

Poetry Series

Alistair Plint
- poems -

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Alistair Plint(07 August 1973)

Well Hello,

Thank you for visiting again,
love what you've done with your hair!

This is my Jouska.

I am a flawsome, technophile, pistanthophobic,
libertarian, coryphee, ambivert, individualist, Christian.
(My Psychiatric accounts are insane!)

I have size B man boobs;
I eat lots of KFC in my endeavor to achieve size C.
I am widely opinionated on liberty, religion and spirituality,
hence accused of being open minded.

The problem with an open mind?
There is always someone trying to fill it!

I come from South Africa.
This means I have mastered NONE of the eleven official languages,
which has taken years, to achieve!

I have two children.
Both girls who live in co-habitation with their mother
they are my entire being and purpose.

I spend my life finding unique ways to install
the positive into their C - drives.

Blue Skies, Love & Light @ You

Al

A Million Ways To Love Someone.

Couldn't have been eleven
took to the stationary shop
with mom in the lead
A woman on a mission
like a waddling mother duck
with three little duckings in tow

(My brother was the ugly one)

We all had lists, requirements
from the school
none that made any sense
Obviously I raced my brothers
up and down the store isles
(and won, everytime)
while mom packed the trolley

While we raced, we found "cool stuff"; fathomed a stealth ninja
method
of adding our "cool stuff";
to mom's trolley; undetected

Finally between the odd punch
screw ties and a kick
to the shins
The cashier announced the total
purchased value

Without skipping a beat
mom put her hands to her mouth
like she had just seen
the worlds biggest spider
sighed, shook her head
and said

"My husband's gonna kill me! "

Not one of
the three

of us

Slept
that
night

-x-

Alistair Plint

A Monkey And Tequila

He said it best
when he questioned her
affection for his "keyboard kiss";
& threw the real life, at the page
what would it be like
with children
with the nine to five
with the tar from the street life
coming out
pumping volcanic molten lava
where blood used to dwell?

I'm nursing a Mopane worm
keeping it drowned
using a camel packet
to keep the balance
solid

I know; I said, I wouldn't
it is monday after all
- when
the deathly deafening silence
hits this house
like a cricket-less acoustic science
A man has to rely on
the sounds the bottle makes
when it hits the table

Three quarters of the liquid shakes

The boss
interrupted the elbow movements
making the brain feed it's
imagination

That's over now
I have time
time to tell a woman

time to tell a woman, she's turning my tar
into blood
time to tell a woman, she's turning my pump into a heart
time to tell a woman, I've waited for her to get home from work
(I don't know how far work is, or if it's needed)

I do know, I made excuses of it
An excuse to make this worm swim
quarter way down the bottle
An excuse to slap three
full volume buttons on a Agro CD

An excuse to blast death metal at my neighbour
He should kill silences too
has good taste in music
I make sure of it

My mind wanders back to my watercolor
cavass of an old spirited soul
with gifts of real value to give

I stare at the pressed metal ceiling
trying to figure
trying to figure if this is me
trying to figure if this is me
living a bastard with a princess's poetry; or
if this me finding my own real life poetry

For now
for now this me is living the poetry I know;
for now this me is living a dream;
living a dream
I took six years to write

The worm is lying in the dry
bottom of the

cold
empty

bottle

I'll say "good morning";
later

Alistair Plint

A Neighbourhood Letter.

(A Circular Letter)

I believe it was Thursday, last. At approximately seven in the evening. A rather tall, unshaven chap wearing little for the imagination was strolling along the main road. Well I was flabbergasted.

"Some thing needs to be done" was my thinking driving past. It was time to be pro-active! Taking matters into my own hands, I stopping at the curb when the fellow walked past shouted from the window.

"Hey you, have you no shame? You could be raped by some mad woman or even robbed and raped. What's worse is you're giving all men a bad name parading around teasing women, minding their own business. You look like a sex invitation."

Well he looked at me like I was completely insane, then retorted "How dare you judge me, mind your own business. I wear what makes me comfortable."

Men today are full of the tease and please. For this reason I have drafted this letter as a warning. Beware of the main road. There is a male whore, asking for it. He won't listen to good reason. He must be a heathen.

Stay safe, my neighbourhood friends.

Signed

A Concerned Citizen

Alistair Plint

A New Word Today

Invented a new word today
happened when walking
up the hill
Along the cobble path
past the
fruitless Avocado
[a majestic tree]
Looked at the now
dried fresh water spring
where many a white dove
had bathed before;
today, just barren and bare

I arrived at the Olive
there stood my tree
[that I had visited so many times before]
suffering the winter
and the autumn before it
To tell the story
I needed a word
so I blessed and christened
"leaf-less-ness";

Bared my feet
Filled lungs
with fresh spring air
contemplated Sandy
Turned, to make my descent
I realised I had finally experienced
"leaf-less-ness";

The voices in my left ear
sang louder
than I had heard them sing before
"well that took a lifetime";

[.]

