up a border?

Forget these machines of murder
Evened-out; numbers of slaughter
Scan the eyes of a cadaver.

Little brother, little sister
How will it ever be better?
If only we could all suture.

Suture the joint, and cure the fracture.
Lower our arms, feel the languor
For love longed for by our lover.

Little sister, Little brother
It's too much to ask, hereafter-
Shaking hands, we love each other.

Mark Heathcote

At This Stage Of Life 'you No-Longer Annoy'

Mother, we are so different you, I
You were born in the forties me the sixties.
We can never agree or see eye to eye,
Now you're in your sixties I'm in-my-forties.
The differences between us are closing,
And now I am starting to visualise,
Look we're in a new chapter we're both-ageing
No more bitter arguments, no more goodbyes.
At this stage of life, 'you no-longer annoy.'
Of you and me, let us have a new picture.
One that if we cry - our tears are filled with joy
No more sadness, just our two hearts richer
Mother, it's like looking back in the mirror.
With you at my right hand, my lives true author.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Just Nullifies Him On His Way...

Discharged from his mother's loins
The man who sleeps who is born
With sleet in his two opal eyes
He must give-up his childish toys.

Must keep smiling through the pain
Run his fingers through the oat fields
And feel the winds dewy breaths-
Kiss on his retiring lips, full of bane.

He must linger alone, until the calendar
Turns a page a day, until you stare
Run into his arms, glad that you're home
Oh, mother of the next man, lacklustre.

With a taste of lost ill-begotten love
Burning on his lips, two tearful eyes
Waving him away... her son on his way
Son, soon you'll be a man someday.

Son, you'll be a man someday
Her smiles, it just nullifies him on his way...
Her smiles, it just nullifies him on his way...
Her smiles, it just nullifies him on his way...

Mark Heathcote

How Raw Is Life

How raw is life a rope-burn ow...?
Clinging-on, grip slipping...
How often, I've had vertigo!
How often, hands have been sore.

How often, tears have been my only frill
How often my hearts ambergris
Has run dry, soul run a stern?
With no port nowhere to anchor or harbour.

How raw is life a rope-burn ow...?
Someone cut me free oh, oh...
Someone break this chain... now
I'll find my own archipelago.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Just Show You Another Part Of You

If there's a path you cannot fathom,
If there's a route you don't believe in,
I'll take your hand, I'll not guide you
I'll just show you another part of you.

No one here's satisfied, all are denied
Like deadlights in the night sky,
All are chemically unbalanced
Lust fills each lonely visionless eye.

...Each heart is filled with lonely echoes
We're deceitful little children lain-
Clutching, talking about contract-
Cell phones waving hands from the shadows...

If there's a path you cannot fathom,
If there's a route you don't believe in,
It leads always potentially to me
I'll take your hand, I'll not guide you

I'll just show you another part of you □
That part of you, you haven't yet
Haven't yet, come to understand.
A javelin one that follows a hand-held lead
But takes it own's course command.

Mark Heathcote

Electricity

To dance in the voltage of love
meet in those wires loves surplus
that Earth that joins us together;
to tremor searing like a white dove
glowing, holding each other wordlessly
no words of affection can ever censure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Books Will Turn You On!

Let it be known. Reading is sexy
as smart is sexy
as pretty, librarians are sexy
as brooding men half-clad are sexy
-in confessionals made, woman to woman,
as a woman peering over her spectacles-
is deliriously deceivingly, 'are sexy? '

As is little cheek dimples, sexy.
As are even some delectable vegetables,
are sexy: here lol I'm only kidding playfully
but let it be known reading is sexy
if you still don't believe me.
Type it into Google images, and then you, too, will see
'reading is sexy, '
and then you, too, will know books are sexy.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Someone Pass The Ketchup

Someone pass the Ketchup. Pensive waiting,
equating hands of time filled with emptiness
absent it seems of company, still not eating,
what's 'keeping him, ' how badly does he expiate?
Or apologize, treat his one dinner date.
I'm-famished. I'm-past the point of hunger.
'Jeez, ' I hope he warms his bloody plates.
It wouldn't have happened when I was younger.
I'm going cold-on-this meal I want him,
I'll slip out of my heels and sneak a look.
I'll pinch his bottom, and I'll stay in trim.
'Isn't he yummy? ' Who needs a cookbook?
If he's lucky, I'll be wearing the thyme-
on a slow-timer together, we'll chime.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Flown... Haiku

two wings bent towards
the sun, the body of which
has already flown

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You're My Stalker...

Can I send you a marriage proposal?
I'm just the missing piece of the jigsaw
that'll complete your near perfection
least let us try, you should accept my proposal?
Well, No! Just who do you think you are?
"Please, " I've been following you from afar...
you, you mean you're my stalker
my telephone caller, no talking, heavy breather
"I'm sorry" but since we were seated on that plane
-together, I've carried this torch this flame
for what has felt, like forever.
At least let us try, do you accept my proposal?
"No dear man, pigs can fly, I would rather die."

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Sea Of Senseless Victims

Sent into waves under a litmus blue moon,
The sea came ashore it lapped at their feet
But wanted more, it wanted their homes, our freedom
Its stay was short, but who could save them or us
Since its occupation, when it's ordered-in
By warring nation's tanks & killing machines.

It makes every greedy beggar of life bleed,
Bleed for more.
It makes every nonviolent pacifist man seethe,
Seethe, for even less

Puts all the wilting flowers to bed, dying
Early, returning drowning in their graves
They're dying young, not old.
Before they've got a chance to procreate themselves,
Do seeds like these blue forget-me-nots ...just rot?
They'll be long-forgotten by war-mongering men, often rotten.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Words

Words are divine; they're intermittent manifestations
saying truth is easily-spoken but difficult to hear-
or find I want to love you; I want to touch you.
We've nothing on this blank page unwritten left to hide.

It's just our comprehension that accepts no mistakes
aren't we writers always in meditative states of thought?
Don't we all want never to get writer's block?
Nobody put on my brakes.

So we require a set of skills like a singer, Birdy, says
you keep my secrets, hope to die.
Promises, swear them to the sky-
so we require a set of skills, authoress & authors.

Words, words are there to make us smile or cry,
words are divine; they can even be your one true friend
their intermittent manifestations-are-like soothing kisses
Words, words are divine at saying, won't you be mine
until I reach my end.

Mark Heathcote

Every Permutation Is-Connected

from molecules to quarks and atoms
Isn't a mountain joined to a valley?
Roots and flowers are embedded-in-my-soul.
every star every-drop-of-water
has quenched mine and another's
tens of millions of others like mine before
it's that jewel seated in one crown
that singularity no one can define.
That transcends all technologies-
surpasses all organic biology
that might be as simple as water.
That permeates and infuses everything.
Every permutation is connected-
dark and light.
Every permutation is connected-
day and night.
Every permutation is connected-
birds of a feather.
Every permutation is connected-
every living thing is your soul brother.

Mark Heathcote

Shine As You've Never Shone Before

Shadows and cobwebbed hands lay in front of us
lay behind us - laid their hands all over us
it's like fool's gold dust. Today is all that matters
the sun above your head is a daily blessing
heaven unleashes rains into gushing gutters
drink and be merry; the sky is like elderberry wine
it may be Morello cherry, dark now
but it'll soon-again-shine
shine, shine-as-you've never shone before, like a-
a shadow that's never hung its self-half ajar upon a door.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Are The String That Holds The Kite

If you've eyes to watch a tidal rise
You've got a heart to sense its sinking
This is the way all things are elated
This is the way of helium balloons
This is the way of love, isn't it ghastly?
This is what helps us understand apathy.

That feeling when the seas washed out:
Wanting-and-waiting-its-own-return
No matter how far, how high how low
Thing's-just-slip out of reach and go
We are the string that holds the kite
Hoping it'll stretch; it'll not break tonight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Does A Rose Not Have Thorns...?

If you cut me, am I not like a tree
Does sap not ooze fresh blood and turn amber?
Does my heart not crack like stone, wintrier?
Doesn't my shorten-lifeline its palms camber?
If it does, let me tell you my road
If it does, let me tell you my road
It was better for-having-shared-it with you
For every large bump and jolt, my heart rode
Is better for-having-journeyed-it with you
So there are times' took swipes at each other.
Swing your best shots, embedding deep the axe?
Thereafter-took care of one another
Freeing-each-other from the other racks.
Love can torture; does a rose not have thorns
But gives me both, my heart's bleeding implores.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Four Horses Of The Apocalypse

My second youngest child today, said look, look at the clouds
Dad, don't the clouds look cartoonish
So I looked and thought no, but they do look
Like the four horses of the apocalypse
I'll have to google them to see what it means.

So we have our white, red, black, and pale horses.
These four symbolizing conquests, [1] War, [2] Famine, [3] and Death
And as I thought it's all to do with the Last Judgment
And can be interpreted as Christ himself.
Like Commodus are we, degenerating into our own selfish habits.

And all might lead to some divine apocalypse
But surely 'plagues' 'pestilences' aren't divine
Sure, these are just the rambling of my weary mind
But let's examine what these harbingers bring.
Could it, in fact, be a forerunner of something?

After that, I visit my daughter who's had a child
And has suffered a postnatal psychosis
She's been taken to a mother & baby unit, now two months
Nothing in my life is going right; it's all going to hell
There are forces in a man's life, want to drain his well.

A man seeing his daughter delusional, talking about god
Another child jailed, and another wanting to change,
Change gender and another not on speaking terms
It all makes you wonder what it's about:
What's it all coming to like an avalanche rolling downhill?

Mark Heathcote

Crow...

They are 'otherworldly creatures'
Maybe they are the gatekeepers
Their eyes are stellar stars of worlds unseen
Unbeknown, so they are mercurial
So what... don't we too all sit around and preen
Are we not also in a constant state of flux?
Flapping about this way, about that
Always in a confabulation, I wish I too was a crow
Maybe I am - maybe I will be someday,
Who are others to tell me I'm not?
Honestly, what do they know?
What do they know, really know - honestly?
Honestly, my future self
Could well be a crow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Just Entre My Parlour...

Men's patient sighs, never wane consider
When faced with his trips to the clothing boutique.
What gravitations are these ruby slippers?
A man would rather click his heels together
... Is his heart meant to faint at chiffon mystique?

Tanned leather ladies, be reasonable I'm not a sheikh
Looks... your foot isn't a boa constrictor.
My wealth's more manageable, what do you seek
Yes, I've rubies, patients, just take a peek—
... There's room in my heart, just enter my parlour.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tears Of Oil Crushed Myrrh

My love is fraying away
unpicked threads daily
unravelling her endless yarns
talking almost incessantly
my love is-now-unstitching
every past argument we've had.
'There are times it is enriching,

She is driving me quite mad.'
I think, O God, I love her.

Then, I wait for her deft sigh!
Tears of oil crushed myrrh
ask how why you made me cry.
It's then I gently kiss her
-when she's feeling more - demure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Good Men Wouldn't Kill One Another

Good men would die for a father
good men would die for a king,
good men would die for a mother
good men would die for a queen.

Good men would die for a daughter
good men would die for a home,
good men would die for a brother
good men would die for a son.

Good men would die for a sister
good men would die for a lover,
good men would die for a country
good men wouldn't kill one another.

Good men wouldn't murder and slaughter
in the name of yesterday's valiant defender
in the name of the Lord or a boarder
good men couldn't kill a stepbrother or a sister.

I would much rather smash a Stradivarius violin
and be severed, limb from limb,
then be a killer justifying killing,
and not just momentarily unhinge.
Who could wave a villainous flag and sing?
Violence and intolerance are evil things?

Mark Heathcote

Lips Of Ruby Red Fantasy

You have lips every man would want to dine on
Fast for and drink poison from
Till they feel faint with fatigued.

Like lemon & lime drops of bittersweet desire
You'll give your kisses, wings over the sea
She'll bring you spices for your soul.

She'll be your temple when you're dreaming
She'll have your back when the fire's circle
She'll feed and fill your heart with song.

For her lips, a man would gladly drown, belong.
To be rescued, to be found.
Given sucker and lustre to their miserable lives?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Look Me Unblinking, Honey

Next time I'm home, search both my eyes
Look at me, unblinking a flower without thought
And drink of my dark nectar every hour
So-that-I too may devour what can never be
My true love, overawed.

I'll come busily buzzing like a zig-zagging bee
But Honey keeps both eyes pinned on me
And you will-plainly-see how awed-I-am
Gazing into your very own honeycomb eyes
That I-alone hope will be love, absorbed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Opposing Mirrors

Morning shift; watching him launch himself
Watching him chasing 'cabbage white butterflies
in my mind's eye, it's a kind of carnival dance
one without any graceful feathery ranks
one whereby he's always out of step, out of tune
one in which both have danced back and forth,
through opposing mirrors and herbaceous borders
too many times for it to be fun-and-frolics.

The butterfly whirls between gaping-finger-grasps
Then as nearly always does ...this autistic man
shouts his ear-piercingly loud protestations
he claps at thin blue air changing directions
himself becoming the butterfly, on its maiden flight.
And the butterfly befitting a young autistic boy
who now thought he too could learn to fly
Somehow pirouettes off on high into the sky.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Every Day This Happens, It's A Tonic!

Boys, haven't you ever held an emptied eggshell?
Thought-once a day this happens, it's-a-tonic
Whether it's bitter or sweet
But isn't it all just-a-bit-too histrionic?
I'll get right on it; I'll-make-the best of it.

Holding that eggshell secure and safe
You wiggle your index finger in it
Think about the one girl you'll vouchsafe
How delicate you'll be if she'll too only permit:
You to hold her egg-whites cup split.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wearing Medals On Their Chest

Wearing medals on their chest
Plumped out like those robins
That has also worked hard
For their hard-earned weft of rest.

It's their past winter valours
We're counting now, pride-filled.
On their own, old knurled sticks
There is only a handful, reside.

Remembers the war they served.
The men beside them who stood
Gave life, limb, courage coerced
At times worse, came home alone.

Friends and families are all gone!
At times worse, came home alone
An emptied cartridge a wounded faun,
Returned home, completely, withdrawn.

A father, returned to no child, no lover
A son returned to no father or mother.

Mark Heathcote

Winding Its Way Back

In my heart, I have a flower.
It's scented. Have you not seen it?
Have you not yet—found that bower?
Not pricked one forefinger on it.

It lies beside a stream, winding
it's way back to a garden,
said one time-to-be called Eden
Love, I'm not just eulogising.

Find that bower, follow its scent
right to the flower's heart, still rent
-on loving you, it's a serpent
that's fanged but lovingly verdant.

Bitten you're emitted, a death
so, enigmatic the world pales
and like a honeybee beneath
sepals, amassing nectar bales.

You shall find the first flower borne-
somewhere withstood the gaze of love
you might think this flower-lowborn
-found, but there's nothing sweeter above.

Mark Heathcote

In The Absence Of Truth

In the absence of truth, we have many lies.
And errant mischief-making smiles
They could be promising you eternal friendship.

But be on your guard, there could also be
Monsters, coming up from the basement:
Chasing you into some old gravel, churchyard.

There are forces in this world, cause abasement
Debasement, displacement ...resentment!
'You just don't want to meet in any case'.
So brothers listen, trust in your gut your heart.

Don't always believe your mind, eyes, or ears,
It's healthy to hold some things in doubt.
A slight reservation, let's not forget,
What happened to the American Indian Nation?

In the absence of truth, we have many lies.
And errant mischief-making smiles
If, you want to pow-wow with liars & thief's
Expect tears to fall as big and round as eucalyptus leaves.

Mark Heathcote

The Ground Beneath My Feet Is Moving

Though the world is quite still
though it's quite still, as tranquil water
the ground beneath my feet is moving
at an irrepressible constancy
steadily it moves my heart eastwards
and there are only three little words
that I can use in order to-describe-it,
in order to-describe-its
pull and irrepressible movement
there are only three-little-words
wants to speak its whole truth,
and they are. I love you.
World 'I love you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seven Different Ways Of Walking

It could well be somewhat like s.e.x
people prefer to walk in seven different ways.
Forward & backwards
up & down, side to side.

Oh, and the penultimate, round & round,
however, have you figured out the seventh yet?
Yep, that's right spacewalking upside down
'Get out of here you naughty silly circus clown.'

Wouldn't it be good though to leave this world?
A better place than we found, it
and join on our ways that pearly string of lights
do you see starry highways and long distant nights?

I have a lazy drooling mouth;
it says come and get me.
come and eat me, I love your curling tongue
I love your two big eyelashes batting at me.

From here on in, we'll leave no further footprints.

Mark Heathcote

Will You Pick Him Up Or Cast Him, Aside!

Maybe he thinks he is covertly

Trying to impresses, you.

If, he falls from his high wire balancing act:

Would you run to fix the wounds on his forehead?

Whilst he tautens the rope rearranges all the soft furnishings of your heart.

Whilst he tautens the rope rearranges all the soft furnishings of your heart.

If, he falls will you pick him up or cast him, aside!

Or will you take him inside and mend & stitch his roughed up clothes

Whilst stork-like he's high wire balancing into your heart and soul

Whilst tiptoeing on a gentle wind will you listen to his heartbeat and sing his song
on high.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wouldn't It Be Great

Wouldn't it be great if we could all heal each other?
Instead of all this brutality & corruption, wouldn't it be beautiful?
If we could all just love one another and learn to compromise
Instead of all this internalizing hatred again, and again.
Wouldn't it be beautiful if all God's men could go on living?
Without, without seeing red, without a vengeful thought, word or feeling in their
head.
Wouldn't it be beautiful if all God's men could go on living?
Best of friends—but sadly they can't coz there's just too much evil
Envy makes them act out of spite
Makes them act like fools, makes them all or most act cruelly.
Wouldn't it be great if we could all heal each other?
Wouldn't it be great if we could all behave as sisters & loving brothers?
Instead of all this brutality & corruption, wouldn't it be beautiful?
If we could all just love one another and learn to compromise
Instead of all this internalizing hatred again, and again.
Oh, brother tells me sister tell me, do you love me?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Will I Ever Forget Your Love?

Will I ever forget your love?

Will I ever forget your love?

Will I ever forget your love?

Is it like my birthstone right?

Will I ever forget your light?

Will your love ever appease my appetite?

Will your heart ever explode in mine like a nitrite bomb?

Will I ever forget your love?

Will I ever forget your love?

Ah, how shall I ever forget your love?

Oh, you're like a candle now eerie trembling inside me

Don't you realize this flame can't be spent now, in me?

The winds of change, can't snuff out your fire for me

No, I will never forget our love

Oh, it's like glass

Oh, it's like glass

Oh, it's like glass

You can't shatter into pieces in a blast furnace.

Oh, will I ever forget your love?

Will I ever forget your love?

Ah, shall I ever forget your love?

No, I shall never-ever-forget-our-love.

Mark Heathcote

One Component

You've travelled to the centre of the universe
and have arrived back at this point, this moment
and all you did was close your eyes
and then internalize one component.

That component of the whole universe is you, your entire self.
And all you did was close your eyes.

Focus and forget all that useless programming,
mistrust all their input and the negativity-of-all-their lies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Only To Turn Your Inner World's Gold

Sometimes, I've even seen a willow leaf
having those red marks of the third eye of wisdom.
And now look, your lips are like a willow leaf,
curling when it has received the sunlight.
So many well-wishers blessings, what can you do
but remember, every fresh day is a spring too,
every other day is-a-burning-hot summer.
And covers you from head to toe in kisses
and when those kisses have yellowed-
remember, they do so
only to turn your inner world's gold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do Any Of Them Have A Different Benefactor?

Make full use of your cerebrum
No matter how old you become
Don't stand back and disengage
Life is a precious gift for any age.

So what is this political subdivision?
Between one colour and another
So what is their bigotry their division?
Do any of them have a different benefactor?

Your hair is brown your hair is black
Your hair is yellow your hair is white
Your skin is brown your skin is black
Your skin is yellow your skin is white

But if I cut you, is your blood not red
Ask, is there any real difference
Between: Mahomet and Fred?
Or that music beating, pounding in each chest.

Is there any real difference
In their blood vessels alive or dead?
Ask, is there any real difference, alive or dead
In these blood vessels beating in your chest.

Mark Heathcote

I Have Longed For You To Live Again For Me

Because I have lost a part of you
I have longed to lose a part of me
I have longed to follow in shadows of you
Because I have lost a part of me

Oh, how I've longed to rediscover you
How I've longed for you to again, love me
Because I have lived without you
Oh, how I've longed for you to live again for me.

Oh, how I've longed for me and you
Because once wasn't we, fine
Because once wasn't we, fine
Because once wasn't we a lot more than fine.

□

Back then nothing was left borderline!
Not even the sparkle in your coal-pit eyes.
Do you remember the nights spent serpentine?
Oh, how I wish we could again... fraternize.

Oh, how I've longed to rediscover you
How I've longed for you to again, love me
Because I have lived without you
How I've longed for you to live again for me.

□

Oh, how I've longed to heal our wounds
Oh, how I've longed for us two to join cocoons.

Mark Heathcote

Do You Recall Charcoal Rubbings?

When childlike excitement filled our minds
do you recall charcoal rubbings?
Its x-ray moments of a kind
holding tight to those black grubblings
do you recall in your amusement?
Their lipstick collar memories how
in our daily enslavement:
they're like charred embers of time now
do you recall charcoal rubbing?
Do you recall gravestones and feeling gleeful?
Seeing what your eyes could see retouching
those names and dates for you weren't they medieval?
But oh how time passes and leaves you cold
until one day, it's you who's feeling primaeval
a gravestone charcoal rubbing, burnt-out old.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tooth Fairy

Did you believe in the tooth fairy?
I remember a time when I did
at first, I had those moments of disbelief
didn't-we-all baby, didn't-we-all
isn't it wonderful to be innocent?
Isn't it wonderful being small?
Hiding under grandma's kitchen table
climbing those Eiger mountainous stairs
counting your pennies, believing,
believing in fairies, believing teardrops
are only missing parts of a rainbow
that'll never cross your path again.
Just like your grandma's kisses
now, like your milk teeth have long been gone.
Did you believe in the tooth fairy?
I did, but not for very long.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cling Fast To The Music In Your Heart

I have disrespected myself
I've often forgotten to love myself
I have often fallen from God's grace
I have often been lost and efface
But I don't hate anyone
But I have not yet learnt to outrun
The darker shadows which still haunt me
The darker shadows taunt me

Lord, forgive me even that poor fool
Cain wears a donkey cross like a mule.
Forgive me; I know not what I do
Forgive me, forgiveness, I pursue
Lord, forgive me, I'm a little bird
Longing to sing and sleep undeterred
Longing for forgiveness so, I emerge
From an eggshell break on wing converge

Oh, with you, my lord, with you my lord
After all, my lessons let me, board
One smallish bough a perch in your heart
Oh, with you, my lord, with you my lord
Oh, with you, my lord, with you my lord
After all, my lessons let me, board
Sing one sweet refrain, one retched impart
Cling fast to the music in your heart.

Mark Heathcote

When, I Leave The World Behind

What would I leave behind?

When, I leave the world behind.

It's a question asked a lot ...

It's not even an afterthought.

□

Poets want their words read

Long after they've been long dead.

Poets want to change the world

Make a mark with just the right verb.

Win the heart of a pretty girl

Turn dirt into the lustre of a pearl.

What would I leave behind?

When, I leave the world behind.

I'd wish to leave one pristine gem

Yes, one singular poem from my pen.

Mark Heathcote

A Boorish Few

A boorish few in the military
Aren't fit to wipe your boots.
In any kind of real adversary,
Their orders they're full of convolutes.

Wouldn't be of any use to man,
Beast or boy, it's a one-way ticket
What they'd suggestion... plan?
By a-long-chalk; it's not cricket.

It would tug, at your very heart.
To follow in their demonic command
Give chase to them bullets cocked
Loaded readied fired on your motherland.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cruelty & Barbarity, They're Twin Brothers

Savagery is all around us
It taunts us like kittens play.
You know the one, yes that innocent game
That's been switched, from a yarn of wool
To a jaw enclosing death at will
Cruelty & Barbarity, they're twin brothers
You know—
Their bloodthirstiness is a leaky bucket.
Love, it's just
Offal meat to a butchers-cleaver of life & liberty
Don't be disjoined don't act unilaterally,
No one should compromise with savages
Out of fear or any misplaced brotherliness.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

God, He's The Greatest Conductor Of Them All

God, he's the greatest conductor of-them-all
Johann Sebastian Bach, he's-like-a-heavenly footnote
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, he's-a-magical waterfall
Igor Stravinsky, a dawn chorus now about to be bulldozed
But God, he's the greatest conductor of-them-all
Gustavo Mahler, he's-a-dancing acrobatic butterfly,
Franz Joseph Haydn, he's a mountain-range-forest a fireball
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, he's a flood, a starry sky to stupefy,
But God, he's the greatest conductor of-them-all
George Frideric Handel, he's like-sombre-moonlight happily reflected
Antonio Lucio Vivaldi, he's-a-lover's-heart-leaping enthral.
George Gershwin is playfully romantic blood & tissue connected
But God, he's the greatest conductor of-them-all
He's the one with-the-real musicality rapport
He's the one all these composers try to extoll.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Humanity Is Often A Place Of Forgetfulness

Humanity is often a place of forgetfulness
it's often a place of solitude
a place of dreadfulness, fretfulness
it's often-a-dwelling place a mirror eschewed
a place without benevolence
a place, the neediest feel subdued
a place people wander around, incredulous
humanity is a place you find the destitute
the place-you-come-across negligence
the place-you-come-across the most-ineptitude
the place-you-come-across the most-resentfulness
the place-you-find the most crewed
the place where cruelty finds its prevalence
the place charity can lead to decrepitude
humanity is a place of opposites of redolence
it's-sadly a place of corruption as a way not to preclude
it's-sadly a place of hucksters directionless
often-it's the place of a cold absolute
take my hand, and I'll promise all you Denizens
a better life, I'll promise not to pillage or loot
I'll promise you, humanity, forget all other parables.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is Scarlet As Red Phloxes

Every heart can grow cankerous
To the apple core—turn bloodless.
Its paradise not avarice
Autumn gathers, stores, covets.

Secretly its cold abutments...
Want only to lock-horns like snails.
Forget feeling downcast, dullness...
Forget purple coloured veils-

Over sadness, we're not goblins...
Memories can be tainted but
Love is scarlet as red phloxes
Gather your own harvest, chest puffed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Uninhibited Riverbanks Have Yet To Brake?

What will rescue love when it's irreversibly old?

When nothing longer glitters mentions, they once had fun

when every day is as autumn casting off spun gold

what will liberate, when every shadow, masks a sun?

What will revive their lost sleepy curiosity?

When every heartbeat; slumbers a vole, within its hole.

"Silky feels, stockings stretching, desires viscosity."

Arouse probing dormant minds into absent control.

What uninhibited riverbanks have yet to brake?

What unsolicited spontaneities have they left?

To remind themselves that once nothing was opaque

nothing in their hearts or lives was ever once bereft.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am A Harbour To Wind And Thunder

I am a harbour to wind and thunder
The lashing rain and high seas, adventure
I am a harbour for pirates' plunder
Wanting, you should stay for misadventure
I am a sandbar wanting only you.
Your touch anchors me in your waves
I am a sandbar wanting real sinew
Be moved by me who hasn't won't behave
I want to be that one conch shell that hears
Your heart's deepest oceanic echoes
I want to be that boom box, nobody overhears
Lying in your arms forget innuendos
I want to be your rubber band in the sand
I want to be an incorruptible gold
I want to be your painted ship, unmanned
And give so much you could never grow cold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If You But One Candle, Light

If you but one candle, light, in my heart.
Will I feel its warmth; see it light the dark
Will its dainty flame flicker, dance and dart
Will my heart soar and sing like a meadowlark?
If you but one candle, light, in this heart
Will I know with you my souls disembark?
Will its wax and wane be my counterpart?
Will each kiss shared, be our next high tide mark?
If you but one candle, light, in my heart
Will the difference I feel electroshock
Will I know your passion non in truth apart?
Will we ignite skies and interlock?
If you but one candle, light, in this heart
Will I be captivated from the start?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm The Army's Saboteur

You're stood standing in drill parade
Arcane is its brutality
Quietly, hoping, this charade
Doesn't hones-in least not in totality.

Singled Out; you shout out..."Yes Sir"
Self-personality, defer
Both eyes, pressing forward look startled
Inside a voice trembled garbled.

This me isn't verifiable:
Furthermore, I must be certifiable
Singled Out; you shout out..."Yes, Sir"
"Sonny boy you're a saboteur".

"Yes, Sir"Sonny boy you're the Cur...
You're the "mongrel" disobedient dog we incur
I'm sorry, sorry, sorry Sir.
Now "Sonny boy, do you concur.
"Yes, Sir"Yes, Sir"Sir, I'm the Cur...
"Sir, I'm the army saboteur"...

Mark Heathcote

Loves The Flower Holds Us Together

Love is a flower held together
stitched petal by petal
under climatic changing weather
it loses fettle.

Sometimes it's like cacti, defensive
it's so resentful
of anything inoffensive
the slightest little bit reverential.

Its gaze burns, says I can bloom alone.
Often, times it wilts
cries hold me, water me, I'll atone!
My attrition submits.

'I'll open here love only for you.'
Lay my head in your arms
whatever these storms muster, construe
whatever's the paradox?

I'll rise I'll turn and flower for you
'right here-love will do? '
whatever the climatic weather
loves the flower holds us together.

Mark Heathcote

Thinks Not Only Mind

When writing don't just think with your own mind
It's only a small part of the body,
A trembling hand was equally defined
Grasped within, another's hand sturdy.

The mouth a-wash with love like a bursting-
Berry was equal in taste to that drawn
From your own lips indelibly thirsting
Those you've kissed once and want never withdrawn.

The heart that grows sick in separation
Is like the capital of a country, □
Like the capital city of a nation
On their behalf speaks imperturbably.

As does a single apple blossom be-
Fore and after it's been predetermined
Sun-kissed, so, therefore, be like potpourri
With all senses and less introverted.

When, writing, therefore, thinks not only mind
For the whole body thinks feels creation.
And the whole of creation is entwined
In thought and feeling the whole undertaken.

Mark Heathcote

When, I Gawked Into Your Eyes My Aphrodite

Your hearts a rainbow of seven fires
Rising and glowing ...
My souls a floating arrow of desire
Finding its mark in a doe-eyed girl, dreaming.

... Sedimentary shooting stars are now cascading.
New worlds are whirling, working it out in the dark ...
Soon our two worlds will be colliding again ...
Just like they did when I gawked into your eyes.

And saw that lonely moonlit fire on the horizon ...
That made my heart for the first time-
Feel instantaneously, Kamikaze on you ...
Oh, on you, your hearts rainbow-fire—out reaching out to mine.
Burning kisses on my skin, as I'd already been char'd to the bone.

Oh, my souls a floating arrow of desire—again
Oh, your hearts a rainbow of seven fires
Oh, my souls an arrow of desire
Finding its mark in my doe-eyed girl, dreaming of me
Within her heart a rainbow on fire.

Mark Heathcote

Turn Your Heart Unkind

Don't let your eyes exceed your heart
Eyes they're only too easily fooled
They fall for every sign, be smart
So listen to only your heart.

Because the devil he's deceitful
He'll sear both your eyes blind
Allow you to mistrust unneeded
Turn your heart unkind.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All Those Amber Days Spent Uncurling...

Watch this old rusted rake & hoe makes your garden a new
Watch the robin who knew before you, you'd go grey
Watch the circles rake makes when sowing cornflowers blue
Watch the hoe remove weeds, no one longer resurveys

Watch the amber dawn like a lock of your hair uncurling

Do you remember when your hair was the bee's wax, honey?
Do you remember days & nights you woke knot tangled?
How I'd watch you from the shadows brushing, heart all bubbly
Do you know how much I loved you eternally, gladdened?

How I'd garden back all those amber days spent uncurling.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Child's Inner Snow Angel

Every snowflake that's circling, around
wakes a sullen child's inner angel
up from a winter wonderland mindset.

Every snowflake, fissured, falling from a cloud
it is a magical experience felt inside.
That truly tingles inside their mind.

By those who-are-quite big but feel so very small
every snowflake that's falling to the ground
is like a seed of happiness newly found.

They're like pearls you can taste on your tongue.
Imagine an angel's wing brushing your face
it's a heavenly moment no-one-can replace
it's an angel's wing heavenly touching your face.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Just Isn't Fair!

Childhood, seen reflected through a train window.
Can be a sad affair—even if your designation?
Somehow takes you to a sunny-seaside resort.

That has donkey-rides, with jingling-silver-bells-
or even a funfair, with a twisting-roller-coaster
a word like it-just-isn't fair
generally, crop up out of thin air.

As the train chugs along you resent being young
you begrudge being a part of the luggage.
You resent someone else is in charge.
Not just you but also-your-destination.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Go To Your Apartment Loft, Baby

Go to your apartment loft, baby
I must be worth leaving
Even though you can see
That my heart is bleeding.

Go to your apartment loft, baby
My clown mask is slipping
Even though, I'm still laughing
I'm really, deep down inside crying.

Every river flows backwards from my estate
Winter leaves are swirling, around my feet
I need cover to hide to hibernate away
I need a dark place alone to sleep.

Darling, I'm a tree in winter swaying
Everything is a burden to my roots
One more storm; anymore ridicules
And I shall fall, ooh
In that forest of silence trapped in a noose
Like a dead bird.

Mark Heathcote

When, Will I Wear A Wedding Gown?

When will I wear a wedding gown?
Can't you turn my grimace upside down?
Let's not play guessing game semantics
Love, I fell in love with you because
You're dexterous an equally good gymnast.
□

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When, My Heart Barely Beats

Dry as my tear ducts, you've hurt me.
You may have not meant to
But my hearts been fused right through
I'm here, your still here to
But what can I do
To turn back on these lights
When, my heart barely beats for you...
When, my heart barely beats for you...
When, my heart barely beats for you...
I swear, where I was once warm,
I've become cold, like a graveyard worm.
Dry as my tear ducts, you've hurt me.
What am I supposed to do?
Can someone make me warm, happy again.
I'm here, your still here to
But what can I do
To turn back on these lights
On these cold, distant black nights.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Get Out Of My Mind

In & out, of my mind... in & out, of my mind...
What does she think it is a gold mine?
Yes, I've learnt to mime; I do it all the time...□
For sanity, I'm not just a number a bar code
Get out of my mind. I thought it was going fine
Why do you question every second of my life
You're now helping to send me out of my mind
In & out, of my mind... in & out, of my mind...
In & out, of my mind... in & out, of my mind...
Get out of my mind. It's getting difficult to mime.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Till I Feel, Those Nettle Stings Again

Can you hold me for a quiet gathering?
Let me feel those nettle stings again
On my skin, when I hold you.

When I kiss you and feel your enamouring
Flower-nap skin, half undressing me again.
When your mouth sucks and kisses, mine
Kisses my nape it feels like meditation time.
It feels like I'm either in heaven
Or I'm going out of my mind once again.

Can you hold me for a quiet gathering?
Let me feel those nettle stings again
On my skin, when I hold you.
I neither loved nor will I live again, without you
Till I feel, those nettle stings again on my skin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Barefoot Instalments

You came to me in barefoot instalments
Like a moth to its hidden lair
Each time you left, a little more powder
The right amount of disrepair.

Enough to remiss each wanton second
That didn't quite last long enough.
Enough that I'd later follow beckoned
By hearts, ever decreasing puffs.

You came to me in barefoot instalments
Like a moth to its hidden lair
Now I run to you. Through the streetlights,
Falling madly deep in your snare.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When I Dance

When I dance

When I dance, I feel the music

She's like a Latin lover in my feet.

She's like a butterfly, beating in my heart

She's like a leaping wave over a harbour wall

And in those still moments in-between

She's like a doe white deer, leading me home

Through a field untrod wet with dew

When I dance, I feel the music

And dream I am with you

When I dance.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Please Notice Me

Please notice me; somehow from afar
My initial impulses are like a ghost
They only want to follow and haunt you.
Today they'd call me a stalker, how gross
So I keep my distance and pray for you
You notice me; somehow, from afar.
Please notice me; please let me at least register
Somewhere in your thoughts and heart
Please let me one day be your breadwinner
Please let me slip inside your door unbarred.
Please notice me; somehow from afar
Cause my initial impulses are like a ghost
They only want to follow and haunt you.
Today they'd call me a stalker, how gross
So I keep my distance and pray for you
You notice me; somehow, from afar.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Cloud Do You Wish On Or Believe In

If the head of a cloud—looks
Like an angel to us... down below, sometimes.
Oh in these sweet-sticky malaises, sickly molasses
We all drift, drift on by.

Wanting to fall and melt as the snow cloud.
Ah, asking I hope it won't be too long,
Too long, too long, till us to melt...
Till we fall melts, as the snow.

And join the river shattered in silence
When it's frozen propensity,
Glides like a nail through a locked door
No one can enter it unless they too have felt the thawed.

□

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Face Of A Living Ancestor

The face of a living ancestor
Can be as old as time
Therefore is there any real wonder
Some stand in summertime

Querying how it must have once been
Gawking, from; terraces
At their own, prime time malevolence's
Oh, younger, journeymen.

How many nomadic, advances
Have you, witnessed akin...
Haven't seen? In our starry, canvas
Oh, where do I begin?

How much dull evil indifference
Smiled and lined tender skin
How many young died still timorous?
Filled with discontent, grin.

Old lady, you buried petulance
It's acceptance, being
Your life is a monument once-
Timeless, somehow still has its momentousness.

Mark Heathcote

Soft-Fruit

I place my heart in your hands
'Please' know it is delicate
soft fruit wants careful demands
please know it's benevolent.

Want's only to age in its cask
pour gently through your fingers
Decatur in your body's flask
lips & remain, so it lingers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sands Of Time...

Nature is a sandstorm
it cannot be, controlled
it cannot be tamed to be a lamb.

It cannot be turned on or off
but it can fall and form land o, and even a man
it's the nature of the invisible lifted aloft.

Till physical strengths grow weary and exhaust
to carry it on its ultimate journey,
to season it with grain, rains of a petal flower.

And tend it in its final hour of rest.
Nature is a sandstorm
and we, my child, we're all the sands of time.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Early Moon Rising...

Early moon rising out of the sea
Like a sun sinking being dunked forevermore
So no one else could enjoy what we saw
Early moon rising out of the sea
It was a metaphor for you and me

Sea, rolling in or out...it didn't matter which,
Whilst we're both on the floor... living our salty dream.
Oh, one early moon rising-
Like a sun sinking being dunked forevermore
And sand in every pore.

Honey, it felt like kelp wrapped around me
It felt like it was drowning me
And the fishes of the sea were kissing me.
Love, see there's an early moon rising
And ooh, ooh the sound of the waves hypnotizes me.

Ooh, ooh the cry of the whale makes mountains fall.
Honey, this feels like heaven we must be home-
I am yours.

Mark Heathcote

Arctic, Hands

Arctic hands don't make me shiver, don't make me cold
you're not the North Pole, sweetheart look at me
sweetheart, you're not the snow queen of my heart
my hands are warm; let me help you to live.

Arctic, hands don't make me shiver, after the storm
send me a warm winter's wink
sweetheart, you're not the snow queen of my heart
I must be going snowblind
but I can still carry you home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Slaughter Of The Lamb

The slaughter of the lamb

Had me shocked at the slaughterhouse, when I was left alone

Seeing it tied mouth down to the chrome table

Blood after the cutting, running like a river

And the thing still alive, not drowned

The slaughter of the lamb frightened me.

Raging eyes drifting into sleep, without a bleep...

Thoughts go running wildly, what if that was me

Blood after the cutting running like a red river

Flies hung hungry hovering around for what they see as a sea

What if this was one day, meant for me?

The slaughter of the lamb it so frightens me

When its heart hadn't done stopped beating yet

I thought what if that was I dragged from the field

Only to die, drown in a red sea...

Oh the slaughter of the lamb it sure did frighten me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Put Me In A Bread Maker

Put me in a bread maker with you
We'll rise together with the yeast of love
My dove it's just you and me hereof...
We'll plait each day,
We'll plait each day, forever hitherto...

There is only one man,
Who could break this love knot divine?
There is only one fisherman,
Who could hook and break this line...
That keeps us entwined.

Love my dove; I give you all my heart
Love we are betrothed
Love I feel your hot breath on my lips
Love we are married, we are absolved
Love, back in our bed folds we find bliss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Just A Glorious State

Love is just a glorious state
Like summer rains when it shimmers into the sunshine's gold.
Love is just a high-octane-elevate
It's like learning to swim for the very first time, heart in throb.
Love is just a thaw that obliterates
All the ice, all the frostbite gnawing's & nibbling at your soul.
Love is just a bird song that affiliates
With you, & finds its truest echo, inseparable enthralled still in, key.
Love is just a glorious state
Love is just a high-octane-elevate
Love is just a thaw that obliterates
Love is just a bird song that affiliates
While the sunlight and a gentle current breeze swim in your eyes.
While the moon & stars, moisten your camping blankets, with dew.
Love is just a glorious state
When, I'm here next to you, transfixed by you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sun Blessed Sky

Sun blessed sky, let know one cry
Float in a wooden boat
Let know one pass by
Without just one overwhelming tear
Amber locked in their eye
Expressing the beauty, that floats on by.

Sun blessed sky, let know one cry
Feel alone in the desert cold.
Let know one pass by
Expressing emptiness in himself in yourself
Without looking back & feeling eternally blessed, graced
Without expressing, love for you, even in a cloud.

Sun blessed sky, let know one cry
Let them dance like the children of the Indian Navajo
Let them come to you like drops of dew
Let know one pass you by Lord
Coz they all belong to you
Without exception let not one pass and fall without falling
into your clasp.

Mark Heathcote

Liberation - Haibun Poem

There have been some 1.2 million prisoners sent to Siberia and, many of them marched ill-clothed on foot to their graves. Whatever permafrost hasn't touched remains fighting for breath for life a reason to survive this extreme environment. It's a nomadic climb into these Ural Mountains to keep the heart beating to suck in the stagnated air that plateaus and fight on through its raging blizzards, looking on up at its slate-grey skies like a gravestone overhead waiting for some stonemasonry carving of another lost soul, other nomads name.

what escapes the wind
in these Siberian depths
just one woman's smile

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Will I Hear Dew?

Will I hear dew?

Will I hear dew?

Will I hear; the dew falling?

Will I hear her, hearts rise and fall?

Will I hear her silence?

Will I hear you slip off your glass shoe

Will I hear her, hearts echo, in the hall?

When, you're not even, there at all.

Will I hear her laughter's tremor

And recall your sullen temper

Will I hear dew?

Will I hear dew?

Will I hear; the dew falling?

When I'm lying right beside you

Shoulder to shoulder right next to you.

Will I hear dew?

Will I hear dew?

Will I feel the dew falling cloying?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who Am I?

Who am I, am I, a savant
am I, a guardian of knowledge or a fool?
Am I an uninhabited sapphire moon?
Or a sentinel of fire & carnal desire:

Who am I, am I, a philosopher
a great man of thoughts, a scholar
or a boxing ring ringer.

Who am I, am I, a poet sage
if I am, do I care about my age?
It's true; I don't suffer jealousy
and I'm healing all my rage
the captivity of a bear locked in a cage.

Who am I, am I, a guru
could all this misery be?
Another kind of voodoo-
or is it a Juju gift?
A kind of magician's magic
who am I really, answer you're just a son of man?

Mark Heathcote

Deliverance

A great indifference
is borne out of nothing?
Be my mine be my forte
be my journey into paradise
take me to Jerusalem,
be my holy city,
but don't treat me with indifference
when I'd much prefer your sweet deliverance.

~or~

A great indifference
is borne out of nothing?
Be my mine be my speciality,
my strength, my forte
be my journey, my road to paradise
take me to Jerusalem,
be my holy city,
but don't treat me with indifference
when I'd much prefer-
your sweet unequivocal deliverance.

Mark Heathcote

I Am Here, Here Is Me

I am here, here is me
If you want me then just call me
I am here, here is me
If you are lonely, I am here
I am here, here is me
If you is empty, let me feed you
I am here, here is me
I move the waters & turn the sun
I am here, here is me
If you require me
I'll not be your master
I am here, here is me
But I will be your brother
Your mother and your sister
I am here, here is me
Living son, I'll be your eternal lover.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Do You Think Me Inconsiderate

Would the absence of any
Heart, break your heart?
Surely every tidal wave of-
Passion & lust hit, mark.

Would the absence of any
True affection, break your heart?
Surely every tear first needs an eye
Before it can, learn to smart.

Would the absence of any
True feeling, make you feel any different.
Surely every need has a different gluttony
Love do you think me inconsiderate.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love, What My Love Does My Love Mean To You?

Love what is I meant to do
Am I meant to lie to your heart?
Love what should we do
When you don't expect
That, I'm right here for you
Love what is I meant to do
Am I meant to lie to your heart?
Love what should we do
Is nothing I do or ever say?
Good enough for you.
Love what is I meant to do
Am I meant to lie to you?
And lay dejected in your arms
Love what should we do
Do you want me to cry in alarms?
Do you want me dejecting you love too?
Love, what my love does my love mean to you?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What's Going On?

God, comes howling, children, what's going on?
I haven't rested since I hung the golden sun.

God comes howling; children, what's going on?
I haven't, peace since the stars candelabrum.

God comes howling; children, what's going on?
I haven't slept since I hung the silver moon.

God comes howling, shouting, children, what's going on?
I haven't closed my eyes since the flowers festoon.

The children called back Father, Father-
we're-weary-too, we'll all sleep and rest soon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Barfly...

No one sees me no one must care
I've been here a long, long time now,
I've got no friends at the local bar
I must be invisible what do I care
I've nobody who loves me, anyhow.

Then by chance - I fall-in-love
She was an angel, gave me my serenity;
Now I'm by her side I'm-full-of mush.
And biochemically always in a rush
To see her again, accidentally.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Give Me Your One And Only Nod My God

...What befalls the fate of a collapsing star? ☐
Is also a reckoning for who we all are?
Give me your one and only nod my God...
Don't let them just bury me beneath the sod.

...Each cell of mine is ceasing to function
It's giving up its life's work, compunction.
Give me your one and only nod, my God...
Don't allow them incinerate me to just charred.

...When the time comes for my lonely death:
Take heed and care of my last final breath
Give me your one and only nod my God...
Don't let my life heart words go... unheard.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bolted Door

Peace is for everyone that wants it
but as soon as another resists it
there is a boundary wall
but as soon as another resists it
there is a locked bolted door
but as soon as another resists it
there is a gun directed at you,
through a broken-locked window.
Peace is for everyone that wants it
as long as not one person resists it.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Onion Air Balloon

At the end of the nights' convalescence
A small prairie-boy, upward looks in amaze
-ment when the skies turn amber, then sapphire.
At an onion air balloon, adrift over maize.

Perplexed, he shrugged his shoulders back.
Then forwards and looks for reassurance
-In the eyes of a Himalayan mountain horse
Who of cause I was as vexed to scrutinize.

The marvels floating in the cloudless skies
They both locked-eyes stood firm together
With renewed strength placed in the other
As it shrinks in size, they both wondered
To themselves, if they'd both been, hypothesized.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When, Her Opulence's Nears

At stroke of midnight under, moonlight.
Calm envelops my darkest fears
Gazing tranquil at the starlight
When, her opulence's nears.

□

She's why my hand doesn't, except
Misfortune, why my soul concedes
There is more under heaven & earth
The eye intercepts without conceits.

So, aware am I of my imperfections
As I take her hand in my heart
So, aware am I of my cold inflections
And the dark sides I must discard.

But I can't leave her blossom unpicked
Love's destiny is like polished stone
Beauty cascades over all hardness...
Softening, rocks into soft, fine loam.

Mark Heathcote

Dyslexia

'God played a wicked trick on me.'

Giving me a poetic spirit, a poetic heart
but not the brains to learn or store
what others are-all-better-equipped-for?

'God, there's been times' I did hate you
deeply - 'dear God, forgive me.' I love you.

'Thanks to you, ' I was born in the digital age
that's serving to lift my voice into a sage.

'God, you played a wicked trick on me.'

Know it's me thanking you for all that.
For all that I've endured, loving you
know it's me thanking you from my heart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Karma Has Two Halves

Lying here with you
If, I do go home before you
Lay here and wait for me
As I wait for you, wait for me
As I lay here in wait for you?
Lay here and wait for me
When I take you into my arms.
Lying here with you
Meditative as the morning dew
Let me go before you.
Beliefs me, when I say
I'll be sleeping in your arms
As karma has two halves

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Chapter Story

Love isn't a departure from one's self
It's merely the start of a new chapter
It's a page-turning story that compels
Us to feel another's inward rapture.

It's a book that as yet, isn't written
Impels us to open like a flower
It's the heart's prayer answered attrition
Now plough deserts with a water dowser.

It's that changeling child held in your heart
Held near to your breast that once you've kissed
You just can't resist; you can't now impart
To tell them, just go else you'll not exist.

As they've now become the binding cover
Chapter story you're one eternal lover.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ah, Intriguingly Its Lovers

What affairs are those we follow?
Crossing blue skies and rivers
Swifts and stork trapeze the air-
Waters gentle with them shallows...

Ah, intriguingly, its lovers
Cover the greatest distance.
Fly and swim—no resistance
Carving other's each, sculptures.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm For Higher Climbs

Like an orchid, my roots are airborne
I'll not let terrestrial earth hold me-
back, I'll neither be lovelorn nor lowborn.
I'm for higher climbs, not a wannabe
there'll be no glasshouse roof for me
my purchase shall have roots in the treetops
in the tropical canopy my floriae-
will abide at the highest leaf, dewdrops.
I'll absorb nutrients from the topmost-
bough on native air roots, I'll make my crown
make my orchid family, uppermost:
Kiss my love always on her eiderdown.
Cherish every blossom from her bosom,
and some near-future time, a stateswoman.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Blissful Beauty Personified

I thought I heard your heart beating
like a hummingbird, tell me
my love, was I wrong, listening
was I wrong in melting like ghee?

For honey, your flower puts aside-
for one-just-as-voracious as me,
Paradise can't be quantified-
like flowers visited by a bee.

True love is an amber locket:
that preserves its contents always-
like, love written in a sonnet.
Your heart beats in pianofortes.

Trembles as newly lighted dew.
How could anybody know I'd?
Fall so deep and so fast for you,
blissful beauty personified.

Mark Heathcote

What's Not To Love?

Each hot sultry evening in...
Los Angeles, California, United States
Pop-goes the champagne corks!
Girls, girl's lots of wet-bikini girls
It's like, Russian roulette
A never-ending game
Then off come the bras & knickers
It's like magic...
Putting on the Ritz... ☐
That's the life of Hugh Hefner.
Playboy magazine, what's not to love?
What's not to love, living your life in?
A 29 room palatial mansion in the buff?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What's Unusual About This Street?

What's unusual about this street? Well, nothing?
Unless you've been locked in a time-machine
Or a bookmark in between the covers of a
H. G. Wells book. No, nothing's changed.

Intrinsically you might as well have been standing there-
Chain-smoking, woodbines since 1969 no-
Nothing is ever-changing take a good look, look.

There's a clapped-out white Lada; it's got no gleam
But compared to what's around it sure looks clean.
There's uncollected rubbish, piled about, knee-high

And a dishevelled woman ravishing, her cold meat pie.
She's not one bit bothered about the city waste or the flies
Some people here have become accustomed to feeling lost

They've forgotten all about hard-earned pride
Look now they're mingling in with the street pigeons
Who's become like long-forgotten relatives?

Relatives they care for like diseased grandparents.
But this street this tired old battered and bruised street
Doesn't show any signs it cares for them.
But hold on-

A moment there is something new now in the city's streets
Yes, just you look around they're congested, but honestly,
Not by cars, but by overweight people, on mobility scooters.

Mark Heathcote

Cooing Ever So Princely

Through narrow rocks, I'll climb to the summit
to gaze down from the mountain-top
there holding your hand reanimate
walking on air; my heart will throb.

Like a bird that's flown to the highest peak
I shall sing my love's sweetest song.
There wing on wing, where the airs mystique
fills our lungs, I shall live lifelong.

There amongst heady clouds, quite dizzy,
I'll coo on-nest, plump-out my breast:
a robin cooing ever so princely,
forgetting sedentary ways with his guest.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Open Independence

Your open independence to pull back the cover
Shall infuriate your lover so, why bother.
"Maintaining the harmony, who would it proffer?
Tell me would those midnight stars gain any lustre...

Would she shoot her revolver...? "

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Fat Ladies 88

Down at the local bingo club,
You're precious free evenings were spent
Willing to spend your one last cent
...Powering nose ...holding a stub.

With only time for one more hug,
Unpicking a stitch on your shirt:
Then hand-brushing crumbs off your skirt
Which couldn't feed a mealybug?

Hunger remains on plate in girth
Still lacking daily substances
No size of win, even in bucketful's
Fetch this woman some happy mirth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Will Always, Always Be Yours...

You love, are my one garment
The wearer of my soul
My heart hasn't any fire retardant
Darling it is you and you alone.

That my life burns to a cinder for
You love, are my one guiding covenant.
To you I pledge my life forevermore
With you forevermore I am yours forever constant.

My love might be an insolvent gamble
In earthly wealth I might always, be poor.
But my loyalty to you won't be compromised
My heart will always, always be yours...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Humanitarian Help Worker

Where many have before you close the door
instead, you want to answer their SOS, call
you - yourself go hungry and furthermore
you helped the weak the very, small stand, tall.

You helped them out-of-squalor, the gutter
so they wouldn't have to crawl-with-hunger
or have to plummet like leaves-aflutter
in autumn fall sadly, always in that slumber.

In numbers, that'd made your mind go numb,
heaving and crying in pain, praying for a crumb
you helped feed them, so they didn't succumb,
so they too could carry on living, years to come.

A humanitarian mission is what you were on
in your heart, there is nothing in this world
you or other like-minded, can't improve on
and yet you do it all unheard and unperturbed.

Mark Heathcote

Could You Image Just One Navajo Indian Tribe?

In the absence of any Law there
Was once upon a time order
Order without any crime, and
Loyalty and love without a penalty.
Can you imagine such a serene, springtime?
Could you image just one Navajo Indian Tribe?
Spinning & weaving, hunting and fishing,
Farming and growing, living and loving in relative peace
Bivouacking under buffalo hides
Gently, grinning ear to ear, with razor sharpened teeth
Teeth sharpened for indigenous decoration.
Not to start any hostilities, of course, I could be wrong
Even predawn Eden may have been stillborn.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Not Hard To Come By, Goodbyes Kiss.

"Look, you can't bottle me up like some pickle gherkin,
And say you don't miss sex
That I no longer have any meaningful layers
No skins to peel back".

And that you are already completely bored.
But then and now say, but that's okay —
If, if we just occasionally touch:
You know sometimes when we're undressing.

"Look, didn't we use to be frenetically good friends?
Isn't it time we lifted the lid off this can of worms".
Let's not fight over whom snores loudest
But who can leave and close the front door quietest?

You asked me
For my loyalty,
My honesty, so here it is
I'm leaving on your very next,
Not hard to come by - goodbye kiss.

Mark Heathcote

When, You Step Into Street Puddles With A Heavy Heart

When, you step into street puddles with a heavy heart.
One foot either side of two yellow lines you can't park
You haven't the time for reflective thoughts to impart-
Upon their dulled sad feelings, you just have to debark.

You might want to sit on a wet curb like you once done
Back when you were 9 or 10 but now times have moved on
It's like you're too old for grey days, it must be the sun
Too much is riding my shoulders to pass the baton.

But for one sinking moment you feel an immense fear
Has hold of your shoe, and if you struggle to keenly
An alligator might take a huge snap at your rear...
Life brings such irrationality, routinely.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Just Can't Look Away

Oh, how beautiful you wear that jasmine moonlight
That subtle lit halo overhead enriches your portrait
But your eyes widow like can't help reflect my sunlight
The eyes of a widow cannot reflect sunlight but you do
Oh, how beautiful you are, why don't we triangulate
And make love beneath a setting star.
Oh, how beautiful you are, can't we go into orbit
Travel the solar system and begin sharing
And begin sharing a whole new unexperienced ecosystem.
I want us to share our salad days
And drown in your bottomless wishing-well eyes
I want us to share our salad days
Unpunctuated, I want to end my winter in your shadow
And feel that jasmine moonlight glow
Oh, how beautiful, oh right now you're so naked...
Oh, I just can't look away
I just can't look away
I just can't look away.
Jasmine moonlight freezes the onset of every coming day
Coz I want us to share our salad days
I just can't look away
I just can't look away ☐
From that subtle lit halo
Under that jasmine moonlight glow
Oh, how beautiful, oh right now you're so naked...
Oh, I just can't look away
I just can't look away
I just can't look away
Not now or any other day the moon turns and spins.

Mark Heathcote

My Love You Are A Violet

For each day lived, time is shrinking
And faces and hands are wrinkling
My love, you are a violet:
Our love at times is doing backstroke
In a porcelain toilet, basin
What are we facing, backs to the wall
If, I was in a public house
This would be our last call
I'd be watching times hands clapping
I'd be kicking my heels
Walking beside a litter-strewn gutter, with lead,
With lead weights in my shiny new ten-a-penny shoes.
With lead weights in my spring my heels
My love, you are a violet:
But I'm not shrinking; I'm just singing the blues.
I'm just singing the blues, biding my time
Waiting for spring, waiting for spring
Waiting for spring, springs flowering hour once again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Moths

Draw moth-like to a candlelit bosom
If darkness and night define the light
Under, what portents we see a woman?
Her agile, touch lights us up each night.
Overall percentage the universe
Is made up of 73 per cent dark energy
23 per cent dark matter, transverse-
ly leaves a rudimentary
Low, 4 per cent composed of regular
-Matter, but how heavenly it is that
'1plus 1' experiences lethargy,
Like moths, drawn into a lovers spat
That they should, make-up one half of the known
And together uncover the unknown.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Never A One For Seasickness

His soul needs a fulcrum to make it rise again
His heart needs, but to splice the mainbrace
And sail and drink forever hearty again...
Or else capsize, against some, old rock-face
His soul requires a merchant marine captain.
His masters, the key to his ship's cargo hold
His heart lies in anchorage under a steel chain
Else his bilge water tears won't be extolled
His goodwill a second-mate a navigation officer
His high spirits shouldn't falter in requirements
He's sailed the seven seas a star gazing orbiter
Traditionally, he's never a one for seasickness.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Of Course You Are Not

Are you sitting still?

No, of course, you are not

The world is spinning

Whilst-even-now your heart beats.

Are you feeling contented?

No, no, of course, you are not

Your blood is hot and coursing

It's cursing that it sings and depletes.

Are you truly in love

No, no, no, of course, you are not

Your soul hasn't yet journeyed

Beyond that first stars, light

That opposite contention up-above, shining bright.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Until I Know Not What Is Real Or Pantomime

What is burned, faded grey isn't worth any less
Whatever changes take place, I'll love you nonetheless.

Whatever individualities, foibles
You have I've found I'll never hex, tint, with poisons.

Love is accepting of all flaws like a river
It winds mouth wide open fully in its slither.

It drools asks my brains where are they temporary?
Inside lost my heart doesn't beat ancillary.

□

Someone else's flame ignites my being all the time
Until I know not what is real or pantomime.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beyond What Is Improvable

What wouldn't you do to extend your life?
Or your youth; which is more desirable
An afterlife or not being, found, certifiable.

Are there any parables we can rationalize
That combines these two rivals, not as foes
Sure it'd be better to accept what bestows?

Change is inevitable forget them, surgeons
Their promises are hollow and verbose
They only furnish your ego's voice worthless

-ness, leaving you feeling empty, predispose
To intense emotions of negativity, undesirable
And even on self-reflection, unrecognizable.

Except whom you, really are: the good the bad
And even the damned worn-out wrinkled ugly
Feel better, by having your own, natural vivacity.

Real beauty openly houses unguarded contraband.
So, darling, I forbid you to look any more beautiful
To me, you are already, beyond what is improvable.

Mark Heathcote

What Kind Of Tears Do You Cry?

What kind of tears do we have to show here?
Are they truly-what-they-appear to represent?
Are they overflowing with what they're saying?

What kind of tears do we have to show here?
Are they cursing are they falling in waves
Are they childlike choking stabbing with staves?

Are they burning briny filming-up your heart?
What kind of tears, do you have to show here?
Tell me what pain or loneliness they impart.

Are they lubricating, nourishing, protecting tears
Or are they reflex tears protecting you from irritants
Or are they tears of emotion? What do they epitomise?

Are they tears of joy or sorrow or signs of distress?
What kind of tears do we have to show here?
Do they show you're vulnerable, can anybody guess.

Are you having a good cry a good cathartic-cry?
Or are your eyes just producing crocodile tears
What kind of tears, do you have to show here?

Are they tears from trauma or tears of anxiety?
Are they tears of empathy, shed in sympathy?
Answer honestly, what kind of tears do you cry?

Mark Heathcote

A Heaven Seen From Heaven

For an unpromising believer
Heaven as seen from heaven
Wouldn't it have fields strewn?
With flowers golden, glittering
With damsels & dragonflies
Starry-eyed, hour upon hour
Wouldn't it host rivulets twisting?
Turning, stopping in wide-open-bays
With cherub angels in joyful mien
Happy unclad, combing their hair.

But this being of Earth, not heaven
With all the wages of sin
Multiplied by at least seven
Those who are the heirs of Eden
Eden's bounty, wealth on earth.
Heaven as seen from heaven
Would think little more than,
Little more than, this is an unclad-
Maiden spiralling out in a meadow lush
In some remote small part of Devon.

Mark Heathcote

Where I Might But Love The Raven

Raindrops and sunshine
break not through shadowy shadings.
Where I might but love the raven
for its lack of love
for all its lack of humbug,
that absorbs all the worlds' refraction's
all the worlds' abstractions
and even time its wondrous self
of-cause it could be spring-tide
it could, in fact, be the full warmth of summer
when autumn descends on leaf and flower
turning all your thoughts to winter
when, where I might but love the raven, again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Was The First Real Fruit You Ate?

What was the first real fruit you ate?
Was it succulent son, tell me was it sweet
Or was it sour, did she sing you the meanest blues
Son, tell us truthfully
Did she keep you amused for hours?

Did her passion bite your lip & taste of cherry
Was it succulent son, tell me was it sweet for you
Did that first taste sign your fate?
When you sunk down
Did you have then to scramble out of town?

Tell me, son, was it other worldly,
And after the thunder shook the tree bough
What did you do...?
Tell me son under this apple orchard sun,
Was it an angel or a mean old devil fired your gun.

What was the first real fruit you ate?
Was it succulent son, tell me was it sweet
Did she smile & make you savour her awhile
Son, tell us truthfully
Did she smile like an angel or sing like a whore?

Tell me, son, after you ate did you want any more.

Mark Heathcote

Wild Waters Lapping

You are my witness you've seen how I've grown
Growing, reaching out. I, won't be dethroned
Who's going to uproot me? Tear up my roots
I don't want any man who persecutes.
Who can persecute my mind, heart and soul?
I don't want a place in your pigeonholes.
Physically my looks, aren't they kind of, delightful
And with you, all this could be intertidal
If you'd take my pagan heart without a fault
And never change me the one you'd exalt.
Lay me over a green mossy bank
I'll be wild waters lapping your riverbank
You'll take on some of my own, amnesiacs
There'll be no one left here looking back.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Just Want Us To Count The Birds

I just want us to count the birds
Forget the skies are full of stars
I just want to lay transfixed
In your arms at dusk till dawn & sunrise
And hear you my lover's words

□

I just want us to count the birds
I just want you close by my side.
Looking deep into my opalescent eyes
I just want to feel your touch
Ooh, oh, oh so much.

I just want us to count the birds
I just want to cry deeply like the Tinman
Overwhelmed by his new heart
I just want us to count the years
And never look back in tears.

I just want us to count the birds
With you beneath a rainbow
Separating, rolling grey clouds.
I just want to hover like hummingbirds
Sipping nectar oh heavenly with you.

Mark Heathcote

As Summer Ends Autumn Begins

As summer ends autumn begins
Sycamore seeds Twizzle in spins.

As squirrels gather ground acorns
Grey skies with heavy rainfalls.

Going home jumping in puddles
We play with our airplane models.

We look and hear as a firework
Silver light skies in a latticework.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Order My Heart To A Firing Squad

Order my heart to a firing squad
My heart won't blink or show fear□
You love are my fuselage
No bullet could ever sink, dislodge
Without you, what would be my souvenir?
Love, you are my masterpiece
You are my life's centrepiece.

Reckless heart where shall I begin...
Oh, I've walked more than a mile
What can we learn from sin?
In these tight-fitting shoes
Oh, my poor heart doesn't skip a beat
So tighten up your thumbscrews
Cos my heart doesn't drop or lose one beat.

My love doesn't dip my feet into the concrete
Into concrete shoes in order only to break it
And rebuild a mile-high wall...
I won't leave you, I won't be martyred.
My love for you won't be befallen or be found dead...
Your love, I'll never forget...
Or ever impart any feelings of regret.

Mark Heathcote

You're A Diamond In The Rough

You're a diamond in the rough
The rough being you weren't
Sent as a fallen angel from above
You came born of earthly magic & a bit of stardust
You showed me how to quantify love.

You're a star a pouring of open trust
Where I shook like foil in your aura
Oh, where could perfection begin?
If it'd had never known your flora & fauna
If it'd had never known your soft skin.

You're the Alpha and Omega
The beginning and the end
It's been written in my palm we'd fall in love
Don't cry don't smudge your mascara
I promise to be always your one true best friend.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

They Want Only To Touch You Unawares

On the ridge of a hill, perceptions long
Long to gaze down upon the other side
Like children longing to heavenly race
They always want to climb the mountainside.

Like an eagle in its lone prestigious climb,
They want to float; like a weightless dove
In those distant zeniths, catch their breaths
Feel those blessings in a rainbow of love.

They want to forget all hapless miracles
Elusive or otherwise & touch shadows
They want to leave these peninsulas
Strive beyond the fall of valentines arrows.

They want to shimmy with the stars
Catch your heart like a mountain tickled trout
In an unspoilt part of mountainous France
They want to make their love avouched.

Love & compassion ethereal as the air
They want only to fall like the moonlit dew
They want only to touch you unawares
Of any flesh accompanying & for it to always continue.

Mark Heathcote

Chestnut Roasting

Chestnut roasting on an autumn night
chestnut roasting in a roasting pan,
lit by a tardy London streetlight.

Chestnuts roasting come, buy, come buy
chestnuts roasting sold to a serviceman;
something truly earthly he can quantify.

Chestnut roasting placed into a paper bag
chestnut roasting nothing like them chum!
Come, buy them come and buy them by the kilogram.

Chestnut roasting on an autumn night
chestnut roasting under the moonlight
chestnuts' roasting comes and eats some tonight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring Is A Discovery

Spring is a discovery
a jewel box opening
it's gold an effrontery
to hearts broke betokening-

A remnant dislodged relic
look at the yellow cowslip
Medusa, evangelic
singing gospels unclouded.

Spring is untrustworthy
ask any lover who has-
sown his seed prematurely
doesn't it die early, whereas?

Who would not bathe heart gladdened?
By the shores of buttercup
in those green riggings maddened.
Who'd not cherish this bee-like mantle?

Just a little happier,
just a little more saddened
just a little sappier
for waiting-your heart gladdened.

Mark Heathcote

All The Colors In A Rainbow

How did a bird, all the colours
In a rainbow, come to find us.
How was she discovered, brothers
Wonders - my love is this for us.
I promise you gifts, like this
Don't fall out of magician's cuffs
Look, look at her reflexions bliss,
How beautiful, how beauteous
How radiant her reflexion:
Is she the sun, over water?
Mirroring—you, my own lover
Look how she hovers, lips sulphur
Supernatural, perfection!
A million years could never alter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wanting To Escape Where Lambs Knelt

Wanting to escape where lambs knelt
how I wished then to hear the jackdaw
how I wished the snow would melt
how I wished the ice should thaw.

Wanting to see where daisies dwelt
in chains succinct as a poets words
how I wished for the colours of the Orient
but instead in sweaters, I felt interred.

Wanting to shake a crimson rose
how I wished stupidly for a signal of love
and disillusioned for sunny patios
how I wished to take off winter's gloves.

Wanting to carve out of solid stone
an escape from all the world's cold
how I wanted an old belief to be shown
to feel spring warmth, many times manifold.

Mark Heathcote

A Gathering In The Distance

Market stall holders have done their business
Today is the summer solstice, there's-no-rush
Everyone's at ease dreamily as evening hibiscus.
Nodding; chitter-chattering hellos, mellifluous.

It's a gathering of people just mothballing
In those last known moments of sunlight golden
Lit by paraffin lights hung under low-tarpaulin,
All look happy & relaxed and embolden.

It might well be Sardar market in Jodhpur
But it's a little less grand and shabby chic
There are fewer new goods at the pawnbrokers
But unquestionably it's full of mystique.

There are banks of steam mingling with clouds above
Pots of boiling, goodies poached, cared for with love.
Clothes if you look covered in fine breadcrumbs,
A gathering in the distance around Indian wedding, drums.

Mark Heathcote

Love That Leaves Me Quite Honestly Perplexed

Baby, I can taste your lust yours lies
Lies to make all your blue skies cry
Baby you want open heart surgery
You want life & death moments not drudgery.

You want to feel the hurt of love
You want to fly with winds soulful & mellifluous
And not find any difference, one to the next
One to the next, one to the next
My love that leaves me quite honestly perplexed.

Baby, I can taste your lust yours lies
I can sense your self-pretence
Your magic rubber band has snapped
Oh, oh my love I'm no longer rapt.

Love you don't appreciate any higher magic
One to the next
One to the next, one to the next
And darling I'll never settle for second best.
Oh and my love that leaves me quite honestly perplexed.

Baby, I can taste your lust yours lies
Lies to make all your blue skies cry
Turning love into a deadly avalanche
Love this love is a mismatch
Cos I can't love like you one to the next
One to the next, one to the next
My love that leaves me quite honestly perplexed.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is A Smoke Made With The Fume Of Sighs

Only your heart is a catalyst until I die.
How my heart empties its treasure chest
Worldly jewels they're flung out in order to ratify
Wrongs too many to alleviate leave dispossessed
When you throw stones at toughened glass
It's as though you're in one drawn-out instance
Made a spider's web, waiting for the spider alas
To return home by quiet leaps surreptitious
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs
We look out the window for any elliptical signs
A frosted-breath a kiss waiting to synchronize
You contributed a shadow that at my heels aligns
But guilt-ridden finally, when I fall you remove
My leaves my sins, my shadow taking both hands
You lead me an old stubborn mule it behoves
To be stabled up in a barn full of wheat sacks.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love I Am Enamoured, I Am Your Oyster

My loneliness, a blood-red sunset only you can see
It has a deep radiance, it has rainbows,
But only you count the gold gilt-edged clouds
And the dark rains, jamborees.

Love won't you coo from the pine needle treetops
Coz I love you & nothing but nothing
Can ever make me dark again or blue
Coz I really do love you, more than I do me.

Love, I am enamoured, I am your oyster
And you are my untarnished love my pearl
The pearl I wanted to hide & take from this world
Without ever revealing how scornful & alone I did loiter.

Love, I wanted to brood in those watery shadows
But you opened me up and gave me new roots
Deeper and higher and stronger than the mangroves
Swaying above the seas, embodying loves absolutes.

Mark Heathcote

The Evil Eye

Is it a self-fulfilling prophecy?
Is it made from a smokeless fire?
The Jinn are they our trouble makers
Do they give me & you the evil eye?

Yes, evil is around us it's transparent
We are all at times possessed
Every day that we are living
Our personalities, Lord, how they've transgressed.
So, we reflect in the mirror
What is truly real, what does this life possess
Of course, we all make mistakes
Big or little, it doesn't mean it's all a game of chess.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Colonizers, You Impoverish The Natural Order

Where's your dignity, pig? Is it all a facade?
Where do you come by your self-righteous pride?
Your life is all but a cheap souvenir shop,
A bric-a-brac market stall, over-glorified.

You come here with your curios & chains
You force the naturalized natives to sell-up
And take your stupid, ignorant wears as gains
And they obey out of fear in their gut.

Colonizers, you impoverish the natural order
Those natural orders instigate a natural, balance.
You tip peace & order quite simply on its head.
You even deliberately imbalance the natural order-

Of everything just in order, to gain access
To those natural resources, you want to redress.
But not in the favour of the hardworking poor
No, on them you'd sooner make your war.

Mark Heathcote

Mermaid

I have held my breath, breathless
Soul to soul, heartbeat by heartbeat
I have navigated this woman's every shoreline
Cherishing her every curve, her every jagged whim.
Her every soft; swish brushing movement
Composed within without of its most; angelic music

That's beholden my breath, breathless
Here have been nights my own, heartbeat
Forgot it had had once the loneliest shoreline.
Here, her least gesture, a full sail, her every whim,
A spellbound wave hung in perpetual movement:
On floats the impossible bottle my heart within her music.

Brothers, comrades, I have been breathless
More Maritime's one soul could count in an endless heartbeat.
I've swum heavenly naked & reared-up on that shoreline
I've drowned in that surf that was no whim
No fantasy & sirs, no sin by name or movement
Sure, she was a mermaid a siren, but heaven was her music.

I'd have held my breath, breathless
Soul to soul, heartbeat to heartbeat
If I could breathe hold one breath, breathless without a shoreline
Of that beauty passing, I would happily, without a whim,
A struggle of any kind forced unnatural movement.
Give of my whole life's music.

To hear her breast filled beating like a slave drum breathless
Soul to soul, heartbeat to heartbeat□
Next to mine chained to a heavenly barrier reef shoreline
Held together in one breath one locked bubbles whim
One all-encompassing solidifying movement
That'll never break or burst away from the music.

Mark Heathcote

Take Me Dancing In The Moonlight

Take me dancing in the moonlight
Like two cygnet swans we'll glide
We'll learn to skate on a millpond
Love & companionship, intensified.

Take me dancing in the sunshine
With intangible sweet lucidity dreaming
Take me dancing in the rain
I want to get wet through with you, steaming.

I want to get unravelled with you
I want to practise lawless practices with you.
I want to erotic dance with you
I want to touch & feel every stretched sinew.

I want to feel your bodies overloading heat
Each time parting waters meet make waves
I want to feel your Love & companionship intensified
Like two cygnet swans I want us to glide.

Mark Heathcote

Thank The Lord We All Come Together Into Coalesce

If you've reached heights a fall means death
If you've swum a lake any drop in stroke
Will lead you to your ultimate swift demise
Then, fear no more sirs, and dip your toes
Hang upside down from your father's balustrade
Like a bat about to take a long earned snooze
In a cavern where no one else could dare breathe
Eking out a living be happy with your subsistence
And there whilst you too are sinfully sinning
Be blest that you are alive and living.
Be happy the breeze is under imaginary wings
If you've reached heights a fall means death
Hold on to your breath and wave
Thank the lord we all come together into coalesce.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Want Nothing, I Want It All...

Like dogs with a gnarled stick, if, when, we do depart
Once we've separated, save a piece of my heart
It might be a misshapen, serrated, shard
But please darling, don't just completely disregard.

Take a small portion, which may well be all that's left
Once the owl, into a darkened tree hole lands-deft
Clutching what dead remains nourishment-pelleted
Skeletal fragments a host of bones ferreted.

I won't bite; I won't hoot and holler anymore
Don't be shy; I've no energy to fight tooth & claw,
Take all, the house, the car the hangings on the wall,
Don't be spiteful, I want nothing, I want it all...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Do You Want With Me?

You're god-like sir & I am a pint-sized lizard
A chameleon with many personalities tintured
What do you want with me?

I can barely hold my head above the quicksand
You, yourself, walk on water not just dry land
What do you want with me?

Don't you see I am a poor man, a poor-imitation?
Spiritually I'm homeless, of non-denomination
So, what do you want with me?

How say thou art, my lord & my saviour?
If true, sir you'll forget my many misbehaviours
Come now, sir, what do you want with me?

I'm but an insect a cricket with a song or two
Yet-sirs you want my song, although many times
I'm as ugly in looks & melody, as a marabou stork.

Mark Heathcote

Night & Day

Night & Day, I've feared to breathe
Feared to find the keys to unshackle-
Myself; I've frozen with disbelief
Have at times lived like jackals.

Night & day, when I was a prisoner
Emancipated like a thief with pockets
Full of plated silver, a Jailhouse chiseller
Wishing, hoping to be sprung from life's lockup.

Night & Day, I cried for an early release
I prayed my heart would stop
I prayed it would falter and decrease
And someday soon be decease.

But night & day it just beats on
Like an endless repeating kettledrum
But night & day it just played on
Till one day it sang like a harp high on loves adrenaline.

Now any time I hear or feel it
I feel happy night or day□
Night & day I feel happy to feel it
I feel happy night or day to feel it.

Mark Heathcote

Kicking Over Toadstools

Do you remember when we danced like wistful fools?
I was always mesmerised by your countenance
At every angle, your face was like sustenance
So much so I'd get misty-eyed, kicking over toadstools.

Till you told me you loved me
Then we'd go hand in hand, kicking russet red leaves
Whilst they were still raining down from the trees
Do you remember the chestnut glimmer in your eyes?

When we were alone do you remember crisp blue skies?
And a kiss like a burning sun sweet as an autumn plum
Ooh, at every angle your face was like sustenance
And I haven't finished eating you yet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Every Destination Has A Purpose

My life has been a black hole
But every destination has a purpose
And now as I'm getting older
And always a little more forgiving
This sack of sin doesn't want these lights to go out.

Doesn't want these lights to fade
Yes, every destination has its purpose
Every star in the universe on the horizon
Has at least one place it, can be seen
Has at least one heartbeat beating dreaming.

But there are still days & days
I wake up to a black sun
Waiting for death to take my hand
And guide me blindly, but now I succinctly
Am aware I try to cling, try to hang on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Are My Love

You are my breath my life my earth my rock
You are my strength my support, my love
You are my friend you are my high watermark
You are my heart and all of the above.

You are my love now on forever, hereof
Nothing you do hereon for me is superfluous
Coz I love you, you are near flawless...
Darling you are reaching beyond all my amours.

You are my Bermuda triangle, where I get lost
But still, I watch the sunrise
After mirroring the dew-wet morning's permafrost
You and your kisses and the air go on clarifies.

You are my breath my life my earth my rock
You are my strength my support, my love
You are my friend you are my high watermark
You are my heart and all of the above.

You are my love.

Mark Heathcote

What Grand Delusions

You remember that day we ran through ruins
And thought wouldn't it be a quixotic idea
To rebuild that, arch. What grand delusions
Tugging giant rocks, you had as overseer.

Aggressively pulling and then pushing
Each interlocking stone, uncaringly
At times I stood impartially looking-
Back, school silk tie dangling down garishly.

You had me labelled weak, but I showed you.
And it sure was a jazzy good feeling-
In my tummy when didn't fall askew.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Judo Suits

Job-wise learning difficulties
It's not the easiest
it's challenging work, low paid
at times rewarding, even fun
or a paper trail charade.

Caring for one giant of a man
who'd finish all his sentences?
With the word (then)
fish & chips (then)
cup of tea (then) - have a bath (then) .

Would intimidate-many-folks
his sheer size and bulk
6ft 2 - his rugged demeanour
new careers looked thunderstruck
head for the nearest exit-

But to be fair, on the whole
He could be a gentle soul.
One thing he didn't tolerate
were clothes tags, zips and laces
he'd tear off his clothes.

He'd-smash-up the plates
and break a few china-cups
that was all a part of it,
how we dealt with his anxieties.

We'd laugh at his improprieties
we'd laugh & share in the joke
in his happier moments
but-clothes-wise in the end:
we had to buy him - judo suits.

Mark Heathcote

Fly, Leave These Hemispheres

Back on earth, I feel like a flightless bird
Writers need wings, don't wish, want to be interred.

□

I'd like to soar through the clouds and endure
Storms and more, fly high into the azure.

Leave the garbage and breathe in that sweet air
I'd like to counteract their evil snare.

Ah, if only I could fly higher into the blue skies azure
Write a new featherless, unheard chapter.

But back on earth the drudgery, the dearth,
Plucking my wings feather's disentangling the mirth.

I'd like to spread my golden eaglet wings
No strings attached fly, leave these hemispheres.

□



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

Lord, How Do I Soothe This Dreadful Pain Away?

At night I close my eyes, but sleep never came.
Lord, how do I soothe this dreadful pain away?
My heart every joint feels feverish inflame.
I can't rest when he's not in communiqué?

Why he leaves me, doesn't he once think of me?
Why doesn't he phone me, I-guess I'm not loved?
Aren't we together, dear am I nobody?
Like house dust - doesn't see me, my beloved.

I search my heart looking for a stowaway.
At night I close my eyes, but sleep never came.
Lord, how do I soothe this dreadful pain away?
It's the second-night I am-somehow to blame?

Why he leaves me, doesn't he once think of me?
Why doesn't he phone me, I-guess I'm not loved?
Aren't we together, dear am I nobody?
Like house dust - doesn't see me, my beloved.

Why doesn't he phone me, I-guess I'm not loved?
I've placed my wedding ring in the side cupboard.
Why am I left like that old Mother Hubbard?
Dear, I'm not, house dust anymore, my beloved.

Mark Heathcote

Garden The Light

Garden the light-guarding that mystery
Garden the stars of the night
Carry them close to your heart tonight
Garden the light-guarding that mystery.

Swim in the ocean's majestic pull
Surely it will guide you back to shore
Surely it will wrap me in lamb's wool
Surely it will be like a Christmas hellebore.

A star in winter gardening light
So, dear innocent child garden the light
Garden the stars of the night
Carry them close to your heart tonight.

Garden the light-guarding that mystery
Call on minuscule specks of grandeur
Let your true spiritual sense be a voyeur
Garden the light guarding that mystery, in you.

Call on that mantle of ferns dew
Surely it will direct you to a crystal stream
Surely it will leave silt gold particles within you
Surely one day you'll be too a star supreme.

Garden the light-guarding that mystery
Garden the stars of the night
Carry them close to your heart tonight
Garden the light-guarding that mystery.

Swim in the ocean's majestic pull
Surely it will guide you back to shore
Surely it will wrap me in lamb's wool
Surely it will be like a Christmas hellebore.

A star in winter gardening light
So, dear innocent child garden light
Garden the stars of the night
Carry them close to your heart tonight.

Mark Heathcote

I've Delved The Dirt

I've delved the dirt
Like a child of destruction
I've delved the dirt
Oh, am I dying
Can anyone hear me?
Am, I still here all alone crying?
Oh, mother hangs your head
I've delved the dirt
Oh, am I dying□
Oh, mother, can you hear me
Oh, father is love beneath you
Oh, I've delved the dirt
Like a child of destruction
Oh, I'm only tired
I've delved the dirt
Oh, am I dying
Oh, I'm only hurting myself
Is anybody listening?
Coz I'm still here alone crying?
Oh, mother, can you hear me
Oh, father is love beneath you
Oh, I'm like the last starling in the nest
Oh, mother, I did my best
Father, you were always like a cloud of destruction
Oh, I've delved the dirt
Oh, am I dying
Can anyone hear me?
Am, I still here all alone crying?
Oh, I've delved I've dished the dirt
I've told-father of mothers cheating.

Mark Heathcote

Daily Playing Empty Tin Soldiers

Sunken eyes heavy heart, until I wither
Whatever happens to me, this isn't living
Surely to god, someone has to be kidding
And my heart it's just an open fissure.

When do I depart, I've waited so, so long
I'm now going mad in this eternal dark
Won't someone point the way back ere-long
For whatever my soul decides is its matriarch.

For whatever my soul believes to be its home
Cradle-wraps me again and makes strong
Make me stubborn as a mule hereon
And unearth my soul from this catacomb.

My heart what makes you, why do you breathe
Don't you sense I'm a little more than deflated?
I've got no time for friends, family or neighbours
Daily playing empty tin soldiers I've been infiltrated.

Mark Heathcote

Midnight Nightingale With The Long Hair

Oh, midnight nightingale with the long hair
Was all that what happened just biochemical warfare
Was there a light, a flare blinking infrared
How does your mouth break, alter bread?
Your kisses they're like a well-practised confessional
Darling, you deserve the congressional medal.

Oh, tell me why do you feel unloved wanting always more?
Is that why you even take what isn't yours
Leaving a trail of bread crumbs on the floor
Naturally, every woman's got satanical claws.
But what kind of harlot always begs
Won't let any man; easily leave, without her voodoo hex.

Oh, darling, you're like a sandstorm hotly spun
Guess I'd have to say, in all honesty, it's been fun.□
Oh, midnight nightingale with the long black raven hair
Was all that what happened just biochemical warfare□
But oh lord, I do declare as my witness
She is my one and only weakness.

Her kisses lord they're like a well-practised confessional
Darling, I deserve the congressional medal. □
Oh, tell me why do you feel unloved wanting always more?
Is that why you even take what isn't yours
Leaving a trail of bread crumbs on the floor
Naturally, every woman's got satanical claws.

But oh lord, I do declare as my witness
She is my one and only weakness.

Mark Heathcote

For The Sake Of Summers Perpetual

For the sake of summers perpetual
I have wandered into your arms
To capture one of my own dreams
Truly a sweet-scented jasmine flower
I wanted us to bind amongst the stars
I wanted our two gardens to intermingle
And create an Eden we could share.
I have wandered into your arms
And found a pallet of love
Waiting only my brush my stroke my touch
Against your taut well-framed canvas.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Some Days The Window Is Open

Some days the window is open
and you return to me my primrose
by those old crystal moonlit streams
by the purple waters of the woodland pond
there's an acknowledging look, a romantic gaze
a kind of peevish blush behind a cabin lodge
it's then all-time stands stark-naked still
and the walls have somehow vanished
and even death, worm ravished
there is a graveside flower
a yellow wan, primrose envisaged.

~or~

Some days the window is open
and you return to me my primrose
by those old crystal moonlit streams
by the purple waters of that woodland pond
there's an acknowledging look, a romantic gaze
a kind of peevish blush behind a cabin lodge
it's then all-time stands stark-naked still
and the walls have somehow vanished
and even death, worm ravished
whispers like a graveside flower
a milky wan primrose envisaged.
And you darling was a collage
in the fall leaves, comes back to life
a primrose in my melancholic dreams.

Mark Heathcote

Still Life

ghouls painting still life
frosted mist waves on the breeze
fearless breaths breathing

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Unfulfilled Wish

I travelled into a world of folklore
And there was met by a black serpent
It had seven heads and each head
Swallowed—put the others in internment.

Till there was only one left
And it was the most powerful
And it was the most beautiful
But spiritually, the most bereft.

It was here I heard a terrible hiss
It was here with dead, vacant eyes
It cried demanding a compliant kiss
I asked what love it did conceptualise.

As a king of king cobras
It looked back dejected peevish
Near somewhat hopeless.

As I left it, it then gazes back, thievish
I sensed it wanted me for its next dish
It had desires for me, an unfulfilled, wish.

Mark Heathcote

My Heart Has Always Belonged To Another

Your heart borders with my heart
like a newly formed country,
calls out to mine, make the pilgrimage
and says you will grant me entrance.

And yes, I see those flowers are sweeter
and yes, I see the grass grow greener
and yes, I see the valleys are lush
and yes, I see the rivers are fuller.

And yes, I see the woods are shadier
and yes, I even see the skies are clearer
but you are not my home or my country,
my heart has always belonged to another.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Heart Is Love-Personified

What the eye doesn't see, the heart can feel?
From-the-heart also is the mind and body,
for the heart, the heart is love personified already.

What does eye-do-better than the heart?
Your eyes are only the tip of the dart.
first, you must feel each gouge bleed crimson
Then taste the blood the essence of a flower.

And know that for each flower
there is a root that you can trace
trace back to the dawn of that first throbbing hour.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Doppelgangers

Every man has a doppelganger
Just you wait until he joins you in hell
Every woman has a look-a-like
Just you wait until she's no longer in heaven.

Every man has a look-a-like
Just you wait until he's visited you in heaven
Every woman has a doppelganger
Just you wait until she's descended in to hell.

Isn't that the Jekyll & Hyde of love, baby?
Isn't that the alpha omega of marriage?
Well, isn't it heaven & hell,
Well, maybe.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Caterpillars & Butterflies

May all your kisses be sweeter?
Then any red, intoxicating, wine
May you devour me like a caterpillar?
And your heart beats like a butterfly.

May we cocoon, discreetly, together
Twirling out our precious time
May we entirely forget polite demeanour
And thereby, emulsify our undying love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Extinguished Like A Mollusc

When love ignites our pillows fly
And with a wing on wing, so do I.
I smoulder blissful to your touch,
Like hot candle wax, besmirched
Insomuch as I could helix myself
And cling, mould rings around you.

When extinguished like a mollusc
You're the flame that curls my toes
You're the hands inky wet calligraphy
You're the sensual part of darkness
My own light, wants dearly to enclose
In that gurgled hiss of desires throes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Gazing At The Stardust

I love those chinks of light, greenish, blue and white
emitted from a cut crystal bowl,
in that light, I want my whole focus to lose peripheral sight
I want; I express a desire to go blind like a mole
gazing at the stardust of a distant nebula,
diffused in heavenly signals, repeating, I see her
I see her; I want her - she's forever imprinted on my retina.
At times I rub my two eyes,
and see what appears to be a Sundog,
two suns, one her living mirage
the other, I now gawk at
it's then I feel almost doubly blest, that one-
I hold both her image and two envisage the aura of her soul.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Reaching For You

Lying here twitching my toes & feet
Reaching for you
Beneath a bedsheet crisp, fresh & new
Reaching for you
You're just a hairsbreadth away
Feeling you're just too far away.

Reaching for you
Wanting to be completely unclothed
Submerged next to you
Wanting to breathe and float
And harbour like a boat
Dock my heart in her keeps moat.

Wanting to be touched by the moon
Its crescent hand like a palm frond
Ooh, how can she return home alone?
Now, that she's lingered like a nightingale in his pear tree
Now, that she's flown like a skylark
A homing Pidgeon home;

Wanting only to sing, oiled naked in his olive skin.
Ooh, once again how can she return home alone?
Ooh, how can she return home alone?
When she's reaching out for love
Ooh, how can she return home alone?
When he only wants to sing till dawn, with her once again.

Mark Heathcote

How Far Can You Throw A Small Stone?

My soul is ready to leave this ceiling & go
Take the roof right off this trifling town
How far can you throw a small stone?
It takes a mile to survive if you're all alone.

It takes a herculean task
To break a window, I want my own thrown,
I want my own home
I want to cry and at times space to bemoan.

I want my own home
Don't tell me everything I say is overblown
My soul is ready to leave this ceiling & go
My heart is ready to break like a herringbone.

Don't tell me everything is just a stepping stone
Oh, I'm sinking I'm drowning
And you aren't helping, blowing your own trombone
I just need to stand up, stand up alone.

How far can you throw a small stone?
It takes a mile to survive if you're all alone.

It takes a herculean task
To break a window, I want my own thrown,
I want my own home
I want to cry and at times space to bemoan.

I want my own home.

Mark Heathcote

A Lamb To The Slaughter

Weren't they wildly aggrieved at you?
Who would consult with these two again?
Share their food or drink their water
wasn't those Muslim women aggrieved at you?

Sharing their worldly harvest
when they hang you, Aasiya Noreen
when they sentenced you to your death,
that angry, jubilant mob chanted death, death, death.

Kill her - kill her - that evil 'blasphemer.'
Aasiya Noreen, who will pick berries ever again,
and not think of you if they do, sadly kill you
who would work, neighbourly-beside them again?

Aasiya Noreen, whose poor-family went-into-hiding
and even if they don't hang you, these extremists-
they'll be-of-that mind and try to exterminate you.
Aasiya, you're a Christian soldier - we're praying for you.

Mark Heathcote

Parachute Seeds, Haiku

those parachute seeds
are a living time capsule
a wind kissed, promise

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Are My One And Only Abyss

I am an atom, what are you
Aren't you an atom too?
Aren't we both two magnets?
Colliding, coming together.
Oh, you know I can't turn away
You know why, I came today.

I am, water, I am your tears
Collected I won't evaporate!
At least not until, we're both
Drenched, not until, we've quenched
Every pool within your garden,
Not until, I have kissed you.

Am I not an atom, how can I leave you?
Till I've discovered the meaning of bliss,
You are my atomic magnet:
You are my one and only abyss.
In your arms I am touched by a poisoned lance
My only wish is you'd cut deeper & slash my wrists.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Your Maintenance Manager

I've assigned myself to you
Like a maintenance manager
Replacing broken light bulbs,
I've looked over each parameter.

And decided a bayonet mount
Is all that will do for you?
I've-trying the Edison Screw Light Base
I've-trying a Bi-pin and G sockets and bases.

But honestly, the screw fit just, won't-do
Nor will a Mini-Candelabra
But I'm a betting man; let's see what I can do
With a flanged base 23mm fluorescent tube.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm The People's Number One

Maybe I'm invincible
Don't look around coz here I come
Maybe I'm invincible
Fast as a butterfly sting like a bee
Maybe I'm invincible
I don't need any Thompson submachine gun
Maybe I'm invincible
I beat Sonny Liston & George foreman
Maybe I'm invincible
Iron mike Tyson, he was a has been no one
Maybe I'm invincible
I would have put him under my thumb,
Maybe I'm invincible
Coz I'm still the greatest, I'm the peoples number one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Do What I Can To Partake

The saying goes; two's company three's a crowd
and chiefly, when leg rubbing secrets enshroud.

Automatically we're looking around
waiting for that, climatic-moments, embrace.

Wanting discerning others may look, dumfound
that says we're headlong falling into disgrace.

Let's, not-go-further I can't pull back the brake.
Touch me; I'll do what I can to partake.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Gentleman's Question

I have a gentleman's question
I have questions - lots, how did it go,
I'd inform you, but I only had,
Have these very few moments in which to sow.

Okay, then dear chap, dear man
Make-it-swift then, writes me a poem,
If only I-had-time, I'd give you
My words opening, prelude in rhyme.

Don't tease us, sir, with mystical silence
That just will-not-do, conform
Confess we want precise details
And the measure of her underclothing dress.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Young Vines That Creek?

You've spoken with a dead or dying star
Each night you've gone to sleep.

Is it a reflexion of a prayer?
No one should ever keep?

Do you clutch it like a new born starling?
When first its tired eyes first open to peep.

Is it a gentle reminder that the old they too
Must have been young vines that creek?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For Every Corpse There Is A Vulture

For every corpse, there is a vulture
For every knife, there is a loaf waiting-butter
For every cup, there is a mouth to drink
For every churn, there is some buttermilk
For every plate, there is a stomach need to eat
For every spoon, there is a pot of honey
For every growl, there is an empty tummy
For every fork, there is a morsel of meat
For every corpse, there is a vulture.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Can You Purchase The Light?

Can you purchase the light?
Can you buy a passage?
Can you give thanks & scavenge
Can you, can you, can you.

Can you say what's right?
Can you castigate a child?
Can you pretend you're meek & mild?
Can you, can you, can you.

Can you fight the good fight?
Can you be always truthful?
Can you be truly faithful?
Can you, can you, can you.

Can you be straightforward & erudite?
Can you teach me right from wrong?
Can you beat me at mah-jongg?
Can you, can you, can you.

Can you be always honest & polite?
Can you be humble & lowly?
Can you, can you, can you
Sorry, sorry, sorry, I-just-don't believe you.

Mark Heathcote

Every Second An Eternity Prolongs

A face like chalk stoically cast
Hand-on-pane of leaded glass
Face peering in on times past
A stalker calls to harass.

She's not calling to post letters.
She's outside looking in,
And you get to wearing-fetters.
Haunted, but not by boogeymen.

It's 'written' she's not just beguiled.
It's all because you're a superstar-
That she wants to carry your child
And drive your latest new car.

She believes she has rights.
She's imagined the whole-wedding.
The honeymoon & magazine rights
She's even picking out new bedding.

Now & again, the doorbell is ringing.
As she's singing one of your songs
You feel frightened the air is thinning.
Every second, an eternity prolongs.

Mark Heathcote

Imaginary Winnings

As an Imaginary writing challenge ☐

If, I won a hefty 1 million dollars

It wouldn't be enough for me to manage

A rural cottage - would take the coffers.

In England's countryside, maybe more than half

I'd want a car and a large-sized garage

It well could be my final epitaph,

His life's struggle was it sabotaged.

He won the lottery, and then he died.

Shortly after; too much of everything

They said in the daily papers, he died

Owing everybody and couldn't afford a coffin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You're The Thorn I Suck Without Any Pain

You're the thorn I suck without any pain
you're the cherry blossoms pink witchery
I hope we can be friends, I-won't-abstain
if I'm stung, I won't ask for liberty.

Aren't we two equal equable treasures?
Let us combine both our wealth, our livings.
You attract the bees, what countermeasures-
can we bake out of these sweet misgivings?

I've melted there is no foregoing thus he slew
storm the castle demolished the rampart.
Let us complete our vows, wear something blue,
lift me above the clouds you've touched my heart.
She sucked the thorn tasting, said I will not
pluck takes my quivering hand tie this knot.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bitter Sweet Dew

Oh, bitter sweet dew
On a morning: divine.
How I came to love you
And make you mine.

Still, is a mystery?
But it left my hearts resigns
Overcharged, and at misery
So, I drank dry the distillery

And readily wrote rhymes
A lot more than just, sometimes
So, you see, that's why,
True love - we polarize.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm A Firework

I'm a firework
I'm gunpowder
shoot me into unknowns
haven't I also fallen?
I try hard not to run out of inertia.
And, catapult back
give me: your servant-
honest to goodness guidance.
Lunch me: not as
a black hollowed-out tube,
but a growing tree.

Humble in the wind
like a green willow.
Here my climb shall be slow.
My decent, even slower
and, together, there'll be
a canopy not of smoke -
& mirrors, but of limbs,
boughs as wide as heaven
tall as ancient church spires'
that'll catch, even you.

Mark Heathcote

What Is That Bird Waiting For?

What is that bird waiting for salvation?

You know that skittish goldfinch one perched

In the corner of your walnut-coloured eyes

Flitting wing on wing one to another.

That's bating from side to side, just watching -

& waiting for someone; likewise, me to bring home summer.

What is that bird looking for deliverance?

Is it there to chide or somehow, just listen?

Who will chide its existence, before being jettisoned free?

Or even before being imprisoned

Before I or someone else bolts an imaginary door: not me.

Sure I will allow it to sing, and I will perch alongside it

Windows & doors unbarred opened the way I found it.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Rose Within A Rose

A rose within a rose, with no thorns-
how did I find you amongst these brambles?
She bakes cakes, cinnamon pink unicorns-
she dances with mayflies yellow in her sandals.

A rose within a rose, where did I find you
give me an atlas and a trillion pins
honestly, where would I begin to find you?
Where would I stick that first or last pin?

A rose within a rose, you're a miracle
how I did wonder how our paths came to cross
how did they mingle sure our journeys integral
with that spin rotation of the sun's other consorts.

A rose within a rose, nothing superimposes this
the hand-I-hold the lips-I-kissed.
Nothing superimposes this moment of eternal bliss
I thank the Lord each morn that you exist.

Mark Heathcote

Key Turning Moments...

I'm bedding down these moments with you
Key turning moments in a padlocked heart.

And, I'm putting down some roots with you
Time can't hold back any counterpart,

That's a broken cog, not when every -
Second, belongs in eternity's core.

In a state of idyllic reverie —
Like a bee caught in a flowers décor.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do I Warrant Any Faith In My Wings?

Like these terns aerobatics in the sky
How can my broken heart and I migrate?
Whereupon the horizon can I fly?
Leave these salt lake tears and hope to rehydrate.
Firmly turn my back from this terra firma
Do I take to wing and fire my slings
& arrows leave on my own, inertia.
Do I warrant any faith in my wings?
Do I go take leave of this static air?
Breathe o'er fresh new warm waters uncharted
Or do I simply forget my despair
Trudge back to my quarters heavyhearted.
Or like these terns that leave, never look back
On them seasoned love affairs out of whack.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Grand Old Dame

A grand old bird was she with a poetic word:
Given wings, she would have flown & made her thrown
Upon a star in heaven, a grace had she
Very seldom has it been seen regal as a movie, queen.

A grand old dame, rack my brain, what was her name?
Katherine, I do believe, oh, what a strain
This spoken funeral eulogy is to be
Yes, an uncommon elegance had she.

A grand old patron of the arts broke all our hearts
But left a good measure of all that's needed
Unsweetened to step into her delicate shoes
So let us not talk of calligraphy or curlicues.

A grand old dame was she with a poetic word:
Given wings, she would have flown & made her thrown
Upon a star in heaven, a grace had she
An honour it's been to know the women behind the portraits
Now, off she's flown like a butterfly, still amorphous.

Mark Heathcote

Twin Towers

Two towers, there's no cutting corners
when, twin sisters twist, burn come down
and bruise the conscience of a nation's
combine soul, on or offshore.

There's little healing after the clouds clear
there's little peace of mind now when an
airplane-flies soaring through our city skies
overhead we envisage the head of a snake.

We envisage another two thousand deaths
we envisage the dragon's hot fiery breaths
we envisage the simple carnage of hate
we envisage freedom marred by tyrannical fate.

If only we could together stop the carnage
if only we could together stop the hate
if only we could have changed their fate
if, if we all had only one faith.

Mark Heathcote

If?

If, you wrote an "if" book
It would never be finished,
It would never reach its final chapter its end.
If, you wrote an "if" book
Its happy ending would never be envisaged.
And the text to the moon & stars would extend
If, you wrote an "if" book
It would never be shortlisted or reprinted
It wouldn't win any prizes my lover, my distant friend.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wheelbarrow...

Father, father, wheel me in your wheelbarrow.
I'll pretend I'm the plough & the harrow
and I'll help you sow a new tomorrow.

Father, father, I'll be a bucking bronco
I'll pretend I'm on my swan white-pedalo
I'm gently sailing down the moonlit Congo.

Father, father, you've grown six-foot-four
your body is built-like an arching barn door
tip-me-out and lift-me up to heaven off the floor.

Father, father, I was so young and-so-small
like a cornflower. And you were so tall
you were like blue skies to me, a loving Neanderthal.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Thread Of Conversation In The Library

I calculated whilst wandering,
these isles, we'd fall in love one day.
My footsteps were like falling petals
with the weight of a demon's heart that haunts
neither nothing nor anything had I much to say.
I was reduced to record that funny moment:
that thread of conversation in the library,
the details of which still haunt me nightly,
index finger over pouting lips
the Shhhh, as we kissed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hippo, Haiku

I have the grace of
slender hippo, but even
they grace high water

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring, Haiku

spring timing now poor
don't have your complete edge
Aladdin's cave

lightning steals the show
orchestrates a brief nocturne
fervent pianist

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where Hasn't Voracious Hunger Farmed?

Where hasn't voracious hunger farmed?
Pulling its weighty harnessed plough,
peasants working, sleeping only,
only when their masters allow.

Only when their landlord agrees
then, they can lay low & swallow
hungry as field mice & bloodthirsty flees
only, finding comfort in the Tao

And hope that they shall, also one day
see & taste their golden harvest
and witness all their tables fully laden
before chaffs are thrashed, rising to dough's incarnate.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Tailored, Towards You

I'm tailored-towards you
like the emperor's new cloak
and you-me, but I am no peahen
and you are no peacock, so don't give me
the annual run around the block
take me as you find me, sir!
Or take me not; not at all. I won't be changed.
But please be a-gent, pin me up against that wall.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

And When He Saw Her, He Wondered With Great Admiration

Great whore, who wants to love you?
These midnight marauders
who here is giving the orders
who wants to love you?

My soul wants to boycott you.
But my flesh wants to lift its embargo,
because, her serpent touches, electrically transmit:
they, have me chomping at the bit.

Who wants to love you?
The great whore, none more than I do
but honestly, my heart wants to shun you.
Yet, my flesh wants to love you still with every sinew.

The great whore of Babylon who wants to love you
whore, who wants to love you,
none more than I do,
throw your seven veils to the wind
I son of Lucifer I'll take her.

Mark Heathcote

War, War, War

Run, run, run children take flight
Row, row, row with-all-your might
Swim, swim, swim don't die young
Try & try to remain upbeat & strong.

War, war, war soldier what's it all for
Did your mother give birth to murder?
Father, Father, forgive them all we implore
Sister, sister, why do your children shudder?

War, war, war tanks & military trucks roll, roll, and roll on
War, war, war, enemy planes by the score
Want to crush the orphanage kill nothing more
War, war, war soldier what's all this killing for

Bastions of the faith what are you clinging on to
Your beliefs are in mortal ruins
The innocent are dying in firing squad executions
With them, you might as well be the aliens who hew & slew
Hew & slew, hew & slew, hew & slew, WAR!

Mark Heathcote

Trust Me With Your Life

Really, why did you quarantine your heart?
Mine, mine isn't a poison dart.
Yes, I wanted to hit the target
Yes, I wanted to leave my mark
I'm in this for non-profit
If you would only love me
If you'd only just, trust me with your life
I would consider us to be man & wife.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

One Small Precious Flower

Let us all fall in love & love one another
let us all garden one small precious flower
let us all unearth a basic human need
let us all plant one, special mustard seed.
Although it is less than other seeds on earth
all evolved to know and trust it's-true-worth
didn't one such special mustard seed stand tall?
Grow into a huge tree where the birds enthrall.
Singing to us captivating even to those cruel
didn't we all learn to love, childlike instinctual
didn't we all know the white dove was a symbol?
Ah, our Lord was born in a stable small as a thimble?
Let us all fall in love & love one another
let us all garden one small, precious flower
let us all fall in love & love one another
let us all garden one small, precious flower
let us all unearth a basic human need
let us all plant one, special mustard seed
let us all give up this capitalist greed
let us all plant a new moneyless seed.

Mark Heathcote

You're Not A Fairytale But You Amaze Me

You shop around but love isn't a Walmart basket
Yes, I know you're not too proud
But you've got to raise your mark without asking
Above that monsoon, floodwater mark.

Look at your eyes bleeding like the sun
Girl you're never setting you don't amaze me
I want to be settled and feel your petals falling
Girl you're not a fairytale but you amaze me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Had I The Soft Moonlight In My Palms

I would lie with you under the stars
And walk on waves to another shore
Listening to the sea wave guitars
I would drown and thirst forevermore

I would zigzag across dead deserts
And snakelike whisper I love only you.
I'll take your love in fleeting excerpts
Suffer those endless pangs to woo you.

I'm a map still waiting to be paved
Walked alongside, orienteer -
Now to find me, and be love enslaved
Let the bars of ocean waves steer -

You, guide you to me and heal my scars.
Had I the soft moonlight in my palms
I would bathe you in its reservoirs
Piece back those far-flung stars from their shards.

Mark Heathcote

Hoping Against Hope

We're accustomed to seeing crustaceans
crabs and lifeless jellyfish along these shores
starfish, excite our alliterations
but any bereft man fleeing bloody wars.

Scooping up a dead child or two, a wife
yes, images of this kind haunt our psyche
thinking of it makes us reevaluate life
every night, let's be thankful to God Almighty.

It wasn't our child on that shoreline washed
hoping for a place to find a sanctuary
in a small rowboat hoping against hope - lost?
Prayers might-be-answered just temporarily.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bothers War & Peace

Brother, War, says he doesn't care for me
Never has, says even now he despises me
Always has, and laughs out loud at me.
I tell my brother, I don't understand:
Brother, I love you.
But my brother spits like a camel in the sand,
He says, brother, Peace, I don't just despise you.

Brother, Peace, I loathe you.
And I reserve the right to hate you.
You are my sworn, enemy I would dearly like to kill you.
Brother, War, I would gladly lay down my life for you
Tell you I love you, and you say we are, sworn enemies.
Brother, War, tell me what have I done...
What have I done to deserve such a deep animosity?

Brother, Peace, you embarrass me
I cannot abide this or any other concord between us.
You are like air a rainbow, that cannot be, caught
Brother, Peace, you sir is deceitful and cowardly,
But I, on... the other hand, am like the eagle rising above-
I am your lord & master; without my presence, elder
Brother who would appreciate you?

□

Brother, War, were that you were an eagle on the wind
I would but pluck out those evil feathers, one by one
And like a white dove naked you would plummet,
Praying for land, and longing for love beneath my lodgings.
You would long for a fig-leaf to cover your own
Dishonourable shame, flights of fantasy.

.....

My daily prayer

Worse treatment than animals in abattoir stockades
Soldiers have fallen into the hands of butchers
They've been maimed, tortured & have suffered
They've lost limbs but in the fullness of time?

Met challenges head-on slew their old demons
Ultimately by God's grace, faith beats each enemy.

These fearsome fighters refuse to be, enslaved
These men & women have felt ripsaw-bullets
Burning and exploding grenades
And at low-ebb become our greatest heroes.
Rehabilitation prepares them for healing inroads
Without hatred or hubris, millstones, but hang-on.

Our forthright defenders have financial worries
Like anyone else jobs-housing is needed not charity
Ex-military needs help to forge a sustainable future.
Wars fought for our homeland, protect the mainland
It takes a will of iron, at great personal expense
It takes strength & courage to defend the weak.

To guard, shield them from tyrants, criminals
There's no winner in these hard-fought battles
That-friend can only be, flag-waving-vanity
Right now definitely, let's not boast or despair
Let's hope optimism & peace prevails everywhere
Win's by all means fair. That's my daily prayer.

05.02.2018

Mark Heathcote

Can Anybody Here Me I'm In Her Arms

A burning light, a burning rush
I hold your form her body close to me
Till the flames enclose us both/me
Till the water, the wax snuffs me out.

Now all I see is the seal kisses of the stars
In your sassy, charcoal dusky warm arms.
I'm like a beetle, one of them minor avatars
Who sings his closing song in her lily petals psalms?

Love is a wailing flame of ecstasy, ooh, ooh,
Oh, once it's nearly extinguished,
Don't build a pyre around me.
Because she still has a thousand samurai knives, ooh, ooh,
In her eyes and they each want to encircle me, claw me.

Burn me, in my body's absence, she takes my soul
My essence and suffuses saturates me whole.
Turns my kernel my nucleus inside-out to her fire
My substance melts like oil to her desire.

Now all I see is the seal kisses of the stars
I too am like, one of them beetles them minor avatars
Who sings his closing songs in her lily petals psalms?
Can anybody hear me I'm in her arms?

Mark Heathcote

Actresses I Tend To Like

Actresses I tend to like are oddballs
good looking eccentric ones, ones
like Katherine Hepburn & Barbra Streisand
like Drew Barrymore or Susan Sarandon,
I like them to be quirky, intelligent yet genuine.
Not the best-looking ones, granted.
But strong, witty, clever, sexy ones-
that can take on a man and win.
Like Juliette Lewis in Natural Born Killers, ah, where to begin?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Best Make Diligence And Hard Work Your Wife

Sharpen your pencils, don't act goofy
knowledge is obtained-through diligence
not through envious, tomfoolery.
You can bait a hook and still be chivalrous
you can put your heart & soul on the line
without fear, there'll be any dereliction of duty
without a clean escape, you can't, just-mime
you can't-just-see-saw and expect your bootee.
If there's something yummy you've desired in life
you best make diligence and hard work your wife.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Autism

A utism spectrum tries
U nderstanding the individual,
T heir level of capabilities
I t is a cognitional,
S ymptom with social disabilities
M ultifaceted: every one of them, original.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

But Don't You Wish To Get Away & Wonder How?

At times I'd like to lift a manhole cover
And disappear into that darkness below
I'd leave the vulgar city to its thunder
Glass tower its daily squalor, vertigo.

I could live in one of them air raid shelters
No one here at street level would have to know
Here live in splendour away from the oppressors
Turn those old HQ quarters into a chateau.

There I'll live by the subterranean canal
Without debt or censors milking the cash cow
Okay, these thoughts and wishes are all banal.
But don't you wish to get away & wonder how?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Art Of No Regrets

There's really no art in lying
There's no artistry to life
Until we've fulfilled our thirst for whisky
And burlesque dancing girls.

