

Poetry Series

Morney Wilson

- poems -

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Morney Wilson (3rd April 1969)

I live in a flat in London with some knitted plants write a lot, run a myspace page for myself and a musician friend, a website and sell on Amazon and eBay.

I've had about 50 poems published - some in anthologies (mostly in the UK, but 2 in the US) and some online. One came 4th in Forward Press's 'Top Poets of 2005' and earned me my first money from writing poetry. I self-published my first book of poems last year on lulu.com.

Over the last few months, I've been lucky enough to meet Bazza on myspace, a hugely prolific songwriter and singer. He's made 15 of my poems into songs and it's turned into a CD, 'The Morney Set, ' which is now on sale. More to come!

My favourite poets are Sylvia Plath, Sharon Olds, Anne Sexton, TS Eliot, Ted Hughes, Jeffrey McDaniel, Dorianne Laux, Benjamin Zephaniah, Roxy Gordon and my favourite poet/songwriter is Townes van Zandt.

I don't believe in there being any rigid 'rules' when writing poetry. I think part of the beauty of it is that it can be whatever you want it to be. I like to experiment with punctuation, line breaks, rhymes (mostly internal ones) and styles. I don't like it when people criticise what they see as 'unconventional' poetry and I don't like it when people think they know how a poem 'should' be written and insist on telling other people where they're going wrong.

I believe that a poem means whatever it means to the person reading it, whether it is what I meant by it or not.

I fully intend to be the first female Poet Laureate, a day which I'm sure isn't far off (and if you believe that, you'll believe anything!) .

Poetry is the biggest part of my life and has quite literally saved my life more than once.

Works:

I Am The Blast From Your Past & Other Poems

<http://www.lulu.com/content/462560>

The rest of them are in anthologies or online (details in the page of web links) .

About A Girl

This is about a girl.
She is not me.
Sometimes I walk in her footsteps.
Sometimes she walks in mine.

There are times when I cannot see her.
I assume she cannot see me.
We walk in steps that almost match.
Does she try to be me, would she want to be me?

I have seen her
at the break of dawn -
staggering down this road.
Cigarettes, pills, alcohol,
whatever she can find.

No, this is not me.
This is not me.

People look at us
and all they see is one.
Well I can't take their blinkers off,
can't make them see that we are two.

She falls out of bed more often than not -
can she face the day?
Only if she has enough pills -
that's her truth though she'll never tell.

She has had her alcohol years, her pills
of many colours years.
She should be dead by now but
she's beginning to think she's immortal.

She doesn't want to be immortal
so she will go on taking everything until she goes.

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Morney Wilson

An Hour Was All It Took

I don't know where you are now,
I don't know where you stay.
I know that I can't see you there,
You've gone too far away.

At night I know you're in my dream,
Elusive, just out of my sight.
I have held you in my arms
But it never felt all right.

Once I had the best dream –
I held you there so tight.
But then you turned to plastic
And again ran out of my sight.

I wonder if you hate me,
If you know what I have done.
Do you realise what you mean to me?
Or do you think I was in it for fun?

In my mind I search for you.
I run and stop and look.
I can't believe you're nowhere
And an hour was all it took.

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Morney Wilson

Baby Killer

Look at this dead child in my arms
And know that I blame you.
Look at the pain in my face
And say 'That is my fault too.'

I have only contempt for you
As you sit and pretend to cry.
Your falsity galls, your hypocrisy appals.
Again into my womb you will pry.

Again you will try to make me produce
The fruit every woman must bear.
Watch me, haunt me, shadow me,
I must not bleed, I might kill your heir.

Another month of blood has come
And my failure arrives on time.
You say my womb is an abattoir
Rejoicing in each death, each crime.

I will confess, I will plead guilty,
There's a smell about me like rotting food.
For a flash of a second it shows in my mirror.
I would trap and dissect it if I could.

Some guilt is yours though, take it.
The confession is there, I signed.
So don't you look for life in me
When death is all you will find.

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Morney Wilson

Bud of Pain

Shut the door, shut the door.
Shut out the burning light.
Lock me in, lock me away,
away from eyes and sight.

Turn the world away.
Leave them at the door.
Creep into a cosy corner.
Bother me no more.

Alone, I want to be alone.
Alone, I need no one.
Alone inside my private mask.
Alone, alone, alone.

Turn me off, turn me off.
Switch off the flickering light.
Leave me be, leave me be.
I have no strength to fight.

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Chalcot Square

I have been here before
although I do not think it
was during this lifetime.

Those streetlights are familiar shadows,
beckoning me over
to whisper an intimacy -
to tell me a truth about my life.
I have known once already and
the battle to forget was rather bloody.

I won by sacrificing her life.

I do not wish to know again
(nor do I wish to bring her back)
so I turn the other way.

My ears are closed to your secrets about my life.

Voice. The snow by this doorstep speaks to me
and I will gracefully accept -
for a moment -
this red carpet laid out for me.

I will not stay long.

A primrose grew here on this hill -
bloomed briefly -
and was gone.

I have no fear of this place now.

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Closing On Opening Night

There is a choice. She said 'To be fair,
I should have four of them so that I
can pick or mix and match.
I do not know what the answer is.'

The question is clear.
See that bright pink
sky sign hanging up ahead -
it is a moment away and this car
will soon shoot underneath, the
pink lights playing across our faces.

We can laugh. Silly children.
Flash lights, spot lights -
do you see me? I see you -

not all at once.
I will hold each memory and
piece it together at a later
stage. I will patch you together
so I can see you whole.

Enthralling revelation.
The pieces here, the pieces there -
they have swooped and swooned together.
I sit on this orange stair,
watching them knit busily.

They are hopelessly entwined.

I bought the sharpest pair of scissors I could find.
Hack that blanket, cut it up.
It taunts me it tells me it laughs at me
You can't have this.
You can't have this.
You can't have this.

There are no scissors sharp enough.
It is stronger than me and
I suppose - yes - I suppose
that is partly the attraction.

So I sit here on this yellow floor.
(I am moving towards the bathroom)

Way one is waiting in the bathroom.
Pristine, clean, brand new.
I venture in, I glance coyly.
They smile at me, beckoning.

Come and get us,
We will make you bleed.

We will make you numb.
We will remind you.

I look -you are so pretty.
I want to, I want to,
I imagine the feeling -
the numb red spurts.
I am waiting - anticipating.

Oh you,
you have been gone for so long.
So many years, it's like
coming home to myself.
The years gone by
were just a clever stupid lie.

Way two in the bedroom, I count
the yellow pills.
Not enough for that
but that is not the aim.
They are merely the first stepping stone.
A handful - enough to
make me numb.

Beautiful pearls
sliding down my throat
slowing me down
slipping me under the covers
and we can cry all day
all week all month hidden.