A Reading Of Youth

It's quarter past
I've been waiting since six
hollow halls, echo absence
like empty picture frames
hung delicately
in wide-gallery-spaces

Filled walls are as blunt
in delivery, as two teenages
blurting "yo mamma" jokes
behind dressing rooms
at a school-sports-stadium

All that corrugated steel
reverberating in the wind of it
while war-cries, cheerleaders
and drum-majorettes hide
cries of silenced hearts
invoked under breaths
of pure loss;
regressing whiskey to water

There is a solace in the search of it
[a deathly silence, humanitarian science]
I'd imagine the world felt
that suffering shuddering of earth
in the past;
probably when Shakespeare died
or da Vinci left
our art-world
though I know
you haven't
departed

yet

A lonely tear
tries to drop
sniffs itself back, remembering

a statement
it should have owned
before thirteen
when the jokes were stupid
and young folk drove
the engineers out

The hands-of-time
having rolled through
the grandfather's face
twice
in the period these words
came to rest in reticence;
your voice
narrates my dreams
in the mid-moon
I resent it, intensely;
while searching your
hands, lips, flowing hair
in the darkness of the
slumbering-stars

Isolated understanding
in this primary juncture
that I am child
no, I shouldn't cavort there

but

it's a negative my child
relinquish the electricity-port
while opening your tool-box
teleporting your tools
-it will shock you
never rebooting
your worn
un-ticking-heart

I've waited since
Wednesday at six
the bread is stale, beer is warm
-cobwebs fill the library

The winter icicles are
pummeling my ears and nose
in their burn
[while the north sprouts summer
like a global seasoning]

[x]

Alistair Plint

And We'll Learn To, Love Again.

Stared that butterfly's wings, down
soaked the colors into my heart
drank the shapes of that pattern
like a tequila shot; a double in the glass

Sat in silence, while they fluttered off
into the sunset; much like us, really

Bows are restrictive, so I sit in wait
to pluck your strings, while I watch
the movie, expecting to read the script
glaring in the depths of angel eyes

If I was her, If I was Pink; I'd end this
with some pathetic pantie poetry

But the butterfly has not come back

-x-

Alistair Plint

Antagonistic-Amity .

When she stares me down
amid those
dagger
eyes,
in-that-deathly-gawk.

When she mumbles
beneath-her-teeth.

When she separates
love-from-herself
and
love-from-me.

This is
when
I am
most
alone.

The speechless
corridor is full
and the air
is solid.

I inaudibly
wheeze
my
prayer;
of
devotion,
in this
my
intimate
solitude.

-X-

Alistair Plint

Baby Be Mine

Her hand
that soft skin
that golden touch
the need to feel
When his eyes cast
visions across her
fingers & read the life
through her ring finger
he stopped breathing

Her voice
whispered midnight sonnets
in the silence
of the moon & sent shivers
down the spine from his ear
to his ankles

Driving her elegance home
she "sings him to sleep"
lips held so closely to his ear
he can touch
her soft warm spearmint
breath in his longing
for Parlotone dreams
in Freshlyground
moments

Their love so lustful
yet built so firm
that she
falls asleep through
all the noise

Their love so kind
yet built so firm
that she
finds all his
weaknesses

Pearls are dropped
on pillowcases
like the feathers
falling from
midnight
heavens
in the snow

she says in the
quietest of serene whispers
"don't give up until
I'm begging you
for more"

skin to skin they melt
as one
in the eternal fire
of love's lustful
cauldron

-x-

Alistair Plint

Carlos Gardel Sings Better Every Day.

Chafing laundry
across an
old-stilted-block
Berthe Gardes
spilled
midsummer-lyrics
and arrangements
into the
crisp-baroque-ambiance
Birds
stopped in their journey
to relish the
splendor in her
lone voice

Her sin
giving birth to a
bastard-phenomenon
whose baritone cylinders
would ignite the
midnight market
Later
imploding an airplane
A curious defeat
of voyage

Ending an
epoch of
musical-virtuosity
Propelling an
indulgence of
lust-filled-appetite

In
smoke-stained-bars
the world mourned
to the sounds of
orgasmic-cadence

Which continues
to drench
open legs of
Latin-pirouetting
worldwide

[.]

Alistair Plint

Child Care Conundrum At Six

The glass fell from her hand
gravity was pulling
it to the floor
that rouge glass had a mission
like a Kamikaze pilot
calling victory
at the world and it's leaders

Silence beckoned as it fell
A slow motion replay of suicidal death
our bodies all clenched
Muscles tightened in cramps
as we waited for
silence to become a noisy crash

As it hit the cold porcelain tiles
it bounced
upward like a rugby ball
choosing direction
Well, as science
prescribed it flew exactly
half way back into the air
at exactly half the momentum
Simultaneously a tear fell
from her cheek like a rain drop
on a mission to save the earth

I stopped
put out my hand
and caught that tear!

"what about the glass daddy?"
whimpered the 6 year old voice

"Oh they aren't delicate; glasses
they don't need to be saved
tears don't bounce, baby."
echoed through the room

-X

Alistair Plint

Curtains Close Dust-Filled Windows.

