

Poetry Series

Simon M Hunter
- poems -

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Simon M Hunter()

A rhyme is when you hear a sound
n build a meaning round

30 Years On

Where there was fear and a handful of must
Where there was discord, a footfall of dust
Where there was strife and its cries of despair
There was the Thatch with its bones in its lair

Heirs to the Thatch are surrounding the fold
Whetting their claws for your coat in the cold
Baron Belize with his ermine and greed
Whistles his wolves to their slaving feed

Fangs from the banks with the renders of war
Scoffed all they could, now they're coming for more
'Give us your pensions, your pittances too
Feckless oik workers. Why, thatch's what we do! '

White's to the Carlton, the pack's on the hunt
Just as they howled out of Maggie's old

Simon M Hunter

Gerrard Winstanley and the Diggers:

St. George's Hill in forty nine, the time
 Of Charles's chopping block, we Diggers come
 Reclaiming earth by B*stard taken, all
 Those centuries before. But Fairfax cried
 'Enough of revolution, turn again
 Your commune to its owners, lords of land'

Inclosure, soccage, rent or fee for land
 Allodial folcland filched, until the time
 When hateful Norman yoke shall pass again
 And common people make our commons come
 The wheel'll turn, we underlings decried
 Will rise, return from tenebrous enthrall

People of England, men and women all
 Denied our just inheritance of land
 The factory sprawled, the slum, where children cried
 Among the latifundia. It's time
 To right this wrong. We Diggers have become
 The prophets circular, renewed again

Monastic gardens rooted up - a gain
 For Mortmain's grubbing hands that squirm, appall
 With shiftless shapings. B*stard broods that come
 As droning parasites on apples land
 And worm armigeral. But now their time
 Is up. This future we have seen and scried

In France's trenches rifled fodder cried
 Were culled to stop the commons' climb again
 Were culled to stop the commons. Killing time
 While clutching timber stocks cut down from all
 The orchards. Vanished is the orchard land
 And coreless fruits from supermarkets come

In plastic shrouds. Let England now become
 The everlasting garden we have cried

for. We shall share the russet-honey land
We'll make the world a peaceful place again
As Eden must have been before the Fall
With humming bees among the scented thyme

Envoi

Our Sestina has come to its close, and again
Our old voices have cried. We have sung for you all
To remake your own land. For the people! It's time!

Simon M Hunter

A Day In Lesbos

Morning dew is glittering vividly on
Summer grass. The shadows of afternoon are
Stark against the soil. And the poet waits til
Evening for muffins

Simon M Hunter

An Evening At The Southbank Centre

For Joan Margarit

First movement: Larghissimo con moto

He shuffled on, that weary sage
Declaimed to us - a muddled version
Of poetry - "Enough! " I rage
"Melodious? By whose assertion? "
Meandering, the spell-less mage
Went on and on. Oh drear excursion!
The audience could wish for sleep
While deadly stanzas writhe and creep

Second movement: Vivace, ma non troppo (La russa)

A cheeky Russian came up next
Her native verses weren't all bad
The English tongue however vexed
Her skill - she sounded rather sad -
And scratching heads we're left perplexed
At why the hell we've spent a wad
To listen to this oozing rubbish
Poetic as a cruising mudfish

Third movement: Grave, morendo (Il russare)

The Eastern movement followed quick
Her aunties' presents wrapped nearby
I wish she'd sent them back - her schtick
Insipid as a blackbird pie
That doesn't sing, it makes you sick
She held her puny fist up high
The patrons clapped - Thank God she's finished
Our love of poets much diminished

Fourth movement: Vivo con brio!

