

Poetry Series

Mike Michaels

- poems -

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A Gothic Encounter

An unkempt man approached me one dark evening
'In pursuit', he said, 'of a favour'
'A drink' he explained, but I was unsure of his meaning
When he specified it should be of a refined and peculiar flavour
Then as he' could see I was not repelled, he moved nearer to enhance his rapport
Until in the light of a streetlamp I could see the small bottle he held
And I wondered what fate had in store

I could see now he was dressed in strange clothing
Of a style that one rarely meets
Except for perhaps if somehow roving, in a town of Dickensian streets
I failed not to judge as I leaned closer to hear just what he might suggest
I thought 'how magnanimous of me to humor this poseur
In his pale make-up, black bowler and velvet overvest'

On the bottle he held his black fingernails drummed
They were varnished as per that morbid fashion
And from his throat a tune was hummed
That spoke of past revels and passion
Until he had mustered his confidence and in a gentle tone
He proceeded to intimate his desire
That alas he possessed no haemoglobin to call his own, so therefore he was forced to enquire
As to the possibility of a small donation, it would not take much time just a tick
The procedure required only two things worthy of mention
Those being a vein and a slit

Of course I recoiled aghast, and vainly attempted to call
But I found I could not make a sound
Then it was when my head nodded down that I saw
His feet hovering an inch from the ground
I was unable to engage any muscles when a fingernail incised my left wrist
Or when he filled his bottle with a pint of my best red corpuscles
Then pocketed it with a hiss

He said he could see why I might be reviled
At the contempt he had treated me with
But then he retracted his lips into a smile
To allude to the fiendish alternative
It was a smile of rapacious appearance that made my heart shiver and shudder
As anyone could discern from even that quick glance
His smile was a smile like no other

Then with a doff a wink and a smirk
He smoothly departed our puddle of light
And melting into the inky black murk
He receded into the night
So now whenever I am about after dark
I determine to not be so too late
And since my experience has left it's cruel mark
I always portage holy water, garlic cloves and a stake

Mike Michaels

Annoying Fruit Flies

Drosophila, Drosophila, there's just no stopping ya
Just when I think I've seen none of you of late
And that therefore, there must be no more to exterminate
You flit by me while I'm sat watching TV
Or land on my plate when I'm eating curry
Where did you come from? Why did you come in?
I only have fruit that comes in a tin
Why do you haunt me? Why won't you leave?
Do you covet the honour of being my pet peeve?
You've got to go but what will it take?
Why are you so hard to eradicate?
Depart today and I will buy you melons
Just leave me alone you bug eyed felons

Mike Michaels

Blue Sky

Blue Sky, Blue Sky, please don't be obscured
your sapphire beauty makes me assured
that whatever misfortunes for me fate has procured
I am against glumness and sadness inured

Blue Sky, Blue Sky, I confess I'm enamoured
you release me from those who have crowded and clamoured
you replenish the peace their noise has devoured
and nurture serenity where it once flowered

Blue Sky, Blue Sky, you have my devotion
Blue Sky the widest, deepest, most ephemeral ocean
you set my soul sailing on pacific emotion
your glad tide sweeps away my most plaintive notion

Blue Sky, Blue Sky, when I gaze into you
I fall under the spell of your azure hue
until everything old and familiar seems new
and I remember where awe and wonder once grew

Blue Sky.

Mike Michaels

Have You Met The Universe?

