

Poetry Series

**James Dylan**  
**- poems -**

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# James Dylan()

# 12 Bar Blues

I aint goin nowhere baby  
Im gonna be right here watchin you  
I said I aint gonna go nowhere baby  
Im gonna be right here watchin you

And when the sun falls down  
The moon aint gonna shine on you

I spoke to the lord the other day  
yeah  
I said if she goin to heaven,  
Then don't take me there

I spoke to the lord and I said yeah  
If shes goin to heaven  
Then don't take me there

I said  
Satan fell for being a rebel  
Well....  
you know that girl  
mmmmm  
She's a devil

James Dylan

# 3

Boring as usual  
Well pour yourself a drink  
That normally works

James Dylan

# Air Max

Today's a day  
I've gone through many times before  
As I step inside sports store  
I go straight for the range of classics  
Feasting my eyes  
On the latest retro air max  
The colours, the air bubbles  
The shape is the same  
I have worn and seen many times  
But like a woman and shoes  
I have a fetish  
And I need to add to my collection  
So as I gaze around  
Deciding which shoe  
Is going to be taken  
From the back of the room  
And come home with me  
Then comes the assistant  
To help me  
Those look great, the colours just right  
The colour of those shoes  
They go great with your blue jeans  
REALLY  
I say  
White trainers go well with blue jeans  
Thanks for the advice  
I take my eyes off the shoe for a second  
And focus on her  
Taking that shoe in her hand  
Caressing the laces  
Stroking the sole  
Her hands on the soft leather  
I say yes  
I like those ones  
Turning my attention back to the shoes  
I tell her my size  
And she gets me the pair to try  
I walk around in them  
AAAHHH

Nothing like walking around in new shoes  
I tell her there great  
They go great with my blue jeans  
I'll buy them  
So she serves me  
And takes my money  
And I receive the goods  
Satisfied  
At my new pair of shoes  
And the assistant that served me

James Dylan

# Another Year Wasted

Another year stuck in the same office  
Same measly pay  
No raise in sight  
Old shirts, shoes and trousers  
Same ugly faces  
Just getting older  
And the pretty ones just more distant

Another year of unfulfilled dreams  
Daydreaming and wondering  
How a good education lead to this  
Unhappiness  
A job you hate  
The worst thing imaginable  
Stuck with assholes  
Climbing the ladder  
Nice ladder  
work till you die

Another year to cry

James Dylan

# Beautiful Ghalib

We have all discovered something or someone  
We never knew  
Even though a billion others  
Knew of their greatness

Every artist of some sort likes to mention  
A discovery of someone that was hidden  
Jeff Buckley to Nusrat Fateh  
Melville to Shakespeare  
Keats to Milton

Now I take you on a journey  
Through my discovery of blindness  
A journey of  
Beauty and talent  
Shairi and Ghazals  
Singing and dancing  
Drinking and loving

This is everything you will find  
In the works of a man  
Beloved as that part of the worlds Shakespeare  
A figure just as sublime and important

A culture so ancient and impressive  
A people so talented and progressive  
Beautiful, intelligent  
All the mixes of the world  
Can be found on the shores  
That he wrote upon  
Centuries ago

He once told me  
He who is drowned in a pool of wine  
Is the fortunate man....

Or a couple of lines  
From one of his most beloved poems....



Thousands of desires there are, each worth dying for  
many of them I have realized...yet I yearn for more

I who am foreign to the language  
The beautiful Urdu I do not know  
Rely on the translator  
And hope  
They made a faithful translation  
As the beauty of the original  
Should never be mistaken

Mirza you deserve a spot  
Next to any poet we have called great  
You far outshine most of them  
There are many beloveds  
And unrequited love is always depressing  
Thankfully your words  
Were a beautiful blessing

