

Poetry Series

**Timothy Marshal Nichols**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Timothy Marshal Nichols()

A biography is usually a chance to boast, exaggerate and lie. But as Timothy says: I am what I am and nothing else.

These are the rumours: Timothy Marshal-Nichols claims he was born and he did grow up in Leicester, England. He did go to Liverpool University where he attempted to study Economics – but that wasn't his fault. As a punishment he now works as a Software Engineer. Which probably explains many of his obsessions.

The title of the collection 'Reveries of an Imaginary Landscape' was inspired by two sources. Firstly by 'Reveries of a Solitary Walker' by the Genevan philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712 – 1778) . Written around 1776, and towards the end of Rousseau life, these are brief and deeply personal reminiscences as well as being brutally candid about Rousseau's own personality and paranoia – and always in a shockingly honest manner. They also describe Rousseau's interest in botany that inspired his walks around Paris. He also touches on: issues within philosophy, children and education, the nature of lies, and problems with charity.

The other source was Imaginary Landscape. This is the title of a series of compositions by the American composer John Cage (1912 – 1992) . These compositions were written between the late 30s and early 50s and explore many avant-guard techniques.

What relates these two worlds is a concern with the new. Rousseau with his discussions of a new age and its philosophical roots and Cage with his exploration of a new musical language. Both men, in some sense, iconoclastic against the old order.

Timothy Marshal-Nichols blogs at:

And that's where you will also see the images associated with some of the poems published here.

# A Clear Nocturnal Sky

I walked through the vacant city streets  
Among the cold and desolation  
And saw freckles of fascination  
All incandescent speckles of mystery  
The luminosity seeming to drift away  
As I tried to clasp upon it

I walked onward though the devastation  
The loneliness of broken lives swimming all around  
I gazed upon tiny smudges of enchantment  
All above me this spellbound sea of stars  
The brightness apparently superficial  
So far away to be unreachable

Now lying in my bed, the curtains open  
Eyes shut in the darkness  
There I see within the stippled granules of stars  
All burnished bright I know their form  
The flecked candescence of the unknown  
I've caught them, I have them, they're inside me

They're internalised to my being  
They're lustrous within  
They're all I want or need  
(With eyes averted to the horrors just outside)

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# A Moment

It is not so much,  
To wait, to view a vision.  
For a brief glimpse,

To lightly hold hands, briefly.  
For you so little,  
It would mean so much for me.

It is not so much,  
To ask, to plead, beg, to hope.  
To dream again, soon,

Of crushing the tears inside.  
For you so easy,  
For me, alone, impossible.

A moment of your time,  
The most precious thing of all.  
Is it not so much?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# An Image Of Salutation

What's the illusion we should create  
On this monumental day  
This milestone of old age

Possibly a swooping sparrowhawk  
Darting through the woodland  
Chasing, swooping, pouncing  
On its next meal

Or is it the fleeing chaffinch  
Hiding in a thorny bush  
Watching, waiting, frightened  
Singing a monotonous warning

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# As A Discarded Toy

A blaze aches in my broken shoulder  
My dress torn, covered in dirt and mud  
Fat and putrefaction bath my once stylish hair  
Useless and forgotten  
I sink, lower, cast aside  
And I suffered, did I suffer!

Some, some  
Can ascend and fly  
Like a bird of prey  
Swooping on those  
Dying among the garbage below

I've despaired since being made  
Looked down upon by everyone  
As a plastic doll, a cheap plastic doll  
Never treated with respect  
Or assumed to have a mind  
Always a despised artefact

Some, some  
Can cry and sing  
Safe in their cloistered grandeur  
Despising those trite  
Playthings of yesteryear

I'm broken, torn apart, cut  
Never worth repairing  
Forever at the back of the cupboard  
Always that unwanted gift  
That last minute birthday present  
Always the discarded me, the forgotten me, the ineffective me

Many, many  
Can whisper words of defiance  
At the greed and insanity  
At the lies and corruption  
Of the few, the few

Unused, cast aside  
A momentary flick of the wrist  
And stuffed into black plastic bag  
Damaged goods still in that scuffed cardboard box  
Sinking down among the detritus of ages  
And thrown, late one night, into the refuse bin

Some, some  
Can hunt and snare  
For the shear thrill  
The power over a plaything  
Over a discarded toy

Once, I was on that shop shelf  
I had a tantalising smile  
A cheeky face  
I had hopes and dreams  
Of a simple quiet life  
A playful life

Many, many  
Can rebel and dissent  
Can demand their own space  
Can see the sparkling future  
Can cast aside the ages

Now tears flow  
Dishevelled  
Ripped to pieces  
Downtrodden, so I cry  
Never to be my turn  
Despairing, so I cry

Many, many  
Can reclaim a fresh world  
Casting aside the vultures  
A world of brightness, luminance  
A world without hunters

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# Ashamed

Are you ashamed  
Of me? So,  
Do I not live up to  
Expectation?

I'm proud of you  
So why  
Are you  
Mortified by me?

Your embarrassed  
By me, so  
Stop demanding  
I follow.

Your humiliated  
By me, therefore  
Hack from my soul  
What you will.