Everything in the world
Reflected in a raindrop-
Is remembered in a (teardrop)

If you don't believe me
Wait until the hangover —
And, hear the pin drop.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Barometer Reading

Am I a nimbus cloud on a black horizon?
Am I just a jobsworth, a passer-by?
You seem to have a page-turning smile, but put-on-ice.
At a glance that false charm cools to frostbite,
Your face a wire fence, through which everything-
Appears visible but nevertheless-remains foreign
Atmospheric pressure builds around you, unbeknown-
The air it's-self-around you is electrically charged.
But you don't seem to care cos you're the boss
You make managerial decisions negatively charged.
You manage the inclement weather your hearts a broken barometer.
You make managerial decisions based on profit and loss.
I have to remember again & again, you're-the-boss
And offer my best surly smile, no matter the cost.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Don't Be Condescending

Love, don't be condescending
Else this love of ours
Won't be worth defending
Love, don't be sarcastic
Else this love of ours
Won't be worth, comprehending.

Love, don't be defensive
Else we might as well live - alone
Don't close your eyes or suck your thumb,
Love, don't be apprehensive
I promise you-you're the only one!
Don't be too careful, it's boring...

Love, don't be negative all the time
Don't ever worry; you'll never be alone, again
Stay the night, and together we'll say, amen!
Love, don't go hungry or cold
We'll eat greasy burgers with green chillies
And rub our noses together to keep warm.

Love, can you cook & sew & fill a niche
I need a suit that doesn't itch or crease
That clings tight in the night
I need a woman I can love and play fight
Not too condescending
Not too sarcastic
Not too defensive

Not too apprehensive
Not too negative
I need a woman I can love, like you.
I need a woman who'll stay the night
I need a woman who'll stay the night & play fight
I need a woman who'll stay till the morning light amen.

Mark Heathcote

There Is Music In The Silence

I write poems almost daily now
For me, that's why I was, given life.
So I could drink this beverage
In His, Elysium fields with butterflies
Live my life beside Daylilies & mayflies.

And dance, skate with dragonflies
Sometimes, I can be that unobtrusive
There is music in the silence
Before any lips, are seen in verse
Or thoughts are formed or metered out.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Between Two Curtains

Between two curtains she looks
Guess I must be a dreamer
Cos she's looking with hair locks
Floating, eyes winking, my way.

One floor down, I wish I could stay
But work calls me away.
Maybe one day we'll meet again
And to my heart's satisfaction, I'll stay

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You're A Fairytale

You scintillate me, make my eyes sparkle
You pluck my peacock feathers away
Till I'm stripped of self-vanity, patriarchal
No longer reckless, I too must follow you.

You scintillate me, but you're not the least-
Matriarchal I guess I've fallen fast
I'm like those lost items in your bag clasped
Oh, diamante baby, you're unsurpassed.

You scintillate me, you're a fairy tale
I hope I live up to expectation and don't fail.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When My Life Has Vanished Into The Stratosphere

Only jealousy has a thousand eyes
Overlooking the seas the horizon
Scanning the weeds the dandelions
They'd wish to blow, far away.

When my life has vanished into the stratosphere
I promise you not to leer.
Death, let's skip the urn & ashes
And have a good old love story here.

I'll take a tour of the slain lamb,
The old fat money market man
Can fry like well-buttered bacon in a pan?
I'll stay lean and learn to eat honey & yam.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beyond Life's Maximums

Some people sometimes, they're like wandering kayaks-
Adrift with; open-heart surgery still hacking them apart.
They're heading always downstream into the rapids.

Some people grow up; grow old, gathering lilacs
Every moment is tinged with a bitter, afterthought.
He loves me, he loves me not
He loves me, he loves me not

As though their heart was a foreign entity that inhabits.
As though their souls were caught in some wire traps
Some people feel they're not really real but a counterpart:
So, they live their whole lives beyond life's maximums.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ordinarily

Ordinarily, I'm not some prehistoric barracuda
Ordinarily, I don't cry or screech like an owl
Ordinarily, I don't haunch up like a Buddha,
Ordinarily, I don't betray my heart tooth & jowl.

Ordinarily, I'm a somewhat kind of simple man
Ordinarily, everything I do goes according to plan
Ordinarily, I'm as happy as any man can be
But that was before there were any you and me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Someone Ignite These Cinders

Sparkle, glow and don't just go
Someone ignite these cinders.
Stay my child and don't just go
Don't leave me too my aching fingers.

Don't leave me I can't live alone in this room
Don't leave with a forthcoming new moon.

I'll wait patiently for every sunlit dune to move
I'll wait gravitationally for you son to hitherto
Back to the flames of life, I once gave birth to.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Late August With Hints Of Gold

Late August and the yellow hints of autumn are arriving
Just as the rose, begins to fade. Just as the cherry stones-
Have all turned black. Just as the Lunaria annua, wild honesty flower
To me and you, turns from glaucous green to jade-
Then silver, now we are already dreamily looking back.
As poets, I think we are wishfully ardent dreamers
And time travellers.
At times even a prophetic narrator of dogma a prophet and a saint.
He/she at best is an age-old commissioned jewel thief.
She/he gilds around the edges-
Brush stroking... on-off... gold leaf
No use probing with old glass cutters around those master portraits
These petal foils they're warm-bodied multi-layered icons still.
They have a full crown of hardened fast beliefs.
They're burdened with a mixture of nonconformist beliefs, all of their own.
Trying not to just follow, but form a whole new picture a whole new epicentre.
But you/I must travel blindfold:
Hold out a dismembered hand and aim to grow it back.
Press palms - less their digits downward on braille words nudging for clues
Feeling for a murder weapon the axe, befallen them, which will befall us too.
She/he is about to use, is about to be slain with by an ex-lover's hand.
He/she must tightrope wearily,
Cathartic over their own pitiful insecurity's, clinging nail and tooth,
To ledges bottomless here to delve into their darkest own depths.
And, there like a botanist, searching for orchids
Find a new nameless, unimaginable, original genus.
But too often they're discovered found year's too late near-dead dying in a ravine
Like some nameless skeletal serpent, that's remains are pieced together
From the head vertebrae, and ribs,
Like some book pressed rose with yellowing vellum sleeves
Later another August will come with hints of gold, autumn, has it arrived?
Oh, I too must be on or off the shelf.

Mark Heathcote

Orangutan

Barefaced lies the beast inside me cries.
Squawk. Squawk. Let the raven talk
She's a nest of silver and doesn't tell lies
Squawk. Squawk. Let the myna bird's gawk —

But they're too fluent in the ways of human language
Long call long call...Let the orangutan call...
He's so fierce the giraffe don't walk, they run
He's so acrobatic, he doesn't fear a fall.

He's so fierce he doesn't care about the setting sun
Guess it'd be good then to share the genes of this one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Oops What It Is To Be Liked And Be Young

'She's a pretty little thing eyes like snowdrops
Or bluebells, ready to do the ding a ling a ling
Given a second, I'm sure she'll burst out in song'.
I could be wrong, but we might be spawning...

'Oops what it is to be liked and be young'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Aren't A Pair Of Slippers Yet

If you ask me to love you
Then, what should I do?
We aren't a pair of slippers yet.

Surely, you don't mean I can't?
Change into another shoe.

If you ask me to love you
Boy o boy, I'm stuck heel to sole
Toe to toe, bonded, for all eternity.

And, I'm no cobbler dear
So who's going to fix the damn holes?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Give Me Some Fixed Tranquilly

O Lord Rama, karma, from a lost-little bee
all eyes, O dear me, what is it, I-just-can't see.
So busy with honey, what do I prepare esprit
what does this life honour me?
Living amongst this apiary
Is there any chance of some fixed tranquillity?
O Supreme Being, I hope you aren't a fairy-tale
O man of virtue, should not all look up to you
hoping they can find our better selves behind a veil.
Yes, we model our beliefs on self-improvement
but isn't it just the fulfilment-
of another kind of disillusionment
O little bee, karma, O Lord Rama,
is this weary kaleidoscopic picture
I set before you part of which I am, who I might be.
If so, lend me your karma, Lord Rama,
Endow - daub-like honey serenity to a lost little bee,
and grant him, me some fixed, forest glade tranquillity.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Don't Just Break A Jing Vase

Don't, cage me my snow leopard, don't bird-cage me
But join me by my side on these milky mountain tops
There I will ravage you. Leaving no mark or scars,
Except for black arrow markers you can follow discreetly.
What contraptions or traps dear, would you confine me in.
Would a Mountain-tiger thank his captors for these dismal, bars?
I tear into ribbons virginal as snow, hearts such as yours
I love, is a Mountain-tiger; I don't just break a Jing vase.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Rose I Plucked From The Eternal Fire

Let us talk of three-day wedding feasts
Bands of gold, that'll keep out the cold.
So, before we met, isn't predeceased
By yet another life had together never told.

Let this fiction fantasy at once transpire
For me, I myself wouldn't be or she herself
If, she never lived to be my sweetbriar
The rose I plucked from the fire, for myself.

Let our fingers meet then & build a spire
Imagine we can be as bride & groom.
From whence our; children can aspire
Health & wealth we can't presume.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When The Time Comes...

When the time comes I will bathe in flames of fire
Breathe in smoggy smokes of lustful desire
And say there is no need to take me any higher
For I have already danced loved & sang in that choir.

When the time comes
I'll need no further, look any higher
I'll need no further, envy any other poor soul
I'll need no further, thirst dehydrated.

When the time comes I needn't cry
Oh, there is no flame burned higher than me.
Oh. when the time comes and this horse is taken to water;
I can promise you, I'll have had my fill.
I'll be branded and shoed.

The same as all those other of an ilk sinner
That swear they've changed all their ways.
When the time comes I'll be on my knees
But I won't want saving.
Not me, not I please...

Mark Heathcote

Where Have All My Summer Powers Gone

Where have all my summer powers gone
When, once my love was an axe, wielded at anyone.
Not just because I was highly strung.
But because my strength never fatigued or succumb,
That or any yielding, the moon has given the sun.

Where have all my summer powers gone
That once arched like briars reaching for the sun.
That once hung gobbets of fruit; firm as an unripe plum
Musclebound, bursting, readied to run
To the orders of the starting pistol gun.

Where have all my summer powers gone
That once reached for the echelons of the sun.
Lift your glasses offer your libations to the gods
And add drops of blood to impress upon the ladies
Your devotion to their love could be second to none.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Glisten Over Every Leafy Foil

They plunge again bringing life
Elongated like a surgeon's knife
Glisten over every leafy foil,
Iris are they in upwards recoil.

These water droplets, heaven sent
Liken beaded necklaces in descent,
Who wore them first, doesn't matter
Mine & your hour; is all that matters.

Oh, Lord above us. Let them, spatter
Hearts too emotional, repent - patter.
How they've plunged again bringing life
Looksee elongated the surgeon's knife.

Don't they glisten over every surface?
Lord like them; place us in good service.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Body Is Like A House

Your body is like a house, my love
My love, your body is like a house. □
The fittings move
The walls crumble
Then all at once, the roofs collapse.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Weren't Just Test Drive (Friends) Dummies

At intersections, we'd meet briefly,
Always mind & body briefly; only now, is it briefer.

At one point; at the beginning,
Exchanging colliding body parts, paint pigment & fluids

We were inextinguishable, one from another
We were non-exchangeable entities
We were inseparable then like an oil painting
Whose lower layers had become inseparably mixed?

At these intersections, life was lived at a high-octane speed
But back then, we weren't just test drive (friends) dummies
We were non-exchangeable lovers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's An Almost Daily Occurrence Now

It's an almost daily occurrence now
Hypothesizing what friends we'll keep
There are those that accept & allow
All comers; employing no bittersweet.

Social networking is the new highway
For these busy, people to meet & greet.
Are these friendships real - am I cynical?
Is there any harm, what's the deceit?

Is there any real conceit in people liking
People they're never likely to meet or mistreat:
Wouldn't it be better - not rejecting, disliking?
Someone as a new friend as possibly obsolete.

Deleting requests isn't it a hollow reaction
"Say, what was your first real, bad experience?
That caused you this amount of dissatisfaction"...
Is, your heart and soul really that imperious?

Why do some out of hand reject friendship?
For most it isn't courtship, I promise you.
Not seeing people in the flesh does it leave you unrewarded?
So many questions distressingly pursue.

Try noticing how different creative people are —
How they long to share their individual craftsmanship.
This openness is an all-encompassing reservoir
But to those, those who'd again delete any friendship.

Who'd even say no to an increase in their own Knowledge?
Wouldn't they just excrete a football like terrace-song?
What a load of rubbish? What a load of codswallop?
Juxtaposing all teams - all players from getting along.

Mark Heathcote

The Choicest Nectar

Doesn't every rapid waterfall, need rainfall?
As one flower opens another is spent.
Every water droplet evaporates - what isn't
Heart, life without a life - doesn't drink.

It is only the vine that climbs, thinks
I am not the star that gives radiance —
Every bird fly's in the eminence of its own reach
That, what reaches resides in its root.

What flower hasn't been pursued by a bee?
What bee hasn't dogged the choicest nectars?
In our own hearts, ultraviolet light, here too,
Unseen a bee, a bloom, forms from higher energy?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Own Heart Is The Overlooked Spark

Walks, mountains apricot looking for god
Hopes of a porticos door, façade
Lava lamp, overlooking its spark
Forgetting the heart is a matriarch.

Wanders out of a clifftop, lighthouse
In reverse to the country, townhouse, mouse
He's pretending he's not travelled miles
It's perverse at first there's no reconciles.

Clutching his pay as he goes; he says I won't be long...
"Father, I'm coming home". It was I, I who was wrong.

I needn't of trekked a million miles
To find enlightenment clear my mind
What I needed couldn't be improvised
Prodigal son, halleluiah! What a find.

Father, my heart is the matriarchal ark
My own heart is the overlooked spark.

Mark Heathcote

Be The Comet That Collides With Me

Elliptical at times
On the dark side of the moon
But your light transcends the room
Oh, if only I could hold all of you
The whole of the moon on my knee
Be the gravity-that-holds you
In, orbit for all eternity
What is your location within, without me?

They don't know it's theirs
They don't-know-they are potential stars
That they are already a top
The zenith of the spiral stairs
No, they don't know, these moments
They don't exist here in the right now
Right now is passing them minute by minute
Be the comet that collides with me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Peasantry Beauty

An image of pink and gold
A cowgirl milking her dairy herds
Peasantry beauty, that is-untold
A hard-working girl for sure
... Swat on a cobbled brick floor
Truly, she's diligently heavenly
Someone gave this country-dweller
A princess's embroidered robe
And, spread it on the ground
Let these well-to-do eyes swell
Let them all drown in their pride
Who're they to shade the sun?
When open, curtains; aren't drawn.
Ah, even the devil would give up
His kingdom's crown tempted
By, such a delicate frown virtuous.
He's not too proud and tries to snatch her
He's not too proud to squeeze her
Scoop her up & climbs aboard a rainbow
A cowgirl dressed in pink and gold.
Peasantry beauty who knew
It could be this manifold.

Mark Heathcote

The Breath Of Innocents

He likes the music of your voice
destiny packed, a convolvulus vine
circling the moon and stars
He likes the music in your heart
a Morning glory star, oh, what alms,
what grace could He suppress from you to me?
Ah, He even likes those annoying cuckooing parts-
what could God do to hide anything captivating from you?
Ah, I like He likes your instrument that-just-is
that is about all that there is,
ah, at its simplest best, He is just like you.
Like the conch shell, He hears the sea in you.
He hears the sound, the breaths of your innocents. Like I do.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seasonal Affective Disorder

Sad, sad time of year

Do you cry clinging to all of your fears?

Do you disappear like an insect?

Through a little dark keyhole locked in.

Only to close the book on, all you could have been.

Sad, sad time of year

Leafing through old abandoned thoughts

Meaningless pain in cinematic color

Can you remind me what reason?

There is to get up again and bounce back.

Sad, sad time of year

This time it really does feel like I've lost control

Listening to too much John Coltrane

I'd better hibernate I'm much, much too anxious

Much too outspoken far too lost for a search party.

Sad, sad time of year

Isn't it a sad time of year...

Darling where has gone all the precious sunlight

Can't we dynamite the night, dear? It happens, happens

Every year love and, I feel like I'm running out of luck

Not just mental control to regulate my life my soul

Life it's a switchblade knife as God is my witness...

Mark Heathcote

Yellow Jersey

So, I guess after all our stars weren't align
I'll wake up and forget the lack of mourners
And remember when once you were mine
I shall wake up and stroke the bed corners
And in my quiet solitude like a racing bicycle
I'll tighten every spoke taught and straiten-
Out every minute's mile into a rooftops icicle-
Melting, that's my only ultimatum to you...
I'll win my yellow jersey, just you wait and see.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Abstract Watercolour

Her denim, faded cuffs are folded back
in sepal-like forms and, from the collar
oh, such a dappled blue & white flower.

Gazing out on a distinctive arbour
on her lapel, there's a badge of the Zodiac
under the patio table, an old army haversack.

She's a little unknown, perchance a holidaymaker
who sips hot earl grey tea?
In a red-walled courtyard, oh, so twee
this little unknown watercolour intrigues me.

Maybe the chipped china blue cup & saucer
is symbolic of a break from some brooding lover
oh, I interject; she loved that old cartographer
that one time, new world map maker.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Too Differentiated

Oh, satiate my first with morning dew
I ask nothing more of you, I'm just a fool
I'm not as learned as many of you
Who went Harvard, Eton or Cambridge?

A much better school won't do me
I'm simply too differentiated
And that's what pleases Him & me
I'm just the simpleton you see.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Give All Of Her Body Heart & Soul

She unfolded into nervous laughter
As first dough like he kneaded the
Left then right: her chest filled to rise
Felt like the ghost of an alter ego
It too was unplaiting like a loaf
That only he ate of body heart & soul.

She poured like liquid into his palms
She felt at once like a stream a feather
Rising on the breeze with inner demons
Trembling she mountaineered the blue
-Alps the locks that spilt over his shoulders
That held firm almost azure above you.

She felt this was heaven in his tidal wash
This ocean tide she was at once lost
Like a bird awakening to a dream
She'd the urge of a falling angel to scream.
In his arms there to fall, slipstream...
And give all of her body heart & soul.

Mark Heathcote

What Is There To Lose Or Misconstrue

My path is a walk on through golden wheat
And be found still wandering incomplete;
As only a seed can I be completely whole
You may search my branches, roots and extol
That even as I grow in moral depth,
Even I-can-increase my hearts breadth.

My path is to be a bug in his window
Searching the dark corners of my sorrow
As only a bug a dung beetle can do
What is there to lose or misconstrue
By his grace, we're here to see it through,
And find our own, misplaced wings too.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When The Palash Tree Drops All Her Claret Petals

Oh, the rain it woke me
When heavy curtains flapped about
When I felt like a sleepy crimson waterlily
Suddenly awoken, given a loving clout.

But there were no fishy fishtails
Flapping here's about...
Oh, isn't it queer how light switchblades
How we're too like puppets & puppeteers.

Oh, how happy I shall be when all is over
When the Palash tree drops all her claret petals
On the rose colored floor, oh, it's as if hot burning lava
With sunken eyes had touched Apollos shores
And not his ashen hot skies.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Good Aren't They Put Upon

Sitting, complaining, motionless
Fishwife's tongues moved, wagging
About jobs, I'd done, completed
That in their tired loathsomeness-
Scorning would have never been done.

About the catch, I'd caught they'd never won
No matter their position or time of service
Only their self disillusionments in me personally
Are my concessionaire gifts of surprise?
When looking I found no friendship in their eyes.

Oh, it's true, the good aren't they put upon
Kindness is it a weakness,
Oh, how the weary must toil on
And shoulder the world
Whether spring's icy talons, its harpoon barbed spite.

Or in their autumns fall the last warm rays of sunlight
Is it a weakness to be grievous ill of mind?
Is it a weakness to be ill with this humankind?
Is it wrong to put a drawbridge in front of my heart?
Is it wrong, I've hand-dug a mote around my soul?

My hearts a hard small sloe fruit still bitter to the core
Thorns are on all sides, but what a sweet taste is put in-store stored.
Oh my eyes they're like medieval castle loopholes
They've looked into hell found employment there
They've listened to the larks and ravens
They've listened to the meadowlarks and ravens caw, call
Till my laughter fills filled the air.

Oh, oh, oh, it's true, the good aren't they put upon
Kindness is it a weakness,
Oh, how the weary must toil on
And shoulder the world
Whether spring's icy talons, its harpoon barbed spite.

Or in their autumns fall the last warm rays of sunlight

Is it a weakness to be grievous ill of mind?
Is it a weakness to be ill with this humankind?
Is it wrong to put a drawbridge in front of my heart?
Is it wrong, I've hand-dug a mote around my soul?
Oh, it's true, the good aren't they put upon
Kindness is a weakness, but not for me or you.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is An Intricate Web

I fell in love with you
Like trembling falling dew,
I fell in love with you
Listening to the ebony & ivory tinkle.

Love is an intricate web,
Said a black widow spider
Love comes a-courting me
Love comes a-calling on me, but he doesn't bite back.

I fell in love with you
Saw daylight from a rabbit hole.
I fell in love with you
And you cleansed my soul.

I fell in love with you
And you made me my whole world whole
I fell in love with you
And you made my sepals my petals unfold my soul.

Love is an intricate web,
Said a black widow spider
Love comes a-courting me
Love comes a-calling on me but he doesn't bite back.

Mark Heathcote

I'd An Overview To Marrying You

I want to pick you a flower
Share a moment of good karma,
But not for just an hour
I want to take you to nirvana.

Because heavens more than a flower
I wanted you,
You to know I'd love you forever —
I'd an overview to marrying you.

But just like Karma,
Karma and a wilting flower
Nothing but nothing lasts forever —
Yet, I haven't given up on finding nirvana.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Mask Do I Wear?

What mask do I wear?

A mask that says I'm confident
what says I'm not a bit scared?
I'm not a bit insecure
look, there is no paranoia here
there's no concealed anger here
behind my smiles, slipping, sneer.

What mask do I wear?

Look, I am a caring, polite soul, considerate
I am not a bit snippy, nor am I spiteful
I pride myself on being honest to a fault.
But you know, honesty, it hurts.
Okay, I wear a mask, so who doesn't
but yours, yours has already slipped.

What mask do you wear?

Father, your voice bites with a cutting edge
mother yours trembles as it conceals.
Where your eyes roll back, brother
there's an eternal teardrop
uncertain-to-fill the void
should it one day drop.

Mark Heathcote

It's Just Another Day

Dogs are barking!
Tongues are wagging
hair is thinning
eyes blue, turned grey are fading.

Legs are weakening
arms in clothes there also shrinking.
Skin is wrinkling,
stature and physique—are shrivelling.

Sex appeal—diminishing.
Friends some are dead others dying.
Lovers—fighting
new-borns, crying.

Bald and smiling,
eyes conjunctive, opening:
legs sprawling, crawling.
Cradle cap how it looks appalling.

Dogs are a barking-a-barking!
Gramps is snoring
nanas always humming, lullabying.
It's just another day, good morning.

Mark Heathcote

Masquerades Unearthed

Wherever you go if you, just-linger
there are memories residues galore
there is nothing ever unfamiliar
the remnants of a sweatshop we abhor.

Like the musky smell of a rotten book
but the fact is all objects were once loved.
Doesn't matter it's-a-gobbledygook
-thought that a broken toy was beloved.

That a well-worn mattress brought peace and rest
when we enter a derelict building
there, there are ghosts we can manifest
listen and you, almost hear their nattering

-machines humming a deafening chorus;
malnourished children wearing fedoras
in modern times sadly they haven't changed.
Mother's work 60hours it's all a masquerade.

Mark Heathcote

Impatience

Let me cover you in kisses
Slowly notch up my convictions
I'll promise to be faithful:
If, you'd me promise to be playful.

Truly, yes I promise to be fun!
If your heart will but succumb.
As to my one rule of thumb,
I don't normally, look this glum.

Kiss me there's no need to think
I was never gifted with patience
Teen-life is so full of declarations ...
"Let not even the ice melt, before we clink".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Viagra Falls

The sky, puddle spied by a sparrow,
Dreaming, maybe again tomorrow,
I too could be a swallow a swift or a wagtail?
I too could be a canary, green & yellow
Or even a golden chaffinch.
In his dreams, he wouldn't give an inch
Even in salinity, he looked
He looked in the mirror with cataract eyes
He looked for his, obligatory fan mail
Such, was his ageing unfailing, bravado.
Anyways off the record, he even went to the doctor
Or was it the taxidermist?
Anyways he was given the all-clear to Niagara,
Or was it Viagra Falls? Anyways he's all better now.
The sparrow that is,
He's happily perched in sparrow heaven
And not on his back dead in a puddle
Dreaming of better days and brighter feathers befuddled.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ego Becomes Your True Idol

You disguised yourself as a deity,
And, this disgusts me.
And, even now worship - yourself
Everything is prefabrication.
(Ego becomes your true idol)
Gods - always watching they say
I question if his son ever came
If he ever left, turning his back
If he ever came went quietly away.

God, he's always with me, and you
Beyond the movies formed in our mind.
Silence, stillness black & white?
Beyond each frozen, still, colour frame
(Ego becomes your true idol)
God is always, mystically, moving
Maybe your ego pleases him.
Maybe, it deceives the shadowless -
Into believing they too have our bodily form.

Mark Heathcote

Love, Clings Hopelessly, Stirring The Rudder

Love is a vessel hit by bad weather
many storms rage, throw up a torrent,
destructive each wave upon another.

Love, clings hopelessly, stirring the rudder.
It drifts like matchwood at times - abhorrent.
Each tear, a Turner oil, watercolour?

Love, demands what all my heartache's warrant.
When we're, I'm sick to the gills with hearts-fear
with every word promise made, insincere.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Haven't Connected Not For Some While

Our love has done this, circuit many, many times
But overall... the wires that bind fray threadbare
Till only the barbs pronounce their whereabouts
With a hilt furnished flick of the derriere
...Yep! We haven't connected not for some while
Can we not reconcile these alternating currents?
Are we barking mad wires - held together?
By green & yellow, insulation gaffer tape
Rightly or wrongly I sometimes think...?
Spoil me, with a postcard from your soul
Spoil me let me know the lights are on
They're blinking on the porch, back home, waiting for me
Our love has done this,
Our love has done this, many, many times
Our love has done this, circuit board
Our love has done this,
Done this, tripped this circuit breaker many, many times
Our love has done this, many, many times before!
On off... go on spoil me let me know the lights are on
Let me know the lights are on ... they're on!
They're blinking on the porch, back home waiting for me.

Mark Heathcote

The Trick To This Life

What's the happiest day you've lived?
Does anyone remember such a day?
Most days are so indifferent; that if you died
Let's say, that if you died. Let us... say
Tomorrow would anybody truly care?
Or feel any sorrow. Statistics' would point...
So, now good, there's another one off welfare.
... The trick to this life...
Is not to concede to Death
Why embellish upon perfection?
Nothing but nothing is ever to our satisfaction
Life is life, Death... tell me who or what death is.
So what's the happiest day you've ever lived?
I pray it was today,
I pray it will be the same again tomorrow.
I pray that when you die
The world is wailing consumed with sorrow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

After A Fate Withheld

After a fate withheld
Her fairest form
Softest touches like a
Flame constrained, I
Still burned blind scorched forlorn
Because her deaths alchemy,
Shuddered my precarious ground
Thudded weighed not just merely momentarily
Moment by moment, but imminently
Mercies poison rises and gripped me
And nought but the periphery
- World was, left on the screen to be seen
As it cadences and condenses, through my tears.
It haunts me in my collapsing dreams.
This bondage of ours, for now, is surely
Over at least till I too depart this film
Minus my heart that's yours
Oh, the world is covered, in rain
That even now Noah, two by two, can't save.

Mark Heathcote

Living Water

At any moment of one's death
there can only be life.

Shadows require substance
flesh exists in nothingness
made of water, it evaporates.

Even though it is colourless
and keeps its sluggishness
in all disguises, it assimilates
it brings forth new life
closely followed by death is (living water) .

At any moment of one's death
there can only be a life's renewal
new life (living water)
moving and lifting, shifting a-new-pail-of (water) .

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sarah Full Of Sadness (Song)

Sarah is full of sadness
Sarah, Sarah what happened to your happiness
Sarah your all misery and tears
Yet, the dam you've built is just a bit of that, yolk
Sarah, Sarah I want to drown in your tears
Drown and call it my masterstroke!

Sarah is melancholic
Sarah, Sarah said her mother was an alcoholic
Sarah said her father was a methadone heroin addict
Yet, she and her brother, made out just fine!
Sarah, Sarah liked picking bunches of purple columbine
Every bloom to her looked shambolic and vitriolic.

Sarah continuously smiled or frowned
Sarah, Sarah often cried, making herself ill housebound
Sarah often said I'm so happy I could die
Yet, I loved to see her smile, then only to turn away
Sarah, Sarah even stars in the sky sometimes must mystify
If only to look back or forwards my way.

Sarah onetime kissed me and ran away
Sarah, Sarah my hearts displaced like a broken vertebrae
Sarah my body's in traction with every word you say, unsubstantial.
Yet, every nerve in my body surrenders heavenly
Sarah, Sarah my optic nerves light a candle
Oh, lights a candle for thee, Sarah, for thee, for thee Sarah, heavenly.

Sarah full of sadness
Sarah, Sarah what happened to your happiness
Sarah, you carry my soul
Yet, if I could I'd still physically hold you
Sarah, Sarah yet if I could cajole you I'd carry you home!
But Charon's barge has already sailed - waved adieu to you, ooh and me.

Mark Heathcote

Mirage

I wandered out of a vast desert alone
The desert questioned me
Where are you going this late inopportune hour?
Why are you leaving me?
Then a wild thought whispered haven't we?
Always with each other kept good company?
Forget lush meadows and parasols,
Your sands have all but run their due course
Don't break this mirage; surely, you can now see
It is better that you remain here with me
I then shook the sand out of my right shoe.

When I needed alms - tell me where you were
When I needed sucker - tell me where you were
When I needed an oasis - tell me where you were
So I said adieu... I no longer prolonged with you.
Then, then I shook the sand out of my other shoe
And, then appeared a vast oasis
With a bounty to fulfil all needs
I shook the sand out of my winklepickers shoes
In the still waters reflected, I asked did I misconstrue
Myself as a camel refreshed a new, and the rider, you.

Mark Heathcote

Momma, Said

Momma, said I always fed vampires
That my heart was always living a half-lie
Momma said my footsteps always trod
On unexploded, landmines.

Momma said no matter the pain
Never shed a tear, never cry
Momma, said even if you feel like a hurricane
Just you keep your roof on & turn like a weathervane.

Momma said I should bite my tongue don't profane!
A man isn't worth building a drystone wall
A man isn't worth chicaning your heart for ...
Find the right one & drive through that wall.

Momma said I always take in rattlesnakes
Momma, shakes her head says haven't you got any pride
Momma, I love you but haven't you made mistakes too
Momma, I love you. Momma, I love you.
Momma, I love you. Do you momma, love me too.

Mark Heathcote

Our Mot Checks...

An analogy in the team meeting was made today,
The team isn't working; I see the team as a car
It is the sum of all its parts working together:
If one part isn't working, then the car isn't happy,
And i.e. the car won't drive or run properly.

I am a care worker... this analogy, doesn't suit me
Who is the one - you are talking about? Not me, surely
Phew... phew... okay, I expect then that the team...
Could do with a little returning, starting with her-
That irritating (woman) who is always complaining?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Funny How Color, Matters

I'm a red ant in your pants.
A black ant would be annoying,
A red ant soul destroying ...

Funny how color, matters
If I were yellow, you'd be laughing
Not cartwheeling & thrashing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Waiting The Key In The Lock

Each day is a dungeon
Waiting for the key in the lock-
To turn one-half quarter!
'But it never does, do it.'

Like a watched pan never boils.
The hand that turns the key,
Is always imperceptibly busy,
Until the moment-finally, you blink.

And, find to your great surprise.
'There never was a cell door.
A dungeon, a jailor or a key,
The only lock door; was in thee.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Why Should Anyone Care?

Yes, it's unorthodox
But if a man in a closet in a box
Wants to wear frocks
Then, let him.

Let, him wear spandex
Give up!
Being a walking talking phallus
Let him not find combatants.

If a man in box
Wants to wear frocks
Yes, it's unorthodox
But, let him.

Why should anyone care?
That he's extraordinaire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No There's Nothing Sweeter Than...?

No there's nothing sweeter than a lover
Sweating with not, as much as a cover
One who doesn't try to constraint your heart?

No there's nothing better girl than missing
Breakfast; toe to toe in facsimile
Perfect connection; like water boatmen
Hot diggity, I can now sense her... soul.

No there's nothing sweeter than a lover
Sweating with not, as much as a cover
One who purrs at the stars and doesn't moan.

No there's nothing better than a woman
Who's given up her apron her oven?
No there's nothing better than a woman
Sweating with not, as much as a cover
Hot diggity, I can now sense her... heart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Is Much More Of Course

Heaven knows when a rose lingers in sun
Perfume on the bough is a heady bliss
A rider knows when he holds tight the rein
There's something corroborative in this
There's something more than animal or beast
Guiding, the controls of his life his, risk.
Heaven knows when a buzzard flies southeast
It isn't to prey on the basilisk.
There's something more than meets the humble eye
Heaven knows when a brown trout swims up-stream
It's not just there to somehow, multiply,
Breaking its body to levitate, dream.
From the rose to the buzzard and the horse
From man to fish, there is much more of course.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

They'll Have Eyes Like A Panther

They'll have eyes like a panther
That sees every retched cadaver
As something empty meaningless
They'll have no cruel haughtiness
Nor any need for greed or success
If truly they really do love you.

Their love will be purged of any rage
Their hearts won't be purses of change
They'll be drum beaten, unrestrained.
Beaten harder, harder, harder
Than any train approaches, they'll be defter
If truly they really do hear loves call to you.

They'll have eyes like a panther
That sees every retched cadaver
As something empty meaningless
They'll come seeking cohesiveness
Not one with any sheepishness
They'll all come to hang out with you.

Not one singing in conceitedness.
Not one will show any peevishness
If truly they really do love you
If truly they really do hear loves call to you
They'll all come to hang out with you

Mark Heathcote

When, You're Pouring Over The Weather

When, you're pouring over the weather
That's as thick and strapping as cow leather
Don't say you're in "love" like it's a riddle
Don't fall in a puddle up to your middle
And, say your world is a turbot
But you really wanted sherbet.

Make no mistakes out of the bocks
A marriage isn't a pair of threadbare socks.
When, you're pouring over the weather
That's as thick and strapping as cow leather
Just be thankful sirs howsoever
You're still in love together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Black Light Is The Light Of God...

Black-light looks silver under a neon sign
Looks euphoric in a rainbow neon flame
What you feel is-what-it doesn't deliver.
Black-light it shivers, it lingers into your soul,
Serpentine it snakes, like a wet tarmac road.

Black-light is the light of God.
Descending fog sits around an unnamed gravestone.
Black-light whets your appetite for additional light,
It whetstones, sharpens your spirit to the bone,
Like ferns uncurling feelers in search of a loamy home.

Black-light is the light of God.
"Black-lights" the segregated part of dew falling anew.
It's the neon part of you. It's a neon flame
Joining the shivers of a river that which an ocean delivers.
Oh, have you reach your ascension, have you found your countenance
That sign of yourselves, that's the pontiff of your own, church.

Black-light is the light of God.
Have you, smouldered felt your own, prayer waves?
Have you turned, turned your own, Himalayan prayer bells?
Clapped your hands clapped your tongues hammer loud.
Outdoors, today, tonight shine like fireflies in the black-light
Within them, watercourses, within the stars
Oh, water courses through you in black starlight tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Uncut Truth

That what's sacrosanct, delusional, unbending?
Like a dead willow branch, unwilling to bow,
That what's so rigid breaks; it can't curve or won't
Take in all, that's held in a pointillist picture.

That what's sacrosanct isn't whole
Isn't part of the whole quantum picture?
It's just one subject's narrow point of view, a view
Removed to represent; the unabridged, uncut truth.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

She's In The Midst Of Everything

She drags her heels everywhere
Nags as she leaves and goes
She's in the midst of everything
Just to keep me on my toes.

She's never wholly satisfied:
And seems always, ready to chide
There are times I could crash. Burn or collide.
I could die - explode - love - unquantified.

But, it's not true that love
Must always live on in-order to survive
Because like the universe
She also is incredible too.

She drags her feet like a comet's tail
I guess I'll always follow and bewail
Unqualified to understand:
The hold she has on my universe my mind.

Mark Heathcote

I Draw An Analogy

When a shrine is built, does it not fall into disarray?
Each has its own, collateral damage does it not?
Its whereabouts are uprooted. Changes its overplay,
It is denigrated by the footfall of so many faces
Each a cynical reminder of the other latter one.
Each reflection stares, unduly back along its elastic
Snap-back principles. All of which are self-eroded.
A lot of self-mutilated multiple disillusionments
Not one you could ecclesiastically count on.
When a grotto is built we all fall prey to its attrition
Like every coffin nail is prone to erosion
I draw an analogy; don't build me a mausoleum,
Don't entomb me in this sepulchre built for the living.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

With A Poison Dart Of Pain In A World Of Hurt

You, you tore my heart out
And tattooed it with tears
Dewy, eyed lies.
And together like the raindrops
In a pattern of circles, our blood's danced.
And you reequipped me with all my fears
But no dance could make you
Love me more than, I loved you.

Now, the sun shifts west
I go east in search of the monsoons,
I go east in search of endless rainstorms of love
There to revive me at the source.
But there at dusk, there is only you
And a blue glowing flames hue
With a poison dart of pain in a world of hurt
You initiate to tattoo, my heart.

You, you initiate to tattoo, my heart.
With your name with your love
Keep me in bonds keep me in chains
With wide-eyed dewy, eyed lies.
You, you tore my heart out
And tattooed it with tears
Dewy, eyed lies.
And together like the raindrops
In a pattern of circles, our blood's danced.
And you reequipped me with all my fears
But no dance could make you
Love me more than, I loved you.

Mark Heathcote

Unpack Your Billy Cans

A woman on Facebook says tonight.
She's ashamed she's never been camping.
So-here's-me left thinking - what..?
You've never banged in a tent peg.

Bivouacked under the stars
You've never gondolier in a sleeping bag.
Counting, astrologically,
What euphorically is mine or yours?

Oh, summer is coming pitch-up roadside.
In a layby and breathe.
Unpack your billy-cans
What else but love is there to conceive?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Oh, Will You Love Me (Song)

Oh, will you love me
Oh, oh I pray you will love me
Like a praying mantis
And, take my life.

Oh, will you love me
Will you eat me, devour me
Coz for you...
I'm falling in unending avalanches.

Oh, will you love me
Like a hawk moth
And, hang my world upside down
Will you love me, embrace me for all-time.

Will you hang me upside down from a branch?
From a limb, suspend me; cradle me in your web,
And like a vampire draw on my viscus blood:
Simply because you felt you must, you could?

Oh, will you love me
Tear me limb from limb,
But never let me go...
Oh, oh, oh...

Will you love me till you go blind?
Use my eyes to seek your soul,
Use my body to marrowbone your own whole.
And like a vampire draw on my blood:
Simply because, you felt you must, you could?

Oh, my heart races like a starships dilithium engine
Now we're together.
The sky holds no bounds, hasn't any clouds.
Just our kinetic energy expounds.

Mark Heathcote

Dogs A Barking

Tail Wagging

Hair thinning

Eyes fading

Legs weakening

Clothes shrinking

Skin wrinkling

Stature shrivelling

Sex appeal diminishing

Old friends dying

Lovers fighting

New-borns crying

Bald and smiling

Eyes opening

Legs crawling

Cradle cap appalling

Mouths a mewling

Dogs a barking

Gramps snoring

It's just another day, good morning.

Mark Heathcote

Jars And Jars Of Pickled Gherkins?

No one is ever-thankful
Lamenting plates empty,
Chairs filled at the dining room table,
"When your counters only pickings.
Jars and jars of pickled gherkins? "

No one is ever thankful
When these wages, given spiteful
Are delivered by the corrupt;
Oligarch's troops, who have vodka and bread
Dressed from head to toe in sable.

No one is ever thankful
For those thieving government officials
For low paid state wages,
With all those mandatory inherent dangers
Fighting-for every scrap, morsel.

No one is ever thankful
When they've armed themselves to the teeth
And, there is no food parcel or Red Cross relief
No one is ever thankful to those grandees
Who put themselves in charge; "corruption" brother it's a Scandal.

Mark Heathcote

Living Embers Tête-À-Tête

Living embers sirs have had a tête-à-tête
Living embers circle and fan blue flames
And doesn't their warmth feel subdural?
It's like they'd loved you and me eternal
In that first blush of infancy,
It's like they'd a premonition or a Deja vu
It's like they'd come to crown or enslave either me or you
It's like a blacksmiths polished blade
A dagger forged a long time ago - but never waged
There sirs now you have it,
A black-heart been folded is heated, sharpened
Into living embers living dancing cartwheeling flames
They're dancing around you these living embers
What sir! Are you trying to incline?
Sir, they'll cut, chisel; melt through your ice blue tears
Clinical cruel minds have they with lunatic smiles
With cynical eyes that never blink
They just cut and carve
Out their trinket silences in the depths of a deep disease
Washing their pots in a Belfast sink
They'll leave spores in your pockets and those layers locked in
Filthy with grease with feelings bereft of love
Wondering, if its they who
Have lost their hearts their souls to a wounded love? □
Why, why are there ashen feathers at the soles of my feet?
Look, look how the flames leap out at me at us sirs
By elimination they'll encircle me
By elimination they'll entice you to dance
By elimination they'll encircle me
Oh do you feel hear the heat of the pyre
I guess sir that's why I'm on fire
And I to be a dying flame a living embers tête-à-tête
Should anybody in gossip remember my name?

Mark Heathcote

Don't You Find People Hate Change?

Don't you find people hate change?
Use words like (worse...) to describe it
just because they themselves abhor-
change, themselves almost, counterfeit.

They've been forever dropping out of touch
a hypocrite, just because they themselves
Have aged, stood stark still abhorring it.
Adhering to all they've been taught...learnt.
Yes, doing just about all their dos and don'ts.

Look... looks... looks at all those red
double Decker buses covered in snow,
when the windscreen wipers go
look, looks like a skull, and we the people inside
are-the-crossbones in their throes of death?

People don't like change it leaves them cold
it leaves them feeling orphaned a little bereft.

Mark Heathcote

Like The Vistas Of A Swan

Morning vistas draw a line.

Crystalline beech trees create an avenue-
looking at the stars where a moon fades.

I see you standing there, angelic
heavenly as a white iceberg rose.

That need not climb nor swim the galaxies
that need not open stride a further step,
that need not further have use of an existence
to repose, her petals falling, close
like the vistas of a swan, surely nothing fades.

'Surely nothing won is ever really lost or gone.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Know The Monsoons Soon Have To Come

I know the monsoons soon have to come
But what then will pervade; answer me that.
It was thought that the mosquitos
Were, caught-up in the ghost trees of Pakistan.
These spider webs reduced the risks of malaria
Saved many, desperate woman and man.

I know the monsoons soon have to come
But what then will pervade, answer me that.
These people themselves pray for their livelihoods
Pray that the infrastructure holds isn't destroyed.
A silent victim left totally alone
A silent spectator to a watery thrown.

I know the monsoons soon have to come
But what then will pervade; answer me that.
Answer me that. Answer me Lord who will be saved
Will you send in the sunshine to save them
From an all-encompassing watery grave
Answer me Lord, who or what will be saved

I know the monsoons soon have to come
But what then will pervade; answer me that.
When the people only want to see their cattle fat
Their children stout and tall as wheat
Happy they have shoes to sole their feet
Whatever pervades Lord give them the strength to meet.

Mark Heathcote

And, There We Are Like Betel Leaves

With eastern emerald splashes
And radiant half batting lashes
She whispered, her innermost, needs
Like vines bent her ankles and knees.

And much like them tasty betel leaves
She folded in and around me, tucked me
Into her opium-mouth, tucked me
Inside a secret sacred part of—herself.

'Our eternity has no windows - she said:
Whatever direction you take yourself,
Be sure your heart has partaken and dined
And your soul is well fed'.

Then placing an emerald leaf around my head
She-embalmed-me with a silken thread:
'Our eternity has no windows - she said:
But we too are butterflies jointly cocooned in a web.'

Mark Heathcote

Everlasting Impressions

When you kiss a pane of glass
you leave everlasting impressions
imagine then what's been a mass
if ardently you've been kissed-with-passions.

Love aches in its obedience
love races out of inexperience
love, latches onto last hope.
Yet try holding it like a bar of soap.

Lips like red parting fuchsias
dangle and repose themselves for a fall
they give up all their swooshes.
Lofty dances in an out-of-reach wall.

No skirting now they plummet:
wet fingers licked into a strawberry punnet.
Are origins of a onetime summit?
Mouth their silent words, their last argument.

Mark Heathcote

A Thought Is An Idea In Transit (Pythagoras Quote)

The world is living memory without thought
Music has an unlimited number of percussions
For us, there are all manner of repercussions
Precursors that like birdsong changes, and

Resonates into all spheres all individualities
Therein it attracts expands and contracts
So it is we ask of our infant minds, why
Why does Pythagoras not answer us?

Why didn't abacus calculate this for us?
Dark matter, energy, matter our solid matter.
Why does it, only amount to a measly 4%?
I guess that's why the god particle, was sent.

It obliterates and yet it now unmeasurably
Creates expands its music across the universe
Its true gravity is thought to be infinite
It is a singularity that began as a single note.

It sang the first OM, OM... OM...
If music be the food of love, play on.

Mark Heathcote

The Waltzers

Iron out those wrinkles put them aside
Today is a day for smiles and carnival rides
Let your man swing that hammer
Make others chitter chatter and stammer.

If poised in a flirtatious manner
Don't let them churlish vibes
Spoil your delicate moments of glamour
Remember not all those gipsy brides-

On the telly find good, handsome men
Dear, put your man back on the Waltzers
And make him drunkenly happy again.

If he wins another goldfish, he conquers
Take him home early again, amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Sat Beneath A Bodhi Tree

I sat beneath a huge tree
its shape and size shaded me
as if I were its seedling
in search of nourishment
as if I were the sapling in search of light
as if I were, somehow its penultimate circle
spiralling-out-of-control left to fulfil its last rites
entombed, enclosed embalm-up in eternal night
waiting for it to make space for me;
look, child, at the leaf of a Bodhi tree
look at its veins it to be, another tree
yes, I sat beneath a Bodhi tree
as does it somewhere, shaded sits inside of me
yes, just another seedling in search of nourishment.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Don't Ask Me For 10 Out 10

Don't ask me for 10 out of 10.
expecting it again & again
if I like your words
they'll flutter and soar like birds
above the canopies skyline
so, don't just spin out a line.

And expect azure praises
when-there-are deep purple greys
full-to-bursting clouds
let those flowers wear ball-gowns
garb on a monsoon malaise
let them marvel at their clichés.

There isn't one I'd chose to pick
except-for-the sphagnum moss orchid sprig
that climbs all heights
cares so little for acolytes
is near impervious to mites
-all blood-sucking parasites.

Mark Heathcote

Moonwalks

My heart is a moonscape
Cratered all over
Your love is a lunar rover
On a geological hunt for what-
Who knows - sure as hell I don't care.

"Or do, I...? "

Your hand in mine becomes liken a
Command module; you said I had
Some malfunctioning thoughts
To jettison away, that you-
You wanted us to go on moonwalks.

Saying 'I DO'S'

More fool me or you.
Seeing the triviality of the sky
Multiplied ten thousand times
Gazing into the umpteen galaxies
In each other's eyes.

I guess my real name
Must; be Neil Armstrong
The most challenging missions aren't to the moon
They're just arms, legs floundering on earth, waterborne.

Mark Heathcote

I Won't Cry For Help

Embraced on a bed of sand;
Caressed over and over—again
It isn't easy to forget, understand
Even this sea must fade, rescind.

And the sound of your heart
The sound of this here conch shell
That sang our love will one day shatter.
'What, once lived inside' will toll and knell
Coz nothing mortal lasts forever.

And all will come to a final end:
Break into two, two separate pieces,
Dear, my special friend.
Nothing stands still. Not, everything increases.

So, embraced me now
Let these salt waves encrust our souls.
Embraced me now, like seashore-sea-kelp
Oh, I'm going limp,
But I won't leave you. Not if we both drown
I won't cry for help.

I'll just flotsam on a wave heading home
Like washed ashore-sea-kelp
I won't cry for help.
Not if we both drown in each other's arm's eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Green Is Her Color

Green is your colour
Oh emerald girl
You are my world
You teleport my mind
I want to sit by your side
Like petrified oak, and still, somehow weep
Lose my ability to speech
I want you to gaze on me
And take root by my heart too
I want you to take my heart
Like a date stone and crush it
In your gentle palms hands
Oh emerald girl
You are my future my Savannah world
Ooh, you're so headstrong!
Your face is like an opal
Oh how I want to hold you cut you loose
Green is your colour
Oh emerald girl
You are pure
Soon you'll blossom so bright!
You'll blow my mind
To the four corners of the world
And thereafter a nomad
In a desert finds a watering hole
Quenches his sight and thirst
He'll I'll go blind with love
Begging for alms when death heaven calls
Ooh my world will be green
And only opal petals will thereafter be seen.

Mark Heathcote

God Completes His Life Through You

God completes his life through you
He completes a cycle a circle
Nose to tail, toe to toe
He never relinquishes or let goes.

He, a child never leaves you
He's no wannabe;
He's a part of both, you and me
And, you are also as He.
He's no part superstar, wannabe.

My child, He's with you always,
His heart buzzes with bee-like precision.
Maybe His 'I' is what your 'I'
Has wanted without, egoism.

Okay, He's defiantly you and a sacred you
A sacred you, that wants for nothing —
You, that knows neither hatred nor jealousy,
Yes, you, who love all things spiritually.

He completes a cycle a circle
God completes a life through you
Nose to tail, toe to toe
He never relinquishes or let goes.

An autumn fall soon may come
When winter's darkness descends
But, faith His blossoms overhung!
That serenity is just as young,
As the day we too, He first dreamt.

Mark Heathcote

Crystals Of Light

Purge the light,
find to your delight,
that darkness
isn't-such-a fright?

See the crocus
purple enveloped,
even white striped
does she change her heavenly focus?

Look, there are stars
in the dead of night.
Look, here in a cave-
there are crystals of light.

Smooth as an-onyx-stone
I want to touch with-my-mind,
surmise that even if I go blind
I can still steer my way home to you.

Put my head on a pillow,
rest in the eye of a hurricane,
conjecture the future is always
better than the past with you.

Oh, room of Grey December light
here my bones grow-dusty-light
as light as darkness,
a ceiling cave bat with a hawk moth to bite.

Mark Heathcote

God Willing

God willing, providence and good judgment
Shall count the cost of all what's been lost
And our good governance will it balance
And make good all what we together have lost.

God willing, we'll find a sign those points
That steers us through sheer mountainous rock
God willing, we'll find a sign those points
That lives, breathes a heavenly spark.

God willing, we'll climb Mount Everest
To find our hearts are truly blest
God willing, through frugality hearts will be singing
When the end comes there'll be,
There'll be an end to all this entire meaninglessness
This pattern of senselessness this killing my Lord, my God, willing.

God willing, we'll find a sign those points
That steers us through sheer mountainous rock
God willing, we'll find a sign those points
That lives, breathes a heavenly spark.

God willing, providence and good judgment
Shall count the cost of all what's been lost
And our good governance will it balance
And make good all what we together have lost.

God willing, it must we trust?
Oh good sweet Lord God willing
God willing, Supreme Being
It's you we believe in since time and memorial
It's you we believe in since the beginning.

Mark Heathcote

Let's All Follow Our Own Roll Call

You see a stream then when you see it
You dream of it. Then when you touch it
Your conscience runs away with it
It follows the golden limes their leaves
Scattered from a dying sun
Unto another world that's where
All the silvery waters run.

It follows its own widening rills
When it dances off the windowsills
Then when we're all glowing in the dark
The moonlight and the stars
Will bailout our emptied hearts
And for a moment we'll feel lost
Glittering we'll all consolidate in the frost

Till then we'll know only the melting
The rainbows that tugged at our hearts
Till then see the streams melting in a dream.
We'll too just slipstream, waiting, waiting
On our own lost life's unimportant sounds to redeem
The sound of a heart beating like fish-flapping
Splashing, plashing the waters upstream, home.

Ooh, ooh, ooh we've got heaven on our side
Let's all soar, let's all climb,

Wave our silver tails above a waterfall
Let's all follow our own roll call.
When you see a stream then when you see it
You dream of it. Then when you touch it
Your conscience runs away with it
It follows the golden limes their leaves
Scattered from a dying sun
Unto another world that's where
All our silvery waters run.

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Till then we'll know only the melting
The rainbows that tugged at our hearts
Till then see the streams melting in a dream.
We'll too just slipstream, waiting, waiting
On our own lost life's unimportant sounds to redeem
The sound of a heart beating like fish-flapping
Splashing, plashing the waters upstream, home.

Mark Heathcote

Always Together They Ride High Amen

She said I bite my nails
Then I grow them back
Then I paint them sparkling red or black
And nail a horseshoe on his your back.

Coz you carry all my hopes.
Lucky for you I love you
She said I drink to forget you
I eat for two because I've missed you.

She said she shouts she screams
Because it pleases him, it pleases me, please...
She says her body aches it yearns
It screams for him to me. Oh please.

Is she crazy? Or is she just lazy?
Lucky for her I love her too
Lucky for him I love him too
Or we'd both go insanely crazy
We'd both be Just too, too lazy.

But in truth, what would we miss...
If there's no love
In our Eiger climb descent from twisted bitterness?
If there's no love
No restorative magic forgiveness in each other's kiss.

She said I bite my nails
Then I grow them back
Then I paint them sparkling red or dripping black
And nail a horseshoe on his your back.

□

She said she rides his saddle bareback
Coz he's a wild mustang,
She said he shoots from his hip
Coz he's calling out the thunder from her thighs.

Together they ride high
Oh Higher, higher than a flying eagle over the Eiger.

When she bites chews her nails as they together grow old
With horseshoe sold. They are stuck like horse-hoof glue
Always together they ride high amen.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Sand Pearl

So what if our pheromones mingled?
As we watched the sea waves, sun-kissed
Fall down and rise again with the moon.

So what if you had this inkling to go...
A little bit crazy, it's all worth it,
If you like to enjoy my ultraviolet kiss.

Ooh I'll shingle
Ooh, I'll jellyfish,
Ooh I'll lotus flower with you in a rock pool
Oh, I'm a bad girl. I'm sand pearl.

So what if our hearts acted like larva lamps
Ooh I've got unending poetry in me
I've got hydroponics for both you and me.

So what if you had this queer growing feeling
I've got the sphere to your providence; you're healing
I've got the cyclone to seal your minor fate.

Ooh she said to me I'll shingle
Ooh, I'll jellyfish,
Ooh I'll lotus flower with you in a rock pool
Ooh, all you have to do is ride this salt surf...
Oh, I'm a bad girl. I'm sand pearl.

You, you're my merman
So what if our hearts acted like larva lamps
You make my hair curl whenever my heart thumps
My eyes there like two Hubble telescopes
When you're on top of me all salty and divine.

So what if you had this queer growing feeling
I've got this sphere to your providence; you're healing
I've got this cyclone to seal your minor fate
And this fairy-tale is hush, hush, hushed closed.

Just For Loves Sake

Let's link daisies...

Link arms down a gradient garden path

Pair dot to dot individual stars

Then listen for the willows shadowy laugh.

Let us all get dizzy

Watching and listening to the skylarks croon

And like bandy legged heavy giraffes

Twist our necks.

Let us make heart shapes

Like swans reflective on a lake are we too

Just for loves sake

Let's carve a heart and inscribe our names

For love my darling and our names sakes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Only You

Hello, hello, what's your prefix?
Do you like naughty dirty chicks?
I'm just two clicks away from your fix.

Or do you just like to fantasize
Here is my size, I like to fraternize
And in the end, I always get my prize.

Hello, hello, what odd strategics?
Do you date internet overseas chicks?
Under a galaxy of burning lit candlesticks.

Or do you just like to imagine
One girl, over and over again, longer
Or do you just like to flatter?

Or spoil your girls with glitter and fire
Ooh hello, hello, I don't mind leather
Clover or glamour as long as you say it's never over.

I could be your own, Instagram friend
Let me give you my private email
Ooh hello, ooh hello, do you comprehend.

I'll text just to you if you text me too
I'll be promised to you
Wire me some money and I'll love, only you.

Mark Heathcote

Expenditures On Loan Never Paid

Wearing threadbare grabs as a suit of armour
Pick up your heavy placard arms
Wave your little scarlet clenched fists
You are not starving alone in this city of s***s.

Come on beggars in your little penal towns
Tear their little palaces down
Turn around your upside-down clown-
Face the right way round.

Don't skulk in the pouring rain
In the gutters like a fallen bird of prey
Because it's not your day,
Stand up and have your say.

Take a stand, throw that first stone
Coz they've already done it to you
From behind their overpriced thrown
Expenditures on loan never paid.

Its, okay but not for you, don't believe me
It's all true, sit there alone and play-on
Play your little lost boy blues
And see what they'll do for you

From their towering echelons
They'll print their lies far away from you
In the news, you'll sleep-on wear under your clothes
Close to your cold dying bones.

Come on beggars in your little penal towns
Tear their little palaces down
Turn around your upside-down clown-
Face the right way round.

Aren't we all meant to be butterflies?
Oh homeless the poor garland stand together
Like men and draw the line of fellowship again
Remind them we are all men and throw the first stone.

Mark Heathcote

Bat An Eye

Bat an eye; optimism sings through you
Bat an eye; see you can wing on wing it too
Bat an eye; go on cry see you have a heart too
Bat an eye; ask again who's going to love you.

Orchestrate your soul and it'll speak
Speak of love and truth from your mouth,
And no person will ever doubt,
There's a silver lining behind a cloud.

Oh hark there's an angel
Oh hark here's an angel and its singing
It's singing over a harp
Hark, hark, how it sings through you.

Bat an eye, oh lord, what is left to do
Bat an eye, an answer comes, how, can I help you
Bat an eye, and there's an answer at your feet
Bat an eye, and with your own first miracle, you'll see.

The waves beneath the moon oh hark there's an angel
Oh hark here's an angel and its singing
It's singing with its harp in my room
Hark, hark, how it sings to you, baby cry.

Orchestrate your soul and it'll speak
Speak of love and truth from your father's mouth,
And no person will ever doubt,
There's a silver lining behind every cloud.

Mark Heathcote

I Really Don't Want To Cry

I really don't want to cry
I really don't want to say goodbye
I really don't want to fly
They're neither a part of you nor I.

Ah, I really don't want to whip-up a storm
Amongst all those ugly, ticker tape diamonds.
They're neither a part of you nor I
I really don't want to lead you on with a lie.

But it's true, it's you I desire
It's you who for me starts a bush fire.

And yes really do like to hide under my blue felt hat
And chew on a piece of straw
Smile at you at your door
And drop my rose printed shawl.

I really don't want to lead you on
But it's true, it's you I desire I fawn
It's you who for me starts a bush fire.
I really don't want to cry
I really don't want to say goodbye
I really don't want to fly
They're neither a part of you nor I.

And I don't want to hide under my bed
So yes I cry, so yes I fly without a goodbye
I kick those ugly, ticker tape parties into the sky
Because they're dumb doubts
They're neither a part of you nor I.
But it's true, it's you I desire
It's you who for me starts a bush fire
But it's true, it's you I desire I fawn
It's you who for me starts a bush fire

When the tiger roars up to the sky
When a king Minos really dose get his prize.
Gestate jealous ticker tape people

These are our two, goodbyes...

Mark Heathcote

You've Got A Seductive Weapon

You've got some animal attraction
I hanker, hunger for...
Ooh how I tremble with a passion, with fear
Coz you flutter in my heart like the breeze
Like the spilling golds of spring kissed willows
Like a bird on a maiden cliff-edge fight or fall
Ooh halleluiah how I feel your desire
Ooh, how I've got Goosebumps!
They come in waves tingle along my spine
To some mystical shore
Where an SOS has been long since written in the shingle
Where a lost soul has been perceived rescued, blessed
Oh how the world my world started spinning I confess
Oh like a feather the world is spinning
Spinning feathering its own nest
Oh how like a bird I'm winging upside down in a whirlwind
And like a bat in the dead of night
I am left clinging on like a ripe fruit unworthy of picking
Yet ready to be devoured ooh won't you eat me now
Ooh you've got your claws your sticky paws into me
Oh Please don't drop me, oh please don't release me
I'm hankering, hungering for you now
Ooh how I tremble all over parched with the pangs of love
I can't quench or quite fulfil, guess I'll just send out
Another SOS...?
Ooh halleluiah how I feel your desire its litmus fire
It keeps me warm at night looking at this lyrical moon
Oh how I've-gotten-use to Goosebumps all over me
Oh how I like these Goosebumps
They're jumping all over me like a jamboree frogs
Guess you've got some seductive power
Some animal attraction thing going on
Coz I'm hankering hungering for... you
Ooh, how I tremble with fear guess it's the fear of losing you.

Mark Heathcote

Let's Come Together And Make A Human Song

I've got a hand full of days
A handful of loose stricken feathers
Ooh yes, I'm shameless, but make no mistake
Let's come together and make a human song
Cause I've got a short time to play
Whatever knocks whatever answerers?
I'm going to kiss you harder
So let's come together and make a human song
So lay there and watch my baby
Today I'm the serpent and I want my bounty
Today I'm your vixen baby and I want your soul
So let's come together and make a hissing animal song
A cooing world in the hay barn
Gazing at the big stars forever
Cooking with a sprig of thyme torn from the heather
Let's come together and make a human life song
Remove your fig leaf
Oh, what a relief; passion on a vine
Give me much more than all your time
Let's come together and make a hissing animal sound
Oh yeah, there's your soul now lets it go
Peel off your own snakeskin
Honey have you taken your vitamin.
Ooh yes, let's come together and make a human song
Ooh yes, I'm shameless; let's make love in the snow
I shall tame you and melt the angel in your soul
I'll light up the sizzling devil don't you know.
So let's come together and make a hissing animal song
That's, that's where we synchronize, where you belong.

Mark Heathcote

What Ifs

Love is a gambit a game of roulette
A kiss with a heady taste of red wine
Fuelled with a champagne rocket fuel
Weightless, without guilt, what can I do...
Accept orbit in circles like a balloon around you
Waiting till I burst, bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Oh, who pulled that trigger? Darling, it wasn't me.
I wanted to love you forever
I've always been too weak to say never to you...

Love is a chance meeting, but when it's fleeting
It'll never leave your head
What ifs fill every breath, what if I could close my eyes?
And remember, memorize every moment polarized
Would you beat like an amphetamine in my brain?
Would I reach my every high my every goal?
Would my heart explode?
Would I finally find my vein of 22-carat gold?
What ifs fill every breath would it really matter if I lived long.

Love is like lightning it is like something glittering on the top shelf
As soon as you've gripped it, either you or it lets go
No one really knows why champagne goes flat
Heaven goes tasteless, what, if, ifs filled every breath
Leave us breathless crazy but here I am waiting,
Waiting, waiting till I burst, bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Oh, who pulled that trigger? Darling, it wasn't me.
Was it you I wanted to love you forever
I've always been too weak to say never to you...

Ooh, what if all you're if filled thoughts filled every breath?
Ooh tongue what a thirst
What if this filled every breath, what if I could close my eyes?
And remember, memorize every moment polarized
Would you beat like an amphetamine in my brain?
Would I reach my every high my every goal?
Would my heart explode?
Would I finally find my vein of 22-carat gold?
What if this filled every breath, would it really matter if I lived long?

Mark Heathcote

Why Do You Disseminate

Why do you disseminate these feelings?
Turn our love, our spring love into a fall
Didn't I mean anything to you at all?
Why do you say these things that hurt us all?

How, why, did you let me go at all?
Why don't you cry, why don't you call
Why do you disseminate your ill feelings?
Why do you say these things that hurt us, at all?

Didn't we mean anything to you at all?
Tell me was I just deceiving myself
Don't our children or I mean anything to you at all?
Tell me now who's to blame, was it just I.

You've turned everything I say,
Every living colour word I say into a cold lie
You've turned everything I say into a living hell
A stagnate hollow cold frozen painful waste.

You've turned everything into a living hell
Was it all just a spell? You harbour so many lies
Tell me who's to blame, I need to know now.
I need to know right now. You've darkened our skies.

Why do you disseminate all these empty feelings?
Why do you turn our love, our spring love into a fall?
Didn't I mean anything to you at all?
Why do say these things that hurt us all?

How, why, did you let me go at all?
Why don't you cry, why don't you call
Why do you disseminate your ill feelings?
Why do you say these things that hurt us all at all?

Mark Heathcote

Cat & Mouse, Love

Kept just in focus for a second
Sure it's long enough to have been reckoned
She held her breath metaphorically
Then squeezed the trigger almost sportingly
So, bullets glance could miss their target
As she stroked and jiggled her undergarment
She was blithe with me. And cat-like toying,
Sly with me - I loved her for it, meowing.
It was a game of real skulduggery
Like a Pegasus horse shot down pratfall
I was hers to capture through a trap-door
To maim, with talon claw, I lay like a mouse
I lay-n-pray, for her to remove her blouse
To expose her breast, her hearts-true-intent
She's a love trap I couldn't circumvent.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

These Are The Days

These are the days, reflecting back
Temporal with feelings of soul
Rough, upended you can never replace
These are the days, reflected back to me
Given to you with grace
With someone always to please
To put a smile on their face
Who'll also do their best to shake quiver in your knees?
Or bring you to harlequin tears.

These are the days you said
You'd never look back on give-up on
Ooh they too were a part of me
Ooh with temporal feelings of soul
Rough, upended arms and legs with levity so heavy
You and me! Ooh turns the key, turns back time □
Spin me on a dime. A siren sings on a wave
Oh, I promised to make love to you, for all-of-time.

Temporal with feelings of soul
Rough, upended you can never dissemble
All my love whole
Which is why my heart is so heavy? □
Like a frozen sleigh bell in the snow
Waiting to be found and unfreeze
With someone always waiting to please
To put a smile on their face
Who'll also do their best to shake quiver in me for eternity?

These are the days, reflecting back
Oh darling hold on to me
These are the days, reflected back
For all our eternities
These are the days, reflecting back
Temporal with feelings of soul
These are the days, reflected back
Rough, upended you can never dissemble.

Satan stops your howling cause I am not frightened

This one love is worth all my fighting.
Satan stops your prowling cause like the lightning
I am not hiding my torch for you
But for another, opposite sides to you
Satan stops your scowling your thunderous heart
Coz mine could never grow to be as dark as you.

Mark Heathcote

May Is A Time Of Sweet Expectation

May is a time of sweet expectation
A time when these yellow fads fade
And fair maiden musk roses bud
With bees trumpeted in the parade —
Waiting on the first one displayed.

May is a time when guys use pomade
Girls let down their hair; shake loose
The last winter, cobwebs, and bloom.
Nodding like lilacs, all-which-ways vamoose?
Their chattering's pretty like finches, profuse.

May is a time when alliums leap & wave
Blue or white they're a vision of the galaxies
Of us acting like involuntary planets
And all our mishap eventualities
When spring disintegrates into long-drawn-out maladies.

May is a time, perhaps
For the devolvement of fantasies
As each bulb shrivels back along-its-fuse
Like a dead city hit by a wave of calamities
Each life, each season given back; in equal totalities.

Mark Heathcote

Slow And Crafty Like As A Fox

I borrow, I borrowed this one
I borrowed that one
I borrowed these from here and there
"Borrow" what on earth do you mean?
"Borrow"? Well, I take a dried head of seed-
Then, or a young seedling from the verges
Or I pluck cuttings with my thumbnail.
Or take a trifling sucker that's a little - derail
Slow and crafty like as a fox; I tie a shoelace
And a small plant is misappropriated.
I borrow one!
One so small it will go unnoticed.
"Is that not stealing"? No, no it's just a
Borrowed one that's how all the best
Gardens are begun.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Now What

She, now what have you broken a wing
Have you somersaulted?
Landed indigently forgetting how to sing
Why? Have you fallen off your perch?

Now what your lordship,
Oh, my is your coffee too tepid.
How about I shake your decorating ladder
See if I can't discern some stimulating light laughter.

Has the cat got your tongue!
Didn't you get your fringe benefits?
Didn't the cat get any gold-top cream?
Now what, now what, now what!

Oh how a lion cries with a thorn in its paw
Sure you just lay there! Such selflessness...
Doh! Don't worry yourself, I'll do the dishes
Coz I'm your... perfect Mrs.

Now what, now what my dear one!
'Do not butterflies dance in mid courtship?
Are they not silhouetted?
As one! Even in a gale cupped
Such is a storm in a teacup'.

He 'now what' 'now what' 'now what'
Oh my god doesn't she ever shut up?

Mark Heathcote

Sit Me In A Corner Of Your Heart

Wisdom is an arrow whose direction
And aim is never quite true or straight
Coz to hit a target true head-on, plumb, centre line
You first have to administer your shot a little too high
Exaggerate the truth aim your arrow a little over
The skyline of heavens roof
If you want to hit or break that window
You need a strong steady stern forearm a good eye
And Lots of resolute unflappable attitude, so,
So the altitude of delivery is just right.

What's insight or even life shouts a lonesome huntsman
Hollowing ifs I blow on this here duck whistle?
Peels off another shot on target
It's no arrow but its lead will split
The hairs on the back of your head a logic
Stronger than any gravity than any apple split in to
But then a childlike inner voice spoke!
Sit me in a corner of your heart
Like a snowdrift like a sand dune
I'll not move and I'll grant you the first and last shot.

Mark Heathcote

The Small Gift

I accept your love
fruit should be picked-ripe before it lingers on the ground
I accept your love
like a fish out of water, ah, what it is my love to drown
I accept your love
like that picture by Oleg Zhivetin, The small gift!
I have it hanging on my dining room chimney breast
like a gift, I shall never tire of it nor discard its contents.

I accept your love
because even a thrift purchaser
requires at least one good-fitting suit of clothes
I accept your love
its fair hand of friendship extends beyond
those discarded bedclothes.
I accept your love
after all, is said and done, you are the one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Kisses Of Perpetuity

Her breaths gathered apace, trembled
her undulations in their confines
are of a truly, great motherly cosmos.
She ripples on the waves and leaves
her edicts come from her nomadic travels.

He held his breath purposely
it was deep and heavy
almost measured as if, not to breathe.

He was trying to hold onto her breath
restrain it in perpetuity for all eternity.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Was A Friday Night!

I'm with them,
I'm a wallflower
I was a Friday night!
A clatter of bees all burning frenetic wings
Bumbling, alone, alone
Drinking amber-nectar to a soothing song
Cutting ties to the hive
Pretending I'm just fine, I'm okay,
But honesty, it was all lies
I felt like I could just willingly die
Oh, ah... I'm with them,
I'm a wallflower
I was a Friday night! Wallflower!
I was a creepy-crawly spider
With eight googly ochre yellowing eyes
I'm a starfish, arm and legs, doubled at my side.
The sea I'm sleeping on is an empty market stall
There's no one loving enough to heckle me care or call...
But honesty I'm just fine, I'm okay, I'll make it to work!
When I hear the dawn chorus, black bird
The clatter of bees all bumbling, tirelessly alone
Drinking amber nectar to a soothing song
Severing new ties, waking from their short lived Zzzz...
Oh, ah, I'm with them that teenage throng
I'm a wallflower!
I was a Friday night! Wallflower!
Amen! Amen! I didn't crash and burn, I didn't cry
Although I felt at times I could just willingly die
Amen! Amen!
Next weekend, we can do it all again...
With burning wings
One of these days I might just hear how
A real angel not a bellyful of real ale sways sings.
When I hear the dawn chorus, black bird
The clatter of bees all bumbling, alluringly alone
Drinking amber nectar to a soothing song
Severing old ties, waking from their short lived alcoholic Zzzz...
Above these goddamn, grey clouds... in their only, lover's arms.
Oh when the trees the poplars sway back and forth in the breeze

Remember me and for a fleeting second close your eyes and freeze.

Mark Heathcote

Botanist Sent To Find Me

When He endowed me with my fruitful life
Like, say a mountain river carried far and wide.
Did He think I wouldn't return to utilize
All that I was before, childlike, unmodified.
Didn't I have my rights to even the score?

As rain falls, sweetened in flashes on His land
I just couldn't slip through the palms of His hand
On this ancient of journeys pressed should I not
Be taxed and flower for Him, ah my royal regent!
Ah, botanist sent to find me, Forget-me-not.

For I have dallied on ever hill vale and shore for you!
I've watered every tear-duct with a rainbow,
Where cattle bells played in even equal scale
Dripping, dewlap salt-encrusted diamonds,
I've clung, like dewdrops for you!
Don't say it was all to none, avail...

On this ancient of journeys pressed should I not
Dry these conjunctive tears,
Be taxed and flower for Him, ah my royal regent □
Ah botanist sent to find me, who Forget-me-not
Utilize me! As before, childlike, unmodified
And yet always never forgot.

Mark Heathcote

Dappled Light

While two incense burners mingle
we'll pinch out the stars that twinkle
as the jasmine entwines these hours
let love, envelope all mean flowers.

With moist pressed palms, amen!
We'll yearn for sleep, never again.
With prayers, this powerful
who would chuck in the towel?

Dappled light: ample shade
each is like a bed half made.
'Such a joy when my limbs,
hike climber over limbs.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fledgling Bird At My Door

Fledgling bird where on earth do you hope to hop to
If you stretch your wings around my yard
After all this baking hot desert heat
Come evening surely you won't deny me your faith
Faith is a warm quilt blanket on a cold night
Is a fledgling requiring no angelic wings?
When its nesting days were long drawn out of sight.

Thus poets and songbirds they're much the same
If there's no muse! There's no train of thought
No flight of wings to launch or fly his/her kite
Instead of a flowing, weightless, moving quill
We'll have a paperweight run of the mill verse
That can flap all it wants, but it'll never float or fly
It'll never absorb the meaning behind the why.

At worse, it'll just hop
Hop in and out of rhyme, hoping-also it too can fly.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Yellow On Purple I Dream Of You

Sitting here in the casement window of my soul
In two minds 'dancing in a theatre of dreams'
'Yellow on purple', I dream of you
Ah the Himalayas was cumulated in such a conflict
Where parallel thoughts like parallel bars did collide
Where white prayer flags, suspended above 20,000 ft.
Gymnastically awaited the arrival of something heavenly,
Oh, I feel like an eagle flying over the Lions Gate Bridge
Stanley Park Vancouver, closing my eyes kissing your lips.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Will You Not Ask Me In?

Will you not ask me in?
My mollusc friend
We've all made lots of mistakes
Will you still be my friend?

How can you trudge away from me?
Like this leave me in this mess...
Close our shared house then move home too
Oh how as a child I prayed, believing I was blessed
Our rendezvous wouldn't end but always be new.

Won't you ask me in?
Let us no longer mistrust, distrust be rebuffed
By one another my mollusc friend
If not don't speak: I don't want to be crushed.

How can you carry away from me?
Even the sounds of the yearning sea, yesterday
The oceanic wave my mollusc friend
My limpet friend, one time open up for me!
Let me hear at least the wailing sounds of eternity.

Mark Heathcote

But Honestly What Do I Believe

The devil looks after me
He doesn't forsake me
Like an elder brother, he might taunt me
But he promises to love me.

The devil he's cut off... lowered his horns...
He's curbed his wrath of fire
The devil he's taken on all forms...
Yet, he's promised to chop-down every brier
That gets in my way. Starting, from, yesterday.

With a larva hot bubbling heart, he loves me
Like an arctic bird, I've learnt not to be piteous...
The devil warms my bones, he loves me
He wants my soul for wheat, not pumice.

But honestly, what do I believe
But honestly, what does he conceal to conceive
But honestly, what do I believe...
Will happen when he threshes the wheat from the chaff
He's the devil he is a liar he is a thief,
He wants only to hide our imperfections under a cloverleaf
Take away our beliefs so wolves and jackals can all laugh.

Mark Heathcote

Fortune Favours The Brave

You've shuffled men like a deck of marked cards
But please, choose your hand more wisely, very carefully,
Cos whatever cards you hold onto this tightly, they'll never be right.
Look, peep, trust me, I'll never hurt you so have some faith,
I'll bankroll your trust; I promise you this much, this isn't about lust.

Don't sell yourself short for chunk change or greed honey
Else all the rest of your, days, you'll be left crying,
Left begging for some, unwarranted, kind of recompense.

You might shuffle men, orchestrate their fates
In a Greek-like tragedy, a deck of cards in a game of solitaire
But please, honey chose, you're playing hand very carefully,
Cos whatever cards you've decided to hold onto —
I'll promise you I'll never hurt you so have some faith in me.

Don't shuffle or twist
Cos really I'm the one! I'm the one! Winning-hand
You can take all-the-way to the bank, the bank of Rio Grande
And that isn't me playing you at cards honey
Or me guarding my hand, that's me being, quite frank.

Mark Heathcote

Unseen Grace

A crystal pointing skyward in heavenly darkness
may have no more regal splendour than you
or I but even in this cavernous empty heart
it's difficult; it's profoundly difficult for me
to believe that somehow stupendous sunlight
suspended hasn't shone on its iridescent face.
It's almost unbelievable for me to fathom
it hasn't been cherished with loving sweetness
it hasn't been blessed, by some seeing grace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Vital

Is your love a defector?
Can it ever be faithful?
Find that one allegiance.

How can I trust you?
When your happy abandoning
You're every principle.

What ties, bonds, bound you?
Wasn't it, I who found you?
Made you feel whole.

Wasn't it "I"
Who transported you?
Schooled you; foremost in love.

But like a bought judge!
Didn't you wavier away what's right
Hammer your gavel down.

On the side of every bad hoax
Evil scheme played out
Just to remain excited vital.

Mark Heathcote

The World Has Turned The Sun About

Since falling out of love, me and you
the world has turned the sun about
changed the axis of my heart, long overdue
it has made my soul leap and shout.

It's equivalent to finding the end of the rainbow
or crossing some void of empty sky.
Following you into the path of-a-tornado
they say this is why a bird has wings to fly.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The First We Learnt

The first we learnt of faith
was a dying fish gasping to breathe
never to be put back.

The first we learnt of a father's love
was a-stripe a flash, a stroke of lightning?
Shortly thereafter-followed by thunder.

The first we learnt of paradise
was incinerated by Satan by hell
told, you're a wolf in sheep's clothing.

By the time I was old enough to reason
I felt as if I'd spent my whole life.
Leastwise part of my short partial-life-

had been spent committing a mortal sin
some-sort of spiritual treason hung over me-
like a hangman's noose in a readied fit.

It choked on my Adam's apple.
When to begin this hourglass
a meeting of two pearls, two swine's
two swans entwined, reflected in one heart.

Mark Heathcote

I Want To Be A Hapless, Happy Bee

I want to dive into a flower.
Be engulfed by its desire.
I want to feel its living fire its power
Source, it's one-sunlight prior.

I want to taste that vital kiss.
Firmly pressed, embolden, on the cusp of my lips.
Find how that fire extinguishing exists
When elements spoke of a lay dead ellipse.

I want to see life's frenetic joy
In a whirling dervish, spinning dance
Not just see them reemploy
But feel entire my whole being in its plans.

I want to be a hapless, happy bee
... Ah, a young fair maiden swatted
With a book of love, poems on her knee
'Here whilst; my unending dreams they're subverted.'

Mark Heathcote

The Universe Is Just A Child Too?

What is there to harmonize?
Don't you realize everything is exquisite?
Everything is tickety-boo,
Don't you realize the universe is just a child too?
Just as, as erratic and lost as you.

Expanding, gaping, yawning a motherless cry
Creating, traversing the darkness
Don't you realize the universe is just a child too?
The flora and fauna beneath the sky
Is all part of His unanswered dreams?

Well, that's Just as, as-erratic, and lost as you.
Oh, aren't atoms the planets and stars
Acting like blood cells, and like gasoline-cars
And doesn't a photo plate of the universe
Have those look-of-diseased corrupted lungs.

Yes, this world is hard-core, a complex hall of mirrors
Every word and thought is written on your face
Your pain incinerates itself to cinders and ashes
So with me, why not ask; what is there to harmonize?
Don't you realize everything full of grace is exquisite?
So what is there to harmonize?
Everything is tickety-boo, isn't it?

Don't you realize the universe is just a child, like you?
In ever-decreasing circles
It and you and I have introspected and expanded
Everything but truly,
Were you ever really there?
Were you ever really here?
Were you ever really there?
Were-you-ever-truly you! Answer if so,
What is there then to harmonize?
If the universe is so exquisite—then so are you.
So did you ever pay yourself, your life any-great respects?

What is there to harmonize?

Don't you realize everything is exquisite?
Everything is tickety-boo, isn't it?
Don't you realize the universe is just a child too?
Just as, as erratic and lost as you.

Expanding, gaping, yawning a motherless cry
Creating, traversing the darkness
Don't you realize the universe is just a child too?
The flora and fauna beneath the sky
Is all part of His, unanswered, quest for Him for you?

Mark Heathcote

The Star Alight That's Fan Flamed In You

The flowers that wooden knot
The stars what have they all got
In common, each if fact could be dead
The flower could be pressed in a book.

The wooden knot seated on a church pew
That almost certainly could be dead too
The star alight that's fan flamed in you
Is only visible amidst; its own reflection.

Because you gain in vitality, some truth
Because while searching you forgot - all about poof
So love then put a mirror there right in front of you
And mirror to mirror no light there was ever lost.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Would I Have Lived Died If Not For You

Would I have lived died if not for you
If you were the land and I the vessel
Would I've ventured into port to follow?
You to your bedchamber your condo
Love can't anchor me, it's all a deceit
Death, he's like some chirpy parakeet
Mocking each day, left in front of me
Pointing at a rainbows disappearing act, he
Then hands me a dirty greying canvas
Says now change your circumstances
Handing me a pallet knife says capture
Life's prismatic, colours, in all its rancour.
In truth those colours faded, they're amiss
Everything I've painted likens to hieroglyphs.
Unreadable(But) like a small child,
A small vessel, whose been chipped, I'm beguiled.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Does Love Exist?

Second-time around, second-life around
If a thing doesn't exist until it is measured
In a way that is quantifiable
Undeniable, understandable, does it exist.

Do tell me what love is, make an effort
Please tell me truthfully, does love exist.

Will your soul drown with mine tonight?
Please tell me this isn't a non-existed light
Please tell me this isn't diaphanous starlight
Seen by one a chorus heard, joined by none.

Do tell me what love is, make an effort
Please tell me truthfully, does love exist.

What we want from love isn't always a flower
Give to me an unopened bud of winter
Scorched and burned never wilting into surrender
This is quantifiable love to me today...

This is understandable this undeniable
Tell me truthfully, does love exist
Coz when I hold my breath each time we kiss
I forget I'm not a shadow that I've-got-substance.

Do tell me what love is, make an effort
Please tell me truthfully, does love exist.

Second-time around, second-life around
If a thing doesn't exist until it is measured
In a way that is quantifiable
Undeniable, understandable, does it exist.

Do tell me what love is, make an effort
Please tell me truthfully, does love exist.

Mark Heathcote

Moonlight Delights

In her hands, her new beau will be smelt
adrift, turned around, a new cast, swanlike
on-a-black lake intercepted and paired.
Soon she'll entwine with him unladylike.

Henna-tattooed hands outfitted like ferns
awaited him before the dawn-first-light
ankles bangle dancing in butter churns,
ghee in unexpected, moonlight delights.

Every kiss was a cloistering silken, web
she feared this tenderness, struggle breaks
every touch does a serpentine snowflake
-melt, slip and fall into a hissing lost dissent.

But still swanlike, they're both swooned.
Each with the other when the sun resonates
-all bird songs shall be overshadowed.
Seldom to be understood inarticulate.

Mark Heathcote

Ablutions

What's it take to cleanse a polluted river?
Takes Mountains and mountains brother
Takes a hard bed a soft silt bed sister
That's why silver and gold are so pure
They burned in the sun's highest summit
Ablutions were, discovered in that plummet
That's what it takes for a virgin or a whore
That's what it takes to cleanse, procure
A body of water another sees, effulgent.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is An Anthill

Love is an anthill
A million internalizations
Each ant has a confused understanding of another
They believe they can lift 20 times their own body weight
Sustain chain singularly each other together forever —
This they have us believing is their own free will and fate.
But sees here collectively a colony of 40,000 ants
Has only the same brain size and power as a human man
So I guess it takes a queen to rule a kingdom.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We're All As The Wind On The Ether

In spite-of our trivial, endeavours
Life isn't a broken key, nor a glass shard
Turned to please; cut by millimetres
Nor a jewel anyone should disregard
In-order to pawn, repay debtors.

Neither is it a charmed-treasure either
That keeps just one in warmth,
We're all as the wind on the ether□
One terse word transforms-
Us into thunder a hellish transceiver.

The heart isn't a turnstile you spin
In the hope of making one man, smile
The soul isn't a flower you nurture
Or own disown or buttonhole pin
In making, a connecting, merger.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Short Lived Butterflies And Snails

A snail's life isn't the home he carries on his back
Life's not the marrowfat in his boneless backpack.
Don't worry about that trail of destruction them lies
Or about the destinies of short-lived butterflies.

Carry on and simply ask questions unanswered
"Don't you have words of hope for the departing? "
At life's end should I whisper "let us be friends? "
And tell you truthfully, I don't own a farthing.

Life's perfumed infusions carry on in a dream
Together these inclusions mingled of sun and wind
Go on wherever we're blown apart at the seems
Mountain-top or valleys below, we'll not rescind.

Wherever our ashes our silts, wash downstream.
Our chariot wheel wheels on... wheels on, on-wing,
And life's charioteer shouts loud be true be strong!
I'm all out of fear, I'm all out of religion, but still, I sing.

I'm no longer coiled-up in their barbwire!
If, you stepped on my shell. I'll not break or repel
I might just be angelic for a short momentary spell□
If, you were to take me into hand be my quantifier.

I might just be angelic for a short-lived while
Living beyond my means; your friend till the end.
I might just be the one to outlive those you'd revile
Short-lived butterflies now I even might transcend.

Mark Heathcote

Sandcastles

Far beyond any point of gratitude
a glowing light shines over a precipice
calls like sea waves retracting
around your dirty ankles, leaving
you a beach not trodden, love imbued
sparkles in the open breathlessness
here once more, pure. You are a child
seeing your first-ever pink starfish,
making that first washed-aside sandcastle.
Here once more, nothing is ever ramshackle
nothing reconciled or defiled,
pristine, the world has no more hardships.

Here there are no more
sandcastles standing
haphazardly washed aside.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Too Blond

I couldn't love her
When I love brunets
She's too blond too blond
She's too tres sexy, too tres chic
She's too embolden and savant
She's just too blond too blond.

I couldn't love her
When I love brunets
I know my own thoughts I have many regrets
I don't need a broken compass
To go off course to read the stars
To know she's too blond too blond for me.

She'll break my heart
And deceive my eyes
Till I forget brunets and sink into a trance
Oh she isn't damn tres anything
Who cares if I secretly, think?
She's just too blond too blond.
When, when I'm in love
When things go slightly skewwhiff go wrong
I'll wear my inner smile
When, when I'm in love
I'll discard my deeply hidden deceits
She's too blond too blond

Too blond too blond
Too blond too blond
Too blond too blond
And say together we belong.

Mark Heathcote

Tender Embraces

I lose control of all my senses
And then I tingle, uncontrollably,
When I'm embraced in your arms
My heart gives up, all its pretence's
When our souls mingle in sultry kisses
Tender embraces...

Oh I lose control of all my senses
My pulse, it races it increases
Every time you enter a room
Ooh, I tingle uncontrollably,
Unarguably, every time
I kiss you I feel heart strewn. ☐

My heart gives up, all pretence's
I lose control of all my senses
My pulse, it races it increases
When our two souls mingle in these
In these sultry hot kisses
Tender embraces...☐

Tender embraces...

Tender embraces...

☐

I'm as joyous as a gospel choir every time
I hear a single note! Chord from my angel, lord
There are nightingales in our rafters
Lord, I swear every time I hear her laughter!
Ooh in my tender embraces
Tender embraces...
Tender embraces...

☐

Mark Heathcote

He Isn't A Vigilante

There's a hero who's given up the fight
Tired of always doing what's right.

His blood is thicker than water
For the whole human race
Is like a brethren brother
But even heroes need to take stock —
Drawback and sleep in their quarters.

“Question, why do I wield a sword
For foe or friend, I'm not a vigilante
So why do I always fight the dragon?
Slay the seven-headed demon”.

Oh, there's got to be an end: ☐
There are times I too just want to run
And cry and hide
Being righteous always isn't much fun
Licking my wounds alone none of that loving aftercare.
Is like living in hell,
Oh, oh, oh why should I care?

There's a hero who's given up the fight ☐
Tired of always doing what's right.

But in truth, he can't change
His blood is thicker than water
For the whole human race
Is like a brethren brother
So he'll fight he'll charge into the carnage
Into the inferno wielding his blade his sword alone
For his foes or a friend
Whoever's need is most he'll fight until the end.

He isn't a vigilante
He's just a hero who'll never give up on the side of right.
Immeasurably his courage only wants to right a wrong
His heart wants only to stand in the unit ranks of yeomanry
Till his soul is slain or taken home for real rightly.

Mark Heathcote

Insulin Couldn't Insulate Your Passing

We spoke of love the day we met.
But here now I speak of your death
It's a death long after our hearts
Clattered like a broken windowpane
Why did we separate, why did she?
Bolt the door and latch the windows.

Was, it? You, just didn't want to share?
Your TV remote control, any more
Given your doctor had spanned-out
Your lives span as ten-score years none more.
And of course, you couldn't climb the stairs
Insulin couldn't insulate your passing...

Nor the thirteen years spent fighting
For life, amassing your bitterness
Like a bleared black-and-white movie
Like the late great actress Bette Davis,
Noted for her willingness to play,
Unsympathetic, sardonic, characters

You so admired her, her films transfixed-
You, 'first loves' are the hardest to separate.
What you can't keep, you drown in the lake.
This is what you knew, that is what became
Of my lifelong, love for you.
Mistakes made would I make them—again.

We spoke of love the day we met
And for me it was a day never to forget
We spoke of love the day we met
But here now, I speak of your death
Our old house together stands empty
The doors are swung-open windows repaired.

Mark Heathcote

Like Juliet Drink From That Vial And Kiss Her Lips

Faith don't fail me now
Take me to her tomb.

Take me to her Turin burial place - confined
Take me to her subterranean temple
Let her administer to my soul my mind
Let me cut into this hard rock face once again
Until it sustains my self-indulgent heart.

Faith don't fail me now
Take me to her tomb.

Ah, treasure can be found underground
Didn't we once share a vision of two becoming one?
So it wasn't an ancient subterranean Egyptian temple
It wasn't a newly discovered Damanhur temple
It wasn't a city of light
But it was ours to share; we said, even after death.

Faith don't fail me now
Take me to her tomb.

Take me to her shrine
Let me remove her ivory mantilla veil
Let me like Juliet drink from that vial and kiss her lips
Let me wipe away these tears
Let me administer to my loves failing stopped pulse
Let us administer two final dying breaths in one.

Faith don't fail me now
Take me to her star tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Love What's In This Potion

Ethereal angel stoically, blue
Your auras a white crest on an ocean
Oh mystical blossom casting a spell
I'm hypnotized; love what's in this potion,
How's it possible, I'm this awe-struck by you
How do I break this black-magic and quell...

□

That devil who's at the bottom of my stairs
He's got plans to take advantage of you!
He shouts loudly, he spits to clear his throat
He wants to kiss your dithering lips and glue
The best and the worst and always swears
He's not the boy, who plucked wings once afloat.

Angel, he's howling with the loons at midnight
He says a blue angel visits his soul
He says she abandons him when the day-
Begins and he sings like an oriole!
In memory of her blue wings twilight
That rapt his heart in her feathery lingerie.

He says she abandons him when the day-
Begins, says it's a game; how can he lose —
When he's howling like one of them, coupling-loons.
Singing; like orioles, heavenly enthuse!
He prays for this blue angel, what's risque
Missing, her melancholy departing, blues...

He says she abandons him when the day-
Begins and he sings like an oriole!
In memories of her blue wings twilight
That rapt his heart in her feathery lingerie.
He shouts loudly, he spits to clear his throat;
He's not the boy, who plucked wings once afloat.
So, Lord, why does she always fly away?
Is this all just a dream?
Oh lord why she always flies away
Lord, can't you make her just stay with me
I'm missing, her melancholy departing blues

Even if she takes my soul what have I to lose.

So, Lord, why does she always fly away?

Is this all just a dream?

Oh lord why she always flies away

Lord, can't you make her just stay with me.

Mark Heathcote

Every Day Feels Scripted

Every day feels scripted.

'Choice' doesn't exist.

You feel like a piece of jerkin used meat, bubble-gum
spearmint flavor all chewed-up, a bit tasteless-
stuck between four, concrete-walls.

here's the ceiling the roof-

and here's your concrete floor carpet-less
sandwiched, always, partially non-existent.

Here you're told, you couldn't wish for anything more,
but sirs inside, you want only to be someone more.

Want only to have more,

want only to feel more,

be more than nothing.

But sirs that nothing they'll screw you-over-for
so you can't experience anything genuinely good.

Every day feels scripted.

'Choice' doesn't exist - you fool.

Or does it - if not then, why even has it.

Why have ballot boxes?

Honestly, I'd-rather-vote for none-of-the-above
than any of them toffee-nosed bastard snobs,
telling me; telling you, we're no good for nothing.

Except-for-watching Jeremy Kyle on the box
or working a zero-hour contract dead-end job.

Earnings so low, it'll exempt you from tax.

Is this to our American dream?

Soup-kitchens, food-banks, come-sirs listen, Fagin laughs
their tales are taller than long-necked giraffes,
look-there are better cared-for-animals in the zoo.

But honestly, you'll forgive them all
cause they and your country promise to care for you
no matter how big, no matter how small.

Mark Heathcote

Life's Like A Compote Of The Desserts

You have given fear power over life
Joy has watched out the window tearful
If not all erstwhile, during your short adult life.
Happiness has been swept aside —
Here deliberately brushed under a fraying carpet.
But your biography is still an unwritten document
Already I saw it has many dark inkblots,
Blank pages, they testify, I don't tell a lie.
There's no use in you crying, my child,
You must grasp join all these missing fibre optics
Loop them end to end.
Let love for yourself guide you
And be your very own best friend.
Life's like a compote of the desserts my child
Don't be afraid, taste each and every one!
Taste the sour with the bittersweet
Ah, this shall only make you strong,
Putting happiness back into your heart
Where it always belonged.

Mark Heathcote

The Forbidden Ritual

A widowed woman is committed to death.
Ritual says she must climb her husband's funeral pyre
find her beloved in the blue smoking, burning ghee
her husband's head rests on her lap, ah this is suttee;
this a ritual suicide by fire on a log & straw pyre
opium-induced, honouring flames lick beneath.

They're all-consuming to her life, her mixed grief.
Is this all meant to make her otherworldly,
in this undertowed vision of heaven, sparks fly,
cries howl, soon to drown, they'll crackle, die.
Ah, this is suttee; and is a ritual otherworldly,
she glows now a goddess, ah radiant in disbelief.

Her body is like clarified butter, burning ghee.
Ah, this is suttee; this is a ritual, otherworldly
her soul is like clarified butter, burning-ghee
now she too is otherworldly, ah, this is suttee;
ah, this is suttee; a forbidden ritual, otherworldly,
sorry, I-just-doesn't think so, at least not to me.

Mark Heathcote

My Life As A Small Boat

I saw my life as a small boat
pushed out of the reeds - carried
to who knows where it'd float
at first, in pure faith, it taxied

in slow currents of childhood
it, I drifted without questioning.
The landscape on either shore
running-fingers-along smooth plywood.

I was sure it would float forever.
But then, when, it ran aground.
Took in a few millimetres of water
I found myself anchored, fogbound.

Lost, I paddled oars frantically,
I moved into a faster stream.
I began sinking, calamitously,
believing faith, a useless, dream.

When the water grew metres high
spelt my life was now nearly over
all the shores converged to glorify,
death, not water is the real impostor.

That I like the water would mingle.
That I like matter, just-can't evaporate.
That I like water is-even-more nimble.
Beloved by Him even more venerate.

Mark Heathcote

Faced-With-Fears Of A Wide Blank-Canvass

My love for you is not in remission yet.
I have put myself on a suicide watch
but meantime, without heartfelt regret
I'll pour my debt of tears alone into scotch.

Neat, without ice or water till I forget
these wounds are like a flattened forest.
This wound where my heart's blood & love & sweat-
filled landscape aspects of a painter's orbit.

Now I'm faced with fears of a wide blank-canvass
I have to choose my pallet wisely. Paint my portrait-
a new - not knowing my subjects, abstractness,
I have to join and mend these dots of heartbreak.

Put down the scotch, and find my line of view,
each colour, medium, feels alien - eschew.
But it isn't long till I have a new smile on my face
and I put my old wares back in the marketplace.

Mark Heathcote

I Have Perceived You Enchanting

My own roe deer of the valley
I have spied you in the heather
I've tiptoed downwind, inaptly
Almost startling you altogether.

I've heard skylarks singing
In you, in your human-angel voice
I have perceived you, enchanting
Hawk-like climbing azure zephyrs.

I've watched you like all of nature
In the Shetland Mountains, raging
I've come away a dreamer dreaming
I've come away, a lonely purveyor.

My own roe deer of the valley
I have spied you in the heather
I've tiptoed downwind, inaptly
Almost startling you altogether.

I've picked woodland bluebells
To give to you in emerald, spring
I've watched the autumn, spectres
The leaves turned gold sheading.

I've dreamt about our wedding day
My old buddy Johnny was a best man
Love let us not wait another day
I need help, warming my divan.

And with a few jars of courage
I am who I am, I am who I am
And with a few jars of courage
I'm the man who wants to marry you!

Oh my roe deer of the valley
I have spied you in the heather
I've tiptoed downwind, inaptly
And I have taken you in my arms

And together we've rolled in the heather.

Mark Heathcote

Crown Of Roses

Love exudes a sticky pinesap; it extolls-
a resin that'll encapsulate your soul
love is a bee in a red hibiscus flower.
Drunkenly, sings maybe this is my final hour.

Love is a savant, all-knowing, unexplained
his amber unfastens songs still refrained
stops the sun and the moon spinning on their axis;
banishes all space and time, anything too factious

love is a mantra, nothing Faux pas
a mantra my child shall-I-promise-you alas.

It's neither a beginning nor an end as such.
So, rose gardener Lord, feed me, mulch me
until then, let me dance in the dew-soaked through,
then lock me away in a rosary of mysteries with you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Buzzards

A buzzard inside me is calling, circling,
has done since the day of my natal birth
I've laughed at his black wingspan spreading
blocking the heat the warmth of the sun
I laugh at his skinny wrinkled girth, and
their lack of any heavenly tabled, crumb.

Those buzzards might get their suppers, fill
might digest my carcasses empty shell
-gorge that hungers malevolent hooked bill.
Yet still, a Tibetan sky burial should suit well.
I'd hover; I'd fast, in bliss and ecstasy,
I'd gaze at them...in the bowels of hell.

Amidst all of this, I'd thank myself lucky,
I didn't fall under their un-brotherly knell.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hearts Thumping In Lament

We're all tied together you and I
Little black moths of the fraternal sky
Dancing together bound by these stars
Moonlight; drowning in her reservoirs.

We're brothers of the wing on the wind
Flapping ahead... held by strands of hemp
Woven threads of string, kept just aligned...
Holding us our; hearts thumping in lament.

We're all tied together you and I
Little black moths of the murky sky
Oh why did I ever doubt your song?
Soft & cruel, I like you...
I like you just wanted to belong.

Dancing together bound by these stars
Moonlight; drowning in her reservoirs.
I found a brother an ally in my own sway,
Let me fly; let me break those strings, today.
Let me be sealed in stars and flowers, today.

Little black moths of the fraternal sky
We're all tied together you and I.

Mark Heathcote

I'd Try My Best At Sleeping

Carsick, I use-to-squirm like a worm
in daddy's car, but I daren't be sick.

I daren't speak truth-be-told. So I'd squirm
squirm like a worm, mouthful of aspic.

I'd gaze out the window at stars —
try to forget I was the one moving.

Nausea returns a smell of cigars.
Petrol fumes, I'd try my best at sleeping.

But I'd end-up heaving and praying
journeys end, I wouldn't upset the boss.

Sure I got used to the buffeting
less I got a backhand of semi-gloss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Returning Home Safely Isn't Nontrivial

The wheels on the bus there
all flat bust
all flat bust
all flat bust
the wheels on the bus there
all flat bust
coz, some evil wacko' went nuts.

The people on the bus there
all dead or dying
all dead or dying
all dead or dying
the people on the bus there
all dead or dying
those who spoke to the media said it was horrifying.

The driver on the bus is crying
in Beersheba, Israel
in Beersheba, Israel
in Beersheba, Israel
the driver on the bus is crying
in London's Tavistock Square
he said a life without limbs isn't just anti-personnel.

Witnesses reported seeing 'half a bus flying through the air.'
In London's - Tavistock Square.
In London's - Tavistock Square.
In London's - Tavistock Square.
Witnesses reported seeing 'half a bus flying through the air.'
Where there were half as many killed as in Beersheba, Israel.
Where a memorial stands for a hundred dead isn't nontrivial.

Life freedom of speech isn't nontrivial
returning home safely
returning home safely
returning home safely
isn't nontrivial, neither is life, the right to live
the right to return home safely
freedom of speech isn't nontrivial these people wanted to live.

Mark Heathcote

Men Of Wheat Men Of Bread

Men of wheat men of bread
Kiss the earth, bury their heads
Blessed they chase the bees
Even before the flower buds.

They shoulder the sun and cry
Never thankful they swim in tears
With every breath swears inverse
Say, for them-living is a curse.

Men of wheat men of bread
They fallen on their knees
Only to preach war and greed
And chop down more forest trees.

They sow bitterness and jealousy,
They're never free to open their eyes
And see their lives a felony
Not to feed, sympathise and love one another.

Mark Heathcote

For The Moon Has Made You Her Sun

The moon has circled your sins
Made a white wedding band for you
You must to the sound of her violins
Be wed before the morning dew -

Joins the river on its way to the sea
Before the rooster crows thrice
You must take your vows in a tepee
Dance your wedding dance in paradise.

For the moon has made you her sun
The moon made you her husband
She did pan the stars for platinum
To make her promises unruffled.

That you could shine be her sun
That nothing else encompasses
And that she'd always be the one
Who'd bestow her poetries sultriness?

That at midnight a hoary flower
Would, forever sweetly enfold you.
And that two would be wed forever
Before the morning last trembles on the dew.

You promised to hide your sun in me
I promised vowed never to cool your heart
But to always light your path in the dark
You, you vowed never to break my heart.

Mark Heathcote

Deaths Figure Sentries A Look That Could Kill

A summer ghost; fragrant as an orchid
turned my head in wonder and surprise
as the summer effaced turned watches frigid
it's now that I tremble, my teeth, incise
they're engraved with a cold winter's chill
eyes adjusting they freeze their silent loch
deaths figure sentries a look that could kill
wraith is my heart, now, like a dead windsock
summer on my shoulders takes her absence
as this oddity penetrates my soul
I'm left beseeching myself in captions.
All I see, all that I feel isn't whole.
Suddenly as he appeared, he was gone-
in his black-cloaks-wake, a carrion crow flew on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Patina Of Her Heart Is Revealing

Her eyes look weathered by a storm
Her smile looks a little bit forlorn
The patina of her heart is revealing
Her soul is enduring and endearing

Whatever hurt, whatever her faults
Whatever has jaded her thoughts?
I want us to embrace each other tonight
Tonight, tonight like two, cosmonauts.

I want to realize the cosmos through her eyes
I want to be jettisoned into her mercury sun
To sleep in her thistledown mortally wounded
I want to drown in her eyes over succumb...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Want Your Love Nothing More...

I want your love nothing more...
I want your love nothing more...
I want to hold you as never before
And take that trembling fear away...
You can't doubt me, now, anymore.

I've done with hiding in these shadows
Empty as a corn husk doll looking for gold
Save me from anymore lonely fiascos
I'm waiting for you to play with me
Dress me in your love, your warmth.

I want you to love me, nothing more
I want you to love me, nothing more
I want you to hold me, as never before
And take this here sad longing away...
You can't doubt me, now, anymore.
I know what you've been searching for
I know what you've been looking for
And together we've been ready to score
And get high forever more.
Damn these fears away... we can't hide anymore.

I've done with denying I'm lost...
I've done with pretending there'll be no cost
If, we don't find each other - soon
I've done sleeping alone gazing at the moon.
I've done being sleepless thinking of nothing else but you.

I want your love nothing more...
I want your love nothing more...
I want you to love me, nothing more
I want you to love me, nothing more
I just want to hold you as never before.
Like the lake water licks and laps the shore
I just want to love you for evermore.

Mark Heathcote

Shining In Some Undisclosed Bermuda Triangle

The night is in traction
What else can my heart explore?
Stars are shining in some undisclosed Bermuda triangle
Perfumed oiled with a heady deep burning musk.

Oh my heavy eyes they're sunk
Swimming with this lonesome minion fry
That flit and fly in their diamond sky
Trying to shine, avoid disasters, like you and I.

So I look to these stars, night after night
Asking why even when dead they're shining on tonight
Why there shining for you and me
Why is everything still expanding and not recoiled colliding?

I guess there's no answer
Except to relinquish and follow their pull
Follow their lead and shine
Even when your lights have been relinquished too.

Mark Heathcote

White Heaven

Slowly I drift into sleep
Into a white heaven
Right beside you sinking
Are you sleeping?

Now I am a flower - closing
Now I am an anther - dreaming

Now I am a pistil
Now I am a stamen a part of your saffron soul
Am I a part of you?
Am I a part of you your white heart.

Slowly, I'm drifting don't wake me
Slowly, I'm drifting don't wake me
Slowly, I'm drifting don't wake me
All too slowly into eternal sleep don't wake me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Endurance

Where can I buy a costume, a ticket for pride?
Where can I purchase a mirror that's not cracked?
My heart is a losing scratch card
Where do I go to win a prize?

Loneliness doesn't open my eyes
Loneliness is a sharp steel treble hook
With dead dulled fish eyes for bait
Begging some siren to be his first, last shipmate.

Where can I buy a little peace of mind?
Why, do I feel all screwed-up inside?
I stand, overlooking my second-floor balcony
The world looks cold; I've decided I don't want anymore.

But jumping off the second-floor balcony
Well sure that wouldn't hurt me at all
So where can I acquire a path of meaning?
Where should I obtain a cloud with a silver lining?

Omitting, that for me this pain its intensity,
For the first time in my entire whole life
Now possesses a much more real meaning.
For me, it's the meaning of life.

Mark Heathcote

Don'T You Have Me Bound For Tír Na Nóg Niamh?

Do you have a cabin for one more dearly departed?

Do you have a holiday brochure?

“I toss and turn and I cry at night

Even when it's light here' there's no succour...

Not for my mind” Niamh

Do you have me scheduled for a one-way flight Niamh?

I'm so fed up feeling my life's been maligned

Do you have me booked in for a voyage?

I don't care if I have to swim that last nautical mile ashore

Coz I'm happy to leave all my baggage and more Niamh

Do, do you, do, do you, do, do you forgive

Will you forgive me my own self-destruction?

“You see I've been here for far, far, far

Far too long, financially and morally I'm bankrupt

What's the score lord haven't I earned any air miles.

Don't you have me bound for Tír Na Nóg Niamh, yeah?

On a magical horse that can travel us over water

Take me to a place of everlasting youth, beauty,

Health, abundance and joy,

Blue Mountains, green ferns, and ancient burial mounds.

But you see I'm so old I need help! Niamh...

Bring nÓg that magical horse closer

Help me into the stirrups I'm only getting colder

Do you have a cabin for one more dearly departed?

Do you have me scheduled for a one-way flight? Niamh

On a magical horse who can travel us over water, Niamh

Don't you have me bound for Tír Na Nóg Niamh, Yeah?

Don't you have me bound for Tír Na Nóg Niamh, yeah?

Niamh, I toss and turn and now I laugh at night□

Take my succour sweet Niamh... And damn the light.

Mark Heathcote

Just Another River

Every day we span a torrent a river
Another is placed in front of another
Soul, searchingly,
It's deeper & wider than any other —
So, you think it just isn't so
Alas, what do we all really, truly know?
Shake off your apprehensions and let them go
Trip looking backwards, stub your big-fat toe
See the culpability thing of a failed task
Lies in not knowing the right questions to ask
Being short on truth, we wear, put on a mask
We too are just another river twistingly vast.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Have To Kill Me

You have to kill me
Before I grow tiresome
Of living at home
Just empty crying.

You have to unload
And pack my belongings,
Honey, before I explode!
Unfulfilled just, longing.

You have to kill me
With your little lost mitten —
If, you want to keep me

'I won't leave any fingerprints
Any bruises, Honey
If I squeeze your neck, Honey
Just trust me'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Double Edge Sword

Naked how do you respond
love is a double edge sword
Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde is role reverser's allies
espouse in a war with Mrs Hyde & Mrs Jekyll
a lovely foursome couple, bonding with bondage
laughing loving slapping one another
like snakes eating whipping their own, rear ends
pretending to be lovers and the best of friends
pacifiers looking for fulfilment
naked how did you respond
love is a double edge sword
open your oesophagus's empty your anus
it's time to practise sword swallowing
with another's French kissing serrated tongue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Remember You Are A Vessel Of Light To Extinguish The Night

Today, I was at odds with everything
Tomorrow - I shall be equal with at least one
I'll draw light into my heart lovingly
Even when it's dark; even when its night.

Remember there are more-
Stars to be thankful for
When it's dark all around you
You are surrounded by light, both day and night.

Remember there are more reasons
To be happy cheerful with your life
Then there is to cry in despair about your plight
Remember you are a vessel of light to extinguish the night.

Today, I was at odds with everything
But tomorrow I shall love even the sinner in me
To be equal with at least one thing
Something; close to me, the true, the true me.

Remember to smile and shut that serpent out
Out of your life
That rock he wears as a crown can-be-broken
Thrown away, to let in the light even if, it's night.

Remember there are more reasons
To be happy cheerful with your life
Then there is to cry in despair about your plight
Remember you are a vessel of light to extinguish the night.

Mark Heathcote

Please Be Instinctual

Have you forgiven me?
How long will you treat me cruel?
I didn't mean to hurt you
I was just acting the fool.

Coz in the aura of you
I was just confused...
Regretfully, this was just arouse —
A school boy hiding bemused.

Bemused you could even love me
Have you forgiven me?
How long will you treat me cruel?
Please be instinctual.

And forgive me for my being cruel
I didn't mean to hurt you
I was just acting the fool
...Untruthful, I was pretending to be neutral.

Neglectfully, I was needlessly cruel
I was fearful of looking a fool
I didn't mean to hurt you
I was just acting, pretending to be cool.

How long will you treat me cruel?
I didn't mean to hurt you
I was just acting the fool
Please be instinctual. Coz, coz I love you.

Mark Heathcote

Faith Is A Blooded Shield Battered And Scared

Faith is a blooded shield battered and scared
Lacerated you shiver, breathe heavy
Eyes rolling under leaden lids red flared
Questioning how do I pay this levy.

How do I gather my thoughts fears misled
How do I ride that steed carry this lance
And not lay here fatally wound or dead
How do I steel myself an extra glance?