James Dylan

# Bloody Football Pitch

There I lie  
Dead on the pitch

What did I do wrong  
As I lay on my knees  
Gun pointed to my head  
On that football pitch  
In Afghanistan  
These big men  
Turbans and beards  
Rifles and Korans  
Grabbed me from my home  
Because I was talking to a man  
Not my husband or relation  
They struck me many times  
Beat me  
Covered me in the blue cloth  
That covers me from head to toe  
What a hot day it was  
When the gun was pointed to my head  
Why did so many people attend  
This event  
A public execution  
Wild animals  
It always attracts

I was no gladiator  
I should not have been the centre of attention  
I had no opportunity to fight for my freedom  
They grabbed me  
Beat me  
Accused me  
Convicted me  
I committed no crime  
I was a faithful wife  
I died so that these fuckers  
Could make a show  
Of their power  
Their law

Their Sharia  
Their dominance  
Their hatred  
For me and my kind  
I was just a woman  
A mother and wife  
Now I am gone  
Because of the rifle  
The coward riding in the jeep  
Blew my head to bits  
So there I lie  
On the bloody football pitch  
A fucking mess

James Dylan

# Busker

I was one of the only few  
Standing still  
Listening to the busker  
Watching him entertain  
In his own world  
He was on a stage  
In the grandest stadium

It was as I listened  
And looked around  
At those walking past  
Dropping some change off  
Or like me  
Standing and listening  
I thought about being the busker  
I thought about what  
Is going through his mind  
I thought about what  
I would be thinking  
If I was the busker

The pavement is soon to be crowded  
As the lunch time office folk  
Go for a walk  
Some to get their lunch  
Some to sneak an embrace  
With that co-worker they stare at all day

I have a prime spot today  
Crowded  
Plenty of shops around  
Plenty of the right sorts of people  
Those who after buying a new shirt  
A gift or some shoes  
May get rid of some of that cumbersome metal  
By adding it to my collection

Though I seek the lighter form of currency  
I can't be picky

I will settle for what's on offer

All sorts of people walk by  
The labourers  
Building new offices  
The people who will sit in there  
With their shirts and ties  
Walk by  
Women in their heels and fancy suits  
Join them  
Look at that girl with the pretty pink heels  
And tight business suit  
Oh to swap this unclean street  
For the clean office  
Just to see you swivel around in your chair  
Beautiful legs and flowing hair

A couple go for lunch  
A group go for lunch  
At the Indian restaurant across the road  
The couple  
Go into the Thai place

Their wallets may leave a tip  
For the waiters they see  
My wallet is empty  
Hoping they will ignore the waiter  
And leave the tip for me

Not far down from where I play  
I see a fellow on the footpath  
Seen him a few times before  
He paints Caravaggio and Raphael  
Seems like his work is more appreciated  
More people stop to take a look  
More people stop to give change  
Guess the eyes are more generous than the ears  
For the eyes have money to give  
The ears have nothing to spare

All these people walk by  
Some give a sigh

Obviously I am not to their liking  
Some give coins just cos I try

What a meaningless way to live  
Trying hard  
Trying to please  
And people simply walk by  
Not a care in the world  
For what I do

James Dylan

# Cleansed Wine Glass

How you glisten when you are washed  
Far shinier than the rest  
Of the glasses you are placed alongside  
You appear lovelier than them all  
Although you have been cleansed  
With a foreign substance  
That you are not made to hold  
A dropp of this substance remains  
From the waterfall you had to endure  
Now clean of the red marks  
Your glorious shape radiates  
Once again prepared for the acquaintance  
With the liquid you long to absorb  
The drops that cleansed you  
Just a precursor  
For the substance that fills you

James Dylan

# Desks

Desks desks desks  
My whole life nothing but desks  
Primary school  
High school  
Work  
I'm sick of being stuck at a desk  
The desks in school  
Two joined together  
Hoping you don't get seated  
Next to a nerd  
Even when you get to choose  
Who you will sit next to  
You end up getting separated  
For talking too much in class  
Then comes the office  
A line of desks  
No choice where you will be seated  
The desks are more roomier than school  
The chair is more comfortable  
The people are more annoying  
Phone calls all day  
Stupid conversations  
That's why I hate you desks  
Damn you desks  
No joy ever had  
Being seated at a desk  
Feeling stuck  
The feeling is still the same  
School or work  
I wait for one sound  
Hearing the bell  
Freedom  
Its time to go home