The living room holds way three.
She's flipped.
She hates hates this opheliablue,
She craves destruction.

What is opheliablue?
No guts no courage no strength.
Delete her.
She knows it would hurt
so she sits there and
deletes some of you instead.
She hopes that will wound her,
perhaps enough to stop
those razors calling her name.

She knows it won't touch
anyone else. The Queen of failure
is asking for deactivation.
(You will be glad) .
A line through her name
could make her smile.

To the kitchen for way four.
A prop, an extra, not enough.
Just take it to bed and it
may make the pearls
sweeter and easier
and it may make her drift.

But it is time to stop writing
and start doing. We will assemble
our props and our stage. We will
get ready for a dress rehearsal.
We know our lines.
We have known them for years.

We think we will be word perfect today.

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Morney Wilson

Dedicated To The One I Love

The first words I spoke to you
Were words of love and hate.
Love to hate you, hate to love you.
Hold me, hug me - suffocate.

You are monstrous, vile, hideous,
Repulsive to my all-seeing eyes.
Dragging your acid-red coffin,
Spewing your murderous cries.

I watch as you creep towards me,
As you slither, slither on by.
Blood pours through my soul
When you uncoil by my side in a death-cry.

'I love you, ' I scream, 'I love you.'
Does that pierce your emotion-proof shell?
And when you throw me into that pit,
I swear I shall put you through hell.

You forced me into this murderous deed
And you laugh laugh laugh when I cry.
Come closer, snake, come closer now
Watch watch our baby die.

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Morney Wilson

Friends And Nothing More

Early Monday morning,
I watch you come through the door,
and it's so hard to talk
when you're a friend and nothing more.

I smile casually as you sit down.
Try to forget my thoughts of a moment before.
I don't tell you I've missed you and wanted you –
I'm your friend and nothing more.

When you look at me it hurts
and I know I have to pretend.
Don't let you see what it does to me
when you treat me just as a friend.

I want to ask if you remember
what happened the week before,
but that is against the rules.
We're friends and nothing more.

So I'll be here as usual next Monday,
waiting for you to walk through the door
and I won't let you see the way that I feel.
We'll be friends and nothing more.

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Morney Wilson

From An Alley, A Flame

I waited for days inside that
alley, dark - watching - dim
but somehow smelling
of stale lavender, when my
granddaughter danced the dance
of the dying -
- mad, wild, hair tossing, eyes glitter spark
glitter spark glitter spark dulling dulling.

She turns and turns, spinning -
oh daughter of daughter you will take off
these coats and we can feel the heat,
yes, love, we can feel the heat
in that body wracking with guilt,
with guilt with fear.

Once a young girl... you -
now - what are you now?
Where do you go now?
I know I cannot follow.

I tried.
I tried once.
I tried twice.
Perhaps I tried a third time.
I called you back I call you back.

You are not coming.

You never did oh my
girl when I thought you were here
You were already gone.

Now this heat, this fire
furious fighting fearsome flames.

My genius.
Burning yourself out before you could begin.

I will cry.
One day.

Not now.

Are you rising?
Burn, my flesh of flesh, burn.

Did you come back last night?
I was waiting -
the alley was silent.
I thought I saw a spark ignite
and a gate open.

Were you burning your way back home?

The fire rose quickly when the door shut.
The smoke coloured the sky an orange light
like the crayons we used when you were small.

But then the cold came.

You died.
And I still don't know why.

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Morney Wilson

Gentlemen Prefer Redheads

If I want to talk of suicide,
I will.

If I want to keep my curtains closed,
I will.

If I want to have the lights out,
I will.

If I want to stay inside all day,
I will.

If I want to listen to 'boring' music, watch 'boring' films,
I will.

If I wanted to (but I do not)
I would manage it again,
one year in... every so many.

And if I want to lie in bed
like a dead
goddess,
I will -
because I will always rise out of these ashes
with my newly red hair.

You may rip my Sylvia Plath book
of poems
up.
Shred her words to nothingness,
we laugh to watch.

(although I am slightly sorry to lose that book,
so treasured and battered and old...)
But you do not touch her words.

They exist on a higher plane than you can reach,
tall as you may be.

The words are
emblazoned on my
brain.
Oh Fever 103, Purdah, Lady Lazarus.
Black Rook In Rainy Weather.

I will cover my walls with Marilyn.
I will possess every Marilyn momento.

(And that was a murder.
Oh but murder, suicide.. what is the difference?)

It is all dreary, it is all gloom and doom.

Look how I live my life.
It is a wonder I am still alive.

And yet I am.

Do you have enough fingers to count my achievements?

I will have Marilyn bags
I will have Marilyn purses
I will have Marilyn notebooks
I will have Marilyn candles
I will have Marilyn posters
I will have Marilyn notelets
I will have Marilyn journals
I will have a pretty pink Marilyn mobile bag..

..and I will have a Marilyn lighter from one who happened upon a word from me,
picked it up and took it gently home
where he nourished it until it sang.
One who treasured my words.

For this is me.
This is part of me.

Laugh, ridicule, show your ignorance.
Throw your toys out of the pram when
I am still me despite your scathing words.

Have your tantrums
when I am sick and
you cannot understand it.

'I did not expect to have to look after someone.
I am not your nurse.'

I do not want a nurse,
even one that believed I am ill.

And I? I am not your babysitter.

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Morney Wilson

Gone

Last night I fell asleep with
one hand touching her pink and purple
shredded blanket and the other
resting on the telephone.

I would say like being a child again.
Little securities making
the world go soft -
but I was never that child.

Sometimes it is just as simple
as saying: yes, there are times
when I hurt so much -
physically, mentally, both -

that all it takes is the feel
of her blanket to bring back
a slight scent, a slight pressure
(she could be lying against me)

and the feel of the telephone
recalling a kind of connection
to you that almost makes
you there if I shut my eyes.

Sometimes these things
can lull me to sleep.

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Morney Wilson

Goodbye Mother Dear

Mother, mother, mother dear,
Can you hold me close, can you hold me near?
Mother, mother, oh mother dear,
Will you listen, listen to my words of fear?

Mother, I am inside your womb.
Mother, you hold the key.
Mother, is it too late, too soon?
Mother, what do you see?

I hear your heart beat, beat, beat,
It comforts me when I am asleep.
I feel your warmth, I feel your heat,
But mother dear, I feel you weep.

Mother, I am so full of fear.
Mother, I see it in your tear.
Mother, I know you cry and why.
Mother, I know we must say goodbye.

(if only you could let me grow
my love to you then i could show
but that i know cannot be so
the time has come for me to go)

Mother, mother, mother dear,
Do not feel guilt, do not feel fear.
Mother, mother, oh mother dear,
For a while, you held me near.