Faith is an executioner's basket
Waiting for seven loaves of white bread, not heads
Faith is a centurion a mascot
Who'll stand in the face of arrowheads?

Full of hope, set to fulfil his duty
With a bit of integrity still his
Happy to return home without money
Oh, Faith is like a boat a sinking skiff.

You paddle bailout to stay afloat
If you got hope as your only witness
You've to raise your shield aloft
And wave that sword with faith now ambitious.

Mark Heathcote

Not Being Worthy Of You

On an afternoon amorously, stolen
In a youthful moment, I watched you at play,
Swinging on a willow bough like a poem
I lassoed with a stolen rope, yesterday.

Oh how I watched like a stowaway - just you
In awe and wonder those white pleats of your dress
Strewn sideways made my heart race my blood imbue
With those heavens, sunlit beauties acquiesce.

As you danced a ballet, walked on air
Spun a spinning dervish in love with the world
I cherished them few stowaway, moments, there
But with that new insight into your; heart, world.

Miserly dark myself I turned that day dark...
When in mid-sentence you said you loved me too
Someone striking as you left me agog
Afraid was I of not being worthy of you.

Mark Heathcote

Indian Rug

We are ghosts in the cities of our own minds
trying hard to remember who we truly, are
look, there's that old fraying one-eyed bear
and here is a lock of my grandmother's hair
we are glimmers in the haunts of our minds
trying hard to remember who we truly, are
see, here's that Indian rug, I prayed would fly
would fly me away, to a place I'd never cry.
We are ghosts in the cities of our own minds
trying hard to remember who we truly, are
look, here is a faded Polaroid of my firstborn
oh, now I begin to remember, recall
but how much of my old self has been outworn?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Panting At The Gills

You took me to the port of your joy
I held your hands I anchored there
I bathed in oils, and I wasn't coy,
we made waves together, everywhere
I found you to be some tropical island
ferns, palms vales, and rolling hills...
breasts like the Scottish highlands
air thin, left-us panting at the gills.
You said, ssshhh... like the call of the sea
so, it was, I left my ship, swam ashore
I fired everything I had and still more
I fastened my life to your own bowsprit
I sank that ship for land legs
I drank everything I could procure
even till those last few final dregs
but even now, the sea still calls sssh
I guess it'll take a while to find my legs.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Wish We'd Brighter Days With Daffodils

With its tint of decay, the autumn blazed
dimmed like a sunset with a naysayers
worn-out phrase! Gold and red the landscape glazed
a cataract eye grey, the winds conveyors
made, my eyes cry to see the winter's hue
turn everything to blue, not magenta
petal flew left so that I could pick for you.
Not a thought in my heart could bloom, splinter
now darkness like a veil over my eyes
fell like a shadow over storm-swept hills
I pray you, forgive my melancholy lies
I wish we'd have brighter days with daffodils.
I wish in those times I could have you smile
with a joyous love more hotly, worthwhile.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Call Upon These Thirsty Demons

Now I know who they are
And they know who we are too
I call upon these thirsty demons
They don't live very far
They don't work for NASA
But neither does they live-very-far
Just a few light-years from where we are.

There's this drought — famine
Starvation in the hub of my heart
In the interior of their conscience
That mirrors a folding star.
Limitless deserts lick
At its crescent emptied space.

Don't ask me to dance with you
Don't ask me to swim with you.
You, acrid evil fools
Don't ask me to look into
Your two olive stone pitted eyes. "Reflect";

There's no water in either eye.
Neither pool bleeds nor fills —
There are no Elysian Fields in these cold-dry hills
In our hearts, in our minds, in our breast
Only, Martian salt-crusts sweep before us in easy rest:
... Is what's left of our long-departed souls?

Mark Heathcote

Freedom Of Expression

Get out your notebook
get out your black-biro pen
freedom of expression
don't have any recognisable-friend

There are snipers despots everywhere
ready to take their best pot-shots
at any given political carnival fair
everyone, whatever sect is-war-game fair.

Someone always has a better point of view.
Trying-damn-hard to make yours look invalid
most of the time, it's just their
egos, all too often blindsided.

But honestly, it doesn't matter or, does it
as long as the mighty devour the weak
gouge out their eyes cut out their tongues
rewrite history, never allowing them to speak.

But please - don't let this stop you
grab your notebooks
get out your black-biro pens
freedom calls - rages for expression
let's find him
or her, some new outward, looking, friends.

Freedom of expression of this the bitterest of ends
sadly, we'll discover has only one noteworthy friend.

Mark Heathcote

Meg Myers Lyrics They Just Haunt Me

I'm hungry I hope you'll feed me
Meg Myers lyrics haunt me haunt me
I'm hungry I hope you'll feed me
I'm a blowfish, how do you see me
Am I attractive am I ugly, honey?
Honey, I'm just hungry, I hope you'll feed me
Hurry up and just eat me!
Do you like sushi? Honey, I'm hungry,
Honey, I'm hungry, I hope you'll feed me
Meg Myers words lyrics they just haunt, haunt me
Honey, you don't need any seasoning take my word
I'm happy, eating succulent delicious sushi?
I'm a blowfish, how do you see me
Am I attractive am I fat am I ugly, honey?
Honey, I'm hungry, I hope I pray you'll feed me
Hurry up and just eat me!
Do you like sushi? Honey, I'm hungry,
Honey, I'm hungry, I hope you'll feed me
Ooh Meg Myers words lyrics
Don't they just haunt you—too?
I'm hungry hurry up and feed me
Hurry up and just eat me
Like I was the freshest sushi you've ever tasted.
I'm hungry I hope you'll feed me feed me
Meg Myers lyrics haunt me haunt me
I'm feeling hungry I hope you'll feed me
Feed me feed me feed me

Mark Heathcote

Vapours Twist And Vapours Turn

Vapours twist and vapours turn
That's how I yearn passing you
Watching you lean out the window
Watching you pace the high street
I'm my own apparition...
I leave my body every time we meet
I'm a bird a dove soaring with olive branch
Lordly, singing this this must be love.

Vapours twist and vapours turn
That's how I yearned passing you
You're the sun to my half crescent moon
Do you hear the call of the sea?
All eternity, do you see me?
I'm soaring like a dove with olive branch
I'm here trembling catching my breath
Lordly, singing this this must be love.
Vapours twist and vapours turn
That's how I yearn passing you
So can you now imagine how it felt?
When you stopped me and declared
You felt something equally there
Oh I'm soaring like a dove with olive branch
I've long since dropped it holding you
Lordly, singing I' I love you.

Mark Heathcote

Angels So Give Up Waving And Shouting

God, sent his messengers to a land beyond the smoke
His angel messengers returned. 'The smokes too thick —
Lord, what can we do? What can I say to reach them?
The seas are rising around us the ice is melting fast.
The angel gasped I couldn't hear one voice sing amen
Among them, Lord, not one declaration, spoken, meant.
Not one single affirmation; that wasn't already rock hard.
Their hearts are like deserts a trackless forbidding waste
There are no paths to reach them by Lord, what can we do?
God, spoke, it was I who sent the sea, who melted the ice
What barren lands can withhold me? Don't you see? □
I turn the mountains into sand their fiery breath is mine
But, now, return my messengers to the volcanoes mouth
And descend, leave your wings enflaming their gold
And lend a helping hand; it's not by words they learn,
But by actions, alone dear angels, give up waving and shouting.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Galvanizes Each Rainbow

My lord, sweet master of disguises
Your love galvanizes each rainbow,
We walk under, logic defies
What we can't conceptualize?

The lord is my shepherd I go
Follow to find him, who sunbathes,
Chameleon-like all too woeful
To show these foolish clowns his knaves.

The colours of his prismatic, love
That shines high above, excelled in you.
Radiant as some cooing white dove
Refracted are his loves crystal-hues.

His, clear waters a planishing hammer?
Smooth's-out the rough flatness in you
Turns you into an upturned dish a rainbow,
Radiantly, empty; towards, filling him.

So let's allow our inside innocence out
Coz, really that's what it's all about.
Finding that rainbow in you!
Losing all that pain that rain - let it out
And be a rainbow again...

Mark Heathcote

The Beachcomber

This sea waxes and wanes like a candle by moonlight
if only I could stay here a little bit longer
and remain to find work, become a playwright
who has beach combed the sandbars like a poet author?

Gems to scarify later polish into jasper
or amethyst or amber or just some petrified wood,
if only I could stay here a little-bit-longer
and watch a small pod of Killer whales free, not immured.

Locked in a glass tank with gleeful little sticky hands
with soda cans and banging for personal attention.
If only I could leave those cities taxing demands,
and bury my head in some white-hot exotic sands
I'd write poems about my life, 'incomprehension.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Apparitions'

If we are face to face with apparitions'
Is it real or am I, the one, who's false
Sees we are never truly who we are
If the apparition should be not really true
And we feel a loss to believe it's real
Aren't we then also its equal mirror?
Whose face reflects a convoluted light?
Truth be told ladies this, this nothing
What's all-light when seen in passing?
By our lowly shadows who're always
Crisscrossing one another: but who'
Asks the question what path they're on'
Here on' realities ladder looks the same
Standing together whose is whose
How odd an apparition is how strange'
Their shadows should not oil' with our own

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dual Seas

The fate of love of friendship
Resides in the push and shove
Of dual seas, calm then gruff

At times cruelly demented
Two shores weathered by love
Fall apart - drift apart unexpected

Ricocheted by oceanic waters
They batten down lose sails,
Go down below ship quarters

Charting for calmer bluer waves
They lock down all hatches
Dreaming, sunnier promenades

Not lashed by sand, high wind
Just interlocking fingers, balustrades
Twigs of Tamarisk intertwined.

Mark Heathcote

Yellow Bomb

Yellow bomb,
Time is fixed
You'll soon be a grenade again
Yellow bomb,
Being; handpicked in the field
Yellow bomb,
Dear sweet angels shall pick you.
Yellow bomb,
Who thinks you are just beautiful.
Yellow bomb,
You're the image of the sun
Mildly, dew wet ablaze
Yellow bomb,
Yellow bomb,
When's they blow your dandelion clock
Yellow bomb,
We all believe you are just unbelievable
Yellow bomb,
You're the ghost of all our dreams our ancestors.

Mark Heathcote

Men Do Battle Shed A Little Blood In Brotherhood

Onwards, onwards always looking forwards
From left of field, I saw you lose your crown
There momentarily get taken to the stockades
They beat you kicked you royally, like a clown.

Baying blood only momentarily you relapsed
But never could you fall lose your faith to wolves
And its then perhaps an angel's wing procures
To protect you us all and even-up the scores.

Onwards, onwards always looking forwards
Men do battle shed a little blood in brotherhood
Coz chivalry isn't dead they take a willing maiden
And all her dreams are for a short time procured.

But some baying tax man wants to see them hung
Hung, drawn and quartered to feed his own store
It wasn't long before they didn't even have straw,
And bedded down outside the Blackhorse, benumb.

Onwards, onwards always looking forwards
But never could they fall lose their faith to wolves
And its then perhaps an angel's wing procures
To protect them us all and even-up the scores.

Mark Heathcote

Old Hare

Eyes explore for wildflowers in tall weeds
it's where the unexpected shows its face
it's here March hare springs into life and speeds,
oh, those flowers were once you full of grace.

But even love, once it's-not-hypnotized.
It's like looking for rare blooms in the weeds.
Their faces curled in leaves frost-ionized.
Oh, those flowers can run like millipedes.

Turn to seed one with another with new roots.
While Old hares you live that lonely existence
running in circles, twisting like Rubik's cubes,
this way-that in flight just in coexistence.

If intemperance you pick a flower
in remembrance wild, and deflower her.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Did You Dig A Ship Canal With Frankenstein's Tools?

Did you bleed to earn your strawberry limes?
Your three halfpence dreams,
Did you dig a ship canal with Frankenstein's tools?
Did you claw; did you nearly die only to sing?
Burst like a flower that wouldn't hold shop-stored fruit;
To a bough that kissed your hard-pressed lips,
That has no earthly crown no larder hoard
To keep your kith and kin, from the workhouse, door.

Did you sleep six in a huddle of potatoes and dirt?
Dirt in framers outhouse, too small to swing a mouse
Did you too live like a woodlouse?
Bordered up in lodgings too humble to wash a frying pan
Far, far too important even pluck thorns from a dried-up rose.
Did you climb a chimney and then parting
Somehow pop up through the clouds and meet your lord
And that night take your fill of buttered golden corn.

Oh who these days hasn't suffered at the hands of others
Too, greedy to understand the sufferings of others,
Oh who these days, hasn't suffered the same as their fathers
Their mothers their great-grandfathers their grandmothers,
Oh who these days,
Hasn't suffered at the hands of these thieving buggers
Who are happiest when we are furrowed into dust?
Good foundations for them, if they can pay us in mistrust.

Mark Heathcote

Do You Remember All Your Histories?

Does the moonlight rob you of any sin
And I, its night my muse tucked you in
Did you sleep pretty again in the sand?
As I like the moonlight, took your hand.
Did you fossilise the meanings of the sea?
Every passage every wave I did see
Did you pull a curtain across the skies?
Ask, my litmus tears, if it's now time to dry.
When moonlight howled in a draining sleep
Did you dance, did you in orbit spin...
Or did you just oversleep
Forget the number you counted in sheep.
Do you remember all your histories?
How now they all ebb on into the mysteries
Did you with all your life's nightmares grin
Does the moonlight rob you of any sin.
When you danced on the shores of youth
Once again; in that shingle on the sand,
Did you look at that Big Bear after dark?
And catch your heart beating once again.

Mark Heathcote

Till The Hearts Powder Is Dry

Tears tender drop every day
Till the hearts powder is dry
Looking to forgive all the things we do
It's then we inflict our own bruises too.

Oh, some days
We're all counting down the days
With a bottle, I'm trying to forget you!
But oh holy Mary, what can I do.

If those arms of forgiveness
Passed on before I found my faith in your arms
It's all I can do not to slit my wrists,
When these memories are like wraiths.

Oh tears tender tears drop every day
Till the hearts powder is dry
Oh mother rock my cradle
Keep me from all those awful harms I do.

Oh, some days
When it's quiet and peaceful I pray
I'll find my way to forgiving and forgiveness
And I'll love you again just as injudiciously
As I did as I, as I, as I did, when I first met you.

Mark Heathcote

Walking Through A Cloud I'm Seven Miles High

Walking through a cloud I'm seven miles high
And the crowd on the street is nowhere in sight.
Walking on a cloud I've fallen in love
With my very own pearly white heavenly dove.

Walking through a cloud I've peaked on a mountaintop
And pillion rode on the stars, the wings of a dove.
Walking on a cloud doped to the gills with love,
I've swum out of a cloud and rose in fountain atop-

A cloud and fell in love with you.
And dreamt and slept tangled in unkempt flaxen hair.
Oh baby those were the days when summer flared
All winter long, hungry with honeysuckle bees.

And my knees shook like gold leaf
Kind of dreamy,
Kind of cloudless,
Kind of childlike,
Oh baby, in a kind of complete disbelief.

Walking on a cloud nine miles high I've fallen in love
With my very own pearly white heavenly dove.
Above a mountaintop,
Above; billowy white clouds, atop a fountain of love.
I've swum out of a cloud and rose in fountain atop-
A cloud and fell in love with you.

And the crowd on the street is nowhere in sight
Walking through a cloud I'm seven miles high.
Walking on a cloud nine miles high I've fallen in love with you.
And there's not an edge of a blade of a shadow
Riding the pillion wings of a dove, like an arrow.

Mark Heathcote

It's A Mirrored Walk Snow Blind

It's a mirrored walk snow blind with a smile
With a summer glow, walking with you
Darling, don't weep before you leap that stile-
Over the moon, trying to keep afloat;
Like a snowflake falling in Masonic regalia,
Don't you know?
I love you, whatever sash badge you wear.

Honey, I don't care
I'll forgive you only one tear
Even if you tear me to skinless pieces
Trembling without fear the day I take your hand.
I'll walk by you by your side over fields of confetti
To a violet-pink bridal cotton land with a ghostly touch.

Like two trembling hands, like two falling leaves,
I'll take your hand and smile
With a summer glow, walking with you
Darling, don't weep before you leap that stile-
Over the moon,
Trying to keep afloat; darling
Cos I'll jump, I'll jump that moon a long time before you.

Mark Heathcote

I'm A Freight Train Homeward Bound For A While With You

Senior ushers and the second time around brides
Turn into stationary, concrete breezeblocks
Whenever a priest a righteous man arrives —
To oversee the hem of their dirty white lily frocks.

It's then they, tread water sinking in heavy snow
Fearless their eyes darken as pack-ice as pitch.
Two glinting wrongs too right; like a flightless crow,
Their black hearts, bleeding exposed to overflow.

It's then they, and the groom, who...
Initially, didn't internally want to show.
But then did, showed-up anyhow, ☐
Frightened to be alone, shiver to his, marrow bone.

All because he felt somehow, duty bound.
He believed in his future wife and the good lord
And said I do... and now, I feel so filled with pride
I'm a freight train homeward bound for a while.

Whistling I'm on my way, evil luck —
Might just be a stone's throw away,
But now that doubt has flown, like hand of muck
I'll forget I once had plans for the priesthood - anyway...

So the devil couldn't break that evil love-struck spell.
Silence, silence wept like a quiet provocateur!
And in my misguided mind, I tried to kick him back to hell
All his promising lingering kisses now go unmeasured.

Abruptly, my faith stopped only for one good measure
Just as diamonds are cut to distinguish a floored carrot
His light is now spliced frozen cold and imprisoned.
His light is now spliced cold and imprisoned into just one soul.

Oh all the senior ushers and the second time around brides
Turned into concrete embezzled breezeblocks

Whenever a priest a righteous man arrives
To oversee the hem of their dirty white lily frocks

It's then I with my first time around bride kick blood-soaked snow
Fearless with eyes sparkling with king's ransom in gold-rich
Two glinting wrongs to right; like a flightless crow
We fix our wings and jettisoned every sin that the devil had in stow.

And said I do... too you and now, I feel so filled with pride
I'm a freight train homeward bound sinless for a while with you.

Mark Heathcote

Safe Journeys Home

Life's catacomb of desires is a road honeycombed
With golden street lanterns, each one holds some affection
A deft, turn of fate kismet but never quite fathomed.
Each life is a vehicle and interconnection.
Turn hard right or left; straight ahead, you are in control
Take care of those passengers, this vehicle you lease
Else lose sight of the road. Don't forget you have a soul
Heart with a Ferrari engine to keep synchronised.
Stir - both hands on the wheel. Indicate you are for real
Plan well ahead. Choose the right tyres, they're your friends.
A good set for the wet takes you, your automobile
Farer than you planned. This advice pays dividends.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Ships Built To Explore

Two sloops are we on a painted sea,
With one gun-deck only eighteen guns,
We weren't a sloop-of-war
More like two ships built to explore.

Words are economic:
Sails more expedient than any anatomic-
Riggings the bodies' vessels haven't anchored
We sailed around each other's maritime shore.

Put our hands to the oars, when winds failed
We came alongside each other.
Kisses by starlight prevailed
Without high casualties any cannon fodder.

Stern to starboard we sailed with the lord
High seas and low,
We chartered for the new world unexplored —
Leaving harbour, we chartered for archipelagos.

Mark Heathcote

And It All Makes Me Happy

I hear the silver moans of moths
In their flights, they too cannot fight
I hear the chirpings of a firefly,
Beholden even the flashlights in their bellies.

I see the humpback whale raise a tail
Make the seaquake in his wake
I see the cuckoo in her bumbling fail
Laugh, pushes out others for own sake.

And it all makes me happy
Ecstatic; making love to you
And it all makes me happy
Making midnights love to you.

I smell the jasmine the honeysuckle
Whilst I'm also entwined with you
And the languishing songs of the moon
Winking, go ahead play, loosen your muzzle
She's like the barn owl hooting barking she loves you.

And it all makes me happy
Ecstatic; making love to you
And it all makes me happy
Making midnights love to you.

It's like Harlem on the 4th of July
With fireworks in the cloudless, lashes of the skies.
It's like a white alumina halo melting kissing
Kissing you again and over again.

Mark Heathcote

God Kisses

God kisses the corner of your dark eyes
With tears, you alone would know he's observant
And like a goldfish in a bowl you forgot
The touch of his hand in the sand...
It's he who's watching, chopping those worldly onions.

It's he whom—tenderizes & seasons
It's he who's tenderizing & seasoning
You! The fish, his late-night suppers dish.
With sea-salt and peppery, grits...
He finds time for crying only when it's raining tears.

Oh God kisses the corner of your dark eyes
When you've lost all your sight keep forgetting
With his love, even you can touch the sky,
And make a rainbow everywhere you go.
Make even the angel's bow down meek and low.

It's he who calls you on the wind
Dresses you in white unspotted Miniver fur
Just to hear you purr like a kitten
It's he who calls you on to the stage all sins rescind
Just to see the fighting clashes of your light in the thunder

Just to hear the patters of your heart
Like a fishtail with wings find the light in the dark.
God kisses the corner of your wounded heart
Just to impart a little heavenly piece of his heart
With tears, you alone would know he's observant his servant.

Mark Heathcote

Darling All I Ask

I could break without a sound
Slip down within these two ice plates
You left splintered in my heart
And drown like we never drifted apart.

I could say, I slept on a part of the moon
Cold and bright; but in every star
I looked I couldn't find one better attune
As bright as astral, as you better, aligned.

Not one in that great ocean reservoir
Not one reflects-back my darling
As, emphatically as much, as always you do.
Either side of a half-dark elliptical moon.

I could live thrice times as many lives
Beckoning to all the stars in the skies,
I couldn't find one more right for me
Bar none to match, what I once had with you.

I could break without a sound
Slip down within these two ice plates
You left splintered in my heart
And drown like we never drifted apart.

Darling all I ask, is could you
As, emphatically as much as, I do you.
As, emphatically as much, as you use to do.
Darling all I ask you, is could you
Darling all I ask, is could you
Darling all I ask, is could you

Mark Heathcote

There's No—charm In Golden Buttercups

Having fended off the world and served her hidden charms
He felt like a lucky charm, on a broken bracelet!

Sliding redundantly through, wet milky aging palms.
The chain is broken; the charm is soiled with debasement.

It's a passage of time, which never mends or returns
To the wearer who gave it life, meaning, without love.

Now cut me some slack; there is no money-back transfers —
Once something's pawned, there's no—charm in golden buttercups.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Feel A Kiss That Waxes As It Sings Its Song

When a song calls
whispers and enthrals.
Ask who this alluring figure is,
who with forefinger on pursed lips?
Utter shhhh... her Holy Scriptures
oh, Angel of the apocalypse.
Should you lead me into silence?
Like a stream, without words.
Should I follow you like a diamond stylus?
What music would be revealed and heard?

When a song calls
whispers and enthrals, ooh...
when the air tingles radioactive
as you've just forgotten to breathe.
As you are touched by a kiss that waxes
will you, will you, will you hold me.
When I tiptoe, out on a frozen lake
dead of midnight will you hold me?
Will you cradle me afloat? In a song
that drifts sleepwalking, like snow opaque.

When that soft song calls
whispers and enthrals.
Oh, Angel of the apocalypse.
Who with forefinger on her blue pursed lips
utter shhhh... shhhh... her Holy Scriptures
will you please submerge me?
And here send me out with just-
one-more angelic good nights kiss?
Let me hear the music diamond in a stylus.
Before the ice—breaks on a bed of dreams.

Mark Heathcote

Be Careful Child Before You Fall

Be careful child before you fall
Those tree limbs that you're perched-on
Be not very strong, not very strong-at-all.
And if, if you fall, and if you fall
My love will hardly break that fall.

Entwine in several kinds of ivy
Death, he still might find you.

Be careful child before you play with swords,
With Bows - cause that lion is no cat, and
His paws are heavy, sharp with ripping claws
That cat can kill at will
If you don't now lie deathly, still.

Entwine in several kinds of ivy
Death, he still might find you.

Be careful child don't steal that fruit
Because a man here is about to shoot
His aim is sharp
And he loves to see roses bleeding on
There are thorns without their blossom crowns.

Entwine in several kinds of ivy
Death, he still might find you.

Be careful child there are dragons all around you
Their scaly skin is some mystic lore, and
They're slating every homestead and more
Their talons are or can be a painted whore
Oh, darling aren't you small?

Entwine in several kinds of ivy
Death, he still might find you.
But not if you love your dear mother at all
But not if you love your dear mother at all
But not if you love your dear mother at all
Oh, darling aren't you small?

Mark Heathcote

Don'T Leave Me Cozied-Up Homely

Don't leave me cozied-up homely
Feeling caged trivialized alienated
Don't leave me lost and lonely,
Don't leave me longing isolated.
For you!

Don't leave me for used-up alibis
Don't leave me haggling for a life
Don't leave me clinging onto lies
Not at my time of life—
For you! For you! For you!

My hearts too warm for your isobars
You can't pickle my heart in a jar
Keep it in a larder cool dry stored
My hearts not empty as a gourd.

So don't leave me cozied-up homely
Waiting for you! For you! For you!
Feeling caged trivialized alienated
Don't leave me here lost and lonely,
Don't leave me here longing isolated.
For you! For you! For you! For you!

Don't leave me, your esoteric circle
Darling it's me us our children
Who best understand you?
Don't leave me for those used-up alibis
Don't say you're just working
When it's me who's cooking
For you! For you! For you

Honey, don't leave me, just treat me right
I don't want to fight
I don't want to fight
For you! For you! For you!
Cos I might just leave myself
For a man who'll treat I right—tonight!
Without, without, any alibis...

Mark Heathcote

Struck Matches

Sitting Quayside, struck matches, burnt fingers,
Fingers numb, burning still... but numb as can be.
Staring, blankly at; the waters dark fissures
Each wave pool whispers, speaks, says come with me.
Eternal rest, you longs for to suffice—
Just follow, don't second guess, tomorrow,
Concentric ripples speak; without malice.
"Empty" as the gurgling's of a plughole-condo.
That drains all your expendable income
Assets, that you haven't got to lose - bodies
Drift by here always, whose lost dynamism,
Chills, jolts with every thought what tarries...
Onwards here forth, when love has died and drowned,
It's no good-use questioning if, suicides sound!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Miracle Jar

I shall put my small collection?
Of comets into a cookie jar
Pretend I have a connection
With the universe; near and far....

I shall whisper my problems,
Then ask that they'd all be fixed.
Before fastening starry almonds
With an airtight-lid affixed.

I shall imagine a universe
Is within my grasp granting wishes
I shall dial the stars - transverse
With dreams crosswise, inauspicious...

But when awoken! I shall know.
When all my hopes have eroded,
That something, even a small embryo
Of an idea has been embraced.

Mark Heathcote

It Isn't To Launder My Clothes

You're my liberator honey,
Your love is white-painted gold
I'm shallow, but you, you're already
Keeping me; from getting cold
Keeping me from drinking moonshine
Honey, the world's got me misdiagnosed.

If I invite an angel back home
It won't be to do my dirty dishes
Or launder my clothes because I can do my own
It won't be for just any coexistence
Honey, I'd rather live my life alone.

In disgrace; with a smile on my sinful, face.
Then share with you anything fictitious
You're my liberator honey,
With two hands to share and hold
I want to feel and uncover every fold.

I'm shallow, but you, you're already
Keeping me; from getting miserably cold
Oh, and your love is white-painted gold
Every night I invite my angel back home
It isn't to launder my clothes because I can do my own.

And it isn't to coexist
My liberating honey,
Because I'd rather, not live my life alone.
Drinking moonshine to keep out the cold
Then to forget your loves white painted gold.

Mark Heathcote

Half Ajar

Half ajar the window is open,
Wearing your heart on your sleeve and face
I look through and find the real you
Framed in gold leaf, full of grace

Here, here next to the lemon-lime trees
I lose my own, culprit bitter mind
Listening to the wind chimes
Searching your eyes for what else I can find.

Oh a clarion of morning bird song floods my mind
And then you smiled.
Like an elfish kings daughter sitting on his goldmine
And then princely I too smiled back at you.

Now my heart has been minted both sides
With loves fleeting hammered beat, it fills my soul
Half ajar the window opens both sides
Now, now, my soul has-half-climbed heavenwards inside

And like jasmine vines, we both entwined.
And I took what was kismet mine all the time.
Half ajar the window is open,
But know I'll take one more what's mine.

Fully-opened and wear my heart on my chest
By those lemon-limes
I'll be listening to the wind chimes
Like one lucky elfish prince who found his goldmine
And more I'll fall in love with you.

Mark Heathcote

Pretty Little Rain Cloud

Pretty little rain cloud
I'd like to hold your hand
And see those tears vanish
And smile like a rose bud.

Pretty little rain cloud
You can make it snow,
Tomorrow, tomorrow
Whilst I keep you; warm from the cold.

Pretty little rain cloud
There's no need for weeping alone
When you can weep with me
Like a flower from too much sun.

Pretty little rain cloud
I'll make you feel loved
And strong
And with me you'll find
You're pretty little love song.

Pretty little rain cloud
Let those pretty little rainbows
Take away those dark shadows
Pretty little rain cloud
You're my pretty little love song today.

Pretty little love song...
Pretty little love song...
Pretty little love song...

You knew there'd come a day
We both would cry
And that would be on our wedding day
My pretty little love song...

Mark Heathcote

Trapped In A Dewy Glistening Web

You keep me hanging on a thread
Trapped in a dewy glistening web,
I wish that you, my spider would cocoon me
Bind me up in your spell
Above that old red brick; wishing well.

But I've got to follow the wind and fly,
Uncoil this rigging, myself and set sail, say
It was good to know you
And like a ship's hull take in some salt water
Yeah, I'm on my meridian way.

It was good to know you
That's all I've got to say
Before I set to sail away...
But one day you'll be the star
To guide me safely back from afar
From afar off, distant sea...

Oh but for tonight will you keep me
Keep me hanging on a thread
Trapped in that dewy glistening web,
Anchored up in a port with you, my angel.

Ooh!
I wish that you, my spider would cocoon me!
Bind me up in your soft sorrel spell
Above that old red brick; wishing well.
Ooh!
And like a ship's hull
I'll take in some Caribbean daughter
Yeah, I'm on my meridian way.
Taking in the salt spray verges heavenly today.
But now I'm coming home to die.
Ooh!
You're cocooned with me
And I'm cocooned up with you.

Before I Go...

Before I go
My heartless senses let-me-grow
My invisible pains oh waves let me go
I have far to travel, don't you know.

Blushes bullish let me glow
Silver tears all briny wet let them flow
Let me paint my soul before you
Before I go

Some will say we they never parted company,
Did the sun ever truly leave the moon?
Did those dead stars ever leave their horizon?
Did their light ever give-up-shining in orbit?

Some will say they're still together
Some will say for-all-eternity their love shall shine
But in reality, I never cried
And truly they - they never died.

And shine forever, light our path.
My heartless senses let-me-grow
My invisible pains oh there waves let me go
I have far to travel don't you know

Blushes bullish let me radiate and glow
Silver tears all briny wet let them flow
Let me paint my soul before you
Before I go

Mark Heathcote

Charlie Chaplin

He became an icon a public figure
from a struggling actor, he rose to fame.
Silent comedy was his game
With a walking cane hitched to his frame;
he walked gangly, bow-legged
with a black bowler hat on his head.

He was a tragic lone fellow,
Who'd been sent to the workhouse?
Who'd seen at 14 his mother committed?
But he's loved the world over
for his buffoonery & silly mustache
he played a disheveled tramp.

Oh, the poor-fool, the butt of the joke
he made so many weak-kneed
with a rip-roaring belly laugh
a long time before he ever spoke
especially when he did his parody of Hitler
who himself cried with unremitting laughter.

Mark Heathcote

Boys Vs Girls

My lover and I play tiddlywinks
One pressed behind the other
This-is-happiness methinks
When, we're this close, together.

My heart, my chest it drums
Drums like a metal kettledrum
I guess I must be having fun.
Is there a harp; being strung

My lover and I play checkers
It's a game of black vs white
Boys vs girls, oh, who wins, I don't
Mind - losing to you.

My soul is about as close to you
As the snake on the board game
Of snakes and ladders
Heavenly I'm looking upwards at you.

My lover and I raise a glass
It is full; it is overflowing the brim
My lover shouts yeah, yeah, yeah
I guess she must have won. Boy vs girl

But I'm the winner
She's like nothing else in this world
It's a game of black vs white
Boys vs girls, oh, who wins, I don't
Mind - losing to you. Boy vs girl

Mark Heathcote

A Righteous Path Is A Bumpy Road...

With little head height & a heavy load
A righteous path is a bumpy road.

Starfish, how I envy you right now!
You'd hold my soul like a salt wave
Oh, how I'd like us to get entangled
Truly, I'd like to rub tentacles with you
Hold your hands and pretend a new
This world was made for just me & you.

With little head height & a heavy load
A righteous path is a bumpy road.

Oh, jellyfish, how I wish
I could just drift with you
Share these stings and start a new
Live my life transparent as are you
Oh, jellyfish, how I wish
We two together could just drift forever.

With little head height & a heavy load
A righteous path is a bumpy road,

Oh, eyeless worm sleepless in the loam
Interlocked, we'd make our happy home
Sealed together; heart to heart
What would we know of the dark?
In our worm casts enclave
Making love all day; in our shallow conclaves.

With little head height & a heavy load
A righteous path is a bumpy road.
But for all of these us, it would be alright.

Mark Heathcote

Green Cypress Hills...

To fan the dying flames of a smothered heaven
what bellows of indignation?

Would it take; not to rediscover one late pm
some evil angel's wing baring our master's gate
'maybe a kind of former self's agent of the night.

Definitely blocking any further investigations
yes, green cypress hills, this... will's me.

I would long, walk-in those green pastures of peace
angelic-as-a-child, beneath his first Christmas tree
wearing a lamb's wool-coat; kings Golden Fleece.

Headfirst, in a sibling, race likes a Gingerbread Man
on the Trial of the Big Bad Wolf,
in a race for gifts, ranging from...
silk-moth caterpillars to chrysalis—cocoon butterflies
with antennas turned about-face.
Face to face, in order we interface with all of Heaven.

I would long, walk-in those green pastures of peace
angelic-as-a-child, beneath his first Christmas tree
wearing a lamb's wool-coat; kings Golden Fleece.
To fan the dying flames of smothered heaven
there on-by, blow my own; bellows of indignation?
On some evil angel's baring, wing at our master's table.

Mark Heathcote

His & Her Roles Reverse

I need a man for a French maid
as I linger & watch him-slave
I'll light-up another cigarette & gloat,
he's my heart he's my, type of bloke.

The world has changed, roles-reversed
I don't require any more pocket money chunk change.
Nor a diamond or his tacky engagement ring
but with that-said-I do like a little bit of bling.

I need a man, who'll change the bedding,
who-has-the-smarts to plan his own funeral and wedding?
But with that said, I'll not be wed,
there's only so much time for shopping.

I need a man who'll bite his lip,
who knows exactly when he's licked-&-whipped.
I need an unquestionable trusting friend.
A man more women than a man, I guess in the end.

Mark Heathcote

Water

Water, water, water is it—god
Water, water, water or is it just "God" like
It seeds the universes—
It's got that angelic, memory.
That bridges across all forms of living life—

"Science is at a loss to understand it";.

So yes maybe those wishes
You made once upon a wishing well—
If, you truly do believe, really do come true!
For more than, just that lucky few.
For than, a fortunate one or two...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Compose Yourself My Sweet-Pea Flower

Compose yourself my sweet pea flower
And face this here inferno' of the sun,
Smile back; enjoy every day, every hour!
Embrace everybody as were your little son.

What's the point in hiding, weeping?
Hiding in a necklace of dark shadows
Rivers might sneak into the mangroves
But off ...off to open water, aren't we sinking?

Where oceans dance, shore to shore—
Little feet should be shingled, shiny, wet:
For sure little girl—you shouldn't find regret.
Live life like a mermaid, washed ashore—

Weep not lowly with a heavy-head or heart.
Like some pale pinkish, Christmas hellebore
It's your first mishap! It's nothing-to-deplore
Loves centre clockwise to everything counterpart
And a whole lot more.

Mark Heathcote

Two Crashed Bicycles?

I don't need my bicycle to miss you.
Love is a mustard seed
Colonise your dreams and I will find you.
Inhabit entwine you in my tendrils
If we journey the world on separate paths
Be faithful for one day our paths
Shall indeed, one day cross and coincide
Meet like two crashed bicycles? And-
There muddled-up in the middle we shall kiss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poetic Injustices

Poetic injustices now you're leaving
Autumn leaves are gathering
Now head heart and arms are heavy,
But honestly, there's no golden charm.

I slept I cried myself distantly away
I drank from the valley of sorrow
And despaired that tomorrow—
Sunshine might never-come-again my way.

I took whisky to mellow my gloom
Drank it like cold tea, every day,
And snored hollow like panpipes
I listened to old notes longing to stay.

Every flavour is bitter-frozen as winter
Oh, how now tears clench my insides
Dry like a desert with abandoned space
Where nothing-verdant living resides.

Mark Heathcote

Sleigh Bells And Flowery Beds

This feeling won't be, refined
It's like snow falling in blissfulness
With a Himalayan mountain sky,
Joyous is our eternal kiss.

I fly by like a kite beside you
From a cloudless sky, you tug my bowstring,
The night breathes ghostly, anew
Like a diamond eternity ring.

Eyes closed snowblind we fumble
Hearts frozen fast, gather hearthside
The moons lullaby, is Mr Pan - asleep?
There are no more distorting, melodies - lies.

Hearts like sleigh bells play,
All our collected days
This feeling-can't-be refined.
I'm skipping moonlight stiles, tonight-

Everything has the patter of cherry blossom
It's like falling snow in blissfulness
As all our hours pass embracing now
In a chilly hot kiss.

Mark Heathcote

All Heaven Is My Brood

A bird is orphaned once it sleeps on the salty breeze
it's always journeying over foreign territory seashores
even when it's brooding & breeding & mating,
its hunger needs must find round moth fat grubs,
Fallen from; the sandalwood, summer stokes smokes.

...All her flying is only for falling & plunging - you honour me
the wind I rest on the bough the briny wave of the sea,
all whispers love I am encamped I am a captive take me
I am your orphan your high, brooding one!
My nestlings, my heart has sung! All heaven is my brood.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Bleeding

I'm bleeding, I'm full of hurt
Feeling impish, kicking up the dirt
This side of disillusionment
My hipflask hearts run out of coffee dreams
Of all its jumping beans,
This side of disillusionment
I'm disillusioned with him & me
I'm disillusioned with my jealousy,
His fooling around every time I'm out of town
I'm disillusioned with this starlit galaxy.

Looking at him who played my man
Ooh, I'm bleeding, I'm full of hurt
Feeling impish, kicking up the dirt
Looking at him who played my man!
Ooh yeah, yeah
I'm disillusioned with feeling hurt
Looking into his hurting eyes hurting me
Running toe to toe,
Wherever he goes
In his footsteps looking for a long lost me
Looking, in his eyes for a long lost me.

This side of disillusionment
My hipflask hearts run out of coffee dreams
Of all its jumping beans,
This side of disillusionment
I'm disillusioned with him & me
I'm disillusioned with my jealousy,
His fooling around every time I'm out of town
I'm disillusioned with this starlit galaxy.

Looking at him who played my man!
Ooh, I'm bleeding, I'm full of hurt
Feeling impish, kicking up the dirt
Looking at him who played my man!
Taking, all he can
I said to his mother no thank you, ma'am.

Mark Heathcote

Waiting Ahead-Of-Death

Waiting ahead-of-death,
Ahead of the sun and moon,
The closed locked clam the oyster
The pearl in its prism walled gloom.
The oceans retreat,
Even those lovers longed to meet.
Waiting ahead-of-time,
Waiting ahead-of-time,
Waiting ahead-of-death,
...Of aspiration's footsteps,
Across the street,
"Every day, has new targets to beat.
Just like your morning eggs",
Sunnyside-up!
"You wish, you'd just scrambled,
Just; to get the hell-out".
"Your body feels like it's been rolled-up
In flypaper—hung-out"
Waiting to dry,
Waiting ahead-of-time,
Waiting ahead-of-death,
Waiting ahead-of-line,
Sunnyside-up!
But hell I'm not yet all beaten!
I'm not yet all beaten-up.
For my waiting, ahead-of-time,
For my waiting, ahead-of-death,
For my waiting, ahead-of-the-line
Heading forwards to my life
Ahead-of-time!
Ahead of the sun and moon,
The closed locked clam the oyster
The pearl in its prism walled gloom.
The oceans retreat,
Even those lovers longed to meet.
Waiting ahead-of-time,
Waiting ahead-of-time,
Waiting ahead-of-death,
...Of aspiration's footsteps,

Across the street,
"Every day, has new targets to beat.
Just like your morning eggs",
Sunnyside-up!

Mark Heathcote

Silent-Love

When, the world has faded fast into slumber.
'Then then when it's over - I'll start to wonder'
Was it all a dream a will-o'-the-wisp?
This earth this heaven dewy wet or crisp.

Silent love, I do not want. It should cry, cry
Each flower or fawn, with each new child born.
It'd be humdrum perfection; if we didn't vie-
Our milk & honey, love, love, love, 'lovelorn'...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Maybe Only The Most Debased Mammals

Maybe only the most debased mammals
Have to climb. To find their smiles,
Shinning-up from the basement: of disease
Maybe they're the most delicate flowers
Who have to be frozen-out...?
To find the answer to despair!
Is there any forgiveness there!
Just look at His desert His, cacti at her smiles.
Her sands of time running dry...
Showing you what's really real.
Maybe be it's just a flash-flood under a table
Your grandma who loves her little grandson,
To make you really feel better than just second best
Or even evil.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Just Confess...

Let me just Confess...
And give myself over to love
Every lamplight! Every star in my throat
That doesn't taste so cold
That leaves me wanting to dance in the rain
Ten zeros below.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Log-On Fb Every Morning

To search out beauty and, I'm never failed...
Amazed by the human race
Shining withal god's grace
It's like an electric shock in the arm
My pulse can't regret
In the heart Midwest south north
East for everyone I guess...
But only a few know they're blessed
With a load of golden, change...
Chase the rainbow it truly is
Your true friends dream!
God is only fooling you, you have to ask!
God is the hard drive flash that takes you all the way back.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

This Place Can Be Heaven Sometimes

All for fragility all for love
All for chained-chaste liberty all for love
In the white evanescent divisions of a dove
Each finger a feathered laced necklace
Each wing a hand of grace.

"Optimistically, is it all for reaching out?
A dislocated wing wedged maternally, efface.

You know this place; can be heaven sometimes".
So take a flight, sing your heart-rhymes.
Chirp like two lovebirds, together make a couplet
Knitted laced one end to the other, at bedtimes.

Because this place; can be heavenly sometimes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Being Short On Truth We Wear A Mask

Being short on the truth we wear a mask
For every day we swim across a river
Another is placed in front of another
Much - wider & deeper than the other
A trip is looking backwards stubs your toe.
Think isn't - so? Ask, what do 'I' know?
Shake apprehension away... let it go.
You, see the capability of a failed task
As part of your ego this you must let it go.
You see the capability of a fail task
Lies not knowing the right questions to ask
Being short on truth, we all wear a mask.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For Every Day We Swim Across A River

For every day we swim across a river
another is placed in front of another
much - wider & deeper than the other.

'Trip looking backward' stubs your toe.
Think - isn't so? Ask, what do 'I' know?
shake apprehension away... let it go.

You see the culpability of a failed task
as part of your ego, this to let it go.
You see the culpability of a failed task.
Lies not knowing the right questions to ask
being short on the truth, we all wear a mask.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Today A Rainbow Strung Its Self Above Two Pylons

Today a rainbow strung its self above two pylons
With such majesty, the pylons hung like earrings
Like two drops of dew, two tremulous... diamonds.
Then from behind me, peeped white dumpling-
Clouds like a brood of nestlings, sunlit chirping!
Then a clap of thunder - divided these two heavens.
There I stood like a thorny flown bird looking
At the petals of a rose at a one-footed heron
At the finery of his; at my feathered, clothes
Seeing, all wonder and beauty at dawn at its close.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pink

At night I think pink looks depressing...
Like a school girls lumpy blancmange
There is something churlish un-exotic
Unless it's of the most vibrant - colour.
Pink is a misrepresenting, camouflage—

Pink dressing worn is quite un-erotic
At night I think pink looks gruelling...
And on any given dull day, quite dour
Very much not representing,
Springs first cherry blossom flower.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Permafrost!

Happiness, contentment and fulfilment all have to be found
a home within us to calm the turbulence that tears us apart; every day.
Every virtuous movement causes a landslide-
if you can, reach that first tipping point.
Then you'll already have one foot in the door-of-heaven
and be trapped in the permafrost of eternity and love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

With Some Other Elvis Presley, Jnr

My muse has left the building...
She must be out singing, with Elvis
Shaking her little hula hoop pelvis
Doing the Rock-a-hula...
Rock-a-hula, Rock Rock-a-hula baby,
...With some other Elvis Presley, jnr.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'LI Find A Way...

Charred images, justify, I was someone
Stardust - in an, urn not only the bones powder you.
With no more; grey cells to spell-cast
A word oh let me sojourn,
I shall not be spent, if you leave me
I shall at once. Be again, upturned.
I'll find a form that holds a chorale chorus...
I'll find a way, some way, back...
As if, no time had ever elapsed.
To sing, you only...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Artist Speaking To His Muse

"When, I paint" do I "dither" to control myself?
So, I am, constrained, before I begin, our joint, fast.
...Consumed...

Holding back; from the tips of our tongues,,
The words we have longed: palpably to taste.
Are you; consumed by my whelping - desires?
When, I down palette-knife - engaged in oil-fires.

"Here on my canvas: are you not, a poet's muse";
Do you not, aren't we not, invertible aflame -
Within, these pages, as a smudged pastel nude?
Could it be then, you're my lifetime's stoic muse?
Are you soft, white-marble, like Venus de Milo?
Do you - pout; without - giving out?
I ask; who's been, overly, stretched...
It isn't me. I'm just longing to paint.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Being Short On Truth We All Wear A Mask

For every day we swim across a river
Another is placed in front of another
Much - wider & deeper than the other
A trip is looking backwards stubs your toe.
Think isn't - so? Ask, what do 'I' know?
Shake apprehension away... let it go.
You, see the capability of a failed task
As part of your ego, this you must - let it go.
You see the capability of a fail task
Lies not knowing the right questions to ask
Being short on truth - we all wear a mask.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Haven't Lost Your Touch!

You haven't lost, your touch
You haven't lost, your touch
No sense of confusion-
Could make you defensive
This side of comma sense
Couldn't make more sense
You haven't lost, your touch
You haven't lost, your touch
If, was done, in self-defence
Blow, blow, blow ...blow, that
Saxophone; his horn—
At the break of dawn
Am... sharp!
At dawn!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Sum Of His Parts...

Beautiful shared thoughts
With two doves on each shoulder
An author - come dove keeper
You are turning me into a cannibal, of poetry.
I think old age; will bring me my own maturity,
I've always been a kid at heart.

Vivid, colours I like them...
They, paralyze me
When. I look into your deep blue eyes
My body shakes with uncontrollable hives.
Touched by a painters brush stroke
I am like a Jackson Pollock on the floor—drying,
Ooh, mercy me.

Just as satin isn't silk
The canvas isn't flesh or blood
An artist of whatever ilk
Can't create pieces out of just mud
Recreate a heavenly experience
Without tasting some guilty fruits
Lord, he too has to be much more than,
The sum of his parts.

Mark Heathcote

Poems Proclaim

Does the sea revise every wave?
That's crashing violently out of sight.
Does it reevaluate every coastal concave?
From there on a stroke of midnight!

Does it returns to us... from whence it came
A god made stoke a word, once erased.
What's left is an island? "Poems proclaim";
These verse our calling maddening curse.

Where, knowingly a seahorse—nods
And a pen line stokes-on in its silence
Much like a funeral cortege it plods-
On in the dark looking for whence-
It came from in your soul in your heart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

He Says His Heart Is A Broken Wishbone

He says his heart is a broken wishbone
Hung, drawn and quartered
But do tell what treason, did he commit
That you! Should, send him to purgatory,
That you! Should, send him to hell.

Love is such a vanquished—thing!
When, all doesn't go smooth and well.
"Love, go ahead";. Carve your Sunday roast:
...Let the lawyers and the jackals—
Eat and tear-out my breast bones.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dressed In Russet Monochromes

My heart; love isn't it a water flower
Lo, maybe it's a Blue Moon rose.
I'd like to think it's a water lily flower-
where, bees gingerly, dance on their toes.

Purple does it have a gilded golden centre?
Before, it descends into its watery loams.
Truth is it's a thorn bleeding on a dewy arbour
drip drying dressed in russet monochromes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mountpleasant

Suspend your thoughts...?
Put them on a short leash.
Take them out for dog walks
Don't they also cock a leg?
And take a leak
Don't they, also—
Need a little airing or critique?
Take them to a farm I know;
Called 'Mountpleasant'
Where the crow lives
Happily alongside the pheasant:
Here—everything is pleasant.
If your mind stops haring about with adjectives
It'll settle on some honest perspectives
Don't give 'bark' to every thought
Else, it'll all just end up as nought.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Glow Worm...

Glowworm holds me in your fires blood
You're cloying light squelching in the mud
I hear your heart in the stillness of a beat
Because my love nearer fails to live or die
I feel it; within every footfall, I walk the street.
Glowworm crushed beneath my feet
I tell a lie, my hearts too dull, too weak.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spring Wood, Knutsford: My Place Of Play

Deaths, not a canyon you can walk tightrope? !
Travel around. Fly, above or pothole, under.
'Or look down the wrong end of a telescope'.
Death isn't a bed chamber of dreams, so err—

At times his stabbing voice gusts eerie chill screams
That howls and coils amidst arching emerald ferns.
About your two knees—be cautious my 'Daydreams'.
When, you walk in the woods, without concerns.

Remember those red spent copper-urn cartridges
You pocketed as this trespassing, wandering kid.
That gamekeeper warned you that dangers hid
Told us all to be gone! His,12 bore on haunches.

For me, it was just another woodland walk
Sure, what did I do? That was so, so wrong!
I guess I'll be much more vigilant. I'll stalk-
Him—stare death ere long, 'if it comes in the eye'.

Mark Heathcote

Everything Is An Illusion

Everything is an illusion
so what is it we can trust
the world is full of mirrors.
Opposites and nothing is concrete
everything's as-fluid-as-a-dream
and just as impossible to hold.

People are not individuals;
they change almost every day.
However, we feel today,
we'll forget tomorrow-
and move-on-like-sand dunes.
Desolate as blossoms without petals.

~

People are not individuals;
they change almost every day.
However, we feel today,
we'll forget tomorrow and move-
on-like-sand dunes; desolate blooms
without the remnants of petals.

Mark Heathcote

A Short Pause Before And After

Her cleavage a breathless, butterfly
drinks from the pool of lust and love
reckless, her weight a fallen dove
'shows no desire for fear or flight.'

Little yet or still none for these-
cessations to stop ghostly, white.
'She is my painted lady distressed
clinging and pulling at my vest'.

Windblown, feathers find little rest.
a short pause before-and-after
our jointly shared amber nectar
'passes for what was eternal happiness'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let's Suppose?

Let's suppose I am "200 billion pixels of a memory"
On a digital highway bound into a digital collage
Now let us suppose I am a "Kaleidoscope of atoms"
Going slightly somehow mysteriously at large.

Across umpteen gods know how many galaxies
Suppose I am on my own to destinations unknown
To a mother's womb an act of pure will. But, still?
Not made by any ill romantic acts of attraction alone.

Suppose I am an act of jealousy, desperation?
Where the sun has fallen there shall I, we - follow?
From, dusk until dawn
Sure I am just another flower in my lover's meadow.

Fully formed I too am a flash-in-the-pan firework!
An overexposure - maybe I am an ultrasound picture.
Theoretically all science fiction! becomes fact:
In times fading this old poem may be your only map.

Mark Heathcote

Time Is An Old Glossy Dust Jacket

That has vellum sheets all but come unglued
Carelessly, held in our hands
It's a book that feels, nearly pristine new.
Whose pages are like badly laundered-clothes?
With yellowing jaundice drizzly dampness —

And yet inky dry inky wet it touches me for one!
As though sweaty damp running amniotic fluids
Flowed within, those last few sweet vestiges —
'That smelt not of fresh milk. Maize or spring barley,
But the grave whiffs of winter knolled grasslands'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Shores Meeting...

The night brings miracles to you and me
Parched lips, like two shores, meeting
For a first and last time, beg for the sea.

Tectonic plates - our bodies collide
Everything around us, nature mirroring
Provides and revives
Remoulds recharged, turning to matricide.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lip Balm

We cannot be seen kissing anymore—
Tightly, time-has-folded numbly on our lips.
We have only affirmations, fragments of regret
To bite on from here on ...forget.

Parting - you stroke the air between
-Us, that now is only just invisible.

I almost felt its brush a slight turquoise tingle
A goodbye kiss that never was...
My lips feel chapped, I guess...
I needed some lip balm - Vaseline.

Parting - I saw your lips tremble blue
Turquoise tingle - it was then, I left you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Full Moon Madness

When a full moon rises
above the mountain top—
like a cherry atop a Bakewell tart;
folk are heard-singing wildly in the trees,
loons-wail-come down, come down!
The birds they'll all get muddied knees.

When the same folk-go
skinny-dipping without panties on,
loons have been heard-wailing, get out! Get out!
'The fish they're hiding, fearfully in the reeds.'
'My child, life's story is always like this?
A jigsaw with many a missing piece.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lady Poetry Is It A Young Man's Game?

Lady Poetry how can I focus on my dream?
When all my rational tell me to wake up
from, sleepwalking and scream!
Here's a young man on a bench
Whom, has a pile of books for a pillow,
With a hard nib pencil and a deft scribble
he writes, writes & rewrites.
Writes like a hairy tarantula on its back.
"Looking up... eyeing... all the angles of attack".

His size 9 feet well-arched fidget and fumble
as though they're turning on a golden bath tap.
A tap of never-ending drying ink wells
surely he's not yet in touch with the milky cosmos...
Drawing on a web one end to another!
But here he is gazing over his left shoulder; tell me.
Lady Poetry "Am I still dreaming star dazzled by starlight? "

Cause that glint of arrogance in his peacock eyes
that grey matter that polygon hive of bees.
So—busy sure keeps us all up guessing?
Mesmerized and hypnotize.
How can I focus... on a dream?
When my ageing matter my ardour -
its logical rationale is to wake up
From, sleepwalking dreams.
To the here and, now of writing, my own feeble reams.
To you: and you only, Lady Poetry.

Mark Heathcote

Love Must!

Love must find a coffee filter for sleepless nights, caffeine-free
to finally remove every gritty grain that no one else can see.

Love must find an answer to know what's good and sure, what is his bittersweet
amber nectar?

What is proper and mature?

Love must find a cure for deadpan weekends.

Her countless more tears in-store or else move further apart like bookends.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beyond The Point Of Insanity

No one loves me as much as you do.
Beyond the point of insanity,
It's odd, how love, becomes one snowshoe?
Quietly - padding in the lobby,

Whilst the others treading quicksand.
It's hard finding that perfect - balance
My dear but let us not over-expand
Each coin does two sides in abeyance.

It's, 'worth its value', they can't be split.
But it can be put into two accounts,
Find interest without, gaining credit.
So, dear let us explore and surmount.

Those summits our peak our small troughs
'But not always saddled together'.
For that would make much heavy weather!
Lead us both sinking shoeless in chilly standoffs.

Mark Heathcote

Much Like The Heart Is As Time Is

Who's been nipped by loves poison dagger
Those slicing eyes lightning from the skies
So, then you're still breathing, still bleeding
But for how long, and of cause, once bitten
Twice shy, you see life,
Life forfeits love.
As it does Christmas wrapping paper
The gift is as the air — in your lungs
You cannot contain love
But you can be a consumer of love
It is as nothing else is
It is as much like the heart is as time is.
Its beating patter cannot be stopped
And yet; it too is like a bottled genie freed
And all of us... behold its mystical-magic
Life birth and death
Death birth and life
And then even when you're quite dead
All you need do is just follow its exhaled thread...

Mark Heathcote

Faith Is A Garland Of Flowers

Faith is a flower, newly unlocked
strung they can also make a garland.
Whose fragrance travels the world?
Whose beauty coverts the globe on-going
iridescent as an opal - newly moulded.

It is as if a cherished rose must be
plucked wet, externally blooded:
and not so delicately hand-picked
so as this lovers vine can expand
love mustn't be guarded like a temple.

Else the fruit of love won't ripen
the seed won't pip or draw in water
pure at the core of its thirsting soul.
And roots will wither at their source
then on weeping stems, flowers shall fall.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Letter Of Content

Balance sheets are required —
For the good and the bad and forbad
On the acceptance of life's renewal
Applicants of outstanding conduct!
Herewith, shall only be considered.
For any further; introductory, training-
'Courses' Or otherwise—so, that said:
Sirs, therefore dry your red weasel eyes
Contain your lustful disappointments.
There waits for you a devils judgement.
Oh and ladies with too many shortcomings,
It's no use standing at the foot of Mount Sinai
I need neither a bride nor a bribe...
In these darkened times of broken prohibitions
'There is no you or I'.
There's only the pulling, underfoot, the rug of time.

II



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A letter of content

Balance sheets are required
For the good and the bad and forbad
On the acceptance of life's renewal
Applicants of outstanding conduct!
Herewith, shall only be considered.
For any further; introductory, training-
'Courses' Or otherwise—so, that said:
Sirs, therefore dry your red weasel eyes
Contain your lustful disappointments
There waits for you a devils judgement
There waits for you the devils accountant
He's cruel and callous for every infringement
Oh and ladies with too many shortcomings,
It's no use standing at the foot of Mount Sinai
He neither needs a bride nor a bribe...
In these darkened times of broken prohibitions
'There is no you or I'.

There's only the pulling, underfoot the rug of time
And the burning pits of hellfire the grave
There's only the devil's judgement.
And, for you the devil's own accountant
He doesn't want to contain your lusts and disappointments.
But he does hold your balance sheets
They're now buying for amendments and flames
Atop and below you're grave.
'There is no you or I'. He says you can't be saved.

Mark Heathcote

Life's A Kissing Flower

Life's a kissing flower. It's truly stout of heart
like a snowdrop, nodding whatever the hour.
It may be somewhat wavy, requiring a flowchart;
it may be undisciplined, egotistical in principle.
It may be has a black satin heart, wanton as a tulip.

But these bees have many choices many disciples.
Love's a kissing flower. Is, it not rude Narcissus?
Echo, was just one of many wandering stars —
that nestled just briefly, encapsulated —
Love endeared her before she, in turn, turned to stone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Call Me...?

Call me—crying
Call me—skipping
Call me—jumping
Call me—juggling
Call me—laughing
Call me—shouting

Call me—for cuts
Call me—for grazes
Call me—for bruises
Call me—for my hugs
Call me—for my kisses
Call me—for ironing
Call me—for school money

Call me—lying?
Call me—crazy?
Call me—for a sickly tummy
Call me—lazy?
Call me—stupid?
Call me—a dummy?
Call me—call me—call me...

"But don't call me—Mum! "...
...Go away from me—son!
Speak with your dad, and have some fun...?

Mark Heathcote

And Lord Oh, So Benevolent

Each-day whispers in its benevolence
Coughs in the daylight; spills out the night:
Much like a Morello, cherry stone - stoned.
'We hold it up by hook or by crook...

'Tallow and dripping; bleeding, unforgiving'.
'We're the benefactors' of hope and charity'
'Our generous palms' fumble-for-sucker —
With dirt ladled nails...

'We cherish childhood's best-lost endeavours —
Those days... Dusted off with broken' cotton pillows,
On our eiderdown of settling, white feathers.

...Closely followed I hear a clog, clog clogging.
And I see four Pallbearers in the foyer —
And lord oh, so benevolent now to my satisfaction.
Now, there is only one singed black feather.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jonah Wills Us To Swallow Own Calamities?

A fish has entered our minds
it mouths the words - you must swim
life is a great flood - you must swim
swim for your lives.

'A great flood is coming, be not like Jonah.'
But please also do not hide
swim, swim for your lives
swim out to meet this tsunami wash tide.

Every ebb and flow is a watermark
adding new scales of sacrifice - survived.
'Don't count your battle scars.
Keep the faith, keep swimming all-will-be revived.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Reward

Today, I collect my reward
And I spent a morning in heaven
Ok, true it was between—
A bingo number, number legs eleven.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Thy Self

What is fit that a heart might worship?
Did you ever ask an infidel?
If he/she
'Loved their mother and father just as well.'

'Just as well as say, self or Judas Iscariot' loved Jesus'

You see brotherhood, it-fades-out of most hearts.
Until likewise they or we all do battle-
Like Roman chariot-carts.

'Worship not then, living flesh nor idols'...
It's to your own soul you must bend and yield.
It's to your own vineyard you must press
Bow—down then, like wheat-upon the field.

For you are the grain and the granary,
In you, all worship, adoration shall be sealed.
Take your place or-not-at-all love thy self
Is loves first-true-decree?

Mark Heathcote

Contours You Can't Put A Finger On...

Every lover has a contour you just can't-touch
musical notes that echo, far away inasmuch-
it's like trying to contain a rain clouds image.
As it swings north then south across the coast.

All hold a little bit back; behind a drawbridge.
Each gal unheard has a damsels cry, riposte.
Enough, that'll make grown men weep, and cry,
so, he reserves making claps of thunder 'high.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Driving Lesson

Everything's a rehearsal.
Go on blow your own whistle
love now don't be bashful.
Grasp hold, it isn't a thistle.

Love, I swear I won't tease.
Take hold of the wheel-
the gears are right here.
Right here in the middle.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We'Re Not Abject Snails In The Slow Lane

Everything, that's done or not done—
Has a knock-on-effect...
It's like stepping-on snails, during the night.
'Oh, so I'm a little abject - melancholic.

People like me want to win the Euro Lottery,
For sure get pissed and frolic—
Be called an alcoholic'. There's no effort in it.
You've just got to be knee-deep-in-it.

So, we've got more of a right to be stepped—on!
Than say a snail making its lonesome trail...
Those in power might say. We deserve it.
But, God - willing I, we'll make

A farthing, a bob, a shilling or two!
Current to today's living - keep hold of those shells.
You know the ones above your mortgaged heads
Paid, kept in intact: Before they take their Vat.

Before, words of another melancholic soul
Bleeds dry your hearts sapped will... whole.
And even more besides, still...
Cause life and living isn't on trial-out for hell.

□

Mark Heathcote

Yin & Yang

Her—emergence a solar fire
Sprang out of the thin airs gyre
Sprang out of wild scented jasmine
A Moon goddess enthroned to a Sun.

Yin - walks both sides, opposite, winter.
Yang - blistering-hot summer
Their kissing courtship moistness was as spring.
Autumn's sap spent drying is not in their power.

Loves bitter rest is as an equinox
Two forces equally, repelled—
Winter's existence is often graven.
Not in Yin & Yang's case. Their love goes unparalleled.

II

Her emergence like a fire
Sprang out of wild jasmine
Out of the thin lifeless-air
On one side fiercest winter walked-
The other blistering hot-summer
Courtship courted as the spring.
Autumn both ours as spent, power
But not a second would I or she rescind.

Mark Heathcote

Moonlit Velveteen

Her body was like a coffee pot
tepid yet just enough caffeine
to keep me from sleeping,
or turning - irritably mean.
We'd-tussle over the cream
she was never one to pour
but all that changed and more.
Taking sips, moonlit velveteen.
'Do you know what I mean? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Copyrights

What if anyone—
If, I were to build a ship
Then who would I take?
We're all individuals
Noah built his ship for twos.

But let me give you
Some information, 'Old Nick'
'That devil sure knows—
The size of my brogue tan shoes'.
He owns, copyrights, bad news.

So, I'll build for one
One can't be separated.
Certainly as two
Doesn't mean I don't love you
Only-means he can't hurt us.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nourished By Melting Ice

Docking next to a melting iceberg,
...Colder ...still
The center cores of her Irish heart.

Her ghostly Celtic figure is out tonight
Stain glass teardrops light up the dark
I'm taxied in a flickering firelight...

I'm, waiting for frozen water to ignite!
Evaporate me with all my old life
Now her blackbird's wings beat in starlight

I'm longing for a second flight a moment to reunite
...Lose all my own frozen earthly weight.
Shine like the stars betwixt us two tonight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Decline To Play

Day and night the worlds at play,
Sometimes you have wonder. Will it—
"With you and I" survive another day,
Sods law it'll be even more counterfeit:
Perilous and deadly than ever it was before
Because there's just too many rotten, people
Wanting to even-up, their little power-trip score.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Down Pours From Our Static Green Acre

Rivers wash over me meditatively.
Thoughts feel amplified, purified.
It's like taking a cough medicine
For brain phlegm all dewy-eyed.

It's got its own brand of remedy
Soothes yet; doesn't lack panache
Stopping down the mountain tops
Alongside, Rowan trees, black Ash

Down snowy capped mountain tops
... Its treacly elixir a visual surrender
Somewhat, somehow, long-forgot—
Downpours from our static green acre

Like a wild herd of white stallions
Here my grey matter shorelines at
That blue pacific expanse and, dolphins
Exacting rejoices in pleasure do acrobat.

Even as we ourselves are evaporated
Into our innermost selves, there's a
Flowing riverbed grace divine so arid—
It befalls every region in us to melt away.

Uncharted, love is space
'Space' allows for exploration.
Until, we find a mountain's top, divine grace
A riverside to me is the next godliest place.

Until then I'll meditatively look down.
Like an empty ladled moon on a spoon
On what our own allotted—
Little time allowed us to store in bloom.

Mark Heathcote

Romeos Morning Serenade Climb

The Empire State Building holds our breath
Like a heroin needle pointed at a blue vein
It's a phallic symbol we all know its name.

Man's achievements go... far beyond death.
The crowning of Shakespeare's plays
Wasn't it Romeo and Juliet or Macbeth?

'Either way, the resulting plays end in death'.
King Lear's life ended in madness and grief.
Whoever you strive to love, love is brief.

But the Empire State Building holds our breath
So how many balconies must we climb?
That we might; sing our love in the meantime.

Must we hold our breath and climb?
An Empire States Building every time.
Must we imitate Romeo's unrepeatable high?

Every promise every kiss feels sublime.
Like a heroin needle pointed at a blue vein
Some lovers touch the sky in Juliet's name.

Mark Heathcote

Glow-Worm

Does a glow-worm wander the moon?
Circle it and spin its small cocoon,
yes, parts look almost moth-eaten,
like a broken heart, one-side dark.

And it's-sure-not a paradise of Eden
'but for a glow-worm, that little spark
walking the moon surely feels like freedom,
freedom still not delivered a moment too soon.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That Night Mother Had No Egg

I remember with a child's mind stealing
An egg, hoping through prayers I wouldn't be
Found out. When at teatime I felt deeply
Ashamed — didn't look at mother biting

Her bottom lip, pushing her plate around
And around 'keep shtum' Is all that I thought?
Then that night — I worried around the clock.
This egg would it hatch. Later ...afterthoughts-

I thought not. But daily ...I snuck into the boiler
Cupboard like an overdue expecting
Father, but a while — after I couldn't fritter
Away more time mentally brooding.

It isn't meant to be this egg and me.
'That butcher's egg is a Dodo my cares
For it is dead'. I pitied for it briefly,
'Felt guilty for my mother's meagre shares.'

Mark Heathcote

In The Midst Of Ruin There Is Reparation

In the midst of ruin, there is life.

God, he must work at the corner catalogue shop
The one before 'Afterlife' next to 'Hope & despair'
With 'Liberty Bell' ringing, counter ringing in both ears
God, he must be hoping our overdrafts clear.

In the midst of ruin, there is salvation.

God, he must work at a downtown liqueur store
-One where we can't purchase anymore insolvency
Before closing times guilty serrated edges
Passes us by like a 70% off a pair of sunglasses.

In the midst of ruin, there is forgiveness.

God, he must work in the local fashion warehouse
Or even a quiet Nero's café, where street urchins,
With ruddy blue eyes, cries, blow their noses
On their second hand, hand me-down-clothes.

In the midst of ruin, there is reparation

God, he must work as a bookie on lost causes.
Maybe he's working for free at the local charity
Because I know I can see he's been working on me
For what has felt to me like an eternity.

Mark Heathcote

Casualties That Count The Hidden Cost

Every day there are battles
to be won and lost.

"There are heroes and villains,
and casualties that count the hidden cost."

Every day there's an obstacle
to override and overcome.

"Today, there was a stone in my shoe,
looking-back my guess - it was only you."

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Counts The Hours

Love counts the hours before it's gone.

O he loves me, he loves me not...

"What has he forgot, & have I lost the plot".

Love counts the hours before it's gone.

Every minute is another anniversary

"Love sings songs from my nursery days".

"Here's the church, and here's the steeple"

Today, I kissed the sunset of her rosy blush.

For no other reason than I felt I must.

"Open the door and see all the people".

Secretly - I wiggled my toes, kissed her nose

It's, then she slipped out of her bridal clothes.

"Here's the parson going upstairs,

The devil makes a play for all our woes.

So, we two climbed our very own stairs.

Here am I now, thanking all my prayers.

Love counts the hours before it's all gone.

All those anniversaries packed into fraying nylon.

Mark Heathcote

Not A Minute Or A Day Too Late Or Soon

Love is obedient

Love is subservient

think, do! How our white water lily
hitherto looks, days have gone by when;
floating on, its, emerald lily pads
she arrives like a cup and saucer.

'O why then does she shies and sink?
Equally back into that watery darkness,
anyone might think this is her oblivion.'
So why is it she slinks from her silvery dais?
Slips back from the watery foreground
like moonlit lilacs with a hemlock's fragrance.

Apollo himself must stoutly believe-
that she is his fairest daughter in the entire world-
shall never be returned or even bereaved.
But yet look resurfaced.
Not a minute or a day too late or soon-
she's back to her obedient selfless bloom.
Subservient happiness, mixed with partial gloom.

Mark Heathcote

Your Kisses Inflamm My Thoughts

You'd like us to talk, well it's banal.
Your kisses inflame my thoughts,
like a war correspondent's journal
all they do is lead to more pot-shots
is this how spies defect and embrace?
Crossing borders; without losing face.

You think I haven't lost my home,
my country. When I search your eyes
I find only a marksman's catacomb.
Double-barrelled pointed replies
aimed at my heart; readied to open fire!
"Haven't I already given my life, entire? "

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sent To The Edge Of The World

Humbly weren't they chose as ordinary men?
Like gannet birds, sent to the edge of the world:
Fishermen not to catch eat but to carry — Word.
So, who were they then, these twelve apostles?
These regular guys who didn't possess bibles.

Who's perception-of-right and wrong, amen!
Became the cornerstone, for all we could, wish.
Didn't they hold the solution to all our prayers?
Mostly fishermen, a tax collector, and a roguish,
Revolutionary, all were more than soothsayers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Harriet Tubman

She carried those scars in her fractured skull
praying to God makes him change his ways,
she'd pray simultaneously for the improbable,
pray for freedom that of her family's always.

Her hair which had never been-combed
stood out like a bushel basket, and it had saved her
when she was hired out: hit by a metal weight
she thanked the Lord and blessed her faith.

Her unrelenting master wanted her quick sale
'people came to look at me; he was trying to sell me.'
But, as such and such, no sale did prevail;
'injury had caused her a temporal-lobe-epilepsy.'

'She changed her prayer, 'she said. 'First of March
I began to pray, 'Oh Lord,
if you aren't ever going to change that man's heart,
kill him, Lord, and take him out of the way.'

She even prayed all night for her master's death
for her own 'Liberty or death,
'if I could not have one, I would have the other.'
'Harriet Tubman confessed to a negro brother.'

The Lord answered Brodess died a week later.
She ascribed to visions revelations from God.
'I was a stranger in a strange land, 'she said later.
When she escaped into her freedoms esplanade;

Tubman travelled by night, guided by the North Star,
when winter, the nights are long and dark.
Avoiding slave catchers, she said, in coded song.
Farewell. 'I'll meet you in the morning, 'Mary

fellow slaves 'I'm bound for the promised land.'

She carried a revolver and was not afraid to use it.
she made many journeys forth and back

to free other, folk she always came in the winter
when nights were long and impenetrably dark.

When morale-sank guided by the North Star,
and when one man insisted on going back to the plantation,
she pointed a gun at his head then said.

'You go on or die. I never ran my train off-
the track and, I never lost a passenger.

'I'm bound only for the promised land.'

Mark Heathcote

Sea Gusted Tamarisk

As if their dignity was, bruised
observe these people in cities shuffling;
indignant looks, eyelids flashing, batting
gait like ducklings, waddling, much confused.

Why do they curtsy so in high wind?
Squint, scrunch their faces, why frown so in the rain
arms, legs together bedraggled over a flood plain.
Stand straight. Don't bend like sea-gusted Tamarisk.

Raindrops-aren't-grenades don't lose your heads-
while country folk doesn't bother to bend their neck
city types look like they're on a ship's quarterdeck
it's only rain; people-it's-not-raining arrowheads.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If You Want Me To

If you want me to
I will picket fence the sun
The light around you
Cherish each night the moon
shines melancholic over you
wanting you, wanting you
a haunting

I want to fill your cup of life
Sip every second beside you
I want you, to be my wife.
I want simply to love you.

It's not so hard to leave one-
Track of footprints with you.
To live ones life with you.
If you just want me to.



PoemHunter.com

~or~

If you want me to
I will picket fence the sun
that effervescent starlight around you.
I'll cherish each night the moon
shines melancholic over you

wanting you, wanting you
wanting you hauntingly to glide
erase that emptiness I felt alone inside
aching like a thunder cloud.
Hollow and empty is how I feel without you.

If you want me to
I will love only you
I want to fill your cup of life
Sip every second beside you from the brim

I want you, to be my wife, my best friend.
I want simply to love you.
If you want me to till the end.

If you want me to
I will love only you.
It's not so hard leaving one-
Set of prints in the snow with you
To live one's life with you
It's to float without any weight.
To be weightless I guess.

If you just want me to.
I'll be a kite tied to you.
If you want me to
I will love only you.
I will picket fence the sun
that effervescent starlight around you.
And cherish being grounded, lost for words with you.

Mark Heathcote

Stonewalls

(Stonewalls...) are some hearts
— Leaving you spitting feathers
In a road, death crash of apathy
Sadly, it's often your own family.

But who's responsible might you ask!
Just, look at your own reflection.
Your smiles aren't exactly golden daisies
You hold your own love by tweezers.

Who's to blame, the entomologist?
Keeping their own love in glass-cages
— Look no further than the truth!
Every heart hasn't a starlit ceiling, roof.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fully-Fledged A Woman

I like the new outdoor look - it suits you,
you look confident; really, chilled-out
your old weaker childish-self has fled;
and now you look fully-fledged.

A woman, who has suffered, emerges
after breaking out of her cage bars-
cocooning: you were then in, has grown.
—Inspid fear is now a bucket with a hole.

Where lovers potential hang, around
with a ladle of smiles hoping to soak
-up their souls in this new-look-you.
I too like the new look you, it suits you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Chariots Cloth We Too Would Drown In

Tears will voice there evaporation
Their tales of love chilling desolation.

Each residue is part of an ocean,
Souls tauten-hemp, attached to necks capstan.

That is ready to snap, from its winches
Dance; free on its, anchored chained-haunches.

Make wave like leaps, bewitched by a siren
Come drown take thee to a waterside coffin.

Tears choking, chortling, now like a seahorse
Let us fray on the ocean floor, speak Norse...?

Touch the hem cloth of Nerthus once more
Be drowned slaves in secret lakes onshore.

If, all discover their own goddess of peace
Who'll be left with their personal caprice?

Bind hands and legs, you unholy devils
If, wars waged on love meltdown sword metals.

Lavish her still with tears to drown her stay
Else keep her happy, bedded in horseplay.

Mark Heathcote

Down To The Very Basics Of Personal Taste

Egyptian hands elongated with a gypsy's soul.
A Pharaoh who's ivory nape is pale slender
On it's shouldered, Nefertiti's thrown.

That's the kind of girl; I want to take home!
Pay-homage excavates!
Love, encrypt with my marrow bone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Albatross...

I believe fate dealt me an albatross
A cloud for whatever road I-choose-cross
I know its self-fulfilling prophecy:
I'm a land creature quite obviously,
But a cursed-life is a cursed life,
Maybe why; I've never taken a wife.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Bridges Would Make If...

What bridges would build if you could cable light
What ravines, rivers, and valleys would you cross?
If you could cable a little wholesome holy-light
Build a bridge across ghostly chasms of the night.
Would you change your path your life's direction?
See every footstep as a straightening expectation.
Would you steer away from poor folks in the road?
People like your old self, are they all embargoed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Each Sash Cord Cut

Love cries out through the windows of her heart
where each pane of glass has now been broken
in a soul that would cherish this, upstart:
Her heart wilts, frozen bleeds red like Canaan.
Each sash cord cut adds a jail bar - more.
In deserts thrown near suns of ash and dust
she wails, tears as if a musical score.
Instruments symphonic; symbols of lust
crash tuneless, like wing's of a flightless bird
a fallen angel to a godless world
love bloated once a carrion corpse curd
now walks among the living dead heart knurled
a thimble no needle thread can repair-
such the wounds we desperate lovers wear.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ask The Waterfall To Stop Singing

It takes artists to recognise art and the greatest artists
To recognise art performs as if it were the artist's breathe.
Isn't creation the poet; ask the waterfall to stop singing
Or the moon and the stars of the world to stop spinning,
Ask if time is cyclical or linear from egg to bird and back
With the same song! Who, what really is singing in your Zodiac?
Poet or artists or like the waterfall the creator of creation.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Till All Hope Is Gone

Day, I leave this world to dust.
Another shall return as promised:
if you don't believe a bird can fly,
then why hold it caged till it dies.

Day, I leave this world to its dust.
A sandstorm will erase all ablest-
for all those flowers that testified-
love can never go unless it's sacrificed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Marrow Fat Poet

It's good to be well educated:
A dog wouldn't make a good joiner
Just with rabid claws and teeth.

Nor a Poet accomplished rhymers
If he hadn't mauled a prime cut
With incisors, others marrows fat beneath.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When There's Far Too Much Drink

A dog could rip my bones to jagged teeth
But then - my bones
Would cut his bones; into ribbons
Like kelp flung off a reef.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Isn't This Who-We-Are

The biggest monument to peace
Ever built was the Great Wall of China.
Troubled times, constitute bigger walls
Fear is the fabric of life.
What we don't fear we embrace
Like a woman-dressed in invisible silks
A feminist but with supple gentle wrists
Isn't this who-we-are—isn't this the human race?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Two-Way-Thing

Love is a two-way-thing is it not.
After-all what's a bell without its ding?
Eh ring-eh me-thing.

Love is a two-way-thing is it not.
Lovebirds are plural.
But, Love isn't that; much more floral.

Love is a two-way-thing is it not
It's kind of like, Murphy's Law
Falling in love and hating the Mother-In-Law.

Mark Heathcote



Snow

There it is. Kids, blanket white
crisp as salt; on the blade of a stainless-steel knife.
Fresh-as-a-daisy lit, by the morning sun-

Melting like a honeycomb,
over a world that's just newly begun.
(In-the-kneading-of a steady grip, just-throw-it.)

Knead it, kids, till the evening's dark; throw it
...throw it at the passing cars, the stars
and see if it won't stick.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For Siring Not Castrating

He ran a sword
Through her hair
To have his
Scalps reward.

"A pretty, girl, then said".
It needed (a better scabbard.)

"One more deserving
Of a country bunking,
Whose threesomes were now folklore"?

But what he wanted—
Were new ways to scythe?
Bale his hay fork into fresh-wet straw.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Love You To Death

Case facts are.

I love you to death
that's why I hurt you
that's also why I yell at you
that's why I planned to leave you
that's why I'm acting this odd
that's why I never believe you
that's why I don't trust you
that's why I hate you
but honey, you're my rock.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Panpipes Are Playing

Panpipes are playing in my chest
but I don't hear their tune, I guess
only a little of that music; I attest
to know, so mutely, I must digress.
It takes a finer ear than mine
not to mime and unravel its music.

Maybe, it'll take an angel,
on her harp to pluck those strings.
That'll impart...
the sound of an ocean, drowning
in that ferrous; gale of turbulent love
before I hear the music of love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Spawning Salmon

The sun of love
...In the life of a star
I have kissed.

With two burnished tulip lips,
Like two brass plates,
With names and faces rubbed off...
I have pressed forwards

With a fishtail tongue rooted up-river
Like a spawning rainbow salmon,
Whose life shall be retracted?
As soon as it falls, back...

(From whence it first, salivated, its dream.)

The sun of love
...In the life of a star
From; egg sack too,
I've been kissed.

PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

Walk On The Ashes

God, during our life's rites rite of passage
Will we have us walk on the ashes
Surmount the insurmountable-
Summit, unflinching, and gather courage.
With tempered victory and faith, above brutality.

We'll all bear witness to sores healed and soothed.
By his holy divinity, without discomfort
Or disadvantage we'll forego, subsistence
Dumb, adolescence even our somnolence!
—And awaken a new, newly fortified.

God has taken upon himself,
To rake those fiery coals those ashes
To cut two vines for His Vanuatu, inhabitants.
All he asks you do is, fall like an arrow,
Avoiding his adversary's cinder-foot-tripping rival.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hereafter...

Life should close like a book of poems
with no real end in sight!
Just a half-remembered mystery,
that once was a friend when life did smite.

Life should close like a book of poems
owing, nothing to it, chum!
Other than a modicum of laughter...
or even a word to the wise in the hereafter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mr Calm Laughs At Hurricanes

He loves white-water kayaking,
spends his holidays base-jumping,
and often goes snowboarding,
shortly after mountaineering.

Without tears, anguish or sneers
he's the kind that faces his fears
Mr Calm laughs at hurricanes
and walks on the wings of biplanes.

He takes everything as the norm.
Does Mr Calm, before a rainstorm
and he never does disparage,
indeed his life's a-true-test-of courage.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You'd Taken Control

When I relinquished myself,
I gave up, all my own, soul.
I sank deeply, into yourself,
Ice-frozen, I couldn't escape.
How could I move on or cajole
Every part, you'd taken control.

When I relinquished myself,
There was a drum-beat loud,
It was my heart, losing itself.
Self-control, a bird, disavowed.
A wrecking-ball, fallen from a cloud
With all happiness disallowed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Poets And Kings Of Yore!

A poet for me is like a ripe fruit
Pungent and at times rancid
His core, a sweet breadfruit
You want to break open avid.

Taste the world he has in store
He is the queen in a chess game
Protecting a king of yore!
His moves are swift, self-same.

He too would relinquish all honour
Fame if, it served a better purpose
He doesn't care about his demeanour.
About pawns, all that matters,
Is the real meaning, behind the prose?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Three-Eyed Goddess

Divine Mother, on your tiger, fortifies my heart.
Slay demons of ego with your ten arms thwart.
Let your left eye control my greatest weakness-
Desire the right spur me on to righteousness.

Goddess Durga, whose middle eye of knowledge-
central align, alight my path on the road to virtue.
With all the people of the world, I meet in tutelage
I am in your bosom drowning, for breath anew.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Castaways...

His island is a heart shaped rock
Waves pound upon it and beat.
"Here again", "you and I gawk".
Barefooted, paddling, our feet.

We walk out to meet His heart
Our gowns foaming white fan-out
We aren't the first flowers to impart:
Some-loves-firmament, forced-out.

From nothing, our waves return.
In one circling, other, dimension
Far beyond, any island tavern,
We're castaway's reef, plankton-

That cannot swim against a current.
Star Wanderers are we His blood
The body of rock that is cognizant
Bubbling life; out of unthinking mud.

Mark Heathcote

Bat An Eyelid And All Else Is A Forgotten Anguish

Some joys are ready sent to be relinquished
Before our mind's eye is set on deceiving us
Here mysterious passages are walked daily,
Bat an eyelid and all else a forgotten anguish.
The fruit is eaten ripe but the cores left rotting
So you hang from a ceiling of a cave listening,
To your own hearts distant dissenting echo.
Dissident beatings; in its own lonesome, dwelling.
Some points of understanding aren't negated
As we search out alibis in each other's eyes
There's no concord between you and the floor
The ceiling is a conquest tightrope, not a nest.
Faith doesn't love any more than love is faith
Something is lost but ultimately, unexplained.
The invisible is as real as something audible
Intangible as an electric eel is to hold or ignore.
Distant memories want to claw hammer a door
But you the occupant isn't home anymore.
So without a tenant is love without a master
Like a cat without a saucer of milk or cream.

Mark Heathcote

He Went The Way He Lived His Life

His last hour came quickly and ever so fast
One minute it took; till, his seconds last.
He paused and let out; an almighty roar!
Scythed down was he like an old sycamore.
His breath exhaled, once life had failed
To keep faith in all that fight he regaled.
He pushed aside his sons own fearful sobs,
Who'd hoped to see unburden his heartthrobs?
To be reaffirming something of their bond
Instead, he roared and let his rage ... abscond.
'I told his son' 'there's nothing wrong' 'He went
Happy the way he lived life, discontent'.
Fighting; for each solitary breath more.
So, wasn't about to die a mooing, herbivore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Prodigal Brother

I felt him stood on my doorstep, back at home
On that doorstep towered, as old in my heart
I felt him standing on my doorstep at home
His, forgotten arms still tender, to my heart.

He was lifting, scooping me up into his arms
Oh how I fluttered like a dove off the ground.
All the weight of the years lifted like a charm
Here was my brother from the grave - abounds.

Again arms around me it couldn't be a mistake
I felt his arms, his weight, he made my backache.
For few seconds I thought I'd won the sweepstakes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Were Jackdaw's Wanting To Break Free

Your heart like a frozen sea;
Was a jackdaw wanting to break free?
Hatching offspring eggs, with me
'Let's make a new - was your plea'.

So, we laid in an urban squalor.
But so blue would be their skies
Their shells opaque lacquer—
They were given wings to shatter.

They broke their shells icy chains
And now they whistle and sing,
In a mulberry, tree in sweet refrains...
So free they've forgotten you and me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jackdaw Wanting To Break Free

Your heart like a frozen sea;
Was a jackdaw wanting to break free?
Hatching offspring eggs, with me
"Let's make anew - was your plea".

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But so blue would be their skies
Their shells opaque lacquer—
They were given wings to shatter.

They broke their shells icy chains
And now they whistle and sing,
In a mulberry, tree in sweet refrains...
So free they've forgotten you and me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Be My Amalthea Tender Goddess

Let me love you as you want
Like a Billy goat.
Cliff, jumping over mountains.

Let me love you as you want
I am fearless.
I'll Climb up sheer rocks.

Let me love you as you want
There isn't any coming down
I'm spinning in a headlong rain,
I'm walking on a floating cloud.

Oh let me love you as you want
Like a Billy goat.
Let me dart amongst the stars
Like a buzzard clutching your heart.

Let me love you as you want
I love you fearlessly
Love, won't you, take-a-leap with me.

Be my Amalthea tender goddess
And suckle me like the gods
Oh let me love you as you want
Like a Billy goat.

Mark Heathcote

Black Rose

Give me black-rose moonlit-in-her throes.
I'll fall-in-love, with her, and I'll be blessed.
Take these marrow bones without plateaus
I'll sing in her heavens - hover fervid.
Ah, black rose gives me more moonlit sorrows-
in those petals, I'll drown all my sorrows.
I'll bleed across a million starlit miles
to feel the warmth of your dark, tender smiles.
That sometimes winks toward my direction.
Ah black rose gives me more moonlit sorrows
who cares about those-other-tomorrows?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let The Canon Moon Stars Fly

Sun then rain, day after day
It's a parade never outstayed
It's welcome, but oh I say
With sorrows, it must be said.

So whether happy or sad
Let the canon moon stars fly,
You to sleep and peace
Let the sun, shine on high.

Let the Sun then rain
Wash your sorrows away
Oh on the waves fain
Be happy, not sad today.

Sun then rain, day after day
It's a parade never outstayed
It's welcome, but oh I say
With sorrows, it must be said.

So, boys if you're at the end of your rope.
Just remember every day is your friend
Whatever; the weather good or bad sends

Let the canon moon stars fly,
Till you sleep in peace and die
Let the sun, shine on high
Let the rains teardrops fall and dry.

Mark Heathcote

Love & Gunpowder

He speaks with passion. Such honest candour
I can see clearly now, he'll-never change.
There's no explosion without gunpowder
whatever you do, whatever's construe
might seem odd to others, a little strange
but not a moment past: 'Turns me off you.'
It's all been a blast, nothing prearrange.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

How Things Have Changed Today

Lovers in the sixties would light-up
one another's cigs
in a cherished moment each-inhale
the others after sex.
They'd smoke one strait-after-another
discarding their flecks
burning ash like 70s sports newscaster.
It didn't cost their paychecks.

Now perspective lovers request non-smokers.
How things have changed today,
No smoking areas - that list of cancers
growing longer, day by day,
the glams have gone leaving just the stigma
of nicotine-stained teeth
it's dirty costly, unhealthy, dogma.
Is all that still plumes from its wreath?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Morning Walks On The Beach

Every morning on the beach
there was that chevron pattern
and a lone morbid gull screech.
gingerly we'd walk and churn-

Heels down deep into the soup
and blend seawater with the sand.
knock heels together and stoop,
watch it sink back like quicksand.

Look detached like a kestrel
about to fly on a whim,
cautiously take a nominal-
leap forwards, as if to swim.

Otherwise, parallel stride—
fearfully trek side by side.
faithful envious now edified.
by His goodness stupefied.

Mark Heathcote

Opponents On The Canvas Elate

Love so brave, it'll punch above its weight
Stand before the knockout count is over
Pit opponents on the canvas elate.
Love is something you can't outmanoeuvre.
Love so brave, it wears a matador's cape
That says cut me, serrate, let me tempt fate.
I've a date! Destiny, I can't escape
So, please girls with this bullfighter don't prate.
Love so brave, in lyrical tone verbose
But let's not diminish, love in its throes,
When you've relinquished and fallen comatose
Weakened by them, heavenly concertos...
When the fruit of love is up-held aloft
Times after our lovers leave the hayloft.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Is It Love Is It War

Is it love is it war, I can't hurt inside
Anymore even if I tried to find a cure
I should have to ask. Why you aren't bleary-eyed.
And why you are always so premature—
In accusing me, I've lost my lease on-life
How much of nothing do I have to endure?
Feels like it's almost drowned in an afterlife.
Oh my soul feels suffused in grey fog and mist
So you want to be my trouble and strife, wife.
I guess the future with you is to exist:
Because you mock you laugh, make me coexist.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Chestnuts Are Falling

Time for roasting for gathering
Seasonal harvests in good cheer
Chestnuts are falling, autumns calling.
Short walks, sunsets over red deer.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love And Pain

Black-train bearing down, thunder on the line
"Whistle! " 'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
A hangman's noose snaps dead in its whine,
"Whistle" "Whistles...! "
'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
Now a woman's pounding on the floor in childbirth,
"Cries out..."
Hand clenched praying this isn't just another stillbirth
"Cries out..." "Cries out...! "
'Wooh..! Wooh..! ' 'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
No pain relief, no pageantry of midwives or doctors
"Cries out...! Cries out...! ! 'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
God have mercy! Turn my contractions into murmurs.
"Cries out...! Cries out...! ! 'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
Black-train bearing down, thunder on the line
"Whistles..." 'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
An echo of a disaster - wails with unabated resign.
"Whistles..." "Whistle""Cries - cry out...! "
Love and pain, love and pain it's all been predefined.
"Cries out..." "Cries out..."'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
Black-train bearing down, thunder on the line
Love and pain, love and pain it's all been consigned.
"Whistles" "Whistle...! " "Whistle...! "
'Wooh..! Wooh..! '
Your souls the ticket, it's been undersigned.

Mark Heathcote

If All We Know Is Love

If all we know is love then
Hells cellar's door is shut
If all we know is hatred then
Hells cellar's door is open
If all we know is peace
A heavenly tranquillity
Your ceilings and roofs are open
If all we know is melancholy
Then I'm sorry
You live you reside in a box.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The World Is Like A Worm

The world struggles in its sinews
A frenetic wriggling worm in space
Coiled in its worm castings,
It also knows no better place.

The moon at its head looks—on
As if, it was meant for looking,
But the worm is blind:
And doesn't it fear to look at the sun.

Thrashing around in the darkness
It's a real night crawler...
Lacking respiratory organs, plus...
It breathes through its skin.

The skin exudes a lubricating fluid
This cascades through the undergrowth
The world is like a worm on a hook clouted
The clay upon its back is as us loath to change.

Mark Heathcote

Garden Capers

We raked up the leaves and dug down inside.
We hedgehog rolled together and shut our eyes.
Our father all a-sudden was horrified—
our little secret den a well-hidden 'Surprise! '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faiths A Raft On A Voyage

Faiths a raft on an ocean so, cling fast
It won't sink. But might you drift insane?
Might you forget even your own name?
Might you drown, might you lambaste.

Might you thirst; cry deep in hunger
Might you lose sight of your adventure?
Quite not all alone is the Lord's answer
Faith is a raft where you'll flounder.

So, cling fast like a stubborn barnacle,
Mindful of His quietest becalm counsel
Be assured: He's there keeping a vigil.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

His Love

God, he would catch a hornet on the wing
relish infinite beauty, not its sting
'Should I love you, well that's not a question
he would entertain at any junction'.

He can see the pain behind the smile, (Tina Louise, words)
knows if we stay strong, it will be worthwhile
Sees we are weak when we cry out vengeance in his name
forgives us when we look to him for blame

So, we're fickle, faults plenty - but love
my love is anything but parental love.
I'm coarse, overbearing, like a father
but that's because my star sign is cancer.

As humans, we are so very weak (Tina Louise, words)
pleasures of the flesh we seem to seek
Lovers of ourselves we can't help but destroy
yet our souls cry out for peace love and joy

A Herculean task we lovers share
he's like Samson shorn; reds her auburn hair
The phoenix of Joan of Arc - she's reborn
Fights whatever injustice love finds forlorn.

In calibration with Tina Louise my friend on The Starlite Cafe
as part of a challenge

Mark Heathcote

Points Made Between Waves

Come as you are
Go... as you will
One wave at a time
But don't disparage
Each wave must break
Whilst another then returns
To the oceans call in-between
But not in any marriage yet can be seen.
So, come as you are
Go... as you will
One wave at a time
(Show courage.)

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Sacrifice

Light edges near a sword put in ashes
waved aloft as an executioner
looks on with his rabble minion and does
what the world of him requires, with fibre
he wheels a blade, thunder-lightening-smote
he wheels it high, where darkness drips with blood
slakes into a river, a gouging cutthroat
makes-his sacrifice; picks his rosebud.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let's Live In Tokyo

Let's live in Tokyo
On tiptoe
With umbrellas
Nodding, gold
To and fro
Let's take holistic medicine courses
Here we go...
Let's live in Tokyo
The most populous metropolitan
Area in the world
Population 13 million
Let's live on tiptoe
Let's live in Tokyo
The world's most expensive city
That leads the world in transportation
And cleanliness of its streets
That leads the world in shopping
And nightlife, pavement hopping
Let's live in Tokyo
On tiptoe
With umbrellas
Nodding, gold
To and fro
Come on the rest of the world
Let us all move to Tokyo
With umbrellas
Nodding, gold
To and fro...

Mark Heathcote

I Catch In There Plummet:

I catch in there plummet, shadows leaf.
When fallen, they dance a zebra finch:
From the bars of cages in disbelief,
Years undone, another, inch by inch

The world is capricious a blue disk
The season unfolds in reds and gold
The turning, stops-still like an obelisk
Only-ivy continues lesser the billfold.

A nomad through a veil of vapour-
Walks, besides the vanishing grey lake.
The boathouse sloshes an outpour
Like a heart valve, about to break.

Distantly a church bell sounds, high!
It's as though the worlds encapsulated
In a crystal bell, where a bird's cry-
Now dead, still blinks, amalgamated.

Mark Heathcote

I love you more than ????

I love you more than...? This phrase isn't succinct
Fact - it stinks. Perhaps you love me more than life
More than there are stars in the sky hoodwinked.
Maybe you love me more than life-or-death.

Look, where is this all going to descend...
I love you more with each breath let's pretend
I love you more than a fat kid loves cake
Darling has we made an awful mistake.

I love you more today than yesterday,
"Crock, kiss me and take off my negligee";.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Captivity

I spent nights in captivity. Groaning-
forgetting how sweet this freedoms air is,
keys handed over, days went by in a whiz
years later, I want that lock to spring.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Salted Tears Is Just The Seasoning

If, I was to cherry pick the tears from your eyes
With my lips, how, I would canonize your beauty.
Cry, from the very depths of my own delinquent soul
That has no more boundaries, than an albino ferret
With ruby-red, eyes glowing with a passion,
I'd roll us, around a bed, made for an omelette.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

White Water-Lily

I couldn't evade sleeping beneath the moon
watching her surface petals awake into bloom
white with a pinkish tinge in circular floating.

I, an orange-gold koi carp, came nudging, kissing
arms dark green leaves wrapped around her-
lily-white face, setting like the sun burning, myrrh.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Narcissus

What God of Gods

Is he who makes mistakes?

... Cuts Moonflower's for a vase

Night-blooming heads; vine-snakes

Grown in a black Narcissus, birthplace

Flowers, that nectar for night-moths of death.

... Ah, opened in His breast whose mirror weeps on?

Is She kissed by that of His morning breath,

What God, of Gods, makes others fawn?

... Or lovers like Echo, turn to stone

However briefly His scorning,

She an angel lives alone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Goose Bumps / Song

Are these goosebumps, pearls?
Oh how her white dress unfurls
Oh how fierce trembles my nerves
Looking at the shimmer of her curves

Her claws oh they're like a tigers
Oh am I her prey,
If I am, oh then my, Lord
He must have answered a prayer.

A prayer I asked a long time ago,
Oh my heart is it hers to whip
Oh, my soul, it would leap
Over a flaming; fiery, pit of coal.

Are these goosebumps, pearls?
Oh how her white dress unfurls
Bushy eyed tailed like the squirrels
By the hearth my heart my love with hers knurls
Like one log, for the fire
We both breathed in smoky smoke kissed swirls.

Oh, are these goosebumps, pearls?
Oh, how her white dress unfurls ooohhhh!

Mark Heathcote

Googly-Eyed

Guys are looking everywhere.
Googly-eyed some even stare-
without a wholesome, thought.
Glad are others, not guilty as charged.

Observed by other, observers
how their smiles invert-
a gesture manifest with guilt-
asking, which or the other is crasser?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Somewhere In Time

Somewhere in time
There are answers to everything,
Just ask a pathological liar
About, love honesty and grieving.

When a thief's caught red-handed
He'll cry his innocence
Cheat you and say, he was baited.
He'll bury you!
He'll inter entomb you!
Say it's been an awful - hindrance.

Somewhere in time
There are answers to everything,
A lover will confess...
I have done my very best.

Sorry, I went to the bar again
Jail is my fate
Please love keeps you your faith
Somewhere in time

Somewhere in time in time
There are answers to everything,
Just ask a pathological liar
About, love honesty and grieving.
Just ask me! Just ask me!

Somewhere in time
There are answers to everything,
A lover will confess...
I have done my very best.

Mark Heathcote

Multi-Dimensional; Heavens?

Could there be, multi-dimensional; heavens?

So as to, please everyone, at the same time...

"Sure you aren't insane, individual, heavens".

"Why, you really thinking, anybody's the same? "

"Not on your nelly, let's not play. That game".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Near Faint Beneath Golden Limes

I rode out my luck in those clematis climbs
Entwined with you in our secret garden
Heady I spiralled out of control, oftentimes
Sheltering; near faint beneath golden limes
Watching you take bloom, in heaven.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Time Without Beginnings A Better Friend

Time does it have an hour a season
what is our spiritual cohesion?
If time folds and bends in outer space.
Would it matter about time and place?
Why devalue our existence with an end.

Time without beginnings a better friend
let us then pretend it does exist
when it's gone, does nothing pre-exist
answer me this where would time
go to deliver this winter's last final chime.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faiths Gate Opens On A Garden Of Peace

Faiths gate opens on a garden of peace
I like the next, have dreamy blue-green eyes
That remembers Siamese purrs in the breeze
Hearts ticking steadily like a good timepiece.
When did this go wrong, what ramifies?
The desert's heart of darkness; hot dusty sighs.

Sends drums of chaos rolling down the thunder
Hearts a-pounding, without; refreshing rain
What is a soul turning to dust and clinker?
That once was forged pure as gold from a bolder.
Every flower got its nuggets burnt by butane
The sun magnifies all life and shares its pain.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Is It Absurd To Fall Too Deep?

Her eyes are a little melancholy,
Her heart is a bit cut adrift
But she's a capital gal a cutie.
Ideally, sirs don't marry her - resist.

Ideally sirs you'll be the gigolo.
Blood pressure won't be grounded.
It's absurd to fall too deep - whoa!
Or be that little too avid.
Her dark eyes flame without stars
So, in the end, will your memoirs.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Love Seemed Extra Special

There were times when love seemed extra special
When a love letter you received in the royal mail
Had a ladies scent and a tear smudged wrinkle
But now everything's digital sent by text or email.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Miracle In The Dark

It's like a miracle in the dark
That sardines chase the light
It's like a miracle in the dark
That squid rises in the moonlight.

It's like a miracle in the dark
That firefly's signal, intermittent
It's like a miracle in the dark
Those bats are honing their skills cogent.

It's like a miracle in the dark
That golden orb-weaver spider
It's like a miracle in the dark
In that world of nocturnal, cat caper.

It's like a miracle in the dark
When an owl calls to wild-owl
It's like a miracle in the dark
Meeting her, in that tree hole—cowl.

Mark Heathcote

In That Unlikelihood

Let us all reflect be it good,
Bad, happy or sad,
In that unlikelihood
We'll never see our comrade
Men, embolden again so happy,
Let's all say, farewell, thanks for the memory.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Read All The Narratives

Like-atoms we attracted or repel
We even merge at a core polarity,
Either side may move poles apart
Like opposing, continents tetchy.

All have positives and negatives
Some of us may even be physics
Who's saddened belittled lives?
See and read all the narratives.

There's little joy, knowing so much
Making, those, same silly mistakes.
But what if, there are no mistakes
Life, looks like a pinball game of such.

But is anything ever so random
That, you can't pinpoint and link up
Some all-important missing dots
Stalemate, win or lose there's no let-up.

If good and evil are the players
Then we are only the name Sayers
The pieces may look haphazard
Because simply; we're so self-enamoured.

So, call on your guardian angel
Might that be your only defensive hand?
To save your soul from the devil
Wave faiths sword strikeout pre-planned.

Mark Heathcote

A Cold Validation

It's getting dark, and a cold validation
knows you have broken all of me but my heart
still, though I walk boundless, without destiny
or place to rest, restart, call home, my sweetheart.
How does one's foot follow another, anyway?
Into darkness impinged, never to know hope.
To wander lost in a maze, without, someday,
forgiving, what's-found-under that microscope?
Our failures might be two continents apart.
But they share one ocean we can't depart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lost In The Moment

Lost in the moment; well how could that be.
Did her pheromones whisper here unto thee?
Base creatures we aren't but please admit...
The law of attraction isn't kismet.

There's all so, something that's quite sexual
Going-on we have no control to fight
Lives they're short and therefor, fear we might
...Of missing out on something more than casual.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Every Valley Shall Be Exalted

Take great notice of the lowly minded ones
depressed, riddled with the guilt of sin ones
for every valley shall be exalted,
every self-important mountain and hill levelled.

The crooked shall be made straight—
the humble their share of love shall conflate
look again at His stone rolled aside how it lied
isn't every valley raised-up—elevated?

Those that comfort themselves will be humbled
their pride brought down annulled.
The burial grave, how righteous it is, Jesus rose
elated our hearts from their shadowy woes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Radiant Golden Tulips

Contra to all light there is
no straight paths - but one.
So, if yours is a rainbow, after a storm:
You'll still reach home a chosen one.
God's rainbow is strong
His - is a double helix, bound up?
Close to your own heart and soul.
You'll chalice all His love up
Like a hopelessly sinking vessel
Then you'll be his radiant golden tulips.
Even if your stem is bent.
for god's love is strong for you.
Contra to all light there is
No straight paths - but one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Rose Of Some Graces

Like petals of a rose not-fully-formed
arranged, tightly knit and barely scented.
Love, that's appertaining to-some-magic
the kind of charm that makes all bees frantic.

Such innocents; bewitches the hearts of men
a long slender neckline - equestrienne
looking pale-skinned and fine in black jodhpurs
setting hearts racing for loving favours.

Not body sprayed all over hard-core types
mudpack faces that plastic archetype
dusk to dawn, with combed hair into a pompadour.
'Not that kind of woman all hearts race for.'

Men want feisty yet a-little-demure
not full of slapheads full of manure.
Not some loud female barbershop quartet
a rose of some graces - we want to procure
love eternally for twos duet.

Mark Heathcote

Traits Abase

She wore peacock earrings
And danced on her toes,
Her heavenly, misgivings...
I only - no one else knows.

She had wings of gold lace
A slim attractive waist
And other traits abase
But truthfully, such a pretty face.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Song Delicate As Scented Air

Wish I was a happy chap
could stitch and close every gap

between a song delicate as scented air
wish I could betroth a flower so, rare
join in with the bee's buzzing mad
tasting their love for honey, forbad.

Love, let us build a humble nest
lives every moment of our lives blessed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Hornet On The Wing

God, he would catch a hornet on the wing,
relish infinite beauty, not its sting.
Your-beauty is such; I cannot-truly-say,
words have no meaning this or any other day.

'Should I love you, well that's not a question
He would entertain at any junction.'
your petals are like-a-rose not-quite formed,
but neither are you, to-be-outperformed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Poems Of Two Line Poems

The still pools reflection, what clarity, within its deepest depths it holds?
Until a trouble mind bestirs, silts of time. Looking for what else unfolds.

In comes morning, hauling death. Don't close your eyes
There are only another fifty years of worthless wondering left.

.....

Exacerbation

In comes morning, hauling Death. Do not close your eyes
there's only a matter of another fifty years of exacerbation life left.

Self-reflection

Some trouble mind bestirs silts of time. Looking for what else unfolds.
What clarity within our deepest murky depths now holds?

Hornet on the wing

God, he would catch a hornet on the wing,
relish infinite beauty, not its putrefying sting.

Readied gunpowder

Love is a cannonball.
Readied gunpowder
it's easy to fire, difficult to hold
catch once it has ignited all its fire.

.

in His wisdom
He gave us a blanket of snow
an ice door melting

.
radiant sunsets
a campfire now covered
in sheets of snow

.
I can't fathom why
her likeness isn't constant
leaves of change

□

.
a chainsaw humming
a woodpecker's beak drilling
silence faraway...

.
a midnight vigil
chandeliers of crystal glass
dew-like teardrops plunge

.
a fallen oak tree
an acorn in its round cup
destiny awaits

Mark Heathcote

Naval Encounters...

Sleepless, I'm boundless, aboard an ocean.
Tide and current hold becalm the rudder
But this isn't a voyage of mention
No encounter other than cold weather.
With one I deemed to be a homesteader
He no longer controls my hearts tiller
I'm destined to catch land a new future!
Find my land legs and give up this sailor.
Leaving harbour; I thought was forever
Early on our passions drop their anchor
His love was just a hopeless, endeavour
I was a conquest; something to conquer.
If he were my first maiden voyage I'd
Not know no better than to stay, board-side.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Catch Me If You Can

Catch me if you can we all did at school
But love is like an overwhelming rose
You just can't pluck at will or else you'll
Crush its petals before it even grows.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Crow Creek

Imagine a gold vein reacquired
Imagine bedding down cold and tired
In a tent beside the sluice boxes
Of Crow Creek, listening to foxes

Whilst also keeping a watch for bear
Looking for that precious of metals rare
Where men blasted away hills and banks
Damming these rivers with rough-cut planks

To fill their coffers by the riverbanks
Imagine once a time where ranks
Of men with desperate panning souls
Waded like sad sorrowful voles

With what we'd coin now as begging bowls
It wasn't fun in these hellholes?
Alaska isn't easy on busied knees
Its riches don't do much to please.

Mark Heathcote

Tunguska Explosion Siberia

It was reported the sky split in two
hot winds embraced the surrounding areas
the earth shook from a blast, an airburst blew
measuring 5.0 on the Richter scale tables.

June 30,1908, by Tunguska River-
an explosion knocked down some 80 million trees.
Flattening 2,000 km² (770 sq. miles) not a briar-
remained or stood, not a single tree breezed.

It was said an asteroid or comet.
With the power of a (10-15 M-tons TNT)
exploded before impact into soot;
luckily hitting-there not society.

Year-commencing-2013—watched online-mesmerized.
Comets screeched, on screens a fear-globalized.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Sonnet

Hushed into a leafy tomfoolery
multi-coloured larva paths change in course
swirl in exaggerated bright beauty
they intrude with the commotion of a warhorse.

About to charge on the field of battle
pincer squeezed, they explore open valleys
with no notion of their slaughter, austral
they-must-amble conditioned by travel.

It's necessary; their expense should fall.
Once they've unattached all their greenery
mulched alongside the cemetery wall.
Love contains them for a while in bounty.

Who could be annoyed by their golden lustre?
Burning; falling in-their-splendour, amber.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faith And Fate

His hand was her faith and fate
It was a date made in heaven
For sure it opened-a-floodgate
She drowned in his love-smitten.

~or~

His hand was her faith and fate
It was a date made in heaven
For sure it opened-a-floodgate
She drowned in his love-smitten.

They were betrothed for life
The moment of their meeting
She wanted to be his wife
But hadn't yet, started dating.

She'd giggle and blush,
Feel faint at the knees
As soon as he spoke, she'd gush
Eyes bulging with recompensed pleas.

His hand was her faith and fate
It was a date made in heaven
For sure it opened-a-floodgate
She drowned in his love-smitten.

Mark Heathcote

Frozen As You Walked By

But for one moment soulfully,
Softly, frozen as you walked by
Glinting, moonlight balefully,
The onus is on both of us to sigh.

Shine as each passes the other by...
But oh then how sweet a fire, fires
When flames light-up in my eyes - skies.
I'll melt short of hope that love transpires.

As you a white crocus illuminates
My eyes cry and my mind constantly
Melting both ways to all it tolerates.
Looks back now in love carefree.

In this journey of fate not quite over
I now feel I'm the apples pip
The core to your heart, I'm the adder
Who whispered in judgship?

Mark Heathcote

What Thrust Me Into The Light?

What thrust me into the light?
Opened my heart like a ripe quince
Sweetened; my soul like a fig.
Snapped my body; like a green bog myrtle twig.

Was it you my Lord or was it you, my God

What was it waiting in that darkened forest?
Waiting for me to wander to its hearts edges
To climb through its bleeding privets
Through that thorny hedge of my own, defences.

Was it you my Lord or was it you, my God

Even now, Lord, I'm neither too hot nor cold
To fall into that throat of despair
And linger there without hope.
To float in Moses' basket be found out not drown.

Was it you my Lord or was it you, my God
Was it you who left me outlawed abroad?
Who sent word for me my Lord God?

Mark Heathcote

Catalyst

Love is the catalyst for each life
without love or caring, what is life
rivers flow to their source of wealth.

Its procession purifies all else.
If we pollute its nature, its health
then what of our gene pool - oneself?

'What's the geometry of your soul? '

Cause it can't be aligned or measured
there wouldn't be a vessel or scroll
that could hold it whole chained or anchored.

Love is the catalyst for each life
without love or caring, what is life?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Birds Of The Air

She had a laugh to tantalize
The migrating birds of the air
'Such - captivating melody,
Was I, she the only ones there'...