James Dylan



# Different Languages

On the factory floor  
Two ethnic women speak  
In their native tongue  
A language that flows beautifully  
Their tongues roll  
And the impact of a d or a t can be felt  
Amongst all their chatter  
The women laugh  
That's when others start to look  
The sound of the language  
May not be to everyone's delight  
No one cares what they say  
Then all of a sudden.....  
LAUGHTER  
And everyone starts to look with fright  
What are they laughing at?  
Is it me is it her is it him  
Looking around  
What did I do wrong?  
Did I forget something?  
Is it my zipper?  
The women continue to chat  
And laugh  
The laughter now becoming too much  
For the annoyed man  
Of only one language  
He goes to the boss  
And files a complaint  
Please boss tell those women over there  
That it is not right to speak in their tongue  
The boss agrees  
And we are all back to uncultured boredom  
As the sound of the  
Lovely t and d end  
So reigns the simple sounds of  
A language that doesn't flow  
And the machines  
That continue to sew

James Dylan

# Drought

A woman I knew  
Used to cry so much  
I often thought about  
Tying her to a helicopter  
And thus helping those  
Unfortunate Lands  
Ravaged by drought

James Dylan

# First Taste

Sitting in the park  
I couldn't stop staring  
At the pretty girl sitting under the tree  
With an apple in her hand  
Pretty girls and apples I've read that before  
But what did that apple in Eden  
Go through before it was tasted  
I looked at the girl and began to wonder

Eyeing the girl across the park  
I thought of Eve  
As she was naked and approached the tree  
Dazed and new to the world  
In Earths garden of paradise

The serpent played his trick with convincing speech  
Stretch forth thy arm woman and know  
To help her confused state decide  
He played a trick to help her pick  
And the serpent brought forth a ray from the sun  
A golden ray struck the doomed fruit  
Maybe the same ray that colored her hair

She finally saw the apple of her delight  
With her shaking hand she gripped it tight  
As the serpent looked on she gave a stare  
Before moving the apple to her skin bare

The shining apple she cautiously felt  
Her lips in anticipation began to melt  
Yet the bite of this fruit would have to wait  
Assessing everything a woman's trait

She began to move the apple on her pink skin  
Sensation never felt was about to begin  
The apples hard, red skin....a new feeling  
For her perfect body now heavily breathing

Temptation was growing too much to contain

As her mouth opened wide there was no pain

Her wide-open mouth and a dripping tongue  
Licked every inch of the fruit she clung  
The fruit now fully caressed and wet  
Her glowing white teeth were all set

For Eve could now give the fatal blow  
To the world as she began to chew slow  
Such hunger, there was nothing left to waste  
As her mouth was filled with the sweetest taste

James Dylan

# Footsteps

Daily sitting at my desk  
At the office  
I've learnt to recognise  
The pattern of steps  
Of the people working around me  
Like playing music by ear  
Recognising intervals  
I have learnt to recognise  
The sound of their steps  
The keyboard I type with  
Is a piano  
I work out the steps  
Of the tune  
Who's coming towards me  
The gorgeous Vietnamese girl  
With her distinct high heels  
And ruffle of her cotton  
The tiny Muslim  
Who stomps  
Big steps for a little man  
The old white man  
A frugal bore  
Who's daily routine of tea  
At the exact same times  
Never changes  
The insipid boss  
With his rattling keys  
An annoyance I have learnt to live with  
They all have a goal  
As they walk past me  
Get a coffee  
Refill the water bottle  
Take a bathroom break  
I put up with this everyday  
Longing to never  
Hear these footsteps again

James Dylan

# Forget An Earth-Like Moon

Forget the untouched beauty  
Innocence and peace  
Of a new world  
An inhabited moon

This is the only place  
In the entire universe  
Where a clichéd movie  
All about special effects  
Can make a billion dollars

People will pay to see  
A movie  
Which should have been titled  
Dances with Smurfs  
Or  
Dances with Aliens  
Instead of its title  
Taken from the Sanskrit

