

Poetry Series

Aisle Walton

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Aisle Walton()

A Parting

A Parting

i.m. Nina Levick

You: our happy dose for three days in the week,
PowerPoint demon and whiteboard supernova;
our frizzed and frozzling, bubbled spinning top
of Gothic arches and Diocletian windows,
and all the videos
of Simon Schama,
and the cries of
"Will you ever, will you ever! "
at the sight of silky scarfs with shirts unbuttoned to the navel.

You: our pediment,
our exuberant triumphal arch;
two roundels sparkling with
each precious day of life that you were giving –
we didn't know the cost until much later –
and trips to the National (Schama again) , and
all those times we didn't put our hands up
(even though we knew the answer)
because that was the game,
and you would end up coaxing it from one of us
at tea-time parties (called 'revision') ...
revision...revision...revision...

- - -

Some jokes and then it was over,
and I was half a doorway away;
all those clichés paraded
- imagined appropriate,
PVC for what was desperate to be real
when what was real had been
so the opposite of this, now.

Lines, carefully chosen,
a façade, clumsily woven.
Beethoven's Moonlight was

minor enough to wallow in,
but the chords were never loud enough.

Aisle Walton

Etchings

Gazebos in the rain,
A warm drizzling,
And the wine in tall glasses.
A sitting and standing,
A shuffle of voices
And thoughts, uttered and unuttered, reached out and pulled in.

And a girl
Who writes poems from the etchings on desks,
An etching for an etching.
Something profound is here,
I cannot find it.

Aisle Walton

Notes On A Winter Evening

The stillness of the air;

the lateness of the hour;

the frigid discovery of sartorial complacencies;

the exhalation of solitude;

the inevitability of introspection;

the privacy of self-criticism;

the dog-shake of the returning present;

the emptiness of the junction;

the gentleness of traffic lights changing in the dark.

Aisle Walton

Ode To A Crumpet

Crunchy-soft and crinkled to your core
of cramped, cream-salted, butter-melted sating:
you comfort with your crenellated smile
as, cradled in the toaster, still awaiting
full maturity of style,
you get a bit browner than before.

Your surface is a mottled, pockmarked thing,
but then again it's easy to spot holes
when actually these perforations make you
what you are, whilst things beyond control
are best forgotten. Instead, let's take two
seconds, or two verses worth, remembering
that a Crumpet's right is to a happy ending.

Aisle Walton

Poem

A northern rain, the grey
certainty of it - the same
abluting evening for a clear night,
for wide pavements and
bus windows, each steamy pane
puffing its cheek against the clenched air,
and again the falling waters
of an hour that glistens in remains,
and a sky that weeps
to wash me clean.

Aisle Walton

Pub Lunch

It was all a bit of a cliché really,
the grassy bank rolling down,
each thick, vibrant swathe spreading out
specifically from me, or so it seemed,
until the river,
or something lost between a river
and a stream, flowing still,
reflecting like a mirror
each flower (a different kind)
on the opposite bank,
and a summer sky made cool within the ripples.
As I said, it was a cliché,
and, as such, was unreal,
leaving out, as it did,
the huge and grotesque bouncy castle
erected on the lawn in front of it.

Aisle Walton

Quartets

I. Allegro Vivace

It was Weinberg and it was fucking great,
lost in the abandon of its own hard labour;
the brutal counterpoint that had us
clenching our teeth and nodding in the seats.

II. Andante

The Scottish pensioner's ad,
Maggie and the funny man,
classics with classics,
and the old music feeling young.

III. Scherzo

They were crazies if you weren't in on it,
changing clothes like time signatures,
singing energy drinks and building their songs
from the other unused spaces of the mind.

IV. Largo

It is often the comforting agreement
that life is sweetened by mortality,
but so were the last chords unbearably sweet
when we knew that the cellist was leaving.

Aisle Walton

Senryu For A Broken Poem

Poem

a broken poem
the pieces of intention
float on in circles

Lit. Crit.

this one's all about
unrequited love isn't
it? No? Just me then

The Leaflet

'tis a pity that
someone had to tread on you
now you look shitty.

Bed

the comforts of sleep
genius and the hopeful dream
all lost by morning

Poem II

the problem was this
you wanted to be literal
I wanted to cringe

Bed II

for years a complete
space, until the place appears

for one who's not there

Poster

corners pinned so tight
yet the inevitable
sag in the middle

Winterreise

alone in the snow
there can never be comfort
while he still loves her

Poem III

oh dear, it appears
we're back to cycles again
or was it circles?

Aisle Walton

Tanka (No-Mind)

Higher consciousness
No thought, no wish or regret
Disturbs the present
Smallest whisper of her name
My Zen in one breath shattered

Aisle Walton

Tanka (Out Of One Form)

Out of one form two
Upper phrase and lower phrase
Splitting firmament
How then to make connection
From sky and earth one heaven

Aisle Walton

The Old, Angry Songs

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
die Träume bös' und arg,
die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
holt einen großen Sarg.

- Heinrich Heine

I.

He wanted a coffin, he said -
large, with long, thick planks,
and twelve giants to carry it
down to the sea to throw it in,
because nowhere else was dark
or low enough a grave;
no other tomb where the black,
still waters of the deep
would crush the contents of the bier
so fully into forgetting -
and would not tell me,
not yet,
just what he planned to bury
in the vast container,
but simply said,
with a gleam that made me worry,
that it would be many things
and heavy,
so heavy that he could be sure
they'd sink too fast for hesitations
and would leave no trace,
nor any other way of being found,
or rising up again..

II.

I wanted a coffee, or so I said,
large, a long, thick latte,
and twelve baristas...
no, let's not be silly,

but in the end she would not meet me
amongst the tables by the stand
between the wide street and the church.
I probably had left it late in any case -
not just by now but by three years or so,
and not just time but also
I was too slow in myself to be
a 'finished product' soon enough
I think, or at the very least
that served as grounds for
all appropriate punishment -
a bit like this poem really,
we can move on to another,
I know of one by Heine.

III.

..So there was no relief
when finally he turned to me,
confiding that he planned to
place within the cask
all of his 'love and suffering'
because, in fact, it had become
too painful and too difficult to feel,
and that therefore it was preferable
to numb it all and
cut himself away.
Yet with this severance
I could not help but wonder
what it was that would remain
upon the shore of his existence;
taking each slow surf,
each in-breathed tide
to gradually efface this ghost
that was a man with
everything, or nothing, he had lost,
depending how you looked at it.

I, too, tried to bury mine with an ocean,
now glad that some escaped me,

trapping each thought
on a sofa at midnight -
and the coffin,
sinking slowly,
slowly down
into the coffee..

Aisle Walton

These Men

These men, these creatures stretched on sapien drum,
crotch-watchers - so crotch-thinkers by the magic
of that sum, whose logic (now become)
Is norm from which we view their lives so tragic;
these men, who watch pornography at night
to grasp at shaming objects of desire,
then masturbate just to delay the fright
of single beds with which they must conspire;
- as if you could have ever thought that these
had anything in common with a woman,
each being more alike to chimpanzees
than fairer sex, or decent human person! ?
how pure we are, how PC to condemn
this gender-wide atrocity, these men.

Aisle Walton

Three Urban Haiku

I.

snuggled in bed
through orange lit window
hums a city

II.

black sack wrapper
now opened
goes into black sack

III.

holding the mirror
and wandering what would smash
if I let go

Aisle Walton