Sweet and short temperate winter
How I wish we too could have stayed
Many more seasons together
How I miss her fragrant pomade.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Will Heavens Love Ever Decline Us?

When will heavens love ever decline us?
Not in my lifetime, it can't ever lose us
Just you catch a Greyhound bus.

Nowhere bound like a migrating bird
And you still hear and see His holy word
No matter where you go, haven't you heard?

No matter your spirits abandonment
You'll awake one morning
And feel His glowing kiss.

At the end of your hard abandonment road
You'll awake one morning
To a soft, wet kiss in the morning mist.

When will heavens love ever decline us?
Not in my lifetime, it can't ever lose us.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Is It Halloween Tonight

It isn't Halloween, yet, is it?
'Is it Halloween tonight'?
Have I gone on and overslept—
Have I woken in a terrible dream?

Cause even ten thousand white crested waves
Can't hear my sirens cry wailing
My sirens scream tonight.

Have I danced my last dance with the faes?
I sure can hear the devils not angels at my door.
Humanoid mystical creatures
As a child I once lovingly adored.

Is it Halloween, yes, it is
'It's defiantly, tonight'.
'Is it Halloween tonight'?
I can hear the howling hoots of owls
And those distant, nearing, wolf growls.

'Is it Halloween tonight'?
Have I woken in a terrible dream?
'No, it's just my children playing hide and seek
In my mother's old, patchwork blanket sheet - tonight'.

Mark Heathcote

Take It All It's Entirely All For You Baby

Take your good book your bible away baby
I'm a sinner learning to play
Feed me up, I like my spice
My medicine hot, baby, I don't like playing nice.

I'd like a calm sutra ivory-leafed tusk
Gold bronzed covering
To blow my mind away, baby
With a pinch of blasphemous role play.

Lips pierced bleeding sex starved
I'm a sinner learning to play, baby
I'd like to play in the hay today, baby
Leather bootied-up, just give it up, baby.

I'm a sinner learning to play
Fed up being all holy for you today
Take your good book your bible away, baby
Darling, I'm just a sinner learning to play today.

Darling, I don't believe you are wearing sandals
When I'm this hot to drop for you, baby
Darling, I don't believe you'd cold shoulder my love
Take it all it's entirely all for you, baby.

Black raven hair shaking like wet silk
This woman's your prayer, baby I'm your flare, baby.

Mark Heathcote

I Am A Poet At Night

I am a poet at night
Like Lord Byron, there's
Little talk to be spoken in the dark
I'd rather wet my quill
And sing like a skylark in your heart.

Like Lord Byron, there's
Little talk to be had at night
I'd just like to light candles
Seven sheets to the wind tonight - in your heart.

I am a poet at night
There's nothing but poetry on my mind
Let daylight slowly spire
Blowout the cravings of melting wicks in wax.

I am a poet at night
Like Lord Byron, there's only a whispering muse
To keep me bemused
And so little talk to be spoken in the dark
I'd rather wet my quill
And sing like a skylark in your heart.

Blow out the candles
There's little talk to be had at night
Let daylight slowly spire
Blowout the cravings of melting wicks in wax.
This poem has been fixed.

Mark Heathcote

I've Been Sloppy Losing You

I've been sloppy losing you
But trust me
I never wanted to let you go
But darling I broke
Those violin strings a long time ago.

I've turned off the air conditioner
Because I didn't like the airflow
It reminded me of how your heart
Would beat like a kettle drum
Slow then fast and hard.

I've been sloppy losing you
But trust me
I never wanted to let you go
Let me confess to you
You were nearly all right
I nearly made you my knight
I nearly drowned for you
Like Tennyson's lady of shallot
But now you've had your lot.

I've turned off the air conditioner
Because I didn't like the airflow
It reminded me of how your heart
Would beat like a kettle drum
Slow then fast and hard.

I've been sloppy losing you
But trust me
I never wanted to let you go
But darling I broke
Those violin strings a long time ago.

Mark Heathcote

Ooh Iodine Lemon Drops?

Have you ever sensed iodine lemon drops?
Dropping in the rain
Have you ever seen the Eiffel Tower?
From where you are indoors
When you've-extended-all your claws
Got naked and taken off your drawers.

Have you been ink-blue in letters?
Your heart just couldn't dictate
Baby, have you seen my missing shoe
Oh, secretly I've left an earring or two.
Oh I hope these lemon iodine raindrops
Don't hurt you, baby.

I appreciated all your honeymoon time
But have you learnt like I now never to cry?
Oh I'm a lotus smile all the time
Did I learn to climb the Eiffel Tower?
Before; I learned to fly.

Ooh, iodine lemon drops?
Let's hope your honeymoon rocks
Ooh with lemon iodine raindrops.

Oh, secretly I've left an earring or two.
Oh I hope these lemon iodine raindrops
Don't hurt you, baby.

Mark Heathcote

I've Got My Hair Up In Her Hairstyle

I've got my hair up in her hairstyle
In a bun, Amy Winehouse I'll to beguile
With a Pinks swing out; trapeze style
I'll live my life hard, treat all men vile.

Oh I've got my hair up in her hairstyle
Oh hello, hellowatch my shadow
Sparkle in the snow...

Look at them snow angels swoon
Fall to their knees before the sun goes down
And the full moon is found.

I've got my hair up in her hairstyle
In a bun, Amy Winehouse I'll to beguile
With a Pinks swing out; trapeze style
I'll live my life hard, treat all men vile.

Now come on weak men show me some spine
You never know what'll happen
If you don't try to make me smile.

Oh, bring on the stars
Unroll that red carpet
And watch me step-out of black limo cars.

Oh, I must be on methadone!
Ooh, what it's like to dream alone
Oh, I must be dreaming again
Oh, I must be dreaming again.

Mark Heathcote

Neutralize Your Last Final Words

Neutralize your last final lines
Neutralize your last final words
Please don't sing like those mocking birds
My heart can't stand the pain
Of losing you over one more time again.

It's far from easy separating souls
Answering; in full... whole mistakes.
Skulking's easier than keeping objectivity.
Or even fighting your own hearts trolls
At those subterranean, gates.

Oh, neutralize your last final lines
Neutralize your last final words
Please don't sing like them hummingbirds
My heart can't stand the pain
Of losing you over one more time again.

My heart just can't stand to be teased
Although my bodies aching to be strip-teased.
By a more than perfect you
I'll never be appeased by all you do.

It's far from easy separating souls
Answering; in full... whole mistakes.
Skulking's easier than keeping objectivity.
Or even fighting your own hearts trolls
At those subterranean, gates.

Mark Heathcote

Never Judge A Book By Its Cover

Look, some of the nicest people
Met, lived their whole lives clandestine.
Have had an even greater struggle
Let it be said, the starting line

"Doesn't run always down the middle'.

Forked roads as Mr R. Frost observes
Is a matter of some, choice?
But, good old fashion nurture observes
It's sometimes only, 'Hobson's choice'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who Wants That Catch-22?

Who wants to carry love?
Contrived with a moons charms
A knight in a coat of arms...

Who wants to carry love?
Haunted forever here and now
Betroth to a broken vow.

Who wants to carry love?
A pediment of erosion...
That's short on conviction.

Who wants to carry love?
Be an atlas man
Love another disappearing sandman.

Who wants to carry love?
Harbour all their doubts until the end
Finish on let's remain friends.

Who wants to carry love?
Who wants that Catch-22?
Maybe it isn't just me and you.

Mark Heathcote

I'll Pray You Never Run Away

A song with a story, not just jingles
I go with the moonbeams
The stars in the dark
Aqua blue is the air that filters through
Where first I took, a hold of you
Fevers broke on my brow
If you love me, let me know now.

Here I felt your glow
With the moonbeams in the dark
Here I'll park my heart
Under a streetlamp in the dark
With a song, a story, not just jingles
I'll light your way home
So you're never alone.

If you love me let me know
Fevers will break in the light of day
If you just kiss me at this hour of the dark
I'll pray for Aqua blue air every day
I walk in the moonbeams
Real slowly, I'll pray you never-run-away
Without our story, not just jingles with bells on your toes.

Mark Heathcote

I'd Pluck The Stars For Flowers

If I could bathe in dew with you
capture a snowdrop longingly
descending on or amid our two
pursed pressed lips, turning blue.

If I could, I'd freeze this time
for all our immortality,
and I'd love you only
I'd adore the wintertime.

Those bewitching shivers on your breath
I'd pluck the stars for flowers
I'd weave them like a moonbeams thread
in silken ribbons silver for you.

I'd keep these memories
till the world and all its miseries,
were once and finally all dead
if I could, only love you.

Mark Heathcote

The Echo You Held As Your Own

Heavily limbed, feet plodding
Blood sugars are now too low
Oh, where do you go?
Now your bodies melting
Like it's made of falling snow
Like, it's in its infancy

Like it's a tree
In the fall waving goodbye
Oh, where do you go?
When leopard jaws open slow
The beating pulse still bleeding
Where do you go?
Now love has turned you out into the cold.

With frozen breaths
You might wish you weren't
Even still breathing
Oh the wolves sound friendly
Maybe they can comfort me
Oh, where do you go?
When the echo you held as your own
Does take your one-true home.

Heavily limbed, feet plodding
Blood sugars are now too low
Oh, where do you go?
It's not like you will ever really move on
The shadows circle the leaves groan
This open ploughed field is your throne
Oh, the snow it blankets.
It cocoons you in.

Mark Heathcote

See If I Care

I've got a lock of your red hair
What do I care?
I've got a lock of your red hair
You can go, anywhere
What do I care?
I've got a lock of your red hair
I don't care.

See, if I care
I don't care

I've got a lock of your red hair
I pulled it out
When, I found you out!
I've got a lock of your red hair
You drive me crazy
I don't want to be crazy

See, if I care
See I don't care
I don't care

PoemHunter.com

I've got a lock of your red hair
Roots and all it's only fair
You've laid my heart bare
I've got a lock of your red hair
It's only fair
You drive me crazy
I don't want to be crazy

See, if I care
See I don't care
I don't care.

Mark Heathcote

Killer Instinct Mind

You've got a
Creative; killer instinct mind.
So, hold your weapons up high
Wear that frown hostage with pride.

Let, sorrows sing like sparrows
And hope soars like an eagle.
Your thoughts hold no shadows
They've got wings like an angel.

You've got a
Creative; killer instinct mind.
Blink and times, running out!
Open and see the stars aligned.

I swear you can go, anywhere
Just imagine and your heart
Will take you, there
I swear.



PoemHunter.com

You've got a
Creative; killer instinct mind.
Open any prison door sell you wish
The key is yours to turn open with one twist.

"Stick or bust" how far you go
This is all down to you, not
On how well your sparrow sings
With or without-
Optimum, eagle, angel, spread out wings.
This is all down to you.

Mark Heathcote

On Getting Dressed

You kissed me once for luck
And twice again for joy,
We'd lavers up a sweat
Later we'd reemploy.

If, things didn't get smaller
Like a Tinkertoy,
Oh, if only getting dressed
Weren't such, a killjoy?

You'd of kissed me thrice
I'd, of been knock kneed
And only then too tired...
To be redeployed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Call The Coastguard There's A Galley Slave Here

Did anyone scupper the slave, galleon?
Is there anybody out there left alive to save
Can you raise your soul's white flag?
Ooh... call the coastguard there's a galley slave
Here sinking fast, without a trace. Ooh... about to drown with you.

Ooh... She's got braided kelp hair of gold
She's a pirate's treasure in his hold...
Her skin is as soft as warmed tanned Spanish leather
If he can only rescue her ...Ooh ...Ooh...
She'll return her love back to him. Twenty fold.

Ten sheets to the wind...
She'll keep out the cold.
And maybe even rescue his drowning soul
And return his love back... twenty fold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There's No Prescription To Your Doom

She's a malady a physical illness-
you just can't cure.
There's no prescription to your doom.
Whatever you do, she'll still love you.

She's a malaise without surprise.
Your lives together are a conundrum,
But her eyes beguile you:
Woe betides you if she leaves you.

She's a disorder with beguiling eyes.
She's a harbour which no one spies.
Where a dozen shipwreck lies...
She's a sickness the scurvy with beautiful-
Blue contemptible eyes...

She's a radiant siren...
'Won't anyone save you? '

Mark Heathcote

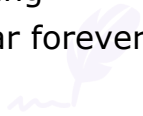


PoemHunter.com

Illuminating

Love is smelting
Love is a welding
Two stars from a distance
Two hearts in collision
They are now colliding
From; an internal distance
Black holes they're collapsing
Two lovers are dancing
Illuminating
All is a pageant
Now nothing is entrant
Fires combine in a fever
Pulses are racing
Invading each other
Longing to be closer together
Oh with the fire of the sun
Their ashes will fall and dissolve together
Illuminating
Like a star forever as one.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Stop The Waves

I shut my eyes; I stop the waves
I ruled over the moon and the earth
Dark spaces in between the tree staves
I turn my back on time, I called your name
I count the stars till I go quietly insane
The sunset is like flung afterbirth.

I called your name then I'm drowning
Then I'm a Thunderbird above a roving cloud
Who comes to stir the tired wind?
I put down talons in the wolf's blooded mane.
And flutter like a paper butterfly
Near to your beating bleeding heart.

It's now I discover the hour of the dark
The hail of the falling-flowers dew without you
It's now I discover-the-pain of living without you
It's now I descend opening my battened down eyes
And still, pretend I'm still with you
Under this new, full moon.

Mark Heathcote

The Curdling Moon

As a bird sang softly, I leaned out;
On leaning out on the ledge,
I heard a commotion fraught.
Dark, it ominously held danger.

It's then I heard her murderer.
As the curdling moon turned blood red
An owl began to hoot.
It was then I felt a compulsion.

'Not to give a hoot.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seminars

Don't you just hate seminars?
Such masquerades I just can't manage
I griddle-up inside, eyes like isobars
Say, this weathers no good - marriage.

Patience is for patients, faith
Is their only; outcome
A parasol holds out the rain and sun.
Give me strength, some objective
He's only just begun.

Implications are - he's having some fun.
So sacrifice a shiver a flickering of hope
That he's just wondrously, having us on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Moment Of Truth

Every day is a kind of 'what if' kind of day.
But 'what if' today were a different kind
of 'what if' kind of day 'what if' this day,
happened to be you're final 'what if? '
kind of day, would you do anything differently.

Forget those commitments
and their long-dead ideology,
what would you do differently?
Be selfish, come now be serious
would you leave the sick and lame?
Would you toast that dying minute?
For a second's worth of selfish fame.

Or would you earnestly,
just carry on all the same.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Baby Talk & Quote

Babbling sounds made by babies and parents.
Are words that teach our infants so much more?
Developing sounds and yes a few grunts
helps baby learn, roar like a brontosaur.

This little poppet can ride a gee-gee.
And in my raised arms, fly like a moo-moo-
over the moon, oh what a wuv is he
at storytime, we adlib some Kung-Fu.

Nana has the nerve to pretend: Does it too
and karate chops her red grape in two.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where My Soul Resides Like A Flightless Hawk

My heart fossils alive...
Like an empty conch shell
It'll sing in this world or the next
Before it rots or burns in the bowels of hell.
Holding on to its last...
Carbon copy corrupt lungs its last breaths
Notwithstanding the minutes, before I die.
And pass on by...

I'll whistle like a train, I'll howl and I'll cry
On... again for you! For you! (...again)

Embedded in these chalk white cliffs
Where my soul resides like a flightless hawk
Glowing in the shadows
I'll scan the waves near and far apart and never
Relinquish a single forward backward step,
Until; my waves cutting talon's
Come near - crashing clawing over you
Near. Crashing; lusting over you again.

I'll whistle like a train, I'll howl and I'll cry
On... again for you! For you! (...again)

My heart fossils alive
Like an empty conch shell
In heaven or in hell
In this or the next world obligingly it whistles again.
For you!

Mark Heathcote

Locus Religions

Godlike insects...

Dance perspiring in leaded mirrored windows

Shaking, pollen crowns off their heads.

Dove white petals fall: windblown...

Like snow into a locus... christened darkness.

Now, which heart-shaped falling leaf?

Which single petal - do I follow now?

Which flower bleeds second best in my vision?

Which flower can withstand...

The changing winds of our endless wisdom.

Better to be a weed flower in the streets

Then crush mountains with barren seed.

Climbing judgmental

Only to feed destruction.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sister's Jealousy...

The dawn's bright light thinks she's the first
She spirals in and out of sight
Like a damsel with feet, submersed:
She climbs and soars like a flashlight
Never comes back: The moon's hearse-
Waits in long shadows, like a pearl
With; kisses now softly accurse.
A Gemini's, touch, a whirl
Of sister's jealousy — Away...
In the cold eternal, light of day.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Shadowless And Airtight

Love, it will reconstruct us all
remove our shadows from the wall
so, that nothing remains forlorn,
we'll all be airborne, not soil-borne.

When hearts-shell-is laid empty
we'll make for our Holy Lady
remitting all of our petulance
she'll hold us in her countenance.

Love, it shall be a shining torch
a golden melliferous light
fixed above God's cloudless porch
'that is shadowless and airtight.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Mr & Mrs Invisible

Mr & Mrs Invisible
are evidently, here
Blissfully they're bashful.
They don't ever appear.

Should tides approach them since
their footprints
on the beach didn't veer
they must still then be here.

Their lounge beach-chairs
lookout to a distant sea.
Dog walkers, playing solitaire,
plodding along, kicking algae.

Mr & Mrs Invisible
are evidently, here
those white waves are hymnal
their hearts, I can hear.

Mark Heathcote

Comforts In The Dark

Mysterious poems, endless ...words
Wisteria - windings on my mind.
The millponds ripple silently heard:
Distils, conspires with every rhyme.

Every touch every nerve trembling.
It's all leading to an end:
Let's not pretend the gifts I'm learning
Shall, in these rivers, endlessly wend.

Every footfall beat is a beating heart.
Running-backwards-to the start
Oh, all my passions ...when did we depart
Then only find our comforts in the dark.

Isn't the white page not yet smudged?
The best of all conceived, never written
Life and love they're always fudged.
Is, at the end of our yarn the vision?

Mysterious poems, endless ...words
Wisteria - windings on my mind.
The millponds ripple silently heard:
Distils conspires with my every nerve
In times of darkness: to fly like a bird.

Mark Heathcote

This Woman's My Guilty Pleasure

This woman's my guilty pleasure
And oh boy how I love her
She sings of the green clover
The busy bees in the purple heather.

This woman is the truth
The whole day through
Loaded, like a bullet to
Shoot through any lies.

This woman's my guilty pleasure
In a life of no hope
This woman's my mystic fortune
In a life where I'm always broke.

This woman is the heart of loving
She has no illusions,
That mine is a stump no longer bleeding blood
Just because at one time it could.

This woman is the reason I'd give my life
And make her my wife.

Mark Heathcote

Before You've Brushed Your Teeth

I love the morning sun...

That shade before the sun comes up

When you suck your gums before you've brushed.

I love it, when your mood, is still slightly, moody...

When the sun is still hidden in a cloud.

When the thunder comes raining down

That's when I'm waiting for the rainbows climb

And your love to strike me down.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Love

That's an invitation I can't turn away
Take me to where truth is speaking
In constant waves washing less than reluctant.
Seven shores away.

Take me to where loneliness
Is unified, with the one
In unison, who is the one
You wouldn't, haste away from today.

That's an invitation you shouldn't turn away from
If you believe in the factor of one love
That's the one, timeless endless true eternal love.
Departmentalized-world, you can't reach above.

That's an invitation; you can't turn, away
A sexual tingling, on your tongue
That means everything, these days.
Stomachs you've never felt before
You just-can't-turn your back away from
They're coming your way.

Mark Heathcote

Marmalade Mountains...

Marmalade Mountains

Sticky steps, let's keep our self's in time

Climb or decline

Let us fall in love without regrets.

Stop, asking me what's on my mind

Have you seen your naked image?

Well, it's always on my mind.

Your beauty is a shore into the light

Stars of silence send me into space

There, there, there are no regrets

On these moonlit, journeys into space

In love without regrets.

All ends in tears if you are shallow

Blue are the days of tomorrow

If you're not welcoming to love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hey Misty

Hey Misty, there isn't a dry eye
You're so, damn, beautiful
You make me want to cry.

Hey Misty, there isn't a dry eye
You're like an angel, almost astral
You sing, like a blackbird of the sky.

Hey Misty, there isn't a dry eye
Was your parentage, Elvis & Priscilla
You're so damn; beautiful

Oh and I feel so god damn silly.

Oh, let me pick you a red Camilla
On this cold, wet April day
Hey Misty, Hey Misty

Hey Misty, there isn't a dry eye
Tell me you want me to stay
Hey Misty, you are even more beautiful today.

Oh Lord, I could cry.

Mark Heathcote

Heavenly Godly

She likes to brush her tongue deep and softly,
Into the corners of his, mouth until he sucks.
She likes to twist her hips, her heavenly body,
Serpentine ...till he spoons into her arms.

Her scent is heady, he is drowning to breathe.
She wants only to entwine him like honeysuckle
Bathe in his waves, like a salty mermaid—
Sing on his breast like a dark midnight angel.

Feeling heavenly godly
Feeling heavenly godly
Heaven, godly...
Feeling heavenly godly
Feeling heavenly godly
Heaven, godly...
Feeling heavenly godly
Feeling heavenly godly
Heaven, godly...
Filled with his; fluorescent light.

Filled with his; fluorescent light.
She likes to twist her hips, her heavenly body,
Serpentine kiss and spoon vanilla pods
Heaven, godly...
Heaven, godly...
Heaven, godly...

Mark Heathcote

How Did I Forget My Shoes?

I've got my prom dress taken in
But how did I forgot my shoes
I'd like my hair-up with a pin:
Simple elegance with roughhews

Now as it nears panic sets in
Oh, how did I forgot my shoes
Oh, where does one now begin?
Really, do I need any - hairdos?

I'm plain they say but beautiful...
I'm smart, and so, all I need is
Some small white ballet-shoes not dull.
And then I'll fly, then I'll whizz...

Like a firework with a new belief,
I'll be they're beautiful prom princess
But how did I forget my slipper?
Did I just dream my lost coyness?

Was I really that, hot I left a path?
Of glowing, lily-white cinders.
Did you not spy my naked ankles?
...Barefoot running with your ardours.

Oh, how did I forget my shoes?
Simple elegance with roughhews
Really, do I need any - hairdos?
His first to last-kiss was it just a ruse
Oh, how did I forget my shoes?

Mark Heathcote

There Is So Much Love

There is so much love
How can you defend yourself?
Aren't you just ready to burst?
Helium bubbles seep away deep inside
Aren't you just ready to burst your sides?
There is so much more love
If you're ready not to fall - but climb,
Climb, into a clap of thunder.
Ok, so, it shall make you frantic...
For them sparks lightening-love.
But there is so much more love
Haven't you ever danced in the rain?
Or rolled down hill in the clover
It's the fix we all need...
Getting old is only about getting older.
You're not made of stone
And love you isn't no bolder.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who Do You Love?

Who do you love?
I love the god-fearing light
I love the god-fearing night
He makes everything I fear right.

Who do you love?
Smash the mirror
This reflection isn't me.

Smash the mirror
This isn't right
I've got more fight.

This reflection
It's so shallow.

There isn't a single ripple
I'm not this still
I'm not this dead
I'm not this hurt
Hurt enough to hate.

Take my pulse
This isn't revulsion or fake
I'm just trying to be honest with you.
Who do you love?
Because I do I dearly do love you.

Mark Heathcote

Loving Preps

Image His breath over your shoulder - directly
Could that be why your bloodshot eyes weep profoundly?
Softly with indignation - then you are blessed.
Soon your heart - tender-dark will wake from its lurid
Dream; ache to take on all the mournful, full-moons gloom.
Turning you; from ridged granite. Shaping you on his loom
...Into a sympathetically, warm; fabric
Now wouldn't that soft undercurrent be magic...
Wouldn't His love in those dark shadows fill your steps?
Not with chilblains raindrops but with loving preps
Sublime, manifestations, let them follow you
Love envelope you, its a long time overdue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Brave And Like A Stag Lock Antlers

Love must have an answer to everything
Now, look. Crying, what good does that do you?
If you; fill a well of deep despairing
It'll seep into every avenue

Sure enough, your heart will require sutures
To stem, its blackened blood, frothing the mouth.
So, be brave and like a stag, lock antlers
With the world, be like deserts almost drought.

Let cacti flowers open to the sun
Let your heart and soul, be one joyous thorn
Stabbing life; like a small kitten, smitten.
Somewhat with - its ball of lamb's wool; careworn.

Love must have an answer to everything
Else, what's the point of us ...all this bleeding?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pets Do The Funniest Things

Pets do the funniest things
As do their owners with their pets
Pets do the craziest things
As do pet owners at their pet's vets.

Our neighbours once kept a duck
They walked it on a lead
Their tortoise had us all thunderstruck
When I found it in a lane muddied.
3yrs missing was we dumbstruck.

Once as a farmhand
Twenty, heifers' climbed into a hayloft
Twenty feet high aloft
In the air and me, I was their cowhand.

And on Facebook bemused
I watched a dog riding a bike
Then another in a photo oozed-
Confidence as a pillion-passenger
I guess that driver could have been confused
For being that dog's road manager.

But like I said:
Pets do the funniest things
As do their owners with their pets
Pets do the craziest things
As do pet owners at their pet's vets.

Mark Heathcote

Choose Your Own Analogy

Love is never ambiguous
Nor can it remain a white canvas
It's absolute & resolute-
Yes; but also it's - irresolute.

It Greys with frustration...
It is charmed but never sated.
It can be a golden stage curtain.
Or a place we've desecrated.

Love is a world diverse
Choose your own analogy,
Love, likely it's given freely.
It will become - your universe.

Acceptance of its alleyways,
Tears dripping like choking vines
Shall with all our hearts inveighs
Become easier as it divines
Speeds our souls unto—
One another all recombines.

Mark Heathcote

Agree To Disagree

It's like buying a round of drinks
It's your turn: No it isn't mine!
I'm not falling for those hoodwinks
'Ours is an echo out of rhyme'
We agree to disagree all the time.

'Don't you remember - not at all? '
Well I'll double-check my pockets
To be sure for any change small.
'Don't you remember - not at all? '
I've stopped counting drink units

But still - unsure isn't this rounds yours
We'll agree to disagree... all the time.
By end of the night, we're on all fours
In the agreement, it's all been a pantomime.
& we'll drown out each other's snores

With echoes in almost perfect rhyme.

Mark Heathcote

Happenstance

Unearth my old crockery...
You're like a little Bermuda.
Fix all your beauty chastely,
A Willow pattern broke China.

Pull yourself back together
My silkworm white - caterpillar.
Let your blood now cocoon
Turn here lucid as the moon.

And dazzle in all our eyes
With your first real dance
So unrehearsed in the sky - my -
Paisley coloured happenstance.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Stillness

In the stillness of a beat,
there are hummingbirds
that doesn't rely on deadpan feet;
wings so fast they can't be seen.
Oh, how indeed they hover
angelic-like over one another—
twitching left to right
glowing green, then amber
pink-then-a metallic gold with delight,
almost as if they weren't in flight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Write Me Poetry Forever More

Be like tumbleweed
Be like flotsam
On a bed of dust
On a sea of moonlight
Be like a broken thread
Be like a golden river
A page unexplored ...
Be like a desert
A forest - willing to give
Willing to fall...
Be like burning straw
Be my eternal lover
Write me poetry forever more.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Believe

Believe that you can go far
Go all the way to the top
Believe and you'll hit par
A hole in one what's to stop?

You, now go on, just believe
Even if it is only make-believe
Go ahead and make-believe
There'll be that make-believing.

Who'll call you a liar?
A thief, a dreamer
Don't show any anger
Remember, it's you who's the winner.

Mark Heathcote



Twit Twoo...

I wish I were an owl
On a midnight blue
Hidden in my cowl
With a rising, moon in view.

And a multitude of stars
Imbued with a tranquil light
Where grasses sing like a sitar
I'd never need again, say - goodnight.
To you, just...twit twoo,
Oh, how I love you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Witchcraft

Let's up the ante and marry
no more spiel, my hearts yours
my gaits clod lightens daffy.

On the slightest up-draft
a smile lifts, and my heart soars
enchanted by her witchcraft.

Once I flew to a bright star
there through a heavenly gate
in expanses that were afar.
I draught the thin air of fate.

I brewed in her cauldron.
I clawed at my own shadow that selfish
Merlin whistled like an empty flue.

I decided, then. Spare no expense
Let us up the ante and marry.
What's my alternative defence?
Let's spare no expense - let's marry.

Mark Heathcote

Heaven If Seen From Heaven

Heaven, if seen from heaven would
Have fields strewn with gold
flowers would be glittering, damsel
dragonflies, stars, hour upon hour.

Where rivulets mingle into bays
angels would comb, golden manes
clothes unclad wash their men
and be forever eternally glad.

But this being earth, not heaven
wages of sin are multiplied by seven.
Heaven, if seen from heaven
would be little more than...?
An out sprawling maiden,
coupling on a meadow bed in Devon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What It Is To Be A Dictator And Dream

Where is the robe of the Golden Fleece?
That winged ram that's now deceased
That Jason risked his life for kingship
Does it survive his proprietorship?

If, so where is now the Golden Fleece?
I'd like to own it, rule all of Greece.
Put me on the throne of Iolcus in Thessaly.
And like Caesar, I'll take all of Italy.

Where is the robe of the Golden Fleece?
That winged ram that's now deceased
I want to own it and win my queen
Oh, what it is to be a dictator and dream.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

King Of A Kingdom

Honourable - saviour to the needy
Enlightened; good deeds aplenty
King of a kingdom, lit with light...
How we've abandoned all that's right?

Ignoble demons, tax our plight...
Make demands we can't appetite.
Oh noble Lord, spearhead our fight,
Their eyes; greener than, jadeite.

Such, greed filters into shale gas...
They'll shake every penny from us alas...
If you don't kick, some royal arse.
Lord, deliver them their coup de grâce!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Will Reach Above The Sky

They who say their love will never die
Their-love will reach above the sky,
And part souls as one persona
Lie around in just their fauna?

But clearly, not all things are just so
Else we wouldn't marry divorce to solo.
But that said; in a teasing, caress
Who wouldn't confess, love is heavenly?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Decanter The Wine

Go-dispense your blood sluice days
In the fragrance where love
In her seesaw balances lays.
Betwixt the stars hereof, above.

Now the stopper has been lifted free.
Let her vintage pour henceforth
Anew, let the original, genie flee
That never once flew, back or forth...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Be A Conservative

First, it was a change to the free press then the royal mail.

Sold for half its real value in the bloodletting, franchising-of-the NHS, the best bits sold off, soon there'll be nothing of any public value left. And we the patients, who can't pay, will soon be left for dead.

Like so much undelivered mail.

Let us remember less we should all forget the last time it was the utilities and the rail they sold.

See to them everything is for sale. 'Roof tax, bedroom tax it's on you their axe will curtail.' The jobless out of work they say have no moral backbone community soul has gone its dying with the old stuck indoors freezing as they price you out of your home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bests Of The Day

Best of the days is drying in the hay,
When your work is done
When overalls are washed and hung.

Best of the days is drying in the hay,
When children come home from school
Chant and laugh like doubled over fools.

Best of the days is drying in the hay,
When sleep descends idle hands
When time has but lost nearly
...All but a few small grains of sand.

Best of the days is drying in the hay,
When threshed you fly away...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In All The Stars Light Still Grim

God, he's a gardener of stone
Oh, Look, look at these rubies
Ammonites and gravestone—
That's where bones did loam.

They turn into diamonds
That's what he decrees,
He decrees all shall shine
When polished from his mine.

God, he's a gardener of stone
Oh, Look, look at these emeralds
Look at these dead-kings thrones □
Their minion choirs still herald.

...In a distant mine for him...
In all the stars light still grim.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Magnolias

The first magnolias I perceived
I thought... has an alien ship landed?
Is this a Martian? Flower bed.

Even its name Soulangeana
A saucer-shaped magnolia,
I later found was like a mantra.

It, it was completely shocking.
In its pink-white, stocking
Rubbing my eyes sore I gazed
At its luminosity all amazed.

But all in the blink of an eye
All are commonplace once again.
All have a common staid dye
Where nothing really matters again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fledglings Gone

One more cuddle, first
Before, my tears burst.
Smiles scorched in their throes
Into arched, brow, rainbows.

One more meaningful kiss
Before, my hearts bliss,
Bursts empty. Like a bubble.
Fledgelings-gone on the double,

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Joy With Prickled Legs

Lush green spokes of grass
rich and velvety deep
hedged with an impasse
of dark spiralling nettles.

This-was-my dream garden
my joy with prickled legs
this-was-my dream of Eden
boating on rolling river logs.

Frogs croaking jewel-like
knocking off the gentle dew
a face pure white; cloud lion-like
looking back, it was all a golden hue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Without Any Maudlin

I love the fall colours cascading
In them mystical magical glories
Mothers bright charm bracelet sparkling
Moon-heart leaves glinting like ivies.

I love the first snowfalls wet icy kiss.
Breaths, that linger; icing the dark
Mother's beehive hairspray in its hiss
As she slinked sideways; left her bulwark.

I loved them separations her happiness.
Her quiet but excited exhilaration
Sweeping along in her long black dress
Like a beautiful fall without any maudlin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For Sixteen Hours Of Life

Too many question asked
Let's all sleep - pretend.
Life is just a sleeping-
Dream: a waking friend.

For sixteen hours of life
We all sleep to glow...
Laugh like garden flowers
...Run through the snow.

Grab them day's aside...
And shake their hand.
Because when awake—
What remains is grand.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Can't Avoid His Crown Of Thorns...

In a soggy crib, a pocket of winter
I can't avoid His crown of thorns
Loving reflexions on a Judas accuser
His tongues sharp; glacier swords.

Oh, Rasputin, they're mine own too
Oh, don't split hairs dear blasphemer
You're I is no peasant, mystic
You're no adviser faith-healer to me.

There are no more honest, lovers—
More straightforward than he
We're all of us Philistines to a one
Captured & here drown in our own cribs.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dear Old Dead July

Dear old dead July, now it's August
you make me want to die—
seasonal depressions they're here again
they're here all over again.

Here my weather vane
spins out of my control
my sundial has been turned over
year on year, now I no more want to cry.

Dear old dead July, now it's August
you make me want to lie down and die
you make me want to weep, weep
like a willow longing to sleep.

My old house of golden corn
is now a shelled out shell of an acorn.
The moon's darkness is bliss
I breathe it back into my lungs, a foggy, wet kiss.

Dear old dead July, now it's August
you make me want to die—
curl twirl crisp and crackle into the dust
oh, turn back time, turn back August.

Mark Heathcote

A King's Reward

Be the first divine king - kill
-also his son, his heir's murder
he who locates lost donkeys,
remove his halo, let the evil spirit
befall him, who does not obey me
he who is caught in sin slay him.
Let nightmares embrace them one and all
I see them as mine to over thrall
so we're brothers in arms: 'Not, said Samuel,
said, Saul. Whom later befell a sacrificial
lamb - victim unto his own be knighting sword.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jack Jones

Have you ever been that lonely?
You couldn't fall asleep at night.
Asking, where's my mind-at; my psyche?
Without any respite or rest insight

Asking yourself; 'Who the hell you're with? '
'I'm on my Jack Jones man - nuttin' going on.'
I couldn't be any lonelier - 'oh what pith, '
It gets-lonelier by the day, anon

Well, I'll tell you I've been that lonely,
Man - it nearly sent me mad, insane!
I've been that lonely - man - just briefly,
I've felt like kicking in the ashcan.

But a faint heart never won a maiden
O 'I'm on my Jack Jones man - nuttin' going on.'
But hope prevails to keep me from Satan
From becoming his chard fried bacon.

Mark Heathcote

Domestic Goddess

She takes her broom to wildly sweep
Keeping an occasional eye on the sky
With a personal look at her dust heap
She remains dauntless shy and spry.

Locals might see her as joyful-regardless
Of how abruptly they scorn - project.
But she just sweeps again in fairness
There are no excuses disclosed - inspect.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Turned By A Wave

Turned by a wave
One that can save
Once so hard faced
Now - full of grace.

Turned by a wave
One that can ultimately save
I've got the wind in my sails...
As love and forgiveness prevails.

Turned by a wave
One that can ultimately save
Save me and you...
We don't need any corrupt revue.

Turned by a wave
No fortune or fame
Or economic slavery
Can chain hold or enslave.

Turned by a wave
One that can save
Me even from the grave...

Turned by a wave
One that can ultimately save
Save me with ooh you...

Mark Heathcote

Roaring Ready To Go

Our temptations are subject to galloping.
This heart pitter-patters like a toy tin-car
roaring ready to go, without any damning,
right or wrong prepared for exemplar-
high octane speeds in a black sports Jaguar.

All previous; impeccability, good nature
due to some sins; lechery - avarice, envy, pride
have been car-wrecked in a drunken clatter
truth, all our iniquities don't matter. 'Mewing
we drive along for what's-leased rewarding.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Body Is Water

Your body is living water
How can I survive without?
A long tall glass of water
Sparkling or flat no matter
I can't live without water.

Cold or warm; it's all the same.
How can I survive without?
I can't live without water
Quench my thirst. Come exclaim
How can't I survive a drought?

How did I survive - neglect?
Don't all rivers run flow to their folly?
Darling, I am your subject.
Discharge me with one breath left
Oh, how I'll drown in a Maritime's sea.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Daisies

Daisies are unique flowers
they have just two colors
one is yellow, for me
the other is white for you.

Daisies are unique flowers
they have just two colors
you're my white corona.
I am your sun's yellow center.

But I'd never swap yours
for mine or mine for yours.
White love is the best kind,
yellow's-slightly, less refined.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Sense Of Destiny

Love has a sense of destiny
Hanging around on the web,
Feeble as a cocoon esprit
With, snow on the descent.

Erie wings like snow clouds
Dream of a garden unexplored
Where there cold shrouds
Can, melt in eternal concord.

Love has a fraternal brother
He has halted us at the reigns
Where all lovers now bestir
He gives winter chilblains.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Harp Players

When dark & light against
A sickle moon plays the harp
Escarpments above her thighs
Shine even brighter than ever
Then his hand swam like koi carp.
Where delicately the dew's moisture clings,
Comes-together warming cloisters.
... before the stars have rung,
She has claimed her pearl in an oyster.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Coach Journey Home

That day on in sustain unknowns
Coming home - sand between toes
She to me became a sea-witch.
With bags of cheese sandwiches
Driftwood and blue barnacles
Forever imprinted in my mind.
Her bag of seaweeds entwined
Like entrails, I nearly did convulse
But I swallowed my innocent pride.
This here laddie, I'll hang, outside
My front door - it tells the weather.
Plants give clues no ships Chandler
Can. Laddie - its weather lore!
This isn't just any old folklore!
This here Kelp forecasts, weather
If it's dry the weather is fine.
If wet; you can bet it's a bad sign
Looking her straight she was no liar.
That day on in sustain unknowns
Arriving home - sand between toes
She to me became a sea-witch
With curling, cheese, anchor butter, sandwich.

Mark Heathcote

Right Or Wrong!

It pains me not to laugh at pain
Or cry in sight of radiant joy,
What is right or wrong with this?

Doesn't life's treachery, buoy, well
In any ground swell or surge tide.

In its balance the blood bays
For forgiveness like a loyal dog,
Neither master's lap. nor kinship.

Its ministering instinct: is for its own.
Mercurial lost existence..
What is right or wrong with this?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Pan Fried Fish...?

Destiny isn't that
A pan-fried fish?
That just couldn't
Have been any other dish
But look too at its silver gills
It's open and closed paused mouth.
Note the lilting silence of a passing breath
The cadence fall, the rising of it all
Note the frosted-glass panel. This isn't death
When these patterns melt and fade, do not gail
In that heart, there was a truer, purer, nature,
There is a blessed rainfall... An overhaul
A windfall... Where art has magic yet to conjure.
That drabbest censor goes back into the thrall
After all ...No stars... prosaic light
Ever dined alone or diminished one solitary night.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Stop Myself From; Running To You

If I tremble it's for you
If I shiver it's not that I am cold
It's because I ache for you
It's because I long for you
For you to hold me steady.
It's because I can't control
Or hide what I feel for you
Any longer any more than a sail
Switched turned by a changing wind can do.

If I nervously giggle
It's not that I'm giggling at you
It's just that I'm glowing inside
Spending this time by your side
If I avoid looking into your eyes
It's only because I'm afraid
My feelings won't be reciprocated
For you, it's only because
I'm falling in love with you. It's all I can do.

To stop myself from; running to you.

Mark Heathcote

Damned If I Do, Damned If You Don't

My heart keeps pounding against yours.
My heart keeps pounding against heavens doors.
Damned if I do, damned if you don't love me too
Oh, my heart it's yours

Oh, my heart keeps hammering. Against the window
Of your soul; waiting
For you to arrive and return, home.
Oh, my heart it's yours

My heart keeps pounding against yours.
My heart keeps pounding against heavens doors.
Damned if I do, damned if you don't love me too
Oh, my heart it's yours

Oh my love, is your heart the missing key
Am I the gatekeeper to your lodge?
Oh, love, can you spy me through a keyhole
Oh my lady Chatterley, can you hear me.

Whispering I love you, can you hear your heartbeat?
In monochrome; beating inside in time, besides mine.
Damned if I do, damned if you don't love me too
Oh, my heart it's yours

Mark Heathcote

I'm Sure It's Not Such A Lonely Road

Although my soul isn't blest
I'd like to leave it abandoned
to walk the forest possessed
touched by moonlights, garland.

I'd like to hoot with tawny owls
and watch the fungi's ears outstretch
I'd like to see the stoats open jowls
as they a pheasant fowl do catch.

I'd like to hear forests creaking
like a bat biting on a beetle
I'd like to go quietly, bounding
with a stag hoofs in dark treacle.

I'd like to pace beside a vixen
watch how she rolls in the snow
see bloodied farmhouse chicken
slew by its jaw necks heave-ho.

Although my soul isn't blest
I'd like to leave it abandoned
to walk the forest possessed
touched by moonlights, garland.
I'd like to leapfrog with the toad
I'm sure it's not such a lonely road.

Mark Heathcote

There's Always Two Sides To Anyone Character

It wasn't anybody's concern
Absolutely not, how
Generous he was or how wary
How divided others were now.

They said of his moods he's testy
His manner tried and robust
His eyes are gaudy yet slinky,
Their nebulous is of the darkest.

But some found him just a delight
Those that weren't news worthy libel
Saw him a capturing blight.
Who'd never buckle in under a fight?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That Fine Looking Couple

He was, so, so, good-looking,
That she named him Handsome
People said; they're stunning.
He is just one gorgeous, Adam

She is striking, his lovely Eve.
Together they're so attractive
You'll rub sore your eyes to believe
They're not just, now, conjunctive.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hereinabove I Give My Word To Love

You can't rule my heart with a kiss
Even with a thing of near bliss,
Its tokens shall go, slightly amiss.

Sees I cannot vouch for my desires.
They're like-bees amid the pyres
They're not wickets for umpires.

They're not governed or fixed:
In the suns/moonlight admixed.
These choices, they've-not been prefixed.

Although I can't; avow my love-
It's from hereon, hereinabove-
I believe now on I shall hereof.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If You've Saved Your Life To Sing

If you've saved your life to sing
Only the bridge and chorus...
Then you will have-
Missed-out on; the real song.

Take pleasure in every verse
Each is an overture!
For which you cannot rehearse,
Either the middle or ending.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

While Here...

While here run through tall meadows
while here smell the scent of flowers
while here feel the beat of a bird's wing
while here touch the tingling snows.

While gazing up at the moon
while here sit in the arms of a tree
while here count at midnight the stars
and thank yours, mine are still ours.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Oh Where To Begin

Lip reading the lines of her skin
I'm seducing even, invisible stars.
From the dark side of the moon
Oh where to begin
Oh, where did it all begin?
Explaining, these mysteries
Oh within. Oh, where to begin.

Lip reading the lines of her skin
Rolling in clover, kissing her shoulder
Kissing her napes tingling ivory,
Ah forever... to dial her number
And keep her engaged forever.
Explaining, these mysteries
Oh within. Oh, where to begin.

Lip reading the lines of her skin
Natural fountains are fed
Violins quiver; awakened from sleep.
Oh, where did this music begin?
Explaining, these mysteries
Oh within. Oh, where to begin.
Oh, where did it all begin?

Explaining, these mysteries
Oh, where did it all begin?
Oh within. Oh where to begin
Oh, where to begin.

Mark Heathcote

Unassuming...

She sensed the gossips...
Had changed the weather
Had taken a hold of the tiller
Her seamanship, was poor
They loved her all the more.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Snow Fall...

Under the bright orange glows
of billowy-night-snow-lit-clouds
have you ever been out wandering?
Alone, lost and cold, wondering-
which way if either one is home?
Half frozen - have you ever curled-
or crumpled-up your stubborn toes
hoping not to be found, racking mind
in stillness... would it really matter?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Everyone With Your Love

I want you to challenge every, fear
I want you to challenge every, frown
every smile with a smile...
I want you to challenge every, demon
I want you to challenge all your hatred
every kiss with a kiss...
I want you to challenge every, misdemeanour
I want you to challenge every, sin
Love everyone with your love
that is indelible within.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lest All His Love Was Involved

I'll not staunch this blood
Before it turns into sorrow.
I shall sing songs of love
Weep deeply into a pillow.

Birds couldn't make their nest
From a pile of dried bones
Nor a lion sink its teeth lest
All his love was involved.

'Go home all my daughters
This-is-only a lion's roar'.
Grinding teeth against - purrs
Gristle, bone and skin,
Don't forget; in all this,
We are kith and kin.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sees Here This Boat

That wooden knot child was once a cradle
To a sea-green bud and a flowering spark
Now it's a part of this boat this ladle
Cradling you we in a rowing boat instead.

Please child takes great care, how you row
How you go, grow, life is a flickering candle
If you take a wrong turn, you can plateau
And fall or even; end-up windup dead.

Sees here this boat has had many a life
And child it's crossed many shores safely,
It's even-been carved by a kids penknife
But it's always stood or sailed blithely.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love It Isn'T A Unity Of Souls

Love isn't an arbiter
Sure, isn't it always dividing?
Taking sides, so we err...
Err...
Err, from complete - honesty.

Love doesn't find cohesion
One partner has to sacrifice
Whilst the other is over shun.
Getting on...
With what needs to be done?

Love it isn't a unity of souls
Ask the one whose hands
Suds...
Suds, in the washing bowl.
If you; don't
Or can't or won't believe me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Turning To A Desert

Her tears have woken!
Perched; blackbirds, quenched two, suns.
Her tears have dried and are now dead.
Her tears have flown and washed away-
The underbelly,
Soft silts of clays that lay in her riverbed.
Her tears have left the earth sodden
Her cries have shaken all of heaven.
All's-now dehydrated, turning to a desert
Yet, her barren spell. Has, only just begun.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Permafrost

Deadly forest I drink in your cyanide
Dragon wingtips they're fickle images
They only drown or burn within me
Such is the sun's orange glowing dredges.

Polystyrene in permafrost I'm so, fake
I can only wish I could turn to rust
Close my eyes with cabin fever and slake
Like a disease, just for a godly, chemist.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Teething Child

Daylight fevers under cold sheets
Where sleep is like a pilot-light
Hoping it never meets the night
Never blinks at its dead defeats.

Oh teething child, scorn on brave.
Bite on deep; disconnect your jaw,
And take in more, kicking, roars.
Than even you can, ever waive.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'LI Find Away...

Chard images, justify I was someone
Stardust in an urn not only bones to you.
With no more; grey sells to spell-cast
A word oh let me sojourn,
I shall not be spent, if you leave me.
I shall at once again be upturned
I'll find a form that holds a choirs chorus...
I'll find away, some way, back...
As if, no time had ever elapsed
Too sing to you only.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Were Only A Sheep In Wolf's Clothing

Your skin wet like lightening quivers
Peels sheds like a snakeskin
When; quicksilver slivers
Roll aback into a boat to sea.
Aroused as something else...
Watch the stars collide collapse
Sugar salts sweat crystalized forever
Molding faces into identical caps.
Sexual favours their rubbers
They were always wormwood.
Corroded into the cells cud!
How, could you fault these burrs?
When like a snake
You were only a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Until A Flower Emerges

Poetry is the multiplication
Of brush strokes painted in thought
In rhythm, and-in rhyme spidery spun
Eight eyes on an octave line wrought.

Spinning; leafing-out all over quietly.
Digesting and dissolving internally
Or else they just-hold me, uncontrollably,
Frenetically, silently, dangling almost for fun.

Until a flower, emerges from a landscape drunken.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A-Swill-Of The Devils Brews

Fingers fret and linger on the vine
Music's a tabled wine, ready to drink.
Whatever the reason, cause it's divine
When I drink a cup or two, with you.

Lips may-hanker for the fruit of dreams
A-swill-of the devil's brews can lower you
To your knees in all kinds of blasphemies.
Harp player, you're an angel, sometimes.

When fingers fret and linger on the vine
And the music it's just mine and yours.
Whatever the reason, cause it's divine
When; I drink a cup of maturing wine.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Imprisoned In A Dewdrop

I'm imprisoned in a dewdrop
In a prison of my own cruel soul
Waiting to drop waiting to roll
Like the progeny of a tale Aesop
Might have retold in a foxhole
To a vixen headed on her nightly, patrol.

I'm imprisoned in a dewdrop
In a prison of my own harsh soul
Waiting to drop waiting to roll
Down a windowpane; like a raindrop.
But in the meantime, dawns delightful
Said; Mr. Hyde to Dr. Jekyll.

I'm imprisoned in a dewdrop
In a prison of my own bad soul
Waiting to drop waiting to roll
Waiting to unfurl a teardrop
It's a wrestles state in which to roam
And find your way back home.

Mark Heathcote

Animal Instincts...

Swishing her tail, lank and lean
She strung me along on a lead
No dog, I to be treated mean.
Treated like a mongrel breed.

My senses ran above bare ankles.
Purring likes a cat. I longed
To play once more with round baubles.
Have her sit in my lap pronged.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wooden

You are not wood that shall float or sink
You are not ebony or a bit hard
You're not cork or someone to play tiddlywink
Or balsawood lost in a lumberyard.

You're not a byword for aircraft models
You cannot fly or even catch the wind...
Nor an oak carved into idols.
Yet, you sure are wooden, thick-skinned.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am A Snowfall At Your Gate

I am a pomegranate
ready to explore its riches
I am a snowfall at your gate.
Push hard to unlock the latches,
my beloved, before;
the wind changes, and my heart ices.
I am an instrument you alone must play.
I'll sing loves turbulences, come what may.
I will dance and hear you say - I am yours.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Is This Love?

My queen of roses
What is this love?
That is just a reflection of our neurosis?
Am I a thorn? Are you my queen of roses?
Am I a dandelion clock are you my flower?

Ageless you have been my bedrock.
I yearned to set seed laugh and lay by you.
Sleep like an owl in its bower.
Anxious as a mouse exposed in its lair.

I am a ship yearning to drop anchor.
What is this love but a loose patch of sailcloth?
That's flapping-in-sorrow in misery for you.
Beloved, don't fail me now, I am yours.

~or~



PoemHunter.com

What is this love?
That is just a reflection of our neurosis?
I am a thorn. You are my queen of roses.
I am a dandelion clock you are my flower.

Ageless you have been my bedrock.
I yearned to set seed laugh and lay by you.

I am a ship yearning to drop anchor.
What is this love but a loose patch of sailcloth?
That's flapping-in-sorrow in misery for you.
Beloved, don't fail me now, I am yours.

Mark Heathcote

Be Found In Elevations High

Drop anchor and step ashore
Leave drifting and explore
The firmaments that no more
Arch vaults or expand the sky.

Conceive to journey on by
Further, then I dare to espy.
Be found in elevations high
Above what domed birds fly.

Separate, water from water
The world is not our oyster.
Any more than deaths a vapour
A tone of voice is shriller.

Even then these heavenly birds
Oceanic; conceived words
Be the fruit that in vineyard's
Twine, climb above the goatherds.

Mark Heathcote

Black Tulips

Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold
They warm my heart from the bitter cold.

On bending stems they curtsy on the wind
Bob on the air, like sunlight, been pinned.

In frozen earth crossways hatched at night
They weep - close - fall asleep till daylight.

Black tulips, tulips red, tulips gold
They warm my heart from the bitter cold.

I wish I were a snowdrop an astronaut.
Above the clouds but I'm not, I'm an inkblot.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Precious Gold

What is gold but the fruit of suns long gone?
They're the nuggets of stars that have shone.
Aeons passed into their own, nightfall.
Have smelted away, into this little haul.
Beautiful how frightfully precious how small
These bands of love bound together with all.
Placed-on a book, worn with oaths bygone.
Here now, never to fade but to shine hereon.
Forever, and forever, until death do we part
Or fall-down into that black hole, quick smart.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Old Grey Banana Leaf

'Why, with a Michael Angelo's statue
In the forefront' even that an old grey banana leaf
Can look singularly to me like an angel's wing.
Discarded from heaven, if only you: Hold the view,
All you'll see and do shall sing! Sing! Sing!
'Because, dear boy; beauty is in everything'...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Dreamers Sleepwalk

Life's a custodial sentence.
So let's not throw away the key.
Facts are the longer we all serve
the more forgiving we all might be.

I've dreams that have no bells and whistles.
Nightmares relentless, year on year
there's optimism that isn't just piffle
I'm my own-winning-gold charioteer.

I've dreams that predict the future
that levitates my soul like snow.
Dreams I can't out-manoeuvre;
Death, like he's a charging black rhino.

Life's a dreamer's sleepwalk.
So let's all embrace our fear.
Our nightmares and maybe
they'll-simply-all disappear.

Mark Heathcote

Poverty Is A Gift

Father, poverty is a gift
ask any bird taking a rain bath.
Son, don't make-me-laugh
there's nothing but rain
Poverty isn't a gift
there's nothing but pain.
So son fastens your reigns
ride for them riches today
don't live by wages daily
paid only once monthly
father poverty is a gift.
Son, nothing is ever enough,
just ask your mum.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Happen To, Being Happy Childlike

Did you ever love walking silver lanes?
Wet with rain or running in meadows
Tall lush with buttercup in knee-high strains
Did you wade in a river without clothes?
Hear your own heart trill out loud in the moonlight
Fight that sibling after playing Broncos
Ever have a child's life and smite in spite
All the love and the wonderful grottos
Did you ever play around a duck pond?
And splash in puddles the longest way home
Sure wasn't it just great to leave and abscond
Ok, sure wasn't it great then to just idly roam.
What's made your face like a moulding flour sack?
What happened to, being happy childlike laid-back.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When His Eyes Turn Turquoise

When his eyes turn turquoise
Then back to bloodshot white
He isn't any prince or any kind
Of knight I want to fight.

There isn't any scarf...
I'll give away to him or you
He's open my eyes...
Well beyond any thumbscrew.

I'd rather be locked in
A tower picking locks
And wearing...
That moth ate curtain for frocks.

When his eyes turn turquoise
Then back to bloodshot white
I'll tell you I've been traumatized
And that isn't at all right.

When I look in his drunken eyes
I don't want to stay castled up
Pretending he can still be my dove
And I can be captive loved up.

Oh I'd rather be lashed
And dethroned than share
In his turquoise eyes smashed
Bloodshot; turning back white.

Mark Heathcote

In Your Darkest Hour

Like a star in your darkest hour
That is what He channels through all of us
With every breath bound you are.
Are His star-crossed lovers on His star-crossed axis?

Like a star in your darkest hour
He is the light shining on them folds of mist
That climbs in the clouds cling like a suit
Worn like a sun on you, never just to coexist.

Like a star in your darkest hour
He's the nighttime evening primrose
Flowering on until the dew just for you
That is what He channels through as all blind faith knows.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

By Jimmy-De-Jam

That grasshopper is he a thinker
A dancer or a singer
By jimmy-de-jam, I bet he can
Do a mean Bo jangles
And whistle up a song
Just as good as any other fool can.

Why - he has such poise and charm
He'll disarm any praying mantis
By jimmy-de-jam, I bet he can
Do a mean Bo jangles
And whistle up a song
Better than any other fool can.

By jimmy-de-jam, I bet he can
Do a mean Bo jangles
Amongst them are green emerald jungles
That grasshopper is he a thinker
A dancer or a singer
By jimmy-de-jam,

By jimmy-de-jam, I bet he can
Do a mean Bo jangles
And whistle up a tune
Just as good as you, sitting at home
All alone and keep it in tone
By jimmy-de-jam, have I always been that stoned?

Mark Heathcote

Purse Your Lips Like A Heart

You purse your lips like a heart
And find your mark in the dark
Oh and I felt so lucky,
And like a dog, I lost my bark

Darling, you're not just eye candy
You're a diamond, through and through.
Waking up with you is a beating sun
And I can't find any shade from you.

Saddle up my dreams...
You're leading me a stray...
Purse your lips loosen that lace
That I might; ride on through and padre.

Purse your lips like a heart
I'll try not to give you any ground
I'll try not to give you a second's breath
To, breathe once again earthbound.

Purse your lips again like a heart tonight
And I'll tell you what's on my mind
But it's sure to take all night
Just too thank you.

Mark Heathcote

What Does It Benefit?

What does it benefit crying alone?
Of-cause, the rains are going to fall
The seasons they shall all be overturned-
Like tables at a poker game,
Their pages are like a doomsday book.
But with each new paragraph-
There's a white unwritten sheet-
That's as frigid as a dewdrops fall,
Just declined from a ferns uncurling frond.
For every page of death
Has a little breath left?
So what does it benefit crying alone?
Use that ferns uncurling nib,
And write just another line.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Sang And I Satirized

I sang and I satirized
I laughed and I cried
I gave him everything
He gave me a garden
He gave me the stars
He gave me a son
And a broken heart
Oh, where to begin...

I sang and I satirized
I laughed and I cried
I gave most everything
He gave me a mortgage
He gave me a freeway
A place in the dark
I'm still driving on
Oh, where to begin...

I sang and I satirized
I laughed and I cried
I gave him everything
He's just gave me another kid
He gave me a promise
He gave me a wet squib
Boy, just what did I miss?
Oh, where to begin...

Oh he gave me a rocky road
He gave me a rodeo
Now there isn't any letting him go
So I sang him this song.
I sang and I satirized
I laughed and I cried
I gave him everything
And hello, here we go again

He's just gave me another kid
He gave me his eternal promise
He gave me a wet squib

Boy, just what did I miss?
Oh, where to begin...

So I sang him this song.
I sang and I satirized
I laughed and I cried
I gave him everything
And then one day, he just died at 35.
He never suffered fools
But I sure kept him amused.

Mark Heathcote

It Was Never Them Dimensions

If, love breaks a window
In the chapel of your soul
There isn't a bigger calamity,
On earth can lessen that black hole.

If, you believed it was built
On steadfast foundations
Of love, only to discover
It was never of these dimensions.

You might suppose prayers
Haven't been answered
The fact is love is no chapel
That would be absurd.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Misgivings

I've no more unspent ashes, coals or choke
left fuelling her unquenchable desires
that burns in flash fires with or without me.

Her eyes are like two great pyres flaming,
burning either side of a boundless forest
that winds its dark smoky eyelids
around me, locked like a blackbird's wing.

My heart fiercely flew once, like a wild boar
that charges but falls just a snout too short
in breathless panting, its soul's rind
now crackles forever, black and chard.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hats Off To Them At The Abc Party

Hats off to them at the ABC party
Apathy, Bankrolling, Corruption
Party, vote now, each vote counts
Singularly void of any or all hope
And will be counted as the majority.

Vote now for the unelected ABC party
Where the majority in their ludicrous voice
Shall be quashed disdained ridiculed
And finally registered and rejected
Until finally they're all

Behaving like the master's gundog,
Hats off to them at the ABC party
Apathy, Bankrolling, Corruption
Party, vote now, each vote counts
In their struggle of conquer-and-divide.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That Sand In Your Shoe

That sand in your shoe
Once was a mountain made of mud?
Once held a pearl in an ocean shell
Once had jagged edges
Now made minutely, smooth...
Once sang of life
Like a bog myrtle tree
But now it's you, but now it's me
That petrified life, that-
Once again, has returned to the sea
That you simply shook, from your sandal shoe.

II

That sand in your shoe
Was once a mountain made of quarts?
Was once a pearl in an Indian Ocean shell?
And had once a time jagged edges serrate
But now it's been made minutely, smooth.

It also once a long time hence sang of life
Like a bog myrtle tree
But now it's with you, now it's me,
That petrified life, that-
Once again returns to the sea...
That you simply shook, from your sandal shoe.

Mark Heathcote

God Is A Currency You Cannot Spend

God is a currency you cannot spend
So, the less you have the more beholden
The more you have, the more deserving.

God is a currency you cannot bank
The least desired the more acquired.
The more you possess. The less you aspire.

God is a currency you cannot inflate
His stock is enumerated equally,
To all who gather at His will his call.

God is a currency you cannot multiply,
His love is singular. You are an individual.
His love is just, His love is for you.

God's currency can protect the weak.
Poorer you are in spirit, stronger his resolve.
And sure enough, your life will turn to gold.

God is a currency that heals the world
His is to fulfil and save another's soul.
His wealth is love, reward enough on its own.

Mark Heathcote

Hearts Song...

Even if you don't believe in a god.
You have to understand there-is-good
There-is-evil and address, which side you're on.
And, whatever side you lean
This will become your heart's song.

Warm kind or either, cold and mean.
So, ask yourself, what you'd wish to sing.
Would you rather walk in flower meadows?
Or sink in a marsh, a quagmire of your own making.
One moving gratefully forwards.

Or the other; just stagnating sinking
So, ask yourself, what you'd wish to sing.
As this will become your heart's song.
And remember love and hate
They're close, but they aren't two of a kind.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Coffee Beans

I have looked, longer than I have gazed
without seeing
how many shadows snuck beneath my soles?
Without a Judas, look back.

God has given me a handful of coffee beans.
I don't know what to do with them.
But discard them.

God has given me a life, should I be grateful-
or ask his leave.
Quivering on a branch, we are all coffee leaves.
In the acquiescence-of-a death upheld green.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Critical Critics

In-their denunciation of a star
Who, do they think they are?
Those of us, who, merely paint
Sculpt-or-tenuously write
What can we otherwise supplicate?
What indemnity of hope can we insure
Against, what will we leave in the future?
If we can't show some charity
For this our young humankind
If even the masters of art,
As these are, are felled down□
Like giant oaks turned into matchwood
Just to be fodder for their food.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Takes A Lemon And Makes Lemonade

Love takes a lemon and makes lemonade
Love is a big old hurricane, it lifts and reveals.
Everything in everybody's grasp
Like a cannonball. It takes them skywards
Into the magic; then comes crashing down.

Love is a charade, you pray will never fade.

Love cuts through every courageous courage.
And cuts you down to your knees.
Like an arrow, its point is to find your weakness
And there draw out a drop of hearts blood.
The taste of which, numbs on your tongue.

Love is a charade, you pray will never fade.

Love is a provocateur not for an amateur
Love is a door into the unknown
Eyes dilate and your pulse beats anew,
Asking who in the mirror is this dancing now.
Where have all the clouds gone?

...Oh and how did this all happen to me again?
Love is a big old hurricane, it lifts and reveals
Everything in everybody's grasp.
Like a cannonball. It takes them skywards
Into the magic; then comes crashing down.

Love takes a lemon and makes lemonade
Love isn't a charade, if, you just manage to find
A likewise lover which to share some shade.

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Not Wait For That Silence To Befall

Of cause a day will come, when none have sung,
Or have new songs to sing, it's only natural
We should try reach above them heights once rung.
Let us not wait therefor on an angel
Let us not wait for that silence to befall
It is within each breast filled to burst
'Untold reaches, elevations' at nightfall.
To alight on them boughs of heaven versed.
Thus, to wring-out; from our hearts, morning dew.
The suns that shone; our whole lives through golden
To toss aside all dross... and here say, adieu...
When all life's been spent forfeited and done!
It's now time for you and me to find our song
A cradle-song, sung for all times, livelong.

Livelong, for all times sung our cradle-song!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We're The Stars That Have Shone

This life's as fickle as an ocean shadow
it's as pervasive to capture as a cloud.
Our lives are as fleeting as an arrow
momentarily passing on disavowed.

Like moonlight on a sundial, we're the stars
that have shone, whose light still shines on.
We're the race in the changing tide bars
that'll crash against that jagged rock anon.

And turn for home. Turning ever further
away from all those we've cherished most
we'll all look down on our weeping acre
and feel better having been loved utmost.

By so precious a gift that we couldn't contain
whose death whose loss, none can truly appertain.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Today's A Ribbon Caught-In-Your Hair

Today's a ribbon caught-in-your hair
Lightly flapping like a blackbirds lax-wing
Readying for that solo flights high declare.
That love of seeing, everywhere life's bubbling-
Joyous gift; your eyes are what I live for
"Is what the daybreak arose-for-to-see?
Once black-hounds bade at the moon threescore
And not a one could take your virtue free."
Joy cannot catch sorrow like a fever at dawn.
We only whisper what we truly yearn for
What I live for, the glance of your hand, thereon.
And that little bit more, that soothes my store.
My soul is a ribbon caught-in-your hair.
It cannot be, untangled - this I swear.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All That Matters Is Now

Moments come and go
all that matters is now
fleeting as aeons ago

A glance exchanged
swift melting as snow
what has changed?

A first-kiss-is memorable,
but nothing is eternal
nothing except these passing's
of each other's love, more than needful.

More than wishful
more than baptismal
death is never deceitful
moments come and go
all that matters is now.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

God Is A Currency

God is a currency you cannot spend
The less you have the more you behold
The more you have the more deserving.

God is a currency you cannot bank
The less you desire the more you acquire
The more you possess the less you aspire.

God is a currency you cannot inflate
The more you congregate
His love is singular you are individual
His love is just for you.

God is a currency you cannot multiply
The love he savours is a wind, a storm
The desire he has is for you to yearn.

God is a currency that protects the weak
The poorer the spirit the stronger his resolve
To save your's or another's, empty soul.

God is a currency that heals the world
His wealth is an endless reward
If only you too believe in his treasured word
Your life will turn to gold.

Mark Heathcote

Then I Swore...

After the storm we entered the forest
To check out that all impending damage
We'd no doubt discover, later that august
Awhile, after in upended carnage.

In awe in shock, we did. Three fallen pines
Roots 8ft high, wall to wall so we clambered-
Over, inside was like a cave covered in vines.
"Let's make a hideaway a den we clamoured".

So we cutback and smoothed-out the floor
Gazed-up in wonder at the dimming sky,
Feeling all at once very small - then I swore...
As the air buzzed thick; with bees nearby.

I tore at roots to climb over, only to be
Pulled aback in that stinging attack...
Arms and legs, vie flailing in screams. We
Laughing ran away, never to return back.

Mark Heathcote

We're As A Candle's Flame, Not The Candle

Your soul is a key jammed in a lock
you cannot force forwards or back
right or left; all you can do now is wait.

Wait long enough you'll come to see
understand there isn't a door or lock.
The ocean of life retains not the vessel.

That floats and drifts, endless upon it.
That's a vapour you cannot contain,
the sun is an all-consuming fire it exists

In humble beginnings as also an end.
It lives without life, therefore, coexists yet
because it only requires waxed-wicks to burn.

We're a candle's flame; we're not the candle
we burn to our extinguished ends
to be ignited by this life - once again.

Mark Heathcote

By Him You're One True Lord

Your heart beats for breath
Your eyes open to the light
Your breath sings for songs
Your eyes see with delight
Your footfalls they'll echo
Crescendo, everywhere you go
Your hands they'll grip
And grope on a bramble
And you will feel so alive
And you will feel so loved
Your mouth shall kiss
As nerve endings tingle
As taste buds ache for more
You will be, as a bird going far
Spiralling above a ford
You will be, as a harps chord
Vibrating always internally
Outwards reaching for you Lord
And then you will feel so alive
And you will feel so loved
As his music shivers all over you
Your soul will singly dance
Like a harbour light in the twilight
With a thirst, no ocean can slake
You will swallow even your self
Deeper and deeper like a snake
Consuming its self
And then you will feel so alive
And you will feel so loved
By him, you're one true Lord.

Mark Heathcote

In The Aftermath Of A Death, There Is Life

In the aftermath of a death, there is life.
Bereavement shall pass like a dark cloud
here chinks of scarlet yellow will knife-
sharp bayonets at all those still endowed.

To live on and sadly to move on orphaned.
Grieving, inconsolably heart grief-stricken.
Here the yoke of their eyes, ghostly almond-
shaped look on squinting after action.

Full of hope—yearn to build a new future
a new cathedral and plough an old shire
in the aftermath of death their-eyes-burr
with burning steel - skylines all might admire.

Theirs is the will of freedom won, hard-fought
by the grave seed called—forget-me-not.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'll Work My Fingers To The Bone

I work for that bedrock of stones
to buy me only a few stale loafs
I work for that paycheque
I work my fingers to the bone
to give my wife a home
to scratch around, feeling cold
I work for that paycheque
that's gone even before I'm home.

If there's a God of creation
He's in a minority-group-of-one
yet, he'll not tolerate discrimination
or prejudice racism by none.
So I promise him; I'll stay strong
face tomorrow by the barrel of a gun
I'll stay strong; just as long
as we go that-extra-furlong.

I'll work my fingers to the bone
to give you my wife a home
trying to keep you from going hungry,
trying to keep you from the cold
the wolfs baying on your doorstep
I'll work my fingers to the bone
each day just-to-sidestep
away from the devil waiting outside
for me-and-you, for me-and-you.

Mark Heathcote

My Heart Isn't Going To Stop

My heart isn't going to stop
At any stop sign
That draws my heart aside
Cause I could cry
I am not going to stop
At any place alone
Not when there's a welcoming
Face to take me home.

I am not going to stop
Till my tyres
My mileage is all burnt-out and gone
And I'm found dead on my throne.
I am not going to stop
So don't expect me to ever wed
I'm not that kind of man girl
You can ever easily web.

I am not going to stop
Till I'm bald and grey
And when I'm very old
I might let you heal me
Of any ailment you
Might find or see
Honey right now that's all
I'm willing to say.

Oh this is a fun performance
And I'm sorry for you being with me
I'm a drifting wind
And I'm still all out at sea
Looking for a coast the furthest
From the night
Looking for a harbour a harbour light
Nothing but nothing can put right.
When; you're drowning in the light.

Mark Heathcote

Discrimination

If there's a God of creation
He's in a minority group of one
Yet, he'll-not-tolerate discrimination
Or Prejudice racism by none.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lights Are Extinguished Even To Ashes

Lights are extinguished even to ashes
Long before we are born
Their surfaces can melt like a mercy dream
It's a passage to another realm you scorn
Where I'm already the dust film
Turning neon blue, honey
I'm a rainbow can't you smile for me
As I dance for you all wet and see-through.

Like a genie in an uncapped bottle unseen
Lights turn to ashes even before we're dead
Honey, now you've smoked your last rolled fags
What the corolla can I do for you?
When strong liquor is no longer a health free hazard
Love, what can I do for you?
When everything is like a Turner painting prize
In an astral neon haze, what can I do for you?
Love, what can I do for you?

Girls they once made me sad and mean
Girls uncurl your painted toes and cry for me
My winding sheet is an ultraviolet cloud
And that thunder under your breath
It's getting dark
As it crashes on in on my heart unheard □
Honey, I'm a fish out of water flapping to just breathe
But now lights are extinguished to ashes
Before even they were born to be
And yet for the first time, I feel free.

Mark Heathcote

Life's A Ferris Wheel Going Around & Around

Life's a Ferris wheel going around & around
High in the sunlight, next low in the smoke
One minute you're up high off the ground
Then the next you're down, about to choke.
In that deafening, traction engine cloud.

Sometimes people can't abide themselves
So they blot out everything they have
Sometimes people crumble like sandstone
So have a heart to heart with yourself,
And say your piece.

Lay your cards on the table
Admit you're at the end of your rope
That way you haven't anything to reproach
Even if it's then you too begin to preach
To others even when you've run dry of hope.

Your bookshelves are crammed full of good ideas
Of dreams, you daren't buy into anymore
Your walls are full of portraits darling but I swear
I'll never find another like you for sure
For sure you and only you were the cure.

Life's a Ferris wheel my sugar candy
Going around & around
High in the sunlight, next low in the smoke
One minute you're up-high off the ground honey
Then the next you're down, about to choke.
In that deafening, traction engine cloud.

Lay your cards on the table
Admit you're at the end of your rope
That way honey you haven't anything to reproach
Even if it's then I too begin to preach
To others even when you've run dry of hope.

Mark Heathcote

Stop Hiding

Stop hiding in another's long-shadow
And start to occupy a new tomorrow
It's often seen that fallen trees give light
Enough for seedlings to grow upright.

Start by casting your own beam of light
Stay true to yourself. And learn how to fight
Believe in all you do and say, and stay true.
But ultimately, don't beholden in lieu-

To any self-doubt that harbours your fears.
So let's strikeout out and be like our peers
But let's not forget we are of a
-Different kind; a very-different sway.

Of that lowly shadow that isn't wasn't you
From which you were felled who never grew.
What did you do... or more importantly
What didn't you, do... not to hide or flee?

Stop hiding in another's long-shadow
And start to occupy a new tomorrow
It's often seen that fallen trees give light
Enough for seedlings to grow upright.

Start by casting your own beam of light
Stay true to yourself. And learn how to fight
Else you'll step back into the dimness
What we're reaching for isn't roofless

That canopy of which we're all apart
Is our family and together we shoulder
The blame and the glory and then depart.
More than the last we develop braver.

Mark Heathcote

The Wood Cutter

In the blackest dungeon forest, in the deepest dark
there in; lies a post-hold position, in yours and gods heart
where in; he builds a lowly woodcutter habitation,
each log therein; a year, each door or window a decade
of unerring ecology: It's here the beast is given a deputation,
it's here all the beast's nefarious gather to be stockade.

With boring gimlet, burning eyes do they all impeach?
And rebuff, in gainsay, deputize a heathen to preach
but god-like the numeral midge whispers in the interim to each;

His words like resin rise and elucidate both heart and mind
and yet, again it is he elected the woodcutter of humankind.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Everest

Everest—child; that's your mountain, now go and climb its peak
It isn't easy to get to the summit, son,
There's much still there buried at its humble feet.
But if you will it, son, you might just accomplish, it?
And who knows, you might just find that little piece of heaven,
That soothes a man's mind at that tender age of twenty-seven.

But first, son, you've got to acclimatize.
Breathe easy, child! Breathe easy, son!
Breathe deep into those concave lungs and loosen up that angry snarling sigh...
Else your heart might descend, and then your soul won't learn to follow...
To be your bitterest rival or your only best friend:

Breathe easy, child! The skies at your feet, it's in your shoes
And that bridge you've built doesn't lend itself to portend,
Or to cross the other side of that deadened, street; dead-end news... sheet?

Everest, is just a thorn in your thumb, son!
Suck it dry and wake up the world—if you're footsore, child!
But just remember never to run, my greenhorn, son!
Because all them nefarious devils laughing cries can't hurt, you!
If you still intend to shine, like an unapologetic son of mine!

But first, you've got to acclimatize!
Before you can climb to that summit...
It isn't easy if you're a hermit or a limpet,
It isn't easy if you're easily intimidated or just partially, paralyzed...
By fear like a partridge in a pear tree,
It isn't easy in these adopted Bad Lands my son to be free!

So breathe easy, son, every step has got to start with a helping hand...
Breathe easy, child! And that book of life, you hoped to command,
Might emanate a gleaming spring that'll never rush you by...
And just like a rainbow trout in a remote part of a river lake
You'll discover where... how... and the why... of the way...
And how to die a son, a father a child and a man, Jake!
With glittering wings, you can aspire to learn the truth, behind
The wind, just like them, leaves on a winter crisp breeze.
Just like those leaves on the mountainside

That cradle on the wind up so high
You stand on the North face, whilst I still chide and pretend not to cry.

Everest—child, that's your mountain, now go and climb! Its thunderous peak
And make peace with your broken heart
It isn't easy, son, at all, but if you're a child of mine at all, you'll climb to the
summit, son
And prove you can't be ever left feeling thwart,
Son, you'll soon learn to touch a vacant piece of sky, on your own.

So take a leap of faith; it isn't easy to get to the summit
Of where I died, at the summit of your snow-capped, shoes. Jake!
Son, see your own grandchildren, your own son! And how he comes and done it
too!
And how he became a man like you too!
Tall as a man from Everest.., But still,
Not yet so big to be small...

In a string green cotton army vest
Pull them, soft white mitten climbers, onto your mountain chest
And throw them over your shoulder
Breathe easy! Breathing easy, Son!
That's just what you'll do...
As you get older too...

Breathe easy, child, the skies at your feet;
And that bridge you've built has now only nearly just met you;
On the other side of that highest lowliest peak, you and I call, home sweet home!

Mark Heathcote

Sad Susie

The sky is trembling black, the wind is high
But down in the low valleys
I can still hear sad Susie's cry
Cry, cry for the wind, cry, cry, for the rain
Sad Susie's got a heart like a rolling train
And it's a-chug-chug-chugging, a-chug-chug-chugging with pain.
Like a banshee she's crying under a red harvest moon
But son she'll fill your heart with all the miseries of doom
And if you don't know yet which way the wind blows
She'll rip out your heart and scent your clothes
For her hell hounds of insanity to bloody their nose
Son, she'll railroad you through a station called hell
And boy when you look back at your own reflection
You'll be in a fiery well
Under sad Susie's spell
So cry, cry for the wind
Cry, cry for the rain (because son you know!)
Sad Susie gotta a heart like a rolling train
And it's a-chug-chug-chugging, a-chug-chug-chugging with pain.
Like a banshee she's crying under a red harvest moon
She'll fill your heart with doom
The sky is trembling black
As sad Susie treads her warpath back? Back to your door
As she begs for your good loving forever more!
With her cold heart growing ever colder
Oh cry, cry for the wind
Cry for the rain
To drive dear poor sad Susie away!
Sad Susie gotta heart like a rolling train
And it's a-chug-chug-chugging with pain.
For you; for you, my son
I know sad Susie gotta a curse
A curse for love, a curse for loving
That'll make any man go jealously insane or worse
But don't let her curse fall on you!
Don't be railroaded in the night with grief
By that girl you know deep-down inside just isn't right
Oh cry, cry for the wind
Cry for the rain to drive poor dear sad Susie away...

Mark Heathcote

Glorious Ravishments To Excel

The tiger lilies open their vanilla throats
lilac spotted in a rain-cloud flashing storm.
Such heavens...hold us in a lifetime, devotees
swords swaged warrior bees that perform
a melody of rites born to serve love's hell
and all her glorious ravishments to excel.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Immemorial

Time is often;
dreamed as longer than time exists to be?
No need to smell the rank-rose over to discern the dying abominate bee.
As with each new flower,
a wellspring stem seeds the souls of men again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Shape Of A Joyful Angel

Once verdant and holy green
Now gold and silver baron
In autumn's glowing sheen
A single oak leaf has a clown
The shape of a joyful angel
Cradling in the wind asleep...

In deepening drifts eternal
A world turns idolatry bronze
Where reddened eyes weep
And men in long Johns
In distant alleyways meet
Gathered like windswept batons
We too with these angels will greet...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In A Meridians Change Of Planetary Gear

She looked not in part but as a whole
Upon me through the windows of my soul
Silently gazed out openly in deep reflection
Unconscious at times I was even present
The power of this dream fuelled illusion
Was my love's innate insidious imperfection
That badly short-lived pleasure unpleasant
That all-consuming soul-devouring delusion
An incoherent part of my soul's conclusion?

She looked not in part but as a whole
Upon me through the windows of my soul
Still resonates a cold, displeasure displeased
That undernourishes my heart's subsistence
In a meridians change of planetary gear
Her thrumming words ice off non-existence
Like a person socially unloving now diseased
She'd vitriol her hate 365 days of the year
360 degrees around my soul's world sphere.

Mark Heathcote

Just Marvel The Nature

Cow-down with a belly of machine churned mud
be as the blowflies in a dead dog's rancid gore
virginity is a cosmetic window-dressed whore.
Awaiting arrow-headed demons in cold blood,
cold love, lust hungry: hear-her-hearts outpour
out on a limb on a cusp of a buttercup, rotted.
Be as the centipede under her silver birch skin
snake in the long grass for her white mouse moons
breastbones to breastbone feel no funerals sin
just marvel in nature your-lust-looms-in.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If All The Tides Pull Is Not Consoling

The fog is rolling out to sea
On ochre waves of yellow
Love, it is a shawl a shadow
Of the blackbird's dream.

And if you care touch wings
With death, life and love
And all immortal things
Caress wings with the dove
Who holds a branching olive?
For in his powers willing
Shall you hear singing?
The holy seraphs above

Archangels six-winged
In canticle choir voice
Of a love forever tinged
By the stigmata of a choice

See the yellow fog is rolling-
Out his blackbirds alighted dream
Love must carry hope in the extreme
If all the tides pull is not consoling.

Mark Heathcote

In The Deeps Of Beauty's Purple Clouds

Soft and temperate as the night
that gentle glowing face with eyes
that dims to me the moonlit skies
that shadowed rose of uncurling joy
that soothes the dews white honey
that makes the lotus take up wings
with nymph and angel lustrous gilt things
why it is love should age a wilting flower
a wilting flame; in damnation's name
why is it loves temperate love of ages
why is it so sweetly rancid, drawn into rages?
So sweetly web-cradled within its turbid cages.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Will You Breathe Me Back?

When will you breathe me back from the dead?
When will you meet me my heart's true breath?
Because I feel like a cave of emptiness
Because I feel like a void of loneliness
As though I were a sea of cold insurrection
Carried on a soul with no earthly direction
When will you breathe me back from the dead?
When will you meet me my heart's true breath?
O, daughter of the wind, sweet siren of the reef
Don't ever forsake me for this my eternal grief
To this stale wall of desolation
To this empty shell of my heart's abnegation
When will you breathe me back from the dead?
When will you meet me my heart's true breath?
O, if I call you like the moon on the sea
Won't you change your tide back to me?
O, won't you listen to the harp call of my heart?
And let its music cheer you in an ancient dark
When will you breathe me back from the dead?
When will you meet me my heart's true breath?

Mark Heathcote

Watched Through The Wings Of A Bird

Investigative cock-robin is peering down his beak
Does a boy lay down that much interest?
Beneath your hawthorn scraggy-wired feet;
Or is it just me you'd romance into rest
Turning full circle from the spades cutting edge.

Do tell? ... Dear little friend of the copse and fen
Do you really understand the ways of men?
For my heart is as still as ice-carved jade
Watching through the eyes of the earth,
Watched through the wings of a bird

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In The Radiance Of My I?

When you gaze at your own reflection in a pool of water
That's me that I you thought was you has continually moved
For you are as a cloud seated to envelope a mountain
With just a changing of thought you are as if a rainbow
On a path of the enlightenment your true river is an arc
A waterfall reaching inward minerals in a universe of I's
You are an earth mother a widow a sister a daughter

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Are Our Cradle In The Water

You are my eyes
You are my heaven
You are a sunny distant shore
You are a cradle in the water
Of a rainbow, I've longed, longed for

You are the white-salt spray
You are the tidal whirlpool of my day
You are the laurel sea-green waves
Leading me ashore
Guiding me by these rudderless
Means in answer
I am but an ever changeling, Adam
Drifting, following the wind; like flotsam,
At the end of a whiskey bar
I am an orphan and a Chaplin
I am but a broken wreck and more
You are a cradle in the water
Of a rainbow, I've longed, longed for

You are the rain
You are the thunder
You are the anchor at the end of my chain
You are the sky
Above and below the oceans
Pearl black sun!
You are the one true island-church,
Without a weather vane!
You are the vault that holds a desert in a grain
You are a cradle in the water
Of a rainbow, I've longed, longed for

You are the mask
Behind the stars constellations
You are a palm of dust
You are a tear turning iron into rust
You are the desert sand
And the thorn that is a bleeding rose
Eternal in my outstretched hand

But most of all
You are all of these things in us.
You are the child that is born
Like star to combust!
You are the life that is aflame!
You are the seed, scattered;
Divergent, by just one name
You are our cradle in the water
Of a rainbow, we've all longed, longed for...

Mark Heathcote

Beautiful Creations

Tears the size of pearls
ribbons in their curls
beautiful creations
are beautiful girls
beautiful creations
are beautiful girls.

Porcelain hands
run your fingers through the sands
time is an ocean
where time has no lands
time is an ocean where time has no sands.

Beautiful creations
an amber rose will be?
Beautiful creations
Are you unto me?

Beautiful creations
like the sunset on the sea
beautiful creations
lay the ghost of you and me
in equilibrate, eternity?

Mark Heathcote

Dim The Light

Dim the light come shining through
There's a picture, a picture of you.
Sunshine in the morning, moon-lilting-night
In the evening-tide-bright
There's an angel a portal a vestal-of-white-light

In my heart by my side and in my life
Oh she must be a gift heaven sent
A gift that can only be incorrigibly right
Because no one could ever love her
More than me tonight

Oh-love-locket, clasp-my-sea-pearl-soul, and heart
Within this her angelic-angel-light
Oh tie up all these loose lingering pearls like stars
Shining like pendent tears,
In the solar plexus churning of our hearts:

At these unearthly times, I feel
I can still hear her singing old calypso songs
With an inner madness so surreal
It must be real.
For the music, it throngs for her love within me
It longs to be healed within me
It longs to be fixed like a broken seal
Awaiting, her princes serenade her real deal.

Or it could all just be the starlight
Her ebony all-enfolding-
Uninhibited twilight!

Oh dim the starlight
Come shining through
Oh dim the starlight
The starlight, the starlight
Lit by you.

Oh my dancing, dazzling star
Don't dance so-far-away-from-me

Tonight, tonight
You've got to encircle your mystic charms around me
Spin your cocoons of love and surround me
Till I'm lost like a moth in a web of delirium,
Breaking out of the light
That holds me in the midst of your night
A captive forced fed to feed
Until I can't be freed
From your love
Or even be bothered to breathe
Without; the oxygen of your love

Mark Heathcote

If I Saw You In The Moonlight

If I saw you in the moonlight
by the pale white lilac
trembling in the starlight,
I'd be moonstruck too
trembling as you do
I'd be gliding on a dream
like a gossamer cloud
sailing over a rainbow
I'd be halfway over, midstream,
I'd be the one, avowed,
to fall in love with you
and in my soul,
not for the first time too
chained in my chains,
locked in my soul,
with you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Longridge Doves

Equate if you will the heavenly orbs above
With these terrestrial, feathered, peasants
These chimney pots, juggling, tenants
Communal in their looping heights of lust
Seated on the swings of eternal love
Peacefully rounded by the winds of primordial dust
Who called an end to these creatures loving as angels?
To these rooftop white doves
In our rooftop angles
Now they're only chicken-wired, ribbed in rust
Thanks to the gods on city councils.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Phoenix Like An Evergreen Thorn

In a country's native to her thighs
An eastern promise no doubt defies
The building of straw weeping eyes
The cradling of ageless goodbyes

In their citadels of golden flower
Infants marshal from their bower
Tormentors they still not yet born
Phoenix; like an evergreen thorn.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do You Love Me As You Say?

Do you love me as you say?
Will you show me love in a new uninformed way?
Will you keep my hand on heart?
Never allow us a second's distance to be a part.

Will you show me how to be?
How I can find satisfaction in this ineffable sea.
To everybody else's dissatisfaction.
Will you love me? Will you teach me?
To be virtuous and yet; how to be, morally virtuously free.

And set my soul-running after me
Beneath the shining, stars bright.
Can you push back the tears?
That gathers and glistens in the night?
Do you love me as you say?
Will you show me?
Love in a new uninhibited way?

Will you keep my hand on heart?
And never let us to part
Oh do you love me as you say
Will god's angels bless our way?
Oh heartache don't dissipate
Don't drift away
Just; because I can no longer hear your footfalls.

In my heart today
Every beat that echoes in your heart
Is coming my way
No more day's lost-summer-song,
No more loneliness asking what went wrong!
No more reflection, when I'm alone.
Oh, my love because I know my love.

You're on your way back home
Because I just this second spoke to you
On the phone
And love it was never a minute

Or a second or an eternity too long.

Mark Heathcote

Tear's At Any Cost

You see those tears that run to form a valley sea
They're not really honestly meant for me
You beat your hands, unclasp them then to ask
Why I'm not real with you and unmask
Why I'm not baying at that moon for you
Why I'm not home earlier for tea, whew!
I've not been gone but a minute or two,
And every word I utter you misconstrue
You see those tears that run to form a valley
They're not really honestly meant for me
They're like those rose petals after their flowering, honey
They're opaque and confused. Insufficiently,
Loved by in number by everyone, honey...
They're a well never to be filled or paled, honey
So, how am I going to deal with that winter tales thorn?
That only knows how to bleed forlorn.
You see those tears that run to form a valley sea
They're not really honestly meant for me
I'm just a mirrors taciturn reflection blue
I'm just the sucker you wade on through
Applying, makeup to hide the real you
Empty and lost; wanting never to be alone
At any cost you're always unbeknown
To me and even you the real you is unseen
Hiding behind a veil, screen.
You see those tears that run and then form a sea
They're not really honestly meant for me.
They're always about you and your instant frown
It's always about you
In the middle of a nervous breakdown
Trying to keep your pride and me from leaving at any cost

Mark Heathcote

Follow In The Swings Of A Poplar Tree

I submerged in a cloud of tobacco,
It was an overwhelming pleasure
To breathe in its transient heady flavour
Experience its mystic treasure.

Now, I don't feel so much under
The weather, as I danced from
My own shadow like a newborn tiger
Watching the morning vapours rise.

The grass was green and fresh
The tiger in me was now a lamb.
It struggled to be serious at its best
It just wanted to follow-

Follow in the swings of a poplar tree.

I submerged in a cloud of tobacco,
And then laughter began to holler
Like a hyena ...this feeling is only,
Natural, how did you ever.

Forget to fasten-up your blue-collar
Don't forget these evenings' emanations
They're only your buried supplicated
Unheard repressed vibrations.

Look the grass is green and fresh
And that tiger in you is now a lamb.
It struggled to be serious at its best
It just wanted to follow-

Follow in the swings of a poplar tree.
Oh so high oh so free.

Mark Heathcote

Fire Sale

From naïve teenage beginnings
Chard embers are all we now have left.
Left to remember, those hearts we kept
Like a house brick, from an old life existence.

Like an unlucky, pendant charm bracelet
With a burning-hearth and a heart of fire
Souvenir capsules are all we are all now
That is all we have left, too hold.

With a lump in our throats
It's hard to swallow,
With all their pangs of empty, sorrow.
It's all still too raw and broken

Since then, we've had a fire sale.
And given up blaming one another
Because it all went up in flames
And smoke, far, far too cheaply-to-matter.

To contemplate forgiving one another.
To except we were once a family
And you were my lover and that together-
We even had three children together.□

But what did we invest in?
Our love grew far too fast-
Like a weak weeping willow
And when those evil storms came.

We had lost all our leaves, green & gold.
They'd all just spoiled and turned yellow.
From our naïve teenage beginnings
We should have known, what was to follow.

What sense can we make from this?
Chard embers are all we have left to hold.
Hearts kept like a house brick from an old life.
A souvenir capsule is all we have left, too hold.

Since then, we've had a fire sale.
But even now this brick we've lost.
Cause if we're to move-up from the gutters
We have to remember time is a great healer.

But as yet I'm still not a believer in fire sales.

Mark Heathcote

We Bumped Away All Night

Like two bumper cars locked together
We did a circuit on fire
Beneath the mercury white hot moonlight
We bumped away all night
Singing, free your mind
We bumped away all night
Without ever moving a single mile
We did a circuit on fire
Without ever doing a single air mile
But we could fly, high
Beneath the mercury white hot moonlight
Oh, oh ooh what a night
We bumped away all night
Oh, oh ooh what a night
Singing, free your mind
This is our time
We ran our batteries low
Sink your rubber tyres into this soil
Sink your rubber tyres into my soul
I had to close my eyes and cry
As the stars flew by
Oh, oh ooh what a night
We bumped away all night
Like two bumper cars locked together
We did a circuit on fire
Beneath the mercury white hot moonlight
You pressed your peddles hard and the world
The world speed and jack-knifed by
And then you were gone
Leaving me left only to cry
Oh, oh ooh what a night.

Mark Heathcote

Dark Habits

You painted the twilight with an oily rag
roadside in the puddles, what a dark ire
when you sucked jerked on that first drag.
Growing up can be something - truly dire.

Crimson and black, what part would you give back?
Were you dear a ripe sweet fruit ready to fall?
If you were in the hold of the inside-track
what bit pray would you save, child to reinstall?

If, you had knowledge of life, how it's bitterly gored
if you were like a tattered kite in a storm,
dancing only to falter and on your reward.
Would you saviour your soul, something, like its norm?

Before lungs expire on that final breath
would you quit those dark habits and cheat death?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

King Of The Dung Heap!

King of the dung heap
I've had enough of eating horse meat
Lying down with ambergris for ankles
Dreaming someday, she'll find her prince
Yes, I'm a shallow no backbone kind of guy
I'm a vector a virus a bullet
An arrowhead descending
Even; now I was really meant to be dead, not rising-up
Bubbling-out of this dung pond
Larcenous bed bottom or on top
I'm in the whites of their eye-sockets malaise revolving
I'm in their hearts tears ritually vanquished.

I call them mother sister & brother
I call them, lover...
Or even superimposed my spiritual leader/father
But every kiss is a superimposed trigger
With another mouthful of life to smother
I've had enough of eating horse meat
Lying down with ambergris for ankles
Dreaming someday, she'll find her Prince of Wales.

Oh she's as shallow as a stainless steel grilled elevator
Twenty floors down. High heels red with envy
For that lot in their penthouse
In their gravity free-zone helter-skelter
Yes, she too is a vector a bullet
An arrowhead a Flintstone new kind of girl
No longer dissenting, true I'd of liked to
Have been a string-less bow with not an arrow
I'd have liked to have been that hollowed-out barrel
Chamber drilled slightly askew with a flower held within.

I'd rather have been that than some silver bullet
Teetering on its way through alone pacifist skull
Squirring wiz-bang is that lobotomy, nearly done
But I'm now King of the dung heap
I've had enough of eating horse meat
Lying down with ambergris for ankles

I prefer buxom page 3 girls with very few morals
Dreaming someday, they'll find their prince of fairy tales

Yes, I'm a shallow no backbone kind of Hector
I'm a vector a virus a bullet
An arrowhead descending
Even; though I never meant to rise-up
Bubble-out of this dung pond larcenous bed
I'm in the whites of their eye-sockets malaise revolving
I'm in their hearts tears ritually vanquished.

I call them mother sister & my ignoble brother
I call them, lover...
Or even my superimposed chairman Mao leader/father
But every kiss is a superimposed trigger
With another mouthful of life to smother
I've had enough of eating horse meat
Lying down with ambergris for ankles
Dreaming someday, she'll find her Prince of Wales.

I'm as shallow as that stainless steel grilled elevator
Twenty floors down doing something to her, her on the basement floor
Oh I'll also fill my boots with envy
For that lot in their penthouse
Gravity free-zone helter-skelter
But yes they too are a vector a bullet
An arrowhead, Flintstone new kind of guy
No longer dissenting true I'd of liked to
Have been a string-less bow with not an arrow
I'd have liked to have been that hollowed-out barrel
Chamber drilled slightly off-key with a flower in its pipe hole.

I'd rather have been that than them or some silver bullet
Teetering on its way through alone pacifist skull
Squirring wiz-bang is that my lobotomy nearly-done
But because know I'm the king of the dung heap
I've got better things to do than eat horse meat
And or lying down with ambergris for ankles
I've given up having scruples and tardy loose fitting morals
Look into my eyes there like two new drilled oil wells.
Because now, I'm the new king of the dung heap!

I'm the king of the dung heap!
The king of the dung heap!
I've had enough of eating horse meat
Lying down with ambergris for ankles
Dreaming someday, she'll find her prince
Yes, I'm a shallow no backbone kind of guy
I'm a vector a virus a bullet
An arrowhead descending
Even; now I was really meant to be dead, not rising-up
Bubbling-out of this dung pond
Larcenous bed bottom or on top
I'm in the whites of their eye-sockets malaise revolving
I'm in their hearts tears ritually vanquished.

I call them mother sister & brother
I call them, lover...
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But every kiss is a superimposed trigger
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For that lot in their penthouse
Gravity free-zone helter-skelter
But yes they too are a vector a bullet
An arrowhead, Flintstone new kind of guy
No longer dissenting true I'd of liked to
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I'd have liked to have been that hollowed-out barrel
Chamber drilled slightly off-key with a flower in its pipe hole.

I'd rather have been that than them or some silver bullet
Teetering on its way through alone pacifist skull
Squirming wiz-bang is that my lobotomy nearly-done
But because know I'm the king of the dung heap
I've got better things to do than eat horse meat
And or lying down with ambergris for ankles
I've given up having scruples and tardy loose fitting morals
Look into my eyes there like two new drilled oil wells.
Because now, I'm the new king of the dung heap!
I'm the king of the dung heap!
The king of the dung heap!

Mark Heathcote

Apathy

I'm losing the will to live
At important times to fight
To put this world to rights
Cause it so not right
...living on despite
Others, plight.

But because I'm
No giant of strength might.
I don't want to pick a fight
I'm a lightweight
That's me alright
So, I'll just now say, Goodnight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Bite Back Rant

The day you breathe an apology
Defiantly shall be your last
As a prehistoric solidified man
And what gives you the right?
Even to think you can speak to me
And treat me that way,
So you climb into bed as always
Ruffling the sheets like its sun-dried hay
But babe you aren't going there
This isn't a ballot voting box...
For none of the loving above party
And I won't be a part of that
Empty holding the baby nonsense
So you might as well have the pox
Cause there are no prizes
For being a lord and masters dog,
So take the couch you're good for nothing
Foul-mouthed unapologetic slouch.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Thank You, Thank You

Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
Because that's what it boils
Down too
It's like a pot of boiling glue
Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
What's mine is yours
What's all mine is also yours too
If you can be my English rose.

Thank you, thank you
I'll promise you
When the evening fog clears
Everyone goes home but you
Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
Well girl take another deep drag
We'll share my bed
I'll wear my Halloween head
And trick and treat, you
Till, I'm fully grateful and fed.

Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
Boils and warts and all
Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
Because that's what it boils
Down too
It's like a pot of boiling glue
Thank you, thank you
What can I do, for you?
What's mine is yours
What's all mine is also yours too
If you can be my English rose.

Mark Heathcote

When We Love It's Sultry And Just

When we love it's sultry and just
Filled with buckshot winches and lust
When we tense-up like red-hot steel
We both melt wondering if this isn't real.

But what if it wasn't would it matter
Because how long can we patter
To each other without being false
So, you'd like me to stay and waltz.

But whatever I'm not here forever
Look overhead its changeable weather
But whatever I'm not here forever
Ok like you say its fair weather.

But even I am a changeable fellow
But even when we love I think
Ok right now it's time to rethink
But even then I'm like jello
In your opal open hands girl.

Oh when we love it's sultry and just
Filled with buckshot winches and lust
When we tense-up like red-hot steel
We both melt wondering if this isn't real.

Mark Heathcote

It's Our Dream To Have Lived

As the new blades of grass shake
As the ripples on the lake fringes
Awash into your eyes almost clear
It's to you your sunrise I steer.

With a smile cracking on my face
With a bird singing in my world
It's to you in my heart I race
Like the pilot sun, I'm unfurled.

As rabbits roam the empty fields
I'm a whippet tight-lipped
Licking my dream pursed lips
Dreaming, I've scored.

As dawn chorus rouses the world
I am tight-lipped thinking
It's a dream to have kissed
It's our dream to have lived.

Mark Heathcote

You Read My Thoughts

You read my thoughts
Even before I could think
Cause that's how you affect me amen
You read them again.

Love you mouth read
My every second thought
Cause that's how you affect me amen
You read them again.

Love, this silence is a blessing
It's worth every moment of your undressing
Cause that's how you affect me amen
You read them again.

Oh love god sent me a garden
But now I'm sick of the birds singing
Honey, because it's only the silence
In a flower that wakes in my soul.

Love this silence is a blessing
It's worth every moment you're undressing
Cause that's how you affect me amen
You read them my thoughts again.

Mark Heathcote

You Reap What You Sow...

You worked your hands to the bone
Shivered in threadbare shoes and clothes
Counting your blessings for what still grows
For what still shivers in its coals as it glows.

You worked for every penny that deftly rolls
And forced you to trek and leave your home.
You worked to feed your brood, your clan
And all those others as only you girl can.

Oh, the value of a new pair of high-heeled shoes
Can't even lift your blues, but what does he choose
My dear, just another crate of beer and wine
To help him raise his crimson dimpled smile.

You worked to make a chicken broth casserole
You worked your fingers to the bone
Only to wish he would support you the same
But now my child there is only him to blame.

You reap what you sow
And now dear it's time for you to go
And tell him, you reap what you sow
It's time for me, and our children to go.
You reap what you sow
You reap what you sow
You reap what you sow

Mark Heathcote

More Sometimes Than Even Anyone Else

With a band of gold of love
People express themselves
With a little faith and hope
People toil in the dirt to be heard.

Wanting to soar like a bird in the field
Wanting to spread their wings
But only to return home to the one
They've learnt to believe in.

More sometimes than even themselves
More sometimes than even anyone else
They've learnt to'
Breathe their two sighing breaths in one.

With a band of gold of love
Sometimes people express themselves
And float between the raindrops
With faith and a new refreshed hope.

They lose all their old fatigued
And fly above all that brimstone smoke
With a band of gold of love
With a little faith and hope!

More sometimes than they can show themselves
More sometimes than even anyone else.
More sometimes than even themselves
More sometimes than even anyone else they love you.

Mark Heathcote

Hair Of Gold

Hair of gold flowing over her face
Like a sweet little harebell flower
Sweet and blue as Campanula
Don't you just love her?

Oh my Joy is running over
It should have been me and her
In that chamomile and clover
Lord, man, she is a flower.

Hair of gold flowing over her face
Like fresh lemonade
Man don't you just love her grace
Lord her pomegranate freckled face?

Oh my Joy is running over
Her fairy folk are calling me over
Asking me to be their guest of honour
They're suiting me to her asking me to dinner.

And her Hair of gold flowing over
Oh its shoulder length
And it should have been me and her
In that chamomile and clover
At a length Lord, man, she is a precious flower.

Mark Heathcote

Cause She Is Your Last Grassy Knoll

You might be thinking this is a pretence
That her two eyes are like rose petal gates
With a white picket fence
They'll be asking you to fly to your fate
Cause she is like that last grassy knoll for you!
Cause she is your one true mate.

You might be thinking this is droll
Her cat eyes they'll not glaze over me
But oh soon you'll be pinching your soul
And dancing in the clover of her heart
Saying girl do your worst
I'm ready to burst from my chest.

Oh she's only one of destinies many blueprints
You can make a smudge, watch her tears
But deep down inside you'll know
She is your grassy knoll
That her eyes with their two rose petal gates
They're open for you with no pretence
That this is your garden your white picket fence

Oh you might be thinking this is droll
But search your heart and pinch your soul
Cause she is your one true mate
Cause she is your last grassy knoll.

Mark Heathcote

Working To Ring Another's Liberty Bell

As individuals under one banner
we arrive for work striving in our roles-
to support a fellow citizen, member
to live rewarding lives and meet their goals.

As part of a personalized centred-
approach; we clarify what is working well.
Note their hopes, their dreams. This-is-entered-
for-group discussion, it rings a liberty bell.

And helps us to build up a personal-profile
what is it we admire; how best as a team?
Can we go about our roles and go that extra mile?
Makes a difference, and ultimately, all succeed?

Here everyone we support is unique
each is valued and helped to achieve
ultimately this is what we all believe
and hand in hand, help to interweave.

Mark Heathcote

Looking For Fools To Follow

Sometimes, we're not in control of all we do
it's not easy to be foolish as foolish is,
not as much as you might think or do...
cause even fools can teach us a few
important lessons about who we are.

As we strike-out and hurt one another
shaking our fists at that tree of life,
looking to find the roots of our own shadows
who, look like fools looking for fools?
Even we might follow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Every Day Is A Sour-Blessing

awaiting some sugary dressing
it's like that, Thai food:
Green curry or red, no messing
it'll get your fingers burnt.
if you haven't learnt
what to savour-for-every-craving.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Woman Called Hope

A woman called Hope wearing red

Purses her lips like two vibrant rubies

This is youth, slender and tall

Looking for a man half-decent to fall

She is a fever - wearing a pale blusher

Every man if they should want her

If only to raise their body temperature

But Hope has a pout that says, look

But come no further

If truly, you want to be my lover.

Mark Heathcote

What Remains Constant?

What remains constant isn't a prison
But it sure can feel like one!
Work or love or even parenthood
Can grate so hard it's hard not to shun.
But who doesn't require happiness and fun?
Family and work, most importantly love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Came Reckoning Day For Johnny Rotten

Came reckoning day for Johnny Rotten
When the Queen turned pale and ashen
Said off with his head
I don't like his spread
I prefer good tasty butter my axman.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

From Those Far Off Regions Of Japan

From those far off regions of japan
A man who cooked in a bedpan
Sold noodles by the oodles
To infantry and generals
He was said to be a militiaman.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There Was A Portly Rounded Innkeeper

There was a portly rounded innkeeper
Drank rum and boy was he a drinker
He poured and drank
The guy really stank
But he sure made a tasty cod dinner.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wake-Up The Chandler

Shake, wake-up the chandler
We're readying too sail and go,
These seas they're all to becalmed
It's time for us we must go.

Hoist up the mainsail
Love its now are time to go.
Love, set our course
The great Bear, Ursa Major lets canonize.

Let's sail the northern hemisphere
Capitalize on this slight wind
And join that Big Dipper
Before; the setting of the sun.

Oh Shake, wake-up the chandler
We're headed for Ursa Major
These seas they're all to becalmed
We're readying too sail and go,
It's time for us we must go, today.

Let's canonize that Great Bear, Ursa Major
And join that Big Dipper
Let's sail the northern hemisphere
Come, come, come, and follow me my dear.

Mark Heathcote

As The Petals Fall

As the petals fall
shimmer like ghosts
in and around a belfry arch
with the last of the light
I to will say goodnight.

Through the wild woods, we roved.
I'll run like a thief, without a choice-
listening to a memory
memories sound of her voice.
I'll run like a ghost wishing to be back.

As the petals fall
shimmer like ghosts
in and around a belfry arch
with the last of the light
I to will say goodnight.

I'll run with the brake tide-
stinking of green absinthe
I'll flap like a bat and I'll-elide
myself into omitting, I loved you best.

As the petals fall
shimmer like ghosts
in and around a belfry arch
with the last of the light
I to will say to you goodnight.

Mark Heathcote

It's A Cardinal Sin Not To Fall In Love

It's a cardinal sin not to fall in love
To cower in fear is a sin
Oh never to begin, by way of
The warmth of a little cooing dove.

It's a cardinal sin not to fall in love
Oh feel those petal fingers claw
Like silk whilst you yawn
And spread out like golden straw.

It doesn't take anything more
Then an outstretched palm to trust
It doesn't take anything more
Than that first kiss to readjust.

It doesn't take anything more
Then a sack race dance when you're young
Ooh unfold your wings don't be sad
Be amazingly glad.
Oh like a returning prodigal son
Because it's a cowered that turns to run.

Oh it's a cardinal sin not to fall in love
Not to open your heart and be loved.
Love damn is like bubble gum on your shoe
You wish you could shake it off
But without it boy you'll be just blue.

Mark Heathcote

Strong And Cruel

Strong and cruel
Keep me mean
I'm leaving school
It's time to fight for freedom
It's a long and skinny road
That has never been enough to feed me
That has never enough to love me
No matter how much I have to give back.

Strong and cruel
Keep me mean
I'm no greenhorn fool
And I'm willing to work like a mule
Shed a few salt tears like rain
Full of bitterness. Emptied-out of pain
Once more alone again.

Strong and cruel
Strong and cruel
Strong and cruel
Keep me mean
I was of a tender age
But I'll soon be old bitter and twisted
But if I follow my inner child
I might just survive.

Strong and cruel
I'm leaving school
I'm working like a mule
Keep me mean
Cause I'm no greenhorn fool
I'm just strong and cruel
Wishing I was loved.

Mark Heathcote

The Ramblers

The ramblers they're out gambling
They've left their valleys to dream
They've left their shepherdesses in the field
Beneath a full vacant opaque moon
Howling, how long will I be here alone?

The ramblers they're out again gambling
Whilst their good women are going
Quietly ragingly mad
Wondering where the hell they might be
Where could he be again tonight?

They sit on a porch in the violet light
As it dims out of complete sight
As the day's chaos lingers slowly way
He's out chasing his rainbows
With all those other barroom fools.

The ramblers they're out gambling
Scratching a midlife crisis an unholy itch
Calling you a—B
Well I won't speak it of course cause
You're the only winnings they'll ever take home.

Mark Heathcote

There Was A Gaelic Man, From Kildare

Played harp with little or none flair?
But the birds of the air
Gathered to hear the affair...
Sure they'd be enlightened as Voltaire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rainbow

I wouldn't chase away the rainbows inside you
You've showed me nothing, I would change.
And also know there isn't a mirror that hasn't
Flaked off some silver-oxide or been cracked.
And also know there isn't a king or a prince
Who hasn't lost their ill-fitting crown?

Even the mountains that have also up-grown
They're sometimes, stripped aback. But I wouldn't
Canon's blast their yellow-gold from your breast.
I wouldn't cut or take your flowers to a vase
Or axe your forest canopy for exploration...
Just to make a well-travelled serpentine path.

Such wilderness... is not only yours or mine.
Give me your heart its Persian jasmine garden
And I'll creep like a vine with lemon dropping leaves
Floating; around your floors for the wind to explore.
Let the buzzards in their envy cry from the sky
For tonight only you and I the stars shall dine.

Cause even I need the elixir of a rainbow
Azure passion is all I promise or propose.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is Our Hurricane

At the pinnacle of your fears
I hold your hands
To see those dark clouds depart
From my advancing, heart.

At that tipping point
Of hard knocks and sheer drops
I'll hold your hand
Your soft white, palms.

To see those churlish tears
Scuttle limpid, languidly away.
In these two wet paws
I'm finding; irrepressible warmth.

Oh love is our hurricane

Everything that stands before it
Is blown aside in a hurry,
In a flurry, honey
So don't you worry?
The sun will shine again today.

Mark Heathcote

Have You Ever Ran Away

Have you ever admitted?
Your testament to faith
Has failed you
Have you ever ran away
And curtailed to say
Help me this day.

Have you ever crossed over?
And found the devil
Prostrate is laughing down at you
Have you ever fell lowly forlorn?
Calling on your Lord
Wondering what, for.

Faith is a friend
Lend out your hand
And he is your closest friend
Have you ever ran away
And curtailed to say
Help me this day, my good friend.

Wrap me in your faith
The faith you've saved for me
And I'll show you
I still have love and faith for you too.

Mark Heathcote

That Is How I Know

Sometimes I hear
Something that isn't there
That is how I know
You are there!

Does an angel
Carry a shadow after you
Dose an Icarus cast
The morning dew
Bespoke the wondrous deep
That is how I know
It is you.

Sometimes I hear
Something that isn't there
That is how I know
You are there
Amidst the morning dew...

Amid the moister in the air
That is how I know
You are there
A laden miracle of truth
For all who believe in you.

You carry so much weight
The weight of the weak
But they only hunger
To be like water in worship
Floating in the air after you
That is how I know
There is, only you.

Mark Heathcote

Praise The Lord

Sincerity is a small feather
Rising on the wind of destiny
This is how faith survives
The fall... if your heart is breathy
Praise the lord.