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Morney Wilson

I Am A Poet

I am a Poet
I ~~right~~ ~~write~~ rite poems
Not all the time
Just
 sometimes
 (obviously)
i have to eat & sleep 2

I am righting A pom now :)
But I suppose u can c that. lol
Read it please
Because It is ~~god~~, good
sew you should.
 (read it, i mean) .

I am quite moddest about
MY POEMS
But I do no that
You will all like this 1.
 It will probly make u jealus
 but dont worry
 not everyone can BE
as good as ~~i am~~ ME

If you tell me it is shit
You will get hit
And you will regret it
if u make me cry
Because when I am the poet lawreate
I will laugh at u.

 Because i know i am fantastic
 My rhymes ping like elastic
 So hard they break sometimes
 Like an elastic band
That

B R E A K S

My poems rule
they are cool
my pen is like a tool (like a hammer or something, except it's not really, it's a pen)
I rule my school.
(I'm not in school but it rhymed)

I'm a poet
& I no it
I'm a poet
& I no it
I'm a poet
& I no it.

AND SO DO YOU

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Morney Wilson

I Am The Blast From Your Past

I will be there, dear,
when your clock strikes thirteen
and I will smile at you.

If you look into the
looking glass do not be surprised
if the world spins out of control.
Do not, I tell you, do not drop
from a great height of fear
into a waking coma when the
sky becomes the ground -
when the ground turns blue
and black storming clouds are
your stepping stones.

I lay on a mattress of unreasonable love
there were three of us in that bed -
you should have said right then -
you could have told me before I
dropped all my stitches before I
spilt all the milk: that you blamed me.

I will be here, darling,
when it gets dark at noon
when the cow flip flops gracefully
over that moon she thought was hers.

I will be right by your side, sweet,
when there are icicles in hell -
there will be a big one with a razor edge
that could kill. You must take care.

There I was, lowered into forever -
the lover of your unreason.
It was the same, later in the season
perhaps, but we know and she knows
don't we. It was the same dropp through that floor.

You arrive slightly too late, all bewilderment.
You leave, than make your excuses.

When the devil has no more work for idle hands,
when too many cooks make for an exquisite broth,
when the number of the beast is 667,
when you roll a stone and it comes back covered in moss.

Know then it is coming.
The change.
The I change.

I change
I turn up like a good penny.

You will not save me for a rainy day.
Absence has made my heart grow colder.

Wait for the clock to strike thirteen.
It will happen when you least expect it.
I will be there, dear, and I will smile.

I will smile and I will smile and I will smile.
And then you will know.

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Morney Wilson

I Leave You With A Breath Of Ivy

This day hangs heavy on me.
It will not fit me right.
I'm unbuttoned
unzipped -
this hem is ripped.
We tripped but we tried
oh we tried to walk a straight line.

I am itching -
my skin shows no mercy
take it off now,
oh god please take it off -
I grow frightened of losing my breath.

You tell me catching it could be worse...

Where did you get this glue?
It sticks to me as if it think
it is a second skin.
It is not part of this body.
Why does it cling so
tightly?

I am paralysed.
I am scared.
I dream I am dead.
This is the hospital where the nearly dead go.
I will be tested and I will fail.
You talk to me, you touch me.
I reply, I respond - oh god thank you, all is well.

You sigh deeply.
You rub your forehead.
Maybe one tear forms.

My ears ring with a church bell and a voice
wishes to speak to me soon.

Why are my ears closing up?
I cannot hear I cannot hear.

I am her from top to toe today -
the ivy grows.
Soon I will be waist-deep...

Could this be my last chance to tell you?

I am tethered to that bed again
and the ivy is growing fast.
Words need a mouth,
words need fingers.

The fingers were webbed together before
that tray stopped with paper and a crayon.
'Pens, ' she said, 'make a pathetic but possible attempt.'
'Pencils, 'she said, 'can be bluntly sharp and the bloody mess...'

A crayon for you, dear -
and all the paper that you need.

But I have gone, I have gone back into the breath of ivy.
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Morney Wilson

I Will Butcher Your Future

I will butcher Your Future - -

Not right now
no
not when you would hardly care
if I dare
to leave.

One day
I will butcher your future.
It will not be pretty it
will not be the best day
you have had.

I understate it.

Now,
I am with you you are with me
even when you are not.

I am trapped.

We are the golden couple.
People pay to watch us live.
You like it. I cannot say
that I notice. I am too busy.
Too busy dodging the blows
too busy waiting for the next shot
too busy pretending this is real -
and cheating them into envy.

You are god now but
you will not stay that way forever.
Pitiful man, one day I will butcher your future.
My heart is hardening my skin itches
to push you away.

When you are looking the other way
The shot will ring out.

Bye bye.

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Morney Wilson

If I Should Die Before I Wake (for my mum)

Stroke my hair, rub my back -
murmur words of comfort.
Sit with me 'til I breathe deep -
See off the demons between here and sleep

My video broke, you bought me a new one.
Teddy's insides were rotten, so you filled him again.
My pink duvet cover was bloody and stiff -
asking the fatal question "what if? "

My fridge fills like magic each time you are here -
Pitta bread, houmous, milk, bread and cheese.
What pixies visited from Tesco last night?
The kitchen stands proud now, ready to fight.

A kettle, a fleece, the bin - you replaced
the blood-splattered razor filled one I'd defaced.
You were outwardly coping, seemingly calm -
I drank in your love, your sweet smelling balm.

Your life put on hold, you stayed in my flat -
Held back my hair when the sickness began.
You did not know when you would be free -
I was selfish: your image was all I could see.

Those days are gone now,
They won't come back,
but I will always regret -
I will never forget.

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Morney Wilson

If You Only Had A Heart

You, life-taker, you,
stone man, iron man,
tin man without a heart.
Took a wrong turning
on the yellow brick road.
You never made it to Oz.

You, home-breaker, you,
pretty woman, dirty woman,
scarecrow without a brain.
When the house fell on you
I laughed from six feet under.
You will never, never be me.

You, adulterer, you,
giant wizard, fake wizard,
lion without a roar.
Hiding inside your emerald castle.
Smoke and mirrors.
You were never real.

You, she-devil, you,
wicked witch, dead witch,
thief without shoes, you burn.
Fly on your broken broomstick
paint the sky with surrenders -
You will melt before too long.

I, word-weaver, I.
White ghost, angry ghost,
goddess in ruby slippers.
Click, click, click my heels,
throw off this blanket of earth.
You will not keep me here.

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Morney Wilson

Last Year Lied To Me

Last year lied to me.
July told me today would glitter.
Blossoming promises -
pink purple red...
August (whispering)
it's alright that you cry.
Tears always shine
before they can jewel.

Last year you lied to me.
You said April would join us.
Shed our old skins -
the black the blame.
Wishing and missing
and it's good that we wait.
Love always lies
slightly ahead.