I was privileged to meet the Universe one fine and pleasant day,
I must confess, it took me by surprise, so I had very little to say.
It was vast, deep and mysterious, it beheld me with indifference
and filled me with the sense that I overestimate my own significance.
It did not seem impressed by our culture or biology
I'm sure I perceived a smirk when I introduced it to our science and technology.
Had it eyes, they surely would have twinkled.
From within a face weathered, wise and wrinkled.
When it spoke, it was not with sound; something you could hear
but it touched every ounce of me; provoked wonder tinged with fear
it suffused my being, permeated to my core
and I realised then I never want to know the Universe's roar
It said: ' I was here when you came, I was here long before and I will still be here
when you are no more
I will always be, I have been for all time, I was here in the beginning, I am the stars
that shine
I am the vacuum, I am matter, I am spacetimes curl
I am the debris of colliding galaxies that became your world
I am all suns, all moons, every beam of light
I am each mote of dust drifting through the perpetual night
I am energy and motion, I am all histories unrecovered
I am the wonders and mysteries that remain to be discovered
your mind cannot contain my empty immensity
nor your reason scale my Nature's complexity
to know me all is beyond mere human ability
so bow your head, embrace humility
do not be chagrined, please let me explain
these things will not matter when we are one again.'

Mike Michaels

Janis Joplin '09

If anyone wants to google the original lyrics, the first line was approximately 'Oh Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz'

Sorry Janis.....

Oh Lord, please purchase me a luxury vehicle
I am impecunious, I need a miracle
Rode the bus all my lifetime to immense ridicule
So Lord, please purchase me a luxury vehicle

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a laptop PC
They are all beyond my affordability
How I have yearned for computing portability
With onboard universal, wireless, connectivity
Lord if you buy me a laptop PC
I promise, every Sunday, you will hear from me

Oh Lord, please build me a luxury residence
I know you can hear me, I require no evidence
Just ten bedrooms, a swimming pool and an electrified fence
And my soul will be yours from this day hence
So Lord, please build me a luxury residence

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a plasma TV
My old cathode ray tube is just too hard to see
I need something larger, brighter and that comes with HD
I admit that last year I wrote to SC
Please don't take offence, accept my apology
Then Lord please send me that plasma TV

Mike Michaels

Lost Love

I thought those days would never end
The days when I gave you my self to tend

My compass, my lighthouse, my beacons fire
My guiding light, my soul desire

I long for the days when you cared
When I was the times we shared

My future, my hope, my land of promise
My new horizon, my Halcyon, my April sonnets

How could it ever end?
You said you would always be my friend

My Spring, my Summer, my cooling breeze
My gentle wind blowing through blossomed trees
My dawn, my sky, my woodpigeon's call
My foundations, my earth, my world, my all.

Mike Michaels

Monster

Once I met a monster, not strangely spawned but born
It had the surface of a person, but beneath was twisted, torn
With the fury of the hurricane of its quietly raging storm
A scabrous writhing ghoul wrapped in human form
It had no heart to speak of, its empathy was missing
It spoke a sibilant tongue, all hideous drooling and hissing

It had empty hungry eyes, it swallowed peoples cries
Captured in fanged receptacles
That ran the length of the barbed black tentacles
Which slipped from beneath its disguise
It viewed the world through a distorted lens it called its self
And with which it stalked its prey by dark deceit and stealth
Consuming hearts and minds, absorbing status, wealth
Storing victim momentos on its grisly trophy shelf

At first it just did nothing but smile and fix me with a stare
That said 'yes you can see me but there's really no one there
I have a cold propensity to dismember, render, tear
You may shriek and scream and wail and beg me your soul to spare
But I thirst for human suffering and I dine on their despair
You see I am a monster and monsters cannot care'
What terrified me most as I trembled in its glare
Was that it did not know it was a monster,
It was completely unaware

Its presence lumbered forwards, intent on calm predation
But not without an appetiser of playful subjugation
And a slow and grisly starter of anatomical vivisection
It assaulted me relentlessly raining blows with no interruption
Spraying venom from its woes with which to share its dehumanised corruption
It trampled stamped and rampaged to diminish my existence
It lied deceived and poisoned to smite my last resistance
It was a hideous monster its rage could not be quelled
Only at great cost was its onslaught temporarily repelled.