Depart forever, if  
Your so  
Ashamed  
Of me?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Autumnal

Looking out, hidden:

The final flourish,  
Late summer sunshine fading.  
Wind, gusty, colder.

The old oak, sways, majestic.

The sky greying; light rain.  
Reflected off window tops,  
Pink distant sunshine.

Leafs near cascading.

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# Black Rose

A single thorn  
A single spindly stem  
Thrusting upward  
A single bud  
Flowering, displaying its small delicate petals  
A small act of defence, of beauty  
A single black rose

Viewed across the barbed wire  
Caught between the footpath and the motorway  
Submerged within the unobtainable  
Its brief desperate joy  
The tantalising vision  
Of a black rose

Battered bruised  
In the sudden summer rain  
It fades, bedraggled  
Waiting to emerge again  
All too briefly  
Next year, perhaps  
Possibly another black rose

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# Bright, Bright, Afar So Bright

As miniature suns shine  
Dazzling in the night  
Forcing their brightness upon you  
Expecting, demanding, you shine back  
And when the day emerges  
The disgusting stain remains

The sickening flames of neon  
Gaudy monstrosities of illumination  
A vandalism of electrification  
You cannot close your eyes  
To the intimidating luminosity  
Of the thuggery of neon

The neon lights the skyline  
Like some discordant graffiti  
Scaring the mind, abusing the body  
Born again in ineptitude  
A deathly silence of lies  
No gift too trivial to discard

This procession of tackiness  
Sanctioned by wealth and greed  
Far more sickening than any spray can  
More disgusting than any youthful scrawl  
With no little army of street cleaners  
No cavalcade to remove the repellent

If it was any worth there'd be no need to advertise  
And with such flagrant a disregard for truth  
Presenting one side only of an argument  
Means always disseminating lies  
Or deliberately indulging in fraud  
And with no rain will wash away this vengeful stain

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# Can You Imagine?

Could I imagine you?  
Striding, tempting  
More than another's  
Vain enticement

Could I anticipate you?  
With so zealous a fortitude  
Greater than others could  
Ever foresee

Should I envisage you?  
So desperate as being  
Unable to endure  
Separation from you

Could I perceive you?  
So despairing  
As if to wither  
Apart from you

Did I imagine you?  
And the fearful  
Ineptitude of these  
These impossible lyrics

Could you also imagine?

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# Clocks

Dark mornings; dull skies  
Before the clocks twist, distort  
Promising dark evenings

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# Contrary

&quot;Now? &quot;  
&quot;No.&quot;  
&quot;When then? &quot;  
&quot;Never with you.&quot;  
&quot;But you suggested...&quot;  
'I've changed my mind... maybe forever.'

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# Dark Shadows

The darkness envelops  
The cold bites

It's just the way the shadows fall

The stifling blackness almost complete  
Here discarded among the detritus  
Abandoned outside the city

Unaccustomed to the annihilation  
Listening through the anxiety  
As the unknown bodies crying

It's just the shadows of regret dancing

Fear enfolds  
Nothing remains  
The lurid illusions multiply

A thin moon flickers through misty clouds  
I struggle onward, forlorn  
Towards an unknown allegiance

It's just the sorrow among the shadows

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# Daybreak

Mist covers the valley  
Masking distant council houses.  
Streets, quiet, empty.

The lingering grey  
Slowly, so slowly, brighting.  
Promising dampness.

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# Disappearance

DEarth's free Millennia  
The Origin of Species  
Evolution rife

We emerged  
Mankind now rampant  
Conquering

War  
Pollution  
Death

Gone

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# Discography

The torrent crawls bringing raucous music

One day for live performances, bootlegs

The torrent stalls

Frustration is the greatest hits

Frozen for collections

A tempting flurry

The ratio disappointing, blocking

Chasing hours for rarities

The torrent crawls hanging on 99 percent

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# Dissolution

You dissolved  
Into a desire  
So I melted also

You beacons to  
Another world  
And suggested I depart  
The humdrum

You unfastened the  
Entrance of desire  
And I meekly followed

You unbolted the gates  
To my inner being  
And I willingly  
Pulled them asunder

New vistas opened up  
And before I could grow familiar  
You declared you were departing

You'd dissolved into another desire  
So I my life froze

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# Distant

An intermittent conversation  
Two ladies  
Somewhat aged  
In a market café  
Beans on toast for two

Quiet words  
One admonishing

Omitted words  
The younger

The café is almost empty  
Tables wiped  
Chairs all neat  
Waiting to close  
On this tranquil late afternoon

One hums a song  
The younger

The other scowls  
In disapproval

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# Expectations

You should live the way you expect other people to live.

You pay minimum wage,  
You should survive on minimum wage.

You profit from a third world sweat shops,  
You should stitch trainers eighteen hours a day.

You send others off to fight in a useless war,  
You should be crippled, maimed, terrorised in war.

You condemn people to beg on the streets,  
You should have a cardboard box, a doorway, for a home.

You should live the way you expect others to live.