Desperation makes my stomach
twirl
whirl
twist, and purl
The nausea
raises
-boosts
expands and lifts
swollen tonsils

Suddenly
tears in the blubbering wallet;
crab whimpering bank number
become a disgust
with self
that costs
all confidence
esteem, control, and ability

On a knee of prayer
begging for
braided rope
that won't [break]

Just to giggle
at the
face
of deep
disappointment

-x-

Alistair Plint

Cytotoxic

Stares us, in the eyes
holds
pupils to pupils
iris to iris
in it's depth
it trembles
Death fears us

In moments, during the years
we walk
earth
we forget
We tremble
we forget
Death fears us

Tasting Mercury
cleaning the hairbrush
vomiting
the life
into
ceramic bowls
Holding
on tight
Knowing
Death fears us

-x-

Alistair Plint

Dancing Love In Framed Windows

she wrote our tapestry
in stars that stare down
São Paulo streets
singing ballads to
Rufous Bellied Thrush'
composed Samba steps
through paving blocks
her soul passionately
kissed my consciousness

he carved Ceibo flowers
in flaked rainbow wall paintings
etched finger hearts in fogged
panel glass sheets
counted Tango steps
on marbled window sills
drinking calabash tea from
a steel straw
breathing "ame";
in early morning autumn mist
his body warmed my heart

souls entwined, plaited French
"je t'aime" like tails of hair
breathing duets, singing "amore"
physically there
though it's been 8 beats,6 steps
from window frames; sit to stare

breakfast laid bare
the emotions shared
each morning; from first rooster
to hearts and diamonds
in bright morning beams
of prismatic light

perched bodies peeled from
the home we've made there

-x-

Alistair Plint

Day Of Death.

Well I suppose it happens to the best of us.
Death.

No-one is ever strong enough
to beat it when
it really happens.

Though
I wish
I wish it was
true
that one person
just one
wasn't gone.

You know the feeling in the
gut.
That hole
that
feels, it would never be filled.

I get it,
I know why,
why he ended himself
took his talent with him
yeah, he was that
good
wouldn't leave `em
lying around.

But I truly wish
one truly talented
ego
could prove
proof -

"christ on a cracker",
I love you for that
forever.

-x-

Alistair Plint

Dear Pregnant Woman

I know
It's a parasite
eating your strength;
ripping you up inside
Draining your brain
like
a slow motion replay of
a live porn flick
in reverse with bad lighting
stupid music
including the plumber
that wasn't ever a fantasy
never mind
a screen hero

Society absconds
with what you should
or shouldn't do
Warning of the ridiculous
Bullying your everyday life
into non-existence

It's hard to walk
difficult to sleep
Sitting or standing is
near impossible
Life just won't speed up

Know this
The new life
to be born from
your womb will
Re-energize
Re-ignite
Re-vitalize
your worn body faster than
a ten litre energy drink and
six Vitamin B shots will

Sit back pregnant woman
The world has your back

[·]

Alistair Plint

Death. Builds. Men.

A boy growing up
hasn't quite done it
before he's held the
hand of a dying man
Having calculated how
firm the grip should be;
knuckles a thermometer
for ice-cold-cheeks

No paternal instinct
quite snuck in
prior to counting
the whispers
between surrendering
breaths having stood
strong and tall
In the crying of a
heart machine's final call

A writer has not quite
produced poetry
until the poem of death
is from a lost life
that is real
The spirit he writes of
from his closest and dearest
lives in the depth
like a daily-ordeal

-x-

Alistair Plint

Deceit In Retrospect.

She filled the three seat
leather
like Oscar Wilde
in a reading chair
eye to eye
conversations
planning a potential
crammed
with vacant promise

Undertakings obligatory
to complete the cycles
of life and escalation

Used the word pledge
like a profanity
a blasphemous
incidental
slur
as
unimportant
unnecessary and nonchalant
as the white dress
vows
before God
just a year prior

I kissed those mendacious lips
after she
filled my ears
brimmed the drums

I realise now

it was over
when our tongues met.

Alistair Plint

Dedication Poeticus

One For Him.

The wireless toots a concoction
of symphonic abortion, through
a four Ohm mid-range loudspeaker;
you sit there mining
through scraps of paper and board
remembering your phonetics
to tweak her

Bashfully dripping the last drop
of cheap scotch down your throat
in the hope it'll tidy the red pop
in your eyes, when it reminds you of
what you wanted to write yesterday
or last night or early morning

The haze of second hand cigarette smoke
is but an illusion of a burning mind
truth be told
it's hardly a poetic joke
All you needed was to walk the damn dog
there you would find
some lass, you could use
new words for;
prove you were a god.

One For Her.

Arched backs
beautiful feet
and perfect courage
delivered
like three blind mice
and

you'll be the butchers wife

Smash the roller out the ball
and inscribe your
torrent deep
in the denial of
who you are
The strength
of just one ego
truer than the rest

I wouldn't need to
tattoo my emotions
across the cover
of my book. But for you
just this once
in this psychopathic moment
I will[.]

I did repeatedly
write every fantasy
about you
your talent
and misgivings;
but I collared them

Unpublished!

-x-

Alistair Plint

Demon.

The devil sent a black-bird
to my back door
A bird
black as a crow
with a beak in
bright canary-yellow

The book calls
these birds
"The Indian Mynah";
I have no idea why?

No idea why
it's called
"The Indian Mynah";.
It did
mine holes
in the
lemons
on my
tree

Took pieces out
of each tomato
in the patch
Killed it's
own baby-chicks,
pecked them to
the end with
it's yellow beak

Scared my daughter
to within an inch
Beats the glass
door with that
yellow beak;
during the
twelfth hour
of the night

It screams
squawks and shrieks
like a demon
with a vampire
tasting its neck
keeps the whole
damn street
awake and
alert

Last night
I tried to
eliminate it
armed with a broom
It rose to flight
through the now
open glass-door
It left a
birdie-poo
on my leather couch
Landed head first
into the cat-food
The cat knew
Ran for its life
through the
electric fence
We now own
a roasted
cat!