Impressive effects  
Added to  
A copied storyline  
Now  
A billion dollars  
Thankyou.....  
Kevin Costner  
What a pity  
That expensive movie  
You made years ago  
Was such a disaster  
Shall I use the cliché?  
The one about the Titanic

Lets all go to the movies  
And be taken to a galaxy far far away  
Let's experience utopia  
And then  
As usual

The big, bad, greedy USA  
Is up to their old tricks  
Thankyou.....fatass  
Michael Moore

Now movie going aliens  
Due to your generosity  
We can shower you  
With gifts...such as  
A line of toys and Video Games

All thanks to the earthly aliens  
Directors and movie execs  
Who can figure out  
A few hundred million dollars  
Of special effects  
Equals over a billion  
Oh what clever little aliens

And all they had to do was

Take a whole lotta cliché stories  
Mash `em up  
Sprinkle a silly language  
Add a lot of modern tech  
And give birth  
To a billionaire

James Dylan



# Glass Reborn

Spotless Crystal  
The desire of my impatient hand  
You hold my golden water of life

As you lay their unbroken  
Untouched by dirty hands  
You sparkle as the golden light  
Flows inside of you

As I gently grasp your slender body  
Fearing the unthinkable  
What if I dropped you?  
Yet with steady hands  
I successfully complete my duty  
As with a single twist  
A movement so perfect  
The joy of my skinny wrist

Now you are free  
Ready to move about  
Like the most graceful waterfall  
Its time to meet your little sister  
That empty crystal  
Made to hold your beauty

As I ignore your lofty specimen  
No longer is it full  
I turn my attention to the little sister  
That has all the pull

One dropp at a time  
Like a fading rainbow  
This special little crystal  
Is losing all its lustre

Then just like a thirsty dry dam  
Waiting to be filled  
With its precious water  
As this water of life reaches its end

I look forward to its rebirth

James Dylan

# Goodbye Pretty J

I may not like the job I do  
this may not be my life's ambition  
but I shall always be glad  
that through this unhappiness  
I was introduced to you.

Time goes fast  
this will soon be the past  
but thoughts of words spoken  
shall never from my mind be broken.

Two years I have known thee girl  
though I do not know your age  
So!  
It matters not to me  
as a little number  
cannot take apart  
the beauty of every little curl.

In a few weeks will we forever part  
as I look for greener pastures  
rest assured wherever I go  
you have forever found a place in my heart.

For whenever I see orchids blooming  
I shall remember you loved them so  
The gorgeous colour and the sweetest scent  
Shall recall the goddess I used to know

Lady, I thankyou for your smile  
and your enticingly cute laugh  
and the image of you walking past  
good moments can never be forgotten  
even if no more words are ever spoken.

James Dylan

# Grime

Some say a battle is raging for Oil  
A war is being waged and this the spoil  
The idealists tell us it is a crime  
To fight for this most precious grime  
Well those of you so quick to denounce  
Your beloved car needs every ounce  
If you really are against the wars ill  
Stop whining and begin to show your will  
By exiting your home and leave the car still  
Ignore the desire of your feet  
For pressing a pedal from a seat  
Ignore that scheming, depressing little tank  
A few extra pennies may stay in the bank  
However if your need leads you to drive  
Thank the lord that more filth will arrive  
Helping your car to stay alive  
So stop talking about the war and oil  
As your comfort on the street will be its spoil

James Dylan

# He Is Not Me

His enjoyment comes from paying off his house  
His enjoyment comes from playing with his kids  
His enjoyment comes from sleeping with his wife  
My enjoyment comes from none of these things

James Dylan

# Heat

Really hot today  
Sun saw your face this morning  
It can't stop shining

James Dylan

# Illuminated Stream

We stood next to each other  
The illuminated stream our mirror  
Hands in pockets  
Her right, my left unacquainted

The crystal clear stream  
Awaiting a joyous vision  
It then received the inspiration it longed for  
She smiled and it was a majestic collision

