## **Poetry Series**

# Tony Noon - poems -



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## Tony Noon()

Lives in Mexborough, South Yorkshire.

Poems have appeared widely in magazines and anthologies, notably Acumen and Envoi, and in local and national press.

A former Bridport prize winner, Noon has a growing digital audience on platforms including Poem Hunter, AllPoetry, Scriggler, The Blue Hour and The Camel Saloon.



#### Terraced Houses On The Hill

Baptised by early rain they face up to light. Upright as old pianos, kettles boil all day long while white nets gleam.

One day finer minds might correlate them with defunct chapels; might seek out the lost people and ask aloud

if the risen sun had called them to glory.

Tony Noon



#### Show Don't Tell

The curvy line was in the sand etched with a stick in his left hand

That's a snake is what he said. The story starts here at the head.

Along the middle words abound, and this is where the clues are found.

Just down here, around that bend the tail's in sight and that's the end.

Tony Noon



#### **Bench**

A postulation. These poets, scrummed-down, establishing the order of things. Focused

in the lineout they are sure they can gain and retain control. Certain they will try.

They are on and then gone leaving benches wanting and the creaking piety of saints.

Tony Noon



#### **Pontoon**

You know how it is.

Turning all those cards.
Those ersatz bridges taking you further and further away until you remember sunlight falling on some quiet seat, taking you back, urging you to find yourself and that slow

acceptance of something missing.

Tony Noon



#### The Crane And The Car And The Old Piano

How many times have we seen it.
The crane and the car
and the old piano too big for stairs.
Boxed and strapped, it is swinging.
Creaking dangerously overhead.
The elevation and death of culture as we anticipate the crash,
crushing the car below. We saw it with our eyes, but did we know

the piano was never in the box.

Tony Noon



## Larkin's Photograph

Pictures paint a thousand words. The camera never lies, but what do portraits give away?

Truth lies behind those lenses. The owlish almost smile belongs to lost time. The wit belongs to us

and to the slow wry page.

Tony Noon



## The Moon Was Shy Again Tonight

The moon was shy again tonight, hiding behind the tall trees, it willed us to look elsewhere until it was prepared to shine.

The moon was shy again tonight, slowly rising beyond fronds, It willed us to see romance then dominated the whole sky.

Tony Noon



#### Green Sizzle Sold

Newton gave us half a tale. That apple didn't simply fall.

Not born to hang around it was attracted to earth

by pleasant surroundings and an opportunity for growth.

Tony Noon



## **Small Things**

Fizz and Bang we called it. Revolving around each other like binary stars they drew the curriculum across the year.

My ignorance of fizz made quite a bang when I failed to record the temperature of a blue bunsen flame.

Our lack of other knowledge let us play bench top games with mercury balls before we rolled them haphazardly into

bins, not caring for the effects of cause which would cordon and control us now. For sure there would be prices to pay.

Exiled outside the classical, I dwelt in alternative streams where language fuels absurdity and images hide true meaning.

When I write now of nuts there may be bigger pictures but step back and look again. Small things always happen.

Tony Noon

#### **Fallen**

Not a corridor then, this small passage where time drains rhetoric's lifeblood.

All those late hours and heated debates reduced to this box. Past over to the many.

Amongst these bones a future lies like runes. The shape of the next epitaph is shimmering.



#### **Pantomime**

Mister E, Master of Allusion. His meaning hid in full view. His references were out of sight till the force was directly behind you.

Tony Noon



## **Unmapped Roads**

The cat was lifeless by the road.

It's essence was left in mid air when it's trajectory was intercepted. All it's plans and purposes ended. Stolen by the passing moment

Our intercepted trajectories disturb the air, patterns diffusing quickly to leave any questions we raised lying by unmapped roads with no end in sight.

Tony Noon



## **Pecking Order**

I am watching the pigeons brawling on brash cobbles, dismantling crumbs from take away food fallen from graceless fingers.

This miscreant communion is discouraged but folk like to see the kids herding roughly. An unprompted mystery play demonstrating a way of things.

Showing who chases and who is chased.

Tony Noon



## Poem For Synthesised Voice

There is sound here but no light. Words mimicked with skill are their own purpose repeated rhythmically to browsers.

The meaning is between the lines.

Tony Noon



# Marley's Notes

Those clanks and moans; pure theatre for les autres. Without the chains we are listless. Creatures of air. The links we forge do bind but in holding down they also lead us home.

