

Poetry Series

**Andy Brookes**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2019

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Andy Brookes(11 May 1954)

A writer of trifles and whimsies constructions of air soon forgotten.

# A Cats Paw

It tickles my fancy watching the cat tickle fish, which reminds me of your fishing for compliments.

a complimentary book landed on the door mat.

pouncing on it like a cat, which strangely pounced on it too.

we tugged at war and wrestled each other, paper shredded.

who won I thought as I wandered into the kitchen in search of comfort and coffee.

You had left as usual with no goodbye.

all you'd left were coffee dregs, a metaphor for your thoughtlessness,

so we were coffee-less.

so off to the coffee house, not a house made of coffee but a sales outlet.

the drink was sharp and bitter which no amount of cream disguised.

when I get home as usual you had had all the cream.

me and the cat sulk in different corners,

like two boxers waiting for the bell to ring for the next round.

me because you've left your usual mess, the cat because you'd forgotten the kitty food again.

scrounging a tin of tuna from across the way, making a sandwich with stale bread.

I divide the fish between me and the cat, who though now fed, is still fed up and eyes my sandwich with beady thieving eyes.

I ignore her and she retreats with her familiar disdain.

is she your familiar? like some medieval witch.

Waiting for you to return, which I know,

and it's so annoying will return her purr.

all I get is the hackles and fur balls.

I who feed her, brush her and take her to the vet, she treats as an undervalued servant;

whilst you oh light of my light which I do not say lightly, do nothing for her, is treated to her affection.

She was my cat after all. but she only lights up in your presence.

so I'm off, in a huff, to the pub.

P.S your dinners in the cat.

Andy Brookes

# A Is For Art A Conversation With The Muse

'Don't you hate art with a capital A?' asks the Muse

'Precious.' she adds 'Anything that needs to be capitalised, is but empty air.  
Unmade beds or calves in formaldehyde, I'd rather have the stink rotten flesh'

'But I say the Muses are Art with a capital A.'

'Au contraire mon ami.' she snaps back

'Art with a capital A is like the Emperors New Clothes.'

'Oh I say.' not understanding.

'Empty spaces.' she elucidates 'for empty heads, a critics critique.' she adds mysteriously. Glory for the trend setters.

'You are a snob.' I fire back

'That I am but of the inverted variety.' She smiles her Mona Lisa smile.

'There you go imitating Art with a capital A.' I reply rather smugly

'No.' She crows. 'Art imitates me for as you know I am Art.'

A circular argument I think but before I can reply she has gone, traitorously, to some other more worthy head than mine.

I finish my red wine, time for bed I think.

Andy Brookes

# A Little Life?

Writing outside sequential linear time's unimportant  
tales open, meandering life ordinates messy stutterings, heart judders,  
soul searching.

Her story much like others filled with little deeds, mundane acts,  
how to judge a small life of little action but much kindness

though her wisdom is now lost to me and I mourn it's passing.  
I came late into her story, a bit part, she in turn left mine early,  
taking her final bow with style and grace, as the curtain fell.

How to take the measure her life that I find the hardest to unravel.

Andy Brookes

# A Picnic For Freud

Here is no self awareness, just a bundle of feeling,  
felled trees with rotting stumps.  
thoughts not unanimous. drifting dissonant anthems  
a ticker tape of unreadable holes.  
hard by the credos, priests ingrained our sins.

that filter on the stream of conciseness  
ragged red rawness as blindly we stagger on.

wondering about self love, such traitorous thoughts,  
swirl with self abnegation, clashes against opprobrium.

refrains run deep unworthy of love vanities long bonfired  
sad entities slide sweeping against desert storms  
which subside leaving the soul scoured but the mind?  
Freud would have field day.

Andy Brookes

# A Sonnet In Victorian High Gothic Style

Shall I know you beloved afterwards;  
Sprints fair flowers dead, brown upon your grave.  
cut down fair youth upon death's cruel sword,  
where others less worthy, God did them save.  
remembering you among Autumn leaves,  
which fall so swift, on dreary passing days.  
sorrows colour soft tears of he who grieves  
death's price too hard, with guilt in sorrow pays  
but there in your bliss are vouch saved in grace.  
rose crowned, glorious in heaven's surety.  
yet I will surely sink to that fiery place  
soul roasting there for all eternity  
Still, I may, in God's love escape that fate  
and cast my new cleansed soul at heaven's gate.

Andy Brookes



# A Tongue In Cheek (An Homage To William Blake)

Computer!Computer! burning bright  
I can see your twinkling lights  
What masterpiece of technology  
Made thee, we askverily.

In what deep and distant place  
Did man firsttaste?  
Making some of us just waste,  
As we conjure, cut and paste.

Your circuit boards do well fit,  
When first you, in triumph you lit.  
With what great invention and wit  
At your key board we do sit.

The internet it's fair to say,  
Has given us a universal way.  
To speak to others cross the seas  
Around the world from A to Zs

We are but mortal man,  
Help us see it if we can.  
If there is, a long term godly plan  
Or will it all, go down the pan.

Computer!Computer! Burning bright  
I can see your twinkling lights  
A masterpiece of technology  
Made thee, we askverily.

Andy Brookes

# Afternoon Muse

No inspiration the pen lies abandoned.  
I feel desiccated, a husk, dry as old parchment.

Glaring at me the creamy white paper lies like a vacant lot  
or a fall fresh snow, cold, on a patch of lawn.

lawn an old word for linens; the connections not lost.

'I miss your little.'the emphasis on little 'constructions.' she said

which makes me feel like a scaffolder  
'your prissy precise prose.'she alliterates.

I feel my ire rise.  
she has a twinkle in her eyes, green, deep as oceans, flecked with kelp.

I begin to write as she sashays to the window lighting a cigarette.  
her silhouette writhes in smoke and turns smiling the victor.

Andy Brookes

# Arising At Stupid O'clock

tick tock tonic time tintinnabulations.

Wake,wake, cries the clock, alarmed, pointing accusing fingers.

I rise, panicked,cut myself shaving, a blood offering to Chronos.

Unmade bed 'sruffled sheetsstare in mute disapprobation on moral grounds.

Missing the bus, its tail lights seem to laugh missed again you puffing fool,  
throwing exhaust fumes in my face while I fume

should I go back to bed? I think,no others depend on me,  
so waiting in the raindrop's, cursing the god of misfortune.  
and visualising my umbrella unclaimed by the front door.

Andy Brookes

# Awaiting Sentences

They were patient I'll give them that as they formed a not so orderly queue stretching around the building as if waiting to be sentenced in a court they all wanted to made sense of.

occasionally one would jostleanother out of the way feeling, as they were old, to get preferential treatment. the newer ones were pushy but that's only to be expected

the young have no patience, so what's new there?  
on the whole, I thought, they are being good today,  
as I formed them into sentences, sometimes its good to write.

words can be so obstinate

Andy Brookes

# Awakening Supernova

Inner, outer, laminated onions skins  
life crustications, volatile alluvium  
tectonic ramifications

auscultate coronary, flying bumpy rock  
steering towards teeming existance unbroken

circulatory planetoids wavering staggering courses  
enlightenment comes only at the end titanic explosion

Andy Brookes

# Balanced

we stand on that knife edge  
between love and pain;  
lust and desire, the fine line,  
to caress or crush, destroy.

love and hate so closely allied  
an alloy of emotions, melded close,  
they are a hairs breath apart.  
a mercurial moment, an epiphany.

we balance between light and dark  
a dusky twilight place  
the blur where they meet  
that is where our love is.

Andy Brookes

# Banking Banksy

shredded art form hangs  
hanging desecration strips  
millions added

Andy Brookes

# Beach

Bow down  
canting  
fashion plates  
wailing sunsets  
revels fire red  
casting pebbles  
skipper  
flipper  
seals wave  
sleek black bodies  
ocean blue  
day casts off  
leaving no clue about tomorrow

Andy Brookes



# Beautiful Flaws

loving natures disorderly order.  
perfect imperfection.

diamond flawed heart.  
crooked dry stone walls  
patchwork itchens yellow, pink, emerald

crook in a tree,  
ruffled feathers.  
ragged scrub

wild roses scrambling, blood red  
rocks tumbled scree

tortured imperial purple heather  
only perfect at a distance,

grass ripples wave after wave  
meandering muddy river

.  
your crooked smile  
such perfect imperfection.

Andy Brookes

# Beyond The Beyond

leaving without our permission, taking the umbrella of your love  
on your long journey towards the setting sun ironically for you, a new dawn.

trying to dog your footprints, holding back the tide of the inevitable,  
your tracks dissolve at the boarder, our bodies, earth rooted, were too heavy to  
follow.

Andy Brookes

## Blue Bathed Birth

sapphire blue, snarl lemon drops,  
amber sea swept insect caught.  
words falling on stony ears  
bouncing echos of the fall.

leaves shiny emerald but diamonds dew  
shines in orchards rare sparks pearlescent dawn  
moon rises birthed from the granite sea  
blood red wolf bit, shadow lit.

blue and blue and bluer yet  
a month of Sundays hue.  
sapphire shines matched only by your lazuline eyes.

Andy Brookes

# Box Framed

transient moments bearing no notation, resurgent thoughts swirl.  
I dreamed you next to my body once upon a precious time,  
your name whispered on the breeze, my tongue softens at the sound  
a bouquet of remembered rose petals and white carnations now lie brown.

was I that other person looking out the tarnished frame, so young?  
Your laugh care free arm, draped on shoulders, lopsided grin  
ideals worn on tattered sleeves, sparse paper culled from bookends.  
writing odes with cupid's dart, poverty a fly on the wall,  
a shadow, the sword's hunger hung, stomach gnawing for love and life  
so we ate grass and nettles and thought it a banquet now but bitter herbs.

earth has swallowed whole those desires and that other framed  
now seasoned dry bones, in nailed oak box, potted in clay cold and deep and  
Cupid's dart lies broken, alone, just a stone on display  
to mark the death of love and life and dreams.

Andy Brookes

# Bully Beef

Memories dissolve charcoal edged, smudges on the peripheries of frames; faces swirl some glad to recall, others, not so.

Facebook page turns memories Bully Beef returns haunting, taunting dark demons, red.

scrolling down I meet one on Facebook  
telling him how he treated me and guess what?  
he never even remembered me, this school yard thug  
tormentor of dreams.

so he says hows it going and I think why did I waste my  
tears and sleepless nights on this guy who doesn't even remember my name?

then I realise I can close the book case closed and never think of him again.

Andy Brookes

# Buzz

essence of flowers  
honey running down the jar  
a bee in amber

Andy Brookes

# Calverinic

poor carpenters son puts down the plane, begins to speak plainly  
spirits taken hold, whiskey in the ling basalt dark nights for an oxidiated soul.  
cutting to the bones of contentions, seeing how many cliches can fill a line, so  
much wood pulp and sawdust

sawing off more than he can chew, spitting out the word. Yes. THE WORD and it  
was flesh they say, bibliographical.

flesh is but a Carpenters son, dad unknown, who should have been a butcher or  
a lawyer.

words, only words, they say, but machine gunssplatter, patter, clatter  
vortices;rumbling splutter forth, bulletin bullets from THE WORD and flaming  
bonfires burn

wars were fought for words, not just words of justice, there is non he cries in his  
wilderness; self made of his soul, imprisoned mind hearing in that spectral  
nightwords THE WORD from bushes burning brightly.

from the rough hewn pine that hangs a man on his consanguineous gallows rusty  
clout nailed, a bloody end fora Carpenters son.

heaven wept they say.

should have been a poet or a minstrel this man of word THE WORD or won X  
factor

he had the talent but following the trail of blood it leads to?  
the truth, what truth? whose truth? nepotistic fake truth?

THE WORD what is the word is a better question asked.

