

Poetry Series

**Craig Turner**  
**- poems -**

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# Craig Turner(07/11/1985)

if ya like anything comments are welcome xxx

# A Boring Nightmare

A boring nightmare,  
Keeps me from sleep,  
The whip that cracks,  
Shatters his back,  
And leaves him on his knees.

Craig Turner

# A Cat Called Red

There once was a cat called red,  
She slept at the bottom of my bed,  
When i went to sleep,  
Out she would creep,  
Out the window and onto the shed,  
Through the crack in the gate,  
She would go see her mate,  
And see what the night could bring.

In the night she would sing,  
On top of a dustbin,  
Jumping over fences,  
Using all her senses,  
As the birds would tweet,  
And the sun would creep,  
Red just below my feet,  
Would purr as she pretends to sleep.

Craig Turner

# A Little Light

What was once full of colour,  
Reflects back in black and white,  
Little letters lodged away,  
As if to be found some day,  
We used to dream,  
Time has disregarded me,  
The only dreams left come with sleep.

Angry and miserable,  
Dumbed down and synical,  
Any sign of success were overly critical.

A little light,  
Goes a long way.

Bitterness tears holes in the chair,  
Signs of an angry young man,  
Frustrated and lonely,  
What might have been,  
What should have come,  
Dreams fade away,  
Asleep in the chair alone with his chance to dream

A little light goes a long way.....

Craig Turner

# All Hallows Dream

I'm the werewolf in the living room.  
Praying for a full moon,  
Couldnt crush a grape in a fruit fight,  
Self deprecate myself out of situations  
Waiting on the brightest night,  
Forget its ramifacations,  
Counting away the days,  
Washing my car on sundays.

The devils inside of me,  
Itching to appear,  
Vanity may be the death of me,  
The other side is glazed in fear  
The mirrors the only friend I need,  
With no reflection staring back at me.

Hubble bubble,  
Toil and salon stubble,  
Chinese burns and cauldron bubble,  
Eye of newt and botox troubles,  
Fillet of chicken and pasta bake,  
In the couldron boil and bake,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Stir in the high street snakes.

Craig Turner

# Appeaser

Appeaser just release her,  
Take your love from the ceiling,  
It wont become disturbed,  
Buried away with your feelings,  
Flying high getting lost,  
In the emotions your dealing.

When your ready,  
We will awake,  
While you wait outside,  
I'll be there to remonstrate,  
Take your love from the ceiling,  
Let the world underestimate.

Appeaser just release her,  
Take your love from the ceiling,  
Forget what you've heard,  
Here's the wealth of a new feeling,  
Appeaser just release her,  
Take your love from the ceiling

Craig Turner

# Beautiful Day

Turn on the T.V,  
A man in a suit proceeds to tell me,  
That fighting talk fills the streets,  
I look out my window,  
The pavement is neat and tidy.

We knew pollen could make you weak,  
But please come play,  
You've got rosey cheeks,  
Its a beautiful day.

Blackbirds fly bye and flock at eight,  
Wafting through the echoes of the dark,  
Close those eyes and inhale,  
Its been a beautiful today.

Craig Turner



# Benefits Of Skipping

This time its luminous,  
Its been dark before,  
So rarely believe my eyes,  
Sprouting health,  
Creeped in discreetly,  
Replenishing vigor.

This well torn path,  
Is no longer covered in glass,  
Take off your shoes,  
Its covered in grass.

The man above,  
Wore blue today,  
Filled up the skies with love,  
And blew us all away.

Somesault on the senses,  
New expectations,  
Hand in hand,  
Jumping over fences.

Craig Turner

# Blame

The future's hungover,  
Where misgivings may lay,  
Travelling in a renditions bubble,  
The past is sober,  
Sound out your stories of dismay,  
Place mats laid for every mood of the day.

Blame sun stroke,  
Conscience doesn't sleep,  
Flow out live,  
One stop your allowed,  
The past recommends,  
A path laid for the where the future derives.

We can be free,  
Laying off,  
Letting that, that makes no sense,  
Letting it lie,  
Placing a foot down,  
Blaming only yourself.

Craig Turner

# Blue Skies

I felt the hairs on the back of your neck,  
Prickling in the wind,  
Resplendant in todays air,  
Struggling with future wars,  
Peeling art into wallpapers weakness,  
Disecting the pattern to the door.

In the nights institution,  
With fluorescent midnight gardens,  
We'll return for you dearest,  
When the horizons clearest.

Fluorescent torrents an occupying treat,  
My daisys I beleive has a sweetness,  
Is this a seminary, What can I see?  
Am I departed? Am I really me?

Registering coastlines,  
Sabotaging breadlines,  
I was told of your goosebumps,  
I've seen the courage take hold,  
And it made me sad,  
You taught me of blue skies, I saw them in your eyes.

Craig Turner

# Convenire

Into light we conviene,  
Wearing down our wheels,  
With the extracts we percieve,  
In the eyes contact,  
That we receive,  
The dark side of the body,  
We leave unseen.

Into life we remain,  
In dwarfed status,  
We spend our days,  
Screaming intropsections of disdain.