Blinded by its rage and the lens that could not see
It tried and tried in vain to make a monster out of me
Oh it was so arrogant, so assured of victory
That it underestimated humanity and the instinct to be free
But when I had broken free and it was no longer killing me
There was no time to celebrate or indulge in revelry
Just a deep primeval urge to flee and flee and flee

Then when I had escaped and the monster had receded
I could see that its existence was intellectually impeded
By self satisfying beliefs to which it eagerly acceded
And the moribund religion to which it had conceded
So that now it strode about within delusions of benevolence
Rabid and oblivious to its own howling malevolence

Mike Michaels

Mumbling In The Morning

I love to have a mumble early in the morning
It often happens without any hint of a warning
It can even happen while I am still snoring
And sometimes, while eating breakfast toast and butter
I can't help but have a little mutter

It's great to have a mumble in the morning
Even if people find it more annoying than loud yawning
They tell me I should improve my enunciation
But I refuse to utilise standardised pronunciation

What's wrong with a word fumble and a stutter?
It's fun to have communicable clutter!
And when I'm feeling particularly chipper
I reserve the right to have splutter and a gibber

You can't beat a mumble in the morning
Without it, chatting to the milkman may be boring
I don't mind people saying 'pardon? ' 'wot? ' or 'eh? '
Since people always speaking clearly
Don't always have anything to say

So in your mind I hope an idea is now forming
Namely, that it's fantastic to have a mumble in the morning
Try mumbling about last nights news, you'll be glad you said it
Go on, give it go, I promise, you won't regret it

Mike Michaels

Rollercoasting

It was with pensive trepidation that I made preparations
For a short perambulation to some fairground excitations
It had been several earth rotations since the grand inaugurations of the amusement
operations
So after contemplation I made a reasonable estimation that the mechanical recreations
Were unlikely to result in any premature life terminations

Therefore despite my palpitations and precipitous perspirations
I rode the artificial Appalachians, along their precipitous undulations and serpentine
alternations
While seated within a wheeled concatenation
I felt initial vindication of my previous risk calculation
And indulged in serious self approbation for my unnecessary hesitation
I thought 'I have tweaked the nose of terror
There will be no plummeting conflagration.'

Then suddenly to my consternation at the very peak of elevation
A horror caused by vibration beyond all reasonable expectation
Produced in my imagination a scene of air borne vehicular circulation
I feared anatomical separations destined to become the subject
Of some coroner's investigations
Not a pleasant end to my foolish funfair assignments

The fear of my impending obliteration
Was worsened by my immediate realisation
That I have no powers of limb regeneration
And am cursed with a very low number of incarnations

So with no time for shocked exclamations
And with bated exhalations
In order to avoid embarrassing underwear irrigation
I was forced to deploy strategic muscular flexation
How I craved in desperation intravenous tranquilisation

'If I survive' I made the mental proclamation
'I will engage daily in prostration
At the foot of any shrine to the maker of all creation'
I begged 'I will believe in Transubstantiation
Just spare me please from imminent extirpation'

Then at last to my euphoric jubilation
I had descended the final inclination
And so proceeded with tentative reservation
To inspect the situation vis a vis my fragile corporation
It seemed I was still capable of healthy respiration
I could still feel my regular cardiac pulsations
And when I thought about it
I still had functioning neuronal emanations
So there would be no need for mouth to mouth resuscitation
Or any sombre burial excavation

I could hardly contain my joyful appreciation

That I would live to see future generations
Of my closest relations
However it was not without undue rumination
That I portentously made the following determination:
That any future entertainment aspiration
Must include primarily, serenity
And a significant degree of soporification

Mike Michaels

Run Long Run Slow

For self motivation, not ego inflation -
I know some of you can run 26 miles and 385 yards without cessation!