Andy Brookes

# Cat Caught Rat Or The Dragons Dead

Reciprocity is missing, my puzzle unfinished; sharing is like giving part of you away.

we are Gothic acid etched statues, Notre Dames dames but still though we are crumbling stones we see through dimmed eyes the brighter stars in infamous infra red.

fear of what is not is the same as what is.

go on slay the dragon she said and I took her at her word but she said poor dragon what have you done?

she decided to make me pay. Ave Maria's and Pater Nostra's her blood geld.

Topsy Turvy she may be and as contrary as the wind but then you know that the world is never easy.

essay yourself into my shoes those Ruby slippers rub and pinch, blister the heel.

we are defined in no dictionary like the galumff or snark.

we just say Reciprocity is missing and move on.

Andy Brookes



# Checkmate

When all the stars have gone out, one by one,  
with not one left to gaze upon  
so to, the moon, her shimmering glow has lost  
faintly seen naught but shaded ghost  
in that black lonely firmament  
only the sad abandoned angels will lament

Andy Brookes

# Cinders

unable to pin thought,  
whispered quiet seeping undulations  
seeing space between the meaning of words.  
addicted to metaphor and injecting alliteration  
word sprayed fine mist on to thin evaporating euphemisms

love, a spiky word between us,  
separated thorny issues speared.

falling out of love, Cupid crashed and burned  
scorching us in our passion, singeing wings,  
we yet bear its scars if not its lessons.

Andy Brookes

# Clarion Call

seat of nature upon hill's brow in chiaroscuro morning mist,  
sweet briar comes to blazing light nestling place for speckled eggs.  
thorn battalions protect the site with spiky woody spears  
wherein lies your mate hidden in warm bastion secure.

here you raise insecurity next season's wings.  
Warrior like from his rock looking down on moist earth, tilled and turned.  
worms wriggling in dark pungent new ploughed sod.  
rations for hungry mouths agape and wide to feed.

bright flashes your signal warns off rivals for your love  
cock sure, you sing your clarion call from tree tops throne.  
challenging with acute black eye and lanced sharp beak  
A miniature knight dressed in brown and red.

Andy Brookes

# Clothesline

breezy this morning  
wind winds round the washing  
hanging like forlorn body parts  
or newly cleansed souls  
awaiting reconstruction or rebirth  
not quite sure.

Andy Brookes

# Compositors All

average is average  
silk purses and sows ears meet  
mediocrity rules

Andy Brookes

# Conjuring Magic Thoughts

wishing I could write like a child, to speak truth and have no fear;  
see through innocent eyes in a playground of the small things  
but not small thoughts to limit imagination.

words get in the way, people get in the way, with their double meanings.  
double standards, which double me up with body blows in double time.

sly asides push you aside, lost in others agendas, needs and wants. getting side  
stepped.

stepped on, hit with responsibility, burned by ice, adulthood's heavy the price.

longing for where once we had universes to play in, not these small boxed in  
spaces,  
that fit awkwardly to hamper and shackle, dampening the spirit, bound to earth.  
stuck among small thoughts, with small joys, the horizon does not seem  
limitless,  
in this limited world of making our daily bread. a slogging daily existence.

still doors do open like a flower, fragile and tenuous and I venture out in to the  
sunlight and freedom; trying to keep the window of imagination open yet even  
that has narrowed to a lancet light,  
though a thin beam of purity making the heart skip, I delve deep into  
imagination's cupboard  
looking for inspiration in a world gone cold, strait jacketed and evermore  
contracted.  
yet there in the bottom of the box, I find, like Pandora, a jewel called hope.

Andy Brookes

# Cosmic Compressions

only in darkness find light, an emptiness so full its bursting,  
encircling spectral voids, truth's shivering in frozen space.

electrons unseen whizz, dying minuscule falling bodies,  
hit by too many bullets, explode in tiny sparks of evolution.

in that nothing lies everything, seen and unseen,  
tiny abstract worlds like none we know, inter-dimensional leap frog.

light bending around blankness, bright suns illumination lost;  
we poor travellers looking for enlightenment finding only critical mass

seeking dark spaces for it is there the light is hidden  
an ever grinding black hole so full it bursting with hidden light.

pulverised talcum powder thoughts to gain a dusting of knowledge  
so look for the light in the dark.

Andy Brookes

# Cosmic Jumble

who I wonder is this sad eyed creature staring back with enigmatic eyes?  
someone once said that it was the creator looking out at his creation trying to  
workout what was this manifestation.

well if the creator can't work us out who the hell can  
what's the point except making faulty images of the deity, images of that we  
define as a patriarchal God.

the creator is genderless or genderfull being yin and yang or male female an  
intersex if to you like.

wrong.

I am what I am the creator says.

great, more enigmas to ponder.

God or creator as a construct of the all knowing enlightened wisdom the Hagia  
Sophia.

No, we got that wrong, I think it's just as mixed up as we.

what we are left with is ultimate man constructed deity, our spiritual comfort  
blanket, a metaphorical thumb to suck, if you will.

God must have got very blurry as we made faulty copies of the prototype,  
flowing out of rain forest to sweep inexorably across the now not so green planet.

AH! CHILDREN OF THE FALL

so what you playing at I ask the creator, he smiles enigmatic always enigmatic to  
the nth degree which I have to say is tiring and boring at the same time

we are the ultimate experiment gone wild; our own monster, a Victor  
Frankenstein making ourselves come alive with a lightening bolt.

I sometimes wonder why.

then I think somewhere in the universality of the space time continuum is a mad



person laughing maniacally at some great cosmic joke.

then I see the sad person looking out at me from the interior mirror of my being,  
realising he has no more idea, the creator, than me what it's all about.

I might as well go and masturbate in the middle of the street spilling my seed to  
the four winds.

the creator said now you know why and disappears leaving the image of a rather  
puzzled mortal staring back and I think you I've got the meaning of life.

THERE IS NO MEANING, and the universe is but the ejaculation of the creator.

Andy Brookes

# Crossings

Burning bridges crossed, just, as our scorched feet attest.  
the river runs cold deep,we watch the sunrise hand in hand,

another day more crossings to make, will we always be so lucky,  
or will we drown in the river of our own delusion?

Still, we look death in the eyesaying defiantly not today mate  
starting a new page crossing off another day,another bridge.

Andy Brookes

# Cruelest Month

December is the cruelest month, he said.

I disagree, the wasteland left by October frost  
which blanches grass and blackens tender roses,  
yellow sunflowers turn to grey, weeping seeds like tears,  
bright geraniums converted to blighted ashes, no longer pleasing to the eye fit  
only for the compost bin.

white rimed birch branches are transformed  
leafless they float slowly denuded like striptease artists  
lattices of a complex nature as all the garden bares.  
except Christmas roses which are no roses but hellebore.  
whose pale heads look down as if ashamed to show their faces  
or blush crimson in embarrassment to flaunt her glory.

Andy Brookes

# Crumbling

I kept one rose from the wreath that laid in despair and rage.  
whilst growling in titanic grief so hard heavy almost to bear,  
yet bear I did and bore it well as you lay bare my soul.  
exposed so raw that nearly it died with you.

pressed I the rose in a tome as reminder of sunnier days  
but now in its brittle form it lies exposed and falls in dust upon the hand  
elusive memories flutter thus, whilst I forgot your face, while you not mine could  
recall as you lie sleeping in the sepulchres eternal hall.

Andy Brookes

## Csi Table Periodic

Little known carborundum kid  
scrapes his living in corrugated rust hut on highway 17

puncturer of dreams, mender of hearts  
conjurer of life, straightener of dents, twister of ways.  
Prestidigitation his game.

prophylactic options sidle forth  
apples and snakes, snakes and ladders.  
would you Adam and Eve it

pumping gas is his occupation, confidant his trade  
flawless bones so white scattered prophecy  
they come seekers for enlightenment.  
on too hot dusty days

silver dollars just roll in but he got no use for money  
except to pay the ferryman

Andy Brookes

# Curt

I wish I could write short and pithy  
but the cross I bear is verbosity

Andy Brookes

## Dark Mirror

don't sail to near the sun if you can't take the heat  
narcissists only look for your adoration, little moth,  
sucking you dry, see the corpses at her feet  
but he took no heed and too soon joined them  
still had a the shadow of a smile on his face

I mourned him.

Andy Brookes

# Dawn, A Conversation With The Muse

The velvet hand of night rises its fag end grey and cold  
shimmering as dawns rosy petalled fingers fill the hills  
a blush of rose red and orange dispelling the miasma dissolving it  
in the slow heat of its solar fingers across the frosted fields.

'Very poetic.' the Muse says 'But a little like a frog trying to sing like a  
nightingale.'

there is laughter in her voice. I ignore her the only way to deal with a narcissist  
but then she is that part of me, the part that says your not good enough or  
pisses on my own parade, leaving me wet and umbrellaless.

'Ah.' she says insinuating. 'No you are not the guide nor.' a catch in her voice.  
'Sadly am I.'

I wonder if the creator in s'his or s'her way is laughing at me again  
echo's of the big bang being nothing than roaring gale of a two year old pleased  
by its actions as it watches the chaos it has created.

action and reaction I think.

'You think too much.' the Muse says 'Why.' a pause for dramatic effect... 'Do you  
have to be so deep and serious.'

I realise I have lost that spark of wit and charm I once had. Or did I?

'Blame universe.' I say

'Tra la.' is the Muse's peppy reply then 'I'm off to see a man about a poem.' She  
says.

'What about me.' I wail self pityingly

'You.' she say are a lost cause. Think sows ear and silk purse she purrs.' and is  
gone as quickly as the mist with the dawn.

Andy Brookes



# Day Breaks Deadly Wordsdream Flown

Riffling through lexiconical strings of verbiage  
confetti wind borne, disenfranchised thoughts  
dumbly struck so this is morning undiluted fleeing dreams  
undulatedcolloquy slip stream flown pillow absorbed

running slip shod bullying my brain sun cries w awake sleeper awake  
headknocks brick wall battered consciousness returns

Andy Brookes

# Deathly Questions

Waking from the dream of life I dreamt I was dead  
there was Death not so terrible he was a child dressed in white  
He held my hand and said gently  
I am your guide he said so we walked a while down white walled echoing paths  
and then Death said why do men fear me?  
I could not answer all I could feel was his rough warm hand in mine.

he was a fair youth then golden in his prime dressed in blue velvet finery  
I felt a tear trickle down my cheek not of grief nor I think happiness maybe it  
was relief

Death ask me do you fear me? he was old and grizzled now but grandfatherly  
I could not answer but looked him in the eye without flinching  
ah said death I see the answer in your eye and he smiled his toothless smile  
will I remember this dream? I ask Death but I was awake and he had gone.  
and he was but a whisker of a memory.

Andy Brookes

# Deep Cuts

Again you perform open heart surgery  
with the skill of many years, blade wielded precision,  
a sharp serpents tooth venom filled,

words strip paint but so gently said  
chest lies open exposed, cardiac rhythm pulses  
chambers empty and fill, a smile slowly rises on you lips,  
so kissable but it never reaches your eyes.

once again you slip in and out of my life  
disturbing its calm breaching walls reminding me of our bonds  
call me you say as you leave.  
Revulsion fills me at the thought but I know I will.  
I always do.

Andy Brookes

## Demi-Denizen Desdemona

trebled mindless drifting across lurid landscapes  
hey she thinks as the moon struggles to warm.  
roofs are white with frost,  
street lights an orange umber conversation,  
street walker shivers, skirt too short,  
bare legged, waiting in hope of a car  
a temporary warm respite

as she waits for sweaty men to finish.  
pay day is of little consequence with mouths to feed at home.  
the nest is full and the chicks still cheep for food

if only and if only she thinks.  
realising she is the rusty nail that holds it all together.  
shrugging off leopard skin print she puts life's might have been's away shedding  
them with last night mascara.