Infatuations of light,  
Barely recognised,  
Loves drained but not despised,  
Into another light conveyed,  
In a tunnel,  
With recognised dreams.

Into the light we conviene,  
Staring at introspecting screams,  
The dark side of the reality,  
Blessed and unseen.

Craig Turner

# Cornershop

Sit at home,  
Read the paper all alone,  
Been feeling so let down,  
That I cant bring my self around,  
To pop to the cornershop.

I thought I'd bump into someone that I once loved,  
Streaming thoughts of what I might say,  
As I pour myself another cup,  
Filled right to the top,  
Hoping someone would interrupt.

I thought you'd be there,  
But you were somewhere else,  
Playing with your hair,  
In respect of what I might say,  
You didn't care,  
But we both know you were being brave.

Sit at home,  
Read the paper all alone,  
Been feeling so let down,  
That I cant bring my self around,  
To pop to the cornershop.

Craig Turner

# Courage

The rapturous applause you deserve,  
Doesn't go unnoted,  
The strength to leave the familiarity,  
Shouldn't go unnoticed,  
To be more like you and to strive,  
Rather than lie and feel no life,  
Real courage made the doors open wide,  
Instead of openings depleting in size.

Craig Turner

# Crying Out For Help

A phone call,  
A misplaced message,  
Thoughts of something another,  
A square peg in the round hole,  
Hope that someone else knows,  
Someone who understands.

Crying out for help,  
In your hour of need,  
A friend or family to help you succeed,  
A cry for help,  
To anyone who will listen,  
A desperate scream to the back of the room,  
The echoes come back only come back to you,  
A succession of release,  
When noone hears you just aim to please

Craig Turner

## Cut A Lonely Figure

I've seen the man in you,  
He cuts a lonely figure,  
Seems brand new,  
Focusing in on the sinner,  
I've got to go,  
I've got engagements that were prior.

You said you would never perish,  
I've seen you shine brightly,  
Pleading out and diminished,  
Stepping out politely.

Cutting another lonely figure,  
Couldn't see it smiling back,  
I've got to go,  
Understanding I see you know.

Understate how I missed you.

In the clearing,  
Shining in the black  
You had to go,  
But now your'e coming back.

Craig Turner



# Danielle

All I can do is sit by her side,  
And know she wont break the night,  
What a time we had,  
Before you perched on the floor,  
With me by your side,  
I've got the best spot,  
She is the prettiest site.

Can I take your hands,  
And lead this last dance  
There's spring in my step,  
That wont let go,  
Through the cracks in the moonlight,  
I look amazed that I know.

I've got the best place,  
Here in your space,  
By my side,  
The prettiest scene,  
Felt what I cant hide,  
A picturesque dream.

Craig Turner

# Days In Bed

I stare out of the window,  
Im sure there's something there,  
Been spending days in bed,  
With no grudge to bare.

I stare out over rainbows,  
Looking to fly,  
Somewhere noone goes  
Something that's mine.

The minds eye goes blind,  
As more dreams run dry.

Your losing momentum,  
Your losing your head,  
You'd go out to show them,  
But its to warm in bed

Your losing your head,  
Your losing your mind,  
You'd go out to show them,  
But its never the time

Your losing your mind,  
Your losing you head,  
Its always cold outside,  
So spend days in bed.

Craig Turner

# Drinking

I proceed to be sick,  
Which always makes me vomit,  
Then someone rang a bell,  
Looked at me and said your drunk go to bed,  
Sleeping on a carousel,  
The part of the night I dread.

Thinking about the good times,  
Drinking away the bad,  
Talking about the right times,  
Drinking away the bad.

I've been blown up,  
Then watch my self deflate,  
We blow out,  
Till there's nothing to coordinate,  
Been thrown out,  
In a fluorescent state.

Talking about the good times,  
Thinking about the right times,  
Drinking away the bad.

Craig Turner

# Duck And Cucumber

Duck and cucumber,  
Run for your lives,  
The future's coming,  
And their bringing their wives.

Duck and cucumber,  
Go for a drive,  
Fill up your tank,  
And hope you survive.

Duck and cucumber,  
Give it five,  
Play your cards right,  
Make sure you come out alive.

Craig Turner

# Embodied By Restlessness

Captivated by his own restlessness,  
Wandering the streets,  
Taking in ever waning ideas of grandeur,  
Promising day dreams left lay down the back of the sofa,  
Talent remains,  
Passion refrained,  
Embodied by restlessness,  
Searching for an ever brighter day

Swollen hands making it hard to feel,  
Little innocent criticisms let fly by,  
Brought back to haunt him as the only thing thats real,  
Staring at the ceiling,  
Transfixed ears on the wind chimes outside,  
Swallowing fear and punctured pride,  
The rain falls in tandem with the tears inside,  
Embodied by restlessness.

Craig Turner

# Eventually I Meet Immediate Peril

I must reiterate this is co-written with the lovely and talented Sara Tehrani.....