I'm not moving fast, I'm running to last
So I set an easy pace and step off the gas
I exercise self control; it's not a sprint it's a stroll
I've engaged autopilot and activated cruise control
People overtake me in a higher gear selection
But I'll still be going strong when their grins have gone
Because my lungs are turbo charged, my legs have fuel injection
And I have enough fuel to make a lunar interception

I'm in a lupine lope so I fear no slope
I'm a wiley Road Runner, I'm an antelope
Cheetah's have more speed, lions have more power
But I can run until I bleed then run another hour
I run as far as I can see there's no other way to be
I've got a running animal in me and I have to set it free
I could run a million miles, of that there is no doubt
So I suck more air in and let the wolf out

I don't run a best time I don't have a finish line
I'm only chasing freedom it's a feeling that's sublime
I ride a long stride, it's a pleasure not a grind
You can keep your extreme sports I prefer to landglide
I'm an asphalt raptor, a kilomivore
I can't stop eating miles and I always ask for more

I'm not stopping, fatigue is not a factor
Because my chest contains a beating nuclear reactor
I started in the Autumn and now the plants begin to flower
As I run with feet of steel and my heart has fusion power
Mind, muscles, tendons, bones, working to my satisfaction
In a co-ordinated human locomotory chain reaction

I'm two horizons out from home passing grinders in a groan
They say teamwork's the thing but I prefer to roam alone
There's a steady pulsing sound but it's not morse code
It's just the beat of my feet and the rhythm of the road.....

Mike Michaels

Sun

Have you ever marvelled at the wondrous Sun?
That supplies the essence from which all life is spun
That glorious radiator dissolving all gloom
Our star the child of a nebulae's womb

Illuminating space by perpetual explosion
Everlasting, immune to fusions erosion
That fuels its heart, its corona's twinklings
And sends out its message to galactic siblings

Searing plasma, gas and liquid fire
Our Sun the furnace that does not tire
That molten magnetic maelstromous gyre
Where elements are made in the smelting blaze
Of Hydrogen's funeral pyre

Our sun with a presence to make spacetime swell
Captivating visitors with its gravitational well
Herding its flock and the asteroid belts
Shepherding comets along their helterskelts

Sharing its light with the planets and moons
Powering Earth, our oceans, our weather
Hurricanes, monsoons
Fuelling the life on earth it ignited
Nourishing every form into which it's divided

Our Sun that gives us our summer days
With insects buzzing through golden haze
And swifts swooping as the long grass sways
That invites us to rest, to lounge and to laze
And bathe in the warm of its silent gaze

Our Sun.

Mike Michaels

The Wilderness

The wilderness is where the wild things roam
With slavering jaws and murderous claws
They only obey Nature's laws
And they call the elements their home

The wilderness is where the wild things roam
When hunger calls they climb the food chain
To make feasts of the beasts they have stalked and slain
And they show no remorse for their victims' last moan

The wilderness is where the wild things roam
Beware of their hunger, their merciless predation
For they have perfected the art of exsoulation
And they consume or be consumed as their ancestors have shown

The wilderness is where the wild things roam
They are made of only skin, flesh and bone
But have had millenia for their instincts to hone
And only the fearless and the cheerless visit them alone

Mike Michaels

Uphill Rythm

A running poem for grinding up those hills.....

1-2-3-4

Up-hill Ry-thm

1-2-3-4

Up-hill Ry-thm

1-2-I've got no respect for pain,
my willpower's high octane,
I'm steaming up this hill like a supercharged train.
I'm in the physical commotion,
of human locomotion
and my legs are powered by internal combustion.
I drink kerosene,
I sweat petroleum,
there's nothing ever been
that can break my uphill rythm

1-2-3-4

Up-hill Ry-thm

1-2-3-4

Some people say I'm flunky,
'cause I'm a running junky,
but I don't snort coke
I don't do heroin,
I get high on respiration and I shoot adrenalin
pounding pounding pounding
deep into my soul,
I'm not stopping,
bring on the cortisol.

1-2-3-4

Up-hill flunk-y

1-2-3-4

Up-hill Junk-y

I don't want to join your team
I don't need to win your race
I run my own dream
I set my own pace
running, running, running
might have an aneurism
but don't bet your money that will break my uphill rythm.

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Mike Michaels

What's So Good About Reality?