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# Florescent Nocturnal

Such brightness I saw at midnight  
The emergence of another  
Looking back in envy  
Pervading the breeze with desire

Your soft folds envelop me  
Covering the sensation of your contact  
Then the pure dreamlike instant  
The moment of utter elation

Let me look upon your lovable significance  
Let me delineate the sweet suggestion  
Let me survey the expression  
Conveying your meaning to my existence

The hour ends in dissolution  
With an impression so enlivened  
Something always of remembrance  
Enveloped in your grace

Too soon you rise and  
Slowly glide into absence  
The aroma of joy still hovers  
How I ache for you to persist

Let me look upon your angelic essence  
Let me trace those sweet tremors  
Let me watch the effervescence  
Effuse your substance throughout my being

Eyes closed, remembering  
I long for your recurrence  
Opening my eyes in the darkness  
Lonely inattention is what I acknowledge

Alone now at sunrise  
The dead day all non-existence  
Awaiting another night of apparitions  
Only then can I experience your ambience

Let me await your angelic essence  
Let me await those sweet tremors  
Let me await the effervescence  
That gushes around my very being

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# Footsteps Outside

It was a dark room  
Where she sat  
The clutter of ages  
Scattered all around

In the hallway  
Footsteps, faint footsteps  
Getting louder  
Clattering down the wooden floor

She tried to think  
Arrange her mind  
Will they walk on passed?  
Please, walk on passed

Were those the footsteps  
Of the owner of that voice?  
Was it that lady  
Or that man?

The lonesomeness  
The sorrow  
A brief remembrance  
Of almost forgotten joys

Was her work not good enough?  
Had she slacked?  
So tired as she was  
Had her sadness caused offence?

The footsteps stopped  
Right outside her door  
She's waiting for that voice  
The sudden silence threatening

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# Foremost

Shoot high  
We are told  
For the stars  
Distant galaxies  
Forbidden heights

And you may  
Rise just a little  
Above your assigned cesspit

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# Haiku On Haiku

Five stark syllables.  
Seven following on line two.  
End on a wry five.

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# Hinder Us Not

We need no assistance  
We shall to set ourselves  
Free

We refuse your help  
And will educate ourselves in our  
Endurance

We renounce your pretended support  
And the hidden  
Chains it brings

You can watch from afar  
Festering in your own  
Authoritarianism

Our struggle for freedom  
Shows how we all can be free of your  
Tyranny

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# Interesting Behaviour

The first:

The short red hair, cascading; the glossy tattoos, like tribal scars; purple metallic bangles, jangling, jangling.

Interesting behaviour.

The other:

The cropped black hair, slender; a yellow t-shirt, short, tight; snug jeans, sparkling, designer distressed and beautifully torn; the oval face, sun tanned, smiling; the delicate bulge on the lips, moaning, moaning.

Interesting behaviour.

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# Iron Men, Crosby Beach

Men, scattered, standing on the forlorn shore, looking out, solitary, seaward,  
never speaking, never moving.

Some completely submersed at high tide, others knee deep in the shifting  
turbulent sands; all glimpsing, longing for, the occasional ship that passes them  
by.

Each facing away from the fading town; a wannabe tourist destination that never  
was; these men the last gloomy attraction.

Men that have never lived, never loved, never worked, never screamed, never  
grown up.

But like all, decaying; and eventually, when we've all perished, washed away on  
those turbulent sands.

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# Lexicon Of Detritus

A tirade  
A conflict, a quarrel  
Spewing forth  
From you  
Signifying what?  
Aught

Some declamation  
Some recitation  
Noble phrases  
Sounding trite  
And from your mouth  
Sickening

The flow of you argument  
Is a bubbling meander

The stream of your inanities  
Mask your manipulations

A tirade  
A conflict, a quarrel  
Designating nothing  
More than continued  
Servitude

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# Maple Of Shame

Standing, once standing  
On the corner  
Tall, thrusting, proud  
The new spring growth  
Of vibrant purple leaves  
Three fingers glinting in the sunshine

One day of violence  
Savaged with a chainsaw  
Branches falling  
Living limbs crashing on the grass  
Then crammed in the back of a car  
And taken to the dump

All that remains  
A solid trunk  
Deformed  
Splattered, mauled  
With bright white scars  
Where once there was forgivingness

Thirty years of growth  
All lamentation

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# Mask

The  
Mask of  
disorder, the  
disguise of  
Anarchy

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# Midnight

Something, anything  
The dark void waiting, waiting  
Longing in the night

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# Morning Haiku

This morning Haiku  
Started hopeful, expansive  
Then ran completely, totally out of control

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# Never Ever

We now meet trembling with boredom  
Nothing to say, all dull inanities  
And depart desiring a forgiving lobotomy

We never ever were, are, nor could be

What was it with that red paisley scarf?  
An unfashion statement?  
A shallow mask for a shallow mind?