Andy Brookes

# Desideratum

Muse mutates scribbles requiring scratched out black edged lined  
smudged pencil sweated hands marks daubs dabbled autonomous  
singularity slides sibilant across membrane tympanic jangles nerves  
zero parity, circle squared, equalization explanation, just a poem

Andy Brookes

# Dice

recompense for life is taking curvaceous bends blindly;  
no crystal balls nor inept future gazing, we walk always blind.  
love is never, I would say, straight forward, always queerly fraught.  
we step out on limbs or thin ledges whilst juggling on a unicycle  
a great balancing act frightening and exhilarating if you don't fall.

walking on hot coals, aflame and daring we glide gingerly dancing  
fearful; as always failure lurks.  
we become lion tamers risk takers.  
the Muse laughs with her sister fate, all for all, she says  
but.....one roll of the dice, if only.

Andy Brookes

# Different Lines

I always arrive too late  
You always leave on another train

Probably the express.

Have I wasted my ticket?  
No I'll wait for the next one.

Even if stations cold and empty.

Andy Brookes

# Do Not Dismiss

My heart lies deep within the Romantic's sphere  
old fashion in each creaky line, I fear, they smell archaic here  
the well formed line, the lyric prose of heart and soul and mind  
that wander bouncing cross the hill, odours of peat and heather  
that fall audacious like waterfalls, or savage like the howling wind  
beating at the doors of heaven or hell

Shelly, Keats and Bronte all my beats inhabit, deep within a leaping spirit riddled  
in my blood, though this my not be a la mode.  
short maybe sweet but leaves a saccharine aftertaste, a thirst unquenched for  
more.  
and I would rather drink the lees than be a follower of fashion.  
so give me romance and May girdled fields or daffodils and heather  
while upon the moors hand in hand I wander with each fella.

Andy Brookes



# Dust

specious spaces avoiding voids  
vacuuming up the vacuum brimming birth destinies dust  
spiral galaxies shed stars.....see.....there lies beauty cold and pure.

Andy Brookes

# Edges

did it? did we exist?  
time out of time where lovers only know

we were star gazing lovers, never crossed,  
except that crossing you took,  
a crossing out. blink gone

were we? did we ever love?  
it existed I know,  
it is deep in a secret chamber of my heart.

had we? could we?  
shame of that is we'll never know  
till that meeting at the end of time.

Andy Brookes

# Entrances And Exits

Love entered quietly  
Remarkable in its simplicity  
Yet unmarked.  
Unremarked.

It came stealthily.  
The event had no advent.  
Uneventful.

Eventually it was noticed.  
The start of an adventure,  
That which had gone unnoticed.  
Full of its self, it came to the fore.

Forward centre stage,  
It staged its own event.  
A play.  
Play on words,  
Put a word in.  
The last word.  
Sad word,  
Passed words.  
To faded away,  
Unremarked.  
Quietly love exited.

Andy Brookes

# Escaping By Another Route

When did we become safe complacent?  
when did you start locking the doors on adventures?  
closing windows to the world, so that we are here trapped together

you blocked the chimney to the fire of ambition, finding the only place left is the  
attic  
where a forgotten escape hatch remains amid the relicts old escapades  
clambering out on the roof to breath free air magnificent view.

come down off the roof dear you'll hurt yourself you say  
shoutingsay maybeI'll feel something, anything!  
leaping into the unknown you follow scared but relieved  
after all, I say, reassuring, life is just one big adventure  
we laugh until we cry so, let's carry on until we die,  
as we book an Amazon trekking adventure.

Andy Brookes

## Experience (Not A Haiku)

so reaping my sow  
learning from stupid mistakes  
well until the next time

Andy Brookes

## Explain (Not A Haiku)

it's not a haiku  
but just three random thoughts linked  
straight five seven five

Andy Brookes

# Exsomnia

No sleep to dream, the nocturnal owl, soft winged, hoots,  
I lie listening startled by midnight chimes vibrating on the wind.  
not all is well ad infinitum times feetmarch on;  
the universes ever present master,  
it oozes stretched like soft treacle, and I restless,  
count extended minutes until sunrise cracks the horizon.

Andy Brookes

# Fallen Idols

Simultaneous sidelong serendipityfinding fleetingvox populi  
Columnar they stand above clouds we the pilloried, envy green as jade.  
So pelting pot shots, sharp shooting stones, we try to bring them down.  
Slipping clay footed off their pedestals, heros fallen to animadvert opinions  
Muddied reputations encompass our glee, after all their the same we think, as  
me.

Andy Brookes



# Falling Angels

The waters rise like steam, churned to a fine mist as it crashes into the Devils Throat.

here where the land slipped, sliced to cut the river now a drop, a fall,  
its voice drowns all sound; rainbows play across its edge whilst birds dive into  
the water  
to nests on thin ledges, hidden by your watery curtain.

small boats scurry across the river to carry tourists  
who marvel, take photos of nature in grandeur.

what I remember is you covered in butterflies  
emerging from the jungle edge like a laughing bright angel.

Andy Brookes

# Filling In The Blanks

Beginning was written on the the first page,  
also the last.  
between pages were blank unsullied, as yet, by life.

beginning at the end or end at the beginning.  
we stop at the terminal death.

from there we take a train to a new destination  
where? well that's the mystery  
but first we have to fill the pages with life.

Andy Brookes

## Finding Love On Trail, Verdict Guilty.

Beginning at the beginning, passing a passer-by, Cupid throws an arrow, by what length it engenders, for love's just a lottery  
passing judgement needs an arms length approach, love is on trial, sore as it may be.

we the jury find love guilty or not; Christ they say is the final arbiter;  
judge, jury and prosecutor but He was perfect love, mortals cannot live up to that, they would die trying.

Egyptians said the soul weighed a feather, the heart was where the soul lay not,love, that's a Western concept.  
being happy with someone, love is not necessary, oh no you romantics will rail, love's the essence of poetry you will cry but it is nought just a chemical imbalance, soon put right, otherwise madness ensues.

so we fire up the furnace burning all love poems, they are the vanities that Savonarolatalked about.

DNA the silent assassin wants its way, mixing its chemical brew a love potion strong and heady, synthetic nonetheless.

so here we stand wondering if we loveeach other or not; I think that I care and you say you do too, so maybe that is what love really is, respect and caring, looking after one another.

once the flurry of sexual desire has gonethat is all that's left to build on.  
so no I do not love you nor you me but we care and respect each other and that is worth more than all of Cupid's arrows.

Andy Brookes

## Finger Tip Away (A Love Poem For One Dead)

dreaming I climbed my mountain, only to find you had been there before.  
dust on steps bore your prints we'd come from opposite paths unseen,  
grief lost me in its crevices its twisting labyrinthine ways, a cathartic maze.

do you believe in after life? stepping out our earthly shell, peeling off the past,  
expanding,  
distances are not measured in time but stars, are we but the lavender dreams of  
Gods?

so every step I take I think I will reach you but you are a finger tip away, so  
waking to tears on my pillow, I live out another empty day.

Andy Brookes

# Flagging Spirits

I woke up today in such a flap  
My rooms so untidy I needed a map.  
So much to do and things to mend  
Books to read, cards to send.

Wash the dishes, clean the floor,  
Buy some groceries from the store.  
Clean the windows, brush the rug,  
I've got myself in such a fug.

Wrap the presents, dress the tree,  
Order up the fat turkey.  
Change the bedding, clean the tub,  
And ask my partner for a sub.

The fence is crooked, the gate broken  
May be this morning I shouldn't have woken  
Every thing is in such a mess,  
And really I could not care less.

The Christmas message it seems is lost,  
In having a good time, no matter the cost.  
Feeling guilty is won't do  
I'm just sick of the hullabaloo

Your parents will soon arrive  
Parking rusty old banger on the drive  
You Mum will hope no trouble we've taken  
Oh my god I've forgot the bacon

So now I wonder, here's the rub,  
Should I slope off to the pub.  
Yes I think my work does merit,  
Just a little Christmas spirit.

Andy Brookes

# Frozen Liberty

snow wet sky split by lapis Venetian blinds  
tide suck jetty an obsidian finger pointing out to sea  
America lies west, its eastern borders a New England night

|Liberty in her green robe cries copper tears her light gone out  
go back she says you tired, you restless minions, huddled masses  
there is no place for you amongst our opulent mansions  
nor in our derelict steaming teeming ghettos.

rain washes white sheets strung on lateral lines,  
left out hopeful of a clean desiccating breeze,  
to sanitize our dirty laundry, spread for all to see,  
they sag subjugated like sagging flags of surrender.  
Go back cries Liberty, Go back, there is nothing here but unfortunate night.

Andy Brookes

# Future Past

filling the day's uncertainty of the  
With positive thoughts  
Not to be blown off course  
putting my doubts to rest  
After all the past can't be changed  
And the future's yet to be written.

Andy Brookes

# Gaudy Gaudy Graffiti

startling words, spray can written walls raven wisely disregards, predicting  
havoc's decay  
peacocks eyes flush royal blue arched graffiti written subways  
pink, green, startling Lola's red dreams, free world proclamation anarchy rules.

pidgin toed walk solid planks held over granite sheeted cliffs rock buildings  
ticky tacky cites, pluming volcanoes flow, grinding tectonic plates, broiling time  
steaming ahead.

congregated grey heads mutter stutter, swallows returning vacating Capistrano  
mud nested eaves, swiftlets cry Africa to Europe's a long haul flight  
only business class, flocking cranes, Spring will return on a sparrows chirp,  
or on a bright Gaudi morning but not tonight,

Andy Brookes



# Gesundheit

Painted lady lacquered sentence dark hold black no echos of the fall  
the big bang may have been a whimper who know maybe it was God sneezing

the universe as a little bit of nasal irritation, an irrational itch  
pollen of moon flowers, idiomatic speedwell, rose, yellow rod and ivy  
holy hay-fever Deus sternuit and the universe set fire.

the slide of trombones into arm bone flutes drops quietly into evolution  
a ringing universe reverberating still with that almighty achoo.

God flips out his handkerchief, nothing too flashy, comic dust shaken loose  
causing suns first foray into her glory in reds from pink to amber to be quenched  
seemingly into the sea.

So as accidents go it was pretty mundane. Not so much a mote in Gods eyes as  
an irritation in his snout.

Andy Brookes

# Greetings

Roses are red violets are blue  
just been accused that my poems are goo  
never considered them for greeting cards  
now my ego is in pitiable paper shards  
but with a shrug of my shoulders I say anywho  
a good day and Happy New Year to you

Andy Brookes

# Gunfight At The Old Folks Home

Scratching pens, sobbing sentimental thoughts, no not today I come out all guns blazing.

no so innocent but insouciance, guilty all; the cliff edge's not gilded but crumbling

a flock of sheep knowing their fate but pushed from the back tipping end over end

falling substrata, collapse incongruent imperiled.

not seeing peripheries, perpetually blinded, blind sided, sidelined.

how I wish it were different, not that it was different, that is different.

I hate the indifference, folk see grey hair and assume.

assume life is over, assume senility, assume, assume, assume.

I want to scream, its the same me inside.

the packaging maybe soiled and wrinkled from over use

from being picked overlike old fruit, slightly worse for wear,

but still in working order, mostly, that's what Viagra's for.

I'm not dead, yet, but I am buried under your assumptions  
assertions, lumped with the tag elderly.

that I don't need love or sex or have desires or desire.

not that is worries me but it does condemn me

look I want to say, see me not the shop worn package,

I'm still human if somewhat diminished.

certainly not past my sell by date, vintage and preowned though I am.

after all folk marvel at the Acropolis its broken stones

chipped statuary, how marvelous they cry!

but a chipped human is consigned to the bin marked decrepit, or faulty goods.

Andy Brookes

# Heaven Can Wait

So I'm standing at the Pearly gates, yeah I know strange huh but this is my dream so butt out,  
As I was saying there I was outside Heaven and there's this dude standing there Armani suit the works and he's playing on a an i-pad he smiles  
'With you in minute.' he says and carries on.  
Well heaven, well I assume its heaven, is clouded over, unseeable, unknowable you know the kinda shit,  
'God damn.' the man says there a short rumble of thunder  
'Sorry God.' says the Crush.' He says by way of explanation there is a rumble of laughter this time.