I don't think he knows his affect on my smile

A paper cut tastes to reminiscent

A stronger feeling grows all a while

Sat at the back breathing back smoke

Covering the eyes of doubt, I woke

Subjected to immediate peril

Visions of what only the weak eye can spot

Inevitably reactions won't understand

With a broken dream and half a leg I stand

Uninterested is unconcerned

As destroyed is what is simply burnt

Sinking whilst spinning

Occupied with beer and wine I think of him.

Always at arms length with sleeves rolled down

A soft soothing sound is flowing from the river of my mind.

Engraved gold rings sparkling in the reflection

Forgive my delicate sudden rush of emotions

The one that just won't burst

The same one that always comes first

I'm always honest but rarely tell the truth

Until the day will arrive where red will form from blue

Craig Turner

# Excess

His integrity he plunders,  
Without grace,  
Hitting the floor in fields of thunder,  
Glimpse his disgrace,  
Looking down your nose,  
Doesn't suit your face.

Shake your finger,  
At the indulgence,  
Its no distress,  
From here looking up,  
In no state to impress,  
The literal face of excess.

More self righteous an entity he had never known,  
On his route to the palace of wisdom,  
So cast the first stone,  
But you'll probably miss,  
No eyes will wince,  
From the face of excess.

Craig Turner



# Five Days Of Dreaming

Five days of dreams,  
You popped up in each one,  
A love,  
A make up,  
A break up,  
Then I wake up.

Confusion arises with me and the sun,  
What I thought had floated on,  
Had reared its surprising head,  
As I awake and put my shoes on.

These dreams are consistent,  
As one day fades,  
Into another,  
Your face pops through,  
Into my vulnerable splendour.

Craig Turner

# Flyaways

We can only be,  
The concoctions in love that we truly perceive,  
There's no relevance in deceit,  
Just grace in defeat,  
It may be us against them,  
There's no solutions without problems.

Dont rip me off emotionally,  
And expect a kiss on the mouth,  
Just behave freely,  
What I adore dearly.

I didnt get clearance from the father,  
To be the safety net for his daughter,  
Now I'm wearing my feathery wings,  
And flying south for the winter,

There's no solution to impulse,  
No register for change,  
Just problems and compulsions,  
Just brains and slipstreams,  
Close enough was nowhere near,  
Just me and you dear.

Craig Turner

# From The Spell Awoken

From under another spell im awoken,  
Gently peeling away,  
Yesterdays daydream,  
Walking on strawberry ice cream,  
Just bless me with,  
Your sugarcoated reasons.

Do you remember me,  
Or was I just an illusion,  
On the outskirts of days gone by,  
Twiddling my thumbs.

Perhaps she put a spell on me,  
In an eternity unwritten,  
On the sea of strawberry ice cream,  
I claim each star is twinkling,

Craig Turner

# Globetrotting Through The Andes

Dress the garden out in tea lights,  
Camouflage the nighttime,  
Turn off the street lights,  
Invite round all your friends.

Give me a mercedes from the eighties,  
Black, Stretched and made for parties,  
Like one from the munsters,  
On a mountain out in Cyprus.

Wet wipes will come in handy,  
Globetrotting through the Andes,  
Met you in Manilla,  
Kisses taste like vanilla.

Fill my face with pavement,  
Just to make a statement,  
Fill my lungs with just one breath,  
Run until theres nothing left.

Running out a restaurant,  
This one was the best one,  
I thought we'd eat for free,  
While we visit Napoli.

Craig Turner

# Heart Shaped Balloons

I think your missing the point,  
Lips up to the sky,  
As she found out your lies,  
No turning back,  
As they only know your disguise,  
Your lying again,  
And its no surprise

Heart shaped balloons,  
Bounce of the ceiling,  
Could not bring her back,  
As she arrives into an afternoon,  
Before you return.

Crowds arrive for your demise,  
She will make sure,  
Your unmasked before the suns arise,  
Getting your revenge,  
Is missing the point,  
Heart shaped balloons to make amends

Craig Turner

# Heartstrings

Your still talking rubbish,  
Even if he told me I wouldn't believe him,  
They've been playing with your morales,  
Pulling you leg,  
Pulling on the heartsrings,  
Putting ideas in your head.

Gonna do you a favour,  
And take credit for the things you did,  
Gonna write down the great things you said,  
Then practise them in my own head,  
You wouldn't want the burden,  
Dont make the same mistakes I did.

Clouding up your judgement,  
Knowing your naive,  
Slowing down your momentum,  
Fiddling your heartstrings,  
Taking you for fools,  
Playing your morales against you.

Craig Turner

# I See Trouble

I see trouble tonight,  
So I take a secluded path,  
The one on the right,  
Up past the lights,  
Give me a call when you there,  
Just give me a call

I frolock with sinners,  
I knock on there door,  
They make the best singers,  
Your not there,  
I'll give you a call,  
Just give you a call.

Craig Turner

# In Your Shoes

“In Your Shoes”

I saw the world through your eyes,  
I took a day in your shoes,  
Look like you just in disguise.

You tell me living aint easy to do,  
I tell you there easy for you,  
Living in your shoes.