But then, at last! A poet stood
Transfixed us with your fiery beat

Lament for daughter lost - who could
But weep with you, admire complete
Prosodic harmony - I would
Give anything to match your feat
In Catalan, most musically
You made our evening beautifully

Simon M Hunter

Fame

My name is Richard Blakeley-Wills
A greying strummer, stage-name Shute
Guitar in hand, I've got the pills
A twenty-something groupie, Toot
And fame! Although my 'music' kills
The ears, it's made me loadsa loot
And always spaces in the papers
Devoted to my noisome capers

The novelist's old Geoffrey Lownes
He does two thousand words a morn
Romantic sighs and caddish frowns
The biddies love his blurry porn
He plugs his works round country towns
His publishers and agent fawn
'Those wicked, carping critics say
My books were better tossed away! '

The actor's called Scrudentia White
She only plays one part in all
She grimaces 'Gor blimey, right
That geezer's 'eadin' for a fall'
On Channel Five at nine at night
In gripping drama 'Monkey Hall'
'My lack of talent's been no bar
To fame! as nasal TV star'

I wanna live forever - fame!
Will measure worth in wood-pulp sales
Or screentime, column inch, the same
Ephemera in maudlin tales
Who's doing whom, who's up, whose name
Below the photo, but it fails
To satisfy, that minute drug
Celebrity - an empty shrug

Simon M Hunter

Her Silver Flute

Dusk in Canton. An unctuous rain in smears
Obscures the bustle. Under plastic sheets
The fat-wrapped grills are smoking. 'Pork and beers! '
For dripping patrons. Up from running streets
It quietens later. In the tinny hour
Mosquitos whine their scarlet hunger, twist
Beneath the shallow moon; they hustle, scour
For ankles, shorting contemplation. This
Is inspiration's lonely time; she broods
About the fogs. But sensing ready mind
Entering light on wispy feet, (her hood
Hiding delight) Euterpe, breathful, winds
Her silver flute - affirming poets' right
Unstopping secret sounds of dampened night

Simon M Hunter

Lupercalia Then And Now – A Rondeau For Lc

“Je suis desja d’amour tanné
Ma tres douce Valentinée...”

In olden days the Roman maids
Conceive that fleeting beauty fades
Line up along the wintry street
Are whipped by boys with naked feet
In early erotic charades

Troubadours make Occitan raids
Scorn Gelasius; thus crusades
Contra amorous meters meet
In olden days

In Cape Lindh, with its fairy glades
Through love’s thick pools the thinker wades
Curses customs that stain the sheet
Sneers at Zizek’s big Other beat
Unlike the roundabout tirades
In olden days

Simon M Hunter

On A Fatuous Campaign

The fat pudendum is offended
And urges people to support
His right to write his jokes so splendid
Without intemperate retort
'No bilious bloggers unamended! '
'Uneducated weirdos thwart! '
Another whinging Oxbridge snob
From private school to public gob

Simon M Hunter

Poet Clerihews (1) - Homer

Homer

Was probably not a loner

But you have to admire the skill he had

In writing the Iliad

Simon M Hunter

Poet Clerihews (2) - Catullus

Catullus

Was not a wuss

He was very cross

When he wrote 'Pedicabo ego vos...'

Simon M Hunter

The Ballad Of Mentler And Ruby Nodoleview (Or 'Farewell To London') , Written In The Bar Of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, Fleet Street,13.01.09

Gather round ye English folk
Listen to my tale true
You will shiver, in sweat you'll soak
At the ballad of NodoleView

Met I Mentler one warm summer
When we both worked in London
Selling stuff by phone, a bumper
But he was far from humdrum

His eyes were dark, his smile was white
My hand did I extend
He made me laugh, day and night
I was proud to call him 'friend'

In Manor Park we took a house
And had good times together
Until one day there came his spouse
Which signaled stormy weather

She was one of those modern girls
And the despair of her father
No washing, no cleaning, thongs, no pearls
'Oy! She's married a schwartzer! '

She cooked no meat, she fed him nuts
And Mentler he did change
The cheery chap became a klutz
His eyes they swiveled strange

He ceased, he stopped, his life of toil
And spent his days instead
Playing games while the heating boiled
And flashing his pole in bed

They lazed all day, they played all day

They thought they knew it all
That halal slaughter was the kindest way
That Sartre played football

The dust piled high, the plates grew mould
And all that I could see
Was Mentler's gaze on the PC cold
Downloading songs for free

Now Mentler had another bit
A lass who lived in Leeds
When Ruby knew she threw a fit
Man! She was not pleased

