

Poetry Series

**Ewan Paterson**  
**- poems -**

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# Ewan Paterson()

# 13,270 Soft

I am not catching this bus.  
The passengers are too ugly

All alpha males stand in the street  
at rickety wooden tables with toy  
record players  
selling songs long forgotten.

People don't want them.

Only you are so cunning  
as to wear that T shirt.

Your dreams are shit

You look great  
in that Sainsbury's uniform.  
I am not fat enough to shop at Asda.  
Nor do I possess the correct  
football shirt.

This is not about money.  
It is a sacred effort  
like Nureyev and ballet.  
Each fortnight I come to  
hear your big slovenly self  
tell me to stack shelves  
in a rain of spittle.

I would rather starve in the cold  
than take your advice.

Where is it beautiful?

Ewan Paterson

# A Prayer

Spare me from material disgrace.  
Let me live like my mum and dad live.  
A well fed suburban kid.

Idiot son  
educated in expensive bullshit.  
The one who failed priviledge.  
Save me in complacency.  
Demand nothing of me.

Ewan Paterson

# Ancestral Equation

I knew him like an ultra dilute aquasol.  
I contained one part of his solid particle  
across a generation beyond Avogadro's  
equation involving carbon  
unbound. Positive and negative in its  
ground state.

An artist. He knew violence.  
Bayonet charges on Prussians.

This makes our identical compositions  
interconverted in a millisecond  
diamond and graphite.  
Hardest and softest.  
Genetic polymorphism ushering  
64 anomalous property changes.  
The memory of water  
cleansing the trauma  
from the distance of his birth

Ewan Paterson

# Apology

Shit.

If I had known  
you thought  
I was serious

I would have  
told the truth

Ewan Paterson

# Authority

Right angles and commas I despise.  
One for connotations of correctness.  
The other a pause for lies

Ewan Paterson

# Every So Often

Every so often,  
for a fraction of  
a second,  
I feel the power  
to move the weight  
I hide behind,  
dance upon  
but mostly lean against.

Ewan Paterson



# Help

He crawled the mountain  
nose to rock  
and at the pinnacle  
viewed The Gulf of Difference.

Rain played dischordant  
on the waters  
in cacophonous blues  
beautiful as Albert Ayler  
herald of a heaven  
known only to God  
the holy interger

in our world of pii.  
Root of roundness.  
Finite but incomplete.  
Subtracted to leave the weight  
for self determination  
in a new Eden.

May your will be strong  
for ambiguous Utopia  
alpha or epsilon  
barren mother of pleasure

linear, soma, placebo.  
Time is wrong  
to be truly free

we must know  
what from.

Ewan Paterson

# Heysel

You could smell the piss stained bodies off the telly.

Wogan and Brucie sipped lager  
seconds before handing over.  
Forsythe told Terry to be a proper fan  
and drink from the can.

Bad timing from the funny man.

Then apologies for the delay to the game.  
The commentator then explained  
all the shit going down.

The violence was beamed back live.

You saw a brick bouncing off  
a retreating man's head  
and felt his pain as he was  
punched and kicked.

The police wading into anyone  
with their sticks

and then the game after this.  
Two sets of cripples who've  
lost the will to live  
limping through the longest  
ninety minutes of their lives.

My mother crowing  
'See.  
You don't think it's funny now.'

Ewan Paterson

# Indecent Proposal

I knew a chap once  
who was offered fifty quid  
and some coke  
to shag a bloke  
and his mistress.

He wasn't up for it.

It wasn't the proposition.  
She was probably quite fit  
and the fella looked rich.  
He ran moody mobiles  
to the Middle East

but two things stuck  
in my mate's throat a bit.

The first was being  
bigged up like a little kid  
in a meat market.

'I have seen you.  
You are strong  
many men like  
to lie with  
other men, '  
was a bit of a problem.

Second  
which he thought indecent,  
was how did he know  
that this geezer didn't treat  
the bird like shit.  
Where was she?  
Did he suggest this randomly  
to many people  
he'd just met?

She was apparantly

already content  
to play second fiddle  
to his missus  
and comply willingly  
to his carnal wishes.  
Which did imply  
he would be satisfying  
the demands  
of a woman with  
the greatest self esteem.  
Especially as he was expected  
to go with him there and then  
at nine o'clock  
on a Sunday morning.

He could imagine the scene.  
'hello luv  
look what the bootfair  
dragged up.  
Now get on all fours  
like a good little whore'

He bet she felt like the Queen.

So my friend concluded  
that he could not risk  
involvement in demeaning  
a fellow human being  
who could have been  
going along with someone  
through fear of loneliness.

He might have been wrong  
but why the offer of cash  
and drugs

He may have been guilty  
of stereotyping someone  
over where they came from  
and therefore racist.  
But he wasn't going  
to be paid off, drugged up

and then fucked to find  
he was a rapist

Ewan Paterson

# On Kai Me On

Caught in the crush  
of endless reflections,  
admiral of an armada  
of picaresque notions  
and Quixotic visions  
upon a horizonless ocean  
of repeating glass,  
my dreams flounder  
as ships on shallows  
too clear to chart.