'Welcome.' says the dude 'My names Pete and I will be your guide.  
'You have.' He looks at his screen.'Been summoned to this establishment, and I have to tell you, you are, well dead.'  
' No shit Sherlock.' I say with out thinking but he acts like he's not heard me.  
'So.' he says pressing buttons on the iPad and out comes heavenly music, organ swelling, choir you know the whole shebang

So I say ' Impressive dude.' but he just shrugs.  
'Ever since the recession we've had to let the heavenly choir go. The Seraphim and Cherubim dabbling the celestial stock market boom then crash and we're practically broke.'  
OK so you think its blasphemy but its a dream so I can't be held responsible  
'Anyhow.' The dude says, 'Peter, nice choice of first name.' he says, continuing  
'John Percival.....'  
'Hey wait a minute.' I say 'That's not my name.' I have to admit I'm some what relieved at the same time.  
'No.' he says 'Bugger me.' another roll of thunder, another apology 'Since privatization things have gone to buggery.' more thunder.'Shoot.' He says 'Well officially you're dead mate, but these part-time angels don't give a damn, not like in the old days. They've set up a union see and are working to rule so we've had to use agency angels and don't get me started on Admin, looks like, well, your stuck in limbo, you can't come in and you can't go back.  
so I say 'What do I do.? '  
'Well you could sue but as Gods omnipotent and is never wrong I don't hold out much hope even if you appeal well He's the highest judge so either way you're stuffed.  
At this point he slips through a small side gate and that's the last I see of him  
'Oy.' I shout 'Pete I can't just stay here.' But there's no reply so I start panicking I

mean I like a joke like everyone else but this is no joke so I start yelling at the top of my lungs and yes you've guessed it that's where I woke up and I wonder just for a second was that real or a dream, I guess I'll not find out in this life time huh.

Andy Brookes

## Heresy (Not A Haiku)

I didn't like your God  
such a condemning ego  
love is what we need

Andy Brookes

# Him

If all the molten brooding suns in a million skies did die  
or all the seas on earth bound rock ran scorched and brittle dry.  
If I should live through all eternity until the stars in heaven grow dim,  
Would never I in all worlds, another find, like him.

Andy Brookes

# Holier Than Thou

priest mouths flowery platitudes, out of key organ a counter point.  
man nailed to the tree seemed to weep, was it for this my sacrifice?

Incensed by the choking incense, mummery of the ritual, its meaning lost;  
longing to be free, out in gods clean air, priest mumbled on, religion by rote,  
his seeming God given right

blind to the inattention of his congregation, he accelerated to a fast conclusion;  
longing to forget the flummery and lose himself, in an orgy habitual prayer and  
whiskey fumes dreaming of heaven.

absolved of sin for yet another week, trailing home at snails pace wondering,  
not for the first time, was my time wholly wasted? yet paradoxically feeling a  
little less sinful and more holy.

Andy Brookes



# Horror

A bit.

A bit of what?

A bit of fear is what you fear

Flight or fight

What makes you shiver

Shivering anticipation

Anticipating violent shock

bloody wrench

Bloody hell.

A bit,

a bit of a fright.

Fright night.

Andy Brookes

# Hubble Bubble

Flash points illuminated thunderous skies,corrosive bleak, acid rain hails down,  
walls streaked iron hard black calcified bones.

dark cavernous cold Caen stone tortuous vine hung green of ivy climbed ruins

imprisoned towered pale youth stands sequential in a room of mirrors  
reflecting but ursine thoughts starry skies, old dog and puppy,lesser and greater,

plough or decidedly dapper dipper,eastern reds and western yellows follows  
brilliant orbsround.

tonight the spirits rise out worm dug graves from hell's maw, the kindred wait  
till red moon rises on the day of souls, Walpurgisnacht, side saddled on brooms  
they fly

windows rattle and wind moans we lock the doors and prey staying close safe  
within till rosy dawn makes once again the world sane on the day of all saints

Andy Brookes

# Idylls

sunlight cracks yellow sea quenched sinks  
pistachio greens leaves wet, citrus rind lemon rain  
Stygian curls ribbons silken threaded lights

palms whisper sea croons and sings siren shanties  
brash whisper serenades rising moon

breast curves voluptuous satin meanders  
moulds skin ivory sloe eyed sweet savour cherry  
lip to lip melts skin to skin soft ceded comestible

calypso meadows acre white sheet enfolded  
tangos athletic feat fair tropic love

C'est l'amour

Andy Brookes

# Impossible Pursuit

pursuing happiness like quarry.  
Hunting it through concrete jungles,  
down moneyed streets.  
laying snares.

how does one capture this rare elusive creature happiness?

no answer so giving up, started just to live.  
tried to be kinder, listened more,  
smiled at strangers, took less for granted.

gave back.  
sat silent for an hour a day,  
allowed myself just to be.  
grew flowers.

funny to say, it was then happiness found me.

Andy Brookes

# Inky Thoughts

thinking I'd have at least one write, maybe two but I find the well dry.  
The thought springs to mind y that a Biro can make a line forty miles long, mine makes just a dot.

The car is noisy, drowns out the radio, beyond window the white lines on the road blur  
the countryside becomes a green fuzz as we speed on the motorway  
eating up the black road thoughts spinning with the wheels.  
should I put my pen to the road, test the theory for forty miles?  
a road test if you like.

I once watched a paper being printed the huge rolls of paper stretched for miles; may be that would do?  
or failing that a thousand note books filed with one continuous line in a monotonous thought or one word. Why?

slowing at the junction to turn for home, black and white cows jockey for position as they muster at a gate as if fleeing the leaden clouds which hang low, pregnant with rain like an old overcoat,tattered and as grey as my thoughts.

may beI think tomorrow I will test the Biro's longevity or maybe not.

Andy Brookes

# Inverse Converse

control spirals  
twisting spider webs  
encapsulating flies.

helical,  
hardly hedonisticheroics  
heroically struggling  
always winning  
trip trap, a trap tripped.

normal is as normal does  
a dose of normality,  
medicine is bitter  
situations normalized.

too easy.

better be the spider than the fly,  
trip trap, tip tap, tip tap you trip.

upside down is the new normal

deal with it.

the fly catches the spider  
tippy toe tip  
tip on tip toes.

EAT ME says Alice.  
tip the tippet, tipped off,  
Tipping the velvet.

and still central the spider waits.  
tap tap tap.

Normal an illusion  
what is normal for the spider  
is chaos for the fly

Morticia Addams  
keepingstalks  
discarding flowers

Andy Brookes

# Laurels

Caring not for fame's golden hour  
it fades to tarnish, fade with age.  
nor stretching for the victors diadem  
which sit heavy on the brow;  
its laurel leaves soon brown and turn to dust.  
renown's ephemeral passing glory  
lies to soon in slumber with the stars

Andy Brookes



# Life's A Mess

I know I need to buy some socks  
A mundane thing, oh and cut my locks.  
I need to make the unmade bed,  
Make a list, clear my head.

The sink it will soon overflow,  
So wash the dishes, but I forgo.  
Clean the windows, scrub the floor,  
Take the rubbish out the door.

Fix the fence, mow the lawn,  
Broken branches need be sawn.  
Polish shoes, wash my clothes,  
Find a hanky for my nose.

I know the flat it looks a mess,  
I wish I cared I must confess.  
Vacuum cleaner in it lair  
Seems accusing in its glare

Instead I look at all my junk  
My good intentions, totally sunk.  
So out the door I will slink  
Go to the pub and have a drink.

Andy Brookes

## Limerick, Bananas

The bananas bent so they say  
Don't know why, it's just that way  
It really is quite absurd  
As really banana is a herb  
Just like rosemary, basil or bay

Andy Brookes

# Limpet Mines

Nag, nag, not so much a trip trap, here you go again on your cycle  
around the room in eighty days, I could have been a contender  
a wail cinematic and counterproductive the world doesn't work the way you want.

so you are stuck at the crossroads and me crosswise, or is it counterclockwise.  
if I was wise I'd be outta there otherwise I wonder what keeps me.  
remembering the you that was not the you you've become. or is it habit?

you thinking you've a cross to bear, well not so much, as I seem to carry you on  
my back.

loaded everyday, truth is I'm double crossed making me cross or is that crucified.  
no that's your game, playing the martyr but we are stuck together a toxic pair,  
emotional Siamese twins, as we fence, parry and feint.

you ease your, so called, burden at the pub, seeing life through whiskey haze.  
you find the world more to your taste, more rose coloured, as it should be.  
at least you'll sleep for a few hours, me, I'll have peace until the next rotation.

Andy Brookes

# Memento Mori

The wreath sits on the garden wall it has since the funeral  
she placed it there with loving hand but cannot bear to part with it  
she likes the coarseness of the memory the sack cloth rub  
reminding her of her widowhood she mourns the passing of the past  
she aid it full flowered pink blooms at their zenith in full fed  
now brown it sits in mouldering grace, a sad reminder of his face.  
Dona Nobis Pacem

Andy Brookes

# Mighty Mysteries

Mock macabre musing, do we see what fools,  
little souls we become? blaspheming bilious breaths  
lost upon the oceans deep blue blades  
jigsaw pieces living charades  
spirits baffled at our nonacceptance of each other  
we wander, wasteful wondering wraiths

axe splits the tree, the circle broken, Rubicon crossed.  
roots retreat, restless seeking phantoms we call truth  
reaver's ravaging things we hold dear.  
burn the scriptures and what is left but empty ashes.

so, Jew, Gentile, Muslim, knock at a different entrance to heaven  
God says there is but one door.  
settling ponderous sins to weigh burdened backs of believers  
torturing souls, having no meaning but misunderstanding  
all the blood that falls and spills speaks not of love,  
nor of the divine,

Andy Brookes

# Misted Mutable Memories

Bits and bobs some dross others gleaming  
a bomb site of memory plugged in

fading shattered fragments  
strange to remember the names not the faces.

demons sometimes angels maybe. who knows?  
passages leading to a labyrinthine  
sadly having no Ariadne to lead me  
no the silken thread to guide past ghosts  
recollections slip fluid into empty hands

struggling on the tip of the brain  
knowing time will turn then into dust

no one will remember us I think,  
except images of lost folk  
in strange clothes and hair dos  
for our ancestors to laugh and wonder at

Andy Brookes

# Mortuus Finem

coffin walls are beginning their compression  
ever nearer wooden walls, silk lined crimson,  
oaken chest or cedar, not a preference I want to contemplate

contemplation is sometimes all we have in twilight moments.  
sterile hospitals where we mostly end  
clinical grace given by uniformed nurses once removed

once removed and out of touch, monitored and monitors  
the last sounds we hear are its slowing beeps till flat line  
shrouded and enshrouded silence elongated.

elongated flat lines on the road, yellow and white, a straight runway;  
one way to the cemetery where we dump our dead  
into dead spaces, cold marker stones attest, melancholy.

melancholy feelings compress like coffin walls  
rolling like the news until we become the news  
a small column saying dearly loved followed by a date.

Andy Brookes

# Mountains And Molehills

Thoughts strung like lanterns, swift riding on wings, God wonders whose in charge?

He is silent. Then I am he says a bit fed up all the wailing and gnashing of teeth, arguments about who came first or the essence of my Divinity.

I am, he says who I am but they are deaf after all that clamouring, those strident voices have affected their hearing. Mary weeps.

This wasn't what I signed up for says Christ look at the mess they're making. All the suffering was for nothing.

Oh no, God says. never nothing but a valuable lesson. After all we learn from our mistakes. Mary sighs.

Christ looks fit to burst and says with much venom. Enlightenment is as far away as ever. Damn those preachers and their ilk.

No says God they have damn themselves stuck in wheel of chaotic argument and scriptural discourse the message is lost under pile of paper.