This year I lied to you.
I said yesyes March will bring me.
I will throw off London
I pledge my allegiance.
Comfort calls reassure sigh.
Dearest, I'm in pain too.
The truth sometimes hides
until it's too late.

I was Tinkerbell
I wanted to fly
I would have could have gone.
So I say now
'Oh I'm sorry,
I wish I had come.'

Do you see?
I am like last year and I lie too.

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Morney Wilson

Lavender Baths

Look at this darling bundle in my arms.
Step closer proud father, ready to play your role.
What's wrong? Doesn't cry? Doesn't move? Doesn't breathe?
She's dead, sweetheart. Hurry now, you might catch her soul.

(What a way to tell you.
What a callous emptiness,
And I supposed to be your lover) .

Let's backtrack, cancel, there's room to begin again.

Look at this dead child in my arms
and know that I blame you.
Look at the pain in my face
and say 'That is my fault too.'

I have only contempt for you
as you sit and pretend to cry.
Your falsity galls, your hypocrisy appals.
Again into my womb you will pry.

Again you will try to make me produce
the fruit every woman must bear.
Watch me, haunt me, shadow me.
I must not bleed, I might kill your heir.

Another month of blood has come
and my failure arrives on time.
You say my womb is an abattoir,
rejoicing in each death, each crime.

You tell your parents that I am barren.
Not a real woman, nothing to give.
My womb expanding with lethal gases.
Suffocating fragile embryos fighting to live.

In lavender baths I soak and scrub until I bleed,
but there's a smell about me like rotting food.
I think it's slowly dying and detaching in me.
I would cut it out and dissect it if I could.

There's a flash in the frame on the wall.
That baby one you got for a dare.
If I turn fast enough I can almost see
the gloating family snapshot not yet there.

Can't you see those little black dresses?
Do you think a different ending can be willed?
Each union we have your sight is lost,
Blindly waiting until the last dress is filled.

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Morney Wilson

Lord Lucifer (with apologies to Sylvia Plath but none to Tony Blair)

I have won it again.
One year in every five
I manage it -

A sort of walking disaster, my voters
Dumber than Gordon Brown,
My wife by my side -

A touch of glam.
My face a frozen, grinning
'I CARE' mask.

Fold the ballot paper
O my constituents.
Do I impress? -

The suits, the ties, the rousing, memorable speeches?
The false cheer
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the things
The liar Blair promised
Will be forgotten

And I a so-called Christian.
I am only Tony Blair
And like Maggie I have eleven years to rule.

This is Term Number Three.
What a laugh
To mess up Britain.

What a million mistakes.
The cheering, clapping crowd
Shoves in to see

Me get out of my limo -
The big I AM.
Gentlemen, ladies

Here are my children,
My friends.
I may be a lying creep,

Nevertheless, I am the same identical man.
The first time it happened I was amazed.
It was a landslide.

The second time I meant
To win again and stay in power.
I rocked with laughter

Like a maniac.
They had to vote and vote
And cover me with sticky kisses.

Ruling
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally badly.

I do it so it feels like hell [for you]
I do it so it feels funny [for me]
I guess you could say I'm a sadist.

It's easy enough to do it in England,
It's not so easy to do it in Scotland.
It's the inevitable

Triumph the next day,
In the same place, to the same cameras, the same stupid
Ecstatic shout:

'Hurrah Tony! '
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For living in my country, there is a charge
for breathing in my air -
It is really polluted.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a bus or a train
Or a parking place

Or a house or some food or some clothes.
So, so, you idiots.
So, you losers.

I am your Prime Minister.
I am your Saviour.
The pure sensitive man

That rules your world.
I walk and talk.
Do not think I care about your concerns.

Rubbish, rubbish -
You poke and stir.
Rotting food, cigarette ends, there is nothing there -

An old banana
A half-empty can
A mouldy sandwich.

You idiots, you losers
Beware
Beware.

Out of Downing Street
I emerge with my receding hair -
And I only did this as a dare.

Morney Wilson

Lost At Sea

You write to me from the deepest place
the darkest place the furthest place.
I think you may be under water but
there is no drowning and your heart
beats a lie that this life is good.

Without me.

And I wonder was it worth it then?
Showing those purple lights,
flashing lilac stars - to fill my stage
for an empty theatre. I sold no tickets.
My invisible audience laughed,
although one threw a rose that I later
learned had been born a crafty nettle.

You cannot live without me you say,
so I keep your body in a locket.
I wear it sometimes at night. I am curious
to see if you can suffocate me even now.

I continue to live.

Do not speak to me in those dreams.
I will not answer and I will not remember
the desperate pleas you make.

I may cry.
Water will eventually rise and my tears are no different.

You read every word of this three times
until I write what you want to see.

No.

I have thrown it away.
The meaning remains the same.

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Morney Wilson

Lost In Austin

What took you over
so that you arrived
in an appearance I could not see?

You walked running backwards
(did you pass me by?)
Take a second, precious, to wave me on.

speeding crazy
red amber green - go
but you're not colour-blind.

no you're not sightless
no you're not squinting
yes you are seeing me
my sparkling shaded sweetheart -

You saw, I see, you knew, I know.
Pressed rewind, did you?

Armed with new batteries-
Fast faster fastest
Phase me out for her face
flame my featureless form

I do not fear your fire.

I stood in my stupidly spidered
sensuous silver slivers of silk secrets -
silent

spread out - for your debut

Blue black winded windless skies
shooting shining stars through
a selfishly shut sun.

Hold it down.
Hold it down.

harder faster speed up backwards

You will
oh yes you will.

You'll leave.
Bye-bye.

I'm alone.
I'm alone.

I'm alone in a lonely starred state.

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Morney Wilson

Love Cannot Save Her

She has already gone places -
she is gone, all gone.
She takes and she takes - one
day she takes too much.

when this kind of fire starts
it is very hard to put out -
the tender boughs
of innocence burn first.

Anger slays her, love cannot save her.

Nobody knows her.
Nobody knows her.
Born with a hole in her heart,
apparently healed.
Nobody knows.
Nobody knows.

Anger slays her, love cannot save her.

faster and faster...
for a long time
you do not feel anything,
then you burst into fire
fierce flames...
the angels will not help you -
they have all gone away.

Write it in your diary...
Anger slays her, love cannot save her.

She takes and she takes -
one day she takes too much.

Your angel disappeared.

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Morney Wilson

Nothing

Nothing.
Nothing I can do.
Nothing I will ever do
can make amends with you.

Nothing.
Nothing I have got.
Nothing I will ever have
can make me what I am not.

Nothing.
Nothing I can say.
Nothing I can ever say
will stop you going away.

Nothing.
Nothing I can be.
Nothing I can ever be
will make you stay with me.