I never ever was, is, nor could be

I think I've had enough of your inconsequential ways  
Your noisy inhospitably booming incredulity  
Your trashy pop songs and superficial movies

You never ever were, are, nor could be

All we have left is a complete waste of? time  
It would be a kindness to forget that dull monotony  
And destroy our tedious times, it all adds up to nothing

Because it never ever was, is, nor could be  
Because it never could be, could be, never ever could be

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# On The Verge

A couple of crows are scurrying on the grass verge  
Fighting, squabbling  
Grabbing what they can  
Noisily quarrelling

The blind cars shoot passed  
Defying the speed limit  
Eyes forward  
Following narrow tramlines within feet of the battle

What was it once?  
That muddy block of fur  
A fox, a cat, something more exotic?  
That mauled slab of meat barely recognisable now

The car's passengers are dozing  
Or squabbling about nothing  
Anyway not noticing  
The blind fight for survival

A white flash of fur  
Is pecked at by one crow  
It must have been a badger  
Roadkill

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# One Millennia Too Far

With these millennia of inactivity  
Must we linger  
Or must we make do?

These millennia of anxiety  
Full of hurt and wretchedness  
Must we plead forgiveness?

Waiting millennia of ingratitude  
For that ephemeral moment  
Of feeling

These millennia of putrefaction  
Must they remain  
What must we expect?

Must we linger  
Or must we make do?  
Fearing these millennia of trepidation

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# Pensive

The world, closing in.  
Pensive, fraught, that's what she felt.  
And then, maybe... nothing...

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# Phantasy

Let me get this straight,  
See if I understand it,  
You were nice to me.

Let me get this straight,  
See...  
Thank you.

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# Realisation

I want to write  
of the sun that'll shine  
of the clear sky  
and the cold spring air

Not of the foggy dawn, that's  
something so powerful  
it hides the hillside  
with its cold mist

I want to see  
the flailing banners  
that an attractive girl  
swings, marching onwards

Not submissiveness  
of acceptance  
or the forced convention that  
causes resentment

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# Renunciation

Rejection, rejection  
Always rejection  
Is that all you have - renunciation?  
And I did so adore you

However:

Did you experience it also?  
Did you understand the faithful?  
The intense, demonstrative  
It's you that's disgraceful

And then remembrance:  
The provocative contact  
The manner of your embrace

Also:

Splutter, splutter  
Forever your splutter  
Is that all you possessed - verbiage?  
And that forlorn inclination

Whatever:

Now trepidation, the anxiety of innocence  
The concern for impression  
Now doomed to oblivion

And then memory:  
The incendiary connection  
The rousing of your acceptance

Remember:

I renounce, renounce  
I renounce you

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.1 - Fields Of Wilderness

Yellow barley lying there  
outstretched, ripe  
A crinkled crag  
overhanging  
sharp, stunning

One watching deep in the valley  
nuzzling  
eyes bright  
Another runs through the barley  
stops still, picks a piece  
rips the ears off  
then sucks the stem

How come they are so beautiful

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.10 - After The Avalanche

The folds, the strata  
cut through the rocks  
revealing forgotten seas, sand, marine life  
and the crashing of time

An opening glistens  
wet in the recent rain  
revealing new micro horizons  
not exposed for millions of year

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.11 - A Mud Track

Along a narrow track of dry mud  
on one side a grey stone wall  
on the other a wooden fence gives way to trees

Then the track opening out  
to a wide field, all green, luscious  
and a distant wood, vibrant, noisy

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.12 - Morning With Water

White mist

hiding the brownish patches of trees

looking upward the canopy scrumptious, vivacious

The air

cold at first

fresh, invigorating

Cool red earth

pitted and smooth, damp and vibrant

silky red flowers and burgeoning patches of green and blue

The sun

blasting, rippling through the canopy

bright dancing shadows on the red, red earth

Running water

clear, warm, from a steamy spring

shiny droplets dripping

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.13 - Exotic Fruit

To suck upon a freshly fallen leaf  
its juices ripe, tasty  
its red flesh succulent

To suck upon a newly cut branch  
its sap sweet, flowing  
its silvery liquid sticky

To bite into a just plucked fruit  
its green skin sharp, crisp  
its pulp chewy, syrupy

Joyful the path of foraging

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.14 - Myriad Leafs

Black, so black  
flitting jubilant through the dense undergrowth

Green, pale green  
silky smooth, smiling, dancing

White, all white  
laughing, glistening in the night air

Such leafs  
lovely, so lovely

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.15 - Springtime Meadow

Moist patches among the fresh grass  
blossoming, glistening, sparkling  
soft pliant under foot  
under the gentle tread of those strolling

Eyes half closed against the morning sun  
the delicate rays exhilarating  
quietly relaxing among the drying grass  
an exquisite bed for slumber

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.16 - Low Summer Sunshine

A fleeting shaft of orange dances among the grey  
it falls to the ground, wantonly, gloriously  
and is forever disregarded

A clear wisp of white falls among the greens  
swallowing the pale, drinking in the dark and vibrant  
an everlasting reminiscence

Purple eruptions among the red  
diving deep into pure clear refreshment  
those gold rings caressing

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.17 - Awaiting Purple Rain

Purple, hundreds of purples  
flowering, blooming, ripe  
spreading in effervescence

The sandy earth waiting  
for little drops of purple drifting down  
and slowly blanketing the terrain

The darkening petals dancing to the lightest tune  
tempted, ever tempted to jump  
never to return