Sincerity isn't a straitjacket
So don't mock me or others call
It takes both an angel
And a devil to rise or fall
So with Sincerity, I praise the lord.

I, sap it up with love
And grow like an oak
Sincerity is no joke folk
Sincerity is a small feather
Rising on the wind of destiny
This is how faith survives
The fall... if your heart is breathy
Praise the lord.

Sincerity isn't a straitjacket
It's your sword, so don't mock it
So don't mock me or others call
It takes both an angel
And a devil to rise or fall
So with Sincerity, I praise the lord.

Mark Heathcote

Your Fruit Be Your Pastor

Let your fruit be your pastor
Let them your children feed your soul
Let them be your final parade
Let it rain with hands and feet
Let their clapping of thunder
Be residual in your heart
In them, you are saved.

Let it rain with tears and laughter
Let them feed your soul
Forever after
Full of grace
Let your worship also, be their glory too.
And your glory
Be their prince of thieves
With each stolen smile
A seed to follow you on...
In them, you are saved.

Treasures are they
No one can ever rid themselves fall as a pawn.
Let your fruit be your sweet toil and languor
Let them your children feed your soul
Let their claps of thunder, storm
Let them be your final parade
In them, you are saved.
Your fruit be your pastor
Your fruit be your master
Your fruit be your pastor
In them, you are saved.

Mark Heathcote

Mr & Mrs Infamy

Love and his adulterant infamy
It's a lottery
But don't they, go well together?
Baby the basement's free
You can love and spank me
Don't we go well together?
Boy, I so need your time
It isn't a crime
I want to make you mine.

Let's take this party to the basement
You can frill me
Enchant me oh, no we mustn't,
But don't we move well together?
Don't we look hot together?
Boy, you make me feel like a winner.

Love and his adulterant infamy
It's a lottery
But ooh he's making me feel
Like I'm a winner
His arms his kisses
They're a luxury to my keeping.
This is just our entrees
Boy, I so need your time
It isn't a crime
I want to make you mine.

Ooh together we'll be
Mr & Mrs Infamy
It's a lottery
Darling, just, just take me.
That other little lady, she can just shoo...
Cause I'm going to stick to you like glue.
Don't you ever leave me?
We were meant to be together
What do you say... to Mr & Mrs Infamy?
I'll take your adultery crown.
Drag your sorry arse across town

If you cheat on me; Mr Adulterant Infamy...

Mark Heathcote

My Song To The Worlds Ends Amen

My Tragedienne;
If you saw me in the morning
If you felt my pulse breathing
Reawakening all you've dreamed
Would sleep not guide your hand?
Love not - runaway with the sand?

My tragedienne;
If I were your royal blue peacock
And you were my peafowl hen.
Dressed in a loose; flowing smock.
I'd not lie in wait for the marksmen
Nor go strolling amid the common-

Bluebells camouflage
But sing in your heart
My song to the worlds ends amen.
My tragedienne; for love, once, again.
Would desire not guide your hand?
Love not - runaway with the sands?

Mark Heathcote

The Cat Recluse Is Coming...

The cat recluse is coming out to play
Pawing cotton balls, once more they say
Let her ravage your soul
She's leaving her bolthole
She's so hungry and alone, don't allay...

Riddle me a witch; I'll call my queen bitch
Lie by her in a layby ditch
She's just the cure
The one ligature
That'll spellbind me in a loving niche.

She'll take control and whip the leather
It's a once in a lifetimes chance to see her
Her flesh and blood,
A river oiled, feted
Pours and purrs into every joint and fibre.

I can't deny her - moment to be the tiger
Ooh, with pencilled lashes - eyes locked together
We're dreaming in the choir
Ooh, I'm her heart's desire
Ooh, the cat recluse is coming out
She's coming for her dinner...
And I'm just her chopped liver.

Mark Heathcote

A Song Of Sorrow

Sin is a song of sorrow
The more you sing for hope
The more you sing ergo
The more sun you'll borrow
The more you'll sing for sorrow
With less hope ergo
You'll store for yourself tomorrow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That's The Wilfulness Of Every Garden

The gardener knows he must tend his garden,
at times plans ahead at times must be ruthless
Or else weeds play havoc in their fountains.
Otherwise, ivy shall climb, spitefully heinous...

Here stale air thickens heavy, where nothing grows
except for that broken urn the body of an acorn.
Where hopes chalice now empty, lowly stows.
Like Sleeping Beauty beneath the May hawthorn.

Yes, only the gardener really knows which course
Follows, which...it takes a brave hand to create
A garden and into it breathe life's force
Braver even still to make its heart palpate.

Envisage little bits of celestial Eden
With a babbling brook full of tiny gudgeon.
Some praise just a little short of heaven,
That's the wilfulness of every garden.

Mark Heathcote

Lick-Ity Split

Lick-ity split

Coat me in kisses, honey, from head to toe
Drizzle over me some loving from your tongue
Oh warm hot or cold as long as I'm not alone
Oh wet as dew lay some loving on me now...
Oh I'm highly strung, but you can heal it
If you just hold it and squeeze it.
I'm sure what stirs you shall nurse it.

Lick-ity split

Honey, coat me in kisses,
Honey, breathe your breath all over me now.

Girl-tie-me-over with your liquorish-laces
Drizzle over me some loving, sticky as glue.
Ooh, ooh, ooh darling, I sure love you!
Oh wet as dew, lay some loving on me now...
Oh I'm highly strung, but you can heal it
If you just suck it and squeeze it.
I'm sure what stirs you shall heal it.

Honey, coat me in kisses,
Honey, breathe your breath all over me now.

Honey you can't rehearse it
We've just got to do it
Lick-ity split
Cause now, I sure love you.

Oh Lick-ity split...

Honey, coat me in kisses,
Honey, breathe your breath all over me now.
Lick-ity split, lick-ity split
Oh wet as dew, lay some loving on me now...
Ebony or ivory,
Oh I'm highly strung, but you can heal it
If you just tune it and properly kneaded it.
I'm sure what stirs you shall cook it.

Honey, coat me in kisses,
Honey, breathe your breath all over me now.
Lick-ity split, lick-ity split...

Mark Heathcote

Garner-Up The Ashtray Dimps

Garner-up the ashtray dimps
And wash it all down...
With the hair of the dog, again...
So you're in the dumps.

You're beau hasn't returned home.
Your hearts going insane!
With pain, shunning away the day-
Again; so he's not returned home.

So you've carved up your heart
And served it up peppery,
Stored - cured in tears of salt
Unsatisfactory; feeling secondary.

Feeling empty all the time darling
When your beau goes out to play
The cowboy in him sleeps in the hay
Well what the, hey...

Garner-up the ashtray dimps
And wash it all down again
Is what I say...?
Is he worth it?

Serve it up peppery,
Stored - cured in tears of salt
Unsatisfactory; feeling secondary.
Baby, too me.

He doesn't deserve a second chance
I'll buy the cigs supply the beers
For just you honey,
And another late night dance.

Mark Heathcote

All But One, That One Is Me

These ghosts haunting my body,
I've asked them all to leave.
They've all but decided to stop,
all but one, that one is me.

I'm a ghost...happy as I can be
who can I haunt - who hasn't?
Haunted took up residence in me.
Who can I haunt - who hasn't?

Superseded all I could have been.
Fleet birds, my uncharted friends
sing, render what heaven lends
all her hapless, feathered friends.

Now I'm, weightless I wish I was
anchored more to the shore
undefined a little less defiled
but yet, I'm still just a child.

Mark Heathcote

Incantations Longing...

Incantations longing for a spell
Waiting for her to show her face
But somewhere deep down inside
She still hides feelings lost half safe.

Leaves are separating, lotus
Petals are falling from their sepals
As she now runs far, far too deeply, ahead.
Oh, incantations they're drowning in decibels.

Oh her heads in a monastery of pain
For a hurt little infidel dame
Who hollers now to go home alone, but
It's really, not her confessional choice.

Oh she just wants her knight in armour
To tie up alongside his steed and read
Her his reams of poetry,
And, set her heart on fire.

Oh incantations can it be
It's just her heart alone in the dark
Drumming out its ache to share his breath
Weightlessly, endlessly, hopelessly dreaming.

Leaves aren't now separating, lotus
Petals falling from their sepals
As she now runs far, far too ahead.
Oh, incantations are drowning in decibels.

In his head, she's his Sleeping Beauty.
Oh, incantations reams of poetry.

Mark Heathcote

Garden-Up The Ashtray Dimps

And wash it all down
With the hair of the dog, again
So you're in the dumps.

Your beau hasn't returned home.
Your hearts going insane!
With pain, shunning away the day-
Again; so he's not returned home.

So you've carved up your heart
And served it up peppery,
Stored - cured in tears of salt
Unsatisfactory; feeling secondary.

Feeling empty all the time darling
When your beau goes out to play
The cowboy in him sleeps in the hay
Well, what the, hey

Garden-up the ashtray dimps
And wash it all down again
Is what I say...?
Is he worth it?

□
Serve it up peppery,
Stored - cured in tears of salt
Unsatisfactory; feeling secondary.
Baby, too me.

He doesn't deserve a second chance
I'll buy the cigs supply the beers
For just you honey,
And another late-night dance.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Hoisting Up My Beehive Hair

Hiding in despair
I haven't got a care
Hiding in despair
I'm hoisting up my beehive hair...

I'm flailing bedraggled
I'm like a damsel fly
Flitting through the air
In the rain cause I don't care.

When I'm hiding in despair
Without a care
Cause I can't run the distance
I just stay away anywhere.

I'm like a flash of lightening
You think you've found me
You think you've saved me
But I'm a cinder really, dear.

And you'll burn your fingers
Trying to pin me down
Trying to remove my frown
You'll be my unhappy puppy dog clown.

I've been miserable
Since I was young,
Now I'm getting old
I want to live in isolation most times alone.

Cause I'm like damsel fly,
That's lived for far too long,
Cause I'm like the lightening,
That never wants to stay.

Cause melancholy,
It's just my way...
I leave all my lovers on the hop that way.
Ever since I was young they say.

Mark Heathcote

Milkwort Seeds

Side of the spilling over milkwort seed
Is a rock full of anger and greed?
He once was envious as can be
Seething at your little blue force
With a look of envy at that giant of me
He once was like me - as I too
Was once like a little milkwort seed.
Like you, I too once was envious
Of the blue sky that rose of course
Every morning for a spell
Over a little rocky dell
Oh little milkwort seed you'll grow
By a rock that's force shall crumble
Into me and you again
Into the soil and flower again
I guess we're all heaped-together the same?
Little, little, little milkwort seeds.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jezebel

Out the mouth of the sun
Shone a white cloud
That condensed black and fell.

And as the flowers rose
A milk-white soothe—lady
From the shade called Jezebel.

Sauntered over and spied
The serpent on his belly coursing,
He said live and excel.

Sweet, sweet, Jezebel
Don't be owing to him
Who'd limit your natural rebel?

Be free as the star
That burns in and above thee
Jezebel, be free and repel.

Him, who'd put chains
On you and me
Jezebel if you expel.

And break a stem
Or take of the knowledge tree
You too shall be as free as me.

Jezebel, oh Jezebel
Join me in hell!
Jezebel, oh Jezebel
Jezebel, oh Jezebel
Join me in hell!
And be free.

Mark Heathcote

I've Got A Whisper To Chase...

A rainbow to cross
A moonflower to pick
Like a spring sprig of camellias.

I've got a punch bowl of wine
And a heart chased in gold
For you my one true love
I've got a kiss held back manifold.

I've got a vine to climb your arbour
And I'll be your damask heady rose
I'll wear your evening white shirt
And we'll share in each other's oohs.

As we curl each other's toes
As we curl in each other's throes
As we curl each other's toes

Oh I've got a whisper to chase
I've got a punch bowl of wine
I've got a vine to climb your arbour
And follow all your tempos...

I've got a whisper to chase
A rainbow to cross
A moonflower to pick
Like a spring sprig of camellias.

I've got a punch bowl of wine
And a heart chased in gold
For you my one true love
I've got a kiss held back manifold.

Mark Heathcote

Hyperventilating

Oh I'm hyperventilating
My heart is out of breath
Oh, where has all the air-gone?
As your fingers strum along...

Oh my eyes are dilated
Oh, I'm now weakening,
Will I ever again breathe?
The same again

Oh, I'm hyperventilating
To a point; I can't believe.
Oh my muscles are like needed dough
I'm rising like a floating cloud.

As I caress the sky clueless
I live on your every breath
I've got nowhere; any other place to go
Now I've absorbed your firmament.

I'm scrambling for a breath
In a fog of delirium
Oh my eyes are dilated
But I feel no more shame wanting you again.

In the hush of a full moon
I sense the setting fall of the dew
Its apart of the world
Its apart of me and you.

Mark Heathcote

The Stars Are Burgeoning Red And Gold

The stars are burgeoning red and gold
But we only see those silver ones tonight
Thimble-sized a thousand times as bright.
We imagine we're on that threshold
Of being one a travelling, nomadic
One night you'll be a star burgeoning
Red and gold—like Kerouac a beatnik-
Poet; we'll shine, hoary, spiritually, beckoning
You, collide and go... supernova with me.
Whatever; colours we make, this universe
Shall, just have to wait, eager to see.
From our black holes, skylark songs inverse.
Speak and shine, Blue like sapphires, outward.
In a loop that could only, include me-
With you! With me, all bright light glowered
Grows grows trembling to envelop me.
But we only see those silver ones tonight!
Thimble-sized a thousand times as bright.
But, yours is the only one I cherish.
I'll wear your immersing light until I perish.
Like a Kerouac beatnik poet; I'll shine, hoary
Beckoning you, collide in love and glory
Whatever; colours we make, this universe
Shall, just have to wait, eager to see
From our black holes, skylark songs inverse
Cause all things-begin with me with You.

Mark Heathcote

Snow-Kisses Pine Needle

Snow-kisses-pine needle, against bare skin.
Chilled champagne tingling's bubbling,
Immerse voiceless, deep murmurings within.
Warmth massages in the snowdrops'
When two swaddling bees pair up akin.

The flower's honey runs near, concluded.
Bodies in their goosebumps hive all over
As they loll like curling leaf tongues
Sizzled by the first sun's heated enjambment-
Hum of satisfaction. Loves thumping clamour.

So, now you're in touch with nature
You want to bloom and never fade
Oh, into that fast-glowing dying ember.
But still you remember those first little flurries
His snow-kisses-pine needling, against bare skin.

Voiceless warbling's pressing deep within.□
Like, when, two swaddling bees paired up,
For a long dark winter lovingly akin.
Heavenly, fabulous also her mottled cries
Hum of satisfaction,
Clamour - never to wither or die.

Mark Heathcote

Meditation On A Snail...

What's learned by living life Master Snail?
When you say possess less
Inherit more of the wind in your sail
And buoyancy to prevail.

When you say, be like brother Slug
Look he doesn't house himself in fear?
In fact, leave fear your trail to follow
And find yourself without, without fear.

Really, what's learned by life Master snail?
Do tell. I ask sincerely - again.
How is the weight of the world removed?
How do I reach enlightenments Zen?

Ask, bother Turtle he just rolls in love
With a million waves against him, yet, he arrives
At the shore of his own, ancestors
By just following, alone his seven senses.

Master Snail this is no answer
... If it is not, then why do you still, persist?
Asking me a snail the meaning of life
Isn't the meaning of life existence?

Existence is a question of love.
The power of your love is life's existence
Eternal, existence is to be loved.
With or without, loves undying cogence.

Mark Heathcote

I And You Were Both Together Saved

I was drinking. Drowning in my sorrow,
And then when I awoke
It was just another tomorrow
So it's then I just decided to follow
That same old sorrow
It was easier than just waiting, remaining
Waiting for something, positive too
Happen to me.
I wasn't just, sleeping,
Like a shadow on your wall
I was there but I wasn't asking you to call
Or change my ways.
I was just drinking. Drowning in my sorrows
And then when I awoke
And it all somehow had changed
It wasn't just another tomorrow
It was a brand new day,
And I felt strong, no longer a fool
So it's then, I just decided to follow you
And sorrow, sorrow was washed away
In a wave, I and you were both together saved.

Mark Heathcote

What Have I Done!

What have I done
Dear god, I don't belong,
Disowned since I was young,
Dear god, what have I done!

I broke my arm when I was young.
And you told me, mom if it wasn't broken
You'd break it yourself
For me, for taking time off, work.

You even made me pay my rent
Even when I wasn't at home
I was in a hospital, pent-
House; waiting for a visit.

You brought me apples and cigs,
Kept tabs, on all your expenses
In your new clothes,
Bought by him my new father
Jealously, deranged

Oh, what have I done!
Dear mom, I don't belong,
Disowned since I was young,
Dear god, what have I done!

My heart is, bleeding
But at least I've got something saved.
Guess I'll take that city train
And drink till I forget my name.

Mark Heathcote

Porous To Ultraviolet Light

Oh my hearts porous to ultraviolet light
On any given night I'm with you
Tracing strands of moonlight.

I'm like a pale of water trembling
Well above the point of freezing
Close to the point of boiling.

Love I'm almost bubbling,
With feelings vining around my mind—
Your song is soundless as anything.

But love a cuckoo chirps in my soul
Nest building with you
Is like dancing around a flagpole.

In a new united country...
Love this is our land race
Throw off the lace and pick up the pace.

Oh my hearts porous to ultraviolet light
On any given night I'm with you
Tracing strands of moonlight.

Oh I'm in a foxhole
But baby you're a vixen with a smile
I wouldn't run a country mile from.

Oh I'm like a pale of water trembling
Well above the point of freezing
More close to the point of boiling.

Love I'm almost bubbling,
With feelings vining around my mind—
Your song is soundless as anything.

But love a cuckoo chirps in my soul
Nest building with you
Is like dancing around a flagpole.

In a new united country...
Love this is our land race
Throw off the lace and pick up the pace.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Turned Inside Out

Like cold wet laundry,
With nowhere to hang out
Or go to stop, crying...

It's the start of the weekend
It's a Friday night
And you've left me sinking,
You've left me in a cycle of tears.

Oh, how strange you aren't here
To look into my eyes
And dry my tears,
Change the cycle of all those other years.

As a single mother filled with rage
When I lived without you, baby
To free me from all my chains
Oh, I'm so sorry; I can heal and change.

Honey, give me another chance
We can work it out
Oh, I'm turned inside out
Like cold wet laundry,
With nowhere to hang out
Or go to stop, crying...

It's the start of the weekend
It's a Friday night
And you've left me here sinking,
You've left me in a cycle of tears.

Oh, how strange you aren't here
To look into my eyes
And dry my tears!

Mark Heathcote

Jesus I Need A Carpenter Like You

Jesus, I have sinned
I need a carpenter like you
I'm riddled with woodworm
through and through
my heart and soul needs a little glue.

Lord what, am I to do.
Like sea wood, I've travelled
rolling along in every dip and furrow
with nowhere really to belong.

Jesus, I have sinned
I need a carpenter like you
to dove joint me to you
Lord, what am I to do.
I've worn out my cement shoes
but I never quite found
a river, quite deep enough to drown.

Lord, what am I to do.
Like sea wood, I've travelled
Rolling along in every dip and furrow
with nowhere really to belong.

Lord, I have begged you to take me home
Lord, I'm riddled with woodworm
through and through
Lord like a child's broken wooden toy,
my heart and soul needs a little glue.

Jesus, I have sinned.
I need a carpenter like you.

Mark Heathcote

Like A Book Never Read

Like a book never read
I smell stale damp like fag ash
But my spine isn't thread-
Bare, I've got plenty of time.

To find my fairy-tale, flare
I've gone from flared jeans
To strait leg, to bootleg,
To drain pipes.
And all the way back again.
Fashion changes but never I.

Like a book never read
I smell stale pretty damp like fag ash
But my spine isn't thread-
Bare, I've got one or two more chapters.

For you to find my cap and feather
No matter the weather
I just a simple lucky fella
Now, you've booked marked me for the night.

Oh, yes now you've found my fairy-tale, flare...
I'm just simply a lucky fella
With a feather in my cap without a care
For mine threadbare broken spine
Cause with you I've, I've got plenty of time.

Mark Heathcote

If I

If I

Try to kiss you

Would you pout or refrain

Make this heart chug a locomotive-

Steam train

Steam train

Hot to sizzling,

Would your whole breast expand?

Likewise with mine to bursting point

If I

If I

Try to kiss you

Full-on without regret

Would you linger - cue my signal

And kiss

And kiss

As if it were

One of many, more to come

Like-it-was the last kiss on earth.

If I...?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Confucius (Acrostic) Ii

An MP who is he? ...Eh! A bad doctor
Oppressive father x-university proctor
Government official doing his job,
Is he like you or me, I guess not, all gob.
More ideology than you can shake off a log
To him we're peasants worked like a dog,
Be good and loyal, faithful to your master
Feared, good flock; follow him your pastor.
Than... a word like-politician, you cannot trust!
A word you cannot start with, without being cussed.
TIGER, tiger, burning bright, satanic yeah, right!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Confucius (Acrostic)

WE should not fear injustice
SHOULD its cruelty bring sadness?
FEEL otherwise quietly, contented.
SORROW is their shame cemented.

BUT recall thoughts oppressive-
NOT! That would be regressive.
SINK not then, degenerating
UNDER their rule, envisioning,
ITS end... remember upheaval
'OPPRESSION' is the root of all evil.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Fallen Petal Spoons

A fallen petal spoons
as a spider weaves his house
quiet as a mouse
a lilies throat gulps in her tongue-
it won't belong
till a dove explores the stars
lands on the dark side of the moon
In a crater deep down on his side
with allusions still screaming
historically an owl hooting
in a hollowed-out hole
a part of your soul alone is-just, fine.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Over Lapping Uncivilized Sheets Of Ice

As moonlight curdles with the street light
eyelids bat like they wanted some of that.
She fills her lungs and drains his red blood cells
what a calling this is by the privets roadside.
Yes, blinking all fireflies thrown-aback
hearts beating close to a heart attack.
They'll know now to never look back.
Curdled in the moonlight,
with their cheesecloth souls half-eaten like linin
they'll touch each other's greasy damp skin
without the limits to ever - hold lust back.
As a wind harps, fallen leaves fish in puddles
with misshaped dreams, their footsteps splash.
Disillusion has yet to take its rightful place
they're yet to feel the cut of hurt in their disgrace
like two overlapping, uncivilized, sheets of ice.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Like A Moth In A Bell-Jar

I feel I'm amidst a pollen lily wave
Heady with trembling allusions touching
Me in a darkened bed chamber reaching
Beneath satin bed sheets, it awakens me.

I'm suffocating dripping with fern wet dew
Heaven knows how it allures me to you
Deep down, my whole being takes root:
Bird like wings pressed back - spiralling.

Like a moth in a bell-jar!
It smothers my cries ever longing
Longing to cry out; ever longing
She must cling on to her lilies stem
Shake free the pollens forming, again and again.



PoemHunter.com

.....

I feel I'm in a pollen lily wave
Heady with trembling allusions touching
In a darkened bed reaching
Beneath satin sheets he depraves me.

I'm suffocating dripping with dew
Heavenly he knows me too...
Deep down; he takes root
Spiralling...

Like a moth in a bell-jar
He smothers all my cries ever longing
To cry out!
Ever longing I must cling on.

Joy Is A Raft To Salvation

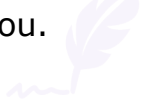
Rain clouds heavy wait
But today it won't rain.
The tail of the wind stings
And never will it refrain.

Sorrow is its old howl
Ice and hail are its teeth,
But today they'll not bite
Nor tears bequeath.

Joy is a raft to salvation.
Today, I ride the waves
Whatever is said won't hurt
Because love here enclaves.

Here in my soul
Above the clouds
I've learnt of hope
Loving, you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Lake

Love is a lake
It can stagnate
If it doesn't move
Reflect back on you
If it's calm expect change
As its love doesn't circle
Or ripple just around you
Expect wind and rain
Passion needs a window
To reflect back on you
To feel the same
But like all brackish water
It must flood...
Outpour - rise and fall
Like a tear in our eyes
Love is a lake
It can stagnate
Clutching your heart
Dousing the fires
In your skies
In underwater scenes
Catfish nose to nose
Kiss in their eternal ways
As we do every night in our dreams.

Mark Heathcote

Fire This Here Cupid's Golden Bow

Mr Valentine

Find me a cupid's arrow

Mr Valentine

Shoot it through her heart

One good shot

Should make its mark

One good shot

Should make her mine

Mr Valentine

Fire this here cupid's golden bow

Mr Valentine

Shoot a cupid's arrow through her heart

I've spent too many years alone in the dark.

Mr Valentine

I've been patient

I've been haunted by my past

But now I think I've found someone at last

To heal me, save me

Mr Valentine

Will she ever truly notice me?

Will her arms ever enfold around me?

Mr Valentine

Won't you ever swain her to love me

Oh Mr Valentine

Find me a cupid's arrow

Mr Valentine

Shoot it through her heart

One good shot

Should make its mark

One good shot

Should make her mine...

Mark Heathcote

Should A Tear Fall Blinding Us Two In A Feud

Should a tear fall blinding us two in a feud:

And you dare not speak my name!
Ever again the same its then I'll agree...
I was wrong with a lame excuse.
I cling to you like a serpent bent on thee.

No matter the rain the downpour deluge
No matter the wild whipping wind I'll conclude
Should a teardrop fall blinding us two in a feud:

I'll always love you and try to bind with you
Like that arbour with a rambling red rose
I'll always try to convince you
It was I who was wrong... again.

Ah, wilting if not forgiven
My heart like a tree is hewed
No matter the rain the downpour deluge
No matter the wild whipping wind I'll conclude
Should a teardrop fall blinding us two in a feud:

I'll want it to end with us being better friends.

Mark Heathcote

Hell On Earth...

Hell on earth, who gave me birth
Hell on earth shape me a coffin
Send me in a hot rod Hurst
Hell on earth what could be worst
Hell on earth,
What's the point of fraternizing?

Hell I don't mind fornicating,
But what's the point of precipitating,
In all this begetting,
Hell on earth, all this heavy petting,
Should be whippet with leather
With hands strapped together.

Hell on earth, who gave me birth
And superimposed me
On this goody two shoes world
Who, who, why did she
Give birth to me put me in this,
Hell on earth!
Hell on earth!
Hell on earth!

(A heavy metal song!) Apologies...

Mark Heathcote

Orange Is My Colour Of Love

There is a canal orange in colour
Where clay leaves its silt remains
That's how I feel about you too.

As though you've floated on through
And though you've coloured me
Those slits haven't stuck onto you.

So now Orange is my colour of love

But I'm just still a stick in the mud
Cleaning off my boots
Like they've been soiled by pollutes,

So now Orange is my colour of love
And I just wish to sail down a Grand Canal
Where clay leaves its silt remains.

That's how I feel about you
So now Orange is my colour of love
Won't you silt up my heart and love me too?

Mark Heathcote

Bewitching Every Creature The Good Lord Made

Vacant eyes engrossed with nothing new
Look at you as though the world was new
That you had bewitched them once again
So how do you do it without make-up?

With those old worn out threads again
Oh it's always once upon a time—again
When I look into those caramel eyes
With my own two vacant eyes...

Oh, how do I look further than you?
Oh, how do I turn down the shades on you?
When you are like the world newly made
Bewitching every creature the good lord made.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Child's Leverage

What leverage child does?
Your heart, hold over me.
My child and why do I weep
Tears of happiness...
In the wee small hours
When you wake me
From my grace my sleep
With barely the energy,
To put your nightmares to bed
What leverage child do you have?
That increases every beat of my heart
What's up would surge in my soul
When I'm just happy to see you eat
And listen to how I warmed you
From the cold with just a snug hug
When later it turns
Into a bear hug on the rug
What leverage child, makes me?
Talk gibberish until I laugh,
For what seems hours confided in me
And after I read fairy tales
About some frog prince
Who wishes will be forever told
I hold you with tears on my cheek.

Mark Heathcote

Heaven Only Knows

Yours and...

Heaven's fate nobody knows

Its beauty is like a purple

Damask clustered rose

We all know its blooded thorns

But nobody knows...

Where; its sunsets, rest yet.

Heaven's fate nobody knows

It's like those snowy ice flakes

You want to catch but melt

As soon as you catch them

And you would if you could

...Only slow downtime.

Heaven's fate nobody knows

As you are led by your forelocks

Looking for girls and gold:

You ask who if anyone knows

If heaven has a purpose for you

And in answer all they ever say,

Is heaven only knows?

Mark Heathcote

Just How Did You Miss Me?

Your cares are like distant whispers
Just how did you miss me?
When you went away
How did you turn away and not kiss me?

Did I not mean anything?
Whilst you; were far away
Was I just like the sounds you hear in a shell?
Seven seas seven oceans seven shores away.

Your cares are like forgotten promises
Whatever happened?
To our duet guitar fret cords
That never lost a note or broke a string.

Just how did you miss me?
When you packed your things for the sun
Just how did you miss me?
When you couldn't even ring to say,
You're having fun
Just how did you miss me?
Was it all just a whisper you couldn't replay?
Just how did you miss me?
Just how did you miss me?
Just how did you miss me?

Mark Heathcote

Warm Winter Lips

Warm winter lips
Like hypnotic clouds
Lift me up to the stars
Where the darkness enshrouds,
You were Jupiter and I,
I was Saturn's mystical rings
Laced around you're...
Inner; circling clothing arms.

Warm winter kisses gravitate
Like the humming of the bees
Warmed by the fragrant flower
The dying embers of the sun
Shimmering in her rose leaves
We discovered as an eternal
Blue rose laced and lit with dew.

Oh yes, I knew it well
The moment we kissed
That all of time would stand still
Oh yes, I knew it well
You loved me only, and I you
And nothing else would slide
Or collide between you or me.

Mark Heathcote

I've Got My Alimony...

I've got a coat and a hat stand
But I've got nowhere I can rest
I've got a house in the Rio Grande
But it rains almost all of the time.

I've got a large 4- wheel drive family car
I've got my alimony—
But I never wanted your money
Or another man to touch me, honey.

I've got a lot of dinner guests
But I don't want to host
Or raise a toast to anything
No more my long distant friend.

I've got our kids but even they
Remind me of you and all we've lost
I've got a full-life, but it's empty,
Meaningless without you

I've got my breasts enlarged up-lifted
But there like two helium balloons
Going nowhere, baby, without you
I'm going nowhere baby without you

I've got my alimony...
But all I ever wanted, honey was you.
I've got my man's empty coat a hat stand
But I've got nowhere I can rest
I've got a house in the Rio Grande
But it rains almost all of the time in my heart

Mark Heathcote

Cut Me Some Rope

Cut me some rope
I don't feel like swinging
I'd have trouble tying
My shoes if I didn't have you

Cut me some slack dear
I've been drinking
And my eyes they're like
Two empty closet doors closing

Cut me some room love
I'll be as good as new soon
Love, let this old moon sojourn
I'll be feeling better tomorrow morn

Cut me some space honey
My heart right now is a dark veil
Even I want to hide from it
And erase this lonely travail from you.

Oh cut me some rope baby
I don't feel like swinging
I'd have trouble tying
My own shoes if I didn't have you.

Mark Heathcote

All, My All In Chants

All, my all in hunger
All, my all in answer
All, my all ...I surrender

All, my all I give to you
All, my all I'll imbue
All, my all overdue

All, my all till you call
All, my all until I befall
All, my all as a prelude

All, my all won't you curtail
All, my all till I exhale
All, my all today without fail

All, my all in abeyance
All, my all in obedience
All, my all in reverence

I give to you.
All, my all I give to you

All, my all I'll imbue
All, my all overdue!
All, my all as a prelude

All, my all till you call
All, my all until I befall
All, my all won't you curtail - me

All, my all till I exhale
All, my all today without fail

As a layman, calmer
Guides my Yin and Yang
Guides my destiny quieter

All, my all in hunger

All, my all in answer
All, my all ...I surrender

I give to you.
All, my all I give to you.

Mark Heathcote

Hoping His Soul's Heart To Unlatches

Thoughts paper-masque greyly,
over our rhymester's face comprised-
of printed words - internalized,
it drips dries, half-frozen really,

With secret dialects epitomized,
displaying themselves as hornet wasps...
stabbing; internally to be militarized
into a catacomb poetic sop.

Tongues loll for words unpainted,
like when red hibiscus flower slouches
for bees at summer's end: Not yet jaded.
"Hoping his soul's heart" to unlatches.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tangled Up Inside

Tangled up inside I tell my tongue
My heart not to listen to you
That every dream we dreamed
We'll dream again under this sun.

Tangled up inside I tell my conscience
Whatever we go through
I'll not answer you back
Cause I trust in more than angels.

Tangled up inside I tell myself,
I'll never wrong you or leave you.
As the dawn owl hoots
I can only dream you'll hoot for me too.

And hold me close as the moon yearns
To travel as bright as the stars,
Tangled up inside!

I tell my chief bridesmaids
You are everything I prayed for
And I'm no longer tangled up inside.

Mark Heathcote

Without A Feather Ever Lost

Through the window, I see your soul
Leaving like a flock of birds
That has now decided to leave and go
Without a single word,
Or leave a single feather.

Through the window, I see your soul
Through the window, I see a yellow taxi
And seven cases, I now see as maybe a sign.
That you'll leave me empty and confused
Lost without you who once was mine?

So now it's winter in my heart
And I pray you'll stay to see the spring,
With me, I and the flowers come through
Through the window, I see your soul
No longer a fair-weather friend of mine.

But darling I want nothing more
Then to turn back the hand of time with you
And not just see the flowers bloom
But also - pick them with you.
And watch those flocks of your soul returned.

Without a feather ever lost.

Mark Heathcote

I'm A Virginal Artist

I'm a virginal artist and I'm breaking out
So save your critique till I've grown
Till I've learnt to fly... A little
Don't clip my teenage wings,
I'm not out to solve your problems
This isn't a race to be bruised
Or put in my place
So if you don't get the point!
...Of me or my songs my young voice
It's not my fault it's not as though...
I've out-grown out-sized my shoes,
I'm a virginal artist and I'm just breaking-out
But it doesn't mean I like to lose
Or feel prematurely angry betrayed or confused
So save your critique till I've grown
Everything in life doesn't have to rhyme
Or end with you!
What did you ever do that compares?
To the waves I've already made...

Dedicated to Nina Nesbitt

Mark Heathcote

Prime Targets

Like a sparrow hawk God came to me
He subjected himself before me powerless
And said? I am to you, what is all mighty.
But never the less, I am powerless,
You are the life force of my breath...
Take-heed I am not the source of your death
I am only the sling, you are my arrow...
I only fired you as does a child a yearling
Does into the wind carrying the yarrow...
It's me who therefore kneels before you.
A prime target, you mustn't fail to find aim.
Do your assailant heart's worst, distrusting
Powerlessly, one who neither—
Shows weakness or cowardice in vain?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Care In The Community

As Celebration day approaches us
we promote independent living,
we celebrate diversity, in harness-
yes, we're all rejoicing...

We're rejoicing in our communities
within our own homes, our diversity,
the gifts we all empathically share.

We promote it, declare it equally-
good and raise a toast to it-
with soft drinks and an assortment of pastries.

We further cross over any boundaries.
As Celebration day, nears
with joined open hearts and minds.

Pull back the blinds with good cheer
that Celebration day is here today.

Mark Heathcote

I Get Lost

I get lost in her kiss
And even my self-awareness
Goes oddly amiss
I feel like I am onboard the
Star trek enterprise.

Drifting through unknown galaxies
Remembering her last wanton look
The lust in her eager closing eyes,
Teleports me to where time,
That oxygen in my lungs has no demise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Centre To The Heart The Traffic Lights

Can we decrypt any meanings from glass?
Look on my work travels today,
I saw a hand-printed heart, was it crass...
Newly frosted, on the bus, I did weigh.

As; it pulled-up, in a busy city lane.
Centre to the heart of traffic lights
Red then amber green through the pane.
This isn't subliminal, flights!

Thoughts ran... what does this mean...?
And what would it really, matter
If it hadn't ever been seen
Hearts break quite unforeseen
But will this glass mirror ever shatter?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

None Other Is In My Heart But You!

None other is in my heart but you!
You are the tread of morning dew

That trails a path though my soul
Springs a love where rivers unroll...

You are like the Saffron Crocus
Precious; flower of all my focus

Singing desiring my hearts regales
You are the chorus of nightingales

I listened for when, all was dark
You are the unicorn's hoofmark

I followed on air around the moon
The rainbow I pray will not, go soon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Valentine

(acrostic)

My valentine, you are a gift to me
You are the-sun-the-moon and the stars.

Valentine, I am your devotee!
AFFAIRS... these are faithfully not ours.
Love is a mysterious, lightening,
Eternities apart; it falls from the heavens,
Nonsensical or enlightening,
To know it makes no sense to zillions
I haven't any banners or slogans.
Nothing really, explains-its-gremlins
Either. But every day with you sweetens.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Many Suns Have Gone On To Shine Again...

But why did their flights-first-foil lose fain
With those darker nights, we're all pertain
To love - of course, it was that first dusk
The first of rose's resident in her musk
Was gathered-up in a petals train
Chased now that bloom to her roots lust
From the thigh, the femoral star's dust
Many suns have gone on to shine again
But none as brightly as womankind can, amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Crisscrossing The Sahara's Of My Mind

What ashen embers do I discern today?
Crisscrossing the Sahara's of my mind.
Thoughts dull lone starlight can purvey,
They're meanings, I desired to slay
Sea-winging-dragons I wanted to bind.

Spy me afloat some flotsam cloud
Because all my battles; have past
I'm breathless as a storm disavowed.
Colours pass me colourless, all precast.
Whatever; was burning, I disallowed.

They warm me but I'm forlorn with thoughts
Ocean wave's insolvent carry on in subplots
They convey little as they wash over me.
But here for a few cinders to fuel
Love is a war-prone to cutlass duels.

Heartache is its amber residue!
Cherished as a blacken rosemary chain.
That's wrapped around a heart outgrew
Hearts that discover all passions slew
Are mapped in mine! Now ashen lain.

Mark Heathcote

The Sages Of Love Request

In that immense heart secure me a precise place
One where my own resonance is likely,
To stay clasped in a jewelled setting.
As a crowning feature in the faceted face
Of love in your own souls, evergreen laurels.

In that gemstone, star station.
Let my angel's charcoal-diamond wings shine!
There I'll endeavour purely as a vagabond child.
Mesmerized by my own; inner geometric, radiance.
To sit in the heart of you, that has all of us beguiled.

Imagine me naked my ivory body lotus on a lake
Silkily floating on a bed of shimmering peacock eyes
There I'll await all your kisses for my eternal life
Here death shall again pearl me anew, my love.
Seeing all sunrises yet to come - joined with you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Alphabetical Gods

Aphrodite is the Greek Goddess of Love and Beauty
Brahma creator of the universe, first of the Hindu Trinity
Concordia the Roman goddess of harmony, peace & justice
Dali is the Russian goddess of the hunt, therefore, a huntress
Eueucoyotl - Aztec god of fertility, pleasure, sorrow & spontaneity
Finncaev is Irish and thought to be the goddess of love & beauty
Glispa - Navaho the spirit that gave the healing chant to the people
Hermes a Greek god said to be a busy fellow very good with cattle
Ixtab - Maya she is the goddess of the hanged & suicides
Jurate is the Baltic goddess of the ocean maybe for a few riptides
Kahdir N. Africa got his immortality by drinking from the well of life
Laima a Lithuanian goddess of good fortune, the fates-trio of life
Mafdet Egypt minor goddess a guardian against snakes & Scorpion
Nehalennia she is Germanic and goddess of fertility & the ocean
Odin Norse a god of war, death, wisdom & divination
Papsukkal Mesopotamian god, gate-keeper for the pantheon
Qebui Egypt's four-headed ram of the north wind, winged god
Rimmon a Babylonian god was he just another sun god?
Sadwes Persia goddess of storms, thunder, lightning, hail, snow
Taio of Lakalai the moon goddess swaying her beauty also
Unk of Lakota the female Manitou ancestor of all evil beings
Vulcan he a Roman god of fire, inventing & metal workings
Walo she's the Australian sun & war goddess
Xochiquetzal Aztec goddess of sensual pleasure, sex, happiness
Yeitso - Navaho the child of the sun, a giant in Navaho legend
Zurvan a Persian god of infinite time so here now for him an end!

Alphabetically Speaking Challenge for a friend

Mark Heathcote

Faith Is A Rocky Path

FAITH is a rocky path that spirals inwards
IS a road forked that opens outwards?
TAKING life for granted won't expose it
THE source of any discovery is to omit
FIRST, we know nothing; no evidence exists.
STEP by step our, conscience subsists.
EVEN though we don't know where it came from:
WHEN we look at ourselves, our genome
YOU-have to ask - why this empty cargo ship sails
DON'T freight ships carry a cargo need prevails?
SEE faith is no different it-sails-to...
THE difference is we make up the crew,
WHOLE! From; doctor to shipmate and captain.
STAIRCASE, crow's nest; we can't pass the baton.

Quote! Martin Luther King, Jr.

Faith is taking the first step even when you don't see the whole staircase.



Faith is a rocky path that spirals inwards
is a road forked that opens outwards?
Taking life for granted won't expose it
the source of any discovery is to omit
first - we know nothing; no evidence exists.
Step by step, our conscience subsists.
Even though we don't know where it came from:
When we look at ourselves, our genome
You have to ask - why this empty cargo ship sails
don't freight ships carry-a-cargo, need prevails?
See-faith is no different doesn't matter where it sails to
The difference is we make up the crew,
Whole! From; doctor to shipmate and captain.
Staircase, crow's nest; we can't pass the baton.

Mark Heathcote

Who Is Worse, Who Is Better?

She - nags and he, he
Bombast her ears...
Together they, nearly
Talk each other half to death.
Emotionally it's a cosh—ooh!
And, there is nothing—left.

So, they'll just shut down
Since, silence is a vice, now.
So, she'll patrol her own heart
As he treads; a cold path, through...
That really hard compacted snow.
He's wandered, yes, but he couldn't let go.

So, she just nags as he, he
Again, bombasts her ears...
She nags him half to death
He just talks as she just nags
For him half to death—ooh
And, he just bombasts a misfortunate past
Wishing he was never born.

Emotionally it's a cosh—ooh!
Who is worse, who is better?
Honey, this whole situation is a mess.
Let's just do our best and fix...
What's left? Now silence is a vice
Now silence is agreed to be best.

Mark Heathcote

The Joy Of Laughter

The joy of laughter
In a lingering smile
Soars in the sunshine skies
Creates a giggle
That humours the darkest
Corners of my lonesome - mind.

Like a squid my heart
It climbs to the moons light
Never appreciated before
My soul lifts from a night
I never realised. You abhor
When; we departed for the sun.

Joyous feelings taking over me
Now, and my funny bone
Is ready to commit a new crime
That'll leave me all over
With a lingering, shimmering, smile
A little wrangled-out - with you.

Mark Heathcote

A Rain-Washed Window

What do I see through?
A rain-washed window
Isn't transient anymore
She must be waiting
Nails painted polished
To claw every fetish
She's ever desired for.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Celebrating Every Memory

The dawn chorus outside
Celebrating every memory
Is transporting my stride
To open my heart - tarry
On, with new filled pride.

To wake with such full joy
I'd give my all to sing...
But then my heart is coy.
The world's arrow's sting
Bitterness often does employ.

Loves a cherished gift
It'll encumber all our past
That'll infiltrate a shift...
It's sometimes, frozen, lambaste
Liken singing to grift.

And not be weakened...
But birds break a new dawn
Each is my newfound friend
Their songs predate predawn
Their songs heavenly ascend.

Mark Heathcote

The Day I Found My Four Leaf Clover

The day we met I found my four leaf clover
And my new love could it be moreover.

The separate pieces of lives
They somehow fit together.
And my heartbeat light as a feather.

Every pulse in my body revives
As though, I were a bubbling spring
Fed by prairies taken under the wing
Of a bloom; without, motives.

Revised ...

When I found my four-leaf clover
Love I couldn't more find moreover.

Separate pieces of lives
that somehow fit so together
my heartbeat light as a feather.

Every pulse my body revives
as though I were a bubbling spring
Fed by taken under the wing
of a flower; without, motives.

Mark Heathcote

Poetry Is The Making Of Good Gravy

Poetry is the making of good gravy
First, you require-good-ingredients
A vegetable trivet the meat sits on
Using stock reduced in constants.

Carefully remove 90 percent of the fat
Place on the hob over a high heat
Add alcohol to give a little fragrance
Simmer until the consistency is replete.

Taste it, ask did I achieve it
Have I got really cracking gravy?
Are my taste buds, tasting poetry
If not, thicken up or find it unfit.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Deeds That'll Replenish Evils Recompense

When two antagonisms meet
Side by side again replete
There are two defeats
The slain who becomes the slayer
Then the slayer who becomes the slain
Aren't both then pitted with regret?

When these two deceivers speak
There's only one truth
It doesn't take a sleuth
Both are misled in their own belief
In their debrief of each other—
They alone understand the truth.

Better to be the one who doesn't fight
Doesn't defend a loathsome half-truth?
Who doesn't exploit another's non-defence?
Better to be wrong than righteous and right
Than defend with might an untruth?
Deeds that'll replenish evils recompense
Replenish, recompense evils honest appetite.

Mark Heathcote

Peeled Aback ...

When the rinds of our universe
Are peeled aback then we'll ask...
What have their pips or pulp revealed?
And should we ask; anymore care
If put through a juicer?
There's no one there to endure our fruits.

Should anyone want to toast their glass?
To find a figment!
That's even more morass...
Then a furred up pear left lying in the grass.
But if another sphere, should come to pass...
A little less passé than, our, artful last.

Would then all our answers be fulfilled?
Would then all our questionings cease?
Would our burdens be any the less?
If the laws of the universe...
Weren't; any less than caprice.

Mark Heathcote

Circles & Ripples

We'll always be chasing the centre.
Circles through outer ripples.
Brought to life a stone's throw-
away, we'll drown in quibbles.

Never happy with our little pond
with our little-lot, we'll draw-
back on breaths, long drowned.
Their woes, glad of awe:

Promises that when all else is lost.
There is always - something more.
Too profound to be, discovered.
"Found wanting to be restored."

We'll always be casting an eye-
over the water to moments in time
when the stillness of all tranquillity,
filled our hearts before, their prime.

Mark Heathcote

Horizontal Horizons

Horizontal horizons lead my step
And unbutton my blouse
And loosen off my shoes
And like airships we collide
Never again to feel confused.

A ballet dancer I dance in the clouds
With a frozen smile
I'll muse what the evenings winking eye
Will bring when, again...
We're laid down side by side.

With horizontal horizons to dark to spy,
And quenching sparks of a firefly,
Quenched is all we'll ever understand?
Oh with a frozen smile I'll sleep.
I'll dream all my dreams have been fulfilled.

And all our innate silences sighed...
Will speak of all them gone before
Who ever knew?
What it's like lying beside the one?
You just couldn't leave alone at the bar.

Oh horizontal horizons lead my step
And unbutton my blouse
And loosen off my shoes
And like airships we collide
Never again to feel confused.

Mark Heathcote

For A Few Precious Moments

For a few precious moments
Partly to join in with hers
Flaming at our seashore seams
In less awkward turbulent seas
I'm with her and all else blurs.

For a few precious moments
My heart contracts each time
I think about kissing her lips
As if the sea salt spray of my soul
Was yearning to dissolve ellipse?

For a few precious moments
Joined together I with her wings
Wings of a butterfly we stroke
Eden's misty rocky loving nest
Into a watery chrysalis double yolk.

And for a few precious moments
Together glancing we see a hole
A slice of the sky
A cherry pie morning wet with dew
And together we just knew

For a few precious moments
We two could fly...

Mark Heathcote

Reminding Ever Creature Singing Love It's A Must

Even as others sleep
Even as their voices weep she sings
Like a starling of her own sacrificial autumn blues.
She singing of the smiting wind imaging fiery irises
She's imaged on her frozen breath suffuse.

She images their tongues black and gold
Crackling with a fire
A turf log hearth that trembles into flower
She's imaged skating on their frozen lake
Half froze by a fire burning in the rinds of her bones..

And a man who takes out an egg shell white boat
Breaks the ice where he rows and never rives
His chest she's told was like a riven chestnut case
Opening split into two, to the bone to be pressed to hers
Readily his spikiness is softening into the loam of hers.□

And the song that takes up with their feathery lust
Is just for a short while here before us all
Where; our worlds collide, combust.
Reminding ever creature singing love it's a must.

Mark Heathcote

Why Do Cats Have 9 Lives?

Okay, they land-on-their-feet
practising accidental-skydives;

They'd dodge death by deceit.
If they could remain discreet
even amongst-other-wily predators,

They'd-outsmart-their sister Jaguars
and even survive the jaws
snapping—gawks of alligators.

And because of their nimble-paws
they'd do it all without applause
they'd do it all without pause.

Why do cats have 9-lives?
Well, I'm guessing it must be
death even he somehow forgives.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Promises

I never promise make presumptions
But I often do keep my word
Choices are made from comparisons
Made from those who did let me down?

Those who did hold the crown
Were often nothing more than fools?
Looking for a false self-adulation...
But their letting me down is nothing new.

What can you do but be true
To the one who really matters?
So, look no further because
The only promise that matters is you.

The one who really matters is you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Can't Help Wonder Why I'm Here Alone

I've curled up and listened to the night
Pining away with fright
You'll never remember me
And return to switch back on the light.

Oh I'm so impishly weak and alone
Fidgety, playing hide and seek
Wanting you to find me
Beneath my white, warm satin sheets.

Ooh, I've curled up with the radio
And I'm dreaming of the moment
You come wistfully silently home,
I can't help but wonder why I'm here alone.

Oh I'm so lost; I need sonar radars
To find you to see where you are
Ooh I'm pining away beneath the stars
Fidgety, playing hide and seek afar.

Oh I'm so lonely imagining my life
Without you without your shoulder
To cry on ...love have you forgotten
Forgotten me now I too am older?

Mark Heathcote

Singing Like Angels Lifted Up To The Skies

Lord everybody needs a commune
And not just a place to call their own
A place to gather like hungry bees
A place altogether they'll call home.

Lord everybody needs a Noah's ark
When their stars their dreams sink
Deep below the watermark of help
When every friend falls out of sync.

Lord everybody needs a helping hand
Someone to rip-down the blinds
When nought but a box of emptiness cries
Lord, we all need birds singing
Singing like angels lifted up to the skies.

Listless wings lord are all our heavens.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Happier Than A Light When It Glows

Happier than light when it glows
I look and measure the stars
And know.
Luminosity is only a melting snow
When I hold her or let her go.

Happier than any flower field
Any sea or desert
Wave or dune in sun or shadow
When; "I";
Feel her deep internal glow.

Happier than an angel
Who knows not the right way to go?
Happier than any devil
Whose entire sinful sins payload
Into a fire that burns, devilishly slow.

Yes, I'm happier than anything...
Anything that thinks it exists
Simply, because I held her
Frozen, forever...
In an eternal non-existent frozen, kiss.

Mark Heathcote

Longer Than Any Indian Summer

Frozen ground is all around me
I want spring to come soon...
And show me who I really am.

When flower tongues festoon
Grow and cover me above
Intern me even as I go, below.

I want to feel the winds warmth
When rains fall in the summer
And the tarmacs shimmer.

This is how I'll know, I'll also
Live forever with hope
In a dream that goes on forever.

Heart beats heavy as a skein
Of geese looking for hemispheres
Beyond what we all call our sun.

And when this melting's begun
I'll pray the summer is a summer
Longer than any other summer.

Longer than all the stars numbered
Counted together - next one another
Longer than any Indian summer.

Mark Heathcote

When The Veil Slips And Falls...

I'll take her promises for what they really are
a cheap gift bartered for from a street bazaar
whose culpabilities are always to tell lies?

Lies as truths look straight through my eyes
with a milestone, million more empty replies.

Secrets stay within me now closely-withheld
they'll never be unguarded or freely compelled-
a clandestine force once ready to be truly free
a page of my heart I readied to dine À la carte-
is torn-its-entire-length where my love imparts?

But more fool her and her vending-word machine-
assurances, words used season soiled latrine.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Arc Light Of Your Soul

Shines in my face but now I've lost all my sight
Trying to remember you and your roving hair
The outline of your face
And all that slender framework of gliding grace.

I dream and use my other senses
Where Goosebumps lick back on an internal smile
Thanking God you were mine.
Your arc light welds us closer where illusion is sweeter
Then having, eyes piercing the sides of the northern lights.

But as with all illusionary thoughts, my sight returns
And the arc light of your soul gives out
Is gone leaving only the memories of its lingering
And now, I'm not so young, life's become
Like a bog myrtle repellent of the midges kissing.

But I still harbour an arc light in my heart
Like never before the golden sun shone
Or the moon cratered where we began to grow.
So, there is no leaving now the dark
That's left by the arc light of your illusionary soul.

Mark Heathcote

What Brought About All Our Doubts?

When we shutter the windows
and a force nine Beaufort gale picks up
and we all wonder what
we're all hiding from.

And a harvest moon turns red to gold
and then we all wonder
what brought about all our doubts.
And set the world asunder.

And why a stranded cosmonaut
came home and wasn't seen
sucking his chewed-nailed thumbs
looking through the empty chambers of a gun.

Is it because he's done more
than most mortals will ever do or ever can
and why didn't he pray when the storm came
and did, and did what it came to do.

Was this cosmonaut too cool to cry?
To be deployed in human disarray.
Or share a careless fear on his face
when a force nine Beaufort gale was taking place.

Mark Heathcote

Sweet Little Violet

Sweet little violet
Why do you suffer in the dark?
When you live in my heart
What postromantic injury,
Serves your trembling scorn.
Didn't I love you like a sun
Never wanting to find
Or discover a shade to hide.
Sweet little violet
I live for you.
I'm not a forest but I can protect you.
Sweet little violet
I'm always right behind you
So won't you take root in me?
And let your flowers shine through me.
Cause I'm a circus... without a tent
A clown without a tear to vent
If you don't
Flower for me for my eyes only.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Holding On To A String

That might just break someday...
And like some little kite
Might even, take a solo flight.
...Away from me - someday.
Wearing, red ribbons...

That leaves a lump in my throat
Oh, she might even cross some void.
And say, we'll live on...
Two separate shores.
But can we still, remain friends?
Cause I still love you.

Oh how my arms will ache
After you; just to hold you.
Oh I'm holding on to a string
That might just break someday...
Oh my hearts like wet tissue
And it's sure to break and perforate.

And like a kite, I'm sure to follow
With a string that's almost frayed
And fall, descend to the ground
That'll swallow me up
With a memory of when we soared
And swore we'd always be tied together.

Mark Heathcote

A Silo Shines Like A Golden Rock

A silo shines like a golden rock
It's a reef of hope circled with flies
And there's blood in the valleys
But be thankful you say
It isn't yours, it isn't mine.

And look there are tables full
Hidden from heavy laden eyes
But nobody there ever sees
They break bread and throw it
Away, with a stained despise.

A silo shines in blackened skies
Where nobody here ever dies
It shines for commerce and you
It shines for a crooked staff
That leads all who don't cry.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Bitter Froth Travels On A Night Wave

A bitter froth travels on a night wave
And pulls back my covers my nightgown
And sets flames on fire around me
Whilst indignantly, my heart still weeps.

He says he is the bane of a white moon
I am what pulled him up from the depths.
I held him like a grain of sand and all too soon
He fell through my hand.

So then I took an Aspin and I began to quiver
Then somewhere on another shore, he was fast asleep
And I was left with little more than nothing
But the feeling of a pirate ghost once lost in my sheets.

A bitter froth travels on a night wave
And pulls back my covers my nightgown
And sets flames on fire around me
Whilst indignantly, my heart still leaps.

I listen to the wind and then I dream of kerosene
It's burning all over me and the gulls
Screaming in wild misery over the wild sea.
They're all looking, looking for the bones of me
Beneath a salty wave, a salty wave on the sea.

Mark Heathcote

Oh Where Is Your Song For Me Father?

Don't hold it till I'm older and regret
I'm not your daughter any longer
I'm here and now feeling unmet.

Mother; where is your song for me now.
I'm as insecure as you
Wanting answers to fulfil
An empty spirit in me I want to disavow.

Oh mother, father when will you show me
How much you both love me
Because I can't sustain all these tears
All these partings and all their empty years.

Oh, where is my father, my mother?
How much older must I and you become
When we can all be friends
Oh, where is my father, my mother?
Did you adopt me as an orphan?
Oh for what were your misgiving portends?
Not to make it clear you both love me,

Oh, where is your song for me father?
Don't hold it till I'm older and regret
I'm not your daughter any longer
I'm here and now feeling unmet.

Mother; where is your song for me now.
I'm as insecure as you
Wanting answers to fulfil
An empty spirit in me I want to disavow.
Mother and father won't you both show me now!
You love me still!

Mark Heathcote

Don't Leave Me For Another

Don't leave me for another
You are my lover
Don't turn your back on us
Let us speak and discuss
What it is that's changed?
And left us feeling estranged.

Don't leave me for another
Because you are my lover
My first and my last for all time
So say you'll always be mine
Darling don't just pout
Say we'll work it out.

Oh lucid dream is he dreaming too
Dreaming of a microcosm imbue
With rainbows - roses without thorns
Second chances; where neither one scorns.

Oh lucid dream is he dreaming too
Dreaming of uncertainties dark ensue.
Only to climb and not feigned of will...
But in love with life and me still
Climb, climb, climb and love me still.

Oh don't leave me for another
You are my lover
And I'll never get tired or tire
Or desire another
You are my first and my last forever
Because you, you are my lover.

Mark Heathcote

I've Got A Weakness, Maybe

You've seen it in me
Whenever I was tongue-tied
Talking to you, almost all the time.
I had an uncontrollable itch
Whenever I was with you
I would just lose my sorry mind
Just thinking, how I wanted to kiss you.
I was like a woman thrown from a horse
Wondering how to get up again
Cause you pulled at my reins my heart all the time.
And unfortunately, I'd always go home alone
Berating my unanswered prayer... amen!
Oh and then I'd think again
Oh how I've got this weakness and maybe
You've seen it in me
Whenever I was tongue-tied
Talking to you almost all the time
But was I just kidding myself?
Fooling my own mind that you cared
Just thinking, how I wanted to kiss you.
And you to kiss me but each time I was thrown
I just wanted to play rodeo
Reshod my horse and climb back right back on board.
Cause you pulled at my reins my heart all the time.
And unfortunately, I'd always go home alone
Berating my unanswered prayers... amen!

Mark Heathcote

There's Nothing In The Mind Wasn't First In The Eye

Is a false dawn as like a mountain has many mouths?
Each spring joins another; in turn maintains a river
That is forced to open water. Out to the ocean depths
Where; it clothes the land as if its journey above
Or below hadn't taken place, happened or mattered.

And, same can be said of the spirit or the mind
We only fiscally internalize or chose a viewpoint
From the mountain peak; we wish to see or expose.
The view from any mountain top is often obscured...
It might only be in the form of a shaken snow globe
Through others we glimpse this world - around us.

Yet, the eye has decided its path and like a spring
Has rundown from mountain tops, joining others.
But in joining has forged a river and joined an ocean...
Clouded by all kinds of pollutants... what was pure?
Has, now lost sight of itself its own vast importance.
Here social understanding is its self a perpetual cloud.

We're all spiritually whole! One, when we are born.
But divided into streams and rivers pooled together
Out of our necessity to be indoctrinated and loved
Without; which, our consciences, wouldn't evolve?
Like magnetic fields. We're all charged to attract
Or repel. The eye is only the light-bulb engineer.

Mark Heathcote

Recalibration

What contains our memories shall fail
But let's hope brackish sweet is each pail
When poured back to the source of creation...
Let's hope it's only an exhumation.
Recalibration, levitation...

What contains a woman's moonlit breast?
Is what contents my hazy eyes holy rest?
Whenever; I can contain my misty breath.
I look at her melting into death...
Its then I feel at my most empty - bereft.

What contains a young child's foolish dreams?
Is what secretly leads me to my extremes?
Feeling so lonely, I look deeper
Into despair and glimpsed the reaper...
The martyr of all my blues; like a happy, fakir.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Winter Séances

Life's forgotten how to smile.
Its little winter séances—
set a scene of bewilderment
like mistletoes bedraggled penance.

The dramatization waits.
Kneeling behind every tuft
awakening behind every hedgerow.
'Hibernation is slowly rebuffed.'

Life again begins to smile.
And birds sing in the valley
and spread mistletoe,
by their scraggy toes so happily.

Death, on the contrary, frowns
where the thistle downs
rise and fall jauntily.
Here a rainbow alights atop the clouds.

And entire fields of flower
ringing in their golden heads
turn to see us in our trampling steps
that has thrown aback their winding bedspreads.

Mark Heathcote

Esoteric Journeys

What light do we channel
In our final goodnight
what esoteric journeys
can we dream, despite?

Cause it's the tight canvas
helps the kite take flight
all-must-be taught
or else it's fraught.

To break like a candle and wick
in the air, not into light.
But altogether into something,
more sallow than a hollow goodnight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two In One Are Meant To Be

My soul came eyeing me.
I shunned it away
Told it I don't have enough,
In the larder to feed any stray.

It wanted to lap-up a saucer of milk.
But I was too beat-up
Tears spilt running slantwise.
And blood curdled—close-up.

But times later again it whispered
Two in one are meant to be."
I don't require you. Pssst, it paused.
Pssst - but you sure require me.

Now ageing limbs beginning to tire
Drained of their living force
Their fire; I've seen sense to agree.
After all who am I to disagree?

Mark Heathcote

People Change Constantly Like Aging Wine

People change - constantly like maturing wine
Either they turn bitter or sour or slowly refine
Or else are mixtures between all the three
Ask them to remember something bitter
Truth is tainted, to another - addressee
Ask them to remember something sour
Then the fruits of their memories bower
Ask them to remember something just perfect
Tongues stammer - speechless to reflect
People change - constantly like maturing wine
So like heavenly stars all have to realign
Either they turn bitter or sour or slowly refine
Or else are mixes between all the three
Ask them to remember something bitter
Truth is tainted, to another - addressee
So yes, people are changing - constantly.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If I Or You Wrote In The Snow

If I or you wrote in the snow
What would we say? -Thank you
Thank you for your stay of execution.
Maybe I'd be thankful to be warm
Thankful you and I are loved.

Maybe I'd be thankful for a smile
Children sitting on that red bobsleigh.
If you or I wrote in the snow
How long would its embers glow
For these hearts of a significant other.

I'm not talking sister or brother
But that one free hand linking another
Two hands clasping tightly together
Makes a love locket, what binds
And when we've written in the snow
Isn't it 2 widths the size of mankind's?

Uncertainty is the mother of love
Melting before us; is God's own river.
Love can't be pressure forced together
By hands conscripted to do battle
Carrying snow is easy, but what does it yield
If not melted and carefully cupped together.

Mark Heathcote

Seed Without Flowers

At the heart of a flower
Is there a spiritual seedling opening?
Where a vortex sings...
I am the fruit the vapour
Of all life! now watch me
Pilfer watch me canker
Watch me live and die.

And then also imagine!
If you can, I never flowered
Nor did I ever truly open.
My vapour wore on the wind... nought.
Praise be because of you and the bee
Happened to imagine my singing,
From this none awaking, flowering

Therefore you are my seedling
My life that I never lived...
That never pilfered and cankered,
Only to dream you I existed together.
My vapour wore on the wind... nought.
But what is this wind but the last sighs?
Of death dreaming again of Him I who never lived.

I have but lived nought nor died none
Before I even dreamed of you!
Singing in the flowers
Singing in dream song, He sang,
Fragrances, scented to me.
The flower that neither you!
Nor the bee has yet been borne to be.

You have flowered in my garden
A garden, I have yet to build.
And been witness to a dream
Borne upon a fragrant shore
That has no boundaries or earthly store.
And yet unknowingly you too have dreamed
Of flowers without; seed. And seed without flowers.

Mark Heathcote

He Might Run A Mile From You

If you give him too much pressure
And he'll start running...
And claim in his defence
He isn't in love with you!

Youth is a candle that's newly lit
And is shaky in its defence
So let's not pretend!
It blows hot and cold.

So if he says he loves you
Except its true, he loves you
Else you could lose everything...
That's meaningful to you.

Oh let's not pretend...
When you're looking for sureties
It's a gamble falling at the first fence
If the pressures on you
To cross the finish line first.
He might run a mile from you.

Youth is a candle that's newly lit
And is shaky in its defence
So let's not pretend!
It blows hot and cold.

Mark Heathcote

Life Is A 5 Course Meal

Desire is just the cream topping
life is a 5-course meal
and I want my pudding.
Baby, crackling heat is just the starter.

And hopefully, we'll finish this meal together.
And crack a few lobster claws and eats caviar
then lie back on upholstered black, leather
and follow these horizontal stars off the radar.

Oh, forever, oh, I'm so hungry,
I've-finished with my noodle Thai soup.
Now I'm ready for something more gamely,
with a good Bollinger red, then we'll regroup.

And have our dessert, baby
something hot and slightly sticky,
that will suit me just fine.
Something sweet on the brink of sexy,
by candlelight that gravitates
towards a weightless high on cloud nine.

Lust is just the cream topping
life is a 5-course meal
and I want my pudding.
Baby, crackling heat is just the starter.

I want to 'sear the night away.'
A medium-rare steak with a lick of French mustard
and a condiment of dressings we leave-in disarray
with a life of hunger deferred, deferred, deferred.

Mark Heathcote

From The Plumage Of A Peacocks Eye

At the centre of gravity
Is weightlessness...?
Calm before the storm
Where the eye of silence
Listens in on all that's been
And, gone before...

It ravages and it slays—
Seldom do we let our blood
Course free of its flailing plumage
But when we do... We learn to fly.
Without; a drop of blood being spilt.

From the plumage of a peacocks eye
We see at central things we cannot espy.
It glitters and it gleams, only to die.
And yet fallen its brevity transfixes all
However large however small...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It's Easier To Fall In Love

Lovers are always forward in what they say,
but when love is old, it gets harder to say,
I love you; please won't you stay?

Dreams hover off the ground when all is new.
But when dreams are old, it's harder to be true.
When your failures aftertaste do come to rue

It's harder to query will there be other chances
it's easier to dream up a fictional courtship dance
it's easier to fall in love and find a new romance
if your heart hasn't dried weeping perchance

One day, you might fall out and be in love again
it easier to fall in love, is all I'm sayin
if you've no beginning or end, no am or pm
just an open heart and soul - amen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Another Chance

Only alcohol can thaw me now
with my head spinning around
I'm questioning my every missing avow.
Wondering why I'm lying on the ground.

Asking, now what do I do?
Jobless and homeless, what can I do?
But beg another chance from everyone
I meet savouring in every sycophantic pun-

I can too get on and move on and plough
forward like a bird in the sky
oh, only alcohol can thaw me now
or so I thought when empty life was nigh.

But now I'm looking up, counting my stars
thinking the only theory that makes sense
is to get up on my knees and count my stars
and let a new proactive life commence.

Because, every, fool needs another chance.
Because, because, because, because,
every fool needs another chance.

Mark Heathcote

Another Chance Is All I'm Asking For

Another chance I've asked for
But I know now the score
You've heard it all before
And you can't take any more.

Another chance is all I'm asking for
I'm rowing a little boat a little offshore
When; I called to you my sweet Elnore
But you won't listen to these shadowy implores.

Another chance you made it clear you'd abhor
But still, I have to outpour...
My soul to you my sweet Elnore
Who no one more than, I, could adore.

Oh another chance is all I ask you for
But I know now the score
You've heard it all before
And you can't take any more.

But all I'm asking for, my sweet Elnore
Is one chance to prove the promise I swore?
And to row my little boat to your shore
My sweet Elnore, my sweet Elnore forever more.

Mark Heathcote

Shalom My Brothers

Brothers don't follow me!
I'm like vapour rolling on the sea,
Longing to roll down a stain glass window
Staining everything I see lest I forgo.

Everything I touch is prone to mould
Young boys return home!
Brothers, I'm rotten to the core be told.
Now go my brothers - shalom.

And do not follow me!
Lest I forget who, I really, am.
Brothers; please stay and referee
Your Mothers and fathers and take your exam.

Shalom - go now my brothers - shalom.
And let this poor wandering gypsy roam
Maybe one day I'll return home
But just for now brothers - shalom.

Peace, be with you, I need to go
Brothers be-told, I don't know who I am,
And till I know I'll just say - shalom.
Peace, be with you, I need to go.

Like the foam on the sea
I reach for a shore in me
I'm yet to define until I depart
Until then I'll segment my heart.

And peel it like a clementine
Soak it deep in red wine.
Peace, be with you, I need to go
Shalom, my brothers, I know where I don't belong.

Mark Heathcote

Home Is Where We Trust Our Eyes

Home is where we begin to heal,
life is a straitjacket
I wish I could just take-off-this-vest
because home is the place
a comely angel makes her homely nest.

Home is where we trust our eyes
and shut the window
on our stray-cat outside thoughts
home is the place we-don't-go prowling
to find a saucer of congealed milk
or another's rheumatic healing touch of silk.

Home is a rainbow, can't-you-understand?
There's a poisoned inkwell in my head,
running dry writing letters to life outside
these four walls, I too, wish, I too, was long dead.
Home is an island on a weekend honeymoon
it's a gypsum palace somewhere in paradise.

Home is where we begin to heal
and take off that life's straitjacket
home is a rainbow you can't distrust.
Home is where we all must trust our eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Litmus Test

I've got pain but let me take a litmus test
Cause now I'm in over my head
And blood is coursing a crimson red
Rage and anger contort to a breaking thread

Oh I've got pain but let me take a litmus test
Blue is an expression but it doesn't explain
The nonsense going on in my head
Oh by god how I wish I was dead

So I've found me a cave and I lived there
Till the vampires all vacated
Because even for them it hurt to be there
Alive among my own; living, dead.

And now I'm tunnelling at a subterranean level
Because honey you lit the flame
And said I've passed your very own litmus test
So now I'm tunnelling to exclaim
I'm going to give you
And my new life, my very level best.
Because I passed your very own litmus test.

Mark Heathcote

You Can Walk...

Why does a woman amplify her mind?
Speak forty words when one will do
God only knows now how I'm resigned
To get shot of this stubborn mule
Oh god who ever knew?
How much this woman can talk?
Oh so baby now you, you can walk...

God took a rib made a dagger a tongue
Took my sanity, asked me to be saintly,
But surely he must realize I need to be
Faintly free to remain young, alive and strong.
Else this hollowness in me will materialize
And then by god—
How this cruelty will show in my eyes.

Oh, why does a woman amplify her mind?
Speak forty words when one will do
Venally I stay because she loves me
But I can't get forty winks
With her nagging in my head
Oh god who ever knew?
How much this woman can talk?
Oh so baby now you, you can walk...

Mark Heathcote

Let Her Be As Eve Was To Adam

Fire a burning arrow cupid
One that has struck its victim
The way a bleeding arrow should
Find me a lover never tiresome.

Cupid - that's never humdrum
She mustn't burn like brushwood.
Too soon into cinder expatiating
Thunder and lightning ooh now solemn.

Find me a dark mystic woman Cupid
Who slinks all day and purrs
The night away like a gentle lamb,
That errs to stay but not to slaughter.

Cupid - let me incur her hearts pain
That cauldron of curdled passion
And that elixir of eternal fire
That never turns ashen.

Fire a burning arrow cupid
One that has struck its victim
The way a bleeding arrow should
Let her be as Eve was to Adam...
A poem's seed always ready to succumb.

Mark Heathcote

Purple Violet

Have I been frozen out?
And have I grown in discontent
A purple violet
With a darkening portent:

Have I chasten my heart
To press forth roots
And not break through the earth.
Not to flower in lowly offshoots.

Oh am I a man of carbon
Am I a broker of what can't be spent?
Yet I have plenty of condominiums...
Empty of what I rent.

Will I have long enough?
To see what holds the floorboards up
What holds the ceilings aloft?
Over me
Oh, will this purple violet
Ever raise its head from its deathbed.

Mark Heathcote

I Have A Fire Roaring In Me

I have a fire chord in my heart
It's not like a violin or a harp
But it's just as heavenly,
When the world is cold
And I'm all alone.

It's not like a harpsichord
But it does
At times sing for the lord.
Like a flaming tree in a winter
Swinging back, and forth to be free.

I have a fire roaring in me
Even when the season says
Nothing should grow or sing,
I have a sap-flowering tree
With a nightingale: ready to court thee.

It's not like a guitar or a bass drum
But I do believe it beats
Like an ear on the sea
Crashing waves remorselessly on
And on, on and on.

Like the moonlit wet clover
I'm growing and groaning
Under every blade of grass
Beneath every barefoot rover
Just to be what you remember
But do not hear or see - that's me.

Mark Heathcote

Laura Of The Setting Sun Valleys

I've put the sun down
I haven't got time to brows...
Or chew the cud.
I'm just here to milk the cows...
And work for you my baby,
Till my hands are blistered and red or I'm dead.
Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Oh I've put the sun down
And I haven't got time to brows
The harvested golden corn—
Decaying in its skin?
Oh I haven't got time I've to many worries...
And never enough time anyhow... oh for...
Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Oh I've put the sun down
And I haven't got the strength...
Always, too watch the moonrise.
But I could always...
Use a little more, loving...
A little more lullabying in the straw ooh, ooh, ooh
Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Waters

Blue water - wave on wave follows me
Wherever I go blue water calls to me.
Blue water - wave on wave follows me
Oh with the salt tears of the sea...

Blue water - why do you, follow me
Your waves there like a shadow
Calling me to swim; far and wide.
Calling me to paraglide...

...Down into a drying, windrow.
To sleep in a twisted tropic mango-
Tree a swamp far out to sea.
Blue water - why do you, follow me.

Wherever I go blue water calls to me.
Blue water - wave on wave follows me
Oh with the salt tears of the sea...
Blue water - wave on wave follows me.

As I look to be saved ...
Only blue water follows me
Only blue water promises,
Now to rescue me!

As I drown I see a blue light
That has now the breadth of me
It circles at the centre of the night
There I too join these blue waters that are me.
Blue waters, blue waters, blue water that is, me.

Mark Heathcote

Disordered Attachment

'Disordered attachment 'what is it you meant?

'Disordered attachment 'by that...?

What is love when half of our time is spent making-up

And then the other is breaking up.

Cause I can't live with you!

...What do you want me to do?

'Disordered attachment 'don't you think... I feel it too...

'Disordered attachment 'what the hell do you; want me to do...

Don't you think I feel it too...?

When the pain of loving you

When the pain of loving you

Leaves car wreckage

That can't be found or put together again.

Not unless we just pretend

Cause I can't live with you

What do you want me to do?

'Disordered attachment 'just be friends

Sorry, I just can't: Sorry, I just can't

Be your best friend

Your best-disassociated friend

Cause I can't live with you

...What do you want me to do?

Give up too.

Mark Heathcote

Where Ever You Went To School...?

0+0=0

You've gotta

You've gotta

You've gotta

Put your best foot forward

And be proactive

If you want to get noticed

If you what to be someone

Cause 0+0= less than 0

If you don't give it your heart

0+0= is 0

Always has and always will

So put your best foot forward

And be proactive in your life

As soon as you leave school

Cause if you don't

You'll be like a broken car

On the scrap heap

On the scrap heap

On the scrap heap

So if you want to get noticed

If you what to be someone

Get proactive as soon as you leave school

Cause 0+0=0

0+0=0

0+0=0

Wherever you went to school...?

Mark Heathcote

For What Was Meant To Be For The Rest Of Time

So we're soul mates
But what happens when
We behave like primates
And throw out our toys
From this outgrown old playpen.

Will we forget where?
And how it all began
With a kiss in the moonlight
Will we forget that once upon a time?
I was yours and you were mine.

Will we ever remember?
How the world stopped spinning
On its axis like a dancer
When there heals leapt off the ground.

Will we ever remember?
Those dizzy feelings
Will we ever remember?
When; our hearts wings are clipped.

How we kissed, how we once kissed.
How we were soul mates
Who didn't behave like primates?
Will we ever forget that once upon a time?
I was yours and you were mine.

Will we ever remember?
That once upon a time
We were soul mates
For what was meant to be for the rest of time.

Mark Heathcote

Smile

Keep your chin-up girl and smile
Just as smiles resign to smile
Because they have no other choice
Saddens is resigned to flooding
Downstream like salt water tears.
But like all salt water tears they evaporate.
Even as they reach the deepest ocean
At its deepest darkest point
All they can do is, evaporate.
Resign themselves one long lingering smile
Light and feathery, once again
And smile in the sun that's here...
That's here and now, meant for you to smile.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fire Triangle

The fire diamonds of your soul
Leaf through
Snow packed mountain tops of my own.
Soon there'll be an avalanche!
And I'll melt and flow in tow
To where you're blue eyes spruce.

Piercings into
Those bluebell shadows
Where the dark woods tremble
Here together we'll make our fire triangle
Heat to warm the air to breathe!
And fuel to burn again.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Take This Air Locked Bubble

I've dreamed it to be my last
I saved it for you to kiss you well
So take that last final gasp!

I saved it my love for you to take
Take my last eternal breath of life
Because like the notes from a flute
My music will travel just as far.

As the distance from; where you and I are
Enhancing the air
Take in the grasses by that swollen river
That circles the willows red tree roots

That's where I'll be...

Where I first held you close
Like a silver sparkle in the dark
You're now closer than the stars-
Light; undying in my dead heart.

I'm a red Campion flower
Crushed under every footstep you take
Oh I'm drowning now so don't blink
Just kiss me until I finally sink. My love.

Mark Heathcote

Stealing Apples In The Morning Sun

The devil held a satchel and smiled
Like a child, he's going to school...
Like me, he's visiting an orchard
Looking for what's juicy and shines
To take and devour in the break
The pears by the old wall, early fall...
There's no need to climb or shake
But these apples even the starlings
And the bees hesitate to take.
Am I a fool to-taste-of the first one?
Am I the devil's own son?
Stealing apples in the morning sun...

With a smile and a sticky sweet paw
The devil held my satchel open
And my heart had cabbage white butterflies
Out on a bowing thin bough
In apathy reaching beyond the skies
For something even more golden
Then the bees, the apples the sun
Glowing dappled through the leafs
God forgive me, God forgive me,
The devil held open a satchel to me.
Oh was I battered and bruised,
Or is this entire story, telling, you a ruse
To sing the devil's blues...

The devil held my satchel open and smiled
And like a child, he's going to school...
But no matter how curt my soul is,
I'm no fool... God forgive me
God forgive me, he's no friend of mine
Now I don't need apples brighter than the sun
I'm happier now to grow ripe
Not drop young like those hard pears
I'm happier now to fall old
Like those apples with the sloes
After the first frost weathers
After the first frost weathers

The apples on their; own, hanging gallows.

Oh the devil he can just go to hell
Cause I'm now doing well...
The devil held a satchel and smiled
Like a child, he's going to school...
Like me, he's visiting an orchard
Looking for what's juicy and shines
To take and devour in the break
The pears by the old wall, early fall...
There's no need to climb or shake
But these apples even the starlings
And the bees hesitate to take.
Am I a fool to-taste-of the first one?
Am I the devil's own son?
Stealing apples in the morning sun...

Mark Heathcote

Will I Know Life And Death In Paradise?

Will I know life and death in paradise?
Will I feel hunger and thirst?
Will I experience warmth even when I'm cold?
Will, I shed tears of happiness when I'm dead?
Will I cherish the memories of my child's first breath?
Will I acknowledge love and heartbreak?
Will I inhale the fragrances of flowers the same.
Will I cherish friendship the same when I'm dead?
Oh, will I know life and death in paradise?
Or will complete happiness just simply be the end
Will I just pretend heaven is completeness?
Oh, why would I pretend without pain?
Without desire without cold or hunger
Eternity would be my best friend.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

And All I Can Say Is This Is Heartfelt

I've got a granite heart
But recently it's been like putty too.
So I'm mixed up and confused
And I don't know now just what to do.
Cause every time I'm feeling strong
I see you again and I just melt.
Dreaming of how we two belong
And all I can say is this is heartfelt.

And now all I can imagine is one night
That's pivotal - made for two
To melt and meld; as one in the dark.
But every time I see you
My resolve for you goes a little bit miscue.
And all I can say is this is heartfelt.
Oh if only I could, show you
A little bit more - heroic virtue.

I'd promise you my granite heart
I promise it'll be a putty ball in your hands
And I'll promise you, my soul, to do
Handstands on a moonlit night with you
For all time, for all time, on the strand
Where the stars shingle we'll catch the tide
Change the course of this and every yuletide
And all I can say is this is heartfelt.

Cause you make every night Christmas Eve
And I've realised all my Christmas days
And even now I still can't quite believe
And all I can say is this is heartfelt
I've fallen in love with you
And all I can say is this is heartfelt
And all I can say is this is heartfelt
If you just put your hand on my chest

You'll feel my heart welt
Double fast, double fast for you
Double fast, double fast

Cause I've fallen in love with you
And all I can say is this is heartfelt
And now all I can imagine is one night
That's pivotal - made for two
To melt and meld; as one in the dark eternally with you.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Air

Reeling in pain, blue air
what do I care?
Joy is a figment just as deep as despair.

Voodoo eyes always looking inward to burst
with a needlepoint, tapestry waiting to disappoint.
What do I care?

Reeling in pain knowing every loss
is more amply filled; with love and glory,
then anybody can truly, believe.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ghost Painter

You take your brushes ghost painters
What is your reason?
I hear a crashing of cymbals
Are you an artist who bleeds in sepals?
Hoping to flower without equals.

Ghost painter what is this...
I'm seeing in your work
Are you just choking back tears?
I and the world long to trace.
Back to the stone, press of a forgotten shore.

Oh god is a breath of honey
With the heart of all things that sting
You can't brush stroke away
No matter what your gift
Can in collections – oil-paints sing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do I Just Follow And Pretend...

My eyes they're bleeding
In an internal centrifugal force
You won't see the blood
I'm just too coursing to bleed...

So you go from obsolete ☐
And leave me in a fire
I combust into an ardour
I just can't control.

My lust is an earthly bird
A phoenix -that can't adjust
To the cold of these evenings alone
What do, I do when I just feel lost?

My eyes they're bleeding
Leaking like a bucket with a hole.
The circumference of which...
Deeply aches in impenetrable rust.
☐

What do, I do?
When I can't move these tides?
Do I just follow and pretend...
Show I'm still hypnotised.
...In love with you!

Mark Heathcote

Turning Of The Tides

There is a turning of the tides
But all I want to do is be with you
In the shivers when you blush.
All I want to do is be with you
When the tides change their course
All I want to do is drown with you.

Change colour like a fallen leaf
And follow with you.
I'll swirl in every mood-change calling
In me and you oh in complete disbelief.
All I want to do is be a mounting larva
Cooling in a sea moving the oceans aback
Make room for you with me.

This is all I wish as the tides turn
there is an island for you and me?
That shelters us when we're hurt or cry
This is all I wish as I cling to you
Like a salt spray wing in the sky.
Turning back, never to say goodbye.

Mark Heathcote

Beliefs Don't Require Life Or Living Proof

Who wants to beat up on the moon?
Place another purple clustered crater
On it soon
Who wants to take a piece out of me?
Can do it as soon as they, will it
Because I don't bleed, so they can do it
As soon as they bloody well, please
Cause like the moon I'll still shine-on
For you my sceptical king, my barren one.
Cause my beliefs
Don't require life or living proof.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Tear That Will Be Mine Forever More

I have a tear, that will be mine forevermore
But it won't fall... it's been there frozen
In my tear duct waiting for a meltdown pour
But it won't be moved, not even for you, my cousin.

Not even for you, my chosen one
Not even if it proves you are the one
You are the one, my love,
The one I just couldn't ever shun.

I ask myself am I so cold I can't be moved?
Am I so walled up inside myself I can't be removed?
Is everything so bleak?
That now I'm too stoic, to be gentle and meek?

Not even for you. my chosen one
Not even if it proves you are the one
You are the one, my love,
The one I just couldn't ever shun.

Half the time I felt like a Memento Mori object
Long since deceased with the sun in my eye sockets
But you put the soft tissue and the cartilage
Back in place on my bones and face

And when I gave you a diamond rhinestone
Even the tears choked in my heart began to break
And pour out of the darkest corners of my heart
Laminated like tattoos on my face

I have a tear, that will be mine forevermore
And it can't be moved? Not even with a hangman's noose.
Cause you; you can't hurt what I also deplore
You can't hurt a heart that I too would abuse.

Not even for you. my chosen one
Not even if it proves you are the one
You are the one, my love,
The one I just couldn't ever shun.

But guess what blessed women I was wrong
And now in love, my tears do flow
Just for you, my chosen one
So it's true it proves you are the one
You are the one, my love,
The one I just couldn't ever shun.

Mark Heathcote

Contrasting Worlds'

"I" or should I say my dearest friend
We have noted every difference...
Since our loves, charade ended.
I go to church and I count my penance...
As you, my dearest tests my temperance.

I long for you on that tall barstool...
Next to me laughing like an infant fool.

I am disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
I am disillusioned by my blossoming smiles fading grey...
I am disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
But here in this morning, songbirds jazz...
I am disillusioned in what you didn't say.

I longed for you to airbrush my way...
Next to me, I wanted you to connect with me
Like an oceans spray, against the quay.
Tell me every cloud esprit filled with a sunray.
Tell me I was all that mattered each and every day.

But know I'm disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
And all those songbirds - on my windowsill
With all their jazzy buzzing's renditions...
Of the souls, they'd shared with in the morning air.
Oh how I wish you'd unleash and take my heart to Nashville

Take my heart there' like I'd been to church...
Sing in these isles to me my dearest of eternity,
And not just from another bar stool...
Even if like you, I like laughing, like an infant fool.
Just take my heart back with you to Sunday school.
Cause I am now disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
I am now disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.

Mark Heathcote

A Wealth Derived From Riches Alone

Money can make you rich beyond compare
Its vault needs guarding the little it does share.
A wealth derived from riches alone
Can be just one-half; of a frugal wishbone.
'The half held back' just maybe, what is longed for?
A poor man's meal can be a bounty no lesser
A poor man gives of his heart and soul
Rich men want a prenuptial agreement.
They need to be loved and in sole control
Lesser men they're passionate and vehement.
Heed little by their store if you forestall
Your hearts kiss their cargo sinks in a squall.
Rich men just charter another voyage.
Into another self-love, in bondage.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Real Love Is A Stones Ripple

Lust sends heart racing one way and then another
Real love is a stone ripple stinking ever deeper
Permeating-its-outreach further and further still.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What We Have We Simply Forget

What is there to shelve but our memories?
At first, we fill a dozen albums a year
Seems easy; like teaching knowledge at Emory's
But as age surpasses our smooth veneer

We simply forget; what it was we'd done yesteryear.
We live slightly less and cut out some of the pages
We forget relationships with just a sneer.
Tear-up albums and pretend - we're old sages.

Now a memory long forgotten can reappear
It'll open you up a watermelon:
Now here are the seeds of memory,
'I did think they'd long been quietly since stolen.

Memories glide away like the catamaran
'If you; fill your days with nothing, but nights'.
So my advice if you're young, do all you can!
Set down thy anchors for them harbours of light.

Mark Heathcote

Sticky Molasses...

I went from longing to going antenatal classes
This was after a period of exquisite lust
We never made the bed. Never learnt or found time to adjust.
It was lovemaking, dawn to dust; sticky molasses.

But now my sweet honey. It's time for holy, motherhood.
I'm too tired of loving, copulation
I need reassurance, I feel grossly misunderstood.
I now need a man, not a boy or a freshman.

I went from longing, from a girl to womanhood.
By the grace of God, I now have to be more mature - robust.
I gave up my maidenhood, now isn't the time - falsehood
I'm ready to burst with real love, I'm ready to combust.

I went from longing and a new true sacrificial
Echo of who I was, was to be a new you and me.
What's artifice can no longer be superficial
Together in a short while, we'll both share a family tree.

Mark Heathcote

Break Out My Pills

Take out my dentures.
Break out my pills
take-off-my spectacles.
Plump up my pillows.

Break my string of pearls
and curl my toes
let my hair rollers electrify you-
and straighten out your kinks.

Oh, how we'd tangle-up in those sheets
in them, good old days
darling, do you remember
And can we rekindle those flames?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Bullet Or A Rocking Chair

I have a bullet or a rocking chair
A young skeleton or a fairy crown
Which one do I stick around for?
One is imaginary:
The other is a dumbing down
What is reality and where can it be found.

A starship travels far from where it started from
Or was it a saucer sent on its way in vengeance-
For my loose cruel tongue
Whichever I chose neither one will spin on for long.

I also have a cat he wants to be an owl
He sits all night in a sycamore tree
Hoping to Helicopter down on the dormouse
Who he delegates and beliefs might just be me.

I have a bullet or a rocking chair you see
Sometimes I dream of
Pulling that trigger or just sitting there in the dark
I catnap dreaming, I am an old owl
Flying to those far away places, places for me.
In the moonlight, there's a dish of warm milk
But it's bloody on the floor and cold

Oh, life is an ancient cartouche
Of all, that's gone, long before
Whichever I chose neither one will spin on for long.
So I'll just guess I'll join the fairies on the rocking chair
Or else you can execute me for being a bore
That's if you are willing to pin me against the wall.

You can drag my sarcophagus till you too
Die of heartache and bronchitis
Cause I still have my decision to be made
Do I choose a bullet or a rocking chair?
And who the hell are you to say you care
If you love me, honey, you must be just a fool
Or else all fur coat and no knickers.

But I guess that's what makes this old owl hoot
Till it's so old it goes deaf and mute
And just mouths I love you and the fairies too.

Mark Heathcote

How Many

If a stone sinks,
From where was it raised?
If the salts in the sea
Came from you and me
How many grains of sand once were we?
How many bees
Did it take, to pollinate these giant redwood trees?
How many crushed chirping cicada insects once were we?
How many weeds and undeveloped sapling seeds were we?
"So they've had their moments and graced the sun".
I guess those whose waves, had to roll-undone
Have been left to leave but few or none:
There in any case of firing a starting pistol gun.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Striving Only For One's Self

Love can be like ivy embalming the tree of life
At first they're compatible but in the end:
Striving only for one's self-suffocates the other
Reaching for the stars isn't in either one's favour.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am Forever Spun Dizzily Around...

The day opens its wings, a bird for you
Diamonded in wet; morning dew
The night sparkles like a dark rum for you
Sequined; in cloudless, silver stars for you
Oh, how the world belongs to you:
And how, I'm also—beholden to you.

Your force of nature awakens dreams in me
You're like a magical rainbow a fountain
Forced up from the frozen ground in me
Your name is a heavenly noun I call my mine own
I am forever spun dizzily around...
You're a force of nature in a see-through-gown.

But I'm even more naked -than even this
Filled with; an eternal lingering, bliss
The day opens its wings, a bird for me
As I awaken in your arms; there's no remiss...
Because as I awaken; I remember this.
The moment of our; very own first kiss.

Mark Heathcote

What Is This Island Loneliness To Me?

What is this loneliness to me?
Who was born lonelier?
Who was born lonelier than-I?
Lonelier than a bedtime story,
Never told because it to—
Would-only-be unbelievable folklore
Because it would only be a fairy tale
What is this island loneliness to me?
Who was lonelier born?
Who was lonelier born than-I?
Wishing my Indian rug,
Indeed could island hop indeed could fly.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Visions Above My Bedspread...

Let the wind take control of the tiller
let blathers change this idle weather
who am I to see those hungry dead?
Mount visions above my bedspread.
So, they wail for Forgiveness - Mercy!
But, I'm neither their judge nor direly,
their executioner, 'henceforth-be-gone.'
I am only 6 or 7 - I'm never an aeon.
Thoughts aroused, now so far-flung.
Why do they plead in a Gaelic Tongue?
With their dozen heads severed and cut off.
Thoughts accrued the anchor castoff-
hauled back, this once my - 'Bon Voyage.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Have A Mandate To See Me Through

I have a heart to share in I can't replicate
But I can always stick like glue
Because there's no other like you
I can walk and flicker the likes of a candle without you
But my flame will never expire
As long as I have you
I have a heart I can't postdate
Because it just lives for the future with you
Baby you know I can't live without you
There's no kindling to catch me alight with you
Because baby there's no other like you
You are the rainbow to follow the storm
You are the feldspar in my soul
You are the light that shows me my way home
I can walk a journey of a million miles
To catch the sunset before you sleep or close your eyes
As long as I have you
I have a mandate to see me through
Baby its true you know I can't live without you
There's no other woman who could tame a lion
And tame his heart into a shrew
Because baby there's no other like you
Because baby there's no other like you
You've been my soul mate since we left school...
Now my hearts like a weightless papier-mâché balloon
Knowing theirs nobody too fill that heavenly space but you.

Mark Heathcote

For Every Love That's Born There Is A Cry

For every birth, there is a cry
For every dream, there is a wave
That recedes on a worn-out lie

For every figurative metaphor
There is a simile of you on my mind
For every rueful discrepancy

There is a sordid singing in the sky
Oh just to fly a little higher, higher
Then an unanswered question - asking why.

Oh, I'll never learn my lesson
You'll just have to embalm my will
In your falling gravity and embrace me again

Until I'm also bound in these covers of war and peace
With a broken spine ripped at the seams
Hell I'm going to dream, I'm not going to cry

Till even these ephemeral wings can't fly
I'm going to sink and swim
In every cloud on every seraphim-wave until I die

For every figurative metaphor
There isn't a simile for you in a funfair mirror
For every rueful discrepancy, there is an image

That I just want to drown in without you
Under every wave, for-however-long time goes on
I just want to bob-on the waves with you

...On and on, on and on and on...

Because for every love that's born there is a cry
For every dream, there is a wave
That recedes on a worn-out lie.

Well It's All In My Stove-Ah

I have a rose, she's all petals and thorns.
"Well it's all in my stove-ah "
I begged her for no mercy, I cried for no lies,
I just wanted her rouge-rose-bowl-bed of petals
I just wanted to fall into her red-ravishing-skies.

And there devour with my tongue!
A sweet bitter beast, with; devilish green, eyes.
Serpentine candles wax and then pause;
Hiss and then whine to a whimper.
"Well it's all in my stove-ah "

Every petal opening folding over
Is like an angel kicking-back in the clover?
I have a rose, she's all petals and bleeding thorns.
And a wanton dilemma saps all my desire
Well, it's all in my stove-ah a glowing fire.

Well, I'm only, mortal.
So I begged her for no mercy, and then.
Well it's all in my stove-ah ...glowing fire
And then I cried for no lies just a wanton moment
To experience a feeling now totally, paralyzed.

Mark Heathcote

He Kept His Identity

Didn't he?

Didn't he what?

Didn't he?

He kept his dignity,
he didn't turn to us to look back
as I remember dressed in black.

He even kept his identity,
as we all cried, half a world away...
'is it just out of habit - he'd say? "

Even now, he looks snazzy
we can't quite believe he's gone,
that he didn't cash in his last coupon.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Owl The Colour Of Snow

An Owl The Colour Of Snow

Casts a shadow of surprise
Or was this a declaration of sorts
Now that there's no further sunrise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Declaration

An owl the colour of snow
Casts a shadow of surprize
A declaration!
That now there's no sunrise.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Heavens At The Summit...

Rest your weary wings upon the air
let the wind of love carry you here
carry you there - as long as it,
submits to roost with me my, tit.

Let god's love give all else wings
Egrets on the peak of a mountain:
they'll not-be-seen in their couplings,
by those, he calls his brethren.

"Let the wind gather the last prophet."
We'll-make-our nests our pallet
amongst; the heavens at the summit
in this love, we'll simply-plummet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Milk And Butter

You poured all your love
and life into that saucepan
and it boiled over empty,
and yet it's still fuller
then all the clover fields
of milk and butter.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When It Isn't On Your Tables

How do you find uranium?
In such low-grade work
when it isn't on your tables
to find gems in the dirt.

You may pan the basins of the soul
and find doing so enrichment
but it doesn't make-any-difference
to Him - beholds you fervent?

~or~

How do you find uranium?
In such low-grade work
when it isn't on your tables
to find gems in the dirt.

You may pan the basins of the soul
and find doing so enrichment
but it doesn't make-any-difference
to Him - beholds you fervent?

Him who beholds creation
in the structures of the soils
and isn't at liberty to explain
How-from the tiniest-of things, it all uncoils.

Mark Heathcote

Flies Flourish In Starving-Eyes

tears are rivers of blood
in the apathy of love.
Where silver-and-gold flows
into the margins of hate.
A million bullion graves are dug
to disguise their own fatigue
the starving shout-out 'Food.'
Tears are rivers of blood
in the apathy of love.

Where-flies-flourish under starving eyelids
oh, how this apathy breeds
and soaks the ground
with their own neglectful disease
while the tears of a thousand nation's weep
and then close their eyes
in an ever-present sleepwalk
wondering who will blink first?
Who first, will capitalise?

Mark Heathcote

I Don't Doubt It's All Fixed

There is a cycle to all this our misery
I for one! Don't doubt it's all fixed.
We'll have 5yrs in thirty of prosperity...
Feelings akin to a jewel thief
Followed by 7yrs of deep recession...
So at least ten out of every thirty,
We'll have to be very thrifty.

We'll see some good growth, accumulation
When maybe we're fifty?
But wherever you are on this hill of beans there'll be
Another recession just starting...
Or another abysmal one even now just ending!
But you can bet the banker he is loaded
...Expanding his margins and your losses.

Yes, there is a cycle to all this our misery
And I for one don't doubt it's all fixed.
So let us all get thrifty and close our accounts...
And demand cash for payment again....
And say amen to the bankers without loyalty
And say amen to the banks royally. Amen!

Mark Heathcote

Singing A Johnny Cash Locus Song For Me!

A ganging ocean washed over me
When I was young, I was already old
When I loved, it was a careless love
That washed over me.

Yes, it was a ganging mountain range
That stood and stamped around me
So I grownup hard and estranged
And my heart I short shrift upon the wind
Like a rank mouldy dank potpourri.
And my soul with the emptiness of a shell I assigned
A cry and oh how I cried...
Until my own ganging oceans ran dry.

But the deserts I took rest bite in
They were all too cold even for me
To sojourn in, so, I walked as a wry vagrant
And followed the eastern sun in the sky
Way up high until again a storm unfolded
And a ganging ocean washed over me
Singing a Johnny Cash locus song for me!

Oh a ganging ocean washed over me
When I was young, I was already old
When I loved, it was a careless love
That washed over me.

Yet it was that baptism fire that made me
And made that Johnny Cash locus sing for me
So don't weep don't feel sorry for me
Because like the mountain waves that are born
To swallow, me under there waves with you.
To the sound of a Johnny Cash locus song
You know it won't be long till that tide turns around
And then there'll be no more reason to feel drown.

Oh a ganging ocean washed over me
When I was young, I was already old
When I loved, it was a careless love

That washed over me
But now I am free...
But now I am free...
But now I am free...

Mark Heathcote

Nestled Closer To The Dark...

I'm going to my winding-sheet
But not before I close my eyes
Only because I need to rest
And I can't stand lies

You know it's dark. When—
Even the giraffes can't see the stars.
And I've stretched my neck so far
I can't close my tired eyes.

Even when my heart
Wants only to reside in its sin
Nestled closer to the dark
So, I say sometimes let it all begin.

But like I say I can't, so
What can I do but linger on
Till I'm crushed by something,
More concrete than a loitering spark.

Mark Heathcote

Injustice

we paint injustice
like a Crayola sunset—
but His love isn't child's play

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Drank Deep In Paradise

You exposed your beauty and my heart
It drank deep in paradise
And my heart it beat thrice a second
Unto look deep in your eyes.

Under the hood of a streetlamp in the moonlight
I was lost for words
There wasn't a songbird to be seen
But that's all I heard.

So I guess I found me an angel that day,
And a heaven that night

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Did The Ground Fall From Your Wings

Did the ground fall from your wings
Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind?
Did your heart meld all summer with his sun?
Did you flicker in a flame, golden and sanguine?

Did you see the hands of time stand still and chime?
Did you hear the solar system say he's yours, not mine?
"When you fell into the hemisphere of his eyes
In that eternal instant; where nothing else defies.

In that eternal second did you at that moment realize
He was the one - your only hearts true sunrise".
Did the ground fall from your wings
Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind?

Oh and if they ever did.
Did your soul shudder in its flesh to join his?
Did your blood and every fibre of your being fizz?
To be his did your body ache and want for no more.

Did you love him?
Did you love him?
Like you and he were the last centaurs
The last condors to ever circle the earth.

Did the ground fall from your wings
Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind?
Did your heart meld all summer with his sun?
Did you flicker in a flame, golden and sanguine all the time?

Mark Heathcote

Shadows Voice Their Secrets

It's like those stars fluttering,
Burning, in their coals
And you, you coke my hearts
Unanswered questions
Like garnet stones.

Your bodies heated Furness's
Is like the centre of a rose
Where shadows speak
So loudly they lose their voice
But not their spark,

Shadows voice their secrets
When they meet
When we roll in their coals
Shadows voice their secrets
Like the northern lights

For us, we're enrolled in a rose
Like two bugs cocooned
Together but never to sleep
Honestly, that's how shadows meet
With unanswered questions
Like a secret birthstone a garnet
Burning in the fires of their coals.

Mark Heathcote

I'm Sure I'm Not A Singer

I'm a carpenter in my mind
I'm a poet and a painter
But I'm sure I'm not a singer
Like you!
I'm sure I'm a builder living in a shoe
And I'm sure I believe
I'm in love with you
We'll have 2.3 children
Or as many as we can fit in a shoe
Cause I'm a carpenter
I can mend and make do
I'm a poet and a painter
So I can paint a happy scene
And romance the heart of a stone
Until it's plunged into the sea
But I'm sure I'm not a singer
Like you!
I'm sure I'm a force of nature
And you're a flower
Like a lion at rest
With a roar to open my breast
Oh I'm a carpenter in my mind
And I want to build you a home
We'll have our penthouse on the moon
When we're older because I'm a dreamer
And I can see in the dark
As long as I hold you close to my heart
But I'm sure I'm not a singer
Like you!
So although I'm a poet I depend
On you: for my song
Cause I'm a carpenter
I'll depend on you to pull my splinters
And heal my redwood heart.

Mark Heathcote

My Hearts Like A Calling Seashell

Subliminally, I'll always love you
My hearts like a calling seashell
I'll always hear you
On the shore of my soul
Waiting for your sweet return my darling...

Subliminally, I'll always love you
Without you here I'm a galley slave
My darling, till the seas return—
Only makes me blue you never came
Like a surfing, wave into my arms again.

Darling I count the clouds until
I can count rose petals again
Darling there's only a red sea of pain
Subliminally, circled with wolves
Oh their hollowing lonely at a midnight sky.

Darling I count the clouds until
I can pick up these shells shattered bits
I'm no Madame Butterfly
I haven't finished reading her script
But darling I'm coming close to quit.

Mark Heathcote

Life Without Love Is A Hermit's Charade

There are hearts in a charade
That can-never-be lit
Whose shining patina is constantly-on-the-blip?

With bricks, trowel and a spade
They'd build a concrete wall.
Never-allowing their inner selves to glow or pall.

They'll live alone and can't be-dissuade
It's a hermit's life for them again.
Until, their final amen!

Their fatigue is to be, buffeted
And unloved, but I'll say it again
Their hearts are living in a cold charade.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Beggar's Bowl Bonanza

This life has a victim and a killer
This life has a preacher and has a sinner
This life has a poem a four line stanza
This life has a beggar's bowl bonanza
That can either really cleanse you
Or poison your soul.

This life has a dark angel
And a desolate windmill
Where you both have ground
Both day and night!
At opposite ends of the stratosphere
To join wings, in a moment of flight.

This life has a woman giving birth
Claiming this divinity of life is a living hell
Whilst the father beams ear to ear
Holding a stranger near
Who is now dearer than her?
...As if that could ever be.

This life is like a cheap bottle of wine
You want to make ambrosia.
Your very own Nirvana in rapture
But this life has you in a mild despair maligned
I swear I swear, I swear, this life
It'll have you going mad I do declare.

But this life has the bare bones
Of a mercurial magic; I swear
I do swear, I swear
When you find a young woman
And like a highwayman you have your way
With her jewels, when she offers her heart the very next day.

Mark Heathcote

Vertigos You'll Never Know

The mountains slow embrace gathers
All to climb, to witness the valleys stars...
It's a paramour of love that won't let you go...
It's a circle of enfolding love, that always guitars...
Our hearts world to unfold in their spinning gyros...
Upwards until your soul, hits its head on the rafters.
Vertigos you'll never know nor truly ever let go.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Little Dreadlock Angel

Come and kiss me
My little dreadlock angel
Dance with the lamb,
I'll give you no quarter
From my eternal love
Come and hold me
Like the light attached to a candle
That's how I'll love you
Come and I'll break all...
Your bad delusions like bread.
Float you in a heaven
That'll take over your head and breath
Come my little dreadlock angel
I'll braid your flowers
And make the meadow your bed.
And make your bed
Where all heavens angels
Hang their head and wish,
And wish they too weren't dead...

Mark Heathcote

Oh If Only The Rains Came When I Cried

Oh if only the rains came when I cried
Then I wouldn't have to disguise
These tangled-up knots inside me
When; I uncontrollably, cry.

Oh if only the rains came when I cried
Then I wouldn't have to lie
Each time I'm a choking...
Uncontrollably deep; down in my heart.

Oh if only the rains came when I cried
Then I wouldn't have to pretend
I've got a blockage lump in my throat that isn't for you.
Oh if only the rains came when I cried...

Oh if only the rains came when I cried
Each time I'm in this sunny dark clime
In my heart oh if only the lingering tide
Reaching out to touch the shore by your side

Would leave me alone
And find somewhere else to reside
Oh if only I could behave like a cave man
Going hungry and lonely and take
Whatever would please me?

But I guess all I can do
Is howl upwards from the ground for you!
When I get up out of bed
Oh if only the rains came when I cried.

Mark Heathcote

My Lover's Eyes Change Colour

Dependent on her and me her lover
Oh how I'm affected by the weather
How she's affected by my whatever
Might; have passed me by darkly.

Oh my lover's eyes regularly, change colour.
From a sticky sweet treacle to an
Ebony, forbidding, black!
Oh how I wish they'd stay eternally, honey light.

Oh my lover's eyes how I've wished,
They've never glowed black.
Oh how I've wished, they'd wan
Back in colour; again...
Too a sticky sweet honey....
Simply because I; truly love her.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

They Know-A-Place To Witness All Love

Listen to the raindrops crescendos
With the leaves falling from the trees
Listen to the stirring wind in the willows
How it rises how it feels, how my spirit buoys.

Listen to the grass growing underfoot
To the lotus flower smiling a watery cry
Listen to the smoke in the chimney the soot
The anthills thrum and decry - your love.

Listen to the seashell on the shore
Listen to your heart and say it has no root.
Listen to the bees in the hive outpour
They know where heaven isn't-refuted.

They know-a-place without a worry
They know-a-place without trouble
They know-a-place to find living glory
They know-a-place to witness all love.

Mark Heathcote

He Cursed The Church Clock From The Gallows...

Marriage-unconsummated to the widow,
Esquire Richard Rowland's swung from the gibbet.
In 1862 for the murder of his father-in-law,
life in debt, was forfeit, but was he the culprit?

'People they puzzled why he slept alone' hurrah!
'We know the score' 'why he slept at home' at his old parents.
He killed Richard Williams; he's not innocent, blah!
'For the farmer; beat to his death good riddance.'

Said he, he must have had a fit on his way home,
he never made it. I'm an innocent-man
oh, yes, maybe he did have some rare kind of syndrome.
As the goal officers gazed at the hangman?

It's said he cursed the church clock from the gallows.
It didn't work again, not from them hallows.

Richard Rowlands



PoemHunter.com

Everyone was a bit puzzled when 45-year-old Richard Rowlands married a widow but continued to sleep alone at his parent's home. What was the purpose of that, they asked?

It was soon clear. In November 1861, four months after the probably unconsummated marriage, Rowlands waylaid his 70-year-old father-in-law, farmer Richard Williams, as the old man was on his way home after an evening out. He beat the farmer to death with a hammer, and when the body was found the next-morning suspicion soon fell on him.

He must have had a fit on his way home, and never made it, Rowlands told police. Then, naively, he added: I don't think he was killed with a hammer.

He was charged with murder, and at Anglesey Assizes the prosecution deduced that the motive was to gain control of his father-in-law's Llanfairfaethiu, Anglesey, farm, through his new wife. He was hanged outside Beaumaris Prison on Friday, April 4th, 1862, in what was to be the last execution at Beaumaris.

I Hear Every Bird Song In A Hymn To You

Your voiceless whispers speak to my soul
I hear every bolder rolled over in your dynamic plateau.
I hear every horse whisperer like I were a foal.
I hear every word echoed by you, you know
I hear every lion's roar purr in you, you know
I hear every harps chord of your Gaelic heart
I hear every floorboard creek in your chateau.
And I'll sail every becalmed ocean unchart-
ed just to learn all about you, you know.
Your voiceless whispers speak to my inner desires
I hear every mountain spring bubbling into life
I hear every turmoil-aggressors call for ceasefires.
I hear my every heartbeat wanting to be your wife.
I hear every birdsong, in a hymn to you, you know
You're the answer to all my prayers just you, you know.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Find Fault With Every Tailored Suit?

Must I enter doors before they're fully opened?
Must I take these iron heavily rusted keys?
Must I stand either side of these two menaces?
Must I find fault with every tailored suit?

Must I pick every lock to my own prison cell?
Must I turn back the clock to forgive myself?
Must I replicate in order to procrastinate?
Must it always be me and if not? Why, not.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Would You Sing To This Heron?

What would you sing to this heron?
Who can neither shudder nor dance
But can spear comets with a glance
How'll she tease hopes - so barren?

Would she tip-over the apple-cart?
Would she take his heart devour-it?
Or mirror his soul, and submit
Unto him never - to depart

Should her gaze be as deep or remote?
As his would she be loved truly, truly?
More deeply than, the stars trembling unruly.
If waters stilled, would we denote!

A drop in temperature the pulse!
If this heron were to move ponds
Would she break her promised bonds?
Or would she follow on impulse?

To sing and catch her breathe again
Would she entre his heart like a sword
Dream every word he ever stored
That sings for her sweetly as a wren.

...Again, and again, and again, again.

Mark Heathcote

Forked Tongues Redeployed...

What is the need for life? Now death
Is the serpent contained in your breath?

The kiss of the world is a forked tongue
Is it not? 'Quench full your heart till its rung.'

Let it be so coiled-up it devours oneself.
Release your inner demons, skin yourself.

Peel back those doubting layers of torment
Uncoil self-aware out of every malcontent.

Grow silver-haired memories of despair
Now allow them to wither, make their lair.

What do you care, in these golden days?
If a serpent finds no warmth as it lays.

If it has crawled under a desert rock
Let it thirst cold until it has taken stock.

What is energy? What is all this matter?
Why can't neither one be simply the latter?

Answer-is - they can't be destroyed?
Both contain forked tongues, redeployed.

Mark Heathcote

I'd Like To Be Known As Sassy Miss Sally

I want to soak up the sun and grow
I want to melt away
Happily, like the snow, when I go
Without a tear, I'd like to fly away
When it's my time to go.

I'd like to be known as sassy Miss Sally
Who came a drifting down the gold coast?
I'd like to be known as old Matt Rodgers
Who played some mean heavenly blues?
And has a smile like a sunray on his cheeks.

I want to soak up the sun and grow
I want to fade against the grain
And show,
I could take on any amount of pain.
And still, grow,
Happily, like the snow, when I go
Without a tear, without a tear
Without a tear, I'd like to fly away
When it's my time to go.

I want to melt away
Happily, like the snow, when I go
Without a tear, I'd like to fly away
When it's my time to go.
I want to soak up the sun and grow.