Morney Wilson

Pretty Prozac Pearls

Your greens,
your yellows,
you're rather pretty.

My bedtime partner.
I can count on you.
You're no trouble,
I take you as easy as that
(A sip of water slips
you inside me)

I am you.
Or are you me?

Keep me quiet,
slow me down,
artificial sanity.

Pull my hair out,
paint my sleep black,
shriek my nightmares.

Creativity leaves.

© Morney Wilson

Morney Wilson

Prone - for Ted Hughes.

- for T.H -

I lie prone.
I lie prone.
On my bed of stone,
on my spiky throne
Where I was thrown.
Daggers of bone
Decorate my throne.
It's only on loan
so I can lie prone.
I can sigh cry, not die, but lie, prone.
If you think I am grown,
then you will be shown.
It is little known
why I, why I, why I lie prone.
Crafty razor blades of bone
jut out of my throne.
They impale this moan, that moan, all moan
so that I can lie prone,
Freezing to stone
if I can't atone.

Then I will return my throne
to the man of stone –
so unknown yet known.
He will lie prone.
He will lie prone.
Throw the future a bone:
an attempt to atone.
Will he become stone?
His body his own,
so he can't reach the phone.
Her final moan and her final moan
and that tiny hardly-heard little girl moan
can't fall out of the phone,
because he will lie prone.
He will lie prone.

*<i>Make the future unknown
to the man of stone.
Let him atone,
then leave him alone.</i>*

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Morney Wilson

Rest in Pieces

Flash me back, flash me back.
It takes one touch to
throw me there - to drag me here.

You may be dead, or so I've heard.
Did you leave a will?
Did you think of me?
It's not important,
I don't care for money.

You left me this...and that and that.
I stick a price-tag on each one.
One stick for every lick, another for every prick
of your poisoned needle.
I was your special girl.

A pretty doll kept in a box
brought out to have some fun.
A doll among a hundred dolls -
you pick and choose:
which one today?

You left me more than
anyone will ever leave to me.
I touch, I smell, I taste, I hear,
I see, I dream, I feel,
you and you and you again.

I gave it all - you took it and smiled.
I watched you steal me, piece by piece.

(Could I be whole again?)

Did you lie when you told
me I would die if I confessed?
I had thought that you were god.

The truth brought death - but who was it for?
Not me, not me, not me after all.

You crumbled to dirt then didn't you?

I take it all back now.
You can't stop me.
I will walk over you, run over you,
dance on your grave.

I have no need for your bequest.
I return it, crumpled and torn.
What you stole I reclaim.
It's dirty, it's stained, but I scrub it clean.

I laughed when I heard you were dead.

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Morney Wilson

She Is Not Safe

The room is dark.
You wear a veil over your face.
I cannot see you.
I do not want to see you.

I am here to tell you
about her.

stop please stop

She does not know I am here.
You must never tell her.

She may speak in riddles,
but I know what she is saying.
She is not safe.

My throat is closing.
She is listening.

you must not tell

You are hearing me.
I know this and I thank you.

She does not want me to tell you.
I have to, she will not talk.

do not tell her

It happened again.
And it happened again.

no no no

She got away with it this time,
just.

Tell me what I can do.
What can I do to stop her?

She is not safe.

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Morney Wilson

She Sees Rainbows

I found a picture, hidden
behind the everyday dust of life.
See that girl in the picture?
She sees rainbows of your love everywhere.

Then I found her, hidden
under the grimy London pollution,
where traffic jams clog my heart
and fumes choke my good intentions.

This girl, though, she giggles and spins.
Can you see the light within her?
I see her, walk beside her, every night.
She disco dances through the rat race.
We sit together on the bus – she shines.

I watch her watching rainbows that I cannot see.

She has a glittering, pink, heart-shaped purse.
She keeps her heart inside it, waiting for you to want it.

She wants you to love her.
She wants your pot of gold, even if it's empty.
An empty pot of you.
She would soon fill you up.

I am in awe of her.
I did not think that she could see me,
but she pulls down a rainbow and hands me a slice.
She whispers: "It will only shimmer for a second. Take it now."

And I awake, seeing rainbows everywhere
through the dirt and grit of bus windows.
You, you weave your rainbows in my North London sky.
They guide me out and home again.
You weave rainbows that only I can see.

But rainbows fade and so does love.

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Strangled Lullabies

I tried to kill my inner child.
She will not die, she will not die.

It's not ok and I don't feel safe,
but this girl holds her secrets.
This girl will never tell.
When she can't walk, well I can't fly
tell the truth now
or say goodbye.

This air holds a threat for her,
a knife to her closed throat.
This air screams with strangled lullabies.
Nothing lives here, nothing grows.

you can't get to me
you can't get to me
i'm always just out of your sight
i'm watching you try to run me down
we play hide and seek don't we?
catch me if you can.

I tried to cut her out of me.
The only blood that spilled was mine.
Laughing softly, she watched them stitch me up.

stupid useless failure girl
can't catch me, can't catch me
when I can't walk, well you can't fly
tell the truth now
or say goodbye.

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Morney Wilson

Studying Sad Suicide

Slithering slowly on squelching seaweed
She met her untimely end.
Racing rapidly past rotting rocks,
Her body would never mend.
Hopelessly hovering in high heels
She'd stood at the edge of the cliff.
Watching and wondering whether she would -
All for a lover's tiff.
Freddie ferociously and frighteningly fought,
His arguments she could not stand.
So studiously and stupidly she spoke of suicide,
He laughed - but she had it all planned.
Bad, barbaric, born the bitterest beast,
Freddie was blind to her needs.
Consequently carnivorous cliffs claimed her corpse,
And her heart, it finally bleeds.

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Morney Wilson

Stupid Girl

I stumble through these days -
Tripping, I am slipping
crashing into the hours.
The clock still ticks its way
to morning with no batteries.
Did you think you could stop time?

Stupid girl.

And she only sees shades of black and grey.
And she thinks she might be a lost cause.
And what can I tell her about that?

Stupid girl.

She walks with her head down.
Do not look at her.
Pretend you cannot see her.

Stupid girl -
she walks with her head down.
She never saw the rainbow above her.

Stupid girl.

She never looked at the sky,
she missed the multitude of colours,
They were there for her,

Stupid girl -
Crazy what you could have had,
Crazy what you could have done.

Stupid girl.

The rainbow's gone.

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Morney Wilson

Talking Her Maj (with apologies to Loudon Wainwright III and 'Talking Bob Dylan)

Hey hey, Her Maj, I wrote you a song.
Today's your birthday if I'm not wrong.
If I'm not mistaken you're eighty today,
How are you doin', Ma'am? Whaddya say?

Well, it musta been about '77,
You had a silver jubilee, and you were quite young,
An' some had some doubts about the way that you ruled,
But the truth came through and loudly it rang.
Yeah, you were hipper than Henry VIII,
And Queen Victoria, put together!