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.18 - Solids Together

Chrome sparkles among the sand  
glittering in silver and white

A cool red fades nearby  
all ready for a new adventure

Will they touch  
will they coalesce  
they want to  
so, so much

They do touch  
repel  
touch again  
tentative

Ultimately they intermingle  
hesitant at first  
displaying glorious unknown colours

Now vibrant, luxuriant  
growing, swallowing  
joyful, bold

Becoming one pure soul  
of energy and exuberance  
a bright lightning shiver

Enveloped the heat subsides  
becoming a cosy afterglow

And then still  
so perfectly still

A memory

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.19 - Evening Florescence

A pale yellow flower  
with the perfume of the spheres  
casts its light gloriously

Tempting  
so very tempting

With darkness it becomes one  
united briefly in a perfect joy  
a new life, a new dawn

Forever  
with me foreve

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.2 - Exuberant Sunrise

What makes me ecstatic  
Is seeing the sparkling sun  
When it is  
Bursting forth anew

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.20 - For A Day

The crisp black lines glinting  
vibrant in the winter sunshine  
the dark rocks sharp, steep  
almost shining in their metallic glory

Clustered, almost imperceptibly, tiny red flowers  
these caught between the crevices  
alive for one joyful day  
and casting a purple shadow

At nightfall all that remains  
the glinting blackness

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.21 - Hidden Panorama

A blue mist, breathless in the night air  
sensuous, enveloping, fresh  
masking the luxuriant undergrowth

There a white flower in full display  
the mist thrown aside for one glorious brief moment  
then it's gone, never to return

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.22 - A Wild Flower

Sneaky, vibrant  
a golden smile  
laughing, carefree  
poking through the undergrowth

All around wilderness  
the long vistas  
the distant wood  
the horizon staked with green

Looking furtive, efflorescent  
the petals fluttering in the floating breeze  
rocking in joy  
with that so cheeky smile

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.23 - A Moment Of Cold

A momentary freezing flash  
bringing the unexpected  
a soft shower from above

Quickly everything looks anew  
cast in pristine modern clothes  
sleek and snug, and fleeting

The bright white snow fading to slush  
filled with trepidation, tears  
yearning for the new

Below grey stone peeks through  
encouraging the thaw  
soothing, caressing and coaxing

The new blue water trickles  
dripping carelessly at first  
and then in bright sparkling rivulets

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.24 - Red Horizon

Looking up, the hillside, the magnificence  
the peek, the glory, the exuberance

Across the pitted folds of rocks  
gleaming towards the skyline  
all a deep red  
so very vibrant

The golden light shining, climbing  
dripping with excitation

Among the redness  
grey patches  
screaming trepidation  
of a potential pleasure

A pretty silver sparkle, shining through  
smiling, so sweetly, with a natural joy

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.25 - Springtime Frost

White, cast in white  
so sleek  
so distant  
so far as the eye can see

A sleepy ecstasy  
all potential  
all passion  
all entwined with the earth

White tempting lines  
slowly rocking  
slowly cracking  
slowly shifting

Entranced in desire  
now joy  
now arousal  
now dripping with rapture

And the pure joy of melting  
to a fresh vibrant blackness  
of slush and new life

What a sight  
dishevelled  
shining  
anew

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# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.26 - Joyful Flow

A stream  
falling, descending  
sweet to drink

Its clear waters  
rapid, still  
filling languid pools

Rivulets joining  
shallow, refreshing  
occasional stormy trickles

Banks cut deep  
sharp, muddy  
with damp moist rocks

Willows overhanging  
shady, cool  
dipping in the flow

Teaming with joyful life  
drinking, consuming  
an experience to behold

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.27 - A Dance Of Blue And Yellow

The yellow, the yellow  
singing beneath the black  
all chequered and lively

The blue, the glorious blue  
dancing, so energetic  
revealing a hidden white

They join, intermingle  
fleeting, laughing  
a snapshot for a day

They chant, they sing  
a divine chorale  
an angelic cadence

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.28 - Lightening Storm

An orange streak flashes  
all light and energy  
pushing, pulling, twisting  
unwelcome in the night

A tree absorbs the onslaught  
all translucent burning black  
spitting, coughing, splitting  
conduit to the fire

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.29 - A Breeze

Dancing, dancing, dancing  
branches swaying in the wind  
all lithe, subtle and fresh

Twisting, twisting, twisting  
the black trunk bending  
to the flowing sky

Twirling, twirling, twirling  
the topmost leaves fluttering  
in a subtle joy

Singing, singing, singing  
each pure round bud  
a dimpled oval beam of freshness

Smiling, smiling, smiling  
watching the lean grace  
the slender, the beautiful

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.3 - Revealed Rocks

A walk in spotted grey  
cast down smooth

A hand travels in light grey  
a flash of yellow

The pale lines of shade  
yellow pulled aside wondering

The slippery rocks fall away

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.30 - Growth

Flowers dripping  
with the sweet fragrance of joyousness  
white and pink speckles  
against the dark earth undertones

Flowers yearning  
petals glowing, attracting  
glittering in the brightening sun  
spreading to absorb the rays