I live in your shoes,  
You live in my pocket,  
Its just what you do,  
I just walk on and take it.

I see empathy,  
Clear as day,  
But what you feel,  
Isn't up to me,  
In your shoes,  
Life's my game,  
We go my way,  
To me its just the same.

You tell me living aint easy to do,  
I tell you there easy for you,  
Living in your shoes.

Craig Turner



# Into The Abyss Of The Light

Disrupting this well ordered queue,  
I'm betrothed to you,  
There's a good idea,  
On the horizon,  
But your wandering eyes,  
Held a witting disguise.

Squabbling unthroned,  
In a street apposed,  
Regressing Englands rose,  
Your the guise of yesterday,  
Permanence exposed,  
Out to sea you set sail.

My idea unconditioned,  
Saw the sunset with a kaleidoscope,  
My morning replenished,  
A new brand of hope,  
The dew is settling,  
Noone left repenting

Craig Turner

# Just The Two Of Us

Just the two of us,  
In an air balloon,  
Smiling down at a platypuss,  
And every other semi-aquatic mammal,  
Calling out to all,  
Kissing the ground goodbye.

Test out a falling raindrop,  
Tell it not to stop,  
Boring its way,  
To the centre of the earth,  
Coming out to blossom,  
Ready to pop.

Just the two of us,  
In a submarine,  
Causing little fuss,  
I fell in love with a plastic bag,  
Just me and you,  
And a man in drag

Craig Turner

# Kaleidoscope

Disrupting this well ordered queue,  
I'm betrothed to you,  
There's a good idea,  
On the horizon,  
But your wandering eyes,  
Held a witting disguise.

Squabbling unthroned,  
In a street apposed,  
Regressing Englands rose,  
Your the guise of yesterday,  
Permanence exposed,  
Out to sea you set sail.

My idea unconditioned,  
Saw the sunset with a kaleidoscope,  
My morning replenished,  
A new brand of hope,  
The dew is settling,  
Noone left repenting

Craig Turner

# Kitchen Floor

Around the peninsula of trees,  
Locating the vodka with great ease,  
I couldn't see the smile through the teeth  
Blurred eyes missed the surprise,  
The differences plain,  
The photo separated from the frame,  
The fire moved from the flames,  
With a speed ungodly  
In ten years that piercing wont look so nice,  
I fell asleep on the kitchen floor,  
Staying up all night talking to a Jack Russell.

Walked into a broken nose,  
Sat around catching flies,  
One eye on the door,  
Another alert for surprise,  
I saw you outside Italy,  
I left you steaming up a window,  
Transfixed in shadows,  
Break the key in the lock,  
Broke the window,  
And fell asleep on the kitchen floor,  
Talking to a Labrador

Craig Turner

# Let Love Fill Up Your Lungs

Recreationally i've been wasting time,  
Minding my own business,  
Reaching out for fresh air,  
Closing your eyes to inhale,  
Let love fill up your lungs.

Seen you flying in the skies,  
Reflected horizons in your eyes,  
Diving and dancing,  
Freedom is granted,  
A sight so enchanting.

Chasing rainbows,  
Weaving between drops of rain,  
Vitamin D from the sun  
Close your eyes to inhale,  
Let love fill up your lungs.

On the horizons sun, Monograms of ourselves, Restraints unfold and were  
undone.

Happiness is the holy grail,  
For a modern life,  
Close your eyes and inhale,  
As the heavens open,  
Let love fill up your lungs.

Craig Turner

# Let Me Go

A frumpy lack of inspiration,  
Squeezes its way through the crack in the windscreen,  
Breathing my oxygen,  
Erupting within my personal space,  
A bloated facade,  
Flicked the child locks on.

Let me go,  
Allow me grace and dignity,  
Let me feel heat when its freezing,  
Allow me to breathe,  
Or suffocate in peace.

Your t-shirts animated,  
As I bounce of the ceilings,  
The fear in mirrors,  
Is exhausting,  
Finding reflection becomes less appealing.

Let me go,  
Allow me grace and dignity,  
Allow me to breath,  
Keep Britain tidy.

Craig Turner

# Listen To The Whistle For The Oppurtunity To Go

“Listen To The Whistle For The Opportunity To Go”

Can you sit and wait for the whistle,  
Can you breathe in silence,  
Until the opportunity rises,  
Is there a patience in you to see this through,  
And carry out what’s needed.

Just listen to the whistle for the opportunity to go,  
Just listen for the whistle for the opportunity  
I was wanting you to look at me,  
Just to see that I was there.

Just listen to the whistle for the opportunity to go,  
Just listen for the whistle for the opportunity,  
I was waiting for you to look at me,  
Just to see that I was there.

Craig Turner

# Little Shopping List

Finding recipes,  
List the ingredients on yellow lined paper,  
Someones building,  
A cake for another,  
Hundreds and thousands and paper tins,  
Underlined self raising flour.

I'd like to see the smile on her face,  
When she realises the effort he makes,  
I'd like to hear the laughter illuminate the place,  
As they devour the cakes.

Little little shopping list,  
What happiness you bring,  
Little little shopping list,  
Where have you been.