The devil
sent this
black-bird
to my
back-door

Alistair Plint

Done It.

The lights dim
just before
the curtain closes
Some take a bow, some curtsy
not that it matters, really
When it's done, it's done
They say
"it ain't over till the fat lady sings"
Never found a truth
in that
Hell, even heard
"the show, must go-on"
nothing there for me either

Truth is
when it's packed and done
frocks move to wardrobe
the dressing mirror lights die
We take the walk down
the long, dark, musky corridors
Well at that time
the show has been done;
never been one
to hold on to them
Have this ability
to walk, the walk to the
car park
knowing the last six months are done

With or without a fat lady
definitely without
a show
that must go on
When the curtain closes
well then the show has been done

[.]

Ex-Her

When poetry
drops
on
white pages
like
thunderous
dark
clouded
drops of
sixty-per-cent
acid

it drops - her

She falls between
the sheets
of titles
similes
metaphors

Rides
words
like
a bareback
Eats the
grammar
owning it
like
- her
with
exclamation-points

The door slammed shut

closing
-her
on the wrong
side

Leaving
pages as
empty
as the bed
two sizes
too big

feels like

a hole
in
an empty
head

With
a
crust
warmed
formed
gently
over
the
blood
-pump

at some
stage
-life
-words

-her

de-pleats
and
de-parts
with
-her
suit-
case

and

heels

[.]

Alistair Plint

Eye Sore

The cold was torturous.

Painful to the bones
muscles tightened.

The wind
left frozen
breath
on our ears.

She wore that
long black
trench coat
like it
was knitted
to her skin.

Wrapped a scarf
around her neck
like a noose
hugging
the jugular.

A tear drop
spilled
from her
eye.

I was sure
it would
freeze.
Stared
at it;
gazed
at it's
beauty
as it glided
down her
cheek

over her
soft
full
lips.

Wondered what
that blistering
cold salt water
drop-let
would
taste-like.

I'd imagine
it was the purest
cleanest
water
known to man.

Then man
hadn't polluted
it

yet!

-x-

Alistair Plint

Geppetto.

A unique declaration
she does;
the girl
I call
Geppetto.

Oh no,
it's not that
she's old
or gray.
She's incapable
of carving
existence from
lumber.

She does
have
me
(with about ten other
unsuspecting male
candidates)
thoughtless.
Controlling
my fantasy
like
a marionette
on a thread.

I linger
in the hours
of witches
and dream
of a fairy
to respire
existence
deep into my
lungs.
Make a real man
from the lifeless

script,
imagination
and controlled
sentiment -
in the depths
of my
wicked
desire
and
fairytale.

In the
sweet-sales
part of the
pretentious
story,
it's not
my nose
that's
on the rise.
(Though my crotch
has been known
to respond.)

I suppose there
is a time
no matter
how dark our
hearts are,
that we
begin
to cut
our own ties
and breathe
our own life
into our
Oregon-Pine
souls.

At least
this allows us
to instruct

our limbs
as we
wave...

good-bye.

-x-

Alistair Plint

Grow Up Kid

Never kissed the devil
or held her hand
Spoke through her
till 4 in the morning

Swore I'd never love
her

So then why has the
fairy-god-mother
left a scar below the
left-man-boob?

They say Satan builds
soul connections first
I don't have a soul
to connect to; so

I'm a good mess

-x-x-x-

Alistair Plint

I Am Sky.

i.

pyrotechnics spark
anger in bright light
firing bolts of electricity
roaring through
tenor and bass voices
thundering between
thick mammatus
cotton wool
stuffed in the blackest hate

just weather, much like humanity

ii.

nursery rhymes and songs
keep beat to skipping ropes
hopscotch and marbles;
after the swing is left
laughing tears of joy
in the summer ultra violet rays
of pure happy, energy;
drifting to a milky dreamworld
in galaxies of fairy lights and
glowworms spinning circles
like an innocent game
of ring a rosies
just before bed time

I am the sky, much like a playground

x

Alistair Plint

I Can't Find A Plural For "You".

If we
just
lay it out
on a table
The truth would be
something as ridiculous
as you stole
my marriage
[and I loved it]

I'd do it again too...
over
and
over

It's most likely
that my pen
wrote the future
in a history context

I'm not claiming to be Houdini
but
she'd have stayed
if I never met you
or
studied your panties
while I
wrote
her goddam
end

You're just a bucket of lust
that's why I love
you

Then again
I don't write the truth

I do

butterflies, flowers
birds, worms
and
bees.

-x-

Alistair Plint

In Moments, Like These.

Forking out
more cash, than the president has
just to maintain life
chews at my heart like
vultures on a skinless
carcass
(though, the heart is just a shape)

Does it matter, that I'm unacceptable?