Flowers thrusting  
rough crimson leafs unfolding  
forcing their way through  
powerful and implacable

Flowers overflowing  
seeds bursting out  
pushing, digging into the ground  
waiting for a new day

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.31 - Nighttime

Luminous orange stars  
smooth and sleepy  
hidden beneath a soft white mist

A silver star  
it's outline glowing  
high above the rest

A pink flower  
reaches out  
desperate to caress

And stretches into the starlight

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.32 - Shadows

Yellow dapples across the pale earth  
swimming quickly across and out of sight

A warm shower has just abated  
refreshing in its exultation

Glistening in its moistness  
the earth sparkles in the sunlight  
all effervescent precious metals  
all rarefied gem stones  
and the more cherished for being so fleeting

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.33 - Encircling

The red unfurls  
spreading its warmth  
another day, another joy  
and enveloping the environ  
in its happiness

The chequered grey  
with tempting sweet ringlets  
and beige stems  
stroking, smiling  
in expectancy

The joyous trepidation  
shocking in its intimacy  
all silver droplets of joy  
radiant in its curious touch  
coaxing a new found familiarity

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.34 - Straight Mystery

White crinkly lines  
all enigma  
all puckered petals

White folds falling apart in smoothness  
so sleek  
so sensuous

Back bands of treasure  
still to reveal  
still tantalising

A yellow comfortable smile  
now above  
now encouraging

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.35 - Exaltation

The purple spirit of life  
dances with joy on green  
entwining in their sweetness

The white struggling free  
hidden beneath the blue  
and throbbing in its new found vision

Clasping, grabbing, stroking  
they mix and match  
pure rhythmic existence, pure exhilaration

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.4 - Hidden Orchard

Black blossoms among the blonde

The crystal white  
sleek and tempting

The spring rains  
descending, joyful

Yellow radiates, smiling

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.5 - Placid Seascape

Shiny blue ripples  
across a cascading sea  
the liquid lapping  
gently, gently

White foam shimmering  
blown among the waves  
tiny glistening bubbles  
popping, popping

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.6 - Dark Mud Thawing

White light with flecks of black  
grey walking, dancing, roaming

The brown earth soft under touch  
muddy, moist, joyful

The white light shining  
making the world glisten in silver

Exquisite

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.7 - Rockfall And Puddles

Flecks of light rain fall from the blue  
making the ground tremble  
the extra weight  
widening cracks and fissures

A blue avalanche follows  
filling the valley below  
descending on silvery waters  
and halting deep in black

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.8 - Running Free

Running foot free  
with abandoned, with laughter, kisses, smiles  
through the red grass, ripe, sun shining

Collapsing in exhaustion  
and watching the hillside, the wispy clouds  
the sun setting, effervescent, colourful

Walking home  
graceful, languid, tired

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.9 - First Snow

Isn't that pretty  
the snow  
the sunshine

Isn't that wonderful  
the brightness  
the golden light

Isn't that lovely  
the warm drizzle  
the wetness  
the fresh air

Isn't that pretty

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# River

Stirring high above  
The transient flow; trickling down  
Streaming, in the sun

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Spheres And Circles

Topsy-turvy we stumble  
Spinning as we go  
Stretching out  
But grasping naught

Helter-skelter we cascade  
Our quarry just out of reach  
Forever hunting  
Never catching

Haphazardly, madly, running  
Knowing not what we seek  
Chasing a vague desire  
For something better

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Stay Awhile

Here, sweet,  
Sweet vision,  
With me,  
Will you remain awhile?

Here, beautiful,  
Beautiful dream,  
Alongside me,  
You shall always be cherished.

Here, wondrous,  
Wondrous image,  
Resides your home,  
Your very belonging.

Here, marvellous,  
Marvellous vision,  
Can you remain,  
Awhile?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Stillness In The Wilderness

A calm is every last dream of recollection  
A calm surrounding my distant being  
Nevermore making any noise  
Nevermore uttering any tidings

Inhibition is my whole existence  
Nevermore to be acknowledged  
I exist in absolute inhibition  
I am my infinite inhibition

Stillness is my disgruntled acceptance  
Stillness perspires into my deepest psyche  
Nevermore desiring any tidings  
Nevermore accepting acknowledgement

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Stolen Treats

This is not the time to be despondent  
Simply make do and subsist  
This strange episode is transitory  
This rainy summer

Eschew depression my friend  
Annihilate your desire  
The sunshine is ephemeral  
This rainy summer

Here we all long linger  
Here all are wrong  
As speech defames our sight  
Joy is a solitary misdemeanour

This rainy summer  
Make melodious song  
So existence is renormalised  
So our psyche is everything

Assembled on dirt  
It could well dissolve  
This temporary microcosm  
This rainy summer

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Style

Money cannot buy good taste,  
Neither style, elegance nor finesse.

