

Poetry Series

Dan Morton
- poems -

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Dan Morton()

Another Kick In The Teeth

You didn't even have to say

no.

The look in your eyes

and the curl of your lip

said it all.

Dan Morton

Open The Cages

If you were a bird
would you live
in a cage?

To languish
behind bars
with the floor
as your pot?

If you owned the sky
and the wind
was yours to ride,

would you
give it away
for bells and mirrors?

Could you sing
as a prisoner
of vanity?

or sharpen
your beak
on a dead
dry fish?

My clipped wings
are for flying,
not your simpering eye,

so open the cages
and let the birds
fly.

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Rye Bay

The dawn chorus woke me
this morning, a host of beaks
singing their bird hearts out.
Hearts no bigger than pennies
yet massive all the same,
singing for the morning
and the new day.

At high tide when the winds'
in the right mood, the salted
scent of the sea wanders
through the caravan park
and hangs at my door
like a salesman, pitching
freedom and countless waves
and distance.

I like to walk the two minute walk
to the beach with my camera
and there try to capture
some visual sense of how
it all makes me feel but I fear
I'm not that good an artist.

I don't think anybody is.

Dan Morton

Two Days In Brighton

Darryl sits alone in a rotting flat

mixing red wine and Frosty Jack

and he's not the same boy

I went to school with.

Dan Morton

Winchelsea Beach

The waves have claws that rake the shingle and worry
the rotting defences. The wind pushes and pulls
with hands of drowned sailors reaching for shore

The seas gentle roar.

Above, the gulls are gliding and crying out
for lost love and wasted chances, a siren call
to the distant and lonely.

And the seas gentle roar.

The caravan parks are empty, playgrounds deserted,
it's just me and the gulls and the beach and the sea.

And always, the seas gentle roar.

Dan Morton