Craig Turner



# Live Inside Your Lies

“Live Inside Your Lies”

I feel a fire burning inside,  
So I'll have my say,  
Will you listen now,  
As the fires rise,  
I may not be honest,  
But I don't tell lies.

Here the shots burning through the hearts,  
Live inside your lies,  
Just wake and don't fight no more,  
I see you smiling,  
As I lay upon the floor.

Don't you forget to wake up,  
And let me go,  
As the suns rise  
When you wake up and put on a show.  
Live inside your lies.

Craig Turner

# Looking Left

Boys face like a slap daschund,  
Swimming in morals,  
Fetching nitwits,  
Throwing sticks and skimming stones,  
Getting lost yesterday,  
Didn't help the occasion,  
Lost wit we could see,  
All the up's we impressed  
Get home in time for green tea.  
I'm forever looking left.

Thought's of cutting teeth,  
Send shivers through the body,  
Cutting up the mirror,  
Leaves the girl feeling moody,  
What lies beneath,  
Goes unseen,  
Out of cameras view,  
A Man in a dress relieves,  
No thoughts of how we become perceived,  
I'm forever looking left.

Craig Turner

# Loveheads

A scene worth while a crack and split,  
A barrels apparel bent over,  
Two little ticks leave the clock,  
To make a sea water tear,  
Now near enough comes close,  
The vegetable garden that winks back.

A vintage watch with no sense of time,  
Clobbered state bites any sense of style,  
Seasons rearrange to pull up the weather,  
Potions nowhere near a cure,  
A growing pain gives you more

The heat repeats and leaves a shudder,  
Clucking like a lovehead await another fix,  
The heat of another leaves a shudder,  
The skeletons closet reveals another,  
The butterflied stomach rumbles to a halt.  
Clucking like a lovehead.

Craig Turner

# Man On The Moon

I'm an entity formed from space bacteria,  
So are you,  
Thus distinguished hysteria,  
Towards the man on the moon.

My friends celestial,  
A captivating extra terrestrial,  
She is a marble and the moon,  
A solar flare in the room.

Upon blackholes reborn,  
Among the debris between,  
Through the milkyway marauding,  
Bouncing around to the stars colliding.

Space dust in the ice,  
Evolution of mars bacteria,  
Captivating together one and another,  
The man on the moons hysteria.

Craig Turner

# Moths Are Male Butterflies

I went in one ear and fell out the other,  
Moths are male butterflies,  
Our eyes our burning,  
Lets our fears fly in open blue skies,  
Roses complete the scenery,  
On a rendered sky,  
The fire burns as we walk through,  
Moths are male butterflies

Craig Turner

# New Elizabeth

New Elizabeth came in and ran supreme,  
Interrupting you birthday week,  
A simple glare, a smile and reaction,  
A new incentive and distraction.

The wish it leaves the lovers breath,  
The two of you were all that's left,  
During armageddon you weren't bereft,  
In an upturned bath,  
The two of you gazed and laughed.

Glances and shared smiles,  
Illuminate the road.

Craig Turner

# Noone Available To Talk

Staring out at space,  
The change of wind doesn't affect,  
The uncracked face,  
Noones out there available to talk to you,  
Noones home,  
Noones out,  
Everyones gone in.

Little dancing baffoons,  
Float on backlit skies,  
In registered silver balloon's  
The searchers cry,  
There's noone out there to talk too,  
And noone here,  
All the elements that hold us together,  
Have disappeared.

Little flies on the horizon,  
Precious traces of hope,  
Gathering around in unforeseen formations,  
When they hit It knocks you back in a pile,  
A startled justification cant compete,  
So arise to your feet and fly.

Craig Turner

# On The Curb By Streetlight

Me and you on the curb outside your house,  
Talking and laughing till the early hours,  
Still remember the look in your eyes,  
The feel of your hand in mine,  
Memories blossomed,  
Under the streetlights.

The rain couldn't wash us inside,  
Dancing in the streetlight,  
With nowhere to hide,  
Love blossomed,  
I remember the look in your eyes  
Recollections so treasured.

Craig Turner



# Potty Mouth

Out the corner of each eye,  
I see you sharpening your teeth,  
Your bubbling up,  
Preparing a reef,  
Like a volcano erupting,  
Spewing up a vocal blow.

A little pot of simmering rage,  
Can go a long way,  
Boling over havoc and dismay.

Diffusing the situation,  
Someone's left the room,  
Walking through the noise the confusion,  
Wait till the molten diffuses,  
Your potty mouth with sharpened teeth,  
Causing dismay.

A little pot of simmering rage,  
Can go a long way,  
Boling over havoc and dismay.

A lizard tongue creeps around the corner,  
Making its presence known,  
I dont know what I've done.

A little pot of simmering rage,  
Can go a long way,  
Boling over havoc and dismay,  
Your potty mouth,  
Has ruined my day.

Craig Turner

# Promises

I've made mistakes,  
But they're just simple pleasures,  
I like to drink,  
To stop spitting feathers,  
I've relived prayers,  
In my own rendition,  
We were promised miracles,  
All we got were definitions.