Might as well shred it all Christ says. Mary smiles sadly.

They'll have clean it up themselves this time, God says as he starts on a new creation.

Maybe this time? he remarks.

thoughts enormous, God does not have little ones, hang in the nebulous universe.

They blaspheme. says Christ.

There you go. says God. you picked up some bad habit when you were there.

I have it on good authority God chortles, my own in fact, there is such thing as blaspheming, that is a man made construct to justify the cruelty, hatred and death they inflict on their fellow man in my name. A ruse no less. What they fail to understand is there is no right way. Just a set of rules to follow.



If only says Christ. we'd have a little peace.

God then makes mountains with a thought rise and begins contouring his newEden. Mary weeps.

Maybe self determination wasn't the way to go says Christ.

Mary laughs a little tear trickles down her cheek.

God looks on benign

you know, Mary says through her tears, you could forgive them or is it too late?

God looks at her and smiles well maybe not to late but then again it just might be.

Andy Brookes

# Mournful Morning

November and I am cross, yes, cross for already the forced jollity of Christmas is upon us.

shops full of useless presents that will be put into cupboards and quickly forgotten, if not the disappointment they engendered.

My friends are calling me scrooge, after informing them that this year no cards will be forthcoming,  
my money instead going to charity.

The morning is mournful and I mourn the loss of faith, hope and charity,  
bemoaning their replacement by greed, consumption and waste.

I cannot see any warmth through the morass of tinsel, maybe its flashiness an analogy for the hollowness of the season and I wonder where my joy of Christmas has gone?

Andy Brookes

# Mouse The Speciality Of The House

dissonance being my daily fare, not fair I think,  
there is a constant buzz which makes me tingle, jingle.  
sharp toothed rodents nibbling at the corners.

maybe that's why everything has to be ordered so, just so, so, so, so, so, so, so,  
so, so.....

there's silence in the crypt, so I wander there, to that part of my brain wherein  
lies calm.

they say noting exists in a vacuum but that's where I am.  
no sound but the silence of my screaming.

when the lights go out I shall ask God why?  
and if he tells me I'm special I may just be guilty of decide.

Andy Brookes

# Muses Plaything

writing poems or do they write me?

pages alabaster, ink obsidian collated cerebral mentation.

thoughts collide electric psychical perceptions

lines meandering titubate across leaves.

Word transmutations a Muse's translator

question unansweredunanswerable

Andy Brookes

# Necessary To Be Normal Norman Or I Could Have Been An Elephant

It's inDNA that codex which make me special.....

oh don't think I preening, it makes us all special, who we are but the one little rewrite and wham.

well we all know where that leads this twisty spiral that makes me me

double time helical twist.

beating time, changing to 3/4 instead of 4/4 adding splitting identical but individual that's duality that makes us.....well us.

you are you little letters which your dealt; that if in the right order produce a human, frog or a butterfly one more or less and we are not human or are.

my beautiful Downs mate who always wants to hug me and always has a happy face oh to that innocent and who is so much more Human than I am.

so what decides, as we cannot see this line of filament stretching back to in our ancestral past linking us to our three degrees of separation, besides DNA?

we are blind and my little cells all say hey you know you're missing something, looking normal on the outside makes you the same.

a bonus you might think.

no, because inside where you can't see there's a fault line running through like Blackpool runs through a stick of rock.

Trust me you don't want to be different a friend of mine said so I kept quiet, cause what they can't see makes you Normal.

I have to say though normal's not all that it's cracked up to be

Andy Brookes

# Never Met

When dawns rosy fingers creeps cross windows of western coasts  
in the cold wet emerald isle, set in its silver sea, night makes his boast.  
and when the warm winds of California sweep across the Pacific blue  
the cold winds from Siberia over England blew

we sit, in front, each a screen and each board of keys  
to tap and tap and tap the words upon the ether's leaves,  
and talk each to each in poetic lights though we have never met  
with miles of ocean and solid land between is hardened set.  
It seems as if I know you and you know I, though we have never met.

Andy Brookes

# Nibbles

facetious eyes  
wanting short poems  
unilluminated sound bites  
goldfish memories

Andy Brookes

# No Broken Egg

Into fire fat fry eggs broken basket whole, chicks leave nests.  
only two percent of turtles survive, only one sperm usually makes it to the egg.  
an egg and spoon race, I won I become me, the one and only, born as two  
halves whole.

Andy Brookes



# Non Such Nonsense

a bouncing cacophony hammers  
head lines roll, the argument in my head rages  
practical side says get out of bed  
but the others not for moving

day dreams rising like the sun but not as glorious  
as she riots the sky with her virtuosity  
painting in orange and umber hues the hills  
delicately pinking the scurrying clouds

practical head says there's washing to be done, floors to clean, dishes to scrub  
wandering impractical insists on watching the sea scrub shores clean.  
washing lonely shores of detritus

the cupboard is empty practical says and beds need making.  
but think says impractical of the feast to sustain the soul  
now that I think is ridiculous getting up to dawdle amongst the ordered chaos

giving up sugar has made me mad I think.

Andy Brookes

## Not A Haiku 'curtains'

death will come we know  
dripping water minutes slide  
breakfast table's set

Andy Brookes

# Not A Haiku 'double And Trebles'

factually wrong  
times tables are such a bore  
much multiplicity

Andy Brookes

## Not A Haiku 'failure'

I have tried its true  
to write the perfect haiku  
but ink never flows

Andy Brookes

# Not A Haiku 'falling Down'

dominoes tumble  
Guinness world record destroyed  
frittering of time

Andy Brookes

## Not A Haiku 'freedom'

they may break my bones  
life's full of vicissitude  
minds are always free

Andy Brookes

## Not A Haiku 'manners

tis a simple thing  
kindly reciprocity  
just one line of time

Andy Brookes

## Not A Haiku 'out Of Sorts'

spider plant sits sad  
grey we look at each other  
January blues

Andy Brookes



## Not A Haiku 'starry Night'

sun sucked all the heat  
winter fallen frosty night  
pure white sprinkles fell

Andy Brookes

# Not A Haiku Stretched

black elastic lines  
the subtext of everything  
mysterious lights

Andy Brookes

# Obsidian Sky

eschewing mocking gales  
rough riding risible laughter  
your words, layered ambiguity.

shimmering ripples across a stream  
coloured glass splits, light dazzles  
does not enlighten just confuses

breezily passing,tangible, hard  
splituntidy febrile remnants.  
a not so humorous more humoresque  
hot mirage in silk and lace.

cold separation condensing enters  
refrigerant climes of your heart  
no space for love just vacuum packed audacity

you thought I loved you, you smiled cruelly  
such deception deserves applause my friend.  
you were nothing but a Jester to my Queen.

leaving echos of stilettos on wood  
doors slamming, loss ensnares their echoing  
like shrapnel rain shattering my heart.

Andy Brookes

## Off Course Of Course

the stray arrow it appears and then, well a write is not always right, a flight of fancy, fancying you while you are oblivious to me.

a fancy flight up and down stairs my emotions riding escalators on a wing, prayers come later free falling no parachute

sometimes winged missiles shot left field, made hot for love or not, Cupid, that scoundrel, lets fly willy nilly.

his darts pierce but are not necessarily accurate, his sums when summed up are wrong, not a straight arrows on the narrow line of sight.

totality or nullity, spacial void, still the world turns and maybe it'll be my turn soon.

so unrequited I go to bed wondering about could have beens.

Still, tomorrow I'll be full of beans, a new day beckons and reckons the seconds, 86400 of them to be precise emphatic little rays of sunshine or stubborn showers each born and to be borne

all of them to use as you see fit, despair is not in my dictionary how about yours?

Andy Brookes

# On My Part Of The Spectrum It's A Rhapsody In Blue

I wonder if wondering is good or that wandering is the better option?

OK so I'm meandering that happens on my part of the spectrum.  
yeah humdrum but factual as a fractal patterns altruistic with a dash of sympathy.

I am told that maybe I'm slightly autistic which does wonders for my ego  
autism it's not what is cracked up to be bee as busy as a busy bee.

But being at the shallow end, I cope, fit in, though.....I have difficulty in joining the dots

the world is sometimes a mystery, I pretend I'm normal, whatever that is.

there I go again wandering off to Dixie and off the subject, off the beaten track.  
who I ask beat it? and am in fact subject to depression,  
that little black dog dogs my foot steps  
the pills I refuse to take are not making me better  
non compliant they call it but they make me sick and I'm sick of being sick.  
they just mask symptoms and as sympathetic as I am to symptoms a symptom of my condition.

Syndrome that's a great word like, symptomatic, idiopathic.

keep up..... I digress but to a point I would like to point out.

out of step, I step outputting on my happy mask to mask my feelings.  
face the world as a faceless person, a chameleon.

the tress weep rain drops so raining on my parade.

watching the notes form in the Bach sonata in my head blue notes.  
upping and downing.

C scaling the heights dipping to the low Es  
just like my depression which I live with, a dear companion,  
that has cost me dear. go E low E high and lo and behold so there you have it.

Andy Brookes

## Painted Out But Never Erased

the mosaic you painted butterfly bright has been white washed blinding white.  
like an eraser it proclaims you nothing it wanted you never to exit  
but in my heart elusive birds of paradise still dance.

Andy Brookes

## Past Life

Halloween does not frighten not the goblins and ghouls  
lost souls wailing banshees nor the headless spectre that walks the bloody tower.

Frankenstein's monster monster is quite the dapper chap  
and in between his hollering we like to have a chat.

vampires well we share a pint, me bitter, him a little Sangria  
imps and fatal sprites n hold no fear nor throwy poltergeists.

No the thing, apart from the skeletons in my cupboard,  
that haunts me most, are the ghosts of my past.

Andy Brookes

# Please Sir I Brought A Note

Don't make me do PE,  
I've got a cold you see.  
can't do route marches,  
As I've got fallen arches.

get easily out of breath.  
Running would be my death.  
don't have any doubt,  
Cross country, well that's out.

Don't make me compete,  
Because I've got flat feet.  
Please just let me off,  
As I've got a little cough

It wouldn't do at all,  
For me to play football.  
Nor would it be the ticket,  
For me to play at cricket.

I know that at tennis,  
I would be quite the menace.  
I'm really not that tough,  
Yes, Rugby's far too rough.

I'm just a wimp you see,  
So please don't punish me.  
I know its got your goat  
But I really have a note.

I've brought it from my mum,  
Cause I've got a jippy tum.  
So hear my plea I pray,  
Don't make me play games today.

Andy Brookes



# Plotting Rabbits

We wanted an allotment, a growing in plot,  
So we found a nice one, in a lovely spot.  
We paid our money and got to work,  
Weeding and seeding we didn't shirk.

We planted cabbages, corn, shallot,  
A space to each we did allot.  
We tended it from morn till night  
And for our precious plants did fight.

Protected them from storm and hail,  
Weeds and pests and the dreaded snail.  
Raised potatoes, swedes and beet,  
Grew good things that we could eat.

So joyfully to harvest we did come,  
But there was nothing left, not even a crumb.  
All our hard work it seems was shot,  
For the rabbits had eaten the flaming lot

Andy Brookes

# Posits And Posing

Apropos prose or not, inklings that tickle the senses but there you go. the wings of fancy, well fancy that, as we wing our way across the page only to dive bomb into a heap of flattened feathers.

'So what's the point in poetry? She says

'Good question.' I answer but then have no answerquestioning my self leads to frustration.

'Poetry is essence, a distillation of thought.' I say

'A bit genii in the bottle.'She retorts

'Or maybe.' I say 'Its lies, looking at the world as you like it to be, not in actuality but through rose tinted glasses that magnify both beauty or faults.'

'But the I have no faults.' she says 'And you are full of them and bull shit too.'

'Oh how could I forget the bull shit, when you are there ready to shovel it up and throw it in my face.'

'Not a very pleasant metaphor.' she says

'I don't think, I think, that it is a metaphor as such, more of an analogy.