Her ire turned on this poor poet
Bald gooseberry, what a shame
When a modern girl's been wronged, you'll know it
But she wants to get laid all the same

Had she been a caring wife
And fed his meaty needs
T'would've saved a lot of veggie strife
And a savoury tart from Leeds

The cash ran short, their faces were glum
And Mentler he came to me
'Five hundred quid, there's a chum
That'll sort us out, you see'

'I'm HIV, so no work'
Squeaked the crafty liar
'Too much sex, I've been a jerk
And now I'm in the mire'

I was worried and did complain
Ruby grew so rabid
'I know all about this strain
Pay, and aid our habit! '

Said she, 'It dies as it hits the air
You can only get AIDS through bonking
Not razor, toothbrush, kissing. So there! '

Her ignorant rant was stonking

But what could I do in such a fix
To help my mate in trouble?
I said I'd pay the sponging pricks
They scarpered at the double

At Christmas Mentler spoke, the fake
(I'd promised hundreds of pounds)
'I'm all clear, it was all a mistake
Sydenham Centre? The clowns! '

I laughed out loud in the liar's face
And Mentler he filled with rage
He cursed, he swore, he trashed the place
A bad actor on the stage

There and then I fled that home
And went bold into the night
'Feigning AIDS for cash? ' I groaned
'How could anyone be that tight? '

Ladies and gents, my song's at an end
For I escaped with pockets full
'Ware lazy bull and defend
The right against the fool

Simon M Hunter

The Ballad Of Wc

Sitting in Wadham SCR,
gnawed by a Hackney grub,
I felt a sudden desperate urge
to scratch a festering stub

These many years, you see, my mood,
my malice have matured,
until I'm now inclined to move
this mound of smelly turd -

In '91, when I was young,
arrogant and silly,
I went to do a teaching course
at a school in Piccadilly

'National House the dump by name
(a scam I cannot pardon) .
Still packing in the eager mugs,
it's now in Covent Garden

But then it seemed the sun shone bright
and sparkled in the air.
Classes were from nine to five
then down would come my hair

There were so many pretty girls.
Shamim and juicy Lu,
Annalisa shrieking 'sì ! '
n sweet Fiona too

My tutor was a grey beldam,
a wrinkled bint called Wendy,
abetted by a drunken Celt
whose morality was bendy

The initial week, a welcome drink,
(I felt a little doubtful)
as Deri looked between my legs,
'Boyo, what a mouthful! '

I gave the sot a filthy glare
(which was a big mistake) :
first chance he got he gave me nought
(the rotten, randy snake)

It seemed unfair, but I didn't care
'cos Wendy's marks were great.
That desperate bitch, she had an itch
and moaned from dusk till eight

But then I made a fatal move
and 'chairman' said in class.
Her furrows flushed like polluted streams
and sweat ran down my arse

'We staff the boats, a personhole'
so said the grim old hag,
'To teach abroad you must be correct
politically, ' she nagged

I did my best, I really did
although it was absurd.
I knew the grammar, teaching too
but not these stupid words

I howled and swore, scowled and cursed
but all to no avail.
The smarmy, horrid, dreary tnucc
had stitched me up. A fail!

I tried to take 'em to the law
But my case got thrown out.
'Too long ago, ' intoned the judge
'Too much reasonable doubt'

The Director took me out to lunch
(a greasy doss called Brent) .
Some cheap grill in London town
where not a lot was spent

'I've travelled all around the world

teaching from school to school
and many happy students say,
'That teacher's really cool.'

The skinflint swine, he wouldn't budge
(and thus no joy for me) .
'I'm sure you were hard done by, '
he clucked in sympathy

'I've taught 'em here, I've taught 'em there
in China n Japan.
References, letters, praise, the lot,
I've got the whole shebang'

'I cannot change the mark you got.
It was all too long ago.
I can't admit we were at fault.
(The bottom line, you know) .'

This ballad then is my revenge.
Feel the pain? Don't care.
Let this song be your reproach.
Rip off a rhymer? You dare! ?