So I got a union jack, a cut-out rose,
A silver hat, an' I was on the right track.
And I didn't stop dancing until the next day,
It was too damn fun,
you were so fab.
I didn't win the fancy-dress contest, though - huh.

Yeah, times were a-changin',
You were long for the throne -
Queen Liz II, like a withered old crone.
The real world is crazy, you were real mean,
An' when you mistreated Diana, Liz, I felt enraged -
A pox on the monarchy!

Had a look at your Christmas speech -
Please stop them now, ya hear me beseech? !
Channel 4 was signin' up cool people to do it,
Out to make you a joke, look's like it worked.
Well, I figured it was time to storm the palace -
A hag from the North Finchley, North London area!

Yeah, I got to the gates, and so did some others, all in a line.
They were lookin' for you, buying a ticket,
They were 'die-hard Liz fans' - your dumb-ass blind subjects.
Well, I still tried to break into your house -
With a sponge and a rusty spanner - it's not an easy thing to do.

Well, but I'm just me and of course you are you,
'Opheliablue arrested' sure sounded bad.
And then 'Ophelia jailed!' was even badder,
'Ophelia protests!', 'an' my fans started growing.
Let's see - there was one somewhere...oh, I got it, I got it - 'killer_llamas' -
Well, they had good intentions.

Yeah, had to stop rebelling, jail was so rough,
You not coming to see me was hard enough.
You keep right on rulin' like you always do,
An' what's best is it can't go on much longer.

Yeah, today's your birthday - have a great one, Liz!

Bein' you must be a hell of a job.
My gran turns up the TV to blasting point
And I hear you screamin'
From the TV -
'MY HUSBAND AND I.'
Thanks a lot, Ma'am - happy birthday, Liz.

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Morney Wilson

The Bedroom Door

I left the bedroom door open,
tonight.
Most times, by now, I close it -

but now and then the feelings creep
in from the other place, they sneak
up, straight to the heart and no sleep
will come and nothing and no-one can keep
the pain that still cuts me so deep,
the waking, heart-breaking, aching will seep
into my bones and I lie in a heap
here, praying for that wildcat leap
onto my head while I was asleep

Just one more time?
I won't mind if your claws are in or out.

My darling, I know, it's over three years
since I held you
and held back the tears
until you were definitely gone.
I thanked you, I stroked you,
I hugged you, I held you
and kissed you while you left.

We had said our goodbyes.
That morning when I spoke and you heard
and I told you it was ok to go if you had to
and of course I would be upset because
I would miss you - but
you must go when you needed to.

And that night I woke up -
You were sitting staring at me.
"I love you, " I said.
You licked my cheek -
the first and last time -
and I do believe
you were saying goodbye.

I'm still leaving the bedroom door open,
tonight -
just in case you happen to pass by.

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Morney Wilson

The Last

This will be the last.
I have come to an end.
There are no more words.

If you happen to see
a word somewhere from me,
take it gently home.
Maybe you keep special memories
in a pretty pink box.
My word would like it there.
I like to think my word would
be treasured - when measured
against other words would be
prized.

I am sitting on the bed,
looking down at the place
where she should be.
There is only me
though, only me -
there is only ever me.
I am holding her blanket on my lap -
perhaps I am thinking it is her.

I would like this to be the last thought.
Lie down here now, to get up later
awake in a different place. A place
where there are no words -
not because you have lost them
but because they are not needed.

If you see her give her my last words:
'I will see you there.'

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Morney Wilson

The Pink Room

When you get to the pink room
do not forget to leave her
a rose.

I want her to know
we have remembered the pink room,
I want her to remember me.

I dreamt of the pink room last
night, of a time when it kept me safe,
a time when it kept her safe.

The pink room is hidden from view
now, has been stripped bare of the
lilac, the silver - someone
I will never know has carelessly
splashed blue paint over my memories.

If you should go to the pink room,
you know you will see me there.
I never could leave the pink room -
remember to leave me a rose.

Morney Wilson

The Rapist Who Pays The Rent

The faceless stranger in a dark alleyway,
He jumps, he grabs, he takes – no he won't pay.
Once there was blue calm, now red seethes the fear.
No I won't tell you. You know you won't hear.

The familiar boy I call my friend,
We're lovers - lovers without an end.
No horror, no fear, no darkness, no knife.
No threat to my safety, no threat to my life.

The constant fear when out at night.
Never lose hearing, never lose sight.
Walk tall, walk strong, don't look forlorn.
It started, it started the day you were born.

I've read the advice, I've read it all
But now I need what I can't recall.
I never realised, I never knew
The attack, the attack could come from you.

Familiar boy turns to faceless stranger
The alley, the home, both can scream danger.
No need for a gun, no need for a knife,
The weapon of love can threaten my life.

The familiar boy I called my friend.
He jumped, he grabbed, he took – no, it won't mend.
Once there was blue calm, now red seethes the fear.
No I won't tell you. You know you won't hear.

Morney Wilson

The Season of Treason

There is a child in my head. I know -
you thought she was dead but
your habits made time stand still.

It is uncommonly common
so we are told - to be
frozen, to be caught in a
freeze frame, to be stuck
at that point of bodys shock.

You will say you were a victim
not she not I not we. You
cannot help it.
You aim for pity
in this game
we play.

We played for two years -
I count the days and I
wait for her self to return.

I did not know she was gone.
I did not know she would never come back.
I did not know you had stolen her
and in the stealing there had been a death.

Did you?

Gripped by unnatural lust
you must, I believe, you must
lie sometimes in a pool of tears.

Do you?

She is forever five
now.
She could not grow up or
grow past your season of
treason and play.

You
made her hateful
You
made her hate me
You
made her dead while alive.
You
you are always looming
large in her eye.
You
died and yes you can die
and your strength does not diminish.

She is quiet now after
the years
of screaming.
No one heard no one cared no one came.
Thunder loud tears
bring no help.

She is quiet now.

Morney Wilson

The Secret

I am going to tell you something.
It will make your heart freeze.
You will stop being able to sleep.
Your minutes of rest will shriek
with nightmares. You will wake
yourself up screaming.

I am going to tell you something.
It will haunt you, disturb you.
You will never stop wondering.
Did it happen? How did it happen?
You will sob and sob. Those
pictures will never look the same.

I am going to tell you something.
It will crawl inside you, eat you up.
You will feel like dying for thinking.
Then I will ask you not to tell anyone.
You will respect that because what I
tell you is too much. Our secret.

I am going to tell you something.
It will take root in your heart, it will rot.
The poison will pump through your body.
I tell you not to hurt you. I trust you.
But it will never be the same.
I cannot say when you will feel better.

Maybe tomorrow – maybe never.