'Just as well' she replies 'As you wouldn't know one if you fell over it.

So back to the original question and having no answer she scurries off to torment another such as I.

Well that's the Muse for you as unpredictable as ever

Andy Brookes

## Psychic Shit (Not A Haiku)

inner eye see all  
still the blind lead the blind on  
illumination

Andy Brookes

# Quiet Artist At Work

'Trailing tripling tripe' he said 'He couldn't care less,  
for everyone has detractors.' then taking a bite from his bacon sandwich he  
munches contentedly

well the facts are clear, write rubbish with arhubarb pen,  
hey presto a poet on the make, making book, a bookmaker.  
placing bets on how many times he can fool us, hoodwink us; evens or a three  
way bet.

'I don't.' he said. 'Understand criticism.' continuing,  
'The fault is with the plebs not knowing art when they see it,  
ART after all high art has always been misunderstood misinterpreted.'

Muddying the waters I ask the meaning.

He says, 'Whatever you like.'

'What if I don't like.' I said.

He just smirked taking another bite from his sandwich fat dripping down his chin,  
superior at my inferiority.

'One day.' he said. 'One day.' And left the thought hanging.  
Ironic because that's what I wanted to do to him.

Andy Brookes

# Rain

Shaking trees weep rain, rain, rain.

and the rain, rain, rain, those repetitive accumulations  
drench with meaning but encoded

clouds scud, mostly no moorings, racing La Mons like, shredded with occasional  
blue.

leaves are stuck, glued to the windows, pavement pasted slick with rainy  
goodness.

drip, drip, drip, outside my window the gutters are full of the mouldering dead.

Saturday and still it's a rush hour as automobiles or cars, depending on your  
Atlantic drift, pass wishing and disgorging puddles on to unsuspecting  
pedestrians.

and still shaking trees weep rain, rain, rain.

Andy Brookes

# Rain Stops Play

The rain which has held off all morning begins falling, like tears of mourners, it is ceaseless.

you sit on the window sill yellow eyed and enigmatic, catching the rivulets run their crooked courses.

not a day for mousing but you, ever alert, pester to be let out.  
wish granted you scoot back in, a look of murder in your eyes,  
shocked as if it the first time you've encountered water.

I don't know why I live with you. traitorous in your affection, a sinuous body of trouble.

I ignore you and read the paper.

you step into my lap crushing the new print in your wake, your morning ruined,  
you set out to ruin mine.

purring your faithless love, false beast, I stroke your golden fur unresistant and automatic

as you settle in my lap till dinner time and I attempt to awkwardly to read my paper.

another Friday morning farce and as usual you get your own way.

Andy Brookes

# Rarely

Once in a while there is a flash, of dare I say, genius  
then in flash it has fled, a distant memory

Andy Brookes

# Reflections

the years picture shadows play, hanging like baubles on the tree.  
reflecting the time gone, time yet to be.

some radiant with treasures, string of lantern lights  
dreams ready to become reality plump for the picking  
others dark with sadness and pain, distant memories healed,  
though the scars remain, to tickle like tinsel, added to experience.  
my heart, ah hope still lies yet therefor future brightness.

Andy Brookes



# Refrigerant Morning

The refrigerator is empty, just a few rather stale veg stuck in a shady recess,  
a metaphor, I think, for my empty and staid life, a mouldy morsel of cheese  
green and dry, like the jealousy I feel for lovers who walk in the park  
walking hand in hand, stopping every now and then for a stray kiss.

my head is full of rusty nails which rattle against my skull  
scratchy and dull.

the sky, which acts like a barometer for my feelings,  
is steely and hard as if no plane or fist could punch a hole in it.  
wanting to ventilate it so the sun might shaft through and thaw my emotions.

needing milk, eggs and bread, I write a list, at least I think, I can fill the  
refrigerator, my life however is another question.

Andy Brookes

# Rhubarb And Custard Deconstructed

Writing free verse costs me, accosts me, cudgels the brain,  
so easy they say, easy there.

easy come easy go, fleeting thoughts on fleet feet  
flighty flights of fancy filtrated frantically.  
Alliteration in downward spirals helical.

now that's free thought, freeing up thoughts  
that's the ticket, the trick is to pull it off  
dah dah hey presto words and they never know.

but we sit in limbo as far as limbs go  
we go, flow so, you know so, sowing the seeds  
hoping for flowers but getting weeds  
reaping the benefits, which befits the misfits.

all mist and reflective surfaces, surf ace, riding the big one,  
those waves of inspiration, expiration, perspiration, damnation.

we play words like piano keys ivory and ebony, getting keyed up.  
Soft peddling or orgasmic crashes unsustainable.

they say spouting rhubarb is a doddle, getting the custard right is  
prestidigitation.

a thousand manoeuvres, elementary, just skate on cliff edges.  
hedges clipped in English tones, two tones, light and dark.

writing free verse you pay the piper,  
but she's not always playing the tune you want,  
always off key, it's mostly the one you least expect.

Andy Brookes

# Roll Up, Roll Up

shall I let you see the circus in my head?  
those clowns sir, equipped with quips, are recompense

trapezium thoughts left better unsaid.  
genuflection a reflex action acted upon

Muse growling ringmaster, no mistress, mistaken,  
whip cracking spinning sinister wicked smiles  
dashing devil may care dominatrix.

shining bright eyes cast me into a sawdust quandary  
balleting words on slivers of tight ropes.  
pirouetting, a seductive balancing, combative high wire foes.

shooting me out a cannon no safety net, dear reader I died.

Andy Brookes

## Romance 2 Faces

Do not be fooled as I fool the world nor confounded be as I confound  
nor try to see beneath my volcanic depths, you may not like what you see.  
This too thin skin that crazes at a glance.  
a fracturing brittle shell which crumbles at harsh words.

do seek to find that an hidden intellect deep within  
that interior world is not for prying vultures eyes.

the fool that jests and prats for all the world to see  
a mask of cardboard paint and wax, pigs bladder clasped fatuous hand.  
waved to tweak noses that think nothing lies beneath the pose.  
and by foolery deceive, veiled in hundred myriad ways  
concealed within the jesters mask, which faces outward bold and strong  
to best conceal interior sadness with deprecatory smile.

like the watcher at the gate seeing, all but saying nought,  
though seeing you, you see me not, watching the world play its games  
where hide and seek and ego thrust is all the order of the day.

Andy Brookes

# Rummager

broken on the rocks of your disapprobation  
where did you get the right to rummage in my head.  
decide what is good or bad and judge  
in cold and calculated stance, who I am.

you cannot know just and so and so and so  
where the vaulted spirit goes.  
you have no key major or minor that can unlock this entity  
nor can you see through my animus opaque.

Andy Brookes

# Rustication

Writing in brown the pen rusty like corrugated roofs  
trailing off into the distant thoughts horizons misty lens  
karaoke bad voices off key sharps and flats  
but mostly just flat like old stale beer.

Andy Brookes

# Scarlet Or Black

judge words as they pour either bitter gall or sweet wine  
crystal octavos leather bound their greediness eats up the page.  
self absorbed selfishness lines or carelessly cruel, crimson inked,  
for cardinal days like martyrs blood or the ashes of the burnt heretics smeared  
charcoal

Andy Brookes

# Scrunch

Chromatic crescendos  
dissonant choirs sing  
whispering abyssal kelp gardens  
deep, unseen, atonal.  
hissing waves  
disembodied siren bird songs  
an eerie descant.  
spiral shell sibilant sea shanties  
waves rollcrashing  
shingle crushed beaches,  
symphonic rollers.

Andy Brookes



# Seeping Slips Strides Serenely

so you think you're a poet as likely as  
well whatever, there the path winds.

so you think you're a poet unlikely  
see how the sun blinds adversely

so you think you're a poet  
no the sea parts first not Red, Black or Med, just words

so you're a poet distraining libraries  
yellow and green blue admixture spines.

no there is no poet here  
just an empty house of words

so you think.....

Andy Brookes

# Servant Becomes Master

fresh morning air subsumed under exhaustive fumes  
tail pipes deep throbs motor growls traffic hum  
what gave us freedom now enslaves  
separates in metalled tins we commuter sardines

Andy Brookes

# Seven Short Pieces

1

October is a feral month  
winds of change strips trees  
as surly as it ripped you from me  
leaving me bare of leaves.

2

Light through windows shine  
within lies domesticity  
without loneliness

3

The days are colder  
My thought unfixed  
The jigsaw's unfinished  
It lies waiting on the table

4

Dust gathers  
In upswept corners.  
The sink filled in disarray  
With unwashed dishes.

5

The day dawns an inexorable  
An amber jewel of pain.  
This calendar day with its regularity  
Recur, its ripples disturb.

7

In memory the scene progresses  
Before my glaciated eyes,  
An endless reel.  
Playing in cool perception

Andy Brookes

# Shadow Lands

Here at the peripheries, the borders between light and shade.  
where night touches day blending into hazy twilight  
A place where dreams await the coming dark or flee the flaming morning.  
do our sleeping ears hear the echo of the big bang,  
will we dreamers all awake wondering at the Gods face?

Andy Brookes

# Sharpening Knives

war's destinies bitter truth, barbed biter, realities bitter gall, it galls us in its pitiless pithy reality.

questioning whatever reality is, war is not a transparent entity made of crystal to shatter glass like, disintegrating at a trumpet blast.  
more a dense wall of granite impenetrable, bloody, hard edged, absorbing rational argument.

wars shrill clarion call, that blind patriotic call to arms,  
acting no better than our betters, we sow intolerance, learning nothing from our forebears.

crashing about blindly holding our hate close to our chests  
enticed by wars seducing glory, funny how missing the L makes it gory, which in truth it is.

sharpening knives when we should sharpen our wits,  
finding ourselves at our wits end, with no wits, witless how witty is that.  
at a crossroads, we crossed the road, turned into the wrong turning caught by hubris.  
there's no turning back except to back out, back away, find a way back.

Andy Brookes

# Singularities Rebound

A pebble falls in the ocean, ripples surge outward.

cause and effect, effect and cause. unknown altering time, changing dimensions

a modifier of spacial tranquillity unsettling, disturbing the mind.

mirrored water undulates, images blur, a tsunami  
truth, what ever that maybe distorted, through bent light

fevered filtered dreams made of fractals shifting perspective.

transposed mirror images like backward glances.

Is it reality who can say?

Andy Brookes

# Sleeping Words

Autumns leaves fall as syllables  
tones red to gold to brown  
short sentence is the time of sleep

trees lie bare of words sleeping in winters grip  
blossoms awaiting the touch of sun tight budded wait  
for heating in the cauldrons fire of spring

hibernation's slow deep slumber, natures pause,  
till the sap rises in arboreal stems  
to flush full of love and light and awakening words.

Andy Brookes

# Solitary Night

Sharp swords of loneliness  
cut deep the inner fractions of my soul,  
such are the eccentricities of a febrile mind.

pulling back the curtains of the pit of obsidian night,  
opening the scarlet eyes of fractious leering dawn  
to send headlong down linear steps  
the daily longed for banishment of the painful nocturne song.

to show the world a careless sun-beamed steadfast face  
where beneath only I can see the goblins  
tearing hard with crepuscular claws and razor teeth.

Andy Brookes



# Sour Creme

Look me up in whose who in the poetry world he said.  
between Kant and Keats, my prideful words are there  
black upon the white or cream vellum, milk straight from the cow

mine are all cream or did he mean creme de la creme  
still crap also floats before it revolves spinning in ever decreasing circles  
out the fundement, into the pan, down into the sewers I thought

I digress he said I wouldn't bother if I were you  
its not literature, you're not, a dramatic pause, an artist.  
or did I miss hear?

your little ditties are fine for a summer evening but their substance.  
where is their substance? tissues to be used and then discarded in the trash.

too many adjectives he laughed,  
I could give you one or two I mumbled on that parting note.