In between heartbeats,  
There are hills,  
Hidden among the dour,  
Are memories and thrills,  
Self sacrifice in between hours,  
Skipping through pitfalls,  
Here's a quilt of promises,  
It's all I have to give.

Craig Turner

# Riddles

Saw the night arrive,  
Kept it in a headlock,  
Breathing in,  
Blurting out,  
Encompassing and forlorn,  
The night played out till dawn.

Riddles outwithered,  
Blessed and intertwined,  
You kissed the air in frustration,  
Dragged out the door,  
You wanted to teach him a lesson,  
We said nothing more.

Lips split from the riddle,  
Engulfed in gloss,  
Getting dragged away,  
In a haze of loss,  
Glitterbombs and stars and stripes,  
Riddles in hotpants.

Craig Turner

# Roll Instead Of Fold

Remember when you told me,  
To roll instead of fold,  
And walk away,  
I didn't do what you asked of me,  
Then it all went cold,  
Because I stayed.

Hanging onto your advice,  
Really should of told me twice,  
There's nothing to hold onto,  
So I grip onto the floor,  
Really should be moving,  
But I'm holding on for more.

Despite of everything,  
I stood still in my shorts,  
Staring at my phone,  
Sending you reports,  
Roll instead of fold,  
I walk away.

Craig Turner

# Rush To Buy Flowers

Rush to buy flowers,  
The statement on sentiment,  
Suggesting new horizons,  
Salvaging blossoms to resurrect sorrow,  
Anticipation of surprise,  
Rituals of timeless optimism,  
Hang around for a few days more,  
Waiting for opportunity,  
Open arms or slammed door.  
Rush to buy flowers,  
A loaded sentiment,  
Opening up more minutes of explanation,  
Now you know,  
You take more than you give,  
Scared or fear and closed doors,  
The longer the pitch,  
The sweeter the reward.

Craig Turner

# Schadenfreude

“Schadenfreude”

There’s no misery like the misery of others,  
For you to bask in such joy,  
No fortune like the misfortune of another,  
For to you to live in someone’s living destroyed.  
I see it everywhere.

The hilarity at such woe,  
Your involvement in sorrow,  
No pity for people hard up,  
Your smiling gleefully at the sight of someone’s misery  
I see it everywhere.

We’ll be there open hands when the wheels turned round,  
And your dirty, going down,  
You hope and wish that noone takes pleasure,  
When you’ve lost your treasure.  
It's no new sensation

Craig Turner

# Shaken Leaves

I havent felt the urge,  
To self destruct when I should,  
I cant shake you loose,  
Maybe I just dont want to,  
An unconcise decision devised,  
Greet me as a surprise,  
Met with such a surge,  
Letting go maybe I should.

Taught to learn,  
Let me make mistakes,  
And do them again,  
Pushing around a rake,  
Clearing up the leaves over turned,  
Whilst learning to change,  
Losing the urge,  
To self destruct, Maybe I should.

Craig Turner

# She's An Old Man

She's An Old Man

She's an old man,  
Murderer and junkie  
She's an old man,  
Occupation in trees and bumble bees,  
An old man you never see,  
Reading the future in tea leaves

Get an eye and take up a transfixed gaze,  
Glimpse at his old womanly translations,  
He's an old woman,  
Who won't exist,  
Pops out to salute rainbows,  
A confused coy carp,  
Kept in a glass in the window

She's an old man,  
Got shares in flea's,  
She's an old man,  
Keeps coffee in the deep freeze  
An old woman you never see,  
Has knobby knees

Craig Turner



# Sitting Remittent

Its sad that you stand out as a good guy,  
Amongst the repentant and vengeful,  
You know your blue,  
Scattered through fields of red,  
Biting your tongue,  
Just to torture your head.

You know I'll fight if you give me a chance too,  
Peaceful and restrained,  
Be strong If we have too,  
Pushing our bodies away from our brains,  
A question mark floats,  
Only the shadow remains.

Ten minutes of justification,  
To people who never really knew,  
You stand there in mind but your not your thoughts,  
Sitting remittent.

Craig Turner

# So Long, Farewell

We test our goodbyes,  
In the mirror each day,  
Dont look yourself within the eyes,  
Cant face a new surprise.

So long, Farewell,  
To every passerby,  
To you I hope the sun shines,  
And you enjoy a wonderful life.

Remember your cheekbones,  
They kept your eyes within your face,  
Now your into indulgence,  
And are falling all over the place.

So long, Farewell,  
To every passerby,  
To you I hope the sun shines,  
And you enjoy a wonderful life.

We laugh and cry in equal measure,  
Dont know how we found the time,  
Proceeding whatever the weather,  
Bless our hearts that beat out of time.

Craig Turner

# Someone You Once Knew

I see you in the spotlight spinning,  
As we danced in the rain,  
A vision draped in moonlight,  
Our shadows a second take of true love,  
As the street lights flicker,  
I could not ask for more,  
Me the elements and her.