And to the boys and girls out there,
when you choose your schools.
International House? A home of crooks,
fraud and lies. And fools!

Simon M Hunter

The Pearl Dancer

for KM

The Wanderer leaves them behind
"Unkind memories, you and I
Just crooked jags where smiles should be
And wrapped rags rank with misery"

Walking in entwined fields with foreign limbs
Hard heart humming short youth's long song
An almond dancer by the way
Hot hair in shining pearls and sunned red thumbs

I stayed amazed at zany dance
Shh! Shimmer vision, regained paradise
Through her high blithe legs thornless flowers grew
Raindropped air spiralled at her glance

Then a shadow fell, and I looked upwards
To see a twisted cloud shape form
A she-wolf seeming, scrawny sides bursting
With the greed that has left many thirsting (1)

Her drool fell, fully vision changed
To sweaty places, churny money made
But not by them dripping, rarely
In forgot brown holes unairy

Only in a meat world

"Full of things but centre holey
I am that Lupa who will be
The bees' hum lost among the trees
Fish suffocate in feeble seas
So much less than this will feed
The scratching of ugly poetry"

Only in a meat world

"Can you find the right fruit-bowed creed?"

Silver sun panelled clover dwellings
Endless mind-meadows with their seed.
But not in a meat world gone mad”

And I replied, leaning on luck,
“Perhaps, when all the shifting muck
That runs itself in business
Has worn you outraged with evasions and lies
There will still be the Pearl Dancer’s movement
A cool breeze at sunset, and lines”

(1) Cf. Dante’s *Inferno*, i.49-51:
Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame
sembiava carca ne la sua magrezza,
e molte genti fé già viver grame

Simon M Hunter

The Songstone, Canto I: The Tower

But Kora sat unmoving, in great magic.
The walls, her home, faded about her. Warmth
went; all alone and on a freezing plain,
dressed in a tunic, sharp knife in her belt,
bow on her shoulder, arrows in a quiver
behind. Her eyes gleamed; a pale cold light,
'l?mp?d ?n 'd?ln?s

She looked around. Away, at vision's limit,
a dark shape rose above the plain: a Tower,
the only thing in all this barren place:
no bird flew, no grass grew. Despite the wool
she shivered. Breath-clouds hung in the raw air,
'sl??li d?'z?lv??

Then in eye's corner something moved. She turned
to gaze across the Waste and saw a Cloud.
Far, almost straight behind her as she faced
the Tower, it too reared up black and sheer.
Unlike the Tower, moving, whirling, wisps
trailing their tentacles around a core,
'tw?st?? ?n'se?nli

Simon M Hunter

What Have I Come To?

for 伍 麗 芬

Canton - Hong Kong

May is the hungry month; it breeds
Mosquitoes out of the damp ground
Miss Mm's above me, and she feeds
My lonely needs by coming down

The tarry river slicks uneasily
Greasy bubbles belch into brothy air
The furnace slag floats on melted futures
And bleary crowds stare hard to leeward there

One date city, but he's uncowed
Naughty Katie talks long and loud
Calls a lover during dinner
Hosted by another with her

Suffolk

What have I come to?
So few, I had not thought life had made so few
Walking in widening spaces

A crumpled pillbox, pushed over
The crumbled cliff it threw over
Feeding Grimgaunt's grey-green maw
Gnawed bones breaking awash the shore

The Asperger's boy grinds pepper on the floor
You cannot reach him, sugar addict; his pills
His unsweet selfishness unbind you
He laughs at the bright, cracked mirror
'Look there in the smeary mirror'
See the true reflection of you

The rusty bells of Dunwich town
Crack mockingly under the sea

South Oxfordshire – London – Europe – summer maze

Johnson's gone to recycle in London
Where night bikers scavenge in Tesco's bins
A foreign van splutters, starts, blares
'BNP: people like you, ' who
Drive VW. Curry house:
A grumped-up girl says, 'They've good policies! '
Ravening to blame on browns their problems
Scoffing their chicken jalfrezi

While in Predappio, ahimé!
Where the sunscowls slant askew they salute still

Simon M Hunter