Andy Brookes

# Specifications Not Needed

Box checked, dissected, charted, measured, slide rules rule, exact fleshy pounds.  
my peg is square but you hang your coat on it just fine  
without defining or consigning to some index card.  
happy to take me as I am, angular though I be

round mouth to square we fit, a kissing connection.  
tongue peppermint tasting with cinnamon glow like your eyes.  
we are fused one on one ruby to pink.

you and I, me and you, four square pegged, stable  
hanging round me, surround me hanging on my squareness,  
a perfect fit which is only fitting.

Andy Brookes

# Splutter

Morning comes on air  
tarmacked roads water slicked  
coffee awaits me

Andy Brookes

# Spume

Watercolour  
water pours.  
gutters spew,  
pipes sluicing.  
looking down  
from eyrie's view.  
umbrellas like  
mushrooms sprout.  
multicoloured wash,  
enlivening grey streets.

Andy Brookes

# Stances, Glances But No Romances

no I take the position,  
dare I say a proposition.  
that divided is sometimes best  
if the truth be the quest

I want to be happy and gay  
but not in that sexual way  
oh no I don't want to hold sway  
in that us kind of way have a universal say.

no the predisposition of my proposition  
is some say a radical position  
but simple gay is gay as day is day  
why fight about a night time fright

and it I may in the kindest word play, say,  
happy to be gay, for gay is happy.  
A definition in dictionary  
says nothing about an airy fairy.

so why get crappy my slap happy chappy  
you say hey, I say way, you say nay, by the way  
we both take propositions have positions  
exotic compositions

listen to the politicians hot air  
we just in justice want to be fair  
who make the law, a flaw, we saw  
a donkey's hee haw or a crow's caw

well let's start by saying we're not playing  
the game. are you insane?  
no I took back the ball,  
absolute total recall.

stop caring about the scaring, the paring,  
ripping and stripping, venom dripping.  
cause if you make me less  
take the piss

it says more about you,  
so screw you say howdy landing in the do do.  
I wonder do you sleep at night?  
or do you wake screaming it's my birth right.

so pledging my troth,  
for what its worth  
and I take my position in the proposition  
of gays the word and in the absurd  
boundaries blurred.

I saw you in the cottage  
yes, you, cliched in lockage  
so don't talk of luggage  
whilst denying me suffrage

no I take the position  
dare I say a proposition  
that divided is sometimes best  
when assessed, if truth be the quest

Andy Brookes

# Steam Punk Ride

Pink skin, black velvet dermis  
hard faced sojourners  
oceans crossed  
enchained displaced sweated  
cotton roots  
rotted fruits  
labour lost  
chimney smokes  
lungs choke  
evolution sybaritic  
freedoms heavy price  
bucolic longing  
reef knotted stomachs  
regurgitates dissonant rivers  
rushing toxic plant  
fumed ridden  
soporific meaning  
jungles glassy  
stumps lie wasted  
concreted pastures  
weeping nymphs  
lost shepherds  
sulphur days  
carborundum nights

Andy Brookes

# Storm Ride

mood stark morning blues  
pale lemon sky blinks off nights cloak.  
through mist rises obsidian trees silhouetted stark dripping tears of dew.  
weighty sky oppressive as my heavy thoughts,  
presses down upon tiers of clouds hanging processional,  
looking aggressive, purple edged, black, gravid with rain.  
air curls humid viscid, leaves hang limp in breathless air.  
deep anger roars the horizon rumbles, then is lit electric.

A prelude.

words tumble out an angry torrent  
mirroring the soon proclaimed storm.  
its fury let loose in sheets of vicious rain.  
bending boughs, pounding earth.  
then just as quickly, like my anger, gone.

Andy Brookes



# Summers End

wheat fields edged with bitter grass.  
butterflies bounce, hover flies skip  
amongst the ladies slipper and purple vetch.  
poppies dance, one day only, no review.  
urgent bees knees deep in pollen work

shellac backed ladybugs hunt  
ants milk the greenfly born pregnant  
sucking sweet sap, roses ruin,

old barn a tumble of red bricks an untidy scatter;  
roof beams sagging, swallows nesting in its decay  
to bring new life to its tired eaves  
acrobatic they fly in the pale of evening.

across the meadows cows wander in line  
to the gate lowing out, their udders full.  
sun dips on the horizon a butterball  
sinking into the cushion of darkening clouds.  
sounds echoing hallow predicts rain tomorrow.  
wind ruffles the wheat fields which are edge with bitter grass.

Andy Brookes

# Surely

Secure in my insecurities, of that I'm sure that I am unsure.  
faulty in admitting my faults, which if believed are many and varied  
my faulty memory and body which seems to have stopped obeying my  
commands  
it has revolted, years of ill use have made it creaky and me cranky.  
so I sit at the top of the Cresta Run, and it was a long haul to get here  
but the view though beautiful is too brief as I descend with speed down its icy  
slope towards death,

Not that I am sad, au contraire, maybe as the believer say it is the last journey,  
going where, well, either paradise or oblivion.  
surely there is something more than sitting on clouds dressed in angels wings;  
more an adventure than the black hole of oblivion.

the other thing I am sure is that I am absolutely sure of nothing.  
so I take a strong position by sitting firmly on the fence so when old man death,  
or old lady death, for that matter, come to think about it it maybe neither he or  
she,  
however I will go where it beckons, on or not and though I make it sound like a  
choice, I know its not.  
Now that I am sure of.

Andy Brookes

# The Creature (Inspired By Mary Shelly)

emotions escalate  
upward,  
onward.  
seaward swelling waves  
tortuous tendentious  
relentlessly syncopated unnatural beats

hidden Winter depths  
senses frozen sewn and patched  
locked in polar caps

shattered cardiac erythmia  
Frankenstein stitches cobbles a monstrous confection  
lusus naturae  
alienation accepted but never wanted.  
not truly man yet not a beast.

Who we ask is the true monster?

Andy Brookes

# The Long Goodbye

Adieu

Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu Adieu

Adieu Adieu

Adieu

Andy Brookes

# The Randomness Of Beans

Groups of abstracted words stitched randomly engaged to spaced marked ticks,  
attached by impaled crosses, lines ruled by unruly nexus, a singular plural, filling  
empty spaces

spontaneity travels not well, souring like wine corked and bitter  
burning like hooch distilled roughly causing brain miasma

the journey only goes a to b, b to a, fig five inclusive PTO, circular and  
distrained.

bankrupted losing my way, voice stilled, tongue stuck dumb.

disoriented in tortuous alleyways winding transverse.

toppled crossroad markers defaced.

standing in a blue furrowed field of white at a loss what to right.

the Muse, the Hagia Sophia of verse or prose, packed her valise leaving by the  
five forty five to Olympus laughing all the way.

I hear its echo in my head.

baked beans on toast for tea I think.

Andy Brookes

# The Secrets Of Bird Law

I watched the pigeons sitting on the wall,  
they looked as if they knew something I didn't.  
a seeming smug satisfaction in their stance  
calling us to reality cooing, doomed, doomed.

yellow eyed they watch us, they seem to say,  
we were here before you, we knew the dinosaurs,  
and will be, long after your extinction,  
as they cooed, you're doomed, doomed.

so I fed them bread and ask their secrets  
but they remained tight beaked, heads on one side,  
they pretend, I know, not to understand, winking instead  
and cooing you are doomed, doomed.

Andy Brookes

## Third Time

I am just a helpless drowning man  
dog paddling through the sea of life as best he can.

Andy Brookes

# Three Short Deaths

look beyond the veil  
what is that seven or one  
dancing death steps

lilies are for death  
a perfume sweet and sickly  
hides putrefaction

having no marker  
you lie in cold Winter's tomb  
the unremembered

Andy Brookes



# Time Ran Out

Spent so much time making money  
so I could make time to spend with you  
but by the time I'd saved enough  
to spend the time with you,  
too much time had passed,  
and you were gone.

Andy Brookes

# Time Ticks Temporary

Time ticks temporary  
sentinel seconds scud silent.  
slow viscous flow, inching towards the curtain.  
which ripples out warm welcoming cloak.  
the stage is set, eternity awaits.

arrangements made final finite finale.  
mask of time falls, last trumpet sounds  
daeth's fanciful fugal fanfare

Andy Brookes

# Time Trials

Trying to be happy, having reached that harbour  
where age proclaims sexlessness, desires squashed, fires banked controlled.

wanting an answer, railing against this forced celibacy  
for grey hair declares your disinterestedness,  
the mirror your unattractiveness, exaggerates lines and stretched skin  
becoming a scarlet lie in monkish habit.

but oh, but, but, but.....there is so much sad truth in but.  
when arriving, at last, at the place where you are at ease with yourself,  
where passions no longer unbridled; the place where you know what you want it  
is too late, for time, that cruel mistress, has unsexed you.

Andy Brookes

# Torment Torn

Sappho tumbling from her cliff  
suspended between earth and heaven  
for ever in limbo fixed  
and sadly desires are but stony ends  
broken on the rocks of self denial.

Andy Brookes

# Transitory Transformations

chrysalises,changing metamorphic,  
becoming bright winged butterflies  
glorying transient hours.  
Impermanent flashy beings

ephemerally flashing metaphor  
gone too soon with Summers flowers ere winter comes.  
mortalities reminders

Andy Brookes

# Transits

moon eating daylight  
subsuming transubstantiation  
exchanging blue for stars  
interiors for exteriors  
circle left to right, clockwise revolutions.

moon around earth, earth around sun, sun around, around, around, around, fiery  
electron plasma blossoms.

we spin inexorably to our end, until night is eaten day and sun moves blinking  
across the blue.

Andy Brookes

# Tweeting And Twitching

The loose knit morning rose, cold, though it was it had opportunity endless  
robin tells me, by his red flash, grass, frosted emerald needs footprints  
just to make it authentic, would I please give him some bread long tail flashing  
semaphore.

the telegraph poles buzz, mobiles ring, but the birds tweet, better than anything  
on line.

for they choose the sparrows one, two, three, to gossip away the early morning  
to preen and wash before breakfast.

Starlings, those little beggars, steal food,  
with much flapping and consternation, making sparrows indignant.

the cars have not yet come out, to career like dragons, on metaled tarmac,  
so the birds and I have the morning to ourselves, as we eat our breakfasts of  
nuts and seeds.

Andy Brookes

# Unbearable

look don't touch, watch me turn on my pedestal  
white skin no blemish there but forbidden fruit.  
bearing no imprint, do not touch, for I am robbed,

robbed of youth and innocence of unbidden love.  
unbidden to my midnight bed and watch me sleep,  
turmoil in the nightmare glance and jangled nerves

do not touch, walk on the grass, look admire,  
nerves are strung sensitive unbearable to my skin  
so do not touch for heavens sake and for the sake of love.

Andy Brookes



# Unrepentant

The Aunts to their horror found  
That I was a little heathen  
And so to church was bound.  
Six years old and not baptised,  
Neither could believe their eyes.

Straight to the font you must go,  
For out your soul the devil throw  
And in the holy waters drowned.  
This is so that you can be saved  
Not go unshriven to your grave.

But all the churching did no good  
Could give me faith as it should.  
Of all the parsons words I profound  
I took no notice, heard not a sound.  
I did not listen and soon forgot.

This sad story I do tell  
For I am surly bound for hell.  
Down the slippery slope I glide,  
In the hell fire to be fried  
And from this fate I cannot run  
But getting there it sure was fun.