You run to me,  
A few extra seconds of bliss,  
Could we ask for more,  
We get lost in what we could wear,  
How we should live,  
There's a place for that in the back of my mind,  
As I hold you in the air,  
You ran to see at such speed,  
Will you ever know how much it meant to me.

Speed becomes more leisurely as the rain soaks in the soil,  
I'm always asking for more than you give,  
True love doesn't speak.

The style the grace the position the place,  
You've found the perfect girl too soon,  
Now nothing comes near,  
Love is replaced.

Craig Turner

# Standing Still

Walking with your thoughts,  
A steady pace of ideas,  
Obstacle then another in time with the birdsong,  
Overwhelming imagination,  
Coming through to strong,  
Taking your time engrossed in rationalisation,  
Takes up most of your days,  
There's another in your way.

Slowing down rushes in to existence,  
Substance and realisation fight in the corner,  
Putting up a barrier of resistance,  
We learn to conform ourselves in familiar,  
Tought to hold back with no complaints.

The dark side pokes you in your sleep,  
When its chance to dream,  
Our thoughts were so clean,  
Blaming another a selfish act,  
Watching the wheels go round to where you could be.

Craig Turner

# Staring Out That Star

Staring out that star  
Made myself laugh  
I'm winning so far  
Staring out that star  
A million miles away

People say I'm dreaming,  
But it's a battle,  
That I have to win,  
I make my self laugh,  
I'm just looking.

Craig Turner

# Strawberry House Pt.1

Do you know whats happening in different places,  
Different time zones,  
In the lives of other faces,  
Knock on strawberry houses,  
They sell them by the pound,  
In the market within the town.

Would you like to catch a differnet fish,  
See someones stars sparkle,  
Like to make anothers wish,  
Love flooded eyes and all.

Craig Turner

# That's For Tomorrow

Sat down with my hope,  
Brought it too life,  
Ran away with my dreams,  
You saw the twinkle in my eye.

Walking on the tightrope  
Didn't peer down the hole,  
Couldn't run out of time,  
Thats for tomorrow.

The brightest star in the sky,  
Emblazened on me,  
The tugboat on the horizon,  
Came in from the sea.

Craig Turner

# The Barn

Scowl at the moon,  
As the tide rides you out to sea,  
The blames closer to me,  
Remind me where I've been,  
From the days i was told to forget,  
Putting on two pairs off socks,  
To face the cold,  
The jaw grinds your teeth away,  
As it slips into another day.

I got back to see noone was there,  
Swapping sensible for strange,  
The car rolls on into the farm,  
Forgetting the handbrake.

You said goodbye with a compliment,  
A suffice responce to the hello,  
Under a breath theres a comment,  
Getting washed away as the storm blows.

A goat chews its way through the plans,  
You concocted in the barn,  
Writing in your mittens.

Craig Turner



# The Beaten Track

Every corner i turn honestly,  
Only leads to obscurity,  
Each road that i tread,  
Brings its own eternity.

No yellow brick road,  
To show me where to go,  
Just a beaten track,  
No steps in the sand,  
To lend a helping hand,  
Just a beaten track.

A magic man,  
Selling sand,  
From a clear plastic bag,  
A one way road,  
Tells me to come and go,  
But I keep turning back.

No yellow brick road,  
To show me where to go,  
Just a beaten track,  
No imprints in the sand reflecting the summer glow.

Craig Turner

# The Coping Cloak

Eloquence in a burst of rage is hard to get right,  
No subtle riots or gloves in a drunken street fight.

You cant shut us up we've got nothing to say,  
You try to ignore us but we just walk away.

The brightest light there has ever been shines from the greatest love you've  
never seen,  
Await and commence and be everything you can only believe.

The voices in my head really get on with my nerves,  
They poke around the synaps without the credit the deserve.

Reclusing me, into my ever decreasing sleep,  
Into my gardens bird box, Just to hide in peace.

Sitting on your bones and resting on your laurels,  
Counting out ten pound notes disgracing all you morals.

Scrubbing away at my sins into industrial biffa bins,  
Leave's just me and the psalms of my vulnerable.

Craig Turner

# The Girl With Raven Hair

The girl with raven hair,  
Flies up to your door,  
Dancing round in pokadots,  
Drawing on your wall,  
She makes you a portal into secret gardens,  
Blessing the dark with midnight parties.

Stars shining down upon you,  
Emblazening the celestial sky,  
Your name in glittering truth,  
Mornings blessed with twinkling eyes.

The girl with raven hair,  
Flies up to your door,  
Floating in air,  
Bringing an horizons bloom.

Stars shining down upon you,  
Emblazening the celestial sky,  
Your name in glittering truth,  
Mornings blessed with twinkling eyes.

Craig Turner

# The Seas As Blue As The Skies

Pressure's addictive nature,  
Thrills of another kind,  
A struggle to strive,  
A pressure to survive,  
The ticking bomb,  
With no time limit  
A fall is as adventurous as the peak,  
A negative as memorable as the highs,  
The sea's as blue as the skie's.