Morney Wilson

The Short Story

It was a short story -
it should have been longer
The first page drew her in -
impatient, she couldn't let
the story unfold naturally.

She tore through the pages.

She doesn't read short stories
no, she's the poetic type -
still, picked it up and pried it open
and she doesn't know -
should she have left it closed?

I cannot tell.

It wasn't her first short story
it might be her last -
the others were readable, vaguely enjoyable,
oh but this one flashed a lilac light around
her fevered body - and cooled her.

Still,
so still.

It was a short story
but there were pages missing.
She reads it over and over,
hoping, longing to find the whole.

Someone ripped out the last pages -
someone knows how it ends.
Perhaps it ended in pain -
perhaps they protected her.

I hold her until she is still.

The short story will always be there -
she keeps it in her special memories box.
She re-reads it daily
and she laughs and she cries.
She is glad she found it
although it hurts.

The short story is still here.

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Morney Wilson

The Truth

Incandescent with white-hot rage,
I lie here in my furious grave.

You think I am gone.
Safely locked in my box.
My eyes won't see.
My ears won't hear.

You think you are free
to spin your tales of fate,
to spin our lives into a web
of lies that catch our souls like flies.

But I was there, darling,
when you wrote those letters.
I stood behind you and watched
your pen leak excuses,
ink made from our blood.
Weaving your pages of myths.

I, your first wife, I.
I inevitably died.
Written in the stars from the day I was born.
Mad thing that I was.
How else could it end?

Like a puppet
I jerked into hatred of her.
But now I have seen. Now I have heard.
I wrote the rival. You wrote the other.
Now,
Now the unlikely partnership forms
and we, we write the truth.

Look over your shoulder, dear, at all times.
Keep a watch in every mirror you see.
Be afraid every time that the telephone rings.
Listen out for unexpected knocks at the door.
Do not fall asleep with the TV on.

One of these days, my love, one of these days.

We will rise from the ashes. We will have our revenge.
We will write the final chapter of this myth.
Two suicides will drag this God to his death.

One of these days, my love, one of these days.

Morney Wilson

The Truth About M.

Well I could start by saying she's a failure,
but why state the obvious?

She can't get to sleep without
drinking so much she passes out.
And it helps if she's crying too, then,
who said comfortably numb?
Sometimes she drinks too much,
it's like a rush, a speed.
Forget sleep for a couple of days.

When she wakes up, she starts again.
Sometimes she feels too ill
and that really pisses her off.
She's a mistress of ignoring the
protests of her body, though.
She can drink and be sick
and drink and be sick.

Sometimes she lies in bed
for days at a time.
Phone unanswered,
door unanswered,
mail ignored,
food uneaten.

Last week she stayed there
for seven days,
and she wondered -
what would happen if I lay here forever?
Would anyone ever come?
Would anyone wonder what had happened
and try phoning or coming over?

You melodramatic Queen of Self Pity.
People have their own lives to live.
You are nobody's responsibility.
Is there anyone else living here?

You see?

And all she really wants is love and to love,
but she knows what Ted Hughes meant
when he said he was radioactive.
She is poison.

Well I could finish by saying she's a failure,
but why state the obvious?

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Morney Wilson

This Did Not Happen To You

She started whoring at the age of two,
Paid for with trips to the beachfront arcade.
Good, clean girl: *"this did not happen to you."*

In silence, she hid - the poison dripped through.
Scrub the stains, drink the bleach, keep your mouth shut.
She started whoring at the age of two.

The teddy bears watched, they planned a rescue.
Try all you can, a stitched mouth cannot tell.
Good, clean girl: *"this did not happen to you."*

Swallow words, choking, the sickness a clue -
Can you see it, mummy? Something's wrong here.
She started whoring at the age of two.

Well-behaved child - he picked wisely, how true.
Godlike, he saw through to the rotting core.
Good, clean girl: *this did not happen to you."*

Twenty years later she chose to be true,
Selfish, spiteful - her wicked words killed him.
She started whoring at the age of two.
Good, clean girl: *"this did not happen to you."*

Morney Wilson

This Room

There are no windows in this room.
I came here when the leaves were green.
You took my hand to hide the truth.
We danced in silence -
the stone-hearted goodbye waltz.

There is no music in this room.
The only song I hear is yours.
The needle scratched when autumn fell,
to repeat, repeat in anguish -
farewell, farewell, farewell.

There are no words in this room.
I forget the poem that you wrote.
Too well-read, it crumbled to nothing.
Your loving sentiments turn blank -
letters have no meaning here.

There are no people in this room.
The stillness does not quiet me.
I scream, I pace, I scream, I pace.
I demand some roll of thunder -
alarm this putrid air with noise.

There are no doors in this room.
No way in, no way out.
Something grabbed me by the hair,
flung me in and sealed this box -
I won't see you again.

Morney Wilson

To All The Men I've Loved Before

To all the men I've loved before,
and to those I could never love.
I have but one thing to say to you -
Enough is enough is enough!

I am but twenty years of age
and should be full of joys,
but I have met so many men
that behave like little boys.

I thought there were some nice men,
but I realise I've been had.
There are two different types of men,
but both are just as bad.

One type of man says you're so fine
and he wants to be with you.
Well, that is true at the time,
but he'll be gone in a month or two.

The other type of man is hurt
by some affair that's in his past.
He'll tell you you're a goddess
and that this time, the love will last.

But though his intentions are good
and you know you're not being used,
soon he'll start to have his doubts
and tell you he feels confused.

Of course there is another type
of man that we all know.
He says he's interested in your mind,
but his thoughts lie somewhere below.

He'll say he wants to make love to you
and you'll shiver with thrilled delight.
But in an hour or so he flings on his clothes
and goes off into the anonymous night.

Men think that they're extremely cool
and big and mean and hard.
Watch out when you meet a man -
Always be on your guard.

So when you're with a man who's bad
and your tears are always raining,
remember, he's not worth the pain -
You're better off abstaining!

Morney Wilson

To You, J-L

1.

I cried when I heard you were born -
jinxed perhaps, child, perhaps blessed.
Part of her, part of him.

None of me.

Not conceived in love, I know.
You emerged into a light of adoration.
Hers, all around you. His as well.
Though you may never know him.

Baby girl, I think of you often -
little thing, afraid and new.
I hear you have your father's eyes.
I hear you have your mother's beauty.
No one could call you a mistake now.
Now you're here, now you're real.

Baby wrapped in loving covers -
too small to know you've changed us all.

2.

I saw you yesterday,
for the first time ever.
My heart pounded, my legs were weak.
I had not realised you were real.
Your face was not near,
I only caught a glimpse.
I wanted to see your eyes,
are they really like his?
You are too young to speak,
but you would not anyway -
not to me.
You mother looked at me.
She dismissed me with her eyes.