Who knows, yet we can label it

If they asked me to
choose a relationship status;
with choices like
single or
taken
I'd almost certainly
ink the words
"who.... cares"
to the monitor
in permanent marker
then burn bread
(Don't have a toaster)

Or sit and stare at the stars
for hours and hours
before I
sleep
with the moon
holding on to
that feeling
in my gut
"done it"!

And loved it

[.]

Alistair Plint

Know Me

Like a Peacock
Tail feathers
spread wide
a colorful array
of every
masculine
bone
in the core
of the
mental
spirit

But feathers
fall
Kids
pick them up
Use them
to catch
a life
of dreams
come true

While the male bird
with the experience
and mind
The heart of flowers
the spirit
of a future
is set aside
unattended

The feathers begin
to wilt and grey
That bird's
heart
will die
today

[.]

Alistair Plint

Life Hurts Like Hell

However, there is but one place
I choose to
no longer
co-exist
expecting
safety and a
satin path for
bare feet to tread;
while I journey
towards
the light of
eternal peace

Amen!

Alistair Plint

Life That Should Be Taken

I stopped
to smell a flower

A
tiny
yellow
flower
that
eyed
the
morning
sun-rise
through the tar

Just walked
between
the trucks
the motor bikes
the cars
hogging
and hooting
the motorway

bent down
to a knee
to smell the
yellow
flower

With
horrifying
speed
the determined
Vee eight
engine
proved it's
masculinity
passed us

I was left
to write the story
The flower
didn't

make

it

Sometimes the wrong prayer
is answered
or the right prayer
is answered
on the wrong
subject

[.]

Alistair Plint

Making Noise.

The mist settles
That African sun warms through the
crisp, winter breath;
the season smells
fresh
clean
pure

Between the daily noises
lights, mobile phones
bicycles, motorbikes, cars
and trucks

There rests a silence
that birds hear
before they whisper
mating call songs
to the leaves of wise trees
and lost evergreens

There's a dose of the
medicinal
in that quiet moment
that rests inside us
like a pillow
waiting
on a bed
for nightfall
-while the sheets sleep

Preparing for a
morning alarm
and
wake-up-call

-X-

Mammoth Astrogation.(The Steampunk Journals) .

Babbage-Engine-Entry 1001
Cat-Lap

Tick tock, tickety tock
it's no skilamalink
steam be bellowing
over our chronological clock
Awaiting hands
of copper fame
to reside at six
and twelve, again
Let lubricants
fuel gears, grinding cogs
across the blind face
of alternative history's grace
Steam for brew
beans to grind
with enthusimuzzy, the barrister
furnishing the perfect trend
Ace-high
-a new aroma
-a fresh new blend

Babbage-Engine-Entry 1002
Damfino

Tick tock, tickety tock
Anthracite burning below
pipes on brass-cocks
Pumping water
through the shrine
warming to boil
precipitation prime
Single-sided-valves
syphon steam
from the engine's hull

images synchronised
to a fireless hell
When the aeronaut
lifts the berth to propell
the Bloater's basket shell

Babbage-Engine-Entry 1003
Mad as hops

Tick tock, tickety tock
The buor astrogator's turn
she's mounted on the
copper-urn
with gigantic
cupid's kettle drums
Suspenders peak
from her leather-corsett
The angelic voice, cuts a swell
sharing
aria on strings
whilst mist rises from the
welded faucet-rings
Under the floor a viola sings
bringing with it
bright colours, to adore
with lightning-light
from her Edison's glass
She investigates his
jewellery bright;
through her
monocle of shiny brass
Then she proudly sighs
in final
-grateful
-orgasmic
flutter-byes

Babbage-Engine-Entry 1004
Chuckaboo

Tick tock, tickety tock
Townfolk mafficking
at the clock
with giggles and skittles
to sample
goblets, mugs, and cups
poured from the
barrister's newest
copper-Arbuckle-pots
Pirates in leather
and satin sheer
arived on ships
Philieas Fog had steered
All and sundry stood
be feared;
dash my wig
they'd taken voyage
in just
eight days of toyage

Babbage-Engine-Entry 1005
Church-bell

Tick tock, tickety tock
The candy can began
with every bit 'o jam
the duchess is wearing
her royal frock
we're building a revolution
without the pop
In with the metal, out with the plastic
in with the charming years of olde
from the stories, we've been told
Adorning top-hat, gas-pipes,
waistcoat, and tails
The prince
a rather bricky man, invented
The-Poem-Metric-Meter

(all rather afternoonified)
an analytical engine of
wide advance, it chomps on
words, grammar, alliteration
similies, methaphores
and personification
With wires, guages
and electro-steam soar
calculating sums of engineered truth
evidence on brass beaded abacus roots
the perfect word-brews
to award a trophy
for the winning few
who've taken the egg
and punked the english language
To be knighted, poetic esquire
with a giggle-mug
using swords and holy water
at a clock unveiling banquet
with bit 'o jams
kings, and lords
tot hunting on the crawl
All butter upon bacon

-x-

There shall be no collie shangles, it makes a stuffed bird laugh!

Alistair Plint

Matta-Magic.

Less is not more
rest assured
if one is
removed
borrowed
or taken
That's one
forsaken
never to be
one secured

xoxo

Alistair Plint

Monotonous.