Just look at the gory sick buckets many millionaires reside in;  
Everything gold plated, pristine and so expensive,  
It all looking as if it was recently delivered from the pound shop

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Teresa

I can remember you the shy girl back at school  
Sitting at a desk nearby  
Not saying much, always quiet  
Skinny, gawky and with so beautiful black hair  
Always overshadowed by your so called friends  
Me all afraid to say anything at all

I can imagine your life  
Spotty, sitting at a lonely checkout in Tesco's, bored  
Marrying young and pregnant  
A husband that takes advantage of you  
A husband that maltreats you  
One tooth chipped where he hit you that time  
And still taking advantage of your sweetness and lack of confidence

Would I have taken advantage of you?  
I hope not, I do so hope not  
I could have, should have, offered you better then that  
You will forever be a memory of a beautiful possibility  
Something wonderful lost forever

Have I got you right?  
Probably not, I hope not  
But I will always miss what we never had

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Deceit Of Grandeur

The festering corruption of deception  
Seeps through every pore  
Stinking, contaminating the regime  
Stifling creativity, freedom, comradeship  
Luxuriating in the surrounding poverty

The pestilence lives on us  
Feeds on us  
Devours us  
It becomes satiated to a sickening blubber  
Still demanding more  
Ever demanding etiquette  
Turning all it excretes upon infectious

The obsequious blabbers scurrying  
Followers of the counterfeit magnificence  
Gorging themselves  
On yet more human flesh  
On our very minds  
Occasionally the vermin look upwards  
All fawning, sycophantic, toadying  
Towards the self serving avarice of formality

Why should we bow and kowtow  
To the illustrious rabble of the earth  
To those causing our misery  
Their phony splendour  
The inevitable cause of the surrounding wretchedness  
Why should we wallow in the vomit of departed times  
As the grandiose defecate on our face

Jubilation will only come  
After the destruction of the septic  
After sixty years of putrefaction  
Why celebrate the stench of decay?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Dryness Of Language

Still, derelict, non-existence, words  
No words to tell you how  
No words to feel

Silent, neglectful, inconsequential, words  
No words to tell you what  
No words to tell of the pain

Tacit, negligent, unimportant, words  
No words to signify the failure  
No words to express the hatred

Inaudible, remiss, immaterial, words  
No words at all to convey the loss  
Of what might have been  
Of what should have been

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Estrangement

I need  
To be needed.

Nevermore  
Floating with you.

I want  
To be wanted.

Dying  
That's what all we seem good at.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Ire Of Language

The indignation is within me  
Screaming to exit  
Manacled in anger  
Devoid of convention  
Desirous of expression

Often it's jubilant  
Untamed and untameable  
Screaming freedom

Often long dry muteness  
Devoid and frustrating  
Most often smothered  
Avoiding life entirely

The sleeping quiescence  
Always awaiting ignition, conflagration  
As if swimming in some tepid void  
Desiring vengeance, desiring escapement

Then, then, as if...  
A torrent of expectation  
Comes spewing forth

And alongside all  
Redress  
Disappointment

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Market Trader

I have a poor market stall  
Selling oranges to the forlorn  
They're juicy, succulent visions  
And you can try one if you would  
A one-off offer only available today

These oranges are a possible happening  
A bright vision of equality  
An appetising ripeness among the despair  
Don't look on with bitterness  
Or plunder pillaged desperation

The oranges come from the future  
The oranges come from a possible  
They're sun filled experiences  
And you could try one if you like  
A get-one-free special only for today

Hitherto the market has been declining  
One thrust might have been our demise  
Our graves already dug among the detritus  
But a new fresh batch of oranges  
Opens the faintest possibility of ascent

Why don't we make a world of oranges?  
Everyone growing or trading fruit  
A cultural of equivalence  
Full of the aroma of promise  
Where everyone tastes sweetness

You could join us selling oranges  
Or some other delicious fruit  
We could make the market thrive again  
Becoming a delectable exotic vision  
And spreading to neighbouring towns

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Scrolls

Fifty-six scrolls heaped high  
There may well be more to come  
Sometime, maybe

The text is nearly complete  
These scratched out fragments of my existence  
All awaiting obscurity  
These are scrolls of myriad days  
Days of anguish and little joy  
Dreams of walking hand in hand  
Days of misty pictures and childhood fears  
Dreams of the first sight of that lovely girl

Your welcome to delve among them  
To read, to weep, to cry  
Just clean up afterwards  
And don't look back

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Sound Of Grey

They slash your pension,  
cut your wages,  
pass massive handouts to the rich.  
The contemporary poet's response:  
sit at home, cogitate,  
meditate, reminisce, contemplate,  
celebrate the good in life.  
This poet is so thankful,  
bowing, scraping,  
so grateful to authority.

Voluntary redundancies they call it  
as they devour your livelihood, sack you,  
deprive you of the means to life.  
The poet then provides a solitary prayer;  
of an individual alone and weak;  
his godless prayer, comforting and pathetic.  
Instructing you to rot in your miserable abode  
contemplating a greater,  
non-existent, experience.  
All along inviting you to personify your misery.

They cut your social services,  
slash your benefits,  
condemn millions to the scrap heap before their time.  
Then the poet is so safely defiant, so lofty,  
all within such contrite bounds.  
The mildest of a demure that challenges nothing.  
Hoping both torturer and victim will both find comfort,  
such solace in those useless words.  
No matter, says the poet,  
sit at home, read these lines of doggerel,  
all jarring, phony,  
overflowing with comfortless rhymes.