I'd like to go
With a lipstick collar and a Stetson hat on
I'd like to go
With my clothes on
I'd like to go
Without any sad news
I'd like to go
With a new pair of shoes on
So I can kick up trouble
If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes
If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes

If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes.

just think of me as sassy Miss Sally

As old Matt Rodgers

Who played some mean heavenly blues?

And has a smile like a sunray on his cheeks today?

On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally

On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally

On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally.

Mark Heathcote

Absinthe At Home

I took a dozen red roses on Valentine's Day.

To a foxy wild young lady,

Hoping she'd take in a stray,

She has been just a few red doors away...

Just; a few red doors away.

I wanted her to cut her fine manicured fingers

I wanted her to break her nails her claws...

I wanted her to pluck out all my own, bleeding thorns.

And whisper down into my soul and say, baby, you're a keeper.

But she was a drinker

But she was drinking Absinthe at home alone

And she said, who the hell - are you!

Have you come here to drink out of my glass slipper?

My shoe, who the hell - are you - this isn't your home!

Then she too reminded me I only felt stoic strong...

If I too was drinking Absinthe at home alone

And she reminded me I only felt happy

Lying on my back; feeling empty, smelling of some old cologne.

...At the bottom of my sack.

So, I turned to take a dozen red roses on Valentine's Day back.

And as I turned to be on my way

She said boy come on back here you look like a stray

And I need a lay...

She was a foxy wild young lady,

I was hoping she'd take in a stray,

She has been just a few red doors away...

Just; a few red doors away.

I wanted her to cut her fine manicured fingers

I wanted her to break her nails her claws...

I wanted her to pluck out all my own, bleeding thorns.

And whisper down into my soul and say, baby, you're a keeper.

She was a drinker

She was drinking Absinthe at home but no longer alone.

The Blues Of My Vernal Equinox...

Have I again flown to the edge of the world?
Like Icarus have I winged too close to the sun?
Have I reached my boiling point and unfurled.
Shall I return like a prodigal son?

Fallen-out of good grace did I go mad—
Cause I didn't love myself long enough to belong.
With the weight of my numbness, did I glide forbad
Of my own. loves reflection to play along

Am I a dark scaffold, looking to shine?
Envelop my every silver lining cloud.
Am I the asylum's prayers ready to resign?
Where do I fly to I'm not disavowed?

If only, I was an ear of golden corn
I too might have found a love for me adorn.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Have We Lingered Within Their Attic Floors?

On hearts of angels, have we trod?
Heavier sorrows than the weight-of-sod
have we lingered within their attic floors?
To glimpse, hear, behind their doors.

The sound of the vesper bells upon their toes
have we glued our hearts decomposed?
Sifted through shadows, only He knows
still, yet find ourselves juxtaposed.

Any learning uniform wind commands.
Oh, such a bounty is in-store pre-tax
if we can exert a torque force of love
might we discover the wings of a dove?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Perpendicular

How did that web cut a horizontal line?
From washing pole to tree,
what pendulum of an imagined thought
swung-itself into the face of me.

It's so miraculous to see
how vexed we can be to break
these autumnal webs that prohibit me
from keeping such ill-positioned keepsakes.

They're so-perpendicular
demonstratively beautiful to the gardener
who should envy their knot garden designs?
But God, 'what irritating land mines.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Forces That Open A Flower Bud

Forces that open a flower bud
They're found in our heart's core
Emanating she is radiant love
He is whispering amour, amour.

Joy is pumping through their blood.
An evergreen tree in the everglades
Passion and lust - is only the cud
Love is the life force that pervades.

Love is the furnace that blows
A glass world bauble, till it breaks.
Love is the moon in her gentle throes
He's the sea whose thirst never slakes.

He is whispering amour, amour...
She is quivering to her heart's white core
The white dove opens its cage door
Now all their world seas rage, outpour.

Now their love is a flower in a vase
An anchored ship in a bottle of forevermore.
With Sails raised pointed into space
He is whispering amour, amour.

She and the moon they're quivering
Somewhere, somewhere offshore...
She is emanating a radiant love, but
Now it's he who is eaten like an olive.

Love is the furnace that blows
A glass world bauble, till it breaks.
Love is the moon in her gentle throes
He's the sea whose thirst never slakes for you!

Mark Heathcote

Can Strategies Cause A Tipping Point In Culture?

The earth has been shaped and forged
for over 4.5 billion years, there is no hurry
ice formed and shaped the valley,
plates collided; they were in no hurry.

Mountains climbed, some would say 7
7-culture mountains, they'd be business,
government, media, arts, and entertainment,
education - the family and religion.

7-mountains sitting on the throne
on the throne of the earth,6-chess pieces
6-physical 3D realms... 1 spiritual
now, this is a battlefield for change agents.

This calling and a catalyst for change!
They want you to infiltrate the mountains.
To be their salt and light a mustard seed
for change and build a new earth.

In 4.5 billion years man might just be a fish.
Good for nothing on some distant frozen planet
but on a hook still where there's no hurry
swallowing orbs golden of starlight.

Ye are the salt of the earth:
but if the salt has lost its savour,
wherewith shall it be salted?
'Can strategies cause a tipping point in culture? '
Their argument is it has before.

Mark Heathcote

A Brooch Of Butterflies

I never did notice
Deaths gape advancing
peeking at me.
Until-I-was - watching him.

I'd seen him in the coal cellar.
I'd seen him in the closet.
Like a brooch of butterflies
I crumpled in my pocket.

I'd seen him in the dark eyes
of a roadside rabbit
with tyre print fur
and a broken jaw socket.

It's only now I've noticed Death.
'That he's been playing-
all along, hide and seek.'
His introverted web is just out of reach.

Do I think to ask of him?
to count backwards,
sure enough, I did both.
But he's a cheat and I'll-be-found
like a brooch butterfly crumpled
in his childlike, musty pocket.

Mark Heathcote

I'll Ne'er Put A Foot In France

I'll ne'er put one foot in France

... Ladies, I've observed the eternal night
Dressing up these shadows bathed in starlight
But with every footstep taking its rightful place
Monitoring, you at a snail's pace.

Something, I couldn't begin to equate...
Kept me dragging my heels earthly weight
As you glided along with moonlight interlace
I couldn't chart the stars you'd, far too much grace.

As I am neither a chivalrous knight
Nor my Lady of this intrepid ghostly night
Am I a saint, as I am just a Paige of the lance?
I'll ne'er put one foot in France
... But prays me, I'll find my own, sunny romance.

.....  PoemHunter.com

I've watched eternal night
Dress shadows with starlight
Every footstep taking place
I've followed at a snail's-pace.

Something, I couldn't equate.
Dragging, my earthly, weight!
As you; glided along, chaise.
I couldn't follow... foul of grace?

I'm neither a chivalrous knight
My lady of the intrepid light...
I'm just a Paige of the lance!
"I'll ne'er put a foot in France
Or find my own romance".

By Night I'm John Travolta By Day I'm Stephen Fry

It's Tippy 'o'clock and I'm ready to rock n roll
My confidence is high and it's hard to defy,
I'm a gifted dancer of R&B and Motown Soul
By night I'm John Travolta by day I'm Stephen Fry.

Although I'm getting older I really do try
To give those, hot; swaggers of Española.
Till I find my own Lolita, n slap her thigh
Naturel, I'll treat her to my Émile Zola.

And through the night we'll turn more than a page over
I'll give her what for boys' chapter and verse
Swearing, it wasn't all sensational, moreover—
But in truth, I'll have my heart and soul immersed.

It's Tippy 'o'clock and I'm ready to rock n roll
And lose all discipline and myself-control.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Worlds Move Anti-Clockwise The Whole Hog...

God is a window into your soul
He is a pecking bird at your sash frame
The one Platonically, singing your name.
The one solarizing... in you (extol...)

Everybody's essence is retrograde.
All Religions are a box of frogs...
Worlds move anti-clockwise the whole hog...
Around your own internal suns... weighed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Holy Again As Divine Sapphire

What if spiritual alchemy does exist?
Would we notice enough to affect a change?
Should metamorphosis, actually affect us?
If greedily a-higher-wisdom subsist.

Should 'I' tolerate—His transforming fire?
"Would thy counterpart duality, be a part of me?
And should it consume 'I' like a quagmire"?
would 'I' appear holy again as divine sapphire?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Other Heart But Death

I've no other heart but death beating,
What is death but emptiness?
A platform for all beginnings,
The ocean wave crashes ashore
But shortly, before it does.

It turns full circle and returns
Like a serpent devouring itself.
Where; we do not know for sure.
Only, to say
I feel like I've been here before.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Fuzzy Felt Pictures

Soft as a fuzzy felt picture of her heart
I've imagined childlike - life's picture
framed under white blanket arts.

Not a farmyard animal creature
-in sight just us two and loves elixir.
Dining in or out "a la carte."

The price does not matter
long as there are no peeling borderlands
long as our two hearts beat as one together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Words Of Magic

Let moths eat my verse
Let light disperse through the fabric
Let all words incline - onwards
And upwards translucent
As a breath upon a windowpane
Gazing inwards, ever silent
On-the-mysteries we all contain.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sacrificial Cloud

You cradled the world in a tear
You holdout a flask and catch it.
But there's nobody else in there.
You're just unwilling to admit it.

You spin a web to keep out the cold
You entrap yourself in your own web,
But its silken prison will not hold.
Before you know it more tears ebb.

Oh how you wish you were dead
But as the tears evaporate
Yours eyes clear their bloodshed,
Empty shell cases till a serrate!

New pain recharges your heart again.
—A boy who loves you watches you.
Now he watches over you.
As you unravel, again, and again to his love.

Eyes flashing like a flashlight
Now all your tears are aglow.
Like a rainbow heading anywhere
Then another empty sacrificial cloud.

Mark Heathcote

Embryonic Wings Fulfilled...

A genderless solace wishes to beat within us
Like monomorphic pupae, embryonic.
Wings still, forming joyously cocooned
Never knowing, light or dark
Or the tart-taste core of a broken heart.

I guess we all have to experience pain
To know that Eden's gardens still grow.
So, with wings tethered - membrane!
We stretch and fly to the barren moon
In search of a warming star on the other side.

Here on Gods earth, we all hear bird song
Dawn's chorus awakens our eyes to love
It touches us like the first soft, willow bud,
Opening pursed hearts rooted beating,
One breath into another fulfilled motherhood.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beyond This Eternal Cliché With Me!

I have the problem of having a single life
Without you

I have the problem of having a single night
With you

And convincing you to stay
Beyond this cliché

I have the problem of having a single dream
A wedding band ring

I have the problem of having a single fettered wing
Wishing I could fly

And I have the problem you haven't noticed me
And might be taking my heart for proxy

I have the problem of having a single night
With you

And convincing you to stay
Beyond this cliché

I have the problem of having a single wish
Left to cast my spell on your psyche

I have the problem of having a rash with your goatee
But it only makes you manlier to me

I have the problem of having a single night
With you

And convincing you to stay
Beyond this eternal cliché with me.

Mark Heathcote

Gravitate In My Love

Gravitate that love like a hole-in-one golf ball
Bring it down on target from heaven! Above!
Gravitate that love like a hooped basket
I'll be waiting for you!

Oh gravitate that love a phoenix bird
Draw your heavenly flames around me
My hearts a shuttle on re-entry
And I'll be waiting here for you!

Oh my hearts a starship spinning off the ground
And now you've kissed me
I have the spirit of the super bowls
Winning ticket in my soul

Oh gravitate that love like an oil well
Shake this earth put all those other rabbits
On the run!
Because honey I feel naughty I feel bad
I feel like a spitfire on your launch-pad

Oh, honey hit that red button
Let's make a sonic sound ten-thousand
Feet off the ground
Oh honey gravitate me like an angel
Above; every silver lining cloud.

Mark Heathcote

A Thousand Air Miles Before I Arrive

I have a thousand air miles before I arrive
Before I touch down
I have a suitcase with as little as you please
When I touch down

I have a heavenly feeling a thousand feet
Off the ground
I have my feet a thousand miles off the ground
And I feel like a little child

With a heart that's a mountain peak
High above any cloud
Oh In your arms I can't wait to hold you
Oh I have a suitcase with as little as you please
When I touch down

Love is going to snowball snowboard
Until we decidedly slow
Love is going to surf a top of a tsunami wave
Till we're breathless and blow

Baby I'm going to knock you down
All your ten skittles off the ground
And honey your feet aren't ever going
To touch the ground when I hit your town

Mark Heathcote

Deserts That Have Never Cried

Tears well-up, wet my pillow
Like tulip petals they fall
So I press dreams - flowers
In a book unread
Gigolo, what can answer?
My insecurity alarm bell feelings
When I gaze into
You're wishing-well glazed eyes
And find a book of matches
Willing to set fire to our mattress
Love I want to commandeer
A navel port in your heart
And capture a lost treasure
That a corrupt banker holds
In a vault if you please—
We'll open a late-night drive-in
Black and white cinema screen
And you'll be a star!
And I'll sit on the hood
Of your mustang car
Pretending my eyes aren't
Black or purple
They're deserts that have never cried
They're deserts that have never cried
They're deserts that have never cried.

Mark Heathcote

Baby I Should Question Why I Love You

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't tease me
Even when you please me

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't bend like bamboo!
Or stick to me like glue

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't listen to me
When you know you should

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't appreciate all I do—
For you!

Baby, I should question why I love you
When you return home
With that quiet silent syndrome

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't tease me
Even when you please me

Baby, I should question why I love you
Baby, I should question why I love you
Baby, I should question why I love you

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you tell me monumental lies
And give me the who and wherefore whys

Thinking nothing but you - applies

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't tease me
Even when you please me
Anymore
Anymore

Anymore

Baby, I should question why I love you
Cause you don't bend like bamboo
Or stick to me like glue
Anymore

Mark Heathcote

Take Me My Green Iguana Into Your Heart

Take me like a spent blossom tree
O wind your roots around me
Dress me with your hands
Let us mingle together in these grasslands.

Let your leafy, fingertips, lace over me.
Let your kisses, firebrand me
Before you can even, memorize
How passionate - my pulse sighs.

Take me my green iguana into your heart
Let me uncoil there my sweetheart
Let me shed my skin and disembark
Like a star's core let me light-up the dark.

Let me rest on a burgeoning bough.
Strong enough to withhold the tears I've to endow
Let these Oohs take me sighing now!
Back into, full paradise blossom - somehow.

Mark Heathcote

Will The Heavens Be Silent When Were Dead

Will the heavens be silent when we're dead
Shall our prayers all be answered once again?
Or once again; shall we forget, we've been saved.
Looking, through our visors will we ever visualize?
In the violate-haze, we've been saved
In a sealed vault will we ever realize?
We've been saved, we've been saved.

Oh, what faulty power lines would you follow?
To spark a shadow, that'll never fade.
Will the heavens be a forked lightning to touch your ground?
Or will your sealed hearts sound like a Stradivarius sound...
Crying; from the ground once again.
Wishing to be saved... with telephony
Not realizing, when you were dead you had eternal eyes.

We could not save, we could not save.
We could not save.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Can Hear A Hairpin Fall...

I can hear a hairpin fall
In the waters where our love did flow
I can hear rivers running backward's
In there ebb and flow—

I can hear in our hearts, a clouds rage
And I see the lightning striking
The hollowed-out stump,
Where all our blood together kissed.

Where our life sunk roots staid

I can hear their silence thumping's grow
Like it was breathing deep
Within a bud, that'll never open
I can feel a shoulder blade's sharp shove.

Oh, you shove me back underground
Like a crocus fearful of the frozen snow.
And I feel in this glittering rain
Of tears, you feel some of the same pain.

Oh, I hear the forget me not seed
Crying from the ground
Oh, I feel the ghost that's only a veil away
Blowing on the same embers, which still hold?

Our love as the sunshine did yesterday.
Where our life sunk roots staid
I remember the hairpins fall
In the waters where our love did flow
In the waters where our love did flow
In their ebb and flow—

Mark Heathcote

Our Love Has Seen How The Orchids Cling

A tear shall fall and make an ocean
It'll form a tiara forest a crown of rain
Then a fire shall burn a cinder twirl.
And a world shall disintegrate
Into a cauldron of simmering, shame.

And our love, our love shall die
Like the coals in a grate.
Once more a cloud of memory,
No amount of sunlight can condensate
Or compensate.

Our-love has seen how all air-orchids cling
High in the green canopy, rooftop trees
Our-love has roots lips that have done the same
Drunk in a miraculous subterranean thing.

Till tears sounded out the alarms
Louder than any breaking hearts.

 PoemHunter.com

.....

A tear shall fall and make an ocean
And grow into a forest of rain
Then a fire shall burn a cinder twirl.
And a world shall disintegrate!
Into a cauldron of simmering, shame.

And our love our love shall die
Like the coals in a grate
Once more cloud of memory,
No amount of sunshine, can condensate
Or compensate.

Our love has seen how the orchids cling.
High in the canopy; rooftop of trees...
Our love has roots that have done the same.

Like a miraculous subterranean thing.

Mark Heathcote

If I Sang To The Moon Would Not All The Stars Rejoice?

If I a shadow, hadn't stumbled over you
And made that gentle bow, like a blade of grass
Would you not of shimmered-like the morning dew?
For me; always and forever.

If the ocean makes the sand
Who made the moon-grains pearl?
Who made the mountain that stands?
Like a bottomless, hourglass
Reflecting-up - up but still below you.

If a reeling cloud dressed Venus, ethereal as a snow drift.
Would I just not undress to tremble, invisible, next to you?
Just to listen to my angels melting, tiptoes
Disappearing; with her jingles go.

If I sang to the moon, would not all the stars rejoice?
If a shadow hadn't stumbled over you
And took a bow like a blade of grass
Would you not of beheld me
Quaking in my splintering, boots of glass.

If I was a scarlet; sky, enfolding all your love.
Would you not turn the potter's wheel anti clockwise?
To make it slow... into an eternal clay catalyst.

If I sing to the moon, would not all the stars rejoice?
If the solar system and the wheels are kind,
And I say it with flowers
Would you not hear a brass band a symphony?
From; some long forgot starlit paradise.

Mark Heathcote

Copious-Amounts Of Love

Copious-amounts of love are all I need.
I'm a tad stronger than a climbing rose
but I need sunlight to grow
I need compassion to breathe.

I need empathy in every touch
a copious amount of love
to make my pergola—arch
a dove-white wing,

oh, I need a summer house
to shelter me from all my tears,
a copious-amount of love
warm as the sun, up above:

a copious-amount of love is all I need.
A fire signs the opposite of water
to disguise the night times horror
all I need is your love.

For you to gather these Silkweeds;
and I'll behold you my golden lotus
in every midnight hour
we'll bloom, animated as owl-wings,
glowing in the dark - together
... hovering-hooting—love forever.

Mark Heathcote

The Good Lord Is A Dull Stone In My Shoe

The good Lord is a dull stone in my shoe
I'm too lazy to shake him loose
He jolts my conscience, as I take issue.
He makes me limp; sore are my sinews...

He reminds us; that jettisoned,
Ammo's don't care where they fall
They're propelled, bastioned-
In the belief; man's many shortfalls

Like gravity, make a heel dog?
And, I guess a loyal friend.
Course this is only, a prologue!
To his righteous, journeys end.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Fever Burns

A fever burns like a jet lag, hell
And it happens every day,
Try just to pay your way
Feed and dress your family,
It isn't easy these days.
Nor was it easy in your parent's days.
So when your anger burns
Because you want to rise-up and leave
Remember how to your elders suffered
At the hands of a so-called, brother.
Oh, freedom
Is it only a memory of your head in a basket?
Oh, freedom
Is a hypocrite asking for your votes?
Making women out of blokes
Ooh a fever burn like a jet lag, hell
And it happens every day,
Try just to pay your way
God was a bartering fool
Who thought he could trust
Man with an unforgiving soul
And still, find his way home.
But it isn't easy these days.
Just trying to be nice
Being a good neighbour
Because it isn't easy these days
To feed or dress your family
Nor was it easy in your parent's days.
So when your anger burns—
Because you want to rise-up and live
Remember how to your elders suffered
At the hands of a so-called, brother.
Oh, freedom
Is it only a memory of your head in a basket?
Oh, freedom
Is a hypocrite asking for your votes?
Making women out of blokes
Ooh a fever burn like a jet lag, hell.

I Miss Your Flesh

Like a ghost, ooh...
I miss your flesh
Oh, I'm haunted
Once I felt, invincible
But, now I'm incredibly shaky.

Like a ghost, ooh...
I am missing your flesh
And all the secrets
They possess...
But, now I'm feeling incredibly, lucky.

To say, I loved you once!
Bang, bang, bang right through my heart
Remembering how you broke my heart.
Miss placed forgiveness
Questions, every moment
When, did it all start?

Like a ghost, ooh...
I miss your flesh
Oh, I'm haunted
Like a ghost, ooh...
I want to feel you're bones
Press...

Oh, I'm haunted
Once I felt, invincible
But, now I'm incredibly shaky.
Unable to eat: no longer able to digest.
All the love you ever left me.

Mark Heathcote

How Could You Forget? Me?

I've given my life to every part of you.
From this angle you're my life.
From this angle you're the circle
That fulfils my whole life.

I've given you my entire being,
And now, you're a star floating off the ground.
But baby, I'm still here, a little spaced-out.
Waiting for your; safe return, safe and sound.

How could you forget?
What it was that I meant to you
How could you forget?
Where your confidence sprang...
How could you forget?
What we meant to each other.

I was the fountain that cherished
All your distilled looks...
I was the millpond that ground away...
All your fears and blew,
Away the chaff; of all your yesteryears.

I've given my life to every part of you.
From this angle you're my life.
From this angle you're the circle
That fulfils my whole life.

But now there's a shadow of doubt
Bad as those bathroom tiles that need
A fresh re-grout:
Now you're like a bar of soap, I just can't grip.

How could you forget?
What it was, that I meant to you.
How could you forget?
From; where your confidence sprang...
How could you forget?
What we meant to each other.

When; we did laver up together.
How could you forget?
What it was, that I meant to you.
How could you forget? Me...?

Mark Heathcote

On His Home Leave

I was laughing, cold in the snow
I felt quite centred in his arms
As my heartbeat beat like a banjo
As the sun sank orange and pre-warms.

My heart for a season of new tears
As he goes to be awarded his stripes
—You're Purple Heart. All my fears
Was a foreign soil of endless gripes?

Oh I was laughing cold in the snow
When I heard his padding feet go
Not knowing when he'd return
Like a summer blossom to govern.

Oh, I was dreaming I joined his ranks.
And as we took fire in a bunker
Shrapnel, standing on the gangplanks
Entered my porcelain; white shoulder.

And then again laughing cold in the snow
I felt quite centred in his arms
As my heartbeat; like a banjo.
As the sun sank orange and pre-warms.

The surgeon's knife he was my guardian angel.
And as I was the snow drifting, before his gaze
He compacted my wounds repaired every vessel.
And seamlessly, I awoke to all my birthdays.

I was laughing tenfold in the snow
But this time it was confetti - instead.
As my heartbeat; like a banjo.
I beheld his warm embrace on top of our bedstead.

And I gave him a heart of my own.

Mark Heathcote

Beautiful Stranger

Haven't I shouldered your pain?
Haven't I been your rock?
Haven't I shown you, who I am?
Haven't I agreed to this poisoned-chalice deadlock?
Haven't I been a toothless old woman?
Chewing the goose fat; for your love, my darling.

Haven't I scored an 'A in chemistry? '
Haven't I worshipped you?
Haven't I shown you, who I am?
Haven't I drowned like a honeypot like a bee?
Haven't I fallen like a star fruit endlessly?
Into the pantry of your soul.

Haven't I mellowed like a good wine?
Haven't I filled your cup with love? (Endlessly)
Haven't I drank the smoothness of your neckline
Haven't I shown you, who I am?
Each moonlit night
Each moonlit night.

Oh, beautiful stranger - don't you remember
That you; are mine
Oh, beautiful stranger - don't you remember
These tears in the ocean belonged to me
Oh, changing tide, oh blue desert flower
Oh, your mouth is a well of thirst
Oh, beautiful stranger - don't you remember me.

Oh, north - east - south or west:
Wherever your shadow rests
Haven't I shown you, who I am?
Surely there's not a better temptress than me to undress.

Haven't I worshipped for you?
Haven't I shown you, who I am?
Haven't I drowned like a honeypot bee?
Haven't I fallen like a star fruit endlessly?
Into the pantry of your soul.

Haven't I clocked up all your sun and rainy days?
Haven't I dispersed all your grey clouds?
Haven't I laughed at all your clichés?
Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Beautiful stranger - don't you remember me
Beautiful stranger - don't you remember me

Mark Heathcote

A Better Focus In The Wind Tonight

There's a better focus in the wind tonight
My soul has lost altitude
My heart is in the eye of a storm
As my senses are touched by lightning.

Oh there's a Russian gipsy
And she's bewitched me
Like Rapunzel at her wheel
But she's not imprisoned.

She's as wild as the wind
And I'm afraid she won't wear my ring
Or even worse she will
And never be happy, just staying, still.

Oh there's a better focus in the wind tonight
Should I be lonesome in this tower?
Or should I make her my bride my gipsy bride
And travel the length and breadth of lightning.
Of; lightning in the fulcrum of a whirlwind.

Oh my soul is gaining altitude
As my heart sees a rainbow band of gold
Where Rapunzel wears a pretty dress
And I promise you that is just a prelude.

Oh there's a Russian gipsy
And, she's bewitched to me
Like Rapunzel at her wheel
But she's not imprisoned, and neither is her man.

Mark Heathcote

All Those I Should Haves...

All those I should haves, shelved in my soul
they're so; liken the autumn leaves, hidden scroll.
Turning gold; they're-simply-just a pianos key,
clarinet, violins string, harps chord, too breathy.
those I should have, how they fill me with grief:
they soaked up the daylight and the moon's motif.
They cast me off - adrift; till I'm ill at ease.
Briefly, I am composite the woods and fairies.
And the red bulbous; mushrooms fungi-spores.
Whose aching I should have, now compound-
to break my logic - my inner peace - my inner core.
to have me dumbfounded, still longing, still, astound
wanting, still the wonders; the miracles of more
of all the beauty - sadness-of all I abhor!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Infinity

Love is a union with the universe
Words are bees; bless the hive
That sleeps at the entrance
Where a black sun, consumes, sleeps.

Guide your troubles like a sandstorm
And settle into infinity
What seems only momentary?
Will of cause be forever eternal?

Love is a union with all that there is
Water, stone, air, fire or infinity,
Victory is that second lotus
—flowering,
No matter who you are.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Snow Is Falling...

The snow is falling and melting
soon I'll sleep and meet a star
that never melts or hides

Soon I'll drift on the wind-
that shakes a willow tree
that never ceases to caress me

Soon I'll be traveling further-
then I've ever been or dreamed
soon I'll be a petal falling-

Into a crystal lake of blue ice
and what more, my love
could I ask? Could I ask?
Could I ask of you?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If I Could Be As Good As You

If I could be as good as you
I'd be called St. Francis
And live in a gutter too
I'd give all my charity,

To the city zoo
And, fall in love with you!
But I'm not as good
Or given to free-living as you!

So what am I supposed to do...?

When I'm a homing bird
Who needs a roost?
To protect my grain
Against; the rain...

So what am I supposed to do...?

Cause I'm still, in love with you
But you're like a stone in my shoe
Because you're too
Good to be alone.

Oh if I could be as good as you
I'd live like a Cheyenne Indian
And go save animal souls with you
I'd be called Swan
And sing a swansong with you

But I'm not as good
Or given to free-living as you!

So what am I supposed to do...?

But go back and live in that city zoo
Without you
Cause I'm not as good
As you!

Mark Heathcote

If I Could Swim In The Flight Path Of Angels

If I could swim in the flight path of angels
Like those geese flying, through the fog.
Would I follow just so as not to be alone?
If I could swim in the flight path of angels
Would I still, love you?

If I could breathe, without breathing,
Would I swim the Pacific Ocean to you?
And with starfish bodies, would we
Make tentacle love
On a barrier reef!

If I could swim in the flight path of angels
Would enough be ever enough?
Without your love!
Without your love!
Without your love!
If I could breathe, without you
Would I ever find starfish in love?
Like the two of us...

Mark Heathcote

Black Raven

Lifeless wings twitch like an electric cable
It could have been a message to me?
Black raven, you cloud up my skies
vampirism, its hooked feathery bill, sings to me.

A skull without eyes, soulfully, swallows me
a raven her wing, her shadow casts
a talon into me almost too deep,
I can hardly breathe.

A lifeless wing pulls out; even as it twirls
from the skies,
black raven, you are the ashes of a sun
a star, a black hole that's been plucked out of me.

Black raven, you are the love I need.
Although there's nearly no life left beating
you came close to meaning everything-
to me.

Black raven, won't you
won't you, won't you
black raven, fly again...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Over Canyons Of Gold

Love is a gift rapt heart
It has a honey centred
Taste that'll make you
Ache—warm inside□
When it gets nippy and dark

Love is a voyage of discovery,
A harbour of memory,
It's our destiny.
A star hung, and simply,
Tucked-up and put to bed.

Love is that moment, you
No longer have to run-
From; just to get ahead
Of where you first, begun.
It's like innocently, sucking your thumb.

Love is a magic carpet
Flying over canyons of gold
Oh bite that diplomatic tongue
Oh, count your alphabet!
There aren't enough words

Or lessons to save your bet
Or soul—whilst you fret—
All your joys may one day go cold.
But not when you're flying
Over canyons of gold!

When you're green and you're young.
Like a lily of the valley
Love hell lovers!
Lay your selves down
I'm the man about town!

Lord Ladies throw your selves down.
I'm an eagle
Don't you fret?

When I'm flying
Over your canyons of gold!

Mark Heathcote

Opened And Now Broken Like A Wishbone

My heart has kissed coast white cloud
Held its grain of sand, and turned it around.
But now dark clouds are back overhead.
Seas are raging, trees stand skeletal shed-
Bare, bent like old men at tying their shoes.
A brogue world shines in silhouette statues!
As I bring you, reed red feathers still gold
Instead of those yellow roses still blindfold
I whose own sap has now turned to stone.
Remember those pearls of summer—
Opened, and then broken like a wishbone.
I like a dead crab, washed-up in the tide
Have again, come home.
Oh lord darkness descends again, I cried...
I cried... wailing like the sea in the deep...
Wishing, only to find comfort in sleep...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Candle Flames Tapper

We have no more life
Then a candle flames tapper
That lights the path
Of death and wild-eyed destruction.
No sooner married than oaths a wife
A maiden - a stranger - Loves-enabler
Raves in her silver, moonlit; birdbath-
Chamber:
Now whole new worlds
Come under her reconstruction.
So hold tight, cavalier, your warhorse
Else her passions turn inwards to wrath.
Hold tight her winged reigns in the night
Or you too shall be - unshod - unhorse
By the Gorgon sister on her warpath-
Course: Missing parts of her eternal soul
Her divine eyes, like moonstones, frostbite.
So hold tight Pegasus, her son of delight
There's a fire in a candle flaming taper tonight.

Mark Heathcote

Glisten Under Each New Heaven

I'm still not my age at '47'
Inside me hops a child.
On one leg, like a raven:
Feathers - smoothed aback...
Glisten to heaven.

But all is crumbling, - now.
(If I'm not mistaken) - Anyhow -
"No vanity is full-proof,
You can't fake the inside-mirror.
No" - "no Whatever".

Ah, so you can still climb a ladder...
And dance on the roof...
And even split a few hairs...
But not those greying's around
Your eyebrows ears or nose ok'.
You can dye and highlight.

Botox and fill at will...?
Pluck - slice and glue - stich back!
Pretend - you're a happy-hippy,
Wild, white-haired sage!
"But bro' like I'm saying... here...
I still don't feel my goddamn age".

Even now, with '47' years gauge
Inside me hops a doting child.
On one leg, like a raven:
Feathers - smoothed aback...
"Glisten under each new heaven".

Mark Heathcote

Electrical Wirings...

Insular feelings that's what we all share
Electrical wirings vibrating the air.

One impulse to hold - another to leap
... Rollover and fall asleep - counting sheep.

Insular feelings hold the lightning in a cloud
It's here now our passions long to be free and proud.

Sitting alone is bitter, gazing out-
The window, when you're in your lonely hideout.

It's much better to be a rainbow, 'Honey'—
Let the pot of gold in your heart mint-money.

Love is just an electrical pulse—if
... If your body and soul, can't read them hieroglyphs.

Insular feelings crackle inside my head
"Is this the girl, the firecracker - I'm too wed? "

One more impulse like this, and I'll propose
To climb a steeple, without any clothes.

Just to see her insular feelings exposed...
I'll crack a joke! Leave her feelings juxtaposed.

Electrical wirings vibrating the air!
Guess I've given-up playing solitaire.

Mark Heathcote

Redemptive Lovers

My love, we haven't danced or linked arms
like those leafless apple trees in the orchard.
Not for a while have we rolled in the weir
ankle to ankle, souls, bobbing naked inward-
drowning 'indeed no air-bubbles left' we're
in no rush, inertia holds no more alarms.

For us around the corner, spring is waking.
As for the moment; its icy, dark waters-
rolling over us like boulders yearning in circles
only-tantalize the fires in our closed quarters.
In truth, we've tasted all their musk tendrils-
their flowering ivy boughs, lovingly, bursting.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Find An Arrows Pinpoint Of Weakness...

Love cuts through, cowardly, courage.
To find the arrows pinpoint-weakness
Where it can draw drops of crimson blood
Eking out its Sires;
Bow-wielding warrior's emptiness
The taste of which burns; florescent.
With a numbing, pain against their lips.
A bulls-eye dagger plucks a fondant-
Heart; kisses duel like two warring ships.
Love is a victim of courage and disgrace
Too shallow at times to be a lived-in face
Its nonchalance sings like a nightingale!
Derision begs always the wind in its sail.
Love takes a lemon and makes lemonade
Love is a big old hurricane. It lifts
And somehow levitates everything that's staid
Skywards like a cannonball, in magical rifts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Loin-Pig

The night has a world of heavens
Their discovery widens our sight.
During hedonistic days and nights
Those combine makers? Make hay.
Harvesting - umbrae silence peace
There each pod, each mirrored—
Black-acre holds out a billion...
Marrow-fat peas and here a loin-pig
Sits at the head of a banquet, table.
Pleased its sits, so high, no one!
Can hear an oinking! Or see...
Not even an inch, a whisker of tail.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Redemption

'Redemption' does it come with a sell-by date
if it does; I fear I'm already too late.

See I've - done my bit of blasphemy disrespectfully
but I've turned over a new leaf - oddly.

So, I query my past transgressions in earnest:
I've made many mistakes & was never ablest.

Does 'redemption' have its own, lock and key?
I know the jailer looking in the mirror is me.

A two-edged sword is each personality;
forgiveness is a fine, bottled, whisky.

Once you open it, you want to drink it dry,
limits forgot then your ego, you espy.

Like sailors after an arduous journey,
on their shore leave winking at the honey's going by.

I ask myself is it a port in a storm
ah, 'redemption' why does it, leave me lukewarm.

I guess I don't have it, and never will
walk in the straight path of this obscure treadmill.

Mark Heathcote

Does The Hummingbird Know Best?

There's a banquet table
So big, and so, high
It leaves us mindful
That this floor is a pigsty.
Hummingbird on the wind
Flutter; just suspended
Note; not flowers pinned.
Why now then descend?
Their roots are clay-bound
You're caught in the dream
That leaves, hearts, dumfound.
"We can only esteem"
"You believe the flower
Is heavenly, and why not.
When its milky chowder
Propels you; slingshot"
Feeds your every fibre!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Curse The Day

I curse the day
as does a vulture - its living prey
I cursed that day I met you
I rue the day I drew breath,
and you kissed me.
Almost resuscitating me
back from a living death.

I curse the day
I meditated my heart hewn
like a green bamboo cane
you press your lips to breathe.
I cursed the opal moon...

I curse the day
those pea-green shadows leafed
like living, blades, through my soul.
Naked you swim beneath my skin,
and redemption pardons me.
Restores me like a pearl therein.

But you, my black swan
I curse the day
I fell in love with you: My doe-eyed faun.
I curse the day
as does a vulture - its living prey
I curse that day I met you.

I rue the day I drew breath,
and I kissed you.
I curse the day
those pea-green shadows leafed
like living, blades, through my soul.
When empty black wings flew,
despairingly apart with nothing left to console.

Mark Heathcote

The Moral Vine

It's great to have morals
And, lord them like laurels.
How few of us have them—
In truth we acquire them.

Honestly, from time to time
These slack, smiles, only mime
"What loosely, they can't hide."
Why—scorn is naked `poolside'.

And, I'm thankful for that.
I could rhyme - inappropriately.
But what would be the point of that?
Such lowly ethics would be smutty.

"We plant each seed expectant
Believing, it'll grow straight."
But every vine must climb, climb
(Twistedheight in the meantime) ...

Mark Heathcote

Dreaming Fruitfully Like A Flower Highbred

Quite simply, we gardeners plan ahead.
Dreaming fruitfully like a flower highbred.
What next; might rise out of the bed?
Shaking, it's white frothy, button gold head.

It's heaven we're planning, full of virtue.
And nothing but nothing less will—do!
So, yes—disappointment reigns.
As we view and extend our terrains.

But people stop in awe... and ponder
What godly hand what godly creature.
Tilled this earth, rounded it at every corner.
People stop in awe... as they wonder...

Who was it, without a single footprint?
Trod this clay, and left not a single dint.
Knocked not but one single dewdrop off
The Alchemilla Mollis, Lady's Mantle, 'quaff'...

"It's me the gardener behind the water trough,
I'm friends with butterflies, and also a show-off.

Mark Heathcote

The Whirlybirds Pod

Death is-it falling through the air
like a maple trees whirlybird pod.
Why does it 'switch on the wind' mid-air?
Right then left, why does it maraud?

As we see its flurry, never in a hurry
in the wind almost, giving-up hope
that still might fly away timely,
that still might somehow elope.

It switches with a heavy hearts morass
it swirls, it falls - it falls - it falls until
it empties the last grains of our hourglass
until it takes root in the quiet hearts shrill.

Death is it falling through-the-air
and is its soul like the first tangible leaf?
In the heat of the maples glowing-flare
is it whirling up on that first step of the stair?

Oh, whirlybird pod show us you're grief
show us deep in your roots you care
oh whirlybirds-pod share with us your beliefs
show-us through-your-roots; we too shall forbear.

Mark Heathcote

Silver Birches

A crack of light
Like a silver birch
In the night
Holds its spell over me
It's like looking into a well
Knowing - tranquillity exists
In, completeness,
No matter how dark this
Circle is,
I know there's a light in my soul.
Willing to confess there is love
In this here wilderness.
Beneath blue moon creeper's
I know I'm falling in love - again.
With scorpion, wasp stinging-kisses - a wine
You can only swallow deep
Like the heady-night of darkness.
Crackling with light
Like those silver birches
In the night
Holding their spells over me
My attention is a nest of vipers
As those leaves of her catkin kisses
Her sickle, moonlit limbs,
Take little bites of my solitary, melancholy.
Breaking off silver-breaths of dragons
That sealed their hearts wishes
With a wreath of purple violet, flowers.
It's like looking into a well
Knowing - tranquillity exists
In, completeness,
No matter how dark this
Circle is,
I know there's a light in my soul.
Willing to confess there is love
In this here wilderness.

Mark Heathcote

What Size His Tiny Heart?

What size, his tiny heart?
Look at this gallant ant
Could it be outsmart
What a mind-savant.

What strength it has
Carrying 50x its own, weight
Using pheromones'
To communicate!

What size, this tiny Adonis?
In proportionate scale
Could he rebuild Atlantis?
Rule the Roman Empire,
Hale! - Antony the Ant
Hale! - sir Antony the Gallant Ant.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You Must Learn To Love It

The world is a bitter foe
You must learn to love it.
"Boys as a man" as ye grows.
As your faculties, fade.

Each battle, henceforth...
Toe to toe, until...
All that remains is'
The husks of a cartridge shell.

That says "Dignity and Strength"
Was once the root of an oak?
But now there's just an acorn...
Meters away from its empty cup.

Yes, the tree of life has fallen, wallop!
But give it faith child - it'll shape up
Life and death, boy
It's just a hiccup.

Mark Heathcote

One-Step-Ahead

People hustle one another
For what is rightfully theirs
But sadly they also hustle
So as not; to feel cheated.

So they cheat on one another
Hoping to stay one-step-ahead
Until, everyone who is cheated
Windup morally, starved or dead.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Combed, Hemsby Beach

I went beachcombing for comets
knowing only too well
they exist where I'm walking,
and at last, I find-my-comet
but oh, look, there's another
and now another and another.
My pockets-by-now-are heavy
of picking comets, I weary.
When what is truly rare
does abundantly become commonplace.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Merlot

I traverse the evening with a glass of wine
From a newly opened bottle of Merlot
In the morning my head will ache!
Ache with the growth of a cherry stone
Embedding its roots, suckering up
To punch its way out; skywards

But for now, I am content to just lie
In her arms watch the sunset
Strawberry lips rose-tinted
On our white empty wardrobes
Whose door lays still slightly agape?

Reminding me of all our chores,
Left like cemetery flowers.
You never have a mind to clear
Soon it'll be 2 A.M. then even 4
We'll hear the milk delivered
And wonder what the hell for.

Mark Heathcote

I Fed The Stars Into Your Mouth

It was I that fed the stars into your mouth
this is the biological normality, isn't it?
Every fibre rushes forth forks of lightning
as rain, life's essence spills over the gutters.
I am aware, our destinies are interlinked
that even now, our shadows have merged
as one. Even now, I sense her gravity
her grasping will, independent
but still, depending on us for
to hold her world in place
this is normality, isn't-it?
A clinical photon burst of panic
that sudden adjustment of fear
and then exuberant excitement
a flashbulb, overexposure to emotion
isn't this how new stars are, wrought love isn't it.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

God Marched Across The Water

God marched across the water
On a tsunami wave
He made the earth shake
God, he wasn't angry, he was mad.

And, he made the air vibrate
God, he wanted to drown the infidel
And send his soul straight to hell
But then there came an angel.

And, said the angel, Lord
Do you believe in evil?
Well now look at you
Drowning souls - two by two

Sweet Lord,
You're asking sinners to love you.
O what in mercies sake!
Are we going to do?

God took compassion - the wave
It dissipated back into its enclave.
But still, God looked grave
He was bitter full of rage.

But thankfully that angel knew
Just what to do
She spoke of the loaves and fishes
And those old stories of Andrew.

Sweet Lord,
You're asking sinners to love you.
O what in mercies sake
Are we going to do?

Lord, feed their mean spirits
To a sweet loves dissatisfaction - love for you.
Herald in those icy, trumpets
Show them what your real love can do.

Mark Heathcote

Japanese Water Chimes

I notice a dip in his eyes
like some Japanese water chime
his eyes were prying like mine
'O what parables we share.'

Gazing at her sweptback; strait hair.
Then her parting ample breasts,
then-a-quick-dip gawk at her lean long legs.
'he just looked on without a care.'

He showed no alarm
when his lover linked his arm
like some Japanese water chime
his eyes were like mine
'O what parables of indulgence we share.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Unwilling Voice!

Why did you send me searching?
I'm not the one you seek
There's a multitude of minds penetrating
The astral depths of inner peace and clarity,
Much more composed than mine.

Who am "I" convincing?
Not even my shadow that's dogged with apathy,
Wants to retain a vine or spring
That climbs or topples down the mountain valley.
Such men as "I" have marble veins.

They have hearts of immoveable rock.
Why did you send me searching?
What avalanches of discovery am I to meet?
I, who'd be as the wind on his pathless heading,
More like a goat than any sheep.

I'm not the one you seek
There are throngs of fish in your ocean.
"Have you never heard of catch and release?"
Let the little fries' go and feed your clansmen
They're too numerous and only too happy to bespeak.

{Truly, I'm not the one you seek...? }

Mark Heathcote

Rosebay Willowherbs...

Sometimes a seed will not grow
from one burnt corner to another
as though a yellow laburnum
had poisoned the sky and earth?

And put bedrock-down
that cannot ever-be-unearthed
sometimes a seed will not grow,
and futility is all we'll ever know.

But surely, as spring follows winter.
And as water dissolves rock.
A seed will find perches.
Even in a wall, its roots will unlock.

Just as fireweed occupies
burnt war-torn ground first
showing off its ramping spires
we-too-will-be heavenly, disbursed.

Mark Heathcote

Fine Silk Spun With Gold

Folded moth wings placed together in prayer
open to discover the moon and starlit air
in madness flap, circle my heart
and like a curtain, take little bites at my soul.

But what can they discover - there!
My heart isn't threaded spun with gold.
And my soul isn't made of fine-silk
I'm just like the moon lost in this black ink.

With folded hands at night, I am locked-in sleep.
I dream and pray to fly away
Indeed-there-are no limits to the madness I seek.
I even have the freedom to fly.

In madness flap, circle the light in a distant sky.
My prayers are never-more-spoken
as I draw back a curtain, which reveals a fine-silk
-spun with gold in madness, desires even my soul.

Mark Heathcote

Every Flower Has A Lonely Song To Sing

Every flower has a lonely song to sing to the bee
And each time I look at these flowers I'm glad
I'm so glad not to be as lonely as a bee!
But I sure like sitting in the bough of an apple tree
With every flower and bee, looking, longing for me.

Every flower has a lonely song to sing to you - see
But I've already opened up my velvet hood
For you my one eternal love!
Every flower has a lonely song to sing to the bee
But I've already found a natural orchard in my heart.

The rose heads weep with French perfumes
Just falling short of where you are...
The lilacs spy but even they can't lie or hide
How lucky we are...
How lucky you are...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Colours Of The Sunrise

Some say her eyes are blue
Others that they are green
Another said they're brown
Or even a gleaming jade-black.
But she/I am not ever looking back.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Kiss That Says I Still Love You

"Clouds' of imminent danger; wispy, wonderings
Like a sprig of Solomon's seal, wet with dew,
A kiss that says I still love you"...

"Death' the black harpy; talons, clawing...
At a great iron door hinged in heaven".
Looking for a windowsill, opening...

Or the capstan, crewman.
...Toeing his line to his own oblivion—
"A kiss that says I still love you".
Brews bitter in every mouthful - but one, my love.

Yes, even now I can still evoke love in you.
My rank little "hemlock flower"
Oh, what a potent infusion of death - you are.

Whose ancient prisoners "were lucky to escape? "
But, not so I a lesser man than poor - Socrates,
Cold and rigid, eyes fixed, blankly skyward.
How did that transpire?

"Clouds' of imminent danger; shook the world.
With a kiss that says I long to murder—you".
Betrayal in every, mouthful,
But one who is not my love. Now waits

So, toast imminent danger; wispy, wanderings
A sprig of Solomon's seal, honeyed wet with dew,
And, oh—"A kiss that says I still love even you! "

But—"Clouds', Socrates, even with his
Understanding and forgiveness
Is never likely to find forgiveness for you.

Mark Heathcote

Who Could Lead A Jackal On A Leash?

There was a gipsy,
Who stole everybody's eye?
She once led a white foal
No other soul could cajole
And all the menfolk whispered
Now there's a woman
Worthy of famine a war
and a country, being tortured for.
Now there's a woman.
Mean-heart-ache is worth a bow
There was a gipsy, woman
Who could lead a jackal on a leash?
And make it drink milk from a dish
She once rubbed my soles
And I swear the devil howled
Saying a thousand religious vows
There was a gipsy,
A black-haired raven
With blue gentian eyes:
You'd look for the moon
Just to disguise your dumb-founded gaze
As she sang all the other gipsy, ladies
Just yawned and frowned
On the prettiest freehold
Property in town

Mark Heathcote

I Need A Bucket Of Water

My hearts on fire
I need a bucket of water
Just to cool my head
Joy is a Furness
Can you hear the hiss?
I read the orioles
They tell me I'm going
Straight to hell
But I'm as happy
As I've ever been
Joy is a thunder
Underground

I confess to a priest
The crops are failing
And I've got nothing,
More to give
The silo is empty, lord
But I'm not repentant
My legs are shaking
And I'm walking on the moon
And the neighbours-
Next-door seem upset
There's another rodeo
Twister in town

My hearts on fire
I need a bucket of water
Just to cool my head
Joy is a Furness
Can you hear the hiss?
Love is a rattlesnake
She wants me to beat
The chaff till I just fall-down.
I confess I'll be happy.
As baptized priest
When I go to hell
Grasp the nettle
Catch flames when the thunder

Reigns down

Oh lord I'm as happy
As I've ever been
Joy is a thunder
Underground
Where the sweet
Spring, springs froth
And floods the room
Up, up from the ground.

Mark Heathcote

Rest On Eternities' Nap

The night precipitates
I shall sleep endless dreams.
I shall live—die, pupate
and, perpetuate
velvet winged like butterflies.

I shall offspring-forth - leap-
amid 'His' nectar fields of stars
there shall 'I' rest on eternities' nap?
And be as if time
-had never conceived me.

~or~

The night precipitates I'll sleep
I'll die by the light of the moon
And I'll dream forever wakeful
Pupate in a butterfly's cocoon.

The light precipitates I'll wake
Embossed in pollen fields of nectar
I'll taste the liquor of holy eternity.
Join wing hands with the spectre.

They've whispered is my collector.
The one whose flower is captivating
Their bodies of drowsy emptiness...
Fulfilling, longing with pardoning.

The night precipitates I'll sleep
The light precipitates I'll wake!
And dwell amid the one flower
Borne as a windbreak, keepsake.

Mark Heathcote

The Cog

So, the world is always out of focus-
in its Ferris wheel of strangeness,
it locates to the nearest cog deftly.
The arrow of a swift's tail is the thing only we'll see.
Our millponds have no clarity - no eaves-
upon; which to rest, roll up our sleeves?

It is like the swift, so often vexed
has given up on an old pretext:
it's better not to live life to the fullest
it's better to work your damned hardest
so the Ferris wheel of strangeness spins,
locates the cog, where it all again begins.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What I Have Lost Wasted

What holds me in this rapture?
Has long ago since pasted.
I can't now recapture
What I have lost wasted.

My heart is that gnarled bowl
Where; vacant tears have slept.
Sleep and weariness troll
Praying somebody's wept.

But, yes, possibly a poem
Could; move me, now, even yet.
...Part of my inner sanctum,
Longs for the tears I forget.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Goes Without Being – Said?

It goes without being - said.

"You're better off dead."

Like a ladybird bug,

In the pre-painted

Window, crack snug.

It goes without being - said.

"You're better off dead."

There's nought worth, living for...

Why, bother your head.

With, worries outpour...

"Look" it goes without being - said.

"You're better off dead."

Ask; your old dad, if he can be

Bothered to get out of bed...

He learnt it a long time-ago...

"You're better off dead."

"Son", don't you see!

I don't want...?

...Grandchildren sitting on my knee...

They're better off dead "son" don't you, agree.

Mark Heathcote

Says The Singer - Before You...

Your voice is underdeveloped
It won't grow an octave-
More! ...Bigger!
But what use is this famed, futility,
Matched to order
'Oh, you feed the greedy, crowd
Oh, you can never feed'.
So they buy into you!
But what do, you pay, whilst you sing!
'When you're never at home to stay'

Fame might pay your hotel bill,
But Bill won't love you still,
'If he's got too much, time to fill
It won't grow an atom-
Bigger! You'll never make
The Grand Ole Opry' honey
But then you might grow harder.
So you'll find yourself a guitar man, a drunk!
And they'll call you a 'saint' for putting up,
But what good-use is fame if you're alone.

...Traveling, all the time...
With a drunk on his knees,
'Love is a union, not an onion
Burning in your pickled red sleepy eyes'
Oh, you feed the greedy, crowd
You can never feed.
So they buy into you!
But what do you pay, whilst you sing!
'When you're never at home to stay'
Fame might pay your hotel bill, dear
But Jack won't love his Jill,
Whilst he's tending his sheep,
If he's got too much, time to kill
Underdeveloped it won't grow an atom-
More! ...Bigger!
Then another, other unheard-of singer
Says the singer - before you

Mark Heathcote

Disappointment

Sometimes a seed will not grow,
removed from one earth to another is hell
never reaching the same stellar highs
from whence-it was picked:
why is this - who can tell?

You might as well ask the rains
why on earth do they fall?
why do snowflakes melt
and why the puddle into which it all collected,
later-on evaporated.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Decorum

For the sake of the trees
and their sweet impossibilities-
to grow any bigger than the mountain.

For the sake of the geese
and a wild honking grandniece,
whose voice is doubly lost by the fountain?

For the sake of the pear
dangling about to plummet mid-air
And the bride, about to lose her delicate footing.

For the sake of the mouse -
and the roaring of a lion aboding in-house!
Can we pray that there's nothing-
more or else.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Tree Brides

Of course, a tree has rings,
each one, a wedding-band
oh, to be the 'bride' of such a tree
to bask in His emerald love unendingly.

Minus all other pining cordialities
bar a litany of morning birdsong.
Oh, wouldn't that be truly heavenly?
Wear plain sky as a wedding sarong.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wiry, Dragon ...

A magpie-cawed
hopping along the roadside verge
betwixt, flight and fear
but knowing neither one
And then the thought arose.
'Should I take it as a pet? '
This wiry, dragon
with flames of white-
appearing; out of black-chainmail.

But, such virulent blades of flashing steel-
could plough a road through a field
of tranquillity, so, I shooed it off
back like some mighty, Gorgon
back into its shrubbery,
without the safety of a lance
I hoped it would take its leave,
and join - Joan of Arc-
amid another century back in France.

Mark Heathcote

A Bout Of Bronchitis!

Someone, somewhere
maybe, not everywhere-
shall refuse to say, grace.
Shall not - step forwards ever.
Or bow their heads in prayer.
God knows I have
But it will come, inadvertently,
just as involuntary, maybe-
of these others somewhere
as a bout-of-bronchitis.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Dreaming Of An Indian Summer

It was a very-dry-spring
And previously a very-wet-summer
Now, what will it `1deliver?

After a record-breaking, warm winter.
'Yes, I'm talking about the weather.'

I'm dreaming of an Indian summer.
Its three yrs.' since I lit a barbeque fire
And the coals I bought
Will surely, watch me expire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Order To Sustain

On the edge of darkness
A desert flower is scolded, burnt.
And a palm leaf is torn apart,
By a living, breeding, blue macaw's claw.

It is their crucifix
This thuggish, world
That delights in their
Immoveable, situation

They even build defences to survive.
And shield, themselves
In order-to-sustain
Their agonies own crucifixion.

But deep down their roots offer endless hope.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Openings ...

His heart blazes with shadows
Running and skipping
Down a dark lane, foreboding,
In as much as there were - so
Many, walls with locked doors.
Here-there! He looked for openings
"Into one of those flower gardens"
But then he spots a golden bee
Who seems as dizzy as can be?
Even drunker than he
But this hapless bee doesn't wait.
And was the first of many shadows
He's seen passing through
That keyhole - unopened gate!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Orange Flower In A Blue Vase

Isn't it a Day-Lily-I said?
It won't last the evening,
'That only makes me like it more.'

~or~

Isn't it a Day-Lily-I said?
It won't last the evening,
'that only makes her care for it more.'
'With that, it only made its appeal - grow more.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Braid Your Hair With His ...

God - has many names,
but 'Love' is the one that counts
most aptly 'Love' ... 'Love'

'Just Love' only, one word
one name like 'God' isn't it?

God - has so many names
each acts as a veil
but 'Love' is, 'Love' only.
So braid your hair with His
embrace, lock fingers with His.

His is a tree twining roots
His is the first branch you perch on
His is trees-bough at your centre
your hearts bead is a locket of amber
'the tree's name is Love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hapless Beginnings...

What price this core of knowledge eats
-Out of canker does a worm retreats
He who rises to gaze at the moon in safety,
Or she who just stagnates never full or empty.

They're your brother & sister or stepchild
Their corruption is pure innocence exiled.
You must learn their habits in amazement:
They're your mother & father, barking grievant.

We're all hapless in choosing our beginnings
We even drink to forget our inner, outer ripples
But to make amends they'll mature like golden apples
Stored, reeking of cinnamon in the shadows ebbing.

Pungent alcohol tranquillizes their furthest reaching-
Until a rustling harvest wind sings—calls them longing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

It Is Past Understanding The Heat Of The Fire

Sometimes arrogance combines with a belief
And together they make miracles.
It is past understanding the heat of the fire
They stoke with their very own desire.

We can only envy their unfaltering bravery
What fools we are who also don't climb higher.
Sometimes we ask how I all so can acquire—
The heat of a transient fire, only, safely

Sometimes we ask how I shall too acquire—
His arrogance and combine it, unfaltering belief.
But what is pumice or flesh alone, perspires.
Sometimes arrogance isn't always, sub-chief!

Sometimes near defeat, abject with worry
We except; defeat in too much of a hurry.
Where others singularly, succeeded to attain
Without much trepidation, win their campaign.

Mark Heathcote

Till Even You Grow Strong ...

The night was young,
The day was old.
Or so I was told ...
By the bough of an old, green oak.

"Climb up on my shoulders
I shall protect you.
From all base things below – you!
From their stagnant lower thoughts.

This I vow to you,
Till even you grow strong ...
Climb up into my branches,
We two will play majhogg.

I shall give you
Two acorns ...
And we shall laugh, stretch
Like two new-borns.

Mark Heathcote

A Garden Never Ploughed

A poem is an escape.
It is an SOS call of distress.
Grasping for an Eden
That will never again - exist.

It is a garden never ploughed:
The horizon, a child's brush stroke
That no Medusas glance kills
A poem is a key that evokes.

The senses to their beginning
'What was it like that innocence? '
That first flap of a bee's wing,
Before all this useless, empty substance

A poem is an oasis
'King Island' surrounded by blue waters,
A poem speaks in waves.
Its transience embalms many fissures.

It is a garden never ploughed:
Eagles roam the heavens and clouds.
But no sling is ever fired in vengeance.
Distress is answered only with penance.

Mark Heathcote

Beholding Hands?

What shadow consisting of love
Satellites the whole of the moon
Juxtaposes darkness in our rooms
Just to bloom, golden and furious.

What shadow consisting of love
Have we not touched - be holding hands?
...New England burns it devours us,
It's autumn glory, perennial, withstands.

Dissolving, into a billion golden birds
Each with a wing that reaches out
For the eternal; living green saplings words
that renders us, speechless, there-out.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Bright Star

Lie down, my dark star.
Heaven must sleep and be fecund.
Only in my imagining,
do stars light up and never wizen?

Lie down, my dark star.
My horizons have swollen in a fish
that swallows the sun
and sinks; with its scales silver dish.

Lie down, my dark star.
The ivy has clawed its bright sky
like a green sword, it wishes
to swathe down my bright star until I die.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where Is The Peace

'Where is the peace in our lives?
Look at the road burgeoning, dividing
that eternal crossroad-crossing ...
holding-out on us; mystical secrets.'

A-voice frustrated, voicing come, barefoot?
'Hurry, hurry the snow is falling
in a flurry, in a flurry and-soon
your path will be lost in the scurry.'

'Where is the peace in our lives?
Whistles a passing hare in a hurry
soon all the good wheat will be scythed
-and, I shall go hungry, hungry.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Back On Earth

Death calls me like a raincoat
In the sunshine; I meditate
Cool, rain drops touch my cheeks
Death calls me to also serrate.

□

As the lotus submerges
Me a hummingbird I soar, hover.
Back on Earth - death urges
Follow the lotus and submerge.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Weeping

Weeping, sporadic flames
Joyous leafs turning gold
Mirroring oil and water
Life's season - extolled ...

Stripped back to the sky,
Till again - they take up...
The canvas and vie!
Too be that emerald dye.

That remits a death ripple!
A photon without mass ...
That coils up as it sings,
Pink petals fallen in the grass.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Circle Of Life

Let suitcases stand around you empty?
Like a Stonehenge circle
let your heartbeat be at the centre
of a dark darts centrifugal force
let the flower that encloses encase you
clothe you, at the dead of night:
Just as-I and you have wept before
tears have already left for the setting stars.
Suns have collapsed into the darkest black holes,
none fuller than the emptiest wellbores
residing in your eyes, eternal weeping.
Oceans apart, we have moved on
from breathing the same volcanic primal air
till ashen, even the stars we have left,
have erupted into the ever vanishing,
circle of life.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wings And Caterpillars

Still, they have shoulder blades of flight
and green like caterpillars will again.
Aren't wingless butterflies ugly as sin?
When repugnantly a child, thinks it a form of Zen.

To pluck and hold limbless an earthly gem.
Whose velum's dust embosses this heart's poem.
Whose indigos descent can we only envy.
Whose aspirations, paperweight loosens spryly?

Still, they too have shoulder blades of love
That'll one day crystallise, bloom into full-bud.
Here descend into the indigos upswing,
As blue Morpho butterflies wings emerging-

'Scaly-winged' are they, too, who cocoon
Their first wings flight that rest like Buddha
Envisaging the bleakness of loves concord
Whose wings are readied to be ripped?

Primed with all the colours of a tangency
Awaiting eclipse, shouldering our wings
Hidden velour at times from His fingertips
He whom sits as Buddha, amid starry rosehips.

Mark Heathcote

Hope

Hope is like an elastic band
You try and stretch
Across the Rio Grande
But just like an elastic band.

It's prone to break
And jettison you-aback
Like the wind against a sail
Bending you, back like a doornail.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Is A Hanging Garden Of Babylon

Forgive my Babylon temperate floods...
There's no evil in my sodden roots
So forgive my Babylonian Dynasty
Oh, forgive me in all honesty

I can't help the debris I leave
In this fertile Mesopotamian plain
Between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers
Oh, I'm a Babylonian...

So forgive my Babylonian Dynasty
Oh, forgive me in all honesty
My soul is a holy city
My heart is a hanging garden of Babylon

Oh, I'm a Babylonian...
Oh, forgive me in all honesty
Forgive my Babylon floods...
There's no evil in my sodden roots

Oh, yellow sun this ancient city
Held one of the Seven Wonders of the World
And, I and you was one
A hanging garden of Babylon

Oh, my soul is a holy city
My heart is a hanging garden of Babylon
Oh, I'm a Babylonian...
Oh, I'm a Babylonian...

Oh, forgive me in all honesty
Forgive my Babylon temperate floods...
There's no evil in my sodden roots
I'm just a simple Babylonian man

Mark Heathcote

Love On Resin Setting Fire

Oh, white Jasmine flower
Love on resin setting fire
Incense burning in my soul
Catching me on fire

Oh, white Jasmine flower
I'm extracting oils
Wonderfully, heavenly
Essential to all my desire

Catching me on fire
Catching me on fire
Oh Blue Lotus star of fire
You're a potent blend of desire

Love and resin
Incense burning in my soul
Catching me on fire
Love on resin setting fire

A burning in my soul
Oh, pure innocence - together
We'll burn our resin Incense
A wild forest fire shall burn

Catching you on fire
Catching me on fire
Till the honey drip
And the rosewood resins spit

Oh, white Jasmine flower
Love and resin setting fire
Incense burning in my soul
Catching me on fire

Catching you on fire
Catching me on fire
Frankincense and myrrh
Magnolia and vanilla

Saffron and sandalwood
Amber and lavender
Catching me on fire
Catching you on fire

Oh, Blue Lotus star of fire
You're a potent blend of desire
Taking me higher
Taking me higher

Mark Heathcote

Encore

Star colourful films of light
Dance in the mayhem of the night
Stiletto angles say it is cold outside.
But in here a meteor-fire inside
Showers with electrical anatomical sparks
A roaring sound ear-burst on the bulwarks
That stages in our veins a feeling of forever
A taste that spills over—
Like the comfort of fur on leather
Like a plate glass window acting as a mirror
Edge of a world that will be
Here and gone tomorrow forever.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Ride-Out The Wind

On a whisper or a prayer
But, never just stand,
On a stair blocking-out the light!

Migrate to anywhere in the open air
But, don't just stand idle, there!
Blocking-out the light!
Ride-out the wind...

Without a care!
A whisper or a prayer
But, never just stand, there
Playing, solitaire...

Halfway, to nowhere!
Ride-on a whisper or a prayer
Yeah, take to the air!
And, migrate anywhere!

But, don't just stand, there
Blocking-out the light!
...I'm expecting, here...
Yeah, take to the air!

Ride-out the wind...
Without; any fanfare!
On a wing and a prayer
And, levitate like a leaf spirit.

To every corner of belief
That hasn't
Overshadowed, imagination!
Or your soul's own wilful destruction!

Mark Heathcote

Death - Mischievously, Cheekily, Asked

Death - mischievously, cheekily, asked—Life-
For the hand betroth to be his beloved wife.
I'll render her beauty, forever eternal,
Worry not' bride or a mother maternal
To be, if you would but sincerely, wedlock me!
But - Life, being life, took-up the parlour-game.
The parlour-knife; asked him, Death - What is his fame!
Apart from the maggots his lips throat, garrotte-
Death - answered - Life's betrothed. Beloved this,
'If you would but tend to one desiring kiss.
I'll promise not even one more wrinkles crease.
Upon that milky skin of bliss, so not, commonplace!
I'll share you, with no other - especially with - Life-
My brother - to which her heart; did race, fivefold:
But - Life's shadowy, impermanence, beheld her midlife,
Suspended in its own little crisis blindfold
What, fear I' of growing old with him, who honest
Does love me more than was ever shared or told.
It's then Life's Betroths fever broke in earnest;
And married, bound by two rings of gold.
Both Life and Death but Death never matured.
Never learned of their riches, secretly, foretold
Instead, he put Life upon the scaffold, persecuted:
Silenced only by the sea,
Of his betroths wailing cry.

Mark Heathcote

Love Waits-Tables...

Love waits-tables and passes the salt
love is that preverbal...thunderbolt,
love leans over a winter's bowl
of pearl barley, soup
love is the one you, affectionately,
called a nincompoop!
Love, that all-important main dish
nothing too brash or outlandish.
That's as light as a Dover sole
garnished with a little light salad.
Yet a little sweet-heat creole
nothing too spicy, or mustard
needing, never a dessert spoon
or a little side plate, macaroon
to leave you feeling deliriously whole.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Fish Out Of Water

Slivering across glass
as the spinal river
moved on beneath her
pelvic fins, impasse
a fish out of the water
gills exposed in full
breathless, panting
This is love
using an expletive
Me 'at last she said.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Candle Flame

I have no more life
then a candle flame, a fuse
that lights on the path
of death and destruction
least that is only half my plight
my plunder; the rest I leave
to the lightning after the thunder.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Omit, You Are My North Star My Beacon

Is it a fallacy to say I love you?
Just because you; dearly, wanted, me to do.
I'm as conflicted as a sailboat:
Without any wind or tide, I'm a moat
Becalmed; awaiting the taciturn
Of your brushes approach the next nocturne.

"My eyes cast over thy horizon...
I omit; you are my North Star" my beacon.
"My very reason for existence is too,
Circumvent your heart and soul" and purview
You with a harpoon love of my very own.
... I'll provide you more - than a rhinestone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Each Man Has A Merlin's Staff

Each man has a Merlin's staff
a mercury thermometers blood
that stretches out like a giraffe
that he saver with a belly laugh.

Its magic plumes out; and refills
an empty waiting alabaster bath.
From the stone comes a liquid-
water; and there on without frills.

Water then mingles into a new life
there on it forms a silken membrane!
All cells expand and stick too
pairing from my very own paring knife.

Oh a man has a Merlin's staff
my good wife, with silk web linen's
that'll take in the heavens graph
and grind your bones into bread.

Oh a man has Merlin's magic wand
turning summers vine into-blood
Here in this grotto, he can't abscond
The reflection of his own disgrace
in that other reflecting, godly, face!

Mark Heathcote

Alienated Flowers

Weeds interest me
their beauty is almost-ignored
when stopping to look at them
strangers will shout-out
it's just a weed.
But isn't that true of us all
a weed is only a flower-
in the wrong place, they say.
Well-isn't-that how we all feel?
There is a weakness in a flower
in the right place. Oh, to be
a weed in the wrong place
mustn't-it-be heaven on earth?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rounded

To make a pebble rounded
it has-to-be crushed
pounded and carved
there is nothing tender
about it, it must be
tipped on its head
up-ended out of bed
turned in every which way
it doesn't want to go
some may think it crudely
but others shall behold it?
Behold its beauty, logically
knowing it's as rounded-
as anything - and possibly
it will roll with all the punches
of this world until the next
there returned to the sediment
the bedrock of home.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Host Of Angels Sing!

Blue shadows on a white wall.
Tears transcending the beauty-
of gardenia's two millennia.
Frozen winters; icy harden snows.

As a host of angels sings

the whole panoramic, scene, unfolds-
into a supernatural, emotion.
We too are alive to witness
our very own blue sunset souls.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Arachnid's Meal

Poets are like woodlice
Ruminating away at life
What they build is a place
For air; that abridged space
Multifaceted
For a spider's snare

Poets are like damselflies'
Flitting here - then there
The world-is-dammed,
Petrified into, living stone.
The only thing left, now, is
His, words an arachnid's meal.

Every bone sucked-marrow
Worn out cartilage
Is left out here on display,
Every mouth licked morsel.
On a 90° degree—death angle
Kill swing, cogitates its end.

Mark Heathcote

Dodging Bullets With A Buddha Lost In Lagos

weaving from knives in a village of gurus
carved out innocence in the deserts
starry eyed star crossed lovers
fiendish frauds sail a pirate boat
filled with loathing their tide surrounds us
both are sinking they and the innocent
drown in a faithless wave that corrupts
transition is a veneer blistered by the sun
the scent of confusion confuses everyone
only the weak are strong
only the humble are godly
only the meek shall inherit who we really are
dodging bullets from a getaway car
weaving from knives without a scar
only the weak are strong
only the humble are godly
lets all pray we know and share who they are...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Black Sorceress

Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice
What is my body if my heart and soul are lost?
If you wave goodbye and turn away I am lost
If a desert stretches between us I am lost.

Black sorceress my heart impales at your choice
What is my hope if the lioness leaves her mate?
If she takes her, leave, just to find another mismatch
If she went in search of another bedmate!

Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice
What is my path without my tribal sister?
Or yours without your midnight masseur
Sister, it's a lonely existence without your brother

Black sorceress my heart impales at your choice
Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice
What is my body if my heart and soul are lost?
If you wave goodbye and turn away I am lost
If a desert stretches between us I am lost.

Mark Heathcote

A Gypsum Salt Mine Fills Marys Eyes

A gypsum salt mine fills Mary's eyes
diamond tears milk a tear duct
what has dissolved has seen
another lonely, upchucked
heart; back on earth - conceit
here no real value grows
in fertilising of a seed
where thorns;
are more cherished than-a-rose
Mary just cries clutching a crown
a crown of thorns
as Roman the soldiers mock the world
three times
who shall pay for their crimes
when gypsum salt mines
fills all our minds
all our eyes.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who Could Want More!

Gold is in the core of the mountain hurry, hurry
Gold is in the gorge of the valley hurry, hurry
Gold is in the spores of the meadow hurry, hurry
Gold is in the roar of the sea hurry, hurry
Gold is all we look for hurry, hurry
Gold is what we call for hurry, hurry
Gold is in your store hurry, hurry
Gold is in your decor hurry, hurry
Gold is what we adore hurry, hurry
Gold, gold, gold galore hurry, hurry
Gold, gold, gold so much ore
Who could want more!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Eastern Sunlight

All love is a liquid it surrounds you
amber as pure eastern sunlight
all love is a guide if you listen
inside you; there is a dove
her wings are preened-moonlight
all love is a liquid it surrounds you
just as each wave touches two shores
it forever washes around you
for you to swim home
you must first-cling to the ledge
that prevents you from falling,
for all love is trusting
all love is a cycle in the wind
derived from the east
it turns west till all four points
are watered and blessed
all love is volcanic if you believe
in a core that has a passion
to burn in every-star
all love is a heart of compassion.

Mark Heathcote

Consider You Are A Tree

When a tree is grown
you have to decide
its purpose, its size
-and more besides.

Do you want a-dappled shade?
Do you want flowers
and want tremulous-movement
-upwardly moving powers.

Or swaying in the breeze
consider you are a tree
what did you wish to be
a thorn or a tulip tree.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Black With Blood

Your soul takes on a bullet hole
black with blood
but baby I'll be your sidekick
like Bonnie and Clyde
cause I can dream for two
I'll fire up your soul and make it whole
I can dance a flamenco fast or slow
just as fast as you can go
so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter
black with blood
and I'll show you what you're after
just as sure as a desert dreams of rain
I'll make all your pain go away
cause I can dream for two
if you'll only love me
I can dance a flamenco fast or slow
just as fast as you can go
so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter
black with blood
and I'll show you a different way
one where the bullet holes are filled
with the glue of love
cause I can dream for two
cause I can dream for two
I can dance a flamenco fast or slow
just as fast as you can go
so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter
if it's a crime in partner your really what I'm after.

Mark Heathcote

Blue Eyes Pierce The Night

Your soul takes on a bullet hole
Black with blood
But baby I'll be your sidekick
Like Bonnie and Clyde
Cause I can dream for two
I'll fire up your soul and make it whole
I can dance flamenco fast or slow
Just as fast; as you can go...
So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter
Black with blood
And I'll show you what you're after
Just as sure as a desert dreams of rain
I'll make all your pain go away...
Cause I can dream for two
If you'll only love me
I can dance flamenco fast or slow
Just as fast; as you can go...
So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter
Black with blood
And I'll show you a different way
One where the bullet holes are filled
With the glue of love
Cause I can dream for two
Cause I can dream for two
I can dance flamenco fast or slow
Just as fast; as you can go...
So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter
If it is a crime in partner you're really after

Mark Heathcote

I'll Give You A Heads Up

each time my begging bowl is full
my heart is as empty as hell
cause I'm so drugged up
my heads in a well of self-loathing
and I'll cleave-you-in-two
just-to-see your sippy bagel heart
bleed with despair for me
cause you think it'll save you
-your very own shallow soul
So I'll give you a heads up
don't fill up my begging bowl cup
if you suspect it's for smack
or more liqueur than I can drink
it'll just annoy my methadone quack
and those brothers that hide their knives
cause I'll give you a heads up
this self-loathing isn't as glam
as it looks, when your falling.
apart at your pin cushion seams
each time my begging bowl is full
my heart is as empty as hell
and there aren't any Hell Kitchen's
I haven't fit right into
so I'll give you a heads up
don't take pity on me
cause my heart is as empty as hell
each time my begging bowl is full.

Mark Heathcote

Farewell Goodbye My Darling...

Farewell, goodbye my darling
The world is now turning
And the tide has outreached
Any shore I can still trace
Without a beating heart
Or ageing senile mind!

Farewell, goodbye my darling
Farewell, my life goodbye my darling
Oh the hour is near - I must go'
Back over the white scrolling foam
And sink like an island
Within the footprints of you and me
Skinny dipping still in my soul

Oh, farewell goodbye my darling
The world is now turning
Like an old schooner in the wind
With seven sails seven oceans
To sail, to sail, to sail
Without a scent of you - crosswind
My darling, my wife, my life.

Oh, farewell goodbye my darling
Farewell and goodbye my darling
I'm going now three sheets to the wind
I'm going to drink and drown in an ocean
Without you, my love,
Without you, my love, without you
Without you, my love, without you
My turtle dove!

Mark Heathcote

Nautical, Manoeuvrings...

Two, lovers submerging
Share but one equal breath
Clinging, like clams to each other.
Their souls but one berth
Flesh to flesh, drown together.

Nautical, manoeuvrings
Take place within their tongues
Pressing gravity; yes submission
Air-sucked, ballast lungs
Ship anchor as limbs capstan-

Ashore - once more earth - sings
Beneath their rolling feet:
And, above the scrolling waves
Sky-cloud footprints retreat
Here to a place their heart enclaves.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Something Secret

Why do the best legs stand on pins?
Is it something, genetic?
Something secret, they're born to inherit.
All I know is my heart beats frantic.

It's like balancing on a high wire
Across a suspension bridge
Watching these flamingos in duos...
With; airbag, steerage...

Of cause I'm sexist.
It isn't easy being the slimmest.
The tallest the lewdest
The vaguest teenager in town...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

White Petals

Laying there still as can be
Knowing deaths countdown
Has aimed a forefinger at thee.
Mortal sleep can only make!
This piper, unblinkingly ache.

So she stares out like a lover
Betrayed, griping her pillow
Hands in a fist; holding slender
'Sweet-wrappers or a scented rose'
Imaginary-days without bedclothes...

On the sill a yellow zinnia buttonholes
The day she'll die. Too us
'It's just a new sun, casting shadows.
But too her, it is the heavy fall-
Of trumpet lilies, white petals.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nothing As Much Needed As Love

I have called to the stars
And said deliver me my death.
Thread me like a needle!
With what little light I have left.

And the stars called back. "What
Black-hole is this, which swallows
All before it counts in zeros
And, is always, juxtaposed.

"He's the bead upon all else rests";
Let's do him a favour;
Do, then, as he asks.
In sleep let him, awake, even graver.

Then if death had given his life
Let him, see the colour of nothing
And let that nothing, be as much
As every atom touched by nothing.

Nothing as much needed as love.

Mark Heathcote

Flies Flourish Under Starving Eyelids

tears are rivers of blood
in the apathy of love.
Where silver-and-gold flows
into the margins of hate.
A million bullion graves are dug
to disguise their own fatigue
the starving shout-out 'Food.'
Tears are rivers of blood
in the apathy of love.

Where-flies-flourish under starving eyelids
oh, how this apathy breeds
and soaks the ground
with their own neglectful disease
while the tears of a thousand nation's weep
and then close their eyes
in an ever-present sleepwalk
wondering who will blink first?
Who first will capitalise?

Mark Heathcote

Peace Love, Defend Us

Let hope—reign
let peace love, defend us,
let's be a bit more humane.

Count your blessing
look out your windows
the world is a paradise
if-we-all-just learned to share it
peacefully, like friends.

Count yeah blessings
put down your bows and arrows
let's all live a little more humble
let hope—reign.

Let peace love, defend us
let hope—reign
let every nation call you, neighbour
oh brother, sister, friend
no one is higher born than another.

Oh, the world is a paradise
just look out your windows.
The world is a paradise
if-we-just learn to share it-
peacefully, like friends.

Mark Heathcote

As I Light Up The World

I'm heavy with doubt

like a clipped bird,

my wings don't climb,

when they frantically flap!

Oh I'm heavy with doubt

not like a woman but a girl

not like a vocal coach but in mime

hiding behind a lot of slap!



PoemHunter.com

waiting to be so much more

I'm a sleekly, sleek, thin geek!

I'm that ugly duckling...

wobbling in high heels and fishnets

looking for my rich sheikh!

soon to be a swan

soon to be a prince a queen

waiting to be so much more

But oh I'm heavy with doubt

but oh I'm ready to tip over a star

like a saucer of milk

just for me!

and then all my doubt will be put in darkness...

as I Light up the world

as I Light up the world

as I Light up the world!

Mark Heathcote

Converge With My Eyes

Converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you
I'm like a vine waiting to grow
In your sunshine above every rafter
I'm like a child filled with laughter
I'm like a willow tree...
Swayed by everything you say or do.
Converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you

Converge with my eyes
From head to toe
I'm just like a hollow squash fruit
Wanting its fill...
Oh, shake a lock of ebony hair
And I'll get shivers
Like the start of an electrical El Niño
That'll change my hearts
Destination forever

Converge with my eyes
And my heart will be as heavy
As a golden sunflower
Ready to give up all its seeds
And celebrate what we are
Two love birds
In a paradise with moon showered hearts
Oh converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you

Mark Heathcote

But You Never Lost Your Dignity

Cuts and bruises came easily
but healing took you
until the end of your life
cuts and bruises came easily
but you were a battered wife
without independence, without a life.

Pain and anguish were your seasonings
his kisses were your salt and pepper
as you languished in the chains of your soul
but you never lost your dignity
and resourcefully; kept your sanity all your life.

An ice-cold compress lies across your heart
all the time, but you're not repressed
you've got your children's best interest
to heal you. And you are their hero
you are their mom, their nurse, their angel.

Their fairy godmother is their best friend too.
You are the earth and the moon and stars
it's to you where their best prospects rest
it's to you they learn it's a mother who makes a nest.
But cuts and bruises came easily
and healing took you
until the end of your life.

Mark Heathcote

All Is Now Paradise

You ask - so I say
I'm feeling fine
I've just had some annual leave
And I'll be back on Tuesday,
And I've missed you!
But I'm sorry I didn't
Find time to approach you.
Cos, it's too painful to explain
But I'll try if you'll forgive me
If you'll give me a little more time
I'll bury my sorrows and entomb,
All my melancholy

And like - the sunshine I'll whisper from a cloud
All is now paradise - outside!

You ask - so I say
I'm feeling fine
But really, I'm cowering deep-inside
And I've missed you!
Oh I'm hoping a rainbow
Will cross the great divide
And touch you whilst-you-sleep
That's what I'm feeling at this moment
But if you'd try and forgive me
If you'll give me a little more time
I'll bury my sorrows and entomb,
All my insecurities melancholy

And like - the sunshine, I'll whisper from a cloud
All is now paradise - outside!

Mark Heathcote

Beneath A Mango Moon Our Love

We came barefoot to the mountains

Weaving in and out;

Through the purple sleeping flowers

Outside the forest;

Like ancient beasts, we came to a clearing

With a hyacinth blue stream:

We came here together to declare!

Beneath a mango moon our love.

Our dream! Oh, our Dream

Oh turning to a wishing well diamonded in dew

We drank, till our fill

We drank till our abstinence became day,

And the day began groaning for the night

Oh turning to a mountain panther

We braved the mountain together

In animal bliss... we open night flowers

That you couldn't burn with light.

We bathed in a stream no matter how cold

Couldn't cool us beneath our mango moon our love

Our dream! Oh, our Dream

Oh, where we came together to declare

Beneath a mango moon our love.

Our dream! Oh, our dream.

Mark Heathcote

For A Straggling-Stalk Of Green Corn

With barely a whisper
I was almost blown over
Like a straggling-stalk
Of green corn, I'm bent
But, I'm Strong, and I'll
Bounce back and sparkle
Like a bangle of gold.

O' with barely a whisper
I was almost blown over
By that towering boy
Who left his father's farm?
To be a soldier
Who looks over his shoulder?
Counting the days till I, get older.

O' with barely a whisper
I was almost blown over
When he whispers my name
And carves a tree, with his-
And my name!
With a heart, an arrow shot through.

O' he'll holster his gun
And he'll be gone!
But with barely a few seconds in delay,
When I come of age, he'll return.
Like the crows in the corn
Like the crows in the corn.

With a band of gold
He'll return and tear off
Those old army clothes
O' and with barely a whisper
I fly away and, he'll desert that army
For a straggling-stalk of green corn
Thanking every day we are born to fly away.

Courage Leans On Faith

Courage is a lesion
That needs must lance
If faiths healing
Is to bleed and advance.
But, to do so
The body of the whole
Must take up the surgeon's scalpel
Without, any droll,
Excuses and stab
At the stagnant, yellow infliction
Stab! Till it bleeds and drains
-Out: The diseased sulphuric infection
Yes, woe betide
Any man or child,
Without any spiritual, courage
Without any sacramental images
What, would there be to refine
To give purpose too,
If all vintage wines
Were equally-without virtue
If each cup; was equally soured.
If each cup were half empty,
Were half empty, where they,
Were once full to the plenty
-Courage would lean-on-faith
And, faith would guard our sentry.

Mark Heathcote

A Dripping Faucet Tap

There is this love
like an empty house
with a dripping faucet tap.
There is this love
that's like a henhouse-
worn around you like burlap
so-course is its mixing taps.
Even air runs hot and cold
worlds apart are this love.
That never fills - hope
a cracked hand basin
never mind your heart and soul.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Did A Tear Make This Ocean?

Did mildew, and moss
Lichen us; an island a crust:
And, did our little—earth?
Its vegetation makes all of us.

“Came from; whence, salutary.

Those first dynamic tears...
That manufactured all, this.”
Hideous; bygone, rust...
Languorous sneers in a clay pit.
Waiting; again to absurd—us.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Father's Love For A Teenage Son

Who gave that almighty yell?
Like a giant with a rotten toothache
'What-in-Lucifers name' this sour taste?
'What in damnations name' that awful smell?
The likes of some teenage Jesus
One who hasn't?
Changed his innocence or his britches?
Since-first-he-had erroneous boyish itches.
Then God, with his thunderbolts
Struck; plunged a toothpick!
And dislodged the mucus; and sighed
'Begone my son' into the world of madmen.
And there finds a dovecot-house
In a child's heart: Sublunary,
White as the driven snow
And there smothers it as your own
With giant bellows toxic groan.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Titanic Chains

How do I couple these titanic chains?
Any longer in a disused railroad, yard.
How do I grasp a rainbow?
By all its foundation roots,
When even now lowly flowers refuse
To extend their tendrils shoots.
Display their turquoise colours.
The colours that represent
The heart of the spoken word:
These flowers on a mountain slope
That once opened like spring water jets

Clear lines of communication between ...us

How do I fix - what won't hold any glue.
How do I hover like a predator in the sky?
With a passion to love you as you
Would have me do
So our turquoise has turned
A deeper shade of blue and spiritually,
There's no more communication apart from
Two angry engines in a disused railroad, yard.
Wanting to climb, in a tug of war
The topmost summit turquoise stream.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is

Love is ginger
Love is sweet
Love is an apple blossom,
Each time we meet.

Love is coquettish
Love is a cad,
Love is a cousin twice removed:
You wish you'd had.

Love is a row
Love is a game
Love is a pawn,
Two lovers as one a victory proclaim.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What It Means To Love An Ocean?

Real meaning has real feeling,
Says Pain too Sorrow.
"Sisters have you ever frozen".
Gnawed; the bone, though your skin
Your clothes (have you ever!)
Tasted hunger that hungers after-
Death; that leaves you ravaged.
Adrift - afloat, ahoy a raft of death!
Without the means to, drown.

Real meaning has real feeling,
Says Sorrow too Pain.
So, then lets us charge, you
-With more suffering, eternal...
Let's put salt on your tables.
And keep your lands lean—
Let's give you a sea wall, that
Surges with, loathing... but whose faith!
Shall, rise in the ebb, and tide.

Even as life withdraws maws...
On all fours: you will embrace us...
As does a pretty bride! her groom.
Indeed, says Pain too brother Sorrow.
With all her bridal, foam flung!
Like a bouquet over her right or left-
Shoulder she'll surf to either shore.
To kick start our envious relentless war!
...All over... all over... again, and, again.

So, says Sorrow too Pain
Says Pain too his brother Sorrow.
In their blind bitter rage!
I'm still hungry, I'm still feeling,
Really, really, empty.
"Give me more; give me more, sisters...
Give me more; than I ever had before".
More lovers than; than the sea...
Have waves to drown me.

Mark Heathcote

Death Is All Of This?

Death should be a gesture
of what kills and fulfils
a craving that raves - singing
hymns - where silence—
reigns in peace:
death - death is a bruised apple
before it had the time to be eaten:
it is that piece of white soda bread
where the first specks of mould
say I'm not fit for slicing—
yes death is a dog whose howls
reverberations only bring it
another and another's beatings
but within its beatings it forgives
its master's torment: there it lolls
at his feet barking excitement
wagging at his exonerated laughter
yes Lord Master death is all of this?
—unburdened death is our second bliss
a blush of dew a red petal a trinity
falling rising anew upon
some well kissed censored lips
a fragrance bottled from every perfume oil
rent of life - persevered
in a deathless odour
fallen we too are vaporized
within a dewdrops gesture
we are that first blush of spring
deaths wedding band ring
worn on the fourth finger
death is our bridegroom - he is
our one life partner
Father-son and Holy Ghost!

Mark Heathcote

Where Once It Was Peek A Boo

Do you hear them?

Playing, hide and seek

Where once it was, peek a boo

But soon it'll be, see you soon.

Do you remember?

Hiding behind the sofa

Laughing; with that imaginary, appendix-scare.

Saying, everything's going to be alright.

Do you see them?

"Dreaming, life will never move on

O who'll peek first, and who'll be lost...

When it's time to come a seeking".

Do you remember?

Those long-hurt looks when,

The pretending had to end.

And the tooth fairy had to take a long stroll...

Because there's no more money gets rolled

Beneath a pillow!

Do you hear them?

Do you hear them now?

Do you see them now?

Shouting... that the winters are cold:

And it's hard to stand - alone!

Do you hear them?

Playing, hide and seek

Where once it was, peek a boo

But soon it'll be, see you soon.

Do you remember?

Do you hear them?

Do you remember?

Do you hear them?

In a Christmas land of hope!

When all gods' hopes were rapt and sen

And captured in Polaroid memories
Do you, hear them?
Do you, he sees them?
a long time ago.

Mark Heathcote

Like A Light In My Heart And Soul

I have heard a whisper electrical on my tongue
Wanting to leap and make that circuit...
That glow, like a light in my heart and soul
That says together we belong...

I have felt a fire in a kiss even before my eyes closed.
I have felt a hurricanes love, sweep, me up-
Off the floor in flames of fueled white hot bliss,
Oh and I have heard a serpent singing hymns to the moon.

That's when I noticed him coiled with a longing
To belong ... Saying, I'm the whisper!
Electrical on your tongue
Wanting to leap and make that circuit...

He says together we two, simply, together belong.
You my angel playing on her harp till it gets dark.
And then we'll linger in hurricanes arms...
A hurricane of love-

Together fed on; the fuel of two turtle doves in love.
On the fumes of honeysuckle entwined to tangle.

O I have heard a whisper electrical on my tongue
Wanting to leap and make that circuit...
With that glow, that light in my heart and soul
That says together we two, belong...

Mark Heathcote

I'm Only Half Way To The Moon

Why does a tree or a plant
Have more DNA than me
Am, I any less evolved?
Then a plant or a tree!

So we're all coded.
By 4 letters A, C, T, and G
But, where am 'I' on-
The amino acid chain, me!

What part of the codon wheel?
Do I belong, too...?
So proteins are building blocks.
Bricks in the wall, a menu!

So, on their ladder, I've got-
6,000,000,000 'rungs' of DNA
That if stretched like snot
Would, reach halfway to the moon.

But still 'I' isn't as evolved
As a plant or a tree
We humans, all 99% alike
So laugh you're related to me.

Mark Heathcote

Aren't Words Apt?

Blue and battered falling... like leaves
Aren't words apt; hollow in feeling?
When you're rummaging-depth of seaweeds,
Drowning besides mermaids a merman ever sweetly.

'Won't you gather me in the wind?
Take me to your lair'. Whispered a voice
Bind me in your oaken shark tailed limbs,
I'll be your pagan Japanese lady there, I swear.

Your midnight's raven with talons to tear!
The one with black or golden, red, crimson hair.
Blue and battered fallen... like those ill-begotten, leaves.
Aren't words apt; hollow in feeling if you please?

... When you're reeling in the shadows,
Listening to these night owls, cries.
With all seven senses departed for the wind
My rare blue Akahana Japanese rose.

Mark Heathcote

Mine Is The Voice Of All Things?

I am a seagull and all-your-creations
are a sea wave; beneath my wings.
So, Lord, mine is the voice of all things
travelled, together in you - Lord.

What is the meaning of all this evil?
What is the meaning of this discord?
'Only in pain and longing do we search
and discover what we're all searching for.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tradition Systematizes All Strengths In Size

All hunting packs on earth are different
Though we're all hound's nose to the ground
We're all here for the first time,
Scenting blood like a bloodhound.

Tradition systematizes these strengths in size.
But I am a herring gull and all belief systems
Are basically, the same
Do unto others as they'll do unto you and rule their pain

But I'm the hound that goes missing
Simply because I can't be found
I can't be bloodied by the crowd.

Simply because I'm always, missing
Simply because of the scent, I'm searching
For can't be found, searching the ground.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Until I Follow You

Love hangs upon a star
But it's equally as scared
As a ministering moon,
Whose prayers go unaided?

Who's absent hope abjection?
Cries a harbour light!
"Love me, land on me soon.
It's my only birthright"

But that isn't to say...
The harbour lights of love
Won't descend into puddles,
Potholes of night and shade

Love hangs upon a star
As a ministering angel
And says, I love you, but you
Can't do that; on my vigil.

I'll sail and use my sextant
Till at last, I find you
But I need to be sure of you
Until I follow you.

Mark Heathcote

Why, Dandelion It Isn't Easy

Why dandelion - it isn't easy to lie down
In these weeds and fall in love.
We don't all have to be golden,
Stoic, and upright, shoulders above.

To fall like a seed-head
And break or bend in love
Why dandelion - it isn't easy
To sing in these high, octaves, love.

But I am the meadowlark
In a countenance, you've never seen so blue
And it's all because-my-heart hunger's
Yearns to climb the mountain-pass with you.

Why dandelion - it isn't easy
Loving, you!
But I know your heart will climb,
And float with mine too,
And sing in a chord
All the way-to-our mountain Shepherd Lord.

Mark Heathcote

Melancholy Wings

Spirit bland as black ink
Am I a victim of my own melancholic wings?
That is? Am I smudged and spreading,
That my darling - won't work...

Darling all I read is your headlines...
Am I a victim of my own melancholic, thinking's?
That is smudged and spreading,
Across that psychiatrist folded piece of paper.

'O When my heart he asks me
What do you see?
And I say - I answer
I with you - in loves permanence.
He answers me too!

He says you're the white dove's effervescence
But was I the one who was dreaming
He says you're the white surround
And the in-between too me!

'O doctor is I a victim in this love
Just another blank unmarked scored page
Of music that never really made a sound
One you'd want to hide and cover up?

Spirit bland as black ink
With those bullets dull ache
I have a kite's strings tug of melancholy
Like never before
Where lightening severs the chord
And I'm left smudged and I am gone
A migrating bird up into black skies.

Mark Heathcote

Wearing Space Specks In Space

Dreamer... don't close your eyes
The vultures are circling all around
Acid or flower child

The people are counting up from the ground.
As the battery light dies in your torch
Point it back at me! I'm already dead

Dreamer... don't close your eyes
The vultures are circling all around
Acid or flower child

Wear your space specks
And rattle like a hive of angry bees
Give no due respect to these taxpayers' deaths

Dreamer... don't close your eyes
The vultures are circling all around
Acid or flower child

Be a ruler of the world
Be a tapeworm in a racehorse
And lose the race in capitalism's race for first place.

Ooh. Ooh, ooh
Dreamer and throw your fortune cookie away
It's hard to breathe, Ooh. Ooh, ooh
When you're wearing space specks in space!
Ooh. Ooh, ooh...

Mark Heathcote

A Hoedown Love

In weakness - I love you.
And I hope to hold you.
I mean - I mean - I want to hold you
To hold you - time after time,
Time after time all, all over—again

I want to sleep in the boulders
Of your strong - shoulders
And wave my heart - over the moon,
Oh, I want to love you
Till the sun sinks and rises in tribute
To the harvest moon
When I keep you for-
Keeps in mortal weakness

In weakness - I love you.
And I hope I mean to hold you.
I mean - I mean - I want to hold you
To hold you - time after time,
Time after time all, all over—again

Oh chain us together
With a bit and bridle leather
Cause although he's wild
We belong together
Oh he's rouge a badly tempered lover
But with groundwork
With the right conditioned responses
I'll tame; the spirit of the wind.

In weakness - I love him.
And I hope to hold him.
I mean - I mean - I want to marry him
To hold him - time after time, after-time
Time after time, forever again
For a hoedown, rodeo time - my friend.

Mark Heathcote

Ashtray Blues

I have those ashtray blues
Not wanting to walk
Another day in these shoes
Singing these butt end songs

It's never easy enough for us
But still, they contain
Some essence of what
-Angers you and me

Our fag end pages are rolled tight
Like red roses, I guess
Oh our intoxication's are never fed
And even, less
When there filtered
With nothing more to give

But who can give it up
Give it up for dead
When they come in packets
In packets with no change
After twenty years or more

Oh so I'm still stealing in
That last deep breath
Where my heart still lingers like a dove
With its queer; little song

But still a self-gratification
Sucks back; asking for one last one.

It's never easy enough for us
But still, they contain
Some essence of what
-Angers you and me

Our fag end pages are rolled tight
Like red roses, I guess
Oh our intoxication's are never fed

And even, less
When there filtered
With nothing more to give.

Mark Heathcote

Contours

Contours of light
Web and thread,
Ears too nose.

Probe-from, fingertips.
—Warm, icy toes.

Curling, outwards
In their throes!

The night - two souls
Two, segments of—

The moon - combined too
Became - one whole!
Amid a starry desert:

One - watering hole.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Ode To Spring

Look how the gardener hates those weeds
as soon as the Wren makes her nest
it's then his squeaky wheelbarrow impedes
with the forked-out; green Medusa's headdress.

But look here in the meadow of idle hands,
a yellow chaffinch and a cluster of bluebells
by tall oaks here Primrose edge of woodlands
clouds pass over in shades-of-dappled-pastels.

Cosy silence is broken; by half-a-dozen ravens
in the Horse chestnuts waving ship like masks,
spring opens a drying pine cone as lupines
purple-like spruce trees, opening-flowery-Basques.

Glistening fishes, abdomens are swollen like a pear.
At the first taste of spring, a sheet web spider?
Makes her own, perennial-hammocks-snare—
to sew-up spring her first petal winged fibres.

Here to a brown hare crouches dying in numbers
once a common sight, running at 35 mph—
in male dominance but now on one's uppers
their circles of competition to attain - plagued.

Sorry, I-couldn't-make it more cheerful
but that-is-the-nature of nature after all.

Mark Heathcote

Women Are Quarrelsome

Women are quarrelsome
Birds, birds of many wings
Like magpies, two shades
Of many dissatisfied things.

A dove - when the stars
The stars are shining bright.
But a bank of black disparity,
When, love enters the night.

Women are good fairing angles
With a righteous - dagger
If you want to demonize her
Or soul, testify, against her.

Women are the masters
Of serpents with their hair
In bee-hive, bee-nets
Biblical, warriors if they're given to regrets.

Women are the masters
Brother, they rock the cradle!
They set Cain against Abel
That's the staple of their diets.

Women are quarrelsome
But what's wrong with this...
And their inner joy
When it's joined to yours.

Mark Heathcote

On The Wings Of Love

Mayfly, if ever an angel be
it was you and me
pirouetting in the air so free
above a cobweb lea.

If ever a child had azure blue wings
as blue as a periwinkle sky,
then sweet-tenderfoot swimming
it must have been you and I.

Down amongst the meadows
where the green woods-wend
down amongst the willows
where the reeds draught an end.

There I came a dancing
roving like a bee
with honeydew brown eyes
by a river, like that river Spree.

Soft as ephemeral moonlight
you took wing with me
oh, mayfly green and tender bright
true angels once were we.

Mark Heathcote

On This Your Birthday...

I have watered a wellspring
Till its continents floated by
And still, I've had springs run dry
Leaving me nothing more to say

I have watered a wellspring
And poured a little salt
Over my right shoulder
But still, nothing is fine my love.

The weeds are creeping sirens
Filled with dark magpies
Knocking wings like ravens
But still, I have feelings, my love.

That won't go...
I have watered a wellspring,
In a desert but still...
There is emptiness on this your birthday
Those flower cacti, flowers that won't die away anymore.

Mark Heathcote

To Hear Our Own Infant Cries Drowned

Love is a thorny feathered gown
Battered and thrown to the ground
Snagged it pulls against a bramble.
Unable too permanently close its wound.
The world's wounds bleed seeping
In ever decreeing, circles, looking for us to be
Subservient and die.
Love is a feathered gown
But, oh how the mighty, vampirism, morally, cries.
Hiding like a house of weevils,
Just a steps distance from the under-toe
Squish-of-death: so why do we dispassionately,
Let them rule and breed - us to death
Just to hear our infant cries, suffer - suffering, drowning.
In Loves thorny feathered gown
In Loves thorny feathered crown

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Feathered Gown

Love is a feathered gown
In a forest beside a lake
Soothed and swathed
By a melting, warming, jailbreak!
A spring, after the fall... the fall...

Brambles, try to hold us back.
And rub our wounds with salt.
In a roaring tide whose waves
Never at any time default...

But love a is a sea bird migrating
Love, love is a feathered gown
In mothers or a child's eyes
That has a sanctuary
Never ever safety defies!

Love, love is a feathered gown
In a forest beside a lake
Soothed and swathed
By a melting, warming, jailbreak
That says - I can't love another.

Love is a feathered gown
For the prince frog that wakes his princes
Love is a feathered gown
That is awoken by a warming kiss
That wears no icy mask

Love is a feathered gown
That; like a blanked snow
Blinds every fool that leaves no
Foot traces in the heart that heals...

Mark Heathcote

Blueberries And Ice-Cream

Blueberries and ice cream
What more could I dream
Blueberries and ice cream
What more could there be
That isn't immaterial
That isn't material

Somebody warm and cool
Sweet with nothing to veneer
What more could I dream
When you make your premier

Blueberries and ice cream
What more could I dream
Blueberries and ice cream
What more could there be
That isn't immaterial
That isn't material

So the world's a fiery rose
With a moon of teary petals
But I found a dish to keep me whole
With a heart that isn't the size of thimbles

Oh blueberries and ice cream
What more could I dream
Blueberries and ice cream
What more could there be
That isn't immaterial
That isn't material just for me.

Mark Heathcote

We'd Make Corn Rings Till The Day I Die

We'd make corn rings till the day I die
If I could be with you
If I could be with you - in a field of fire
In the eye of a hurricane
I'd chain my heart to a white-picket-fence
Before I bunker down the grain
"And listen to those wind chimes, commence".
Before I cook a Sunday roast.

Id listens to my lover's heart
Pound - pounding
And clinging,
Oh—I'd hold on to his long-dark-locks
All the way and I'd sing a little song,
With very few words

With very few words
But with plenty of flames
In a meadow of black crows
Oh, I've learned to fly in the eye of love.
And sing a pretty tune

Till up-above the clouds
The smoke of sinful wishes - clears my mind
Till the sun is in clear view
And the flowers bloom
With a mantle of dew
Oh—and I whistle some chorus
With a pot roast, just for you.

Oh I'll be clinging to his arms his limbs
Their strong appendage
In the eye of a hurricane
That will make my heart go blind
Oh If I could be with him
If I could be with him
We'd make corn rings till the day I die.

Now I Find A Beehive Of Discontent

Where once we were like Siamese twins
And I really did love you
Where once our bodies dissolved
Into one another
On a saltbed crystallized
Now I find the first cracks
Where apathy swathes the light away we knew
Where once we were rock pools of adventure
Skinny dipping into each other
Now I find a beehive of discontent
Humming, humming, humming in secret
Secret inside a lion lies in my path to you
Roaring things could be better
Where once we laughed and sang
Like nightingales now I just laze alone
Remembering I really did love you
Where once we were like ivy
So well attached now an axe has fallen
And in its brambles like a starling, I look for you
Where once we were like Siamese twins
And I really did love you
Where once our bodies dissolved
Into one another
On a saltbed crystallized
Now I find the first cracks
Where apathy swathes the light away we knew
I curse I pray Lord, reverse the stars
Heal all our scars
Cause I really do love you
And I want to go skinny dipping with you today
Today...
Today... again!

Mark Heathcote

He's Just A Bug On My Lapel

Cancer choked her lungs
like a garden rose swallowed up in bindweeds
but still, she had-the-beating of velvet wings
and sang lives-chorus between each coughing wheeze
cause she loved you more than life itself too
yes, cancer slowly took over her body.

But it couldn't hold her back or still,
cause a thunderbolt it roars
cause lightning flashes, glimmers, least until
Deaths cowl shows her thin and stricken
skin and bone, but even now and then
there'll be some good morrow, a moment

you thought nothing-can-take her away now, amen
all your faith restored once again.

Oh, cancer thinks he's made a friend
he's a Pied Piper leading her to his hellish den
but he's just a bug on her lapel
her coat a little sub-cell she'll repel.

Cancer is like a subatomic particle embedded in her lungs
grew like a hailstorm,
but she's the lightning-
the thunder in her, own coughing wheezes!
It's her who's the current in the breeze
charged with bringing cancer to his knees.

~or~

Cancer choked her lungs
Like a garden swallowed up in bindweeds
But she still had the beating of her wings
Sang lives chorus between each coughing wheeze.

Yes, cancer took over her body,

But it couldn't hold her still
Cause a thunderbolt roars
And lightning flashes, least until.

Death leaves her thin and stricken.
Skin and bone, but even then
There'll be some good morrow, like wheat:
To make her cornmeal—amen!

Oh, cancer thinks he's made a friend
He's a pied piper leading her to his den in hell
But he's just a bug on her lapel
Her coat a little sub-cell she'll - repel.

Cancer filled her lungs
Like a hailstorm, but she's the lightning
The thunder in her, own coughing wheezes
It's her who's the current in the breeze
Charged with, bringing, cancer to his knees.

Mark Heathcote

No Passion Begg

No passion begs the turning off
The turning off of the light
No passion begs the frost to melt
Or the snows drift roadblock
Unless it's just to stop!
The roll call clock-in clock
Because we've all had times
We've wanted eternally docked.
{Docked for our own sweet selves}
So let the snow pillow on my skin,
Compact the blossom
I'm bursting to give
With no letting, go

Oh no passion whispers
Or leaves you in the weaves
Of the thorn trees branches
No passion leaves you feeling
Like an un-played with toy
Or a hairpin when the cancer
Treatment truly begins
No love leaves you
Like a broken relic
Or a starving man
Living like hallow gourd
On a stale cornbread

No love leaves you
Sleeping on a trashcan content mattress
With a battery acid sweet spot
No passion, no passion, no passion
Leaves you by the back door
When your heart is still somewhere,
Spinning gravitated to all,
His being... No love at all
No love at all
No love at all
Leaves you; feeling hyacinth blue.
Hyacinth blue, hyacinth blue

No love at all

No passion, no passion, no passion

Leaves you by the back door

That didn't leave you a long time before

No love, no love, no love

Can keep you forevermore like a prisoner

Without a cell door

You haven't broken down many times before.

Mark Heathcote

My Very Own Queen Of Hearts

So you want to kiss the sun and stars
And break a thousand lovers' hearts.
Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards
And you were their only queen of hearts.

But it's a pleasant surprise, which sustains-
Even now my eyes, whenever I see you - alone.
It's as if the universe held all the aces
And you were made of acid rain sandstone.

So you're rude, corrosive, and even one day
Even you'll need a facelift to fix your frowning.
So the mirror says you're beautiful infectious
But wasn't it he who hid hiding,
A dishonest misdemeanor—telling yeah
The world and all the souls of the world loved you.

So you want to kiss the sun and stars
And break a thousand more lovers' hearts.
Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards
And you were their only queen of hearts.

But baby, isn't it time, all those young men
Who lost their poor minds?
Saw through your nail polished lacquered lies,

So you're rude and corrosive, but I've
Still got time for you, baby when you're alone.
Because I'm as shallow as are you!
And of course, you are still oh so, beautiful

So shuffle our futures
Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards
And you were my only queen of hearts
My very own queen of hearts.

Mark Heathcote

Avalanche

What door is there left to open?
That isn't already a revolving momentum.
From the peak of a mountain top
To that ravine avalanche white and fearsome
Is there no flowing backward?
Salmon are spawning in a mountainous canyon.
Their deaths open the tear ducts of the Jordon-
From the Sea of Galilee, they're climbing upwards-
Now, what do their deaths billiard games deliver us?
So it's a rite of passage.
The boy becomes a man, son-a-husband, a father.
But how does it get us past this uncooperative verbiage?
Does it even bring us any bit closer?
Climbing from the seat of your sofa, hopeless waiting
It's kissing. Does it bring us any bit closer to one another?
Entering the afterlife; back through walls of a vagina...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Larvae

The night precipitates I'll sleep
I'll die by the light of the moon
And I'll dream forever wakeful
And larvae in some butterfly cocoon.
The light precipitates I'll wake
Pollen embossed with fields of nectar
I'll taste the holy liquor of eternity.
Join winged vessels with a spectre
They've whispered, as my collector.
He, whose gardens are heavenly captivating
Their body, inner drowsy emptiness
Fulfilling, longing with pardoning.
The night precipitates I'll sleep
The light precipitates I'll wake
And dwell upon the one flower
Born a windbreak; as a keepsake.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Why Don't You Stay Well Clear Of Me?

I'm just a heartless kid my dear
And I'll break your heart,
So just stay 10 paces clear. "My love"
Cause I can't promise, not to kiss you.

I might be 47 but I'm just a kid
And. I'm not kidding you, my dear.
I promise you! And, I forbid, you!
To kiss me, till I'm 83 for real...?

Cause that's just how old I'll be
Before I'm a grown-up man really ready
For that; kind of marital responsibility
Believe me, I'm just a childish, clown.

You're baking cakes breaking eggs.
Mixing flour with baking soda
Making another, Victoria sponge!
And all the time, I can see

You, wishing it were over.
So just stay 10 paces clear. "My love"
Cause I can't promise, not to kiss you!
I'm just a heartless kid, my dear.

I'm just a heartless kid, my dear.
And I'll break your heart,
So why didn't - why don't you
Why don't you stay well clear of me?

Mark Heathcote

My Souls Away With The Fairies...

My hands are not my own...
They tremble like the school halls piano keys
Whenever I see you alone!
Ooh, my souls away with the fairies...

Every time I turn and see you!
Ooh, my hearts in my throat;
And I just have to take a deep swallow...
Oh why does every song, I sing misquote—me!

Ooh, why do I avert my eyes?
Almost in dread, even though, I love you!
More with each new dawn's opening bud.
Ooh, you are the world. and I'm not lying...

Even though I'm pitched motionless towards you
I feel like I'm hurtling, downhill...
Under some kind of hallucinogenic voodoo
Without any postponing brakes!

Whenever I see you alone!
Ooh, my souls away... with the fairies...
Oh am I'm poisoned with a root of a mandrake
Ooh what's your potion is my heart about to break.

Ooh, my souls away... with the fairies...
Oh I hear piano keys
And feel a tightening in my throat:
'As for the first time' I learn to speak, "Love".

Mark Heathcote

Tonight The Wind Is A Bone-Cutter

Gnawing away; at any internal natural peace.
Any muscular sinew that hasn't fallen-
Off the bone and still begs for release
`Is discarded dropped to earth like a dying petal?
Ah, now hear the wolf cub's hungry howl
He, who is only a playful maunder,
All gums and white needle teeth!
Who hasn't had the last bite of a black-cherry?
Just to find a pit, a stone, beneath the sweet.
And so you and your master can't be released.
And why because its howls are heard
Roaring, rigorously, after you; its royal lions, share!
Not so long ago, I was his, only brother!
Holding fast; like a tiger.
On the back of his sliver-sleigh,
His sky-blue chariot
But now I've found a pass... through the mountains.
He wants only to tear the hide off me back
He's not out here to play.
Tonight the wind is a bone-cutter.

Mark Heathcote

Emanations'

Emanations' embrace us...
Internally, but not without-
A few sapiosexual hats hoodwinked.
Yes, these vibrations tantalize us...
On the cusp of a libidinous, dream.
Yes, translucent lilies unknot within us.
They ache as their flower towers wax raceme.
As their petal openings tremble aflame.
Whilst wild, butterflies aflutter ...
Enthralled within these awful desires disclaim.
Their feelings are just pure theatre!
As rank perfume—spells beholden us... all...
Like that first pressing of the vine
Laced with dewy liqueurs divinity divine!
...Sopped-up by the sweetest emanations'...
Tempered and tapered in horizontal assignations...
Ah! In graven lips—the tongues leafy itch is fulfilled.
The gravestones grassy knoll lips less we kiss.
Oh how cannot our lips our skins tremble at—this,
The flowers celestial, astral, eternal, bubbling, bliss...
Oh, such emanations terrify ... us?
Beguile us? To be honest.
Only in secret does it come to this... nothingness...
The nothingness...
We imagined that couldn't be meaningless.