Smile so pretty, the calm stream showed its delight  
Bursting out in ripples of pleasure  
Paying homage to the most graceful sight  
It was ever fortunate enough to allure

It was then as I looked on I became well aware  
That I was not worthy of her perfect grace  
Leaving the sight of something so fair  
It was left to the stream to enjoy her embrace

James Dylan

# Intimate Gaming

Sports we played  
Music bands we made  
It was all bonding  
But through those schooling years  
Was anything more innocent  
And more intimate  
Then the video games we played

Street fighter, mortal kombat  
Ice hockey, soccer, shoot-em ups  
They all made an appearance

As we bought new sneakers  
Changed our hair  
Talked  
Ate  
Argued  
High-fived  
All with a game controller in hand  
A coke by our side

They were the days of less worry  
Thoughts only of  
Games, slurpees and new sneakers  
And a new school year to dread  
Of new friends and girls  
Of detention and fights

That time has now gone  
Though the games still remain  
More advanced  
The fun has gone

James Dylan



# Is There An Art To Pursuing

Is there an art to pursuing?  
A way to successfully track you  
Unlike the renowned Aborigines  
I am unable to trace wild footsteps

Should I spend time on a fruitless chase  
Such inconsistencies it brings forth  
One day it seems I will succeed  
Then the next I only find bitterness

I care not for silly mood swings  
Do spare me these old games  
A chase is fine as something wanted  
Should not be easily hunted

Yet there seems to be no spear  
That can successfully hunt you down  
Instead you float away like a boomerang  
That doesn't want to be found

So like a tired kangaroo  
I will quit the chase for you  
My bursts of speed and enthusiasm  
Spent hopping around on a wasted chase

So as your games run away  
Into the hidden jungle  
No longer will you be pursued  
From this unsuccessful tracker

James Dylan

# Krispy Kreme

I walk toward you everyday  
Not wanting to go in  
If I didn't see you there  
I would walk right by  
But I see you working at the counter  
So I enter the shop  
What donut will I eat today?

It's your fault  
I keep buying them  
I buy it to say hi  
I love the way you ask me  
What can I get for you today?  
Then when I give you a twenty  
You say twenty dollar  
Forget about the s at the end  
Who cares  
The way you say it is better

Then as I eat and stare  
I taste the sweetness of the donut  
And I don't know what's sweeter  
The donut or your smile  
The donut tastes good  
Your lips would be better  
I finish and say bye  
You say bye  
Only nicer  
Byeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee  
Bye....see you tomorrow

Now I shall eat a donut everyday  
Just to hear you say hi  
And see you smile  
Adding some sweetness  
To the start of my day

James Dylan

# Moth

Floating around the packed carriage  
On a warm summers day  
The moth has the freedom of the train  
It moves around from spot to spot  
Not concerned with grabbing the next empty seat  
It moves wherever it pleases  
The roof, the window, the lights  
This is its playground

It takes a break from flying  
It rests on the window  
next to the black man  
The man reads his newspaper  
Uninterested in his surroundings  
The moth moves on to the door panel  
Near all those having to stand for the journey home  
The moth hovers around the fat man  
Fiddling around with some papers  
Annoyed that perhaps he  
Has to take his work home with him  
It then floats above a pretty young girl  
A bag on her shoulder  
Full of books  
A day spent at university  
She reads a classic book  
But constantly looks at her phone  
Eagerly awaiting a call or text  
A lover, a friend  
Plans for a night out  
Its only Monday  
But then again she is at college

The moth just moves and moves  
It can go and come as it pleases  
Two stops down and it escapes the  
Hot, smelly, sardine can carriage  
Freely the creature fly's out the door  
No concern of what's for dinner tonight  
It goes through many doors

Not the same one everyday  
No set time  
No one to answer to  
Truly the moth is free  
Till it annoys the wrong person  
And  
BHAAAAAM  
A stain on the white wall  
As the shoe smashes it to bits  
The free life was good while it lasted  
Before it was splattered  
Over a white wall