Seated on the same
cold-steel-bench
outside the same
high care ward
in the same
local hospital
Thinking the same
thoughts on life
Nodding greetings
at the same
nurses and carers

Praying their hands
will have a different
outcome;
it is afterall
a different person
in that same old
bed on wheels

Alistair Plint

Mystical.

As the sun beats
ultra-violet rays
whip
her soft-pink
petals

She begins
to bend
twist
fold
weave

Each individual
wrapping
brings a rusty
golden
brown
decay
from the edge
to the velvet
touch
center
where they meet

With thorns
in her sides
she collides
with deathly
tired
boredom

The process begins
each petal
waits its turn,
and
falls to the ground
revealing
her once
soft

innocent
core

Then finally
she is naked
and bare
Just a tarnished
lifeless bud
representing
what she

used

to

be

And her name was Rose

Alistair Plint

Non-Goddess-A.

As real
as the abstract
Maybelline, pouring down
your mimed face
dripping -
drip
after
drip

As deep
as the dark
grim-lecherous-lip-service
full yet scornful

Wide as the cavity left
where your
emotion & blood Pump
once resided

As intoxicating as your
bound
reserved
sheer nylon
restraints
united-tightly
around your
Cameo
legs
suspended
hogtied
and hooked
to your
hips

I curse you
for your
sensuality
I detest
your

sexuality
I disregard your
desperation
and I lounge here
assessing
your sexiest moment
was the time you
transformed
yourself
into a
wreck

And you enjoyed it
As, did I

I stare
at your
naked
temple
and ask myself
what on earth
I am
doing here
again?

Of course
I am male.
(A prejudicial excuse I know)
Oh Rubbish -

I am just me

[.]

Alistair Plint

Of Ghostly Dreamers.

And trains depart stations
in nondescript places
with hidden conductors
unseen drivers and
headless engineers
Passengers bereft of baggage
and tall as the doorway
stand queing to meet

The ghouls of the dark
tiptoe in your slumber
leaving graffiti all over
the walls

The bed being raised on
six sturdy bricks, with the
blankets all soaked up in
garlic. We dream what we
read and dream what we
see and continue to write
what we care of

In slumber and love
we walked hand in hand
straight backed to
our own promised land
Where we wrote of our care
with a quill like flair
and told stories of our
ghosts and their dreamers

-x-

Alistair Plint

Photograph.

Memories of a forgotten past
forgotten people
or a time
cast aside
Family sunsets
natural profiles
& unspoken history
sometimes light,
mostly dark.

Remember
the clothes we wore
that crazy haircut,
then we laugh.
Every mum has one of their
now grown - babies - bare - bum.
In my town, each house
has a sepia print
of the great
forefathers
outside a
mining store.

We are proud of some
first day at school
first scout badge
sport trophies
graduation
or the first car.

We have those
we regret
just one
to many glasses
or a quick
judgment whim.
When the moment got so hot
we didn't notice
the flash

during the
slap and tickle.
The mug-shot with a
finger-print.
The one the
search engines find,
that we can't explain.

Some are prints
and some are
just remembered
on a 'quick-stick'.

Where do you treasure them?

I keep mine
in an old box
labelled it
'men's-toys'
stole the phrase from Webster.
But its okay
he's photo of then
has him at
under ten.

Back to my question

Where do you store yours?

Click!

Alistair Plint

Plastic.

U-PVC shrouds cheeks
like vinyl forklift seats
stolen for the Bobcat
to hide diamonds
while floating
circumferences of the law

Smiling,
"work is done";
believing we are miners
Having never set foot
on open pits
It's done for blood;
sometimes money
Just to watch
gift-wrapped smiles
and";thank you honey";

Lips full of nylon beads
filling Thermosetting Polymers
blinding the eyes
welded in place
by fusion of melted PVC

Staring in the mirror

This make up
that I wear
is not permanent;
washing away
in water

[.]

Alistair Plint

Ramble In Airwaves

Dumped the television
only six months
back
It was filling my mind
with scripts
that should be
on the junk heap
in debris

I stroll into work
every morning
filling my throat with caffeine
listening
to the office
chatter
In wonder
of something new
to converse about

Alas that's wishful thinking

Seems the IQ in this place
spans as far as
Dexter
The humour is as ripe
as Two and Half Men
and they're lead to believe
CSI is a true story

I imagine
the evening routine
includes
slapping any thought of
an ingredient
on a plate
They're probably lucky if it's
cooked
Fall to the room, with the view
discuss nothing

while they watch some
overpaid
overfed
nobody
tell them
how they should have
manufactured it

I wonder if they've
realised
their kids have grown
or if they're still communicating
in words like
"gaga";

while hours that mount to days
are spent
feeding
minds
with a digital delay
and little of value to say

[.]

Alistair Plint

Rock Hard Heart.

She stole my rock
on a Saturday
Cracked the code
that Sunday
Unwrapped the Kevlar
on Monday

and dropped it

Shattered fragments
of ore and core
rock and quarts
scattered across
the floor

Leaving
that
familiar
fading
away

It takes years
to build
a rock hard
heart

Minutes to mine it
Seconds to crush
into powder

No time
at all
to sweep up
and
discard

[.]

She's Running Bath Water.