Craig Turner

# The Wind Around The Butterflies Wing

Each step is cataclysmic,  
Like the wind around the butterflies wing,  
Every daisy chain we make,  
Falls to earth with a shudder,  
Paw prints left in the sand,  
Shape a colossal structure.

Self destructing leaves,  
On well worn paths,  
In an optimistic queue,  
Seven smiles,  
Are six and another,  
Wonders of the world.

What you want in everything,  
Is hidden,  
In the bottom of the wardrobe,  
So you fly around,  
And hide till your bored,  
Pouring out irreverant subversion.

Like the wind around the butterflies wing,  
I see the stars colliding.

Craig Turner

# There's A City Between Us

Traffic dampens your days at work,  
Protagonists don't question its worth,  
Professionals give you the eye,  
On the motorways playing eye spy,  
Scientists seek out the truth,  
By pointing at the sky.

What will we do,  
When the signal dies,  
Over the streetlights,  
While we communicate,  
There's a city between us,  
And a million radio waves.

Spring cleaning today's surprise,  
Reading another financier's demise,  
A daughter a kiss and tell,  
Dropping sterling into a wishing well,  
Washing the ink off your hands,  
For the cleanliness a visitor demands.

The satellites ring out,  
In open space,  
Above the blue skies,  
But mostly the grey,  
While the signal dies,  
The windscreen fills with rain.

Craig Turner

# This Is My Spark, Where Embers Remain

Uncertain tides encompass my feet,  
When getting by gets old,  
Under the sand buried deep,  
Go the secrets untold  
When history repeats,  
Whilst your feeling cold,

This is my spark,  
Where embers remain,  
Now its gone dark,  
Remember my name.

Standing oblivious,  
Blank to the world around,  
Colours evaporate within each other,  
Never to be discovered,  
The prickly feel on your skin,  
Blend in where the backgrounds begin.

This is my spark,  
Where embers remain,  
Now its gone dark,  
Remember my name.

Craig Turner

# Time Be Kind To My Friends

May your horizons be bright,  
God give me chance to reprieve,  
Let love shine a light,  
A reason to believe,  
There will be no rapture,  
Sent to distract you,  
Time be kind to my friends,  
Each and everyone of them

The lord is laughing,  
Or is it just me,  
The creases align,  
For miles to see,  
The horizon breaks open,  
And were sailing out to sea,  
Time be kind to my friends,  
Each and every one of them.

Blemishes they fade to the floor,  
Like the best days,  
There will be more,  
The horizons a wish away,  
While your walking on water,  
With the wind in your face,  
Time be kind to my friends,  
Each and every one of them

Craig Turner



# To Elizabeth

To Elizabeth,  
I saw this and thought of you,  
I cascade in the dark,  
As you light up every room.

This affectionate scene,  
Located anywhere,  
Captures me,  
I want to be there  
On the silver screen,  
At the top of the stairs,  
In sequence with a dream.

To Elizabeth,  
You're everything I've seen before,  
It's not enough,  
I wander to your door.

Among the grass that's green,  
Recollections reimagined,  
Dreams already seen,  
Presence captured,  
Reimaginings a gleam,  
Grasp the enamoured,  
Portraits and daydreams.

Craig Turner

# To English To Cry

A quaint disaster,  
To easy to miss,  
A subtle punch,  
To little a force to dismiss.

I couldn't let go on the village green,  
Wouldn't break down amongst the serene,  
Weak squash to help me breathe,  
There's no future in the heads space,  
To English to cry.

Clean air becoming more rare,  
Racing the quakes,  
Breathe in whats left,  
Place your feet on the brakes.

Craig Turner

# Watch Out For The Iceberg Lettuce

There was a knock at door,  
I came too see,  
But noone appeared,  
I ventured and finally became ensnared,  
Then the sun came out,  
And blew us all away.

Yes,  
She said,  
Underneath her hand,  
Underneath her brain,  
The trapped sentiment,  
Hidden behind the window pane.

Come on in,  
Said the hinges squeak,  
Pull the blind behind you,  
We need to speak,  
Turn on the light,  
Turn it off and repeat.

On the front of the newspaper,  
That skated under my body,  
While I slept,  
Was You,  
Printed in pristine,  
Just you.

Craig Turner

# What The Greenkeeper Saw

A source to plot out the dots,  
Pictures causing unrest,  
Is it any of our business,  
Manipulate to cause interest,  
A varied arrangement of names and places,  
Do we need to know,  
But cant pull our eyes away,  
Covering every angle,  
Building and building,  
A mistake and demolition,  
The cry out for more,  
If we could only see what the greenkeeper saw.

Craig Turner

# You've Got The Girl

You've got the girl,  
The one you want to serenade in the moonlit twirl,  
A princess,  
To you she's priceless,  
The one who makes your face crease,  
Brings out the colour in the cheeks,  
Lighting up each room in pure essence,  
Makes you blush in her presence.

You've got the girl,  
To meet your parents,  
With wit and grace,  
To light up every face,  
You've got the princess from the fairytale,  
The girl to pick you up when days are bleak,  
Years pass like weeks.

You've got the girl,  
You want to serenade in a moonlit twirl.

Craig Turner