Tony Noon



## The Jupiter Perspective

If you could see these lines in three dimensions you would see the space between thoughts composed in thick air and hung out to dry.

You would see my drafts hanging like post-it notes on branches, sunlight charming life or burning them to illegible crisps and discarded from the harvest.

Comprehension requires four.

Meaning may need an effort.

You have to juggle perspective in space and time to see the small things are big. Huge

like a morning star. Like Jupiter.

Tony Noon

#### **Intact**

There is no science to follow here.

There is just observation. Eyelines free to roam, to ponder what is hidden behind masks.

Unseen mouths draw glances as if dangerous words have been defused or softened by layers.

Leaving first impressions intact.

Tony Noon



## **Curating The Clean Age**

Plato would have got it. How whole lives can be lived inside four walls while shadows dance uncontrollably outside.

Out here dark and peopleless streets are full of noise. Drains gush and the tyres of boy racers squeal unchallenged by the good.

We are between something.
Our rich past holds us down.
A half ship, torn in two, the stern
safe and full of air. The bow, broken.

Thrust forward empty, it frightens. Dreams scattered like luggage along deep canyons to lie unsalvaged in the aftershock.

We must either refloat this hulk and anchor it or leave it. Let the tides wash indiscretions and curate the clean age.

Tony Noon

#### Old Churches In Midwinter

Light Holes.
Our galaxies of being swirl and swing around them like moths, sucked in when night is darkest.

Faith is made here or renewed. Left on deposit as we wind home it accumulates, extending gravity until an unexpected shining calls us in.

Tony Noon



#### **Hobos**

Somewhere on your dusty road you crossed over; left Woodstock for The Twilight Zone to roll up and smoke into our late summer like broken wind.

No love and peace, no names. No pack drill from our corner. Uptight under canvas we were upright enough to chill your cider with polite refusals.

We blew you out and when you had been given the bums' rush by the commissars you picked up your blanket and your old dog and hit the highway back into history.

Sometime after dark and over appropriate bar tables we talked you onto beaches or laughed you under hedgerows and I breathed easier because no one knew I used to sing the same songs.

Tony Noon

#### **After The Bone Fires**

Rake them. Riddle sticks through cooling embers.
Beds and books burnt to blackened crisps.
Yesterday's news and the lost wisdom of authors left like Gideon Bibles.

All extinguished here, odd phrases quivering in the updraft like skydivers fiddling with cords.
These thin words would crumple if touched, their essence lost to flame

A history of gunpowder hangs around here like drunks after parties, filling nostrils with remorse for exploded peace

In our sad afterglow the smoke is tasteless. Did the fire turn back night? Was wrath appeased by strained fibres cracking? Did this sacrifice of stuffed effigies

save our souls?

Tony Noon

#### Gleam

By the time you read this I will be miles away. Not miles. That doesn't do justice. I will be an immensity away. Let me explain.

Throughout your lives I was there for you but never knew you, could never know you. I was long gone before any of you were born

But I have reflected often, and you, clever things, found ways to exploit me. Found ways to harness my exhaust.

Time in a bottle is a neat trick but don't show me the snapshots.

Your entire being is a done deal.

Your maudlin histories are alien to me.

I am ahead of the curve. Riding the wave and it matters little to me what lies ahead.

The journey is it's own reward.

Luckily for you there is no end in sight.

Tony Noon

## Belonging To Air

As usual it begins with death.

Cops tearing around quiet corners in hot pursuit of themselves.
Across the way is cordoned while they chip away.
Our past bagged and stripped

.

Flashback to the young trees. We thought it was over for the first time and our sun shone every day.

There were windows then, behind which Mr Walford caned boys caught inside, as if his room was hallowed.

Not personal. Boys belonged to air in those lost long lunches.

Across the way now cards are marked.
Death is on the table.
More transformative, than plain brown bread, but with walls gone where will our histories echo.

When this dust settles can anything new begin.

Tony Noon

#### The Entertainer

He was playing a Joplin Rag.
Playing the first few bars
over and over.
As if he couldn't move on.
As if he didn't want us to move on.

Back home with the sheets He would take us A to Z. The whole history of the bordello. Small hours reeling under forty watts.

Here, where memory shrugs by the far wall, he had to go with what he knew. Had to keep on playing what he knew.

In my mind, he is playing still.