James Dylan

# Is Interview

Mr. Pistol arrived on time for Judgment Day  
An interview with the boss was scheduled  
St. Peter the secretary greeted him at the gate  
Instructing the soul to the waiting room

He'll be with you in a minute St. Peter says  
Before he gets on the phone to his boss  
Mr. Pistol is here to see you my Lord  
Invite him in to see me is the response

Mr. Pistol is lead through the golden lights  
To the Biggest Office in heaven  
The Almighty's face is covered by a cloud  
Only the successful applicants will get a glimpse

Would you like some water my child?  
I'm fine thanks mumbles the worried applicant  
Without wasting time the Lord begins  
So what interests you in being a part of Heaven

With great enthusiasm the sorry soul replies  
Because I think it's a respectable place to be  
I really feel like I can make a difference  
And I would like to make my afterlife here

Also I'm sure I don't have to tell you my Lord  
But as on Earth...I like a drink  
And I can see that you have the finest vines  
Therefore I believe I will fit in very well

The next question arrives regarding experience  
Whether he's ever experienced heaven before  
Yes, very enthusiastically Mr. Pistol replies  
You recall that day on earth my lord

The day I got drunk, won money gambling  
Then had enough to buy two high class whores  
The cloud slightly breaks due to an angry breath  
Clearly not the response the Lord was looking for

With that the interview comes to an end  
And the King says through the cloud  
Well it was nice to meet you Mr. Pistol  
We'll be in touch, and let you know how it goes

Thanks for taking the time to meet with us  
We've got other candidates to see  
St. Peter will lead you to purgatory  
Where you can await the outcome

James Dylan

# My Beloved Possession

I pick you up and you don't sigh  
I strike you and you never cry  
I can touch you soft or hard  
And you never have any disregard

I can play with you however I like  
Your neck, your body, there is no dislike  
No complaint of how you're being handled  
No need to seat you in a room all candled

Each of my fingers has something to do  
And far more often we work on something new  
No need to dress you in the prettiest blue  
For you are always of a natural hue

I can play with you morning, night and day  
And you never have any remark to say  
Sometimes my performance is not quite right  
Yet you never laugh or cause a fight

My full attention is not always there  
But you never shout and swear  
When it's cold you don't need a heater  
And the sound you make is always sweeter

I can ignore you for a week  
And someone else you never seek  
After a while one of your six may break  
It's easily fixed, no need to take  
Drastic measures to fix what's done  
No expensive trip in the sun

I can take you anywhere at all  
A seedy bar or a cheap mall  
Mucking about with the guys  
A few beers and some French fries

Often I will hit the wrong note  
And you don't go to grab your coat

To leave because I made a mistake  
Never feelings of guilt or ache

I know you will be around for years  
No arguments or constant tears  
You my beloved possession  
Together we will beat this depression

That's why I love you  
MY GUITAR

James Dylan



# Ode To Mosheh

A greater man never embraced the air  
An existence that was most divine  
To thee only did the Lord appear  
Delivering to your hands many a sign

Why the charge was given your way  
Thou tried but could hardly surmise  
Your love was never led astray  
Canaan was placed before your eyes

Thy faithful rod a companion treasured  
A gift not of the Land  
Eve's beauty was so it could not be measured  
Yet it could not compare to your hand

Created imperfect with shaky speech  
The Lord loves not those who claim perfection  
Thus you were the one he commanded to teach  
Of all the nations his chosen selection

Where you lay we shall never know  
No sinful apple can ever uncloset  
The spot the lord dealt the final blow  
For the mighty being that he chose

James Dylan

# Oh Tree

We need your breath  
We need you for life  
You make the pen worthwhile  
We need to write  
We need music  
You supply the substance  
Oh tree  
When you burn so bright  
You take so many houses and lives  
Oh tree  
You are death and life

You were in the Garden of Eden  
Providing Eve with the apple  
That made death a reality  
You held the key to eternal life

You shaded the Buddha  
While he reached nirvana  
You hanged the lord and saviour  
While he cried to Abba

You held the rope  
While Judas cleansed himself  
From thirty pieces  
Of wretched silver