I count for nothing in the end.

Morney Wilson

Wedded To My Body Dead

I saw a body lying in the street.
Lying like a choice cut of meat.
It was strange you see
Because it beckoned to me,
Out there in the street.
Dead at my feet.

Several people passed me by.
They did not stop, I wondered why.
They averted their eyes
And told themselves lies.
My eyes tried to cry
But my heart said 'You'll die.'

Others passed and laughed or stared,
But didn't come close for nobody dared.
'It costs, ' I said, 'to look and see,
All of you who point at me.'
More and more the watchers stared
At me, the only one who cared.

I took a look back at the house I had left.
He still watched from the window - betrayed, bereft.
I understood then what purpose this had -
My punishment for being a witch, poison, mad.
Test me then, am I pure, am I stained?
We all know the answer - just one act remained.

I lay beside the body dead.
I made the ground our wedding bed.
The people tried to run and hide,
But you can't escape the happy bride.
She lies in her dress of scarlet red,
Beside her bridegroom - the body dead.

Morney Wilson

When The Cradle Falls

I took a trip to Mothercare the other day,
Pregnant. I have so much to buy.
Two sets of everything, one for each of you –
Bibs, bottles, rattles, dummies if you cry.

But that fantasy could only last an hour or two.
I try not to see myself in mirrors, make them shatter.
A fraud such as I should not be allowed in here.
It's a charade, it's a game, does it matter?

Pregnant women everywhere, gossip gossip gossip –
Morning sickness, cravings and such.
I stand apart in another place, a wake of fakes.
'Pariah' stitched on my clothes, don't touch don't touch.

I hold a baby in each arm
But neither one takes a breath.
They do not feed, they do not cry.
Grown from seeds, my flowers of death.

My babies will not leave my side.
They follow me from room to room
Looking for somewhere to rest, in peace.
Don't seek sleep inside my womb.

I'm a mother once, a mother twice
But childless still, denied, bereft.
Conception joy then dark departure.
One was killed, one just left.

I try to tell you it's not my fault.
You were taken, I didn't let you go.
But no magic phrase will clear this air.
I'm not a mother – we all know.

Morney Wilson

Whiskey

Eight weeks old, I brought you home in a box.
"This one's trouble," they'd said, passing you to me.
Wildcat blood, no doubt. Mad, bad, dangerous to know.
Our first night alone, you peed on the carpet,
chased my feet under the duvet. You wore us both out.

You hung from the curtains, you hung from my arm.
Climbed up my leg when the food took too long.
Stung by that wasp – mad dash to the vet.
Me hysterical, you puking and sweating.
But home again, well again, little tiger, superior sphinx.

Enduring my madness, my crying, my pain.
How many times was there no suicide because of you?

But last February I shut myself into the bathroom,
moved your litter tray to the hall, left extra food.
I cut my wrists, I bled for eight hours.
You howled outside and I murmured comfort back
while I hacked at my wrists – how could I?

Now I am still here. You are still here.
16 years old, fading a little.
One day I will lose you, I don't know what to.
It can't happen, you can't die – but you will.

Only – please don't.

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Morney Wilson

Without Whiskey

A year of days without you.
A year of nights without you.

No more cosy rainy afternoons.
No more cuddling reading and purring.
No more glares from a cold radiator.
No little fleece lying waiting only for you.
No need to leave the bedroom door open now.
No need for cat milk.
No lilac food plate in the kitchen.
No silver water bowl for madam.
No more litter to clean up,
(I never thought I'd miss that, but I do)

Less and less fur on my clothes.
A solitary claw sheath now and then.
No new rips in the wallpaper.
The sofa will stay half-shredded.
The bedpost will count no more scratches.
You didn't get time to claw this duvet cover.

No more stray catnip mice around this house.
No more flying leaps onto my head at night.
No more tripping me up in the doorways.
No more running to me when I whistle.
It's no fun singing 'Chitty Chitty Bang Bang'
without you here to stare in shock and disgust –
(and sometimes, I think, a little admiration)
I wonder if you miss the poetry readings too.
Or do you stop by sometimes?
I think you do.

A year of days and nights without you.
No more "me&cat" – no more you.

There will be many years without you,
this was just the first.
The years without you will never
take away the years we had.

(thank you my little darling – sleep peacefully)

Morney Wilson

Your Blue Hour - for Sylvia Plath

In your blue hour, before the world awoke,
You were pristine, shining white, sharp and straight as an arrow.
You wrote like never before
Like pen and paper were invented just for you
Just for these hours.
You wrote like never before.
Oh yes these poems will make your name.
Forged in fierce flames, furious, fighting, frightened genius.
<i>Giving birth to immortal verse
In that blue hour.</i>

In your blue hour, driven by freezing fever,
You turned inside-out, spewing your ghosts across the pages.
Creating a new art.
Never before. Never since. Never never again.
The moon hid behind a cloud, awed and afraid, watching you
Creating a new art.
Oh yes you have it in you.
Sitting alone, abandoned, adrift in an abyss apart.
<i>Giving birth to immortal verse
In that blue hour.</i>

In your blue hour, the colour soothed you,
Moved you to say the unsayable, write the unwriteable.
Red would have hurt you.
Ghostly, he places a red tulip beside you.
But the tulip turns to dust. You are too powerful for it.
Red would have hurt you.
Oh yes you are writing the best poems of your life.
In the worst winter weeks when weather wounds without warmth.
<i>Giving birth to immortal verse
In that blue hour.</i>

But later:

In your blue hour, you paced and paced.
Right on the edge, did you mean to do it?
Making your kitchen your Auschwitz.
You did it too exceptionally well this time.
You gambled your life and you lost - or did you win?
Making your kitchen your Auschwitz.
Oh yes you did it so it felt real. It was real.
Betrayed, bereft, beaten black blue, burnt to the bare bones.
<i>Giving birth to immortal verse
Wasn't enough to keep you from dying
In that blue hour.</i>

I have read your daughter's poem "Readers, "
And I have felt ashamed.
I have read your husband's poem "The Dogs Are Eating Your Mother, "
And I have felt ashamed.
Empathy, connections, dreams, love, aching pain for you.

All of this I feel and yet: what of it?
Strip it bare and all that remains is this:
I am a reader. I am a dog.

But still
I will,
Still I will sing this song:

In your blue hour, when pain shrank you to nothing
You created your most terrifying art ever: your death.
No Lady Lazarus you, no rising from the ashes this time.
But I fancy your blue hour held its arms out to you –
Held you close, calmed you, soothed you, made you safe.
I see it cradling you and carrying you to a beautiful place.
Not lying in your chamber, your head in the oven –
But riding Ariel bareback.
Free, joyful, tossing your mane, your jewel eyes glittering.

This is what I sing for you
In that blue hour.

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