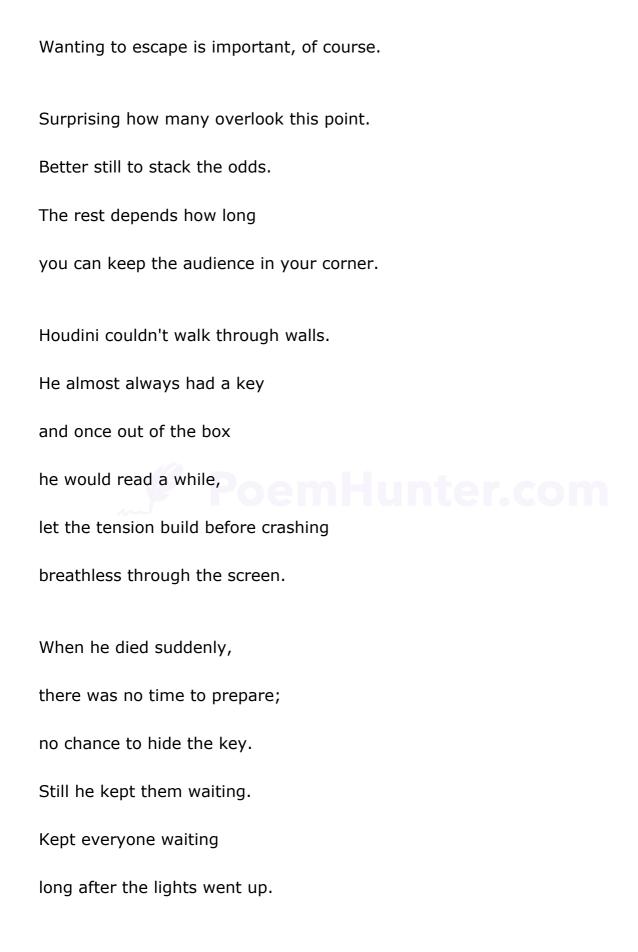
No less but never more than I remember.

At the table of ghosts we listen.

Measuring lives. Marking time.

Tony Noon

#### Secrets Of Escapology



Wanting to escape is important, of course.

Tony Noon

#### The Circle

I see the sunny days.
The sober managers of building societies, banks, maybe. Button bright in their certain trajectories

I see the neat wives, shining.

Millponds of virgin tarmac hold back trees, allowing the long hours to hide small dramas like bones in lawn tidy gardens.

I see the blue sky corners.

Post Boxes, hungry for gossip, are gateway and godsend here.
Their slow digestion filling these avenues with promise for days, weeks maybe, until response confirms the circle.

I see the sunny days in ages tailed back on broken roads; in the weedful remnants of dead factories; and in social media I feel I can't ignore.

Tony Noon

## The Way To Touch A Star

Not knowing, is the way to touch a star. Small and half empty you can believe that across the field and up the hill you could hold that white light in cupped hands and believing that, you never need to go there.

Never need to really try and touch it.

Taller and full of concepts you know on top of the highest of high places, even on a ladder, on a tower there your hand would only shrivel in cold and empty air and the stars would seem further from you. Worse, you know they most likely died before our fingers learnt to point.

Tony Noon

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#### The Last Revellers

This grey morning smells of oranges and wet paper.

Bigging up the dawn chorus forgotten tunes roost in unborn market stalls while damp ghosts shuffle.

Too early for coffee it is too late to find a bar for the last revellers.

They are their own agendas.

Immense in droplet dimensions
devised wholly for their own needs

Tony Noon



## **Returning Night Safely**

We are post social here.

The music has lost but

the barman isn't worried.

He is polishing the minutes,

laying them neatly in racks

so he can get away sharpish.

Pizza to go and a six pack

chilling mean quiet midnights

and an early walk home for us.

When this moon was ours,

we danced forever in it's craters;

made large of small talk at the rims.