You were once again in a garden  
And redeemed knowledge  
This time dropping an apple  
On a purer soul

You opened his eyes  
To permitted knowledge  
Gladly revealed  
By the Lord

You were there in the park  
For a first kiss

You were in the cemetery  
To bury a friend

You will be there when I die  
And will I see you  
In the middle of heaven  
Providing eternal life

James Dylan

# Repressed Desire

Why is it that I appreciate a beautiful man  
Sometimes more than a beautiful woman  
Is it because man is a natural beauty  
No need for makeup and creams  
Can look good first thing in the morning  
Wish I could say the same for woman  
Every time I see a man  
Blessed with crazy handsomeness  
Why does it raise a smile across my face  
Why does it take my admiration  
Is it because I want to be him  
Is it I want to be with him  
Be he Black, White, Asian and all the rest  
They all make me turn my head  
Secretly he arouses me  
Sometimes more than the female  
Yet I could never imagine touching him  
The thought of that repulses me  
Yet I love to look at him  
I appreciate his beauty  
Sometimes more than a woman's  
Yet it is the woman I want to touch  
He is a desire I shall never indulge  
Though I have thought of it  
Sometimes more than a woman

James Dylan

# Silent Treatment

I have no interest in using pretty poetry  
On a message that is so very clear  
That is you are plain and dreary  
Why waste on you fine imagery

I could care less about your words  
A simple hi and a bye is a chore  
Kept up just for the sense of decency  
A greeting to a stupid bore

SMS and phone calls  
They ended long ago  
How the sight of you now  
Truly sickens me so

The annoying laugh and dry voice  
Complement your worthless style  
There is a place full of more shit  
Then the dirty old river Nile

The way you loudly say....yep yep yep  
With such enthusiasm to the receiver  
It makes me feel goddamn sick  
That I ever had to know ya

My enthusiastic word is...no no no  
Whenever there is a hint of you approaching  
Can you not get the message darling  
This fake smile means you are encroaching

You think I care for your presence  
I'd just as soon greet a madman's gun  
And as far as wanting to touch you dear  
Have you ever seen a pole that reaches the sun

Your seeking to please phoney people  
Is a direct reflection of you, a fool  
Phoney and greedy you are too  
Just like them, a worthless tool

Whatever I had seen in you girl  
I promise it was all dense  
Alcohol is always a culprit  
As it takes away common sense

Silence like whiskey is golden though  
As it eventually hits the right spot  
And silence makes it very clear  
That for you I simply do not care

James Dylan

# Silver Hook

The day lights up and my eyes obey  
My body responds and slowly glides away  
No clock by my side, time plays no part  
When unemployment is your only art  
A single object is perched by my side  
The unopened can commanding to abide  
Waiting for me to free it from the grip  
Of its oppressive silver hook and gently take a sip  
It rests on my lips and makes its way down  
No time is too early for its seductive renown  
It won't be alone for the rest of the day  
Many more of its kind will enter the fray  
I long for the days it was a unique taste  
Now not even a dropp will go to waste  
Another groundhog day will come to an end  
With another silver hook waiting to tend

James Dylan

# Staff Only Door

Standing on the footpath  
Waiting like every other day  
For the bus to arrive  
I'm early as usual  
And the same faces I see  
Nothing new to admire  
Then I peer through the window  
Of the foreign restaurant

I tilt my head, slightly upwards  
So that my eyes can see  
Over the Script  
Painted on the window  
Belonging to a foreign tongue  
Nothing grabs my attention  
Then I see her walk  
Through the staff only door  
A sight I never saw  
Through this window before

A mop in hand  
She walks towards the entrance  
A door hungry customers like to enter  
A door  
She likes to exit

This is as close as she will be to me  
She has no care for who is on the outside  
Her only worry is the immediate task  
To wipe clean the dirty shop floor

She bends her head down  
As she moves the mop  
To clean all the spots  
A frustrated face  
Angry with the customers for dirtying it  
Angry with herself  
And her job  
Her head stays down