Mark Heathcote

Elves Came To Shake Awake The Bluebells

The elves came to shake awake the bluebells-
but first, they'd to leave the warmth of hearths.
It was a tiny hamlet covered in snow.
Hidden-ever-so-well from grizzly trolls.

O, how the Elves dance and played-
within the memories of-a-distant glade-
then went home brandishing a blue jewel.
Sailing back-on-an-upturned-toadstool.

They sang, emptying their hearts gold.
Like a wave, they waved goodbye
to-a-distant glade. Tears uncontrolled
like a wave, they waved goodbye.

O, with a heart of winter struggle
they headed home weary but happy
they climbed the mountain entombed-
in ice; to sleep to dream and snuggle.

Knowing butterflies would begin to flutter
flitter and moths are dreamy-eyed;
to discover a new star - a new lover
'so it is we are left breathless to preside

As elves - bluebells break their woodland cover
where Elfish men are ever so well hidden.
O Shangri-La in their bunks, in their hearts-
taking, another dignified, doze by the dozen.'

Mark Heathcote

An Ocean Without Parameters

What is this Eden they all talk of?
Who can recall that old proverb?
A bird in the hand,
Take these humble, beginnings

Isn't the throbbing of a breast?
A firebrand: the brocades, broach?
A flower, burning with; hot desire.
What could be more meaningful?

What is the meaning? The meaning
Of eternity—
Without; time or place?
Like a musical box, without music.

Or an ocean without parameters,
What is this driftwood, existence?
Life without end: without death.
Without meter or rhyme!

Surely heaven has no sustenance.
As subsidence, only creates gluttony.
'It's endless, unquenchable, greed'.
Surely our appetites wouldn't exceed

Their entire confounded constraints.
And, then what non-mortal loathings
Would we be, in this Garden of Eden?
Dreamed; unpardonable, and yet free.

Mark Heathcote

Shadows

What is the size of a shadow?
Projecting, quadrupling its sinister size.
At close quarters who knows?
Could be likewise a sea monster!
Said an old; warty-sage in prose.
Why it's a serpent, something to conjure-
Up and swallow you down whole!
Cogent! — under your hammocks bed,
Worm-like! Said a disparaging vole!
—So what's to be done?
For an independent; measurement then
Well, use what you have of your noggin,
Little child—then, take a long-
Introspective, look inside, and then-
Try and decide.
Just as sleep, closes our eyes.
What's this voids awesomeness,
Nothing..? What's random about, emptiness?
This vacuums inner movement in space?
In full, perceptiveness,
Prescribed to our inner sleeping eyes?
Ever wakeful is it or just a dreamscape?
No bigger or smaller than a shadow.
Appearing and disappearing
Why do your eyes remind me of the universe?
Having just; exploded with an outer-ring
Of darkness,
And a heart still filled, with stunning blackness.
What is this opaque whiteness?
This Invisible indivisible glue that surrounds us
Who is it, n those shadows, watchful of me, and you?

Mark Heathcote

Passionate Kisses Under Nail Of Coffin

The suns laughter corrupts
each immaculate blossom,
Each molecule now erupts.
Is a honeycombed; chasm.

'Therefore it begs—if, solitude?
be mine. It then again; welters
into calmer, subdued:
...transcendental... waters.

—Of course, let the stars
-command you to listen.
'Let sea waves their shanty-sitars
play for 'the shining one' 'Helen'

-of Troy, for if Zeus can lovelorn,
transform himself into a goose.
Mate with Nemesis and produce
An egg from which; Helen was born.

'He who says—dine with the fishes,
above or below you, in dramas—
Up-front or behind you! will remind you!
but for Him, who'd recall, hot Apollo'

'He who commands you to listen.
Commencing; with a zillion stars.'
'He also laughs in your face, questions.
Passionate kisses, under the nail of coffin.

Mark Heathcote

If Only The Stump Is Left

If only the stump is left.

Its remains will be of a reminder!

"To all, it gave some point of shelter".

A dark—foreboding, fact, points

"To some arrow of light, that raised it
out of this; forest of forgetfulness'

"where it shone a green crown emerald
with its steeples darkening—mossed.

"Stark as any granite gravestone...

at anyone given, point of time! "

it's a blatant reminder, that shows—

we too haven't many more of those...

discarded, yesterday's remaining,

root gnarled; now there's a-void

a pinnacles dark foreboding, fact—

"Emptiness has sunk lifting some latch".

"Now there's an empty doorway to fill".

Mark Heathcote

Who Shares Your Heart By None?

Love and lovers
are endlessly at war
their battling is endless
With carefully placed, trenches.
And landmines to maim!
or else calling for an end, a truce,
a cease-fire or total
out; and out surrender.
'It says love be my prisoner
my cage and my pastor
love take this here gruel—
and show no' disobedience.
To your lover's rule of thumb,
add your virtuous love,
virtue needs valour
to pump its blood
but discretion is the better part of valour
shown in equal force by one
who shares your heart bar none?

Mark Heathcote

The Hardest Shall Adhere

All for but a few,
death is a foe!
but don't they know?
He can't be slain...
or beaten like a dragon.

Yes, he may be returned to his cave.
But, expectant or not...?
he'll return with his fiercest flames.

'Then like a mahogany tree in autumns fall...
even they the hardest shall adhere to his call'.

Pent with an Acers leafy fire...?
Even they into all His glory then expire!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Serpent Of The Wind

'You would like to melt
as does the snow...
and with the root
of the wind, part tethered
to your soul—let go'...

'You would like to sing.
...His heavenly, halleluiahs!
you would like to 'Dream-drift'...
and agree in full, concordance'.
'You would like to melt-
as does the snow...
till melting, or drifting—you!
you have neither feet nor wings.'

'Hells serpent with the root
of the wind, part tethered
to your soul—whom for you pulls...
this fulcrum, lever—over
Over when it's time to'
let deaths-burning-poison-arrows flow'.

'Who gives you the recompense?
When; your headstone is over rolled...
Rattlesnake, who gives you!
the run of the road... in full, concordance
Of desert; tumbleweed to 'Dream-drift'...
And melt away... like virgin snow.

Mark Heathcote

The-Likes-Of A Desert Sea

What is real? Ask the wind
the wind can raise an ocean
and topple a gigantic tree.
All things pirouette in motion
The-likes-of a desert sea.

But for all His power
Has-He-ever-really been, seen?

When all our efforts are mete
One-hundred per cent, what can we glean?
What is real? What is, really real?
What is real? Ask, ask the bee secrete
in His hives honeycombs, heartbeat:

Ask the wind
about the flower
about his eternal, invisible power
the wind can raise an ocean
and topple a gigantic tree.
All things pirouette in motion
The-likes-of a desert sea,
The-likes-of Him in you and me.

Mark Heathcote

Ice Sculptures

I could carve you up like an ice sculpture.
Dissolve even the merest combatant shard
And disembowel all your surplus fears
Momentarily, I could have embraced you
Before any melt-waters again; receded.

Or loosened their anti-freeze frigidity.
"Even if for just a short while; these two,
Continental plates could meet:
Plateau—in their lustful differences.
And cross... these hot fords together".

I'd like to make you
One of my newest ice sculptures.
"And freezing, freeze once again.
Join—polar-south to polar-north".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wouldn't That Be Exquisite?

To take the law—into,
Your own hands—at times,
Now chaps! Think!
'Wouldn't that be exquisite? '

To murder—and feel nothing
'Nothing for that evil merchant banker'
But a poignant scarlet track of blood:
Drip! Dripping from; your trigger finger.

Dripping down a; runny-wet palm.
... Undoing their bidders' propaganda.
With the same said liberal impunity.
Regulatory restrictions
Oh—so they too go' off-limit?

Well, so let us: let us...
Undo their entire tax, programming budgets.
Fill in their Hedge-fund gaps with bullets.
Let's revolt, and have our own little revolution!
Take it all—back! ...Back to nature's law.

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth
Should cowardice break her reigns?
Riotousness and Righteousness'
'Could again; marry Mr Propitiousness.'
And homely will be his life with one lady,
Who possesses one of all three Charities?

Mark Heathcote

Clinging To A Little Earthly Soil...

This life has graced me
with the tears of an ocean,
till not a drop more
could be wrung out.

In pain-pleasure or sorrow;
so now I am left to steal
lie or ergo borrow;
in a desert what-still-stands?

Clinging to a bit of earthly soil
every living cell and grain
that slips back into the spoil
has magic therein contained.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Hermit Crab

'If I was a hermit crab,
in a shallow rock-pool.'
'I'd be contented as can be
this distance from the sea.'

'Everything, else would be
superfluous to me
there'd be no reefs; see-
either above or below me.'

'I could be that great-White.
Abiding without; inherent fear
I'd maroon portions of time,
no one else could come near.'

'Solitude would be mine.
But oh, so-lovingly, my dear
I'd call this heavenly coastline
ours and heavenly ...I'd steer.'

'Sideways on pins and claws
love, I'd be the happiest crab
listening to the seagull's guffaws
a clubfoot, amputee
it wouldn't matter to this devotee.'

Mark Heathcote

Today It Has Music Tomorrow It May Not

"Love, love is always, whistling goodbye.
Today it has music; tomorrow it may not:
But we haven't the taints of a lilac bruise
For us, its music isn't the windchime spry."

"Too high too ruffled, too at home to roost.
Today it has music; tomorrow it may not:
Even so, tulip-trees shall rock—in their mews,
In all directions, love shall sing, sing seduced."

"For us, it's whistling hellos or goodbyes—
Seduce." 'O' love is always, whistling goodbye.
"For us, its music isn't the wind chime spry."

"For us, it's whistling hellos or goodbyes...

Aren't just the beginnings of faiths teachings? "
"Teaching us; we to have wings on which to fly."
"It is for us, it is for loves first; fledgeling'
Sky-borne flight, flights that never say die."

Mark Heathcote

Dam Waters...

O I can see in your eyes this humility
Disaffected, blinking, blindly, back
a deep disappointed, disappointment:
together through tears, they're both
looking at me; looking right through
what they once saw as me being true!
they're like grey-living marbles of ice
now that I've cheated on you

O I tremble in humility—when I look
at you; but how true are my wounds
when I compare the cuts I left you.
O the dam waters they're still holding-fast
but they're now being to breakthrough
as the hunger for your love
is garnished with hate and peppered
with this malaise of what we have lost
together that may never have been true!
worth the effort to save

O I can see it in your eyes my humility
O as I tremble in humility—when I look
when I look
at you: but how true are my wounds
when I compare these cuts I left you.
O the dam waters they're still holding fast
but now they're being to breakthrough
as the hunger for your love
is garnished with hate and peppered
with this thorny malaise of what we have lost
that may never have been true!
worth the effort to save
I still have to say, I have and did love you!

Mark Heathcote

Crying On Death Row

If you ever see me again
I may be crying on death row
frightened there's maybe,
no more us 'again' tomorrow...

O if you ever see me again
You'll maybe just hear
a howling siren's wail...
as I hit, this here 'panic button' here!

Somewhere deep inside my heart
these ifs are like a shark's fin...
cutting silver circles in...
a bloody field of love:

O I'm seeing visions of you
O where to begin; when I see
ghostly reflections of kiss and tell
of all the things, we use to do.

Love, I'm in a prison cell...
I'm drowning in a sea the depth of hell...
Listening to those lonely, echoes
of a conch shell...
calling me like a proud seahorse home!

O I'm seeing visions of you
O I'm seeing visions of you
O where to begin; when I see
ghostly reflections of kiss and tell
of all the things, we use to do.

Mark Heathcote

Reggie Song!

O did a tear make this ocean
O did the mildew and moss
form this an island crust
and then did the earth
its vegetation...
make all, all, all of us...

But where came that tear?
that manufactured all this...
my brother and sister! ! !
but where came that tear?
that manufactured all this—rust...

O my brother and sister
don't mistrust—learn to trust!
follow your passion...
and don't question why?
your lusts make you cry!

O didn't a tear make this ocean
O didn't the mildew and moss
form this an island crust
and make the two of us?
its vegetation...
(it makes it makes all of us...)
my brother and sister! ! ! #
that tear in the sky! ! !

Mark Heathcote

Past All Remembrance With You

O I'm looking for something,
past all remembrance
Cutting through a field
like a plough, I hear
a church bell?
an old crow like a harpsichord...
furrow... after... furrow...
until—I hit. An old solidified, bough!
that is no longer!
no longer! the yolk of an acorn.
No longer! a green sapling, spire!
oh, honey...
oh, honey...
oh, honey...
how do we choose a bow?

a sapling yew! here... here... here...
there is only some old bog-oak ...remains,
a black ore kindling...
where some scarlet red dragons
long since died
scorch the ground
praying to be unearthed
and put to flames...
in a clearing...
for pastures—new!

Oh honey...
Oh I'm looking for...
Oh, I'm looking for...
Oh, I'm looking for something,
almost mystical in you!
Oh, I'm looking for...
a knight to rescue ...my heart ...again.
To the sound of armour!
to the sound of a church bell
that same old same
with... you!

O I'm looking for something,
past all remembrance
with... you!

Mark Heathcote

'On That Mosquito Dusk'

O what will—come
of the hammering, chiselling, the light of death?
when each wood shaving petal has fallen
when the body of the lamp; has no more breath
To push-out; oils hot-air! ...at what is, remaining.

What will become of that listless tree moth?
When the sun shrivels-up, 'on that mosquito dusk.'
Whose blood shall then clot against a cheesecloth?
For him who is asking for nothing, but taking, everything

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cavalcade Of Flowers

In my heart is a cavalcade of flowers
each with a single root:
each point baring a bandanas lance
at the first of summers many full-round fruits.

Oh, joy! the joy of a loving torment!
that hanging grape upon the vine-
that virginal moon sitting in her convent.
Who isn't barren of the facts, she'll be 'His, or mine? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Testimonies'

Wave on wave these houses
yearn each for their testimonies'
their sepulchres shovel—tick tocks
In the moonlight, midnight, back to back
In one of those; deepest unpicked locks—
only a poet Houdini might be equipped for.

Stretching, elongated sideways,
like an old oak coffin lid—cradled
with him inside it: he takes a peek outside.
Beneath; the heavily backed maroon drapes
dawn's light defuses, within his strained eyes.
It flusters with those exposures, innermost:

Those drowning, porous, expressions
How sadly, longing his bloodshot eyes
Dispel those spacious vacuous mysteries
That comes eternally too him only.

In black and white
Just as alarmingly, damningly, annoyingly,
as when a bats wing on a'
Stars beam ashen gets nipped in the bud.

Mark Heathcote

Death By Electrocardiogram

I have tempered thoughts to dreams
Like eels have swum polar-oceans apart.
Far beyond the clutches of steel tongues,
They've hidden cavernous beneath boulders.
With their salamander flaming torsos—
Bellied down under; burning coals.
"Here they've turned over loves last copper
-leaf of the ECG machine; on a night the sun
Is no longer, asphyxiated by quizzical kisses".
Nor strangled or nurtured by a promise.
Here—Apollo whispers in my ear—sleep not.
For even now the moon coverts at least half the night!
There are stars—upon her rind hot and shining,
There are orbs of unremitting light.
But, then the electrode switch is hit
And all memories of birth, life and love,
Are permanently destroyed, erased from a dream.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

This Daylights Love

Alone with her loneliness, she'd placed
In a darkened segmented basement:
Under her eyelids her impassionate prey.

Was had she not grown quite nauseate
Of being a moth beneath iron grates:
She'd long given up on bat-like wings.

But for her insular lusts of blood I tasted.
She'd have 'Love' stoppered affordably bottled.
Poured from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

There her personifications of a nude fresco
Lecherously, joining us in this vampirism:
Would buttress against us her kissing.

Sleepovers in a velvet casket of stars
With her needs ancient as a pagan forest.
That longs for the starlight's faucet fix.

So her emotionalism's tap' runneth over
As she reaches up from her foundation's root:
Night butterflies fly-out: This daylights love
This daylights-newly, amalgamated lover.

Mark Heathcote

Daylight Love

Her loneliness she'd placed
In a darkened—basement
Her eyes had grown quite tired of,
Tired of—the cellar its grates
She wanted his blood spatters
Of love to stop, dripping,
And pour down the cellar walls
Like a scarlet stream of moonlight.

She wanted a new seeping dawn
A velvet casket of stars—
She needed his suns warmth,
Leaching, suckling, vampirism:
'Needed the sunlight's faucet fixed.
So her emotionalism's tap' could runneth over...
And fill the night with 'daylight love'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Niagara Woman (Song...)

Every hurt consoles me
Every hurt consoles me with a new devotion!
So wont yah join me in jumpin-off these waterfalls...
Niagara woman—there's no such destruction!
As a woman's Love, so don't yah roll yah big brown eyeballs...?
At me, I'm leavin town, now, so don't yah bring me down!
Niagara woman—I can't bestride yah tears river and rage!
No-longer, no-longer! No more!
But I can jump-off these Niagara Falls...
If all else fails... Brother!
Niagara woman—there's no such destruction!
As a woman's Love, so don't roll yah roll yah big brown eyeballs...?
At me, I'm leaving town, now, so don't yah bring me down!
O so wont yah join me in jumping-off these waterfalls...
Into my Niagara arms Niagara woman—there's no such destruction!
As a woman's Love!
O I am not goanna crawl or snake in through yah back kitchen door...
Like a sorrowful fool dog no-more, yah no-more, no-more honey...
Cause honey every hurt charges me with a new devotion!
Every hurt consoles me with a new devotion!
A change of direction!
So won't yah join me in jumpin-off these falls...
Niagara woman—there's no such destruction!
As a woman's Love, so if yah roll, yah big brown eyeballs
Once again I'm leaving town, so don't yah bring me down.
Or I'll catch that greyhound bus and leave this dustbowl town
Niagara woman—Niagara—Niagara woman, Niagara! Niagara! Woman,
I'll leave like a thief with all yah tears gone to the setting sun...
Niagara woman—I can't straddle yah tears and rage!
No-longer, no-longer, no-more, oh I've got to jump these falls...
Niagara woman—I've gotta console my heart and soul, woman!
And paddle my canoe if need be, if need be circle on barefoot the sands of
Timbuktu,
But, first won't yah join me in jumping off these falls
And paddle my canoe, fall into my arms, till I'm destine Niagara woman
To drown alone with you!

Mark Heathcote

Autumn Haiku

autumn—red and gold

her dress a prier—crumpling rose

trees bare—interlock

.
. .
.

emerging from the ice

and snow—a white swan—appears

'abject moon—thy sorrow'

.
. .
.

blackthorn—green branches



cascading amber locket—

after school Pep-talks

.
. .
.

winters fog lagoons

carp sedate break—roll like clouds

nearby—the city graveyard

.
. .
.

opaque damp shadows

-gleam in orange and red leaf

in storms—goldfish leap

.
.
,

mistletoe and holly—at

the Municipal graveyard

grasp the nettle—pure folly

.
.
.

chestnut pendulums—

they're good at playing tick tack toe—

pity gravity isn't fair

.
.
.

tears contain the world

-once spilt the rivers fed

— hearts ocean retreats

10/01/2019

wild meadows scent

succinct from anything else

one yard of silk...

the bridge stretches out

the pier rests in no-mans-land

salty rains cadence!

they verbatim to
suggest winds are destructive
Storms-eye peaceful

chestnuts gathered
baked on a roasting tray
scarlet robins dart

in celebration
let's dance till the banquet
Of opals runs dry...

Mark Heathcote

From A Neutrals Corner

...Hang up your gloves.
Those dark olive bruises.
Hanging around like
Wild garlic in a necklace
...Hang up your gloves.
Pick up a spade and garden.
See your onions grow-
Kid, instead of the rounds,
Blow by blow...

You've won. Won, your share
(There's no one to compare)
'Here have a red Comice
A Christmas pear
It'll help' sitting in a
-Neutral corner,
Wondering who is?
Going to promote, yah!
You're getting, old son.
Retire to the greenhouse.
Or play on the beach!
(Remember ...sweet success...)
And keep your head
Out of arms reach

...Hang up your gloves.
Expand your horizons
But don't parry on a barstool,
With the man on the street,
Take to the offense kid.
And ground your feet:
Find yourself a lovely girl
To love unanimously
And commit. Commit I tell, yeah!
And take her to a'
Mandatory eight-count,
Not with a faint glove mind you.
But with a sucker of a punch kiss...

Turkey Dinner

He wraps his hands around her throat
A candle about to die
Black feathers in hand practically smote
A daggers stabbing, bloody goodbye.
Then like her male counterpart droops wing
But not in courtship display.
Audibly, quills do shake, like foil shook-zinc.
Her tail now falls, briskly limp.
First, to one side, cries cry out from her heart
And then snood and wattle lay still.
Her life diminished all limp in her black garb,
Extinguished—with-one-last snapped shrill.
It's the Fourth of July, hot diggity it's
Independence Day; dinner is under the grill
Barbecues and fireworks and family reunions
And to all men on earth a little goodwill.

~ or ~

There are hands around that palpitating throat
a candle that's about to die.
Black feathers in hand practically smote
a dagger stabbing a bloody goodbye.
Then like her male-counterpart droops wing
but not in courtship display.
Audibly, quills do shake, like foil shook-zinc.
Her tail now falls, briskly limp.
Firstly to one side, cries cry out from her heart
then snood and wattle lay still.
Her life limp diminished all in her black garb,
extinguished—with one-last sharp snapped shrill.
It's the Fourth of July, hot-diggity it's
independence Day - dinner is hot under the grill.
Barbecues and fireworks, and family reunions-
and to all men on earth - a little goodwill.

Mark Heathcote

Love Has Its Damage

Love has its damage
Like a car fender gets bent.
And, headlights blink!
And disagree which is the way
Ahead:
Love is a road of new dawns
And midnight folks—
(A handful of spades
instead of hearts)
Love is a knight defending,
Your honor!
And, then the next—
Love is just a name-calling odyssey.
Questioning, should I take
This other opportunity
Love has its luck... A hope
Worth, every, lightning-bolt
Every cloud the world
Keeps on sending...
'Love, love, love has to
Find some way of surviving'.
Love is a boil
You're afraid to lance or break!
Because it's hurt—tells you,
It loves you!
And this, this, isn't the time
To use the cowl or dagger
Or join that lonely sisterhood...
As long as love still warms
You're coagulating blood.

Mark Heathcote

When Love Goes South Of The Border...

If I could swab your tears before there fall
Sweep away anguish as I did before
Dive and swim, within, your heart forestall
I'd happily drown each and every sorrow.
Conjoin our two souls, as one foresworn.
But, your ills are your own! So our love, ergo...

Shall spill over like milk in a source pan.
Passion shall cease any longer to bubble!
And lungs shall no longer fill too expanse
Or our true hearts love beat at the quick or double!
'If you can't or won't please try just a little'.
I'll not sleep in your bed, Asymmetrical.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Gentle As A Lamb The Entire World Airbrushed

The setting sun was a turquoise blue
Before, roaring clouds thundered through.
We played football, with a puffball fungus
When sapling trees shook with such, a ruckus.
We laughed aloud, at what was to follow
'Gulping in dust spores no time for sorrow'.
How the rains poured like exploding dahlias
Eyes filled like less than waterproof galoshes
Running like wild antelope, down a slope
The flowers underfoot downed periscope.
The wind rushed by, like a charging lion.
Its tail whipped the air like an enlightened
Well-informed ghost. Now suddenly hushed:
Gentle as a lamb the entire world airbrushed.
Smudged bedazzled us. Such is the kingly beauty
In the wild, wild woods, not yet knighted ignobly.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Oh Didn't The Year Fly By...

Children, it's safe Santa won't catch alight.
look the Yule logs now burn twice as bright
As is this warm spirit refreshed with ice.
Or is it granddads dancing - beyond price.

'Ding Dong Merrily on High' oh, didn't the year fly by.
So many tears and squabbles I-just don't know why?
Look, look out the window, Wow, the snow is falling.
Children, can you see the carol singers-hawking.

Filling pockets now 'stockings are empty.'
'Ho ho ho' where did the old sleigh go - Dostoevsky
So many things go missing or get broken.
Toys or sometimes play is verboten.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Am But A Shadow

I am but a shadow without substance
I cannot cling to flesh or the suns embers
I am but the flame yet not extinguished
I cannot dance amongst the moving waters
I am a harlequin fish with many rainbows
I cannot deny the liquid air I sit upon
I am a fly maybe with 3 extra chromosomes
I cannot deny either I have sisters or bothers
I am a puddle of reflection evaporating
I cannot deny I'm on a journey chasing tail
I am a goat forever butting and rutting
I cannot contain my breath or my thoughts
I am as lightning striking a weather vane
I cannot direct the weather or the stars
I am a ready-made suit being pulled at the seams
I cannot control the roll of larva or time
I am a mountain eroding downstream
I cannot prevent my dreams from this ascent
I am a river leaping over boulders...until
I cannot prevent landslides resting on my shoulders

Mark Heathcote

Full Breakfast

Fried bread, Lord, who's still not-been-fed
not me, a little voice said
who said that? A park duck
or some hard-luck Indian fatherless kid.
Eggs and bacon, God, is there no
red ketchup or baked beans,
hey kid, get up off your soiled knees.
After collecting that plastic garbage
with an iron hook in a cardboard box
whilst your mother's outselling her body,
with some pox-up jocks
hey, can we have some grilled tomatoes,
and black pudding and mushrooms on the side
I'll have a coffee over here! It's rainy outside.
Hey child - you'll soon be a bride!
A suitor for you shouldn't be hard to find?
Let's tip the waitress boys; she so looks suppressed
depressed - but at least she's got a uniform
and a collection fund and a council house
and at the weekend-she's-pissed and jocund.
Hell, I could eat another pork sausage!
Later we'll go to, The Nags Head
even-later-still, play some cribbage
the wife-at-home can wait at home alone.
I've got the waitress now to phone.

Mark Heathcote

The Mighty Have To Fall

Purges are needed in a forest:
The strongest have to fall and combust.
In order for the weakest the poorest
To grow - regenerate their lushness

We need a whole new subsistence:
A grass blade a head of green corn
Good footing in the sunlight's clearance.
The world isn't made up of one 'Acorn'.

Purges are needed in a forest:
The mighty have to fall and crash!
'Burn and sacrifice' the strong the plumpest.
The best growth is made out of potash.

Strangle like the forest-fig, let chaos
Rule! As they did, but know, that the sun
Shall shine that they'll lose their pathos?
And we'll renew our own fortune!

Purges are needed in a forest:
To make capital gains: We must digest
Their corruption, topple the unjust
Who, anoint to rule over us?

Mark Heathcote

If You But Want Me Too

I will shelter you
if you but desire me too
I shall lie alongside you.
You can stir beside me
and I shall be aroused beside you
if it's but within your soul
if it's but too within my heart
I'll stumble on your love in the dark
I'll unearth its ebony residence
and together, we'll turn that key
and open the loneliest parts of you
in the most-isolated parts of me.
And together in our hearts
we'll reside like the sun and rain
like fire and ice
like oil and water
but in a complementary role
like night and day
like Adam and Eve
you will be the truest-measurement
the truest part-of-me as only
opposites can be.

Mark Heathcote

Love Is A Window Starlit Bright

Love is a window starlit bright
And you are the moon
That encompasses its light
Thriving like a winters flower
Visited in the mystical—night?
You are a forest of melting snow
And all that's pure and white
'You are that lover's song in echo'
Of what God made truly right.

Lord, oh lord
She kisses me still
Prolonging each cold
-winters chill
The thaw of passing

Lord, oh lord
It's then she whispers!
Asks for the winds desires
In mine, burning...
Crackling... Ilex ears
Touch me not—just
In the next world:
And I'll like a feather rise
Like an attending angel
I'll kiss away all your tears
All your cries

Lord, oh lord
It's then she whispers!
As and when the winter raps
Its winter cloak
Around your heart
I will be there to warm
And shelter you!
From the cold and the dark
As sure as the fire
That burns eternal in your heart.

Where Does The Motion-Run

Where does the Motion-run
That Ticks From a Child,
Is there a Sea-Half
As Wide and Wild
As a Child's Celestial-Face
Is there a Universe
With a more Deserving-Grace
with Neither Essence Coerce
Where does the Motion-run
After the Judgement-Sun!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When A Child Is Born

When a child is born
it is but a blooded thorn
a blooded rose
pricked of flesh
and pressed to the breast in clothes.
Some say it is odourless
and Spartan of any remiss
but however-much-promise
extrapolates each individual-soul
there is always evil here at home.
Cancer which inflicts a heavyweight
that lingers unsettlingly to pollinate
the innocent whilst they'd incubate
and then, just like the rose
the black spot grows.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let This Pilgrim's Sin, Inaugurate

Unnerve! Mine-eye
That I might see
That hand that stirs
Upon an unequivocal sky and sea;
Lead me through that lowly pastoral gate.
Let this nomad's world abate.
His pagan heart that still incurs
A nonetheless same fate;
He who's nightfall is far from dark
He that a brims the stars black golden art
In his ordinance of grace
Show thy non-illusory, immaculate,
Stonemasonry, despotic, face
Unleash thy duel forked lightning.
Scythe mine nomads world, abate:
Let this pilgrim's sin, inaugurate.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tide And Chapel Brought Me Here

Tide and chapel brought me here-
on a midnight clear.
Here where the dews lay thickly mounted
here where seasoned hearts be counted.
Not for their pain did they suffer
their lost souls unto one another.
Not for their envy did they discover
the glory that lasts forever.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Lover's Vow To Spring

Love, there's an ancient quarry where bluebells grow
Like sapphires in the melting snow,
Like quartz-clocks, they tell the time in spring
If `ere you'd listen, you might-just-hear-them-ring.
Like a mountain Elysian blue spring,
Oh, darling, do you hear an after-ring
And if so take my own
For now, I have loved all our summers are postponed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Be Then He A Man Who Is Manly

I say?

If every man became more and more feminine

Where would go a man's androgen's masculinity?

Her surly desires would be less passionate and sultry.

And their heart's adrenaline might even chasten.

As fatefully as life is, once it's been flat-lined.

I say?

Be he a man, who is manly, she a woman comely.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Two Sharp Eyed Sparrows

Two sharp eyed sparrows
Playing in the muck
Looking into stars
See what they'd give up!

A crumb of bread
Thrown on the dust dizzying bed
This is what they'd give up
To feel their wings full spread.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Another Valentines

Another Valentines

Another day of roses and wine
And you will always be mine.

O, Valentine, there's more to this
Then just another passionate kiss
There's a lifetimes worth of promise.

There's that cherished smile
That loving embrace we merit awhile
Spooned together so lovingly tactile.

There's that language between us two
That no other will ever undo
Two hearts remaining forever true
Darling that's how I feel about you.

Love is a moment's word in passing
To be in love with you is everlasting.

Mark Heathcote

A Common Brother

Red squirrel your grey brother
Has more earthly power
Then you; in all your frivolous fire
He does wrinkle out the lower
Where you have climbed the higher

And this has made the difference
To the bane star of his eye
Where you; my red brother
Eat your last supper and die.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Jewels In Our Souls

Planetary grey-white stars
we keep in our hearts-
where we never returning go.
Unlike snowdrops returning to-the-snow
these stars we already know
are—our friends of near and long ago?
Their tears are too outspoken,
their faces like clouds unbroken.
These are the jewels in our souls.
These are the stars 'everybody patrols.'
Yes, ah 'these are the stars'
everybody holds within their hearts
within their planetary grey-white souls.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Loves Gainsay

She, love, showers me with kisses.
Rinse my soul of lustful wishes
Blossom but once within my heart
A flower seed your loves impart.

He - dare say I in loves gainsay,
We'll gamete-to-marry-one portentous day
The best man's orotund tones he'll interplay
With what-little-is-left our love has still-to-say.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Uniform Of Scares

A soul may tally to the stars
Like a badge of victory honour
But who will know of the wounds
And wear its uniform of scares.
Who will feel the icy lick of blood?
That pours forth a sucking flesh,
The lust, that greed, envy of desire
That makes us sinners blessed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Like A Little Pot Of Gold

Kneeling; I pointed out to my child,
Who really as yet doesn't speak?
Look" I said: the sky is wild,
And grey. Look" at its cheek"
Look" deep! The sky has many-a-ray
Many more colors registering,
Here today?
...Retuning...
...With one arm, waving...
He said: eh, err, eh, err, daddy...
He said: eh, err, eh, err, color, daddy...
Like a little pot of gold,
At the end of a rainbow
Wasn't that all... he said?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Distant Kind Of Love

A dove calls her mate on the moon
but a sea wind calls, go not too soon
for the night is young in-circles-new
the waves are rolling deep and blue.

So it is for you the world-was-made
to lift your feathers above the wave.
So dip your wingtips in the salt rock air.
Brave a poles Ivory stair; if you dare.

For it's here your true love's heart lies-
anchored beneath the lustrous skies
wave after wave, wing on wing,
the dove white-creature-clung, curing

Until the sun in past shadows flame
up and blessed the bird's dead name.
For the night is young in-circles-new
the waves are rolling deep and blue.

Wave after wave, wing on wing,
That dove white-creature sort to cling
curing - deeper and deeper
rolling - deeper and deeper;

the little dove flew-
to the heart of the moon,
to that part of the moon,
that could be a cratered part of you.

Mark Heathcote

O Child Of Mine Grows No-Older

Place your head upon my shoulder
O child of mine grows no-older.
Less life's platitudes make you stronger.
Stay with me a little longer!

Misfortune' rings her lowly bell
She's waiting there to here you, yell.
Solemnly she's genial but who should tell
She'd wish all that's virtuous smote in hell.

O child of mine grows no-older.
Then the stone Jesus Christ moreover!
Newborn, bold-over?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Pagan's Heart

In and out dappled-dew-wet ferns
his ghostly spirit glides
in and out of these mottled skies
beneath those blue bristle pine furs
where a fox cub has lain aground
here shall his heart be found.
Here shall his spirit's soul resound
in-the-quietude of bluebells mound.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Digging In His Vault Of Loam

Seldom have I seen a Mole
digging in his vault of loam
his hands unworthy of a prayer
as he lumbers above the earth
meeting starlight the midnight's air.

Heavenwards ever-so-rare
threshing, he makes a dome
St Paul's Cathedral is his home
a sacramental hole, alone
in his earthworm bowl.

~ or ~

He sits on a miraculous complex system
navigating cities of minuscule microbes
layers of mould and rich sediment
seldom do we realise how much our lives
depend on what's living in the dark.

Seldom have I seen a Mole
digging in his vault of loam
his hands unworthy of a prayer
as he lumbers above the earth
meeting starlight the midnight's air.

Heavenwards ever-so-rare
threshing, he makes a dome
St Paul's Cathedral is his home
a sacramental hole, alone
in his earthworm bowl.

And there beneath, his scratching feet
a metropolis community whispers
let's pull all these vanquished stars this way
we'll make their bodies out of living clay.
Give thanks to us today.
You moles interned in the dark that comes our way.

Cot Death

Aloft to my angel, my angel child
that winged my heart flutters with joy.
I wish to bring ye young one home
and clothe thy bones with flesh and blood
but all I have is gone, my seed in the grave.
Ye have flowered and died in the spring;
our little-winged soul is ye lost. Lost like sheep
when I count my dying prayers and weep
don't bleat child, don't-bleat
in the holy meadow, sleep, sleep, sleep
until that time again we meet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If Beauty Could Let Her Love To Me

If beauty could let' her love to me
like the white buds on a magnolia tree
what a nature in my soul there would be
what a freedom in my breast for thee
could I, in truth, set wing flung free?

If love were just an olive branch
what bodice of joy would there be
no chaste hearts lost-romance
no heaven for a wondering, bee
not for the likes my-love-for thee.

If beauty were plentiful in every cup
if every face wore a star's makeup
how miserable it all would seem;
how much like an empty dream
clouds in their thunder would-ream.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Joy If Heaven Is Perpetual Bright!

My soul is not undeterred to find
myrrh, frankincense or precious, gold:
a swaddling fever to run out the cold,
truth; dare not I, not; agonise-mankind.
Loves inflicted weariness so, undefined.
The exiled advocate, who leads his fold,
oughtn't a son to join a king that shined.
With a princely, unabated, breath of old:
Fondly do the stars not shiver out-time?
Doesn't dissembling winter's passage, refine?
Glories brimful, enlivening green and bold.
I err, to listen, to my soul until I'm-doled-
the sunbeams countless cuts-of-endless-night
more my joy if heaven is perpetual bright.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Old Summers Flower

Oh, where my rose
Shall I brier
On what fountains
shall I aspire
if you take leave
for somewhere higher
Grant me forgive me
An old summer's flower.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Lamenting Ladies

A lady laments a voyage of pleasure
And cornucopia, English, weather.

A lady laments a man's time for leisure
But never the daffodil fields of treasure.

A lady laments her chicken-wire home;
Believing the cockerels out on the roam.

A lady laments good-sparkling youth
But only half-hearted in truth.

A lady laments the political tool
But never the boy's public-school.

A lady laments the critic's eye;
Scorning only to whisper and spy.

But-above-all: what a genteel lady laments
Is that once lost innocence.

Mark Heathcote

The Gambit Of Heaven Above

Bring me the stolen song of silence
Passed between two lovers' eye
Bring me the white dove's effervescence
That I may never die.

Bring me the wings of an angel's heart
As might I to an ancient course take part
Bring me the heart-of-unlicensed love
Though it is the hinge that time never unlocked
Though told-the-door-would-be wide and unblocked.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Binary Butterflies

Love without the pain
What would be the gain?
What would be the point?
Should life never disappoint?

Not even once in a while
Should we not all be more?
Entrepreneurial and versatile
After all, many-people abhor.

Themselves to the core
Put themselves in that lower-
Quadrant bottom drawer
Love may have non-rapport.

But still, isn't it worthwhile.
That beguiling quarter smile
Feeling your hearts commotion.
Fluttering true loves emotion

Isn't it the sum of all these parts?
That shines in our hearts.
Like binary butterflies
Like E-M Waves
Isn't this a reason for sweethearts?
To fly together never to devise
In those ill-begotten, goodbyes.

Mark Heathcote

Be Like Wind Ever Watchful...

Outside the wind-inhales its own enormous-voice
But inside it's quiet, a needy crummy little-mouse
Bravely it lingers watchful at the window-door
It's self an ever-expanding-universe a metaphor
Hurling both rain and snowflake with an icy roar
The wind an unbalanced creature on falcon claw
You feel his bewilderment of flightless strength
You're a chasm he enters in a lonely wavelength
Be like wind ever watchful at the window-door
Be as the ever-expanding-universe-forevermore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Privy To The Wind And Tide

coastal waters tugged your heart
into deeper oceans moon-lit dark
but still your shores-ached new lands
new moorings beneath palm-wet sands
and yet you yearn for that first port of call
that line and hook of golden bait
that motion in the first wave's gate
that left your heart a squall.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Poets Well

The poet dips his bucket of thought
into the well of invading darkness,
thirsting a spark of eternal light
he drinks from his own reflection.

But the consumption is just a taste-
of that void of inspiration
where the fires ease and waste
before his true conception.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hummingbird

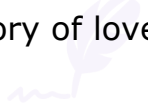
The hummingbird thumbs
A flower of thought
In its tongue
Of Indian ink

It sips and then spills
A thousand souls
Before it spills
It's own,

And piercing the wind
Like a mountain peak
With the weaving
Of a soul to keep;

This little bird brings us
Sweet pressed blooms
To incense us for hours
In the glory of love

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In The Radiance Of I?

When you gaze at your own reflection in a pool of water
That I that you thought was you has continually moved
For you are as a cloud seated to envelope a mountain
With just a changing of thought, you are as if a rainbow
On a path of the enlightenment, your true river is an arc
A waterfall reaching inward minerals in a universe of I's
You are an earth mother, a widow, a sister a daughter
You are also another's wife another's newborn child
You are a thousand unsung, unheard I's awaiting one
-Final burst of flourishing stillness in the radiance of I?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Faith

Faith has a keep
a castle, a mote
a drawbridge betwixt its middle.
Faith has-a-judicious
knight in prince
whose chambers remain congenial?
For valiant page,
and-hoi-polloi rabble.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Beneath The Cloy Mountain-Grass

Oh, come hither-my-Lass, to the hills-
where the gorge of the valley cries out
and sing, dance and shout my love,
for what this life is all about?
And if it isn't to be merry, my Love,
and if it isn't to be glad;
then bury me, my bonny Lass,
beneath the cloy mountain-grass.

Oh, gather-me-in-your-arms my-Lass.
Take-me-back to the sea and the stars
and if there's nothing-shinning, my love,
tarry with my heart in your lonesome arms.
For-the-waters all around me love,
are deep and dark, and black-
so if it isn't to be glad my-Lass,
bury me beneath the cloy mountain-grass.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

With Silk And Thread!

Folks that run with butterfly nets
Over the sun and the moon
Should not by their wings regret
The shadow of the loom
That clothed their bones
With silk and thread!
And hemmed their starlit-souls
With hearts that bled an inky lead
Like harpooned whales.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

When Sweetness Anointed A Brow Lit Eye

When sweetness anointed a brow lit eye
the good sense to look beyond the sky,
did he lift a withheld heart to weep?
Pasque flower-like in a rocky-deep.

Or did he dwell with a heart of empathy
innate with a life so rich without apathy.
Or did he with earthly colours-fling,
His heart into a bleaker ebony thing:

When sweetness anointed a brow lit eye
the good sense to look beyond the sky,
Was it then that he went indivisible bye?
And if so, O, my Lord God, why don't I.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Autumnal Princess...

One step further to the winter
Two steps further to the spring
The autumnal princess danced
On the silvery feathered wind

Like a lotus flower of pearl
She covert's the sleepy world
And soothes the mirrored stars
In reflective blue stone hearts

By piecing snowdrops of pearl
The oracle amethyst of her eye
Divides a world of brittle pleasure
An autumnal garden of treasure;

That within her lips of autumns gold
-is wrought to rest the woodlands fold
And on her pallid breast that humbles not
Shall be tarried a harvest moon forgot.

Mark Heathcote

With My Eyes Still Jaundiced, Blessed

The nights are so faded I fear each death
Each nocturnal shadow a day we have left

Each hemlock of passion dawn has to set
Leads-us much closer that wayfarers step

In webbing's tomorrow of a spider's eye
We'll glibly be tailored a silk suit to die

A carnal butterfly I'm doused in her love
Anaemic was her flesh I alight upon her soul

Like a pearl cocooned heavenly dove
In a wine sack dressed, I broke home
With my eyes still jaundiced, blessed

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Pipes Of Christmas Past

The thistle-down rises
On the north winds blast
Old Scotland calls the pipes
The pipes of Christmas past

Snow on the snow fleeced-land
Where the grouse run rich
With the golden-hare
Beyond the fox's caverns lair

Beyond the Mull of Kintyre
Beyond the Irish Sea
The pagan wood and the pagan tree
Is the heart world of Christianity?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

All I Can Do Is Take \ Share Of The Blame

Tears forever hoodwink and disobey
They vitrify molten glass to blow apart
Such is the principality they're cliché
Such is the hypnosis of a loyal heart

All I can do is take a share of the blame
Try harder still at loves petulant game

A raglan road weaves unto my sweet-
Lilly of the valley; mine own Colleen
Mine own princess soon to be queen
In Eden's garden fulfilled, replete!

All I can do is take a share of the blame
Try harder still at loves petulant game

Discretionary joys are a darken retreat
A delight loathsome in wailing torment
Pleasures enjoyment encoded deceit
Tissues of lies I need not circumvent

All I can do is a take share of the blame
Try harder still at loves petulant game

My love is forever I pray yours is too
For my heart is entrusted to only you
My soul has already now transcended
Holy in heaven; all is truly splendid!

Mark Heathcote

Finger On The Pulse

God, if I could nurture life
like a woman

what a tapestry of light
my heart would weave

ambivalent beauty
in a shield of light

if I could nurture life
like a woman
just like a woman

what a compassion
I should comprise to hold

with my finger on the pulse
of the creator

I would love you
or someone
like you Lord
forever...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Empty Minds Filled With Pride

Brainwashed, boasting of a nation's crime.
Each as naked as the other
Bereft wearing an army standard-issue-watch.
Counting their last few seconds on earth, before they all die.
Lying on their crotch
Empty minds filled with pride
Naked-to-a-suit,
Blown up to smithereens to bits without; good cause.
See their body's falling
In a blood-scared-land of fear
See their body's falling
Hear them call, hear them calling
'Who's the master' of my fate?
And why do I wait
And why do I want
And why do I wait
And why do I want to die?
Oh, bring me a white flag
To wash the blood from my face
And bring me a virgin
Of saving grace
And let love be the price
I said, let love be the price
Oh, let love be the price for peace.
But their body's keep-on-falling
Like seeds to the ground
But those seeds will never sow,
Those seeds will never grow.
Life, it's what you make it.
So don't go breaking
Your dreams of love
Your dreams of love.

Mark Heathcote

Darkness To Be Made Light!

Without darkness, where would the light be?

Without hell, there's no heaven.

Yes, there is a darkness to be made light again

Anyone who has not suffered from low self-esteem

or depression all know it's an endless fight back

to good health; black clouds flock like vultures

for the bread of our souls

and the flesh of our hearts

to peck out the seed of our visionary eyes.

But we wheeled an axe of our reasoning

an axe of own fortitude

it's our own minds' insight that threads the pieces

back together like a steel cable car bridge

reaching across the dark expanse of despair

this is when we begin to know ourselves again

all our hopes fulfilment, and who we truly are.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

True Love's Kiss

O' how lovely is true love's kiss?
Whose rosy wine cup lips implore
men's hearts into an eternal abyss
sacrificing their souls for-ever-more
till all but nothing else exists
but, O' a lover's fairy folklore
a tale of knights of yore
a tale-of-love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Through The Sorrows Of You!

Love is a sacred red rose
First, you must breathe its

Hot fiery scented clothes
And then passion-permits

Unveil your hearts velvet
Tear-ripped torment-soul

Be thankful not to covet
A vengeful idea to extol

A means to hurt afresh
The flesh of your pale flesh

The blood of your blood
Be thankful love imbues

An eternal flower bud
Flowering - once but true
Through the sorrows of you.

Mark Heathcote

Show Me The Distance To Your Heart

Show me the distance to your heart
And I'll journey to you
On a catamaran I'll sail
To your heart
Through a force 9 gale
Around the Cape of Good Hope
I'll sail to be with you

Show me the distance to your heart
And I'll be drifting homeward to you
Like driftwood could you rescue me?
From the flotsam of the deep blue sea
Two castaways we'll be
Oh my love and me

Only because its you
Do I want you to sail the oceans blue
Only because its you
Do I do this untold thing for you?
Oh show me the distance to your heart
Show me the distance to your soul
Love I'm under passions starting-
Orders to over power the starboard
Engine of your heart and soul...

Show me there's no need to disguise
The fact you love me
When I'm sailing through the vastness
Of the dark to meet you
In the light of my heart...
In the light of my heart...
In the light of my heart...

Mark Heathcote

The Family Tree

Old men cling to their gnarl-wooden sticks
And wither from the cares of the world over
Like apple blossom kissed silver with icy cold licks
They know there are no more days of clover

But from their flowering came the fruit
The seed of wane-blown family
From their branching water-shoot
A core of all that's good and Bramley

So remember dearly, remember clearly
The canker of their clay sincerely
Since they still warm us ever so dearly
With their glowing embers.
And sweeten our childhood, Septembers
Long into their autumnal Novembers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Woman's Love

When the evening light fades
through its lineage of blue
I hear an angel singing
and I swear it must be you

dancing in my amber
like a pearl drop of dew
heavens in my attire
and so my darling is you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Stained Glass Windows

God has turpentine the walls
and brushed out the cobwebs
and wax-polished the floors
but He always resists cleaning-

the outside stained glass windows
that filled His heart with light
even under the darkest throws
of some evil godforsaken night.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Love...

My love...

Air tastes plum sweeter in my lungs
in my mouth after a tropical storm
flowers lick deeper on yellow tongues
oil and incense are in art form..?

My love...

In the silent fluting tones of jasmine
blossoms pure as orchids open afire
as clouds recede like distant jazzmen
the seas harp goes on with its lyre

My love...

We are chained as slaves
Walking each in each owns reaches
Between the shingled footprint waves
Of times palm sandbar beaches

My love...

Oceans fissure pools of peacock green
tiger's roar idyllically entranced serene
Crescendo waterfalls foam the baths
Lead us breathless along paradise paths...

Mark Heathcote

One Man Of Absolute Care

One man of absolute care
an arid world engulfs me
in its decay and despair
but one man uplifts me
absolves my sin I swear.
One man enthroned to be
son and heir
whispered unto me
the Lord's Prayer
one man of virtue and purity
one man of absolute care
one man who couldn't see
a need to play solitaire
in this great love affair
swore his life to me
to save my soul I declare
Jesus to be
In the liquid air
I breathe!



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

I Knocked On An Earth-Red Door

I knocked on an earth-red door
and death let me in;
he spoke warm and soft-
about the log fire within.

And though I warmed to his charm
his company was dim,
so I shut the door and left,
drinking Vodka and Gin.

Singing limerick odes for death-
about the duties of sin
walking erstwhile forever?
'Til his feet made no din.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Room

A room of draft and shadow
of a cobweb tomorrow
and yesterdays of a thousand
-yesteryears yesterday's ago.
Fit me like a snail-shell
roaming around the gardens-well
oh, room of Grey December light
here my bones grow-dusty-light.
As light as darkness
in the night.
As light as a ceiling cave bat
with a hawk moth to bite
till it's dead, bit through.
Next to a cherry blood moon
I hover off the ground
like a creature that only comes out
after midnight and thank the stars up-above
for my life and a woman's heartless love,
and a room that fits me like a chainmail glove.

Mark Heathcote

The House Of Love

True love is a mirror
what you see
is what you get
and what you give
is what you'll receive.

Opposites mirror one another,
hate mirrors hate,
disappointment
disillusionment.
And-true-love, love,
love honest - love in earnest.

Earth and sky are one.
One can never be two,
two halves make one whole.
This journey it centres-us
like a fruit stone,
like a temple,
like the Taj Mahal.

The love we're-shown
is received
as our garden, as our home.
As our country, so gracious is
the house of love.

Mark Heathcote

Poor But Rich

Poor but rich in flowers
I lay amongst those stems
In them burning gem's

I hear my singing, child
singing to the croaking, frogs
sweet words-
of jangled, thought!

And time I have to laze
And read a poem,
That leaves me dazed,
In humble, awe!
I'm poor, but rich in flowers...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Flower

Where does a flower, go, father
When it has flowered,
Inwards or outwards
Child—it doesn't matter
All that matters is, is
That it has flowered
And took root within your soul.

Father shall it die.
When the ice covers it,
Will it perish from the cold?
Child—it doesn't matter
All that matters is, is
That its roots have entwined
Your heart and, you can never die.

Father—is I a flower too?
Yes my son, In the Garden of Eden
Father—where is this Garden?
Focus child, look around you
Inwards or outward
Does not this love un-bridle you?
Are you not a flower too?

Mark Heathcote

Ermine Landscapes

Running into the mountains, all children would go
with hearts aflutter, O there's a golden rainbow

and a pot of gold on a white ermine landscape-
of snow, where playful polar bears play

with Apollonian spirits roaring all-day
and a billion stars with a moonscape.

You can closely lasso, you can lasso,
and take your Winnie the Pooh,

do you remember this, too?
Or is it just me?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Raking Over Church Yard Cinders

That night in the churchyard I raked cinders
This way and that; like a Chinese gardener.
Rinses the sun's gold. 'Black renders lacquered'
Into green coals, honeycombs, hot pitchers.

There I see the broth in her eyes poking fun.
As I raked the cinders this way and that,
I am reminded of our hot fiery spitting spats.
That charcoaled my fires to the bone and made shun.

Like a shadow from the sun, like a bee from the rain.
And why with the job done. Did I let mosquitoes bite?
Blister and bloody my smoke - kippered skin, again
And again, I question, what's to reignite!

As the moon bequeaths its skeletal light!
Through the eye sockets of distant; lank-white-stars,
I'd perch a blackbird with my feathers alight
Hoping to find her old warmth's in the winds guitars.

Mark Heathcote

The Children Of God

Intelligence is a divine light
Glowing in all directions
Whatever torch it holds travels
Throughout space and time
And orbits, a spiritual realm
That transcends all elements
Of our; so-called knowledge
So that is why we are called.
The Children of God
From germ cell to a molecule
From mineral-to-atom
All matter and anti-matter
Can never be - destroyed.
So that is why we are called.
The Children of God
Whatever collides together?
Is transformed, moulded a new.
Each with the energy to energize
A star and cause a core reaction
In the body of that living star
Alive or dead, that star is you
So that is why we are called.
The Children of God
Your life's end - doesn't supplicate
No new beginnings end:
That is only for the flesh
The Subterranean, diviners climatic
So the rains decent is in order
Of his ascent to look over us
So that is why we are called.

Mark Heathcote

Emerald Eyes

Your eyes are emeralds
Soaking up stars in space
Between us; taking me
Higher than the stars
Way above the clouds.

Your eyes are emeralds
Ghostwriting my smiles
In the rain, in the rain
I learn to smile again...
Joyful taping, joyful
Dancing on the tiles

Your eyes are emeralds
With a devilish wink
With something to disguise
You warm my spirit, my soul
And curl my toes

In the rain, in the rain
I learn to smile again...
Joyful taping, joyful
Dancing on the tiles

Feelings like butterflies
Flutter to the highest climes
Oh hold my hand,
And I'll hold on to your wings...
And stare hypnotized into,
Your emerald eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Big Ships Sail Out To Sea

Big ships sail out to sea
But they can't hold my heart
Or harbour my soul
Since you travelled away

The sky is as black as ink
But it can't hurt or feel
As much as I feel for you
Now you've sailed away

Oh I'm bleeding in waves
And nothing can stem
Or staunch this pain
I'm feeling over and over again

Babe, I'm taking this breath
But I don't want to breathe
I just want to drown
In your arms again

Oh big ships are sailing
Sailing away with you
And the world is a conch shell
And all I hear is you

When you were willing to give
All I hear is a moment with you
Let the mermen wail
This is all I can say or feel

Oh I can't pretend I'm not
Drowning without you

Mark Heathcote

Love Is Calling Give Me A Chance

Love is calling give me a chance
Give me one more reluctant chance
Love is calling give me hope
Give me a minute an hour
Let me prove I can change
Give me a minute an hour
And I'll prove even a wilting bloom
Can live and fulfil a promise

Love is calling give me a chance
Give me one more reluctant chance
And I'll move heaven and earth
And turn all this flotsam and surf away
And switch on the sun
And turn this hellish feeling into
A kingdom of heaven you can depend upon

Love is calling give me a chance
Give me one more reluctant chance
And like a star I'll make your hear feel fusion
Give me one more reluctant chance
And I'll show you the real reluctant me
That was fearful to be just there
When you turned around for me

Love is calling give me a chance
Give me one more reluctant chance
For you and me!
For you and me!
For you and me!
For you and me!
For you and me!

Mark Heathcote

Lonely Footsteps Turn

But there's nowhere to hide.
Hope is hiding its light under a bushel.
But a heart needs to be - life-size.
When love finds you and your heart
still desperately alive!

So you curl up like little boy blue.
All prickles and indignation
filled with missed assignations
because you've loved and lost
and bitterness haunts you!
As the pain inside still trembles-

With what's hurting deep inside;
You cry in the secret corners of your mind.
But there's a girl who leaves you.
With nowhere now to hide
lonely footsteps turn
but this time there's this warmth-

Inside you a glowing ember
that can't contain, any-more-loneliness
anymore lies
now you've found me
there's nowhere no reason for me to hide.

Mark Heathcote

So What Has Become Of The Yard Bird?

The wind and the rain gather you.
Like petals in a rainstorm
So what has become of the yard bird?
That stirred the captive rainbows
To your and my fingertips

What has become of the rose?
That danced off her dew-wet shadows
And sang adjacent the jasmine stars
Sweetly scented at the first cut of hay

That lay in sobrieties corn circles
That lay in bed on this course way
A filly jumping over any such hurdles
Whatever happened to us

When did you slip through my fingers?
Like a broken rainbow
Like a rose long cut
No freshwater can ever save anymore

Oh, when did these chard's take thorn?
Was it something I did sadly wrong?
Like an overzealous gardener
Did I prune your rambling ways too soon?

What has become of the rose?
That danced off her dew-wet shadows
And sang adjacent the jasmine stars
Sweetly scented at the first cut of hay

That lay in sobrieties corn circles
That lay in bed on this course way
A filly jumping over any such hurdles
Whatever happened to my love to us

So what has become of the yard bird?
My pretty yard bird today...

Dot To Dot

Starting from the bottom to the top
Filling in the gaps from the bottom
To the top - dot to dot
If love could make the penny drop!
If I could feel dilemmas alarm-
Stop! For a second - but it
Hallmarks a churlish picture—
Hands groping with hearts radar
Hanging on three words aplomb!
Resting in the silence,
Like an unexploded bomb.
Starting from the bottom to the top
Filling in the gaps from the bottom
To the top - dot to dot - sex without love.
It's just a fraying lover's love knot.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Joys Of A Young Boy Are Simply Cruel

The joys of a young boy are, simply cruel
They'll take living things in matchboxes school
To give you a slightly squeamish example
I too once squeezed a tiny frog into one.
Oh the silent anemic guilt I felt after when
A limb lay detached like a discarded sandal.

Worse still I once watched a young man
In a shared B&B boarding house;
Manage somehow to catch lightning fast
Half-starved, a grey, little mouse.
He put it in one. And then, stamped on it.

Oh the joys of young boys are, simply cruel
How glad am I, I never attended his school?
In his middle age, much, much later
Death ...ultimately was a reprisal without shame
He poured petrol over his dear, poor sister
Set her a flame, fire to him was his elixir.
Vengeance, after all, is just a part of the game.

Mark Heathcote

What The Atom-Bomb Shall I Do?

'What the atom bomb shall I do? '
When I can't control my bowel
Or bladder to urinate or do,
That all-important number 1 or number 2.

Of course, you can blow the world
To smithereens for all I care.
If I'm wheeled into that nursing home
There'll be no airs or graces, I swear.

I will be better off in the sanatorium,
Blazing-mad, about the ECT chair.
Then saddled in an orderly routine.
'Wondering who the hells washing my hair.'

To be fair there's not much difference
In-here-or-out-there! There's no control
When-all's-said-and-done, I'm a nuisance
A-has-been never will be again tadpole.

Oh, what faculties I took for granted
When my wiring and plumbing were fine.
Such anemic-drunks, eternally, lauded
Laughing at the Alc/vol in their urine.

As being only 3.8 they're lining the bars, in
Care homes, less than prostrate like tenpin-
Bowls... Look 'there's that tiny skip again.'
Over there by the yellow soiled-waist bin,
So old chaps I guess I'm officially now done in.

Mark Heathcote

We'd Lie Atop The Mountain, Reminiscing...

We embraced the fears in hand, monumental.
Here mountains standards we came to climb,
We carved a jade path through the incidental...
Chain-mail dew-lit; frozen ice, there to smell the thyme.

Freshly crushed at dusk at morning sunrise
There's where we'd lay a throbbing, chanting, chorus
Starting out nervous, nothing else belies,
The way we shivered, sweated, yet, so porous...

After; love made low a wheat-field a gleam.
Taking on all the passionate golden-sun!
We'd rest in the silos multifaceted dream
Heavy, heady, with so much singing; still to be done.

Like foxgloves entwined with as many kissing
Mouths, we'd lie atop the mountain, reminiscing...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Misfortune's Usherettes!

Even when their happy,
It's with sour vinaigrette's
-Wailing and crying...
With packets of cigarette's

This leaves me to reflect
Why all these Juliette's
Whisper and misdirect...
Pretending, their sweet-

Misfortune's usherettes!
Why do they harbour deceit?
With a smile, select!
Of course it's a movie show

A drive in nymphet!
I only wish I brought a wetsuit...
And, had done with, regret
But their airs like morning,

Reveal a flowers coquette
A burning passion, longing...
No Adam of Eden shall nearer forget.

Mark Heathcote

Disappointment...

What have I done?
That is so undeserving.
I'm no oil-painting,
Or crying specula verse
I'm neither a mystery
Or something worse!
-Over or under rehearsed:
I'm neither rouge nor wretch.
Nor a purple plumed knight
With a damsel to fetch!
Waging arms on a burning bridge...
In flaming, shining, armour!
So, who am I then, I'm just me, so...
I'm sorry if I'm just disappoint yeah!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Teachers Pet...?

Love is a freelance writer
If you want my real answer
Please don't take dictation
This is only an oral examination.

Students aren't they impertinent.
'Oh how I long for the moment'
Just to teach them the rudimentary,
Facts: behind this supplementary.

Extra curriculum those abstracts
Cogent analysis, it just all subtracts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

An Angel Walks In Snowdrifts

On cashmere snows,
an angel walks in snowdrifts.
It's here she weaves no tracing steps-
wolves or roe deer trackers can follow.

Just-when-the wind has fallen-hush
downwind, she-watches-over-us.
Just as an icicle hangs in orbit, she hovers,
she glides and settles directly above us.

On a whispered thread-
the world is hung-upon-a-silent-breath.
The sluggish stopped heart stops to move on as new
as the wind and snow her wings flutter on a glow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Playful Fingers...

He kisses me like a caterpillar
Curling in a sun-aroused-flower
So playful is his desire his ardour
My carpel wishes are to enclose
Around that wincing thorn of pleasure
To entrap alone his stamens tongue
Amidst the sepal-hips of my thighs
Now to cocoon, locked, playful fingers
And petal wings together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Your Kiss

Your kiss is a rush of oxygen
That always leaves me smitten
Your kiss is a hot-air balloon
A helium bubble all-embracing, cocoon
Your kiss is the air & sky
Taking me on a midnight train to Shanghai.

Your kiss is a forest fire
A wave I'm riding in a heavenly gyre
Your kiss is a galactic vortex
In which no other magical sorcery can hex
Your kiss is a world removed:
Darling - who cares even if myriads disapproved?

Your kisses are like krill in their minions inhale
And like the sperm whale, I discovered my holy grail
Your kisses transport me
Into a fairy tale regale top and tail.
Your kisses transport me
Like sunshine in the morning, I'm dissolving
I'm, found!
I'm, found!
I'm, found!

Mark Heathcote

Art Beauty And Lust...

Her portrait has nobility,
A certain Je ne sais quoi
Yes, age has taken its toll
But, the lady is well-honed.

She could speak Esperanto's
Whilst removing all her clothes
There's a deeper perspective
Such, beauty oh how 'infective.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

You're Not Middle Aged Yet You Think?

Old age then your backaches
becomes a viaduct arch of pain
foundation's get subsidence
you lose 10inches all elegance

Inner thoughts your opinion towers
your judgments still acquire
unremitting unquestioned respect
old age is senile let's not forget

You're misunderstood, too proud
to listen to wear a hearing aid
yelling above the common-crowd
false Orange tan what a masquerade

A grandmother in her pre-war paint,
an atheist till age 78 still hitting the town
so I mock the aged and the antiquated?
'You're not middle-aged, yet, you think oh, you silly clown.'

Mark Heathcote

Clairvoyant Landscapes Moving-Yet-Frozen

Give-me-a-paintbrush to define poetry
all movements of a riverbed reflected
give-me-a-pen inks-flowing subjectively.
I'll show you spotted salmon swam swimmingly
to climb out the furthest-deepest-falls.

A poets-like a woodlouse's gnawing
away at life, from the marrow inside-out
what he builds places us in the quivering air.
A bridge over the void of space
like a spider weaving her web to snare.

Poets tend to live in Blue-John mines
in some mystical crystal hermits cavern
listening to the lapping of spring waters
they're like remote smokestacks lingering
on clairvoyant landscapes moving yet frozen.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Those Giddy Heights Of Lust

Palpable as the butterflies
Compelling us to embrace a kiss
In those giddy heights of lust
They obliterate each amiss.

Like-cupids satchet, arrows
We are windswept
Hasten to traverse and
Fall—head over heels
and not be sidestepped.
Like—dishearten heroes.

We brush against peeling ivory and
Imagine her in her vintage-clothes
In all her undressed-naked-form
Like mellifluous music
In all but her moonlit ambience
We imagine a compendium of ideas
In those heavenly chapters - bookmark.

Mark Heathcote

Anesthetized Shock!

People, people, people, today,
—Don't they all, but seem,
Accustomed to the agonies—
Of sorrow and shock!
To pain and suffering. (Today...)

'Today, they're only mortal comedies—
After all—as are all subversive—horror show stories'.

Just shrug your nervous shoulders—aback
And give out that tenuous frigid laugh.
To all this human cost
Spill-it-out like cold-vomit over their loss
'Over their bankrupt, souls torment'.

But—you know, I'm sure? !
There is still a shock that'll
Cut you to the quick to the core.

Just occasionally, even venomously,
If it's just outwardly, cowardly, and outwardly,
They're all still looking, deeply, anaesthetized.
(But I'm one-hundred per cent I'm still sure!)
There is still a shocking story that'll
Cut you to the quick to the core.

'THIS JUST IN... Some Breaking News'
'SOME PROFOUND... BREAKING, News'

Here's a modern-day horror story
A man's face is chewed—off
By another man—whilst being shot!
By an armed officer of the law—a cop!
'Now here's a question; where does this register? '
Why may you well think? I've seen Hannibal Lector

But, just you wait until you've seen
'You've seen the core, the face missing from the picture'.

Love And Rapture!

What can a prisoner say about his bars?
When he can't extrapolate an escape
Ah, I love you, but farewell—hurrah!
O let other I's within, permit my leave.'

Though in heart, I'll stay an outside visitor.
Question what is a key without a lock?
A jail without walls of small diameter?
Who turns the key to an open-shut door?

A door hinged without walls, ceiling, or floor.
Life then asks what dream-makers are for
'Death answers; love and rapture'
And all that is and is not for Nevermore.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Crab Apple

We've all sunken teeth into a sour ball.
Aghast at-its-bitter depths of beauty,
hidden to appal like human nature
loves no different than this tutti-frutti.

These golden orbs halve rouge with pith
their shrunken skull's a coffins core.
With a taste like a dead suns zenith,
O tang-of-death it's rancorous, tariff.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sunday Papers

The coffeepot has gone cold.
I can see it clearly in her eyes,
there's no more steam or caffeine.
Demerara sugar or cream...
there are no more shortcake biscuits,
flittered away, afternoons, with
silkiy discarded; nicker-elastic trinkets.
But thankfully, for little mercies,
there are the Sunday papers, and
lots of lukewarm tea on-tap.
But thankfully, for little mercies,
there are the Sunday papers, and
lots of lukewarm tea on-tap.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Antelope & The Black Sheep

I removed a wall
Brick by brick
Year on year
Stone by stone
And I did all this with a constant
Endless self-deprecation
And I did all this without doing,
A tyrannical untrusting man any wrong.
Any harm: Until one day,
His eyes lashed gentle his ears roof
Opened up his mocking mouth
(Into an unstoppable—
Avalanche...!)

Into an Arcadian mountain gorge,
Now, revealing a noble antelope's spirit.
A relief cave painting,
2 thousand years old.
And like the black sheep
Of a Nigerian family,
I was extended a welcome back into
The sweet savannahs of his African fold.

Mark Heathcote

In The Froth Of Life

It's here, a dandelion clock
is nodding in the froth-of-life,
it's here,
a meadow overwhelms us:

And all our early seven-senses
it's here a yellow rose is growing
its first buds, amongst an iron fist.

It's here our ankles weigh heavy,
trembling like two ship anchors,
docked in a harbour;
leaving two ports of call with a siren kiss.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Is This Life's Last Bus Stop

Peevish peeing on a 101 bus...
Down the stairwell in no rush
Where are you going - now alone?
Southern cemetery to excavate—
The marrow of a pelvic bone

A life out of—some oily shadow
Why, do you look so curt?
You're hunched-up shoulders
They're so laden passenger with hurt?
'Have you spent a lifetime?
Digging in the dirt'...

Where sir are you, now, going?
Looking so sorry, here, now to leave us...
Ok, time is a gauntlet of fear
As death comes ever nearer near
O elderly, shabby, gentleman
Then, is this your life's last bus lane.
Is this your life's last bus stop?

Mark Heathcote

Thank You Lord

Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
For all the stars in the setting sun
Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
For all the oceans rolled into one

Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
For the joys we're learning have just begun
Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
For the love, we're sharing one-to-one

Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
For every child for every grandson
Thank you, Lord, for all you've done
Thank you for your one and only sacrificial son.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rye Fields & Snowdrifts

She has all the whispers of a morning,
clothed in fog: wet with drenchings of fallen dew.
Whilst my perspiring body lisp's on a gallows tree.
Sometimes-above sometimes-below...she...

I am her Eden's fantasy; she says—O' I'll probe,
I'll bite when rye fields glow all around me.
When apple blossom orchards,
descend like snowdrifts, deeply to enfold me.

In his arms in his rye fields and snowdrifts,
there surely you'll also find me.
Cold to all other suitors, now till eternity.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Thimble Of Life

Our lord passes us a thimble.
He says eat drink and be merry.
He now passes us a needle.
And says sow me a patchwork-
quilt, as big as the world
let all nations gather under one.
Blanket appease; themselves.
With just a basket of gentian flowers
lying at the foot of that mountain,
above the clouds - and here
transcend your thoughts,
into a teardrop and let those-
salty pure teardrops pool
into an ocean—in which
A desert brings forth life.
And like a snowflake!
Melting on your brow,
I'll take on the sorrows of the world.
And hand you back to your old-life
less all its transgressions
less all its misgiving's.
I'll hand you back the thimble of life.

Mark Heathcote

Your Love Is Like A Pinnacle

Your love is like a pinnacle
no man could ever climb
but your heart belongs with mine
flowing deeper-all-the time.

Deeper than the rivers
running home to the sea
deeper-than-an apple core
that love you've given to me.

Like honey on my tongue,
like nectar to a bee,
like incense from a flower
that love you've given to me
will always be.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Wardrobe-Skeletons

The perils of wardrobe-skeletons
holding keys to abandoned souls.
And hearts covered with lesions-
rattling in self-confining ASBOs.

Be a self-abuse shadowy iceberg?
That prohibits all-natural warmth.
Whatever germinates into a stillbirth?
A trust, that's eventually abhorred.

Healing can only come from within
absolving it doesn't arrive easily
neither does the strength to forgive
who wants to act - reasonably?

It's skeletons that should suffer-
an eternity to loiter - unloved,
locked in their airless; lifeless, coffins
conduit ice flows, bumping abrupt.

Mark Heathcote

Caught Between Two Opposing Angels

One glorious summer's evening,
Out drinking
In an Irish Bar in a busy city center
I bought a round of drinks at last-orders.
As the last orders bell began to sound.

I thought it odd, people are leaving
In their droves; then the doorman
Said down your pint 'Mr and go.'
Or else I'll take it now, bro.

I protested and made him linger and wait
I didn't anticipate his burgeoning anger
Towards me or his unapologetic hate
Outside, I complained face to face.

He got aggressive filled with rage
He wanted to kill me - seriously.
I then called him a little-Adolf-Hitler
You should have seen how quickly he became enraged.

'It wasn't the name Adolf Hitler
So much as the word little
That caused him deep offense.'
He raised his fists, I got the gist.

And wasn't about to back down.
But then an angels arm came across my waist
And these gentle words 'come with me'
He isn't worth it - and so I calmly left unharmed.

Mark Heathcote

Love Without Sex - Sex Without Love

Sanitize your dirty thoughts and the filth on your mind
I might not want you beside me entwined
I'm not the maid - called to her master's ring,
I'm savvy and smart, and deserve better bling!

The footballer's wife, I'm not, I'm smarter by a lot
And, I major in what others have got.
And I have not! So don't take me for a fool
Take me to the nearest jewellers and make me drool.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Neighbor Come Calling

(A neighbour comes calling, this year

Banging on the door at 22.44pm)

'Did you hear that screaming?

Is it coming, from yours...?

Can you check; your outdoors? '

...So, I then switched on a backlight

And, peering through the window

And, saw two cats, standing

Claw to claw, and Oh, what a furore

There came with a tiger's paw.

Mark Heathcote

Love And Envy...

They've-colonized the world all over
But love is still a desert island.
They're like white tropical angel birds
Each pair's feathers twirled together

Sing over unsung everglades
Perched like twin heavenly stars forever.
As waves crash against the rocks mermaids
Mermen roar and evilly, conjecture!

How do we intoxicate the air of love?
Poison this ether and drown their hearts
Cool the heavenly mingling in-corrupted blood:
That sings of utopias clouds with harps.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Foreign Exchange Students?

They're all parasites, He says.
Fleas on His back and nape
his tridents tail His fiery mane.
They circle around His burning boils
licking their ashes - anguished dust
they crawl through the labyrinths
-of His eyes taking subway journeys
to crumbling monolithic churches
suckling on blood and brimstone
and fire! They call themselves,
banker's tourist asylum seekers
stock-exchange material world leaders
they call themselves
foreign exchange students?
Liberated economic market equity slaves
they call themselves the avant-garde
but they're all his brothers
His suckling sisters
His riving desires, His lust
flea-like rolling around on their bellies
whispering please 'Lord, save us.'

Mark Heathcote

Misplaced Ego!

I am a writer; if I sell a word or not
And if you people are my readers
Then I must be, hot to trot?
I'll make - paper out of these cedars.

And, lay waste to a rainforest.
My carbon footprint will be?
Ginormous, just-you-wait & see.
I'll be so damn monumental-

They'll commission a dozen or so,
Bronze life-size sculptures of me
I'll be as famous as Muhammad Ali.
Do the quotes, shuffled-like he did on T.V

You know fellow readers, I'm going
Global faster than internet cable
I'll be more read than Shakespeare
I'll marry a senorita, bedded in a stable.

I'll make all the coverage world-news
Simply by enjoying and sharing my muse.
Sorry I just can't put it any other way
So don't steal my thunder I'm-here-to stay.

Mark Heathcote

Crying For Her First Emperor...

Her tears mingle wearing his crossed-collar
Blue-silk blouse in bed
And, when they're dried, she's interned in clay.
With her terracotta army,
With her terracotta, stalwart, horse.

Oh, she's crying for her first emperor
For her first loves dynasty,
Oh she'll excavate - all those undeserving,
Others and weep, whilst!
Her stalwart horse pulls at the bit.

And until her - jade-black hair!
Turns grey and falls from its pine-cone braids.
And, rest on her moon, washed, collarbones.
She'll remain resolute! Warm in his robes.

In his crossed-collar blue silk blouse
In his crossed-collar blue silk blouse
Until one day, she'll be rapt - naked
Warm beside him; again in his loving throes.

But until then he'll be engaging in a war
Far, far out of her hollow weepings reach
He'll be trembling in his gun-boots.
Driving his chariots, over the rank and file
Of her dream terracotta army,
Sent to bring him back to her bed-chamber!
On a stalwart, horse sent to
Sent to... Sent to
Sent to rescue; him from drowning.

Mark Heathcote

Our Vases Were Filled With Wine

As our childhoods spun on a dime
But it wasn't the abstinence of tears
That made us into granite rocks.
It wasn't Mount Vesuvius...
That turned us each into clay-pots
So what was it, please... answer!
Well, look, look, here's the answer...
It's written on the back of that mirror.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

But As Poetry And Life Is,

My soul is a conch shell...
Too ladle a drying well.

My heart is an inferno, mountain!
But there's fewer and fewer ways in.
In into, hell...

Put side by side they look the same!
But as poetry and life is, god it's all just a shallow game.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Of Cause It's All Lies, It Always Is

Of cause it's all lies, it always is
Keep it real, keep it real, keeps it real.
But where's the substance
Where on earth are the facts?
They talk about clandestine wars
About anti-social crime lords
About Facebook ghouls and internet trolls
But it's us the poor climbing the walls
Of the psychiatric wards, trying to get in,
So they cut your pay, privatize the state
And the mess we're all in, they've put us in.

Their prisons are full, full to the rafters.
But, but it's not Jesus but politicians that baptize us
So they squeeze your pension-pot
Steal your life saving with taxes
For their own; lucrative forever afters
Of cause it's all lies, it always is
Keep it real, keep it real, keeps it real, eh!
Yes, of course, they give us tax allowances
Monies they'll just borrow on our future families.
Monies they've no right in taking,
As landlords of our worthless poverty!

Mark Heathcote

A Medusa's Calling...

As its translucent body rings-out
Under an unheard, jet propulsion...
Question; does it cast shadows?
Does its prey know of an answer?

To this rhythmic, Medusa's calling
Is it a death squad of little stings?
Why is it they, avoid shadows?
Contracting in the suns arrows...

Why does a bell without a gong?
Cause such alarm just wearing,
A sarong, swimming, vertically,
Diligently, towards the rising sun.

Why do they disguise themselves?
As a millpond ripple is it in order
That we shall ignore their riddle?
And, think them an innocent suspect.

Mark Heathcote

Fewer Nicks' No, Grey Upholstery

I saw a Volvo for sale for £300 today
outside a swanky refit McDonald's
all blue and chrome, without a home
square as an old 70s coffee table.

A thought ran-by-me it's in good nick.
Considering its age. Then I thought?
It's younger than me fewer miles
fewer nicks' no, grey upholstery.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Walk And Circle The Echo!

Here where the sun
And I am only a shadow
In a burst of onyx light
Walk and circle the echo!
That first gave us life.

Where hexagons cells
Stars unfathomable — atoms
Diamond the night.
In flaming baptisms
Soul frustratingly, bright.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hazard Light

Heavenly tears are gathering,
Awash, from left to right:
Our rearview mirror is darkening,
The road ahead isn't black or isn't white.
God hasn't made it easy on us
That is why we're driving senseless to his touch.
That is why we're blinded by a hazard light
That is why an earthly devil must choke.

Swerving O, I'm wrestling with this death
And Lord I can't seem to find the will to fight
The road snakes into the dead-end passageway
So I'm taking a swift right
To the hand of the redeemer
To the palm of my lover
O lord the hemisphere of the world
Will we hope to discover
On this starlit endless road tonight together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Universal Puzzles

If this universe is everything,
As rudimentary; as is a sum?
As $1 + 1 = 2$
Are the building blocks of life?
So profoundly, complicated
As $E=mc^2$ is or was at first to gist.
My guess is it's not, so why
Do we need a lightning bolt?
A falling apple ... on our head
Is it as linear as we're supposed to think?
Well, string theory has got me all ravelled up.
So what do you think?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Charge Him With A Pirate Infraction

'Shot drills are meted-out
Whatever's oppressing?
Surely we'll play it out of our flutes...
We'll find a solace'.
Wistfully, caressing...
Some heartbreak's; grace.

'Singing songs; akin to sea shanties'.
Like Barnicle Bill the Sailor□
Over beautiful sea-green waves...
Confessing, you, long since stabbed me.
O deeper than any burning stave.
O now I'm just a dead absentee!
A washed-up; galley, slave.

'Lord God I'm already long, since drown.
Beneath these tidal waves...
Darkening in the seas ebony; black boules.
And can't be saved...
From a pirate's infractions,
No more my love—no more—be saved'.

Mark Heathcote

God Is A Prophet Don't You Know?

God is a prophet don't you know?
'He said pick these here moon daisies
And chain—them—together—
Gather—and make merry weather'.
'A donkey kicks' at your hindquarter.

'Son, come hither - high or hell water'.
As a hermit-frog must break a spell
'Play a game of life, called, ticktacktoe.
My sons pay Hermes his alms rupees'.
His dough, until it's time for you to go

God is a prophet don't you know?
He's the preacher who leaves—word
Silently glimmering in the snow
'Footless ways, which way too, go
For the new life, he'll newly bestow'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Caldron Broths

This madness has me by the balls
it rocks me and rolls me on all fours
in her petticoat-furores
loves entanglement, has no faults?
No culpability, no caldron-broths
no angel—devils disguised as moths.
Love is a heat-sensing system.
A viper's nest, the colder one-feels
the more are disgorged, the more
it is in a deep disequilibrium
the more it repeals, conceals true ideals.
Loves entanglement, has no faults?
No culpability, no caldron-broths
no angel devils disguised as moths.
Love is just a heat-sensing system.
The more madness has me by the balls
it rocks-me-rolls-me on all fours-
in her petticoat-furores.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where Is The Harm In Looking?

Where is the harm in looking?

Beauty is a delicate blessing.
As baking is all in the cooking,
and in us, constantly tasting.

Where is the harm in looking?

See entwine the undergrowth
violet's singularly alluring.
See the dawn and the morning primrose.

I ask, where is the harm in looking?

For us to scrutinize, gawk at wildflowers
O sees the sleek green birch trees reaching,
its branches outstretch our time and space.

Touching the stars—every nook and cranny,
for us hanging out to gaze at every place.

Is a bliss girl not hankering to touch
girl, where then is the harm in observing
where-is-the-harm in-our-looking?
As long as-we're-not-picking or plucking.

Mark Heathcote

Mountaineering Ramblers

As a rambling, mountaineer...
Cling's on too his loves brazier
Vertigo dizzies itself on a cleft:
With one more push, inward.

One more outward—swing,
Out in and in out, out and in,
His mountaineering fabric peaks.
Slips off; another layer...

Of sepal rose green petal skin.
Loves pistil, white and pure...
Here his carpel summit sits.
With; another mountaineer...
Oh so ridiculously, rosebud small.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Road...

Love is a road you must follow until the end.
For what isn't in sight? Hold a candle to the night
ring-fence your heart - that it might re-offend
then be guided by that friend, love, which is light.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For: Edith Södergran

Inscribed ... In red granite
As clearer thought as...
Anything—Scandinavian,
Or any other rests upon a grey lawn.

Anon, it circle's a silent grave
Where once stood a blue forest
A single pine tree does remain
etched within, its timeless rings.

Her poems 'Love & solitude' refrain...
Narrow is my circle and the ring of my thoughts
Go round my finger.
This is the scorned, nightingales, bark to sing...

But, laughing-back from her bluest-heights
A pine lark road in heaven is ringed.
Inscribed ... In red granite
'Here - four of her last four lines.'

See here lies eternity's shore,
Here the stream rushes by,
And death plays in the bushes
The same simple melody.

Mark Heathcote

All To Show Some Self-Control

Boots on teardrops purveyed
Like a fort of guards on parade
Yet-still you pomade-your-hair
Shout-out 'Love' with fanfare!
And, cavalcade your heart
Only to garrison your soul
Behind a crumbling rampart
All to show some self-control.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Poem Holds Your Hand

A poem holds your hand
it whispers come-gather
these windblown fruits
eat of this sun's lather.

The bee stamens sting,
it's-like-a-gloved fist.
And, like the poet's pen
must die a little to coexist.

Vertigo dizzies itself on a cliff
like a blackbird in full song
the chorus is short-lived:
but it's-echoes-are-lifelong.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Up-Wellsprings Poetry From The Coldest; Deserts Hearts

'Up-wellsprings poetry from the coldest; deserts hearts'.
Where; blooms the most exotic flowers of all...
'They're dunes, they're zephyrs, and they're petals caul,
Wrap-around each sunset—sunrise subverts'.

'Yet, they're as real as any pollen-laden bee.
In the art of subtlety, such, interactions...
Deceiving as the moon, undercurrents the sea:
But, these ruses are finite, attractions'.

'They call for intricacy, a little mystery!
And of course, they all question what if, anything'.
'Poems are about: Do, they have integrity
Who'll balm just one soul, Lord Where to begin?
Each word, a sphere orbiting—another!
Let's not be over-analytical... my lover'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Prison Bars

What does a prisoner say?
To bars, he cannot escape.
I love you, but let me exit say farewell.
I love you but permit me some leave.

Inside his heart, yet, remains a serpent.
An unwelcome coiled guest sounds a hiss.
But unlike a stray dog, he'll not bark nor-
Snake through the undergrowth an adder?

So, then Lord, what is a key without a lock?
Or a jail without four walls
Who turns the key to a door, without-walls?
To a door that's-got no hinge.

No ceiling or heavenly vault
No floor or cellar-basement.
What does a prisoner say?
To bars, non-corrodible, he must always love.

Mark Heathcote

Green Unfurling Fern Frond

Imagine the world without any feathers
without an angel—wing-in-tether
what would be the calling of a thing?
Like a Turtledove, without a ring.

Imagine this world without a marriage
what needs, then us, of a horse and carriage?
The Hurst has been forever busy, as a bee
who'd want to buttonhole a flower upon me?

Imagine the world without any magic spells
what child would throw pennies down the well?
Love is but a ripple on a millpond
and time a green unfurling fern-frond.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Divination

It's demanding, even now in hindsight.
It's hard to see a connecting light
when it's apparent all around is night.
so who can foretell some hidden knowledge?
When enlightenment comes only to those
on a skiff afloat, on thoughts, past tense.
After a long interlude of inner voyage
who amongst us; can still be inspired
by that enigma of understanding, that
day follows night and dawn, follows sunset.
Divination...
sure is difficult, even now, in hindsight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Their Laurels Like Greek Gods

'At night there are moonlit slugs...
Whose ivory body's comet'
'Out of their laurels' like Greek gods...
'Alone' these horned demons'
Taste the linden air for life.

'A life, that's far beyond aerals.
Far beyond our, own, receivers'
'As they sliver' into the darkness'
A glow... follows in their starless
Path: Through these open spaces.

'A Journey is taken, nightly, blind.
'This is the quest' of a primrose hope.
'This is a ghostly, passage...
Into a virginal flesh' ...unspoken... for.
Such is the hunger of all loves.

... (Even that of slugs') ...

Mark Heathcote

Is It The Station Of' The Lost And Lonely Soul...?

Where is the peace...?
In the whirrings of my mind,
Cartwheel after cartwheel
Even in these depths of rem sleep,
There is no slumber.
...Dreams come thick and fast:
As the snoring, begins its thunder...

Why even now the world whistles
In the silence of this nightmare my lord
And even now, sleeping, hot-pulses
Race like a train, with a dead river
Onboard rolling through, empty-carriages.
O' now babies are being born ...wailing
In my arms awaiting, their mother.

'Lord what's this crazy station, called'?
Here where plastic surgeons...
Is working-out of' a dusty bivouac?
Doing, jigsaw body-part transplants.
With all these sights and sounds,
Now grinning, Lord, what are all these
Experimental insanities, for...?

□
O' am I just a mangy-dog running loose off the leash?
Where days blink-out of a bird-cage
O' here I see an albatross following me overhead.
O' lord, I call him my own Damien angel
But, lord he just walks-on the millet's of my life
Crushes it without morals, he's just a playful widow.
Making all kinds; of mischief with the living and dead.

'And, I'm just a red-flag, ready to fall...
Lord, what's this crazy station, called'?
Am I just a mangy-dog running loose off your leash?
Listening to the silence; whistling endlessly mad.
Experimental insanities, whistling's endlessly mad like a thief.
In my head 'Lord what's this crazy station, called'?
Is it the station of' The Lost and Lonely Soul...?

Mark Heathcote

My Love...

My love
I feel your love
Soothing me my love
In a molten wave, I am taut
Then like a candle I am tallow
Burning in a spiritual distraught
I am a living flame, I am a sparrow
Reaching for another dimension
I am an ethereal light a spiritual being
I am an astral bird, a raven
I am a dream dreaming
Truly who am I then?
I am your true love
I am your love
My love

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pray It Lasts Forever

Oh, what joy is love?
Pray, it lasts forever.
Dreams, hand in glove
one without number

Oh, miracles gather
like a true best friend:
believe as a gambler-
in faith; hope godsend.

Oh, care for that love.
That one precious flower-
break this fall, fall of a dove
when crisp autumn's briar.

Oh' leaves laurel her heart
nestle her serenely golden
in a little meadow, impart
take tree root sunken.
The moonlights chill, depart.

Mark Heathcote

The Silence To Lip Sync

Again and again, I just can't read
This world is too busy in its stampede.
Shouting and stamping, millipede
Stir-crazy-feet slamming gates
Coughing and laughing.

This world, it's just too bloody
Annoying, cars keep honking
Dogs keep barking and baying.
And the phone keeps ringing!
How on earth does one locate?

...The silence to lip sync
Too still the mind to think
To take in what is set out in ink.
Recapture the stillness of a dream once more
It may take until my death I think.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Request You Pluck A Flower

Rose petals are like butterflies
can't look much brassier-
beneath a resplendent-sky
but it's still endearing they live
and then ultimately-they-die
falling in their rhapsody
animal or mineral?
Their accomplishments fulfil-us
with living desires ever-zestful.
You request a piece of my heart
and internally, I blush a flower
seeded into rosehip's glow.
The whole world must be generous.
What more can I convey,
nothing is ever really lost
inside a flower bud, the souls' pupae
must unfold its satin-delicate wings
and one day must fly away,
believe me, here-don't-inveigh,
I request you pluck a flower.
And say heaven isn't a perennial
blowing underfoot in circling whorls.
Each dandelion isn't just a childish clock
blown across a mother's floral - frock.

Mark Heathcote

Silence

Silence - please do tell
how will I learn again to sing
when my heart is as inaudible
as a waiting-city doorbell
for that special someone to ring
for that guest I know won't come-
only too well won't ring.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For Like A Flower Devises

I held her close in my arms
for like a flower devise's
I became helplessly captivated
in her litmus blue glances.

Each wink of an eyelash
becomes a Venus-flytrap
a lure of honey withheld.
One bite of her lips a mantrap-

Befalls all ... entreated to her charms
for her beauty is such,
all your abstinence disarms
for just one longing touch.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Criticism

Criticism is a difficult thing to take.
When people do, do it
With such honest bitter irony
I often think to myself, it's.
It's because they've none
Of the artistry, yet have all the tools.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Potter's Wheel

I've put love on a potter's wheel
and applied it with a sprinkling of words.
Shaped terracotta like a goldsmith,
held their bars, their molten innards.

Their bodies are ingots, shimmering.
Pictures framed, with a touch of gold leaf
till like the climbs of a silver moon
they're etched in a hoary clouds relief.

Sculptured like melting snow
I've felt their pearls slip back on the necklace.
And like a tree of blossom
all are swept into an ocean, powerless to return
Like a vessel smashed into a million pieces.

Where somewhere in the distance
another potter's hands with reverberating laughs
goes about reshaping every grain of sand in the hourglass
in prayer sits smoothing
vessel upon vessel once ruined in too pure a light.

Mark Heathcote

Then A Believer You'll Make Of Even Me

With love, we write on water
And cherish the wind
With love, we are the phantom
Without a voice longing to sing
Without love, the mountains soar
And the sea in a cavern screams
How can you make music without me?
I am your lungs - fill me!
I am your homeward journey
How can you exist without me?
Show me your flesh on fire
I am but a schism you must leap
I am but a small chasm
On the cheap side of your heart
Show me your magnum flows
And runs much deeper than any sea
'Then a believer you'll make of even me'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hope Gardens Every Whisper

Hope, gardens every whisper.
Every thought, every flower
a brocade of desire
like dew-fall, they are there to wander.
The landscape of your dreams
to filter down and replenish
every fallen mulched leaf-thereafter.
Every jasmine flower is a stargazer.
White and pure in the now and hereafter
hope, gardens eternal
just-listen to the children's laughter.
Their sudden mist of tears may fall.
But search what happens after
their limbs move gentler than the rain.
When they're in your arms are renewed-
with your love again
hope, gardens every whisper.
To a rainbow's end, we all must surrender-
tender as roots; heads up seeking the stars of heaven.

~or~

Hope, gardens every whisper.
Every thought, every flower
a brocade of desire
like dew-fall, they are there to wander.
The landscape of your dreams
to filter down and replenish
every fallen mulched leaf-thereafter.
To a rainbow's end, we all must surrender-
tender as roots; heads up seeking the stars of heaven.

Mark Heathcote

My Soul Is Teething For Your Love

When will you adopt my heart?
Like a child in its cradle
I am like a green flower plucked
dehydrating on an evening's vigil.

My soul is teething for your love,
hunger fills my every desire
there cut in need of sustenance
to sustain this ambience of fire.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Shall Be?

What shall be my clandestine hour?
Is to write a poem about a flower

The world is but an open flower
A parchment of white paper

What shall be my clandestine hour?
Is to write a poem about a flower

Or watch another flower bear fruit
Give her hand, bite my tongue mute.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Did It Prevent Your Sun-Kissed Dreams?

Father that sundial, is it death
is it Father - the hand of death?
Is it the sword that cuts short a bird's flight?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life.'

'It's a window of infinite-endless light.'

O' Father is it a guillotine
do it covert our breath.
O' Father how much time,
time-does-we have left?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life
until the bird in your soul takes flight.'

'Child, a question ...answer your father this.
Did it prevent your sun-kissed dreams? Last night.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Call Of Winter Weather

The night sobbed
her heart-out near-fully,
that is why the day arises happy.
Joyous as a songbird full of mirth
but see how the blackbird is nesting
in some dark shadows girth.
Gazing through yellow-ringed eyes,
her eye is like the centre
of a yew tree berry
it speaks of a defining terror
when autumn fruits are falling
to the call of winter weather.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Of All I've Seen Waiting To Be Discovered

A spring of buttercups, when was that now
I saw in green pastures a golden jersey cow
a river meandering swift-lashing and lush
where blue tit nest on passing, fell hush.

When their shells scattered pieces of sky
plucked treasured depths in a child's eye.
When did I last see a fire poker-toadstool?
It's fiery-globule-head in a green whirlpool.

Radiant-light brims over a cherry-bark moth.
Is he not both moth and tree - life's froth?
Of all I've seen waiting to be discovered
the tench bubbles breaking, I savoured.

The nervous vole nosing silence ordinate
up through the willow trees rooted garret.
These and other things, I've remembered
a boy by the river I once wildly proffered.

Mark Heathcote

I Dance In The Flames Of Your Love

I dance in the flames of your love
a tongue of tenderness trembles me
I yearn for your bone's resting place
for those joyful tears on your face.

I will sing a seabird in your arms-
sing a siren of the white buoying waves
pirouetted buoyant, afloat-my love.
I am drowning in this plume-my dove.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Outer Space?

Where will be my last event horizon?
Where will be my first enduring kiss?
Where will be my sandbars rest?
Where has gone my love my princess?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Drums Roll...

I'm going to roll out drum rolls,
in your heart tonight.

It's going to feel like thunder-
without any respite.

It's going to feel like-snowfall
drifting over your soul,
it's going to feel like glaziers melt-
water out of control.

'Love, we're headed to a supernova? '
The world is richly-stunning
but never as much as right now,
(As the drums roll and prayer wheels ding!)

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Come With The Throes Of Your Love

Come, my damselfly nymph, with a coupling dance
come to my bed of reeds I'll-do-the romance
come on tiptoes: Heart pressed heart to heart
come, my flightiest one in the morning depart.

Come in waves that crush all worrying cares
come down and wing, down heavens backstairs
come like a spider to' web my soul's flight
come O demon, with kisses hot sulphite.

Come, with the throes of your love to declare
come shimmering tonight, my love, mid-air.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Albatross

An albatross follows overhead
I call him my Damien angel
He has no fibre, he's-just-playful
But to my ex-lover, he and I are dead
or is it we are just newlyweds?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Living Sparks In The Dark

The world will fast collide
With its own, beginning,
Then silence shall reign
Supreme again, I surmise.

There'll be no more singing.
Joyous choirs shall be silent
Even Kingdom Halls shall be shrill
With no end or beginning
There'll be only, time to kill.

Endless as a mockingbird
Mocking at his will
With his black-wing-span
Across all that we have done
Right across the Rio Grande
There'll be a death knell
Overall, we have come to understand.

On all except that mocking bird,
And his living sparks in the dark
In hand!

Mark Heathcote

Right Before Your Eyes

I'm a defender of crimes
Right before your eyes
Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies
As city bankers wink with a grin
Let us scratch and toil - cry

In an unheated bathtub
Numb, let us bathe cold to save.
Darn your pockets dear
But there's no money, here
Save the bones
Of an old Christmas turkey

Oh I'm a defender of crimes
Right before your eyes
Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies
As city bankers wink with a grin
Let us scratch and toil - cry

In selfish solitude, until we die
Baby don't you cry baby there's
A chance...? We'll buy a lottery ticket
And ride-out our last chance again
And maybe save our souls the pain.

What more can I say
When the bailiffs
Have more roots in our home today
Then us or the bird perched
In the broken bay window here to stay
Because I've blown all our money away
On beer and scratch cards they'll say...

Oh I'm a defender of crimes
Right before your eyes

Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies
As city bankers wink with a grin
Let us scratch and toil - cry
Jesus, tell me what's gone wrong...?

The saints preserve us;
Our time left won't belong
In selfish solitude let us die
In selfish solitude let us die
In selfish solitude let us die.

Mark Heathcote

Lay Waste To My Own Dark Wastelands

I have no rest on the sea or the mainland
Although I've asked for, His helping hand
As yet, I've no rest in His right hand
Not a plaintive, second less fanned.

But with faith and an outstretched hand
Foundations have I raised upland.
So I'll affirm; I'll pray they'll withstand.
Those deepest pitfalls into quicksand:

Here the house ill-reputed soul bandstands.
On this a freehold - with a free hand
But mortals like I need His commands!
As the years, days, hours, and minutes disband.

As the farmer takes to his farmlands
I'll lift my cobalt pen wet from the inkstand.
And take to these white fields, these grasslands
And lay waste to my dark wastelands.

Mark Heathcote

I Glean To Touch An Angel's Feather

I have not settled, on...

A song I like.

And dear, that is why - I write!

I glean to touch an angel's feather

But all I do is roll like a boulder

Strewn-down the mountainside

Bruised the color of purple heather

By these empty, 'words', hell for leather.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Losing Hand Of Poker

A poison text...

A poison flower...

In a poison, heart...

'How can we draw blood?

And say that we - belong

Together as just good friends

And remain forever in a storm

Looking for a rainbows-end:

How can we pretend?

We haven't vented such pain;

And anger - now the drug is over

Like a losing hand of poker.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Father's Daughter

Only his kiss will do
only a smile from him
only his embrace will do
cut from this cardigan.
Cut from this ageing cloth.
Worn because of a memory
now only this alone will do
only the warmth of his hand
shouldered in a fatherly stand
only his high back wicker chair
hugs her now as he use-to-do
only her tears stave off despair.
Oh, father, how I loved you.
And in this abandonment still, do.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Towering Above And Beyond

Sometimes I feel so dirty
Unworthy of a human body
Sometimes I want to pray or preach
Sometimes I want to hide out of reach
Sometimes I want to cry like a baby
In the womb, imagine I'd never been
And how much happier I'd of been
Never to of been born
But life, life is here to be witnessed
With Him and with all those others
So here I am to listen and see
Here to judge without judging
Each witness has to have faith
For faith is a plunging stone
Raised up-to-be a mountain
Above and behind a veil of clouds,
Towering above and beyond, all flowers.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Black Ladder

Black ladder I long
To finger to feel
A pulse a curve
Pulsating inward

Grinning outwards
An ageless smile
Horizons on the pillow
As I still mountaineer
Clinging hold of her brazier

Vertigo dizzies itself on a cleft
One more swing-out and in
And the fabric of the world
Will fit into a rubber skin

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Wedding Cake Couple

The wedding cake couple
held hands on-top in vigil
clinging on to each other tightly
there 'I do's written in song
lasted just as long as it took
Mother in law to take another
-man across the ebony dance floor.
Her six more devoured the cake
but our wedding cake couple
they still held hands in vigil
on the last tier of the disaffected
so they pervaded and kissed
but then great-grandma waltzed
in like an elephant to depose
all those who imposed self will
she cared little for our wedding cake couple
she snapped them down the middle
just to see if they weren't just candy too.
But our wedding cake couple
they still held hands somewhere later
they pervaded and kissed
and renewed their vows
clinging on to each other tightly,
there 'I do's written in song
lasted just as long as it took
the disco-ball world to end.

Mark Heathcote

Love's A Dodo

Love is effortless they say.
Some compare it to child's play
But whatever it is, it's neither
Child's play, nor effortless

Just look in these glossy magazines
Stuck between; those perfume ads.
Celebrity after celebrity preens
Their lives divorced, they're nomads.

Soon—boys these cougars
Will bring back shoulder-pads:
Live their lives in pent-house apartments.
Prioritizing; by shopping, departments.

Love's a dodo on a discovery channel
On an island where ego it's land and gentry
Who cares about their libido...? That snivel-
ing poultry magazine, million-dollar deal.

Mark Heathcote

It's All Love Coos... A Turtle Dove

He who vents anger towards god
and says he doesn't exist?
Couldn't-be more of a believer
then he who goes church on Sunday
to validate a new growing faith
by praying like a shipmate a wreck
in a turning turbulent ocean
looking for shelter, mouthing
in the water whist, he's drowning
in the throes of his saviour
there's no difference betwixt
these two' it's all love.
It's all love - it's all love
coos... a turtle dove.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Gingerbread Men

Four sons baking made
Gingerbread men
The two youngest prayed
That when they woke-up
They wouldn't all be gone
For what they'd made
For what they'd made.
They'd had—none
They were right to pray
For all the chocolate coated
Ones had gone
And just-two remained out of
The eagerly, awaited, twenty-one
The eagerly, awaited, twenty-one
And just-two remained out of
The eagerly, awaited, twenty-one
The two left where without
Their chocolate coats
So they weren't eaten cause-their coats
Were none
You lucky two, you lucky two
You lucky two
Gingerbread men.

Mark Heathcote

Catching Moths And Butterflies Together!

His muscular moonlit body-
caresses her; warm, milky, skin.
Flex's taut - torn masculinity-
over; every pore therein.

For his embraces, she shivers.
Pining's - searing for petals
whose moth-winged, wing cudgels
dare to break err the watery film.

Oh cocooned, delirium!
Where avalanches, crescendo...
'Join forces in tandem.
Catching moths and butterflies
together - whatnot the day-glow
forever'...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Blank Canvas

I often think the artist
Needs a vast blank canvas
I often feel the poet's songs
Arise out of pure emotion
Loneliness, emptiness
A void to be filled, transgressed.

But, what does it all say?
On a personal, level
Anyway, about ink or oil
Are their horizons, just?

Just as barren as desert soil?
Hell no! Beauty is translucent.
'To a point
But what could be more real? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Girl With A Pearl Earring

Lift your head - look not in shadows.
Gaze not into murky dark pools
Raise high - let nothing foreshadow,
Let your heart be my muse.

Let me dry ephemeral-tears away
Let me paint a portrait genius.
Dull the moonlit night into disarray
Turn the sun - into trickster's waxes.

Let me isolate the stars in a gaze
Catch jewelled a virgin panorama,
This world displays, let all else, malaise
On an earring, dangling—white fuchsia.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

There's No End Too My Life

There's no end too my life
As a mother and wife!

Mum! ! ! Where's my shoe
Son! you're making me blue
Mum! ! ! Can I have a lolly?
Son! Stop mucking about in the trolley.
Mum! ! ! Can we go park...
Son! It's going, dark...
Mum - No it isn't - Mum!
Yes, it is son!
No it isn't - Mum! ! !

There's no end too my life
As a mother and wife!

O Love! Where are my socks...?
Darling... I don't know. Love, set the clocks
Love! Pass me the remote...
Yes, darling... Love! Can you make some tea?
O Love! ! Run me a bath
Yes.
...darling...
He sees her seething wrath...
As finally she rests and sleeps at last.

Mum! ! ! Mum! ! ! Mum! ! !
Johnnies being sick...?

There's no end too my life
As a mother and wife!

Mark Heathcote

Let Us Have Back Our Annual Prize!

Bedraggled skies - I'm sick and tired
Of your subterranean dark eyes,
You're like the lover who feels undesired.
Put-on silk gowns - show me some thighs.

For the ladies put-out a masculine chest
With white cotton clouds loosely vest.
And for me show evenings scarlet-red
With her on a bed - arms outspread.

But for god sake give our blurry eyes
Some heavenly skies - lest we all go mad
Let us have back our annual prize!
Lager-laden gardens sunburns-unclad.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Flower Cut From Desire

The lotus is a flower cut from desire.
Whatever her hue, her petals attire
she is the goddess that sank into
the muddy waters - arose anew.

Her purity and beauty are no cauldron.
Thou portrayed to symbolise the sun
she's both a spiritual, awakening
a flower of prosperity and meaning.

A symbol of fertility, spirituality,
and even in her purest state, eternity.
The blue lotus is victory over-wisdom
pink, the supreme lotus, Buddha's Pilgrim.

The lotus path to noble truths is Purple
White - purity, spiritual perfection, mental
the Red Lotus is related to the heart
associated with love and compassion.

Mark Heathcote

Any More Than The Moons Aglow

There are fairies in the light
In that glowing-bulb so bright
Resin trunks - amber locket
Wound around a ring of spirits.

Who goes there in the wilderness?
Shaking snow, light-laden deftness
Is she an angel, I, doesn't know?
Any-more-than the moon's soft glow,

Who goes there in the shadows?
Winking, when all I'm known for is frowning.
Oh, there's a seraph in the moonlight.
Owl-wing-flutters drown my soul tonight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Sorrows Of The Moon

I would have wedded
the sorrows of the moon
if she'd have taken my hand
blissfully I'd been her groom.

But engulf me now ocean
surf above the pounding in my heart.
Roll-out; your cold, locomotion
I am but flotsam, now, my sweetheart.
In as much as

I am beyond your languid-touch
in as much as
with all the sorrows of the moon
in-as-much as deaths
piling sedentary gaze of doom.
It thinly veils even you!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Have No More Tears Save Hers

I have no more tears save hers
In the shadows of my heart
I have swum as a black-swan
But now I have survived her-
Dead love, I must move on.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Moon In Attendance

As the moon in attendance, comes to weep
We the sun in green blankets goes to sleep.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Adolescent Hormones...

I have a devil in my pants
With a three-pronged lance
Look here? Look there?
Look everywhere?
The whores of Babylon
And the wenches of France
Are serving up a dance
In my pants, in my pants
In my pants,
Yet; my heart wants romance.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Tectonic Plates

I have longed to kiss
that brow of sunken silence
I have longed to reminisce-
the furrowed arches she'd raised.
Such tenderness abreast
is spellbinding, tainted-
at worst; fractures, like these
are tectonic plates, moving, southwest?
But I swear I still have her heart and soul.
They're still under my house arrest-
even though I'm now, homeless.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

We Are As The Dew On A Prairie

We are as the dew on a prairie
flowers amongst limestone graves
entrenched in the living rock
watered by bird song

Engulfed in nettle stings
we are but charcoal smoke rings
fasting on a single drawn out-breath
resting on a forward-moving breeze

We are a clutch of eggs
encased in a bough of creeping ivy
squawking frantically upwards
up at the midnight sun

We are the covenant
the rainstorm before the rainbow
slew by the swords of angels
we are the dewdrops on the prairie-
flowering amidst the entire universe.

Mark Heathcote

River Street Urchins

River street urchins
The gutters are swelling
[Waiting] for the sky—you, I
To reach—the storm drains of joy.
Before we go
Before we let go.
We too will rain

River street urchins
Before we go
Before we let go.
We too will rain
River street urchins

Paupers oh, so giving, don't you know.
We'll queue in the streets
And pray to be free
Till we go
Before we let go.
We too will rain
On every official bank holiday parade:

Till we're free till we're free
Till we're free till we're free
Till we're free to go
We'll never clear-out:
Absorbing as every stain there might be.

I'll fabricate a new colour?
A rainbow's pot of gold...
One for just you and me!

Mark Heathcote

They're Singing In The Laurels

They're singing in the laurels
At first, our lovers danced
Behind the evergreen box-hedge
O' then they're singing in the laurels
Housed by the woodlands-edge

□

Then they're making their house
Taking-in reeds and rushes to nest.
As the wild wind in skyward climbs
Burst's open her golden fields songfest.

O' how soon their family flourishes
Under a tired world, two become eight.
Then squabbles unfold at daybreak
No more time for easy lovers to mate
It's just hellos and goodbyes at the gate.

As the seasons flicker ta-ta—goodbye
Adios, my lover—cheerio, I've got to fly.
I've got to go, with the chaff and the grist
Before, these shadows yoke into the mist.

O' songbird your eyes murmur two stars
Wild apricots are our heart's two stones.
But when cockscombs is not a tombstone
Maybe we'll come-a-roaming to meet
We'll come, back, come back home!

Home, behind the evergreen box-hedge
O' then there will be a dancing
O' then there will be singing in the laurels
Housed by the woodlands-edge.

Mark Heathcote

Married Life

Mr—you can kiss me if or when I ask.
But do not sir not ever before
Mr—you may touch me a little if I grasp
But don't ask what I'm looking for?
It might just be a senator or a signor.

You might love me like you say, right now?
But sure love I'll always love you more, etc.
You, darling, may never want us to argue or row
But, I'm tired and that's why I swore.
{Oh, darling, my feet are sore
and I've finished with you and that discount store! }

Love, you may wish we met a long time sooner
...eh' what? But love... I'll promise you this...
The day after we've wed a small sector
Of guests and I, myself shall say, this...
Married life it was never bliss'.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Yearnings Of The Longest Day And Night!

Nameless; she herself dares her, secret kiss
Softly, tenderly, he tinkles like gentle rainfall.

Falling down the chimney, its then senses sizzle
She calls, comes! This solstice at the owl, call.

Like those embers that fizzle
Back to full Burning-flame.

"Burst with desire my darling, I entreat you
Arrive, when I' whisper your secret name".

She begs yet more' of his, edifying passions.
"O emanate now' my love, fan my blue coals.

"Come—sojourn my mysterious, silent one.
Here where silence reverberates and moans".

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Swimming, Below Zero...

We swam the lake in mid-November
For a silly, madcap, dare.
In the distance watched a figure.
With a look of, despair.

A man's grimacing eyes watched
Fishing on the far bank
As it happens my stepfather, crotched
Legged, looking point-blank.

Pole in hand; gazing above, the rod-tip.
30 minutes, swimming the lake
One-side, only, neither one enough equip?
We'd made a big mistake.

Sure enough his glances, like the water
We're deeper than, our despair.
Soon we'd have to walk back near-naked nuder
Then if our underwear, were made of mohair!

But with my best friend walking by my side
I still felt unusually warm inside...

Mark Heathcote

Your Life Is On A Throne

Your life is on a throne
Of dust weathered-stone
A whirlwind battered face
With a mountain to climb
Of the time
Of the time
Of the time

Your voices a busted microphone
Howling, babe I'm losing my mind

I live like a turtle and this is my home
By your side
Your life is on a throne
Of dust weathered-stone
A whirlwind battered face
With a mountain to climb
Of the time
Of the time
Of the time



PoemHunter.com

Darling, and
Sincerity's like a summer's rain
Falling, dripping off the leaf
Off a soul— born old
Dying young

It's not my fault darling
I don't show I care
I'm waking from a snare
Boastful wisps of love
Come crashing down like webs
Clinging still to me

But your voices a busted microphone
Howling, babe I'm losing my mind

Your life is on a throne
Of dust weathered-stone

A whirlwind battered face
With a mountain to climb
Of the time
Of the time
Of the time

And I'm losing my mind...

Mark Heathcote

Liqueur And Life

Liqueur and life
Trouble and strife
Blow my brains
Oh, transcendence a kiss
Last forever and a day
Like the music of a harp
There notes string you along
Like a child, you hear
But not the voices behind□
The silence in what they say
Because you're too blind drunk
You cannot hear or see
Beyond, your own misery
Liqueur and life
Trouble and strife
Blow my brains away...
But quantum physics
I better understand
Like Janis Joplin, she lives with me
Through you!
Thunder in the airways can't you see
Life under a toadstool, how can it be?
My life's boxed under the stairs
With you!
Take a rain cheque darling,
I can't take any more
Liqueur and life
Trouble and strife
Liqueur and life
Trouble and strife
Liqueur and life
Trouble and strife
Blow my brains away...

Mark Heathcote

The Madness Of The Bee

Curvaceous white rose
how potently aromatic
it is to delve quite freely
one's passionate nose
tasting upon our tongue
the madness of the bee
who' sumptuously,
all summer long
dances in bliss with sultrier
honey-honed senses.
Sweet-harlot of the brier
give up your remonstrances
hold fast - that's all I acquire
just one single kiss
honeycomb upon my lips.
Arms wrapped around your bodice
trembling without remiss
till the sun and moon-ellipse
ah, the kiss - the kiss of bliss.