Reality's not all that it's cracked up to be
If you'd like to try life as a rock or a tree
It stops you from flying by flapping your arms
Or riding on dragonflies with wings broad as barns
You can't visit the moon by clicking your heels
Or breath underwater after swallowing eels
You can't live forever by drinking a potion
Or devise a machine of perpetual motion
Energy problems? Cold fusion's the key
If not for the effects of reality
No ents, no elves, no unicorn, no griffin
No giant peach, or shoes to live in
No streets paved with gold, no money trees
No flying pigs, no moon of cheese
No teleportation, no hyperspace drive
No aliens to welcome us when we arrive
Bring back lost friends? Undo mistakes?
If only imagining was all that it takes.

Mike Michaels

When HE Calls

What day of the week will it be?
What time? Will I be in?
Will he be pleased to see me?
Will he wear a cloak, a scowl, a grin?
Will it be tea or coffee?
With milk or without?
Will he take offence at my inhospitable doubt?

What should I do?
What are the rules?
Will he beckon me forbodingly or grip me with icy paws?
Whichever, I won't come meekly or submit to his laws
I won't surrender passively to oblivions maw

Will he be shocked by this lack of sombre propriety?
Or even amused that I refuse to come quietly?
Will he pursue me, perhaps at a canter?
While engaging me in some mortal banter
'What lovely decor, I knew your Mater
We both knew I would come sooner or later
It's your atoms you see, you were loaned them at birth
And today is the day they are returned to the earth
You have used them for adventures I shall not recount
But now it is time to settle your account'

Should I try to delay him; regale him with ribaldry?
Or in desperation explore the dark avenue of macabre bribery?
Maybe I will struggle, wriggle and wrythe
Cartwheel, tumble and evade his reaping scythe
Will he wrestle me to the ground with my limbs all askew?
Well, then it will be time to deploy my kung-fu
But whatever the case and whenever he calls
I will grip this world tightly
And hang on by my vestigial finger claws

Mike Michaels

Zoo

When I find myself bored with nothing to do
my favourite activity, (I don't know about you)
is to take a stroll to my local zoo.
Where only yesterday I'm pleased to say
for visitors' delight there were on display:

African dogs, hogs, rare iguanas
gregarious gibbons consuming bananas
Antipodean bouncing creatures,
apes from Borneo with ginger features
hairy baboons, ant platoons,
a flock of ducks with bills like spoons
mice in holes, burrowing moles
gekkos hippo's and zebras with foals

Worms, germs, gorillas with perms
polar bears, arctic terns
venemous snakes, pink flamingos
bees in trees and fleas on dingos
centipedes, millipedes butterflies of every hue
goats with horns, anteaters with thorns
a dugong and a gnu

Platypi, octopi, squid and anemones
jellyfish, swordfish, stingrays and anchovies
Cetaceans, Crustaceans, Molluscs and mink
Arthropods, Gastropods, Scallops and skink
shellfish, sailfish a giant sea sponge
a strange blue sea cucumber that swims with its tongues

land lions, sea lions, sea otters, manatees
cockerels, cuckoos, hymenoptera monarchies
sea horses, sea spiders, spiny sea urchins
millions of cellular slime mould mergings
antelope that spronk for miles
crocodiles with fearsome smiles

Pangolins, pikas, saigas chameleons
panthers, pumas, hyena comedians
aardvarks, aardwolves, fossers and ocelots
genets, aye-aye's, camels (they drink a lot)
giant snails propelled by viscosity
blurry cheetahs at escape velocity

Emus, curlews, ostriches, walruses
degus, shrews grumpy rhinoceroses
donkeys, yaks, mules, caribou
oxen, bison, reindeer, buffalo
tortoises, porpoises, trunked quadrapeds
a collection of lizards with frills round their heads

They had critters with tails, critters with claws

critters with scales and some with them all
There were creatures of fur, creatures of feather
and creatures of hoof all gathered together
It was a hoard of global zoological treasure
in one convenient location for viewing pleasure
So the next time you're bored I hope you can see
it's worth a trip to your local menagerie.

Inspired by the marvellous Ebenezer Bleezer.

Mike Michaels