

Poetry Series

Sam Watkinson
- poems -

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Sam Watkinson()

Alice

That guy took my place, it should have been me,
Featured in your photos on top of the TV,
I'm jealous of you and the man I never met,
We should have been together Alice, is it too late for regret?
Or, too early, has our game not been played?
I've got a feeling I missed my chance when I never stayed.

Is that corner just for me, Alice;
The one by the door?
Don't make myself comfortable, right?
I belong on the floor.

I should have been sat with your father,
At those family dos,
Out in the Cotswolds,
With ironic Ps and Qs

I miss your shin, Alice, I miss what we didn't have,
I dream about you all the time, when I'm awake,
I suppose you would consider that sad.
But, really, do you like that type of music?
With stupid beats, whistles, and drums?
I could never abide that,
Perhaps that's why we had no fun.
So, solong, Alice, here's to where I should be,
Instead I write bad poetry without heart or melody.

Sam Watkinson

Antigone

The guards place down their cards and the audience breathes; They are glad to
be going home intact tonight,
And Antigone walks in her garden which does not regard the people-
As now, as the characters are in place
With one expression on their thousandth face,

The grandmother supports our heroine,
As strong as any fever-
And the guards make her brother king.

She keeps her eyes closed a moment,
To be touched as a lame animal,
With her teeth buried in her mouth,
Until she hurls out her defiance,

Like the soil on the corpse of her name.

And this bumbling guard Jonas,
With his fears, un-striped and alarmed,
Brings the tragedy in through the door;
Gripping her with his filthy hands.

Do you smell the death in the street?
Can you hear the tumbrel a-coming?
Is your television too loud?
Too much smoke in the air?

The king with his rights and his work,
His obligation to the state,
While the rebel Antigone sweats gently,
And eases our lives out of place.

The stage is prepared and curtains drawn,
The play must now begin;
Let the tremors and wonders enthrall us
And like Creon dream to be animals again.

In the cold-sapped hills of redemption,
There are no angels near,

The lights went out, the bar closed,
And you walk back down the thoroughfare.

And one relentless thought in your mind-
Why did I dig up just to cover his name?

Sam Watkinson

Cuckold

...And yet as a I walked, I saw...

Life is an ejaculation
caught in abandoned hairs,
dislocated from the body,
underneath damp stairs.

Life is an old cuckold,
slavering in a chair,
sat naked and parched,
with a ruined vacant stare.

You provided, slow children, dirty men,
rotting ideas and concrete designs.

Sam Watkinson

Your Blues

Life, I love you
I'm in love with your blues
and the fear you exhibit on my face.

I've seen your children
They are kind
And speak highly of your plan.

But we are scared of the images
we see on a screen, in London.

Last week we met outside
in the windy garden scrub,
Palms blew, rain soaked,
and the earth collapsed again.

Sam Watkinson