Focused on the object  
She has to work with

I focus through the window  
Up, down, mmm, all around  
My focus is only her  
The gorgeous black hair  
The brown, glowing skin  
The tight, low cut blouse  
Short sleeves reveal her arms  
Yet it is the slightly revealing  
Cut of the blouse  
Showing her exquisitely sized breasts  
That entices me so

Her jeans, tight to the skin  
Flattering her legs and bottom  
Comfortable shoes for her to move in  
The last piece of the puzzle  
Shoes more practical than attractive  
Yet allowing her to glide backwards  
Her small backward movements  
A more graceful sight to see  
Than Michaels moonwalk  
That thrilled many  
Her glide perhaps  
Only I can appreciate

I ponder over being those dirty tiles  
Her a clean mop  
Rubbing me  
Moving on me  
I continue to stare at her every movement  
And then  
I see my bus arrive  
At that moment  
Her job is done  
The floor is clean  
She moves her way back  
Through the staff only door

James Dylan

# Stained Shirt

A young relatives wedding attended  
The reception a night of drinking and dancing  
For the single ones a hope of someone to meet  
On the dancefloor he moves around  
In his own drunken world he dances okay  
Doesn't matter anyway  
One drink after the other leads to  
An unbalanced sway  
His feet move still he doesn't stumble  
The movements free  
All his time on the dancefloor  
He hasn't even for one moment been without  
A glass in his hand  
With the free hand he tries to take a ladies  
The best hes got so far is a hand  
A couple of twirls  
For one moment both hands taken  
Then she moves away  
One hand free again  
With a drink in the other  
The new white shirt  
a pretty piece  
Soon to be ruined  
With the dreaded stains of red  
From his glass  
Impossible to dance with  
And keep straight  
He keeps dancing  
Keeps drinking  
Keeps staining his shirt  
Keeps receiving a hand  
For only a couple of twirls  
A lot of girls he twirled with  
On the dancefloor  
The one hand he truly wanted  
He finally approached to take  
A gesture to her hand he makes  
She stretches her hand  
To take his

NO

To wave him rudely away

The one hand he really wanted

He never gets

The night comes to an end

A stained shirt

And a heavy head

While the newlyweds enjoy the night away

Again his is alone

A drunken mess

James Dylan

# The Ill Of Castes

My color is not right  
It is dark and not light  
Was I made inferior  
Are you so superior  
This mindset has always been  
Since black by white was seen  
It has always existed  
Man has never resisted  
Following the ills of caste

James Dylan

# Varied Creature

I see you in the mall and down the street  
My envious eyes as they gladly meet  
Such glorious colours and varied features  
The coming together of Gods creatures

No longer is the sight of you seen as so wrong  
Still some will never feel that you belong  
Not realising the simple formula they missed  
It is through such mixing that beauty exists

A gentle voice with the pluck of a string  
the harmony of noise together they bring  
The rain as it mixes with the dry earth  
Sings it to life showing its worth

The sun when its light makes a collision  
with clear drops provides the magical vision  
The sign of the covenant that at its glance  
Mankind shall recall a second chance

Thus it is as god had meant it to be  
As the union of two becomes three  
This child of theirs a gift from above  
The love of a raven with a dove

So this beautiful child has far surpassed  
His parents plain ancestors of the past  
He is not created of one lineage or colour  
A beautiful light, the most perfect blender

His reflection of both theirs, the very best  
We should envy how greatly he has been blessed  
The coming together of light and dark  
Has made the most delightful mark

This is the world today and the lord is glad  
Only separation of colour had made him sad  
The black, white and Asian mixing freely about  
Angels all around sing and gladly shout

They shout at the beauty of creation  
And the death to evil segregation  
For with the coming together of all gods races  
We have produced so many angelic faces

James Dylan

# Vision

I'm an apostle  
Today I've seen the vision  
Of an angel

James Dylan



# Why Ask

Stupid Women

Why are they everywhere

Racists

Why do they exist

Rapists

Why do they have dicks

Smokers

Why do they breathe

James

Why ask questions with no answer

James Dylan