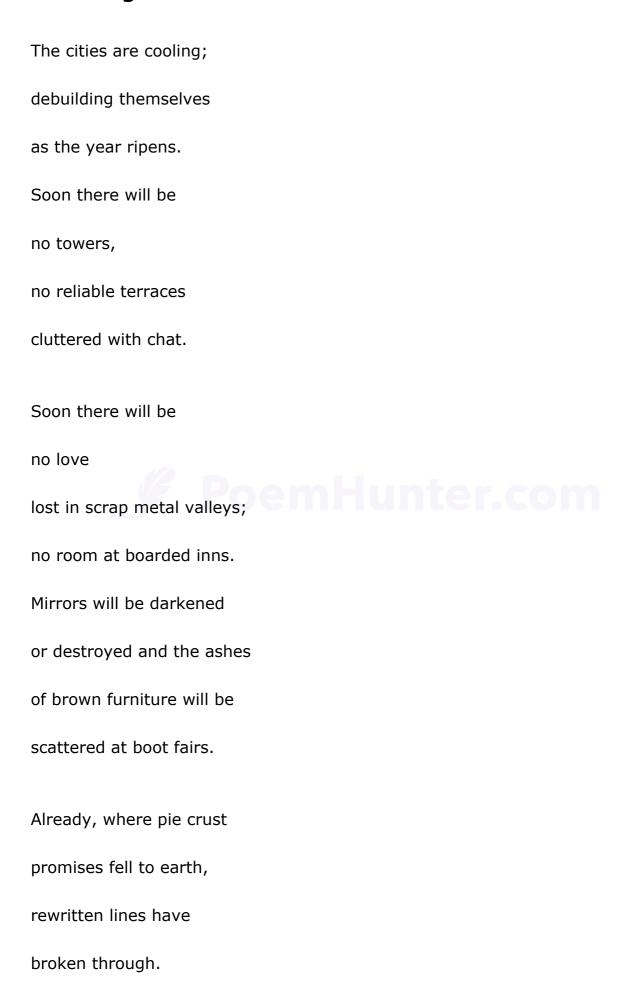
Then alien day diffused our shades,

enforced a new perspective,

returning night safely to our fathers

and their sepia tone conceits.

## New England In The Fall



Cajoling us to start again from here.

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#### **Contactless**

Inside a church laid off hands and better halves buy favours in the righteous aisles.

Outside a store a thin blanket woven from hope dreams a frail woman.

Above them all the air sings in the low evening. Wishes collide with cash transactions,

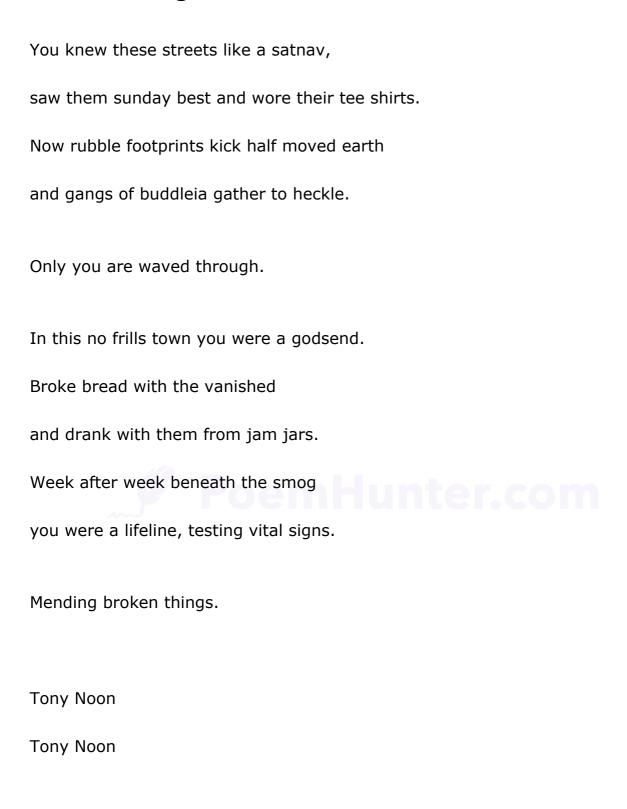
accumulating.
Falling like pennies to light
unturned corners everywhere.

As we watch the darkness grow, no one touches.

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## **Broken Things**



#### Autumn In The North

The railway lines are browner than ever this year and where they still melt steel, cold air masks productivity in shades of grey.

Below me by the portakabin an executive swaps his suit for shorts and is soon running. Running hell for leather from the superhighway.

Chasing the ghost of a seventies screenplay.

Tony Noon



#### **Cats And Mats**

They were conceptual of course. Cats, mats, the whole shebang. Metaphorical constructs designed to teach the order of things. Not real cats. Not mats you yourself could sit on.

Now though, you have friends or friends of friends who see them and when you talk in quiet corners you wonder if maybe there really was a cat and what the mat was made of. You wonder why they were there.

You wonder most of all who hid the facts behind the headline.

Tony Noon