I would like to believe  
that a mirrored clone of me  
would have the courage to mutiny  
and collapse this charade.  
Demoting my existence  
to a two dimensional visage.  
An image of a man  
of whom I am too weak willed  
to typify, although sadly, I  
am typical of him.

I search the returns  
of each framed insecurity  
for eyes to challenge mine  
but I am all I see.  
If he is true this new captain  
will have his back to me  
ignoring the pitiful imploring  
that taints him with my ignominy

Thoughts. The excrement of being

Ewan Paterson

# Our Needy Sister

She wanted love to be some gloves  
to cover her gnarled, nail bitten fingers  
but  
instead  
of a second skin of silk  
to bathe her hands in asses milk  
she got  
some irritating mittens  
of coarse sackcloth  
and a rash

that lingered.

She wanted love to be some shoes  
that anticipated her every move  
and made each step in life quite smooth  
but  
instead  
her longingly wished for graceful tread  
of supplest leather and finest thread  
became  
a constant source of hobbling pain  
cobbled together with a snob's disdain  
from blacksmiths nails trampled down  
by hooves.

She wanted love  
to be a gartered thigh.  
Intimate as a passionate sigh.  
A hot June day below  
a cloudless sky  
but  
instead  
of a seductive sprawl  
on a four poster bed  
she found manacled ankles  
worn raw red  
and the streaked mascara  
from the tears shed

masked a veil thick  
with hollow thankless  
failure at her attempts  
to secure a future  
of wedded bliss  
whose only kiss  
was the fat lips  
where the truth had hit her.

Old, new, borrowed, blue,  
broken, bruised, battered, used.  
She refused to believe any of this  
were true.  
She wanted love  
my needy sister

Ewan Paterson



# Philippa

The full force of your passions  
are a powerful pagan goddess.  
White mare of Graves,  
lover of horses.  
Wild ride through the groves  
of Eve's secret orchards  
bridled by the riches  
of springtime's gestated lustres.  
Celebrated with Pan's revelry  
yu are champion at every  
Ceasars debauches.

Raucous mocker of timid  
sabbath worshippers.  
They damn your waters  
to the steam of their hell  
less it pollutes their wine.

Gospel in all apocraphies.  
Pearl announcing swine.

Ewan Paterson

# Solar Perplexing

As the light of the stars  
starts from the time of dinosaurs.  
Our nights must be bathed in  
pre history

It is soothing in times  
of disturbed reverie to stare  
troubles past antiquity and  
dismiss them to a sphere  
lightyears from where we are,  
that is possibly no longer there.

Ewan Paterson

# The Trinket

A cryptic antiquity snatched from importance  
by the mercenary hands of ignorance,  
you have been stolen from history.  
Hid in vaulted jealousy  
as a mere perfected jewel  
your peppered brilliance  
dowsed in crude prestige,  
whispers deep from cruel abandon  
the secrets locked within.

Torn from your regal tomb,  
tarnished with the fashion art  
your mastered craft lies stained  
in the clutches of a fool's  
material worth.  
You rule the vastness of all ages  
to which your jailer is but serf.

A timeless clue held as simple treasure  
displayed as plain clasp of beauty's cloak.  
You glow the very light's last embers  
to be set at destiny's throat.

Ewan Paterson

# Untitled

Contorted to the stillness of an abstract statue  
I spent hours countering the balance between  
beauty and desire.

Through blinks of madness and perception  
I sought to capture any splashes in your  
ed from distilled regret  
as templates to etch the impossible  
hope of possession upon.

My fiction contained behind  
talentless bars of truth

Haunted by the 'poor benefit of a bewitching  
minute' and brief pleasure chorused by Poulenc's  
eternal pain. I belittle the grace of your festivity  
in vocabularies fluid smeared stain.

Ewan Paterson

# Yes Please

The virtuoso of the cotton strung piano  
served his cliches from a second hand tongue.

He lusted for  
gut, flesh and gristle.

High on base testosterone  
he would rather hurt a man  
than kiss him.

The polished brush steel bar  
cast back low self regard  
in this place where lying fate  
evolves all people ugly  
to perpetuate its pornographic  
cruelties.

He wanted to howl at the moon  
but cocooned inside the failure  
and lies his voice had no authority

Ewan Paterson

# You Have A Beautiful Archetype

It came to me  
who you were.

It was revealed  
in the leas  
of a demi~tasse  
of darkness  
through which  
you gently stirred  
sweet granules  
of chivalry.

Ennobling me  
to dream  
of being  
Cyrano  
in your company.

Cast down  
in a starlit  
silver pool  
as lunar  
ambassador  
to you  
Rosalka.

Advising you  
to await  
the dew  
when the birds cries  
silences your  
song to the moon  
to where we both  
shall be stangely drawn.

Lunatic in love  
with night. I want to  
spare you the tragedy  
of your beautiful archetype

Ewan Paterson