Andy Brookes

# Untitled

returning from the lakes I should write of majestic hills,  
fast flowing streams, mist rising with the sunrise  
over Windermere and Ullswater.  
cold rushing becks or mighty cascades  
towering grey lichen covered cliffs  
hills gloried in amethyst heather  
or green valleys dotted with Herdwicks  
wind swept mountains plunging into the sea  
and views, views, views  
but all I can think of is stones, stones, stones,  
my poor sore feet and aching bones

Andy Brookes

## Untitled \*\*

shall I tell you why its good to die, she said.  
not wanting her dis closure for it hurt like bullets that pass through  
hitting nothing vital except theheart which shattered.

let me, she said give you ten good reasons but turning away  
some on leashes truth is hard to hear melded with sword like tongue  
which cut through the rd tape of morality corroding spirit

should have fledlike the heart from the hunter  
should have done something, anything,  
but nerves numb and cold reacted not caught by that steely gaze  
shall I tell you why it'sgood to die and all I could voice I'd rather not.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled 34

I wish i was made of steel  
so that I didn't melt at your touch

I wish I was made of stone  
cold and hard deaf your pleas

I wish I was made of air  
so I could dissipate into the ether  
but you are always there in ways unimaginable.

I wish, I wish, I wish.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled 54

what is the architecture of a life?  
not the bricks and mortar of cells,  
branches of arteries and veins, brain, sinew, muscle, bone

it's not about who made you the act but a short pleasure.  
the big bang with which every life begins, a selfish gene machine.  
It is what you become life's experiences forming and structuring  
like old houses a added to a hodgepodge of styles.

I am grateful to the sperm donor; to the warm wet incubator that nurtured me,  
until the time I made my first appearance.

birth it is the only time you hold centre stage,  
the star. Except, of course, in death

though there were no loving arms, gentle words, crooning lullabies.  
having made me, the two principles left, exit stage right.

they sadly could not stick around, to mess me up or be of any influence,  
they left that to others, yet they are always spectres at my feast.  
family and not, just faces in faded photographs.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled 56

'Sometimes I think.' she said 'Cynicism should be synonymous with tired. 'Often.' she pauses gathering her thoughts. 'You get to a point in your life where you can foresee an outcome but are just too damn tired to fight. to make it work.'

'No cynicism.' I reply. 'Is where you meet reality head on and wonder if its worth going forwards leaving the trail lying down and giving up. as the sometimes dreary caravan of life runs across the desert. the only relief is the oasis of life, where sometimes, if your're lucky, you can rest and drink your fill of love and joy.'

'That is so sad.' she says her eyes filling with tears.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled 6

The bright gaudiness of the maples  
Before stripped of their bright clothes,  
Float like bright islands above the mist,  
Illuminating the forest of burnished gold.  
Their showy redness makes Autumn blush;  
A fanfare, to usher in a time of cold  
Before they stand bare in their winter sleep;  
Dreaming of their summer glory.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled F

Curtains a word to close, to block out, to end the day, days end  
curtains, heavy velvet like Gran's, with tassels and attendant curlicues, brown as  
dark chocolate holding the dust of a millennia.

curtains, net white, like a bridal veil which hid us from the world.  
like those of my own home growing up, fancy prints busy with their own  
importance.  
seasonal change from summers light muslin to winters thick brocade.

curtains, purple, of the confessional, thick to hide your sins or to absorb your  
absolution.  
That tight box veiled while priest muttered tut and ohs that creaked with its own  
redemption

curtains, white which float on summer air casting their shadows on the walls as  
we made love,  
swaying to our rhythms.

curtains closing as we watched your coffin, slowly slide into eternity.  
closing a chapter in my life, the last of yours.

curtains, a word to close or to open on a bright new day.

Andy Brookes



# Untitled H

casting about, out of my depth seeing you from the cast of millions,  
that myriad of stars, did we see it in our stars, we star crossed lovers  
as we crossed the room?

your face stuck out of the crowd from the crowd of crowing crows.  
preening in their self importance which held no importance for you.

looking with stars in my eyes casting about to find one word.  
you put your finger to my lips speaking with your eyes.

so I cast off, would you follow?  
telling you sanctuaries not on offer, no security, of that be sure.  
just a castaway, off to distant shores, be secure in that knowledge  
that nothing's scheduled, my agenda's not hidden, for I have non.

that I will cherish and love you, standing solid by your side  
in solidarity, telling you that is my only surety, of that you can be sure  
if you'll let me, for my heart is to let to one careful owner.

Andy Brookes

# Untitled R

What is beyond the glass a gallowglass spear in hand?  
see behind the glass to the interior of the heart of darkness if i had one  
look through the glass darkly someone said.  
to the under belly of my world, where up is down and down is down  
down down down, where we drown in the pettiness of our existence  
whatever that is.

Life's a rocky road or a silvery long narrow stretch of beach we call our own,  
which like a Medieval field system, is our strip to plough plant and grow unto our  
death.

I wonder where did all the time go?  
so what's behind the glass, the glasses, a bifocal view maybe.

Andy Brookes

## Untitled\*

road curving left it is the one not taken.  
so question is did we take the correct one?  
frosty slicked hard and muddy  
Robert knew, yes he did, yet life seems linear.

I watched you yesterday in the garden  
among the dead and dying things  
gathering brown dry brittle leaves of Winter`s harvest  
you shone in the cold bitter air, tart tannin tasting.

cheeks burned red with cold,  
your jolly hat enlivening the scene  
bright hues against encapsulating grey walls.  
you looked up just then, smiling and waved,  
to dissolve in mist, leaving me with only an after image.

I wonder, the road curving to the left, the one not taken  
was the right one, but then you knew that, didn't you?  
leaving me to walk the rest alone.

Andy Brookes

# Useless Spirit

Sleigh riders, slave drivers, ducking and divers see the writing on the wall  
Babylons streams on Netflix hell it seems is here accompanied by elves and  
spells

Happy New Year, no fear, meeting at the worlds end my friend,  
my Chelsea girl, looking good modish style being vile, listen the bells starting  
ringing,  
carols singing, I see the smoking gun, Christmas in September,  
putting out their stalls, present hauls, empty halls, money calls.

so toys, toys, toys, for the boys boys boys useless things that we don't need  
for the girls, girls, girls, perfect pointless pretty shiny things Santa brings.  
there is greed, peace message, drowned in noise of tills trills, thrills, bills,  
for stocking fills.

arrogant misuse we waste no taste consumerism gone wild, Saturnalia failure,  
meanwhile starving faces pinched, looking on this festive fun, spectres at the  
feast

those that have the least, they lie in the sun undone, we the affluent eat drink  
being merry

getting high on sherry, here's the rub a dub dub dub we are lost.

dancing the dance of death on his cold breath.

Andy Brookes

# Vapid Alienation

entering into conscious free fall knowing I worried too much  
I drift.

Are you awake? she asks in italics  
'cogitates interuptus' not true Latin of course.  
I try to pretend but we both know its a lie, mountains to climb  
we hold our collective breaths hoping for rain, as a distraction technique

everything has gone south for the winter, belly up, Summers truly over.  
soon the big freeze will set in, leaves yellowing like pages from an old novel  
bitter dry bark, descending sap, hibernation and roaring fires.

old age aint no place for sissies my aching bones tell me  
wondering if it's a place for nancy boys but I am struck dumb by the thought.  
reading of the impermanence of snowmen today I'm informed they leave behind,  
apparently,their icy ghosts like Christmases past.

I realise you and I will leave nothing, no trace, maybe that's as it should be.  
are you awake? you ask, no just thinking I sigh, of melting snowmen.

Andy Brookes

## Well Worn

Life nibbles at the bitter, pages crumpled, edges dog eared,  
well thumbed like a favourite poem but not as satisfying  
romance died somewhere along the line, to be replaced by cynicism  
I want to be romanced, entranced, danced, suffused with your passion  
his eyes, not yet faded by disappointment, shone.  
good luck with that I thought seeing the look in his partners eyes  
shinning to too but with lust.

was I ever,I thought, smiling, this bright and optimistic?  
Maybe, before the grindstone of life wore me down, turning me in this old cynic.

Andy Brookes

# What's Inside

you say,  
Stone walls surround the desert of your heart,  
where desire once bloomed.

You say,  
no more the waters of Felicity run,  
her wells are dry.

You say,  
the lines of age, carve deep clefts,  
so now the mirror derides your ravaged face.

You say,  
the glory of your hair has whitened  
Thin as a winter tree.

But I say,  
I see what's inside and to me you are always beautiful.

Andy Brookes

# Whitecaps Rising

Stray not from the way ward wind but sail full billowed  
tacking on the spume of thought,  
egos are bent but strive for nought.  
write for writing's sake, for fame is but a transient wave.

God laughs lusty loud at the puny rails of mortal men.  
making the heavens hallowed halls ring mirthful.

but ever thoughts of celebrity like sickness moves the fevered pen  
sliding across crisp pale sheets like a pallid virgin cheek, no rosy glow; except  
passionate words to make the moon blush red.

all the wisdom's in a blade of grass  
or in a particulate of sand cast afloat upon the ever heaving seas.  
steering a vagrant course by fixed eternal stars  
come at last to birth and berth, rest in quiet harbours of the night content to ride  
upon the tidal waters shift.

Andy Brookes



# Wholly Holey Holy

shall we dust of the icons, take them down from the shelf and sing Glorias  
the hanging man weeps blood, for this I died he says through stitched lips  
thorny temple trickles, three in one, one in three and the show goes on,  
flexes tongue twisters ethereal musing but he is dumb and the band plays on

priests mouthed flowery platitudes, out of key organ a counter point.  
man nailed to the tree seemed to weep, cannot remember the reason he is here  
an angel wing brushes his face and carries his soul heaven wards

Incensed by the choking incense, mummery of the ritual its meaning lost  
the congregation's longing to be free, out in Gods clean air, priest mumbled on,  
religion by rote, flashy robes and flesh eating  
his seeming God given right to forgive our sins dishing out his mea culpa and  
rosary rounds

blind to the inattention of his flock, he accelerates to a fast conclusion;  
longing to forget the flummery and lose himself, in an orgy of habitual prayer  
and whiskey fumes and self flagellation

absolved of sin for yet another week, trailing home at snails pace wondering,  
not for the first time, was my time wholly wasted?  
yet paradoxically feeling a little less sinful and more holy.

Andy Brookes

# Wing Words

Small though he was, a wren amongst eagles,  
he tried to fly with bullet holed wings.

angels don't belong, she said, here on this battle field,  
we're too slow to dodge the quickfire words hitting bullseye.

but never, he said, does it kill but only wounds and so,  
I try to fly with bullet holed wings.

Andy Brookes

# Witches, Wizards And Woody Wands

Dorothy waits over the rainbow clicking Ruby Slippers impatiently  
house crushed witch dissolves cryptically  
Swiss cheese thoughts swirling chocolaty, Toblerone hills melt honey sweet  
avalanching crushed nuts send cow bells ringing in the moonlight,  
ah, we are saved by Harry Potter's spells skiing downhill fast wand waving  
there's no place like home as Alice morphs into Dorothy.  
Happy endings all round.

Andy Brookes

# Wolves

while Neo-Nazismarch with echoing jack boots of the past  
and down the street the footfalls of the Hitler youth imprint  
or scattersplintered glass with memories of Kristallnacht.  
fearful looking, on to wonder how little some have change  
that prejudice still ravens the world like a hungry wolf  
tears at the souls of cultured men.

Andy Brookes

## Write Off (Not A Haiku)

dilettante me  
just a scribbler in verse  
what I could be worse

Andy Brookes

# ?????? Toranpetto

Archangels message  
bright trumpets needed sounding  
deep embarrassment

Andy Brookes

## ? (Go)??

bird arpeggios on cerulean  
mirrored dappled pools  
riotous roost returning

Luna declensions sliding  
dotted stars needle pricks  
metaheuristic algorithms

waterfall growls  
atramentous night wafts  
soft scented mahonia

Andy Brookes

????—?

the day begins drear  
three dead files on windowsill  
so funereal

a line of black cars  
we follow processional  
our tears flow freely

his final journey begun  
the yellow curtains a screen  
another friend lost.

Andy Brookes



## ? Fuyu

fallow lying ground  
chocolate new ploughed earth dreams  
icy resting time

Andy Brookes

## ?? Shizumu

Titanic love split  
watching ice-burgs floating by  
cold night of the soul

Andy Brookes