Worked retail
for dinner vouchers
most of the strong years
Time spent earning
taxation coffers

Learned to hate Fridays
Retail Fridays are
repetitive hell
leaving the best
spent
exhausted

Eight months ago
life happened
Friday nights transformed into
magical times

I do the entrance
married men
take for granted
Walk up
outside my home
put the key in the door
open it
just enough

Shout
"hunny, I'm home!"

These days
I live for Fridays

xxx

Alistair Plint

Solo.

The hail beats the tin roof of this old house
like a previous century stoning
the ice crashing on the corrugated steel
is reminiscent of a
Rick Allen solo
The idiot in me keeps looking up
as if the steel pressed ceiling is taking the beating
The angle these golf ball icicles are coming at
concerns the large glass window panes
they look like they'll shake themselves
into cracks of disaster across
the wooden floor boards

I fold myself into a ball
on the leather couch
covered in last night's jacket
and comforted by my latest Amazon acquisition
"Mockingbird Wish Me Luck"
I suffer the noise to read magnificence
then realise
this house echoes without you

It's been far too long, I need you
just to sit here and say nothing
just to be here and touch
just to make this book worth reading
I find the poem
the poem I wanted to read, the one
"Girl in a miniskirt reading the bible"
that poem

As I edge into the page
I realise I don't remember what earrings you wear,
how many gold bangles rest on your arm
or how long your legs are
I realise
that you don't move to my symphony
move to my rhythm
and I don't play it for you

I don't play it for you, any longer

You were once my god

[.]

Alistair Plint

Stay Blue.

i.

Pyrotechnics spark
anger in
bright light
firing bolts
of electricity
roaring through
tenor and
bass voices;
thundering
between thick
mammatus
cotton-wool
stuffed in the
blackest hate

just weather
much like humanity

ii.

nursery rhymes
keeping beat to
skipping ropes
hopscotch, and marbles;
after the swing
laughs tears of joy
in summer's
ultra violet rays
of pure, happy
energy
Drifting to a
milky dreamworld
in galaxies of fairy-lights
and glowworms
spinning circles
like innocent games
of ring-a-rosies

-just before bed time

I am the sky
much like a playground

[x]

Alistair Plint

Swansong Re-Sung.

Temptation.

Humming breathlessly
at
your feet.
Gracefully
wrapped
in
restless dreams
of our future,
no longer.

Keeping our
candle alive
would be
stronger.
Are we
just sadist
at heart?

Chorus
the eventless
space
we now fill.

As darkness sets,
in a blinking moment
a-flash-of-sheer-bright-light
trickling
through
the universal
meta-tags
that once
bound us.

And the purity
of a
choir voice
echoing

my last
attempted
breath

before you say

the word

Alistair Plint

The ' D ' Word.

i. A sign

"To be continued."
left on the
bedroom door
reminding him of
disregarded yesterday
As it is read
shattered
fragments of
life's windscreen
appear vividly
like a dress rehearsal
for the afterlife

But the man has
emotions
Whilst sheltered
they speak volumes
sharing
his cracked
dislocated
heart
with society and the rest
of this unforgiving
world

ii. An affirmation
just two
words, was where
this tormented
bliss began
The rubix
riddle he's
clutching
becomes apparent

Yet still
in depths of

consciousness
the heart
races
chanting
alarming
retorts
Screaming
"suicide"
from the depths
of dark
unexercised
bass-less
beats
Yet it remembers
those three letters,
oh how easily
he shouted

"I do! "

studying
new verse
Two new words
prompted
to say
at a moment
opportune

He studies them
learns them
rehearses them
auditions
in front
of his reflection
in her full length
wall mirror
Finally he finds
enthusiasm
in his voice
as he blurts
six letters,

in harmonious
dissonance

"The End."

-x-

Alistair Plint

The Crossover Effect.

Pitter patter, pitter patter
new walking feet drag and step
on the laminate mock tree that
covers the floor
under the Persian rug.

And a beach ball floats past gently...

An excited smile crosses her face
boasting the half inch gap between
both front teeth.
And for the first time today
my heart is filled with joy.

-x-

Alistair Plint

The Praying Hands

A letter published to
my spirit
would
burn
in a blaze, ignited
with
no
match, spark
or flare

The envelope
would
leave confetti
spewed
in the
lawn
like snow flakes
dropping in a
hail storm

As searing sparks
combust the appetite
for meditation
When fueled addresses
drench the dreams
I held true

Staring; at the oasis
that
promised everlasting
life and
white wings on a halo
I wonder, sometimes
if what artistic humans
write
say
and do

is ever true?

-x-

Alistair Plint

Thoughts Of A Sunday Wind

As the large trees sway
to the breath or gusts
of shallow winds blowing
fresh sunday air at the face

some stay to count leaves
rich with
green colour
spinal textures

some leave with the aggravation
of morning breath
or chips of bark
in the eyes

others choose this time
for a
family holiday

Took divorce
to learn the difference
between
a vacation
and a family
holiday

[.]

Alistair Plint

Thumbs Up!

Dear Child.

The world rotates;
with it your
little life
will
change
and permeate.

Today it starts
a rotation,
a change of
station -
I hope to God,
you've been served well.

I pray
today
my foundation
is enough
to revolve
your world
managing the
navigation.

May your life be filled
with laughter
and smiles.

If you close
your eyes;
we can
imagine,
you came
to visit

even if,
only for
eskimo-kisses.