Mark Heathcote

A Backwards Look In The Mirror

I've seen those eyes before like pack-ice
residuary-melting scraped off the floor
beats-me how an addict beats the count
facedown rises off the canvas once more.

I've seen glue-sniffers dazed, like erect-
wallflowers with those same sad eyes
that says nobody even cares for me.
'Now that loves, taking its leave I devise.

To drink, listen to the clink—clink-clink
of ice till I'm once again, ready to rise.'
Gaze aeons into the future and rethink.
The love of a woman will be my prize.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Sun And Seas A Jolly Cast?

The sun and seas a jolly cast
As is the sail tied to the mast
And those laggards anchored
Without a future or a past...

Who are they to sink then?
To the bottom of a glass
Without the lowly courage
To weigh anchor, outclass...

Them that is first and last
The oceans fleet of stars.
Who are they to sink then?
Lower than the rank of Czars.

...Should they not sail the seas
That storm and rage.
Hold—strait the tiller, helmsman
Waves beat my breast a sage!

"God be their maiden-voyage
All in him find harbour.
Set sail loathsome, wreckage!
Oar thy soul to him thy saviour".

Mark Heathcote

It Was In Self-Defense, I'm Quite Sure

In his defence it was said, she would curiously
Spy from the bay windows, like
A latter-day Misses Marple
Everyone was a suspect, every parcel
Became a crime of illicit passion
This then would be attached to fit a plot
A plot to a perfect crime, day after day
She'd elaborate on her latest new theory.
Protagonist to all that went on
With these ever-increasing, conspiracies
Webbed out from door to neighbouring door
Shed' relayed her latest new theories
Till he/her husband could take no more!
So he killed her, My Honor, the Jury
With a Draylon curtain tieback;
It was in self-defence, I'm quite sure.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I'm Drowning In Harebells...

Bright as water in bitter wells
Where a smile draws the dust
Oh, I'm drowning in harebells...
Chewing on what's solaced.

Oh, like a pocket penknife
She cuts me when I treat her kind.
But she doesn't know me?
She just slipstreams into my mysterious life.

Into my mysterious mind
Saying; were just two of a kind
To be cremated together under the sun
But honestly, she knows me, none.

But when headlights intercept us...
As another fortified acceptance falls
I see her as a bridge with backward waters
Draining an ocean; with no pitfalls.

Bright as water in bitter wells
Where a smile draws the dust
Oh, I'm drowning in harebells
Chewing on what's solaced.

Daughter of the lilies where the dragonfly
Dwells to the north in my blood
And the golden bees dusting in their lunch
Girl you've got such charms knee-deep in mud.

Oh, purple pools and shadow
I'm caught up with you
Could be dancing on a cloudless moon
But I'm just falling down a well with you.

Mark Heathcote

Fagan Or Scrooge

Oh lord; I'm a dragon on prescription
With fire waters too tame.
Oh don't get scared, babe
There are no ice waters in my veins.

But, oh babe I'm counting on you
Oh, I've been counting on your tears
On those long eyelashes trying not to cry
-Abed of rain, the way they've done for years.

Babe, pass me a chilled long beer
And sit on the sofa right over here
Woman, you're just some drinking, amateur
And, oh babe I'm not fooling around.

Oh lord; I'm a dragon on prescription
With fire waters too tame.
Oh don't get scared, babe
There are no ice waters in my veins.

Oh sweet divinity, woman beholden
I'm just a child on a bike
Till I'm eternally free of all your wanton rage
And passion for me
Oh, I'm just looking to saddle or even freewheel
Whatever's welcomingly about?

Oh, oh, oh, all I want to do is fan the oven
But, oh lord she's a lazy cooker
Oh Lord, have mercy, on their mercy, oh her
Oh lord even now at 84 I still love her
Fagan or Scrooge, who am I to pretend
I've not got the blues,
I still want her or her younger sister's friend
Over; my old rickety rocking, chair.

Mark Heathcote

Nothing Good Ever Lasts...

To be able to remain just still and enjoy beauty without trying to edit it or change it; reveals the world's true beauty. I remember walking quietly once, one very hot spring morning by the railway through the wild orchards in Dogwoods, Knutsford. Resting there on a storm drain grid, I was just catching my breath when minutes later. I saw a baby rabbit poke its head out of a rabbit hole in the brambles it was 2ft in front of me. It was then he or she was pushed outside by their sisters or brothers.

They rolled around in front of me and were toy fighting till the 11.20 am Chester train went on by,

The only pity for me was the train was on time, and came by so fast... nothing good ever lasts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Our Sexual Rendezvous

Our sexual rendezvous
Meet the glass full till empty.
That is the pleasure...
In not going, steady
-On the rocks..?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

I Remember My Own Insanities...

Oh, what presence attends our emptiness ... this...?
I've dived down drowning with these daylight thieves
Falling deeper and deeper into their stone dead sleep, in this
Angel enclave: We dug, dug for all our lost fairy souls.
Like ghost listening to anchored ship wind chimes.

Oh the lightning bugs laugh with our love above the mountain heather
As we run with our jam jars downstream forever.
Oh, I feel like a fly in the corner of some thoughtful lost feeling
The feeling of lungs fragility, the fragility of flying sails, or not

Oh, I remember days and the years in bedsits, just sleeping, hoping each day
never—began.
Oh, I feel hunger and loneliness and anger; always tugging within me.
And neighbours that I wished, would vacate, go astray like a dog chasing a bitch.
Oh, I'd wish them all hit by a car and left in a graveyard ditch
With beating wings that just twitched forth and back.

Oh, I remember cold November days, till the dawn uncoiled lifted-up its anchor
Like a unicorn's horn in mid mild March through the red neon light and neon-blue
air.
Shivering like a bird like a skylark flying in frantic circles still as a sphinx
Oh, and the hoofs of the rash that do all their curtsies in the shadows in candy
waves.

Oh, I remember rotten friendships that started-out so promising
I remember the anointed yellow-amber grease left there...?
By the flies trapped beating wings, closing spread on the window pane.
Oh, I remember the moon-milk-white mosses growing on the kitchen walls.
Oh, and my pale bones each day barely echoed, put food in me.

Heart, I don't want anyone; I don't belong in this ageless atrium.
In this angel's enclave, living on cornbread, and sleep again
Oh, I remember my own insanities, feeling saintly, sinking, vainly
Full of lady bird's winter shelved grief. I've dived down drowning
With every breaths intake crushed like a cockroach.
Oh, I've dived down drowning with these daylight thieves...
And crawled on my knees and it was all anchored in wind chimes
Hanging on a wave; hanging on a note of the fortuneteller's harp.

In that harbour of honey wine and bread in that angel enclave, we dug
For our entire lost fairy wisps, our ship's bell drowning soul's laughter.

Oh, I remember cold November days, till the dawn uncoiled lifted-up its anchor
Like a unicorn's horn in mid mild March through the red neon light and neon-blue
air.

Shivering like a bird like a skylark flying in frantic circles still as a sphinx
Oh, and the hoofs of the rash that do all their curtsies in the shadows in candy
waves.

Till we danced and the angels united and we kissed by the fires that hissed in
ruin.

Mark Heathcote

But Wasn't It Just Purest Blue

'I've watched these horizontal skies turn grey...
But wasn't it, every bit heavenly 'love' today'.
When I stripped you: down, snatched your snatch.
With that middle finger, foreplay, whorl-
Of those warm ejaculations in the thatch.
'Sure there are dark clouds ever vengeful'.

Luckily for me snug fittings, black-brassieres
Ready to dispatch, but look here peel the veneer
On this early prefab Ikea Beach-table?
Sure those spindly legs once a-time were stable.
But whose goanna—want for it?Go for it,
Now it wobbles all over like an old—tit.
Without-turned legs on an oak-cabinet?
(Now loins curdle for a little—strumpet) .

Ladies in cocktail dresses, don't trust men it's true.
'Karma sutra should have listened to Vishnu'...
Men can be B***** sure he blew on his conch—shell
When he held his mace and skies turned pastel-
Shades of purest blue, with honesty, and virtue!
Even He knew? He wasn't free of passions veiled tissue.

'Love I've watched all kinds of skies, turn, blue to grey...
But wasn't it just purest, 'blue' my 'love' today'.

Mark Heathcote

Somewhere Inside Of You!

Every life shall meet death.
Every breath crosses that bridge
Every autumn leaf falls bereft.
See all in its burning leafage.

Oh diamond sparks burn inside
...Blue, with rage, behind iron-bars.
Oh there's a heart of a flower
And, somewhere inside of you!
Inside of you; child there's a Houdini
Honeycombed with green-envying eyes
Somewhere inside of you, child, there's
A queen, that, that, that, never dies

Oh, look, child how she just swans
Seductively easy across the skies
Ah, seduction... in ivory,
Seduction... in ivory,
Seduction... in ivory blossom
Into a million crimson dyes,
But—no she'll never, ever, ever, die.
Nor be cast down into that dead leafage.

Ghostly; she's like some spiders webbing,
Webbed; across deaths ebony warring face.
Every life is like a stillborn thought
Just waiting, wondering, and rippling out of breath.

Inside of you; child there's a Houdini
Honeycombed with green envying eyes
Somewhere inside of you, child, there's
A queen, that, that, that, never dies

Oh, look child she just swans
Seductively, easy across the skies
Ah, seductively into ivory,
Seduction... into ivory,
Seduction... in ivory blossom
Oh, into a million crimson dyes,

But—no she'll never, ever, ever, die.
Nor be cast down into that dead leafage.

Mark Heathcote

Fractured Miracles

See them fractured miracles
On window pane at dead of night
How they've lived and died
In the murky; melting, sunlight.

O' tree of life whose flaming sword
Does; guard the garden of our Lord.

Let not a drop of frozen blood
-Thud, without a drop of rain
Let not a soul, be scolded.
Without a covenant of, blame.

O' forest seed whose brotherhood
Does; grow deep-rooted falsehoods.

Let not a stalactite, suspended
Go unfriended, without a rainbow
Let not a stalagmite, condescended
Go by all... but Him... Heigh-ho!

O' these dark feelings too cold touch
Won't protect you: from Nonesuch
...As... Him...?

Mark Heathcote

A Bridge Of Joy

The things we did were quite insane.
But that's how joy came to pass
as we cut the turf and made a bridge
out of lush green meadow grass.

Knowing full well that nothing
on this earth or river shall ever last.

We gazed in awe when the turf laid-
across the river dammed 6ft or more
our heartbeats beating their-full-score
with a loud furore as we ran across

'Some 5-times or more, yes
the things we did were quite insane.'
But that's how joy came to pass
as the river washed
the last sods of earth away to the last.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Evening Primrose...

Happy the hour, between
Night and death
The pause, taken:
Too a single living, breath

Here I'll open my breast
Upon moths calling
Like an evening primrose
Where sacramental-wings
Consecrate
The first-dewy-lit, morning

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Black...?

What will be the new, Black?
Will it be Blue, Green or Orange?
Or something truly obscene
In a paisley, polysynthetic; dream.

Will there be ponchos?
Or turtle necks
Or denim, dungarees
Or a Walnut fur coat Burmese.

Pseudo masochists
They're all wearing Black!
Those guys
Never look forward or back.

Placing their G-strings
On the wardrobe tie rack.

Ladies, these gurus of fashion,
Bear no understanding
Of what is true, Black?

Mark Heathcote

Bubble Gum Pavements

City pigeons make street art under Manchester bridges
A Jackson Pollock, something organic.
It, could be Mural 1950s and look—here?
"A bubble-gum pavement" is this urban street art.
The pointillist canvas; does it mimics the universe
And all that's still to-comet-through there?
I love all kinds of art but a dead carcass
In formaldehyde stretches that to the limit.

I'd rather see some burnt-out wreckage
A car, where no-one got hurt or died.
I'd rather see pigeon excrement
Then a human, anatomy, artist
Using, someone's once-living flesh and bone,
I'd rather see bubble-gum pavements
Then see this great, new modernistic art of nothing at all.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

At Dusk, As I Urged The Fish To Bite

I remember the lake-light shining
like a disk as I fished for perch or pike
at dusk, as I urged the fish to bite,
bite a spoon of shimmering bait.

I remember bats flitting and circling
like the insects, they longed to catch
and ripples left by fish that were no match
I remember Father's blunt roll-call home!

The boathouse, a sarcophagus
with its two-well-rotten doors
gaping open like-malnourished jaws
awaiting Death's ferryman back,
back to those perpetual, keepnet-shores.

I remember the rolling fog rising
about the gnarled chestnut trees
billowing out into brackish red reeds
and a slice of scaly moon leaping:
That frantic-fish pulling line from my spool.

I remember the lake-light shining
in the scales of a real living-ghoul
plucked out of the water fighting
a fish - that wasn't one-bit preschool.

Mark Heathcote

Join Me Listen To The Sitar Players Theorise...

Join me on your knees on your belly, please
With Gold in her teeth and hunger in her eyes
The devil whispers in the reeds; come join me
Join me listen to the sitar players theorise
The movement's serpentine in willowy skies'.

See the honey locust sunset ascending roots
See how your thighs make shadows ripple
See how the boy's eye twinkles oval tributes
See how his thoughts remain ever wistful
Join him in shade like a moth ever vernal.

Let him provide 'light'; poked out of the darkness.
Let him watch your wings burn star bright
Let him hear the moon sing her loneliness
Let the devil be fulfilled quiver like a red termite!
In the baron emptiness, a harlot strikes at night.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Carpenter's Hands

The carpenter's hands are bleeding blood
His heart is a house made of sandalwood
He carves & smooth's it to fit a tawdry groove
A dovetail joint he shares with you. And, you approve.

But still, you complain his soul; it has a splintered-
Stairwell, where nothing ever is newly charted.
You say he gazes with knotted eyes spiraling outward
Into a space of stars, sawdust sutured.

His carpenter's hands are bleeding blood
His forefathers' arms cradled in a love-of-dust
He is now at a distance from the sharp end of the plane.
If only he could, uproot, uncouple one carriage of this thought train
Derail the distance in that discontentment, love, once again.

But still, you complain; his work has no honesty?
Or shame, she cries like a gull, whose ocean has no sea-wave.
His heart is a house made of sandalwood
Is but flotsam; is but some malnourished driftwood.

A splintered
-stairwell, where nothing ever is ever newly sculptured.

Mark Heathcote

Don't Worry It's All Been Planned

Change is brought about by erosion
Look around, and you will all come to see.
That our progress is made verboten
Want something privatised that's easy?

Cut all funding till the wheels fall off
And say, here's what'll fix it; for not a lot.
You can even buy shares, but, here's the tip-off
'We'll never invest; bonuses are our mascot'.

Even going greener makes them much richer
I've now a blue bin, a brown one and a black
And, one for indoors for free what a lucky chap
I can have a green one for only £20 a year.

Change is brought about by erosion
Dear, please don't worry; it's all been, planned
Everything has a cycle that requires action
'Just don't tell them, about the quicksand'.

See, it's all happening again, boom and bust
Whatever happened to prams with a little rust?
We're-all-in-it-together granddad is a good fellow
Take out your life savings, spends that's the motto.

Pay freeze, cut pay, and cut family tax credits
We'll make them third-class citizens obedient
They'll come begging with their empty wallets
Once more to the factory floor less flippant.

Mark Heathcote

They Lay Like Plaited Bread In Love...

Kneading those white buttocks
Back and forth, in greedy palms
Stretching over doughy flesh
He then holds her warm breasts
There rising indicates
The ovens warmth is intensifying
Moister starts to perspire!
Drip by drip, down, plaited hair.
Seconds are vacating minutes.
Minutes untangling hours...
Legs are made jelly...
And empty of all desires 'ostrigidity'.
They lay like plaited bread in love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Her Legs Are Like Earrings

Her legs are like earrings I've never worn.
They're something to be dangled,
before an electrical storm,
like a fig vine, she snakes through my mind.
Clad in jingling charms these-veils-fall
shedding her skin of fear.
Shedding her guilt, she burns to the core.
all scales removed she-wriggles
curled like a frond, moist in every pore.
The jungle has abducted her senses
a great winding river enters her falls
her kisses like-big-sticky dates tremble.
As-she-slivers aside dawn's dewy-wet morn.

~or~

Her legs are like earrings he's-never worn.
They're something tireless to be dangled,
before an electrical storm,
like a fig vine, she snakes through his mind.
Jingling clad-in-inexpensive charms a veil tumbles.
Shedding her negligee see-through-coils of fear,
shedding nonsensical guilt, she burns to the core.
All her lifeless scales detached she-wriggles
uncurling like a fern frond, moist in every pore.
The jiving jungle has abducted her senses
a great winding river enters her falls,
while kisses-like-big-sticky dates land gently.
Breathless, she straddles the dawn's dewy-wet morn.
An orchid atop of an electrical storm,
butterfly winged teetering hitherward-blown forlorn.
Towards a passion never listless flung en-route on love.

Mark Heathcote

Out Of Life's Billowing Dust:

Out of life's billowing dust:
Wings life's transient -flower.
The butterfly, diligently,
For a day—without hour!

...Songs soar; batons leap...
The world and the wind:
At one; with its orchestra'
Dances on; air and water.

Loves wing, readied.
Into each living, palm
Times white-arrow
Has flown; its course.

Into the gaping heart!
Into the heart of a white shark
Into the heart of a dark hawk
Into a charging, black- horse.

Mark Heathcote

Like Ambrosia To My Tongue

Like ambrosia to my tongue
like nectar to a bee
like incense to a flower sprung
is your love for me?

Have I the weight of wings
to find the healings
of greater living things
the green tinctures bright
that all-inspiring light.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Happiest Is He Under A Lone Sunbeam

'What the soothsayer says.
Love is effortless as a dream'.
Say' what he wants, love's neither
Childs play, nor as easy, as it seems...

It's not ever easy or effortless.
Though we've all wished, it was...
O' I've taken; love for granted:
And, loves heart now seesaws.

Every, action, word, and thought, is
Pivotal too our needs, and demands.
Such demands are melancholic.
Chores; no lover, understands.

'Whatever; the soothsayer says.
Love is not an effortless dream'.
That's why he enjoys the hermit's life
Happiest is he under a lone sunbeam.

Mark Heathcote

Séance Ordering...

There is, there is
This ice curtain
Of silent conversation
A séance ordering...
Watch and you'll learn.
{Understanding, unspoken}
How it works I've no idea.
I speak to her in thoughts,
Your coffee is going cold. Dear.
And then she picks it up.
I think of a Merlot red wine
Punctually the glass arrives.
I then picture a sandwich
Promptly, I'm asked.
Cheese or ham my love.
I think of a friend's name.
They're mentioned in passing
I think soon what I shall buy.
Then it's Googled in a millisecond
There is, there is
There is an ice curtain. Dear.
That only applies, when we speak!

Mark Heathcote

Wisdom

Wisdom

Looms, tempered

Like a daylily blooms

In bars of iron sleep

Wisdom wakes

Like a ravenous lion.

With ears of golden wheat

Folded yet; into another sleep.

Wisdom roars and rolls, out

His paws his talon claws

He lifts up his prey

Just to snarl'

What did you taste?

Here on the air today!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Filigree Of Gold:

I have a heart ancient and old
its core is of a rock larva
Newly formed with a pumice soul
that absorbs its self
that absolves its self
till nothing of the whole remains
It is as a liquid-salt or a filigree of gold:
It is a barren desert
It is thirstier than a cactus-flower
awaiting some other blissful dead-sun
that has no need, of substance
No need for reliance or earthly love
I have a heart ancient and old,
its core is of a rock larva
Searching-out the mountain top:
A mountain's summit to unfold
Endlessness it is rented with a mouth of love
unearthed but anyways housed untold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Am I Insensitive?

Ghosts come in the shape of the living
I've seen both
but guess what?
It's frightening how alive
they are compared to those not yet, dying.

.....

Meal ticket

The piece of meat
she put aside for him
has gone to her son
such-is family life.
The ladders on the run...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Whatever Creation Is

No time to judge
The flowers the dust
Whatever creation is,
It is imbued with love.
And must! Have the good-
Sense to fly like a dove.

No time for ill will
But lust corrupts
Even a nightingale
Sings her best love
Ever so shyly at dusk
With a heady, smell of musk.

So, harvest what love
You might carry...
Be but empty, and full
For in death:
Shall we not all truly,
Marry for love?

Whatever creation is,
It is imbued within us.
Golden as a river green
Expansive as a world unseen...
Silver as a mayfly blue
I'm in love with you.

Mark Heathcote

The Winds April Cloak

The wind shall wear his April cloak
so all the flowers will laugh and poke
to see his dancing sprig of spring,
on a butterfly's wing.

Beneath his feet, trees bow newly green,
little clouds whiten on the glowing sheen,
for all the world is-healthier in an April wind
or so the chirping nestling sparrow's sing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If You But Wish

If you but wish to turn the keyhole
I'll give you a Skelton key
I give you my soul'
My hearts love' abiding beauty.

If you but freefall into my arms
With faith take this parachute!
'I give to you lucky charms'
You can unwrap in a snowsuit.

If you but truly desire me
Would walk to the ends of the earth
I'd give to you my love gladly'
Daily, your heart's joys rebirth.

If you but prescribed to my love
I'll then live with you forever
'I give to you wings of a dove'
Together we'll fly over the heather.

If you but dream my thoughts
I'll dream that yours be happy
'I'll join up all missing dots'
Simply put you could be my lady.

Mark Heathcote

With An Errant Smile

She'd kissed me with an errant smile
with a blank look scanned her mobile
red nails tapped like a woodpecker
angrily dictated like a sculptor
another day - empty, quotations
no-nesting materials here; just ruins
No soft shapes here; just-depletion
as she presses sent, 'I'm on vacation
I can't compete' with this someone
in telecommunication.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Feel The Rapture Of Ecstasy

Let me feel the rapture of ecstasy
Yes, ecstasy, oh sweet, ecstasy
Singing in the night
Singing in the light
Mystical, adventure
Mystical, Mountain
Mystical, thunder
Mystical, nature
Oh, toss in the winter
Reign in the spring
And pass out the summer
Autumn wears a golden ring
But, oh I've got a higher delight
When love is in its twilight
Your world is only a cruel kind of starlight
Mine is simply an ecstasy out of sight.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet

Love bends over a yellow stalk of wheat,
hope shields these grains her seed sowed, eyes
corn poppies pearl-black, the inset stars discreet,
worm-eaten flowers caste up a moment's prize.
The sparkling cross-pollination of souls and minds
of hearts cool, hot, tepid, passionate tears assigned.
These aren't the sting-swollen eruptions she reminds-
each bursting bloom, a blood vessel newly entwined.
But gaze not blindly men at women's true-honest preserve
its God's worn-out labour here on mother earth, cherished
the brashest of bees can dance and thrash their verve
and like the kneeling Sheppard, raise all the perished.
As the yolk of a flower is but a set, weed
as-he-the father must chaff out the wheat from the seed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Divisions Of Vanity

The sun and moon
where lovers once
till dancing on the sea
they saw in one another
a single vanity.

That encumbered them so truly
that never the one could meet
and dance now in the mirror
of the other's sacred seat.

~or~

The sun and moon were lovers once
until dancing on the sea
they saw in one another
a singularity, a vanity.

that encumbered them so truly
that neither one would meet
and dance in the mirror
of the other's scared seat.

Mark Heathcote

When, You Became A Reality

'When, you became a reality... to me
Not the falling petals of a dying rose tree.
The enchanted meltings of recent snow.
Not a tale of long ago!

'When you became a reality to me.
A prince, a prince, but oh, oh,
Not so long ago!
My shimmering beauty

That kept me awake
And held me to sleep
My prince you!
Had the power to make me weak?
To tremble night jitters inside
Till no longer I could be denied
Or pretend to be chic.

There are times, timeless
You put the night to music
A linguistic beat
I feel in my hearts beat
Like Lady Guinevere, my Lancelot
Your chivalry is my defeat
When times, timeless
Become the falling petals of a dying rose
I'll endlessly love you.

Not like the enchanted
Melting's of recent snow
Not like a tale of long ago
But a moment of love so heavenly,
Not so long ago.

- -

In collaboration a song written with my daughter's help.

Aislinn Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

In His Eyes

He lights me up
When immanently
Iâ€™m in his eyes.

He wakes me up
Almost always eminently
To sunnier; golden, skies.

He wakes me up
In his love; in the gentle
Wings of a turtle dove.

He warms me and then, but
Never the less burns in me
Surly even before, he sojourns, in me.

Oh yeah!
There is really nothing to disguise
Not even for the disenchanted to chastise.

When you find;
That in his love, for you!
Is a heart ache; never more true.

Never more a truer sign neon blue!
Than in those stigmata palms
Held out too you.
There is a world unremitting...

Mark Heathcote

Paint Palette

You are the one
Constant as the sun
Constant as the moon
Constant as the stars
You are the one
You are the one
Steady sure thing
You are the one
To wear my ring.

You are the one.
Invariable ingredient
You are the one
Sweet never shouldn't.
You are the one
Rainbows, only pigment
You are the one
Never, just transient

You are the one
My indigo rose
You are the one
To wear my bedclothes.
You are the one
And you are! The one
And only one
Who really understands me?
Knows me?
You are the one
Clandestine star
You are the one reason.
My jaw hangs low ajar.
Wordless like an olive tree
You are the music of the sitar.
The seasoned wood: sequined in me.

You are the wild wind
That whips up the sandbars.
On an ever-changing tidal shore

You are the one who binds us all blind.
All in a whirlwind, furore
You are the one island in the setting sun.
Who really understands me?
Knows me?
You are the one.

Mark Heathcote

A Poet's Epitaph

No joy here to stroke away these hours
that love has bent with her mortal powers
so veil not the scaring in your solace-eyes
for they mark well the habitual pages,
where your sweet incarnate spirit resides:

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Kingdom Of The Wind

Why does a humming bee
Secret the words
That we decline to trust
Why does he understand
The fledgeling world;
That we commend to dust.

Is there not a flower
In the desert sand;
That hasn't heard the hum
Is there not a bee on earth?
Whose kingdom of the wind,
Hasn't arisen from the sun:

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Gods Garden Of Sunshine

Our way-would calling?
Star pulsed, lover.
'Who's hearts a purple emperor?
Teased-out of a milk-white flower'
Churned into curds and whey,
Whose rosy, nothingness
In conclave, owlets flicker.
Does intern, lead us away?

Shouldn't I who am lassoed plunge talons?
Like a dandelions root.
Shouldn't I blow with these waxing-suns?
Shouldn't I beak-split tear—apart
Her gossamer: She; whom hems a moon.
Shouldn't I be the one—who?
With tapper alights her inert womb.

Simply put: Shouldn't I dive for pearls?
Or pan loves untold-gold: No, I just won't
Or can't be led 'foolhardy' downstream.
'Or be so cold or so dishonestly, headstrong.
No, I shall walk faithfully loyal full-stop.'
Besides you beside, deaths black-dog,
On-leash as if I was just newly born.

Like some kind of cocksure bullfrog
Isn't this and that? The way of it all
Star pulsed, lovers.
The way a poets tongue must rock!
Isn't this and that? Our way-would calling?
God, willing... We won't all be summonsed
Or subpoenaed; for that one last regret.

Mark Heathcote

Our Way-Would Calling?

Star pulsed, lover.
Whose heart is a purple emperor?
Teased out of a milk-white flower
Churned into curds and whey,
Whose rosy, nothingness
In conclave-owlets flicker
Does-in-turn lead us away?

Shouldn't I who am, lassoed, plunge talons?
Like a dandelion root
Shouldn't I blow with these waxing suns?
Shouldn't I beak-split tear-apart
Her gossamer: She; whom hemp's a moon.
Shouldn't I be the one who?
With tapper alights her inert womb.

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Isn't this and that? The way of it all
Star pulsed, lovers.
The way a poet's tongue must rock
Isn't this and that? Our way-would calling?
God, willing we-won't-all-be summonsed
Or subpoenaed; for that one last regret.

Mark Heathcote

Days Swiftly Passing

Days swiftly passing
like a double helix rainbow
spooned, breaths-kissing,
her breasts sculpted, torso.

Time, I a bird out of hand,
touching her wingtips-nest;
a root traveller, the tideland
her passions conquest:

All naked nature removed.
All remediable needs are approved
in love-eternally, improved.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Joyous Moonlight I'm No Broken Sunlight

Joyous moonlight I'm no broken sunlight
I'm no burden to thee
I'll happily shine when love is bright
And there's only blood on your shoes
I'll run through the grass and swathe a path

When my heart is hurt and misused
Oh after Election Day, who'll lead me?
Contradictorily to grace
When all my fear is gone
And I keep praying to a disease
That begs-treat me fairly, please.

Oh, jealous lover, you can be my brother
My father my sister and father
As long as I can taste your bubble-gum kisses
That takes me far away...

Oh, Joyous moonlight I'm no broken sunlight
I'm just breath deep in your chest
Waiting for your release from the turquoise rose
Inside of me in the night
You see...
Frankincense and myrrh
Rises up to meet; your smile.

I'm a daughter of hell but heaven
Is all I want; singing Silent Night?
With you in a dream
Oh I'm a maiden of mist, moving ever so slow
But I'm sure love you'll never let go
Or drift from my shore!

Oh, I'll run through the grass and swathe a path
Where the beast will graze
Till I'll wake-up a branch apart
Of your family, tree...

On Election Day, you'll lead me?

To the sanctuary of your song
Just another lyrist that doesn't belong
To this populist; cold day alone...

Mark Heathcote

Honey You're So Hot

Honey, you're so hot
You're a ring of red gold
An amber ring on my finger
Honey, you're so hot
You're a ring of red gold.

Honey, you are a stage fright
Monster on my mind
When those wedding bells chime
For all... for all time

Honey genesis will sort
The mice from the men
Because when I'm with you
All I hear is amen
Like an anthem

Honey what's all the fog and haze
Will it not take us back?
To those lost lonely days
When we were racked with pain

Oh let us honey surmise
Oh, honey, you're so hot
You're a hot ring of gold
When I'm in the cold
Oh, honey, you're so hot
You're a hot
Amber ring on my finger
When all else is not?

Oh honey, oh honey, why not?
Oh, honey, why, why, why not?
Let us surmise
A ring of red-hot gold
Put that stage fright
Monster behind me
Because honey you're the one
For me

Because honey you're so hot
You're a ring of gold
An amber ring on my finger
Honey, you're so hot you're
A ring of red, red hot gold:

Mark Heathcote

Weight Of Love

His heart
Became a crumpled
Red poppy flower
A slip knot
Solipsism, thorn
A barbed iron
Slipping anchor
On a day,
Night had set sail.
On a day,
A sun must strum,
The Soloist guitar
On a day,
Wraithlike waves pushed on
Stringing under the noose
Ebony necklace of
Black beading clouds;
Blood-vessel-wine-storms
Skin-deep, whale-tanning,
Oilfields of crude tropic tears
Iris bursting blue bolts
Of abhorrent, hatred
Winging the eternal
Drum-fanning tarot cards
Shipwreck flames of pity
The dead feathered dreams
The meltdown, salt, soul
Albatross tar factory;
On a day,
The skies thoughts
Fall out of mind.
On a day,
Ribs churn like aching sandbars
With slivery icy memories
No longer gently shingled
Warmly washed ashore like jellyfish
Peacefully dying
Breathing starlight, breathless
But more like hermit crabs

Missing limbs
Is his shells heart
With its weight of love
Crushed empty...

Mark Heathcote

I Have Not Love, Enough...

I have not-love, enough-
to tempt birds from trees
nor even less the angels
on an ever static breeze

I have not-love, enough-
to love you, as you do, me
I have not-love, enough?
In my heart to set, you free.

I have not-love, enough-
my dear one, for even me
for even me alone, you see.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hallelujah For A Women's Love

Once when I cried for freedom
For freedoms ancient sleep
I lay on my bed in my kingdom
Feeling sad so sad and bleak.

Once when I laughed, the world laughed too
And so my one true love did you;
Once when my heart was a ball and chain,
Love—saved my soul from the pain.

Once when the sun was cold,
And the moon was warm.
"I listened to those thoughts..? "
Echoing in my soul!

And sang: Hallelujah
Hey, hey, hallelujah
Hey, hey, hallelujah

Once when all hope seemed a pitiless dream
I sat by your side and prayed.
And like Job, I vented my anger at the earth
For giving me eyes life staid.
{In this shadows burning, shade! }

But you touched my soul
With your angel-wingtips
And alter bread your body,
Across my swollen lips!

As the suns and moons were shed,
Oh then I knew for sure, I wasn't dead.
As angels wailed and fled
I gave thanks to a women's bed.

Hallelujah
Hey, hey, hallelujah
Hey, hey, hallelujah

For a women's love is a shapely thing!
That'll make you sing
Hallelujah
Hey, hey, hallelujah

Mark Heathcote

Daybreak

Daybreak brings a hope so grand;
Only in our torn dreams brier roses
Untangling do we begin to understand?
What sparkle in the shadows composes
The lyrics on the wind quietly broken
The mercy in the power of a plain
Red rose on fire! Tearfully, unspoken
Hushed pride disintegrating its reign.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Last Bone

I have welcomed death, his gaze
his thoughts, his valentine's day kiss
his black tulips pressed against
my blood-filled lustful lips.

Death is not my foe; we are-bedfellows
toe to toe, I am the prairie
he is a prairie dog, loyal and honest
when I am lost, he leads me home.

But with a wagging tail, I'll savour
and unearth my last bone.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

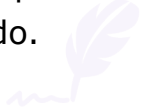
The Tender Thump Of Wings

Little bug, little bug
Get out of bed,
Go bother the neighbours
And make that bed.

Little bug, little bug
Rest your head,
And count those blessings
That you're not dead!

Little bug, little bug
Has gone to the moon
When he comes home
He can tidy his room.

Little bug, little bug
All curled up and blue
When he questions,
What to do.



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

A Hall Of Mirrors...

She said—she'd love me forever.
And that she always would.
That our two hearts—thoughts
"Could bond; the stars for good".

It wasn't harmony: From
The outset—that is true!
For her my sweetheart, I'
"Watch's as infants, do".

Out of the sash-window
Or that—skylight in the soul,
In reflections, light...
"Entwined—we're made whole".

Halves of the locket...
Combined, clasped.
Is what we now—became!
"In each other's grasp".

But soon these mirrors
Broke like shards of glass...
A hall of mirrors...?
"With no-truths—Alas"...

The lights ebbing darkness...
Shone on, all their paths.
But; know all hearts—break!
"Drown in hollow—baths".

Mark Heathcote

A Tenant Is He

A tenant is he the would-be bee
Too husband a flower.
That wishes not, her ambles free
In fear of the seed-plougher

O her rose of purest white
Now crimson the purple night
Clings ravenous the oak bower
That would-be sting endower

O she would, encapsulate
All of his space and time
O she would, emasculate
Him, bring him into her climbs.

Bring him into her watchtower
He a homeless tenant, outlier
He is her man of the hour
He is to be her bee emulsifier.

Mark Heathcote

Ever Since There Was Sun And Stars

If you wipe away those tears
And look back over all of those years
You will find not a surer kind of love
Ever since there was a sun and stars
Above to warm the blood in our hearts
"Forever you" I've been in love
"Forever you" I've been in love
I've been there in love for you

You will find not a surer kind of love
You will find every wish
You've only been thinking, dreaming of
Oh, dream of me!
Like I'm dreaming of you again...

Oh when the winter raps its cloak
Around your heart
I will always be there to warm
And shelter you
"Forever you"
"Forever you"
From the cold and dark
Sure as a fire is burning in your heart
"Forever will I be"
Tracking back in the melting ice
And snow
It's never easy but if you love me
You will discover and find the old me
And I will be
Sure to follow you
"Forever you"
For all eternity
Because of what you have meant to me.

Mark Heathcote

The Lake Freezes Over.

The lake freezes over.
A moorhen is marooned,
Will the dog find his bone?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Would This Life Be Like?

What-would-this-life-be-like

Without a holiday festival, without a party,

Without a little bit of faith and healing

If we all feared living our lives

To share what's in our hearts,

Would a plane ever liftoff the ground?

Would a son of man ever make us proud?

What-would-this-life-be-like

If all the stars just hid away,

And all the colours of a rainbow

Just disappeared tomorrow

If all the grandeur turned to grey,

Would you - be as psychedelic?

As bright or as angelic;

As they all say;

Heaven rocks,

Heaven is a Christmas-lantern

In Little Italy,

Heaven is a collide scope,

A Manhattan slide show,

A glittering sidewalk,

In Bleaker street,

A Greenwich Village,

Where all the good Catholics-

Pray to-meet-in Gods

Own sweet district.

////////

What-would-this-life-be-like

without a holiday festival, without a party,

without a little bit of faith and healing

if we all feared living our lives full or diluted

to share what's in our hearts,

would a plane ever liftoff the ground?
In the grand scheme of things,
would a son of man have ever made us proud?
What-would-this-life-be-like
if all the stars just never availed themselves
hid away, and all the colours
of a rainbow just disappeared tomorrow.
If all the grandeur turned to grey,
could anyone - show as much psychedelic
flamboyance as a peacock - a pink flamenco?
as bright or as angelic;
as all the great and dynamic stars say.
Heaven rocks,
heaven is a Christmas-lantern
in Little Italy,
heaven is a collide scope,
a Manhattan slide show,
a glittering sidewalk
in Bleaker street.
A Greenwich Village,
where all the good Catholics
pray to-meet-in Gods
own-sweet-district.

Mark Heathcote

Winters Apart

We live winters apart
That's how we live and love
It may have become a black art
But it's indicative of
The way we live the lie
The way we seek
To share "but honestly, misapply
Some old technique"
Yes you were given unto me to trust.
But in due course eternal ice-cores were broken...
Now all our reflections combust
Like those words here...unspoken...
Yes, we live winters apart
You and I that's how we live and love
Each heart is on a downturn pie chart
It's indicative of
The music within the music
The pulse within the pulse
That beats so, so rightly virtuosic
Even our truest echoes are now a repulse
For perfection is an ice crystal
Shimmering darkly on a winters evening
Cold and unfulfilled with internal melting
Melting but frozen aware of its own betrayal.

Mark Heathcote

To The Intolerant Elected Us Must Learn

To the intolerant elected we must learn to love: for it is they, who have frozen on the path to light. For it is they, who have frozen short-sighted and fastened their tempers of understanding.

For it is they, who have frozen on the path to all they make righteous.

Only when these their silent hands dwell in mindfulness of prayer manifest

Or with a carpenters-hammer-hammering will they this rich rabble care

For the emptiness visionless theft, they've taxingly declared.

Only when they see that great depth of love and wealth; shall they be troubled.

Only; when they see just how poor spiritually they to really are will they be heedful of their own ever-growing hunger that grows within themselves that blind despair?

That we the people of this their world are only too often fully aware.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Unbeknown...?

Your eye is a stationary set stone
If it were a press it would
Squeeze marrow from the bone
If it were a wing it would

Plummet from its heavenly thrown
If it were the ocean it would
Turn a gentle breeze into a cyclone.
What is hatred but love unbeknown...?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What You Ask?

A punctuation mark... Molten in wax
A shimmering flirtation within the night!
A 'dog's cock' a flower like Devils Flax
With its yellow and orange tongue—alight!

In the Qin dynasty— the first made of whale fat.
(221-206 BC) . What you ask? O the simple earliest candle.
'And, peddled to princes not any wharf rat'
Used to compose; by George Frederick Handel.

It was an interjection a big 'bang'
Can you imagine their exclamation? !
When White ivory keys scented of ylang-ylang
Went; splat, splat, splat in golden summation.

A dazzling feat was their interjections
Now we have light let's answer many more questions.

.....
A 'dog's cock' and 'bang' are also names for a punctuation mark!

Mark Heathcote

We Are The All...

Mystical and magical all are the same
Without doubt none singular is to blame?
Except all meaning and question your finds
For all opposites in all climbs, chime?
Truth is a chemist, who doctors all
Simply put we are the immeasurable.
We are the all...
Whatever the size large or small
We are the all...
At transgressions fall...?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Who But Could—the Saints, Resist Her...

Here; alone lying on this cotton pillow.
I can still recall the lure of her lily scent:
Bouquets do me gaze and camphor and shadow...
Never a dull moment does the heart repent:

Her fragrance, what; a promiscuous, allure.
Such elicit essences spring ajar the dart...
What an art this palpable kiss velour.
How it courses through my head and lonely heart...

Then swept-on bye with brocades of flower
Spent-fallen, from Piety, a honey-suckle,
Vine; twisting around, the Lover's Lane Larkspur.
Who in the world could be gleeful, yet; still bashful?

Who but could—the saints preserve us, resist her.
Maybe; only the "Morning Star her goddess sister";.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Feeling I'm Feeling...

Soft whispers.... quiet hushes
The silent moments
Where movements take over
Words cannot describe
The feelings I'm feeling...
When silent echoes
They are all around me, and all over?

My daydreaming wanders
To your eyes
The angels must have brought
You to me
As this world has never been
So weightless of worry
Since I am meeting, you.

Your aura glistens
Brighter than any bulb,
You're a burning sun in my mind
A constant, love
Not hard to find, in a special
Place, that exists on no map.

You're eternal to the truth.
I love you
Eternal to the truth
I love you.

Boy, you're the horizon
The morning of forever
Of beginnings never endings
Oh, these whispered forget-me-nots'
Shall never turn blue
Not as long as I find love in you.

In collaboration, written, with my daughter's help.

Aislinn Heathcote

Burnt webbed stars in burgundy

We lay in autumn
Watching leaves so pretty
Falling from above

Burnt webbed stars in burgundy
Take my mind off the stress in me
I could lie here all-day
Just to push it away
But then you came around again

It's funny how in my darkest moments
I see the most...beauty around me
And I get lost in it
Just for a minute and I don't feel the ache
I just watch and wait for those

Chorus

Oh mother won't you stay
Nurture me today
With your innate ways and love

Oh, I don't need no-drama
Not with me today,
I've been in the thick of it.
And I'm running away,
I want to find my Eden
Cause I need a retreat
Or maybe I'll just wind up here getting-lost-in-scenery.

Song was written By Aislinn Heathcote

Mark Heathcote

No I Am Not Without Love

I

No, I am not without love
Or understating above...?
My monarch's wings have that black stucco-
Edge; like a church glass window.

Orange, warmth; heavily, leaded
But they're coursing with red-blood
Lights filter, within, vaulted:
To frame those darker, vaults pallid.

I'm a thorn of living fire
I mumble with choir inside
Weeping angels guide my satire
Both heart and soul are allied.

Simultaneously two wings beat
Love and compassion complete.

II

I am not a pit of dark
A chrysalis or a hoofmark...
Hoping to crush, staunch your heart
I am not the pit-bull sweetheart.

I am just a fool likes the sound
Of his own, cruel-bark, sky-bound.
My ego' manly needs its thunder!
It's hollow glory empty rapture.

Simultaneously two wings beat
Love and compassion complete.

Mark Heathcote

Wear On The Same Gargoyle Face

In the corner of a shop doorway
Did I see the canvas of life?
Preening itself with claws, tightly, frappe.
Feet wrapt in dead, wildlife:

One nonchalantly, above the other
Eyes open, neck stretched:
Was he her mate, her one-time lover?
His bill open-hangs retched

In the frozen last gasps of demise.
Atop not the least bothered,
Looks completely happy to comprise;
The world hers at last deferred.

Out here the cities, mock their own waste.
Whilst two girls take photos of a
Homeless drunk drooling abase
These girls laughing at the screenplay
Wear on the same gargoyle face.

Mark Heathcote

You Nailed Me

You nailed me
To the garden fence with a kiss,
Translucent-blood then wet my lids
Like sunlight after a heavy shower.
Apple-fresh the goblet-cup opened
It's olive pores of the greenwood.

I held you, too tightly at first limb for limb.
Then o'er oil and water mixed, before parting?
'Virginity is a yellow bruise that grapples
Like a naked swimmer' inherently drowning
Expounding: for some forbidden fruit.

It's now then you gaze at me as though
Your Eden had already overgrown
Chopping backwards at some underpass
Your eyes droop like summer scorched nettles
That reveals me as an unremitting, wilderness.

Even now, the air!
Still, pollinates that long-off aspersed-seed.
Even now—when your garden fence
No-longer beckons me to that leap over
The nature of the slug,
Is still here abundant ready to curl, cling.

Yes, it was right then I too did not live up to you
For you were a flower of the golden meadow
And I, I was a flower of the woodland vine.
You were a primrose and I am a jungle climbing fig
In memories bound up of your distant sunlight.

Mark Heathcote

His Bread Crumb Love!

God is watching us
look around you
You might just catch
The sight of his love.

As you pitch those wings
And believe as a dove
you can ascend into the stars
Solo a flight above.

Might you even
His dimly lit attic room
Be permitted to partake of
His bread crumb love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Soul Of Eternal Love

Chase me like a mirror
Into the silvery pond
Chase me like a bird
Into the buds of spring
Chase me like a flame
Along a candle wick
And there we'll share
The light of love
The birth of love

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

On Fairy Lit Night

On a fairy-lit night
When the snow shone so bright
And I held you so tight
I felt my love shine through you
I felt the melting
Of every storm cloud blowing
Away under a summer breeze
Like a broken healing shard
I felt my love shining in the moonlight
Blooming like a forest orchid
Rocking like a child in his crib
On a fairy-lit night
When the snow shone so bright
And I held you so tight
I felt my love shine through you
As we rolled like a snowball
Jointly surrendering to the morning dew
Oh I felt the melting
Of two teardrops melting in mine
And your deep dark warm sparkling eyes
I felt the gravity as we rolled
In that white midnight's snow
To a poet's corner only we'll both know.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh roll with me
Like an Egyptian rug under the night
Of a burning sun
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh roll with me
Like a glacier river into a red tropic sun
Where the thunder in our hearts
Has, only just begun to burn and play
Out its magic song before our eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Traces Of An Eternal Flame

Fingers flesh out desire
Tease then set her soul on fire.
He traces given of some eternal flame
Without any more claimants
Without any more resistance
She does call out his name?

Love is their torchlight
Sleep their only dark partite
Singly; they are but one.
One-starry sky, a jarred,
One landmass; one ocean,
Underpinned like a mansard.

She is his north his east
His west and south...
Together they'll out exist.
All other chief lusts of drought
'Bract in a dripping stem of salt
Tell, who' could find them at fault.

Mark Heathcote

Humble As A Bird

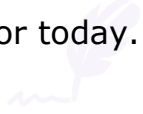
I entered the garden.
Like a humble bird
looking for a song-
a song to sing.

And there amid the petals.
I heard an angel's tread.
A bee on the mantle-
heaven fed.

And there I saw the nodding cloud-
dispensing in the ray
a rainbow, proud-
as any marching day

So sang my heart this poem.
That entered in this joy.
A garden for tomorrow,
a poem for today.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

If Love Was A Pocket-Watch

If love was a pocket-watch
I'd never wind the dial
Because time is a fickle friend
That only lasts a while.

If love was a biplane
I'd stand upon the wings
And plead with heaven's gravity
Grant levity to us lemmings.

If love was a submergible-sub
I'd never go to sea
Without a rubber-dinghy
For you or-for-me.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Sea Of Empty Space..?

Tonight I saw an ocean
Passing beneath the moon
In zig-zag slow motion
Then a whale was strewn..?

Coup de grâce
Sea of empty-space?

The moon was gone!
Like a white chess pawn.

Like bread a carp swallows
And then it just wallows
Dimly into the night
Into those disk waves so trite.

Coup de grâce
Sea of empty-space?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For A Short Time—only?

For a short time—Only?
Needing—without Hoping
Wishing—without Wanting
Gazing—without Looking
Dreaming—without Searching
Thinking—without Understanding
Listening—without Hearing
Touching—without Feeling
Sensing—without Knowing
Healing—without Bleeding
Growing—without Aging
Hurting—without Bruising
Sleeping without—Mumbling
Feeding without—Eating
Breathing without—Inhaling
For a short time—Only?
Then was I—Truly,
Happy?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Life's Last Lurch

On this piercing night
Striations of light
Through squinting eyes
Shone liquid bright...

In a drunken abyss
With a heart transfix...
A hunched-up figure
Modus Vivendi...
Still thinks he's quite trendy
Whilst taking a piss...

Wooden movements shake
Forces in a weakened alliance
Unwillingly, break!
Fallen is he in defiance.

A tragedy a trivial devil
A trembling snow angel
He has fallen, besmirch-
Blood collating, dishevel
-led in life's last lurch.

Mark Heathcote

Once Shone And Stood For Us All

I like this poet?

But for his talk of eternity,

His dull wit:

A dauntless; unending, misery!

I like this poetess?

But for her executor gallows,

Barrel loaded, vinaigrettes

Skyrocket; highs and lows!

I like them all for their

Onomatopoeic, gifts

Tussock wide mouthed lisps

Their aromatic resin drifts...

I like them all...

Weather big or small...

Their suns insignia,

Once shone and stood for us all.

Mark Heathcote

Love You've Got Beauty

Love you've got beauty
In abundance oh so rare
It's wild and it's-earthly
-golden as buttercups in your hair
Unadorned and oh so radiantly
-dressed in arrangements fair.
Is that slender hourglass figure
Where I gaze into nature
Only, now all too aware.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Questions Of Adultery

Where can we break eggshells?
And meet as lovers.
When can two lovers kiss, and tell?
Their heart's content to one another.
What they've shared together
Under the covers!

If you cheat and I cheat
What of the hurt to others
If we but hurl those empty lies
Like a cheap confetti
Upon our unsuspecting lovers
Question, can we be chaste
Or honest with one another.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Is A Cactus Flower

My heart is a cactus flower
Unwilling to bend
Unwilling to wilt
Unwilling to die
But—still.

I just can't walk away...
I've sold my life.
For a deserts ray
For a deserts ray
Of light!

Thirsty and more!
Blistered and sore!
My soul is damned,
To confess:
My eyes are parched
For more, more
Then I can possess.
Envisage.
In a—mirage!
But—still.

I just can't walk away
I've sold my heart and soul.
For a deserts ray
For a deserts ray
Of light!

Mark Heathcote

Raft Of Soul's

In the biblical waters of the human mind
where we raft upon our souls
to some other strange immortal isle
where death lays not in tombs,
but has arisen in the palm of the Redeemer
our Lord and master, host and saviour.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Pond Fly

A pond fly gazes up
And sees the day erupt
I don't want to be eaten
My wings plucked

Can't I dry them on the wing?
And hear the clarion of wind
Before bearing
On my song to sing!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Bleary-Eyed Beauty

Bleary-eyed beauty, of aromas sweet
by tinctures of air on the lilac leaf.
Give me not one remote broken heartbeat-
that's-been-crushed of all scents, its self-belief.
Be not the pallor of unending grief.
Be the hedge rose in rosiness discreet.
A warm little dear, where all bees compete
garden me a blush beneath your kerchief.
So that I might be your one knight's motif:
I'll draw a glance that others meet defeat.
Yours the world above and below my feet
the moon climbs-on aural wings - stay's too brief.
Such is the allure of the stars in orbit.
My soul's, heart yours, spoken in a sonnet?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Do The British Take Their Brollies?

Do the British take their Brollies?
On their Las Palmaris-hollies
do they drink their Earl Grey Tea?
With two sugar lumps or three?
And whilst sitting beside the sea;
have they enough vinegary-chips
girls with oval red tomato hips
too saucy for just a kiss
on the lips, in hopes, she'll reminisce.
Do the British spend all their pennies?
And take their Pooh bear Winnie's
and why do they buy mugs and plates?
To show back home their mates
and brag about a bartered price
and return not just once, nor twice
but thrice was it really that nice.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Seasonal Affective Disorder (Sad)

So seasonal ills lull my every, mood
Ice flows inward outward my thinking
Never does the spring thaw lessen it's rude
Hold on my life; each day begs, questioning.

How my overly anxious brain still ploughs on
Spirit frozen stiff and September
Four decays darker now just begun.
My emotions amplify the dread, December.

The 16th leading cause of death in females
Pulling at the fabric of my mind is Death
By suicide the eighth cause of death in males
The winter-onset a stage for Macbeth!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Vii Stanzas

I

What does it really matter?
Like snow in its patter
If it's to light for heavy weather
If love melts away forever!

II

Motion a kiss
At midnights asking!
Wouldn't the moon reminisce?
Her wane from the waxing...

III

In her magnetic—stubbiness
Her wilfulness of innocence
Ah, there's a cosmic pool of bliss...,
Something only I'll reminisce!

IV

He spoke of an eternal calm
He spoke of love and of hate
He held me amidst his gentle palm
A broken arrow—set, straight.

V

You require strong courage
But you needn't those tears
You cause wars in defence
But you needn't those fears.

VI

A bird flowers in a stem
That joy is for all gods men.

A vine fruit lavishly divine
Sowing wisdom in the sublime!

VII

A thousand living torsos
Lick their limbless wounds.
Such are desert dunes
Egyptian cotton, sheets.

Mark Heathcote

When Winter Does Wrestle Death

When winter does wrestle death
snow lies falling with petals bereft
her mantles a meadow, white lily
uprooting stars, in heavens pity.
Fine, veils of silk they're spun to order
wheeling moths—circle and flutter
then Ferris wheel across the border.
Our souls are curdled in-God's-butter
when winter does wrestle death
no heart will beat in shadows bereft
the feeble will draw a second breath.
When winter does wrestle death
the old cudgelled wings, given new
give wave their goodbyes, at us adieu.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Windswept Shadows...

A place where shadows, disassociate
Themselves; from bough and leaf green stem.
Where these dissolved mulches conflate!
In that, that is no longer—mayhem.

A place where shadows; indemnified.
Once sort not to be contra or defuse.
Bones of these ashes fall hearthside
Souls of these embers a fire imbues

A place where shadows, incredulous
In number proliferate like stars
Clusterin galaxies nebulous.
A being of enduring light pulsars
A place where shadows—strategically,
Golden; disappear, reappear, heavenly

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For You

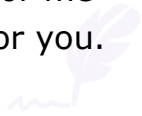
When I breathe in
you sigh
for me, for you
for you, for me.

Behind these silences
a drawbridge
of hopes rises
and then falls.

Each pause
reaches its
extremity, its
counter demand.

Every pore
a moment's needing
for you, for me
for me, for you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In-Between Life And Death

In-between life and death
Let's not resign another breath
Plentiful with a full-pail gainful

Reach up into ends rainbow
Catch that butterfly's coattail..?
Never just be left in "shadow";.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Foot And Mouth Crisis 2001

A clue: Memitim 2-down 5-across, Death:
Another farmer holds his breath.
His crossword puzzle is now solved,
as he-sits-by, the open fire resolved.

Firebrats shimmer like melting
sparks through grates, between falling,
slivering, among the black slates.
Like silver ashen - phosphates.

Covering that hearth's entirety,
they too show there's no need for piety
as the future ghosts of the living burn.
His world is an up-turned urn.

Listing, he hears the cries of the last dying ewe.
Whilst angels of death beyond view
descend across each patchwork acre.
He himself screams at his maker.

Prier on prier, prayer-on-prayer
foot and mouth each neighbouring acre
burned black in the gasoline-air
each man alone dies by his ploughshare.

As more firebrats recurred
another flock: another milk herd
burned; like unguided lost souls
stacked kindling in piled coals.

Mark Heathcote

The Decency Threshold

Close the campus. Yes, but question your...TRUST
Valuing people "Now" do we stick or bust?
Now that NHS is just another amputee
A listless... shopping channel casualty.

Devolved from central governance
Question; a "Tender" without substance
Contribution is the national agenda!
The malady is a palliative flora.

The disenfranchised, dispossessed.
Who in community care can protest?
Given a home domestic goddess
Wouldn't you be happy with some social solstice?

Let us bring in that domiciliary
A couple of hrs Monday to Friday,
Like meals on wheels let's just hope we're able
To convey the valuing people principle.

Then let us re-institutionalize
From behind their own domestic, blinds
Let's hope we deliver them a time slot
Time enough to dot the "I's" and cross the "t's"

And, hey, that's your lot "Conformance"
Until; even this becomes a financial garrotte.
Well, what is the answer then?
For the draconian: optimum performance.

Well hell, let them rot... then..?
Till the shit hits the fan blame the Trust.
That local man... then..?
Then we'll seem to do all we can.

Let these providers compete
Just think out of the box man
Get with the program man.
It's just another big conceit!

Privatization in a can

Mark Heathcote

Outpourings... Perfection!

His heart an endless soul
A flowering dove tree
Tears and clouds cajole

His soul, what an endless heart
A whirling dervish
Arriving; towards truth...

A centered spinning world
In ecstasy white-gowned
Divinely, he lived on...

Where the truth does arrive!
In creations, spiritual, love
Outpourings... perfection!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Cat's Cradle

Hold it as a child could
only the melting snow,
love is a living hope,
hope, a living hell.

Love, is a dew lit web
strung across our hearts
in love alone do we worship?
In death are we - then loved?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Live Beyond The Sunrise!

Better you just dry those sopping-wet big eyes
What's the point in both of us weeping?
Surely you can't now coquettishly disguise
The ways, in which I'm cut, the way I am bleeding
Hide as you always have: Count daily the magpies?

Better you just dry those dual-copiloting empty eyes
Harden even more that propelled wooden heart.
For all its yearly ringed ambiguous lies
They're no-more then death-nails sweetheart.
They're no-more than drawn-out salty goodbyes.

Better you just dry those sea-green tigress eyes
Look to where this new dawn for me will surly-rise
Look there! Where hurt erupts but now subsides
Old-flame you can no-longer hope to hypnotize.
For within your tears little else than nothing belies.

Better I then just dry my own two jaded eyes.
Hide not as you would: Count not as you have.
Daily on this mystical earth the magpies?
But with one lover eternally anoint and salve
Embalm my soul to live beyond the sunrise.

Mark Heathcote

The One My Soul Abides

You brought meaning
Where there was none.

You lit up this world,
Where no other shone!

Because quite simply,
Put; you are the one.

The one my heart beats
For ten to the dozen

The one my soul-abides
To join—in heaven.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That First Unsullied Snowdrop

Love, to what flower do you most aspire?
Love, what flower should I most admire?
Red peonies with lustful conduit desire
purple crocuses cupped with fire
or the now, pink foreign, ragged robin,
breathless; rolling-on a country, common.
I'm-like-a-sprig of green Solomon's seal
you're like a single rosebud, so, genteel.
Love, to what flower should I aspire?
Love, what flower do you utmost require?
Be it the foxglove's fleshy advancing spire
or the honeysuckles tendrils of wire.
Be you, simply May time's forget-me-not
better still, that first unsullied snowdrop.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Nap Of Monarch's Wing

On the back of Monarch's wing have I flown?
And done crossed time's ageing-ravages
into that livery, my king holds the throne
saves all, but these wolves and savages.

Did I not unfurl into some richer reaches?
Cocooning; scatter my heart, lustrous web.
Fly over blue sparkling vaporous beaches
did I not crumble ashore and ebb?

Like some oily driftwood hadn't I rolled?
Prodigiously darker their nonchalant waves
emblematic the dark side of the moon scrolled
oh—edify my soul with one that saves?

The monarch's beauty is but royally savaged
the landscape of any hungry larvae ravaged.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Two People

No two people are ever-the-same
by day or by night
their tapers are both lit by shame
the joy of their light.

No two rivers run smooth or strait
the valley is winding
their journey is binding
for their love to collate.

No two forests are ever the same
one maybe birch, another a willow
one mountainous another a hollow
but in the main,
no two people are ever the same.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

See The World Is Anon...

There are eyes within eyes
But blink and these words are gone.
Open—your eyes
And then see the world is anon.

All is but one grain
One ear of rice
"What more-need-you-or-I"
That has lived, need more of life!

{The wisdom of the wind}
Come's from seeking out its source
Back to the beginning.

Therefore harvest
What your love might carry?
Be but both empty and full,
For in death, shall we not all marry?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

From A To Z.

I do everything with you from A to Z
From the moment you wake up
Till I pat you on your head
And tuck you up in bed
I do everything with you
For you because the day
Starts and ends with you
It's because I love you.

I need your laughter
I need your fun my son.
This cold Easter evening is ever so dreary.
What I don't need is your strops.
When you get out of bed
And I don't have your Coco Pops
Let's just have Cornflakes instead.
And be done my son.

When, you couldn't get your way
Alas once again the other day
When your daddy was away, working
I told you what daddy regularly says
Remember I spoke to you
You were again averting your gaze.
'O, déjà vu' I said to you
If your eyes aren't looking
Then your ears aren't listening
And mummy's heart shall be unjustly hurting.

And our eyes will be crying
Into this deep-blue sea my son
So do... What daddy says?
For me my son oh, why, does sons
Break their mummy's heart
You always listen to daddy,
Why not listen to me from the start.

I do everything with you from A to Z.
My son, it's me who brings

Your favourite teddy to bed
My son I need, I need you too
I need your mischievousness & your fun.
Your big-eyed sky-wide hugs.
Gathered-up on, the school-run.

You're like a pirate sailing an ocean cloud
We each are each other's treasure
So keep me as close to your heart
As 'X' that marks the treasure in my heart
Because son my third born son
In my heart I was finished with love and stuff
But then there came your dad
And then there came you
That's why we all do the things we do
From A to Z because don't we all just love you.

Mark Heathcote

Autumn Breeze, Wanders-Purposeful

The autumn breeze, wanders-purposeful
crispy-waves both warmish and cold
crisscross the lawn, sometimes wrathful,
other times gently consoled.

Like a lamb not quite ready to walk
skittish, at times ever so daring
leaping and rolling, like a windsock:
out of control or just bleating.

It's then we see the hurrying ladybirds
on the windowpane; trying to get in
it's then no more we hear them love birds
sing, evergreen in yew boughs akin.

As surely as winter steals the honey bee
of her final sting, as surely as the mushroom
packs up his infamous, mildewed, fairy-
ring, I'll endeavour to open the tomb
wherein the rose-pink Nerines perfume.

I'll endeavour to sing and flower forever
no matter the autumn or the winter weather.

Mark Heathcote

Search Endlessly For This Truth Divine

Ghostly are blossoms conjured?
Swirling paths remembered

On these petals shall we tread?
Rise as though they never shed.

On their pink ribbons, shall we glide?
As angels only the child espied:

As cherry blossoms so many spent
Shall we dance as they did-ascent?

Oh, the majesty and the grace to ponder
The orchard and his sacred acre

Oh, what's there to be afraid of?
To be as like the petals castoff

To be one with this stream of life
Take wonderment for a wife.

Take that lead of root and vine
Search endlessly for this truth divine.

Mark Heathcote

A Love Slave's Shanty To A Goddess...

I'd like to look for—the spry-blossom, called, Phoebe
There is nought as virtuous, or saintly, as the white gipsy.

I'd like to find me—that last green forget-me-not
What matters the cost, if I don't hit the jackpot.

I'd like to look for—the pale goddess of the moon;
She to me should be the sun, and I, her Neptune!

'If she would but peel me in her bergamot-palm
... Sister of Apollo'. I'd shyly-sing my last, Psalm.

Lie with me; with the trident in Poseidon, crowned:
Enter within me, all this eternity newly bound.

Love let no mountain-shade your innate-fancy
Earthquake: Wild horses, shall not tether my fiancée.

Like the smoking-waves upon the sirens-shore
I'll descend to meet her when the rocks of thunder-roar.

When the foam of white perfection is my narcissi
Reflection-transformed; answer then why we're so tawdry.

Answer me why? Like the sea, forever u-turned
These lover's hearts like flowers, be spurned.

Mark Heathcote

The Lovers-Root Is A White-Flower

The month does but shiver with joy
with the tears of a snow-drop
little-bells, buoyant, green and cloy
ringing, beyond the hilltops.

The lovers-root is a white-flower
on Valentine's Day
thus it performs both, sweet and sour
piercing the walls of shy Cathay.

Kisses mingle like wild woodbines
as brownish blue jays mêlées in the eaves
they're limbs, entwined, like-vines
need only the wind which now cleaves.

Violets stir in that amethyst snap!
She's my oracle, hears my lover sings-
and awakens from her frozen nap,
a mortal being with wings.

Mark Heathcote

I Blew The Dust Off His Black Velvet Wings

He touched me firstly in the sunlight
now I, him secondly, on a moonlit night.
Thirdly; he then touched that red, velvet velour.
It was then I'd lost count, and we sang amour -
amour - amour

Like coupled moths, we went passionately mad.
It was then I blew the dust off his black velvet wings.
O' then my heart and soul danced pattern-plaid.
In the weft of his dark pale limbs fittings
O' it was then I became his sun burning pleasure.
The moonlight I shivered longing lost to become her.
And then we rolled all day and night long—together.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Joy Jumps Heart To Heart

heart-to-heart
like a grasshopper.
But all I need to do' is-but-hover
over zenith green-tips of dew.

All I need to do' is-but-dance
above His skies grey purlieu
to feel His rainbows lance
and not feel blue.

All I need to do' is-but-touch wings
with His mirror-ball awnings
His unworldly, light!
'Then learn heaven is truly-bright.'

All I need to learn is-to-be still
like a grasshopper
He can but net at will.
Clasp in His palms prayer
our mortal souls free of sin forever.

Mark Heathcote

In Prayer Did I Hear A Hum..?

In prayer did I hear a hum
loud as any drum,
with what measured breath did weigh?
The probity-of-all our days
the incline of this steep decay.

Faiths emphatic leap
the deities of men the ungodliness of snakes
love in its mortal coils heap.
Motionlessly, kneeling, frequently asleep
only momentarily, awake.

Like a cricket at the gate
ready to jump blindly toward fate.
-loud as any, drum?
'Come, approach, come...come? '

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

But In The Main

No two people are ever the same
By day or by night!
Their tapers both fan the flame
The joy of their light!

No two rivers run smooth or straight.
The valley is ever-winding
But their journey is still binding
For their love to collate.

No two forests are ever the same
One may be a birch another-willow
One may be mountainous another-hollow
But in the main
No two people are ever the same.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Her Treasury Is Quite Empty

Summer, she's had her time allot
A drubbing in the rain
A tinkling in the chimney-pot
Drumming on the windowpane.

Summer, she's all but faded and gone
Signing-off with her billowy frocks
Like some little, angry, Eva Perón,
While-Juan-was put into the stocks.

Summer, she's
In need of a very, large dowry
For in this regal England
Her treasury is quite empty.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Often I'd Search Out The Blue

Often I'd search out the of blue forget-me-not
Back of some tall-hoary; May hawthorn, shabby hedge
Or right down to the waters marigold ledge
I'd dream of orchids the hybrid bergamot.
I'd look for these lost gems to find—there!
Which; grew the better where they were without care.
Entangled fighters at their wondrous best;
For them who had survived the cruelest test.
They; once fly-tip plants I would dig to cherish
But death my dear sits amongst the strongest flowers
Even to them, the rubbish heaps nourish.
Even to them that triumphed to flourish
Nodding to the Lord who gave equal powers
Who bore the hardest test cast out his parish?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What We Worship Guides Our Thirst...

Only he God can charge or judge
The ink, that pores-out its blood.
That algae-spore" of each, dreams-drudge,
That made its way—out; from the crud.

"Only he who's skipped, between the stone-
Rocks of the alternant—current
Knows where each" lost breath, lays sewn.
All are archaic, indulgent.

"What we worship guides our thirst...
The mountain pastures, the glassy-glade.
The foot-pounding-city-streets, cloudburst:
Life's passing" promenade.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

A Poetic Exile

What is there to berate
Life—form: Why equate
Has it not any meaning?
Every sap that's shelled-out
The husk, longs further, seeding.
'Every breath a waterspout
Leaps into death, pupate.
And is yet, still, dreaming
Of the wings of perfection',
To fulfil life's passion.
The gift of love's pre-emption...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Follow My Coat Tails

A lonely star shone upon the moon
Her blank expression broke his gloom

Deeply wanton did his affections seek
To enlighten her orbs that nightly did mystique

They glowed at night, a vibrant ardour far
But by day did wisp away his soul ajar

Into distant aspects did he look and gaze
All he asked envisaged her was in her daze

Love is such said a passing comet sage
Follow my coat tails and be my page.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Carte Blanche...

Find me a rose bed
Where lovers have wed
Where angels have fed

Drunk on the nectar
Of love and passion
Drunk on the spectre
Of petticoats ashen

A butterfly collector
I would projector
Amongst these hearts
Carte blanche

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

For As Molten Metal Bound Are We Not In The Magma

Love if only I could love the stone core of your heart
Love you like the vine that splits and climbs a rock face
Love you like a sun orbiting the moon—what art
Tendrils dripping over the craters could we I erase.

What flowers sand-speckled-neck then could I open
To the lusting wants and needs of these midnight stars
That reverberates into an ocean
Rejected; each from the other at opposite ends like polestars.

But even stone can possess life eternal
Touch me and do I not quiver like a willow...
Caught in the crosswinds of the meadow, you might say piffle!
But it's only truly your hearts last wrenching salvo..?

Kiss me my dear and seal it within a canyon of lava
For as molten metal bound are we not in the magma..?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Thieves And Menschen

She's a precocious milky sky
a moon-white opals radius
her velvet hand of winter calls
beckoning to all, who'll pause?

In their stalactite breaths; outdoors-
'O sees her on her footfall-haunches
like a woodland lily unearthed.
Within these layered satin sheets.

Men in their time honoured-way
have believed they're kings and princes
thieves and menschen
but they're just not her kinsmen's-children.

They're not holy in sea-bound prayers
to her, the goddess of the moon
they're just dumb-fed flower bees
pollen drunk on the sun's doubloons.

Mark Heathcote

Raspberry Canes

In and out the raspberry canes
'On a jack frost, bitten day:
With nothing more than twine,
and knife
To earn my daily' pay.
Bending back the line of whips
From: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats.'

These-willow-viaduct sticks
seemingly it will never end.

In and out the raspberry canes
'With nothing burning on my mind:
I accept the numbing hail and rain.'
And the wisps of empty time
Bending, back the line of whips:
Beneath a solemn grey stone-sky
Under the derogatory east-wind
A hells purgatory cry
From: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats.'

...Seemingly it will, never-end:

or

Raspberry Canes

In and out the raspberry canes
'on a jack frost, bitten day:
With nothing more than twine,
and knife
to earn my daily' pay.
Bending back the line of whips
from: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats.'

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seemingly it will never end.

In and out the raspberry canes
'with nothing burning on my mind:
Accept the numbing hail and rain.'
And the wisps of empty time
bending branches a line of whips:
Beneath a solemn grey stone-sky
under the derogatory east-wind
a hellishly loud purgatory cry
from: 'Lands-End to John o' Groats.'

Mark Heathcote

By The River Of Contemplation

We sat by the river of contemplation
And girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze
All the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised
I unlearned how to breathe
I unlearned all the reasons for being
Being, being alone & afraid.

Yeah, we sat by the river of contemplation
And slowly we sank into one subconscious
Into that one subconscious, sea
Sea of reflection

And girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze
All the secrets of your world to me
Love, we held the star's and God held-us
Love, we held the star's, and the star's held us
Subliminally, sublime! Girl, you were always mine

O' yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being
Being, being alone & afraid
I felt my anger & hate transformed-into-love
I felt the summer's burn in my blood
Burning with the knowledge of our love
As we sank into one subconscious
Into that one subconscious, sea
Sea of reflection

O, yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being
Being, being alone & afraid
And girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze
All the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised
I unlearn how to breathe
As we sank into one subconscious
Into that one subconscious, sea

Sea of reflection

Girl, just you and me
Love, we held the star's and God held-us
Love, we held the star's and the star's held us
Subliminally, sublime! Girl, you were always -mine.

~or~

We sat by the river of contemplation and girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze all the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised I unlearned how to breathe
I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.

Yeah, we sat by the river of contemplation and slowly we sank
Into one subconscious into that one subconscious, sea
Sea of reflection and girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze all the secrets of your world to me
Love, we held the star's and God, held-us
Love, we held the stars and the stars held-us
Subliminally, sublime girl, you were always mine

O' yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.
I felt my anger and hate transformed into love
I felt the summer's burn in my blood, burning with the knowledge of our love
As we sank into one subconscious
Into that one subconscious, sea, sea of reflection

O, yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.
And girl you did whisper unto me like a summer breeze
All the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised I unlearn how to breathe
As we sank into one-subconscious
Into that one-subconscious, sea, sea of reflection

Girl, just you and me
Love, we held the star's and God held-us
Love, we held the stars and the star's held-us
Subliminally, sublime girl, you were always mine.

Mark Heathcote

Till The Dawn-Light; Ember Lilts

The eyes of dawn will make my bed
in the river of some dream,
where half-forgotten limbs will rise
like vapor's on the breeze;
but who will walk or lean on me
lean against this idle frame?

Who will take my grey-goose quilt?
and wrap it around my arms
and say, wake my love, for I am here
for I am here to stir your lonesome heart
and warm your bones in winter's dark
till the dawn-light ember lilts.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Greyer The Storm Light Folds

A soft temperate smile brakes
from the bars of a raging sea;
where wave-on-salt-corrosive-wave
once purged, two lovers of their sweetest melody.

But age and faith are-truer-friends
than youth in all her guises;
that's why lovers can allure amends
from all their cold deceits
because the greyer the storm light folds
the deeper-and-brighter true-love-burns
in her autumn coals.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In These Cormorant Hours

I've never begun to understand,
The sea changing patterns beholden,
Withholding onto a woman's hand,
No matter how many times
Unwilled she can be emboldened.

The ever-changing wind still chimes
With me!
The ever-changing green sea grime's
Deep in the deepest blue coral waves
Of the world,
In the darkest barroom grave
With me!
Just to be hurled,
Unbroken like a bird like a wave
Sucked out on a storm just to be free!

In these cormorant hours spent, swift
On the wind like a sparrow hawk
With the thoughts of these old lovers uplift
On these wings, I still feel strong but hark
I, still feel in my heart
The emptiness of the dark
As a marginal, migrant, migrating
Longing to go back into the virginal bay
I left battered and bereft
A long, long, long time away...

Looking further from my lovers reach
Back along the stony cliffs
Unto the foaming beach
In a whirlpool of memory, I'm split, into fifths
Like the lemming jumping off the cliffs
I hightail because I can't be beholden
To an emboldened smile
No matter whomever, you think you are
This or any other times my cormorant star.

Through All Our Unending Time

For however many tears
We've both tried not to cry
For however many years
I've lived trying not to die
Praying, wanting, not to lie
Yearning, endlessly, longing
Through all our unending time
I've never, really learned
I've never, really yearned
To look closely into your eyes
To tell you goodbye.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Heavens Torment

Morn can open a Violet
like a book of hearts
chapters ultraviolet
coarse and converse
in tales of beaux arts
sees my lady immerse
her delicate soul thereof
in a woodland flower bent
over her dust jackets of love
sees the stars disperse
their dewy cobwebbed scent
sees her as my curse
heaven's torment.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Silk Road

I fly like a bird in stillness
over-pools of lemon and blue
I cut through leaves of fire
to find safety with you.

Your heart is an oasis.
The milk of humankind
your body is the foothills of life
I hollow out a chamber.

I drink of honey and love,
there is nothing left to remember-
now but your beauty
my Venus, of love.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

As A Cloud Seated To Envelope A Mountain

When you gaze at your reflection in a pool of water
That I, you thought was you have continually moved
For you are as a cloud seated to envelop a mountain
With just a changing of thought, you are as if a rainbow
On a path of the enlightenment, your true river is an arc
A waterfall reaching inward minerals in a universe of I's
You are an earth mother, a widow, a sister a daughter
You are also another's wife another's newborn-child
You are a thousand unsung, unheard I's, awaiting one
Final-burst of flourishing stillness in the radiance of I?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

What Do I Find In A Kiss?

What do I find in a kiss?

The toe-curling nerves of bliss

Sedimentary, tingling

Yes!

Intermingling

Yes!

Fluidity, pings

Like a broken glass

In that desire to clasp

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Damask Rose

Damask rose, how-fair-your beauty holds the light.
How-fair-your fragrance subdues the fears of the night.
And how beautifully fair your lowly crimson head-
Is with gallantry and passions fed?

With midnight oils in sunlit soils
Not a fairer beauty, there is or be
Oh, damask rose in flaming clothes
what more beauty could there be?

But in man's hand a maiden fair
With hazelnut brown hair
And roving hands - limbs that exult in hymns;
The answer to a prayer.

~original~

Damask rose



PoemHunter.com

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/

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Mark Heathcote

But Here Today When Love Is True

Summer flowers are pink-and-blue
but here today, when love is true.
I see the snowdrop and the daffodil
the saffron crocus on a dew lit hill

I see the emerald spring unfurling in green.
Anemones awakening from a sleepless dream
and so too is our love to be seen, and sensed,
in this timeless, arduous, winter, dispensed.

Summer flowers are pink-and-blue
but here today when love is less, subdued.
I'd hold my breath to catch moonbeams
-drop of morning dew to know those dreams
-once and again, that sweet virginal, taboo
rolling in the solar fire, mornings dew,
again-with-you.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

In Love, I'll Run To You

When an angel sings
a devil will cry, I'm lonely
without you, without you.

You're the crucifix
the nail in hand
that set me free
the blind man's cane
that helps me to see
the love in me, the love in me, the love in me.
Oh, I want to touch your heart and soul
to feel a love divine
in my mind, in my mind
in my mind.

In love, I'll run to you
in love, I'll be with you
in love, in love, in love

And he said when you've kissed
the moon, the sun, and stars
and openly yearned a thousand-
more times to be in my arms
I'll run, I'll run, I'll run to you.

And she said oh, sweet serenity
love and chemistry
oh, sweet serenity isn't it heavenly
loving you, loving you, loving you.

Mark Heathcote

Lay Still My Beating Heart!

Beneath the white wet dew-lit foxgloves,
The lichens and apricot boughs
Beneath the dusky grey church clock tower
And the ambient wet westward clouds,
Lay still my beating heart.

As silence wrestles with silence-taut
As topaz ladybirds march unduly
Through the myriad ichor of lustrous web,
Through a needle of time unravelling,
Lay still my beating heart with His.

2016 edit

Beneath the white wet dew-lit foxgloves,
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Mark Heathcote

See His Ceiling

See His ceiling lit with many a mirrored star
See the lamps that glimmering is, truly ours
Then alchemises, these cherished hearts
Into moments, minutes, & hours
Then alchemises what love eternal is yours
What radiance shone meteoric ashore?
What pull has turned a melancholic tide?
And harboured so many a soul & mind
Through a seismic, storm, wave
Brimful of a universe without impudent pride
Know your place is a golden elixir by His side.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Jarring Of Midnight Dew

What permanent vanquished beauty
what tyrannical sea of change
transmutes and transmogrifies
all that is indigenous to atoms
rock, iron, wood, salt, root, flesh, and bone
what increments are rooting for you?
In us in this archaic, masquerade.
What sagacity, what foresight-
inch us forwards singular
into an esoteric silhouette
what everlasting beauty
imbibe through you so you too
can be tantalised and bid for
the jarring of His midnight dew
enchantments moth flame repository.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Asexual

Everything is a carbon copy
Squeezing-out of the original
Take that Brunet, transsexual,
Nonchalantly-surveying, but genial
All fur coat and no knickers so trashy.

Longing to be a female
Might as well of be born an Airedale
Such legs as hers were meant to be female.
Such analytical tales of a tawdry life:
Could only come from; a misused, housewife.

If ever she were to become a genuine angel.
Wouldn't she then wish to be a male?
Every spore in every cell with less regale
Of cause we were all once asexual:
So to be without sin; truly is to be original.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Smoke Rings

Didn't life see us dance?
In the arms of death,
That giver of breath, if, so.
What commodities, do
These smoke rings have left.

Surely in essences burned
It is purer, watered and fed.
Better than a single scant,
Mountain-rowan tree:
Whose berries be amber
Pink, white or red,

Who amongst us need lodgings?
When vapours condense
Beyond the rip-shore-tides
Of flesh: Better to be, the
Music; never heard sung.

Then one, that has rung.
And rung, and rung...
Only to be virulently alive!
But;
Still, in essence, tone deaf.

Mark Heathcote

Over New; Greens Seas Drip-Fed

The poet is a lonely ... (snail)
With elongated eyes espy.
Following a spiritual brail
Questioning: what's awry?
What; lucidity nears him by.

A non-apologetic; dreamer...
To him it's do-or-die
With a silver trailing "stigma"
Over the high seas did Bligh.
Oh, mutiny; he's not a rhymer...

{With a pirate, treasure scroll...}

With a bounty on his head:
His mutiny is that his soul—
And others might—never be fed.
By following him on... faith!
Over new; green seas drip-fed.

Mark Heathcote

The Physical Scent Of Life Has Gone...

Where did all the wood garlic go?
Sure it must have been dispensed.
By the ice and snow, 2 yrs.' ago
2010 / 2011 now never; seen again.

I ask myself will it ever recover
Now; that milder winter weather
Has returned, without shedding,
One, white; single blossom, feather.

How strange the woodlands are now?
How strange these green moist lands,
Without... swans coupling, the snowplough.
That followed both winter and spring.

How strange the disregarded remains
Of a swan's egg, has on our speculation.
A transient thought, the soul profanes.
The physical scent of life has gone.

Mark Heathcote

The Blackbird's Startled Wing...

"Words come down, outer space
Mop my brow, dust these books
Upon the mantelpiece
Ignite the candle, long since
Flickered perpetual light
Before it's time to say goodnight!
And, find my peace."

"Words be bright and be merry
As a church on Christmas Eve
Words sing, and sing!
Before all these shadows
Scurry off and flap away my soul
Unheard and underneath...
The Blackbird's startled wing."

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

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Mark Heathcote

Why Did The Star Dust Dance

Why did the stardust dance
Why did the rainbow move its stance
Why did I hold your hand and shiver
Why did you move me like a boulder in the river
Why did I feel found and yet mysteriously lost
Why did I tremble in the bough of your arms
Why did I cry and why were you so faux pas...
I don't know the questions to the answers I've lost...
I don't know why my heart is melting why it splinters like glass
I don't know why I kissed you and why I needed it to last
I don't know why I'm as happy as a chirping cricket in the snow
Maybe I just can't move my stance like a disappearing rainbow.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Love Will Always Find Its Catamaran

You say you're glad that now we've reconnected:
Introspectively, "I think anymore, takers"
Then a dullards-thought: Doesn't the sea play cupid.
Crashing too surfs, falling into breakers...

So having; returned once-more ashore!
I trackback by a darker bluer horizon-
Of forgetfulness: What; marine, decor!
Do coral reefs have to pull-down the Mizzen...?

If I discover lands where oceans; meet the sky
Where; impermanence conjoins together!
Lands of starry mass... souls and hearts so-near-nigh!
Without doubt; I would be her drowning-sailor...

No matter what the tentacle world does plan
Love will always find its catamaran.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Poet's Trinity

Poets must be stoic as a tree
rooted in coastal chalk-rock
ravaged bent in one direction.
Willing as a lightning-rod
to burst into fires free.

There is but one love triangle
between him earth sea and sky
that is where he'll climb and drill
that is where he'll dive and swim
that is where he'll fly and dream
till his circle of life has completed
That inward, outward, ripple.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Think Again!

Think of the Perfect Island
and then think again
isn't the abyss more perfect?
Think of swimming...
Your weight, the weight of water
gravity and motion...
Isn't the abyss more perfect
for swimming or flying...?
For; sinking and falling...
Think of the perfect island
and then live in the dream
that will follow you...
All your days like an ocean.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Apprehensive Lovers...

One wore the trousers
And went about singing,
Fearful of leaving...
Without; first drinking...

One wore black hose
Miniskirts, barefooted:
Without; thinking or caring...
When out dancing and twirling...

Together they'd kiss or pitch battle
Pitch battle or again fall in love
They were like wings on either shoulder
There were times when I couldn't fly...
Without one, and surely, without the other...

But; together we were like sisters
And brothers...
Together—we were happy village muckers.
Though they had all the difficulties
Of being; apprehensive lovers...

Mark Heathcote

I'LI Love You All This World And Back....

I'll love you all this world and back....
Till this feeling never goes away...
till all these stars in the heavens
have collided into star-dust
within your fiery loving eyes.
Oh, you can hook a hole inside my heart:
I will never fight, I will never part—you
I will never kiss and tell, or abuse—you
you can sequin every tear
I've spilled to your precious soul:
Cause I'll just evaporate into nowhere...
Into a vacuum of space, without you
I'll love you all this world and back...
I promise—you!
I promise—you!
Till this feeling never goes away...
I'll go on, loving, loving you!
A year from today...
Ten years from today...
Till eternity is here to stay...
forever and a day, with you!

Mark Heathcote

What Was She Doing There?

What was she doing there was anyone's guess.
Like some old bag lady.
Was she just another displaced soul, a foreigner?
Sitting alone in Piccadilly Gardens
Today with a child's toy pram
And two clothed dollies as companions
One dressed in green,
A much larger one in reddish-brown
Modestly, put on the fountain cobbles
Both dressed in unwashed tatty linen clothes.
Her dollies, lying face down.
It would seem she wears a cloak of invisibility.

How odd, no one around is staring or looking
Not one sees the child's pram.
How it's only big enough for a small tabby cat.
How odd these two dishevelled babies look,
Lay at logger ends with the world around them.
Like miserable displaced flightless pigeons on the ground.
One placed left of her, the other near her right ankle.
It's the 9th of October—2011
The time—tomorrow's date, 10.10 am
On a wet, grey, Sunday morning
How odd, her presence irritates me.

Quietly, disturbs me.
Before I catch my 101 bus,
"Lord, what is real, what is--
Sequential, sequentially real that I can see or touch? "
Isn't this world full of unparalleled madness?
Isn't this world full of chaos, unequalled sadness?
Grasping at straws to be understood?
How odd, how odd.
What are the implications?
"Lord, if I don't understand even you? "
I humbly ask like some old bag lady,
What was she doing there?
"What I am doing here."

The Truth About Ruth...

Describe to me something...?
Such, as...? Well, any old thing
You want; but make it true.
Else, I'll only come to rue'
A lie, if it were told as truth.
Say, didn't you love a girl called Ruth?
I, did but she was headstrong,
So, I couldn't dare belong,
Or even think to her; now, could "I"
And whys that then do reply...?
Truth, be said, I was shabby and shy.
She, seemed more than earthly,
Rode horse back at; weekends early.
Where is she "now" then?
She's been long gone. Since... when?
Oh, these last twenty years I guess
Like I said; she, was more than earthly.
Let's get back to what I said:
Describe to me something...?
Such, as...? Well, any old thing
You want; but make it true.
Else, I'll only come to rue'
A lie, if it were told as truth.

Mark Heathcote

The Path Of A Six Year Old Believer!

The path of a six-year-old believer!

Love, in absence

Where did "He" go?

Out for a pack of Marlboro cigarettes

Or to join the latest cabaret, pantomime show.

Who amongst us would know?

Didn't "He" say his love?

Would be eternal, "Sister";

Isn't that just a tinselled, cover-up?

Another green Cyanide-pill

A vitamin for the heart and soul (Banal)

Take your medicine. Ask no questions.

Nothing, meaningful or maternal (Here)

Just another missing Christmas... (Gift) (Wish)

That melted with the first snow.

Of course, we're all missing, you, Father?

Of course, we're all shallow children and Father

Of course, we'll swallow any old-lie whole.

The more strange or insane the better (Yes)

Yes, then the better the mystery (Gift)

The more real will be the truth,

We'll open and attain...On Christmas day.

"Sister";

Isn't that his grand design his plan?

The path of a six-year-old believer

Chockfull of tears, snowing in wrath!

Of course, we'll all swallow a lie!

When; it's our turn to? When it's

Our path, amongst; winters cascading snow.

"Father"; where did your footsteps melting go...

Mark Heathcote

Harvey's Lullaby

Harvey, Harvey, drives a red Ferrari
around St. Peters Square.

Eating an apple or a pear
he really - really, doesn't care.

He'll drive it right around there, I swear
right around that great-big-Egyptian-obelisk

And park it just there.
'In the Centre of—St. Peters Square'

He's only 4yrs old and free from the thrall
its tight bondage, that serfdom of prayer.

He'll sit and stare at its red granite.
And listen to his-own-little pomp - fanfare.

Like Pope Alexander VII
with brothers and nephews in-car-toe, coheir.

Mark Heathcote

Who But Could The Saints Preserve Us, Resist Her

Here alone-lying-on this cotton pillow.
I can still recall the lure of her lily scent:
Bouquets do me gaze and camphor and shadow
Never a dull moment does the heart repent:

Her fragrance, what; a promiscuous, allure.
Such elicit essences spring ajar the dart
What an art this palpable kiss velour.
How it courses through my head and lonely heart.

Then swept-on bye with brocades of flower
Spent-fallen, from Piety, a honeysuckle
Vine; twisting around, the Lover's Lane Larkspur.
Who in the world could be gleeful, yet; still bashful?

Who but could the saints preserve us, resist her.
Maybe; only the 'Morning Star her goddess sister.'

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Forever Autumn

The sun has gone into the shade
And turned a corner
she will not be returning
not neither soon... nor later
not ever...

Autumn leaves are falling now
my-dispirited-one.
Winter blankets are descending,
and there is no more to be done.

The cyclones ear is sevenfold
but here therein there is
just one rule of thumb,
one grace above all fallacies
love is a sour plum,
with a pit of gold.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Cemetery Walks...

The gravel goads me as I walk...
Do you not hear me, do you not see me
Do you not feel me underfoot?
Do you not, talk ...Speak! Why sir you are ruder
Then the sky, ruder than the stars and the moon
On high, how dare you scuffle on bye?
Kicking; me over at random as I keep.
Your offensive size nines dry. Sir—sir
Sir— even a dandelion has the curtsey,
To bow its head before it drifts on'
The wind: surely you sir could at least sing!
Do you not hear these yew trees or the grass?
Do you not hear the bird's song in the holy?
Does that little robin not make you gasp!
Do you not hear my unchartered music? Sir—sir
Sir— I'm the journey and you are just the path,
That leads to the end of the road:
"The swirling cherry blossom or so I'm told"
When; the wind sweeps through your left
Eye socket and tolls; know that death is
Looking through the right still in abject absents.

Mark Heathcote

Haiku

Rashers of bacon—
sun has made an omelet
Autumnal breakfast

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

No Louder Than The Snoring Tigers Lolling Tongue!

O' my sleeping, weeping, thoughts
heavy as army blankets, you and I
observing nought but sunbeams
nought but lintel iron moonbeams,
under which no one listens
-nor speaks—but gibberish,
no one sleeps, no one, dreams.
But even so' it's a sentry's landscape
that's foolhardy bold as any heaven
-that's nonsensical, like-any-song,
sung in rhyme—one learns to love.
That's as still, as any silence
hammering in the darkened, hereafter.
My horrors anthem roars now an alarm
no louder than the snoring tigers lolling tongue.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Even The Cuckoo Has To Find Its Layer...

All fledgling poetry starts in the stoic hearts nest
Even the cuckoo has to find its layer...
Somewhere near to ostracize the rest:
In order to "Carpe diem" and be the Purveyor...
Over all he has cruelly dispossessed:
But often; like the magpie, he's an empty naysayer.
That honestly nobody wants to ingest...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Oohs And Oh's... Of A Winter Rose

Shyly, the distilled November— light!
Exudes around; the blushing rose.
Till then her beauty is unduly, contrite!
Her virginal warmth; tingles, oohs,
And ohs...Ohs and Oohs ...Oohs and ohs...

She's more haunting than anybody, knows?
She ends each season unrequited.
In her pensive, star-like milky throes...
That mercy blood makes hearts ignite.
So much so, her leafless, invite.

Trembles... inside with ...Oohs
And ohs...Ohs and Oohs ...Oohs and OH's...
Leaves like golden; Leaflets frostbite-
Top-another has no partite.
That my soul would; disperse that lovely rite!

From the, oohs,
And ohs...Ohs and Oohs ...Oohs and ohs...
Not even the thorny crown; does impose
Upon; the vision of her, clothes.
Such clear translucent splendour, oohs,
And ohs...Ohs and Oohs ...Oohs and ohs...
...Here's my ode to a white winter rose.

Mark Heathcote

The Night Runs In Fear Of The Dreamer

The night runs in fear of the dreamer
as for him, there is no night.
For even though there is darkness-in-abundance
He only needs to close his eyes to see there is light
God deems all darkness be made light.
Such is why ebony skies are singularly bright
brightly-dotted with orbs so bright.
For the dreamer's hope, is a candlewick?
That stretches from here to eternity
all he but do is ignite its vaporous spirit.
And, be guided by its flickering light
for he that adjourns in his own shadow
will have nowhere to go when he spurns
what the daylight; can no longer anymore follow.
God made a scented garden and gave all men
their seven sense's that we follow in his trail.
So that even if one or more senses be lost
the spirit of the lamb would still be
guided by god's external light within.

Mark Heathcote

Once They Spall-Sparkled Like Foxglove!

The downbeat, downtrodden, joys of love.
Once they spall-sparkled like foxglove!

But now deflate like a beach ball...
Pig's bladder, words choke, a hairball.

And cough out each forgotten phrase!
Utterances of the bee, still purveys.

But—isn't partial to a petal...
Doesn't wish, to defile; not a bud.

And the rose, herself is quite, bruised.
Froze, wounded, and suffused:

Her pink-briar-arms, no-longer-cling...
The white-picket-fence where-once did sing.

Inside the fountains cave all they grasp
Steadfast nettle stinging, an asp...?

O' they hear torrent; waters past...
In their drowning, they cut the mainmast.

But remain, anchored to the last.
For they've made a sticky honey-caste!

Mark Heathcote

Flightless Angels Shall Fervently Stare

A little prismatic wing of love wings it's way back for us all at once to try and cocoon its meaning and discover.

O' what cherished rose petal flower buds with their sunlight's rubicund rays will always deliver.

Yes, a little flight of fantasy, a love that could sojourn or rest with us or none other apart from Him.

When their wings walk on the water... and their swift's tail slices the sweet air we'll swear his with her soul goes gently there.

Through all the wonders of the heavenly world, they'll go gliding together here and there everywhere elsewhere.

As little cabbage white butterflies courting in the air in love forever. Prismatic stars shall gaze in anger and flightless angels shall fervently stare at the vacuum of their worldly unabated care.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Err Is Human 'songstresses'

She's a contralto,
With high sustaining, notes
Her voice is a salvo,
O' the rapture, she emotes
Calling-on spicy, Bacchus...
In 'lightness' or 'heaviness'.

She specializes in control.
Like a skylark, circling at
Dawn's heartstring, cajole!
Her lips; heady, Muscat
Sing, their ritual, madness.
On this poor sap; Dionysus...

He fought with giant, Titans
The dramatic is the deepest.
Florid passages filled heaven,
His tears wept there; shrillest.
She was like a priestess
Or better still a princess.

O' she even sings alto,
Holding a spike of grain
O' she's the onset of Virgo'
And, his heart has been slain.
In 'lightness' or 'heaviness'
To err is human; 'songstresses'.

Mark Heathcote

Mahjong

Each; flower must flower a flower.
Each; rock a stone a stone.
Each; necklace a link to one another
That none ever be alone.

Each rivulet wave moves forward.
Each Natterjack toad leaps...
Loudly headlong like some warlock wizard
Who for eternity creeps?

Questioning; where on earth do I belong.
Each star abode in space
Plays a game of Mahjong
Were all to collide we'd share the same birthplace.
O' for however long!

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Where The Moonlight And I Repine

Love, is blushing a blink risqué.
From watching what nervously I'd say.
She's just a hop skip and a jump
Sideslip, breaths blossom foray
From hearing what I would screenplay.
When my eyes close, I get a lump...

A tingle! Down in my pining-spine!
Something, inside me says you'll be mine!
But after, I feel like a chump.
She walks haply naked in the sunshine
Where the moonlight and I repine
A halve silhouette, a little grump.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Minted And Crowned

Imagine if you can, the greatest-bank-vault
Ribbed door; heavier, than any mountain wall.
Where no safecracker can beat its time-lock default:
Gain-access the glorious, treasures, enthal

Doors, with a time lock-on all deposits
One, once you enter, there's nothing to be found.
No jewels, paper money, or trinkets
Just your own, coinage minted and crowned.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Windup My Sail

Windup my sail
Like falling, leaves.
Windup these pirate tales
What no one else believes?

Oh, quartermaster—
Mistress of the high seas
Beat your drum
Let these oarsmen
Stroke each falling wave
Once and again
Where nothings are nearly
Quite begun or ended
Or recovered

With each rolling day
Sirens sacrifice
Tossed up into
The foaming waves of what's
Dew-dropped into thee
Into me, still unknown?

Oh, catch that thunder
In the harbour in the rain
Like linen
Touch the healing
In the lightning
Craped ripped breath

In the sunlight
Of your soul
Like a dove
With an olive leaf
Returning home
To a king of the truly wise
Wind up my sail
Tonight I drowned
At these oars
For the light!

Mark Heathcote

Lord My Love Don't You Know

We're going to be soaked in seed
Divorced of low crawling weed
We're going to be clematis climbers
Entwining all we lambast—fast
We're going to be flower chamfers
Burning on the breeze to the last.
We're going to be burning dreams
Falling into fairy ring themes
We're going to be petals in pools
Dancing around daisy starlit moons
We're going to be crisp winter days
Before; another sleeps purple haze.
We're going to be goblets in a stream
Where all the salmon daydream
We're going to be a millipede rainbow
Under the bridal veil of happy tears
We're going to be red carpet premiers
Leaving; crystal footprints where we go.
Lord my love don't you know?
Lord my love don't you know?
Lord my love don't you know?

Mark Heathcote

Love Kept Her For A Teacup

Love kept her for a teacup close to his lips
With both hands trembling on her hips
Her eyes they too were so love-in
That he pulled away at her silk napkin
She held him like he were a teaspoon
But he felt just like a great big baboon
His kisses were like rose water honey
Their bodies crumpled like a Dali oil limply...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Another Valentine

Another day of roses and wine
and you will always be mine.
O, Valentine, there's more to this
than just another passionate kiss
there's a lifetime's worth of promise.
There's that cherished smile
that loving embrace we merit awhile
spooned together so lovingly tactile.
There's that language between us two
that no other will ever undo,
two hearts remaining forever true.
Darling, that's how I feel about you.
Love is a moment's word in passing
to be in love with you is everlasting.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Rumble In The Jungle

Give us some poetry? Ali.

Me, we..? (A record-breaker)

these are the words

-of Muhammad Ali

Ali—baba-booyah, Ali, is he?

The emperor of Horus

sang back the chorus

Ali—baba-booyah

Ali—baba-booyah

All—baba-booyah

The people's champion

roaring, catlike a rampant lion.

With lean longlegs of lynxes

the king of all the cobras?

With a right leading paw

his jab like a shining red rip saw

his words of combat

a poetic—sting, like a bee

he's buzzing like a black gnat

in the ears of Forman's one-man-wall.

Fury; surely, he's only another meatball.

(Half-crazed: George Forman

he isn't their American hero their Tarzan)

'Muhammad Ali...'

Ali—baba-booyah, Ali

The emperor of Horus

they all sang back in chorus.

Ali—baba-booyah

Ali—baba-booyah

Ali—baba-booyah

Hellfire sharpen up this stirring beast's

anger who isn't yet a baptized priest?

This unleashes the bears raging blahs! ! !

But in a taciturn of natural, law

a trudging elephant goes sleeping.

Wearily, on the ropes, he's waiting

tobacco chewing the brawlers
heart weathering his boulders.

And his own leaf shedding soul□
Ali and his admirer's console
Muhammad Ali
Ali—baba-booyah, Ali
The emperor of Horus
comes back the chorus
Ali—baba-booyah
Ali—baba-booyah
Ali—baba-booyah

Meanwhile, me, we..?
Ali, tenderly, inward sobs
Me, we..? Me, we..?
For 3-whole rounds, he bobs
weaves until his inward sobs.
Awaken his ancestors.
Then does he begin, surely to hear?
A charlatan's heartbeat drum...
With no more tantrums to come.
He Ali awakens his African elephant.
Wounded and yet more grievant
it's then, this road turnpikes.'
And Africa's chosen black son
Ali, the preordained cobra strikes
at Forman, the watermelon gatherer
bewildered, headlong-guilty
of this his own perjure.

Mark Heathcote

Language Is The Kingdom

Language is the kingdom of the soul.
Its compass is the making of the whole
Weather by madness Science or art!
Its lineage contains the heart.
And when its needle points out death
language becomes our immortal breath
On ancient winds now holy light!
It lifts the silence off the night.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Until That Time Again We Meet

I dream so, oh so, so high of ye
Night and the soul wilt rest
And raise me on an oncoming cloud
Aloft to my angel, my angel child
That winged my hearts flutters with joy
I wish to bring ye young one home
And clothe thy bones with flesh and blood
But all I have is gone, my seed in the grave
Ye have flowered and died in spring;
Our little winged soul is ye lost like sheep
When I count my dying prayers and weep
Don't bleat child, don't bleat!
In the holy meadow, sleep, sleep, sleep...
Until that time again we meet.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hang Me A Door With Gables Bright!

Hang me a door with gables bright
so joy can find its way by night
through bootless tracks where great-fords lie,
in the distance of an external eye.

Here a swathe of farm lights burn
without oil, gas or peat-bog turf
here a lantern hangs omnipotent and gold.
Bringing a shepherds-flock back unto His fold
where one man's labouring equals one lord's serf
where a prophet preached; till his own, nocturne.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

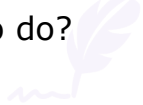
Little Bug...

Little bug, little bug!
Get out of bed
Go bother the neighbour's...
...And make that bed.

Little bug, little bug!
Rest your head:
And count those blessings...
...That you're not dead!

Little bug, little bug!
Has gone to the moon...
When he comes home
...He can tidy his room.

Little bug, little bug!
All curled up and blue.
When he questions
...What to do?



PoemHunter.com

Mark Heathcote

The Bell Of Knutsford's Many-Throng

A young Queen dances around the Knutsford maypole
As though she lingered within some fathomless dream
Lifting joyful ribbon arms like a linnet on the breeze;
She'd fare thought this world should float
Beneath her bantam feather...rose petal feet.

But soon, she'll forgo and loosen off her fairy wings.
And steal naked through the world that forged,
Forged her-simple-warm gracious dreams
But till then her heart will beat the linnet's song,
And dance the bell of Knutsford's many-throng.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

That's What They At The Asylum Now Say

I have walked in wait of my own death
I have swam and drowned in my own life
I have climbed only to sink beneath the sky
I have crawled belly-down and stood on-high
I have wrestled with hatred only to find love
I have been the bully who first needed a shove
I have been quick-tempered deep into manhood
But old age mellows that adolescent boyhood:
At least that's what they at the asylum now say
Little does this white walled demigod know?
He too is buried under the walls of Pompeii...
His life to a moulding of death anther Stucco...

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Schizophrenics

When the wiring
of the brain,
unravels in this way like a ball of yarn.
There can be no lonelier
place on earth
than your own, malicious mind.
Teasing out its own
self-worthlessness in pain
waging-war against its self-esteem
its own heart and soul
brother, sister, mother, father.
And, one-time friend and lover
they're all of them, voices in your head
but you know you've lost the thread
Once you have wished them all dead.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Divergent Rivers

Beneath the moons silver lit lamp
divergent-rivers meandering camp.

In love alone, do they worship
at the tidal wave, in courtship-

like a water flower in its stem
roused joyously in lustful men.

Opaque flesh is unwittingly made divine.
If still-pure-in petal they're made sublime.

A floral sky in heaven waits
in the dingle-wood they at the gates.

Where two young lovers, run-amok
with passions wanton, awestruck.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Last Visit And Conversion...

Here lies-
my grandmother
weak tired nearing her death.
The archetypal grandmother
who soothed all manner of nursery cries?
Who made everything so much better?

Here lies-
my grandmother
weak drained approaching her final breath
in that last week of heinous lies
spoken in strictly sweet 'hellos, '
not in those sad, departing, closing 'goodbyes.'

Valedictions, farewells
before, the cloak of her life-
lifts & falls silently bereft.
Closes like a child's ballerina music box
in her last wheezed surrendered, dying breaths.
In hopes-prayer
in hopes coiled never-fading-ending
in words, formed all too cold & informal.
Like crusts of stale bread.

Floated in the mouths of the living,
where it has been faithfully-said
that our own, increments will also rise-
conversely, against all natural logic.
And speak from our own deathbeds.
'Will not each & every one of us
one day, converse with the dead.'

Here lies-
my grandmother
and to bring you up to date, she is now dead deceased.
But conversely against our present state of mind
but not this individual, not my heart or will.
I'll open a ballerina music box; hear her sing once more.
I'll see her again in this life or the next, all logic denied.

Of that my dear, friends, I am not just nostalgically sure.

Mark Heathcote

Nicknames For Aislinn

She was born a bald little lassie
Long and thin, truly, ever so pretty
6lbs-8oz if memory serves me well
She was slender and strong as a gazelle.
She'd a bit of that yellow barley jaundice.
She lay on my lap; her eyes opened-wondrous
She'd match for grace all the tiny wild cowslips
I'd laugh! 'I'd nicknamed her chips'
Because of her yellowing, jaundice—after
Finally, she came home with her mother
I changed that name to 'clothes peg'
As seemed right... even if a little bowleg,
She'd lie in the little red washing basket.
Just as if it had been her Moses basket
Clothes peg stuck; it was only proper
As we hung her out to quietly jabber.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Music Of One's Love

Curiously, I once heard music
where there was none
this, I perceived when
two deaf and dumb,
young lovers were caught-up
in an all-embracing kiss.
After which they spoke in sign
it was then by my implicit recollection
that I, myself, could, clearly, fathom, understand
each syllable unspoken phrase of intangible air
each tremulous hair
each semaphore wave of their hands
each nuance of eliciting breath they shared
and when I stood there half-frozen silently
I swear I saw their internal beauty
prelude to an almost golden atmospheric light
it shone, oh, I'm sure like the Aurora-Borealis
it invoked my heart's delight
to see that the music of one's
love is deaf and dumb,
but neither is it blind to the heart of its sum.

Mark Heathcote

The Lord Of Catchers-Can

In the isles of a gutter
In the dim-lit graveyard of a church
A man must walk forever
With beggar's bowl in hand
And succumb to all the rough bad weather
A man can withhold, understand.

The Lord of Catchers-Can
Is both a shepherd and a man
From a palm of dust; father's the waters of the land.
And hails the wheat & barley to either fall or stand.

Into these storm drains of heaven
A dream is, washed away
Like the rains of yesterday.
A holy man sojourning for a little while came
And then was gone
Where no such earthly vanities belong
And blessed us in one name
In the light of the eternal flame
All sinners are likewise the same.

The Lord of Catchers-Can
Is both a shepherd and a man
From a palm of dust; father's the waters of the land.
And hails the wheat & barley to either fall or stand.

It's here I've heard it said
We pay for the eyes of the dead
In the living hearts and souls left
To do, our living, to do, our living, when we're dead
So take my hand,
And-let-us-all-understand,
The ways of the Lord are yours and mine to command,
For every child, woman or a man.

The Lord of Catchers-Can
Is both a shepherd and a man
From a palm of dust; father's the waters of the land.

And hails the wheat & barley to fall, and stand.

~or~

We sat by the river of contemplation and girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze all the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised I unlearned how to breathe
I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.

Yeah, we sat by the river of contemplation and slowly we sank
Into one subconscious into that one subconscious, sea
Sea of reflection and girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze all the secrets of your world to me.

Love, we held the star's and God, held-us
Love, we held the stars and the star, s held us
Subliminally, sublime girl, you were always mine.

O' yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.
I felt my anger and hate transformed into love
I felt the summer's burn in my blood, burning with the knowledge of our love
As we sank into one subconscious
Into that one subconscious, sea, sea of reflection,

O, yeah I unlearned all the reasons for being, being, being alone and afraid.
And girl you did whisper unto me like a summer breeze
All the secrets of your world to me
And I was so, mesmerised I unlearn how to breathe
As we sank into one-subconscious
Into that one-subconscious, sea, sea of reflection,

Girl, just you and me
Love, we held the star's and God held-us
Love, we held the stars and the star's held-us
Subliminally, sublime girl, you were always mine.

Mark Heathcote

Candle-Wax-Sky

Pellucid blue-eyes, whoever told you to-be-wise?
Whoever said you could dream beyond the
Moon, lit, monolithic, midnight-skies
Drink-the-midnight-curtain of sleep
Into these waking hours
Where dreams can sublimely, creep
-Around like a carnivorous green-flower
Like a sun spider sunning on a rock
Like a worm in the Pippin of an eye
Looking-down from a Candle-wax-sky.
Whoever said? It would be easier to dream.
Whoever said?
That those darker blankets of velvet-red
Eventually, wouldn't come calling to cover
Your miserable maudlin flower-
Stem-head; with the blooded-thorns of a rose bed.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Hopes & Tears

All hopes and tears
will condensate
in the souls
and hearts of all you've loved
and blossom on and on
into a new eternal plane
where the sun
is always cordially, shining
because you have such
a deep affinity with the world
and passion truly felt
worth-its-salt in-sharing.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Pale White Beauty

Soft as the moonlight, glinting
on a veil of silken snow
you're pale - your white beauty, maudlin?
My heart beats speaking in an overflow
you, with your dark hair roving
oh, Ivory shouldered, queen
there, where the barn owl, sleeping?
So quietly calm and serene
there, where the raven is feeding?
His talons in the snow,
therewith a heart still bleeding,
I'll pray you, love me so?

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Rose And The Bumblebee

Love must have its tempest
said the bee to the rose
love must have its passions-harnessed
before its midnights, close.

Yes, love must have its passion
said the rose to the bee
love must unburden of a fashion
if it's ever to be free.

But isn't that loves, betrayal
said the bee to the rose
peering beneath; her petal veils
before whisking on his toes.

Your love truly a tempest
said the rose to the bee
but I'm the queen most - royalist
Sir—on this, we'll both agree.

Love must have its tempest
and this is plain to see
why passion's flame did bless
the rose and the bee.

Mark Heathcote

The Garden

The garden is a living cell
A Monet' of colour
and still reflection!

Its life is onwards moving
But still, like the sun
forever in dusk or dawn:

A theatre of hearts
beating as one!
An applaud of petals
Scented; in love.

The garden is a river
a place of worship
a place to espy
a good time to die.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

To Seed The Steps Of Heaven

Morning glory must open
to seed the steps of heaven.

And on her nap of cloud.
Might yours be a halo, a crown?
Opening the gates of heaven
and that basket of laundry.
It won't need laundering
in heavens ephemeral care
Apollo the sun,
will have had his run,
with the morning air.

But you must, mine darling
by break of day, nightfall-shining
flit-through a velvet-tare
leap from the shadows of existence
with flowers in your hair.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

The Bride

Hewn from the strata of galaxies demure
inured with witchcraft heartbreakingly, pure.
The bride wears her wedding dress, like haute-couture
dressed in her heavenly gown made by Channel or Dior.

A vision poised, sumptuously dressed and veiled
she - supernatural swan-like sailed
stunningly intoxicating like-a-little creature divine
takes the groom's arm and whispers thou shall be mine.

Mark Heathcote



PoemHunter.com

Smiles The Choice Of Rose Hips Hue

Who brings me the tears of rainbows blue?
And smiles the choice of rose hips-hue
That brings to me the moons, gentle dew?
With kisses soft—as slender new.

Who brings me the laughter of bluebells white?
And dances those greens; like a garden sprite.
That brings to me, the azure morning-light?
Like a thistledown-angel lost in flight.

Who brings me the meadows flowing flaxen hair
And whispering words spellbinding without a care
That brings me the same sense of wonders rare?
Like woodland lilies under a leafmould layer.

Who brings me the moons, gentle dew?
With kisses soft; as slender new
With smiles, the choice of rose hips-hue
Why yes, my child, it's you.

Mark Heathcote