Don't personify:  
rebel, resist, protest, organise,  
above all organise - organise.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# The Wasteland

This perverted wasteland  
Full of buzzing flies  
This perverted wasteland  
Singing incessant lies

It used to be a wonderland  
Full of butterflies  
It used to be wonderful  
Until the call of the dying

A wonderland  
Should be astounding  
Be surprising  
Be marvellous  
Now this wonderland  
Is toxic  
Is replete with misery  
Revels in the despicable  
And festers in corruption

It could be a wonderland again  
If ever the toxic verbiage decayed  
It could be miraculous again  
This derelict wonderland

This perverted wasteland  
Full of buzzing flies  
This perverted wasteland  
Singing incessant lies

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# This New Wine

The bottle pops open  
The fresh aroma fills the air  
The camaraderie fills our lungs

And that longed for union:  
Do they gulp or do they retch?

What will be the response:  
To this syrupy draught  
To drink deeply  
To imbibe with gusto  
To swig it down  
Or sip so sweetly?

The liquid spills into the glass  
Wetting the sides  
Sparkling in the dim light  
And the most beautiful of fluids  
Touches their glistening mouth

And that anticipated delight:  
Do they gulp or do they retch?

The moment is almost upon us  
To answer that deepest question  
Of our unity, of our conjunction

And that quandary all must ask:  
Do they gulp or do they retch?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Together

Powdery blue, white, shielded denim, the blond energetic, ecstatic, how could  
you, joyous  
They're together, the rapture

A sight so wondrous  
Watching, stunned, enthralled  
To dream, to touch, then...

Bright red, thin black, shining flowery silk, the black responding, enthusiastic, so  
amazing, brilliant  
They're together, the rapture

Beautiful vision  
Watching, staring, mesmerised  
To dream, to touch, then...

Timothy Marshal Nichols

## Two

Lovely smiles; so sweet  
Angora sweaters; purple, white  
Tender exchange

Timothy Marshal Nichols

## Two Walks In Arrowe Park

we'll collect it later  
when we're done  
the little plastic wrapped package  
the delicate perfumed draped bouquet

autumn fades, trees undress  
the stark cold bark revealed  
there dangling, petite summer gifts  
dog shit left hanging from the tree

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# View

Outside my window  
a modest patch of grass  
rough cut; weed ridden.

Through this a slab path  
dark grey from the night dampness  
to two bungalows.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Vision In White And Blue

The eyes, the blue, the smile  
The skin, the hair  
Those socks, prim, upright  
Spectacularly beautiful; the blue, the pink

The breath, the ripples, the heart pounding  
The arm, protective, the nibbling kisses  
That short sleeved shirt; white  
Spectacularly beautiful; the almost transparent, the so light brown

The mouth, the saliva, the other's mouth  
The exchange, the lips  
The spit; dripping down  
Spectacularly beautiful; the red, the pink

The white, the hand, shy, the delicate nod  
The revelation, the shiver  
Sleek; strokes as satin  
Spectacularly beautiful; the pure white, the pink

The rhythm, the fingers, the dance  
The music, the twisted lip  
Faster, relentless, the smile  
Spectacularly beautiful; the blue, the pink

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Vision Through Mist

Clouded with longing  
if only

A sight, hand on, an intimate moment, watching, new blue jeans, the  
naturalness, a slender t-shirt, wishing, the hand lingers, accustomed, familiar

And then, as instinctive, together  
Watching, they're stopping, waiting, so prosaic

Clouded with sorrows  
looking on

A memory, a bus stop, waiting; they meet, surprised, laughing, a pushchair,  
patched jeans, they're chatting, vibrant, a white jumper; watching, wishing,  
always wishing

And then, arrivals, congestion  
I give way, let them through, regretful

Clouded with tears  
if only... if only

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# White Van And Blue Vision

A little before nine in the evening  
The end to a mild day  
With dull clouds overhead  
A quiet street  
All neat terraced houses  
And disorderly parked cars

Nine o'clock in the evening  
Along comes a white shabby van  
A mobile shop  
Its discordant horn  
All violence and hatred  
Disturbing the stillness  
Its waits expectantly

Just after nine in the evening  
The front door opens of the house opposite  
Out steps a young woman  
With short blonde hair  
Dressed in light blue pyjamas  
And a powder blue dressing gown  
She strides across to the van  
Climbs the steps  
Her thin frame disappears  
Five minutes later  
She reappears again  
She's clasping something small  
Possibly chocolate  
She strides back across the road  
And her front door quickly closes

A little after nine in the evening  
Would it not be perfect  
In the still and the quiet  
To be in the same room as her  
Nothing more, just the same room  
Would it not be perfect

Timothy Marshal Nichols

# Will You?

Please remain  
Remain constant  
Constant in us

Do delay  
Delay awhile  
While I compose myself

Detain yourself  
Myself in admonishment  
Of my misdeeds

Here loiter  
Loiter and renew  
Renew our feelings anew

Please linger  
Linger with me  
And I with you

Timothy Marshal Nichols