-x-

Alistair Plint

Time Is Ten To Two

Well, I could have looked at
my wrist
my mobile
Chose to stare toward heavens
sun, torturing my iris
soaking through'
the steel structure
holding it's unkempt
Roman-Numeral
facade
Distinguishing
between
venerable
rusted arms
and the
dust-grime-dirt
that
would need
only
face cleanser
on a sponge

[.]

Alistair Plint

Time To Fly.

My child; it's time to fly

[Use those
fairy-wings
they've served you
well]

Wish on Rainbows

look for flowers

find excitement

in the eyes of other's

Don't search for love

Don't deny him

if it finds you

Yes the song is right

"wear sunscreen"

But also eat ice cream

When other's walk

choose to run

But stop, sometimes

and listen to your heart

Work hard, but it's not everything

above all laugh

Laugh like everything is

hilarious

Don't stop dancing

Take your body seriously

trust your gut

and when you fall

please stand up

Take your time

to think things through

Keep your manners

there

where you can find them to

Donate some time
to something good
Avoid hand-outs
they can hurt you

Dream, Big Dreams
follow them
Don't give up
Hold passions dear
keep up with them

Feed the spirit and your own
Build belief
on knowledge
you own

Spend your time on
the people
you find rare
Let them care

Keep this note
in your pocket
Read it
when, you need it
Above all

"I love you";

-x-

Alistair Plint

Untitled Poet.

if there was one last dance sweet-wild-child, it would be with you my love.
breaking the line till my feet bled while the music broke the rhythm in my head.
if one last poem was written, i'd write it for you love. search the metaphors,
similes and alliteration from the depths of the heart, till blood no longer
circulated. type each word with so much care that my fingers would cramp filling
it with so many words it would challenge the dictionary. if there was one last
breath beautiful woman i'd use it to lock lips with you. gasp it and hold it, left
with the taste of you swirling in my being and sucking you in to feed me for
eternity.

if i fall again, i want to fall into you babe from the top floor of the empire estate,
a free fall because i love you. if there is one last prayer woman i pray i never
again would have to lock you away and that we could live together love inked in
each others lives, even if only for my very last day, my lovely.

-x-

Alistair Plint

Vegas Tears.

Behind the
over-powdered-face
is a yarn
proportionate in length
to the years
it took to create.

The smile paint
contrasts his
white face
hiding
wrinkles of life -
skin creases of sorrow
and blemishes of pain.

Over sized shoes pray
for laughter-
the antidote of
callous,
from tortured
roads
travelled.

The polka-dot
bow-tie
hides rope-scars,
that choke-his-neck.

Mime
is a necessity,
his voice would
give his truth away.

Never, have I seen him cry.

He wears his pain
deep in his
love-less
heart.

Tears flow
between
his skin
and
copyright
expression.

Was it joy or sorrow
that evolved
from blue-collar
to red-nose?

A need
to please,
perhaps?

-x-

Alistair Plint

Watercolour Dreams & Leather Mem

then...

dreams in the darkness

A metamorphosis

growing up

pubescent splendour

in pastels

& mini skirts

With pale skies

& watercolour

dreams

like flowered

tiaras

hell-bound

on growth

& success

Paled

bruised

& clinching

a future

rich in anatomic

wonder

An aftermath

of a path full

Memorised by

heart

Lived in the

blood

-x-

Alistair Plint

Well Hello.

The twisted
analogue signal
on a defunct television
or the old record player
that only plays in reverse
broadcast
the same songs
in a different order
never to sound
the same

They'd all
need a cover girl
she'd need
to be special
the inspiration
for their
space

whilst friendship
and caring
is what the
editors
will always share
some-days
this unkind world
grants
a second

here and now

just so we can

say

hello

Alistair Plint

Why Does The Moon Hide?

Kayla
stands at my side

We stare out there
we revel in the feel
of softly sprayed
salty-humid-mist
on our faces

Tortuous-thunderous-waves
break in our ears
The warm foot wash
beneath our beached
toes cleanses gently
and she smiles

Her hand drifts upwards
rests comfortably in my palm
no words are spoken
no voice is heard or raised

We communicate

I learn
I hear
See all three years
of my daughter's life
revealed

She changes the topic

'big moon dad'
her innocent voice exclaims

Before, she lays it on me

'why does it hide
behind the clouds?
Is it also

scared
of the
sharks

dad'?

Alistair Plint

Worldly Words.

Pressure

pulverizes
the veins
in the brain
vessel
They count down
to explosion
from ten

Blood
brain
tissue
bone
splattering
explosion

The voices
are at
three

The
body
paused
at

four

[.]

Alistair Plint

Zuma - Ville

A Zebra lives in my road
on the corner a gorilla counts horses
Birds sing songs of love on the roof
of a Lion's mud-hut home. Where I live a
Cheetah outruns a Kudu, to the beat
of an African drum,
Kids are stepping in elephant dung.

People laugh at this -
my African drum.

I smile in the knowledge that
it is this or...

A dealer lives on my road
On the corner, police count bribes;
prostitutes sing words of lust on the palace
roof of the president's castle. Where I live a
murderer outruns a hijacker, to the beat
of a rapist's hum,
I'm appalled by the bullet, in a 10 year lung.

People die at this -
the beat of the real African drum.

Alistair Plint