

Poetry Series

Damian Mac
- poems -

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Damian Mac(1980's)

Almost Paris Times Two

cut into me please
beautify my memory
delight my photography
your there
and so;
am i yet there? im gone!
yet im gone,
were gone!
were gone! !

Damian Mac

Cheated On Them All

cheated on them all
constant streams of beer
all the time with the music
used to be smart
all that cocaine
too many books
not enough
'can do'
losing belief
making you smile
not trying
hard
losing myself
too much too drink
pissing in trousers
can roll a mean joint
felt strong at your side
losing myself
all of the time.

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Come With My Past

if only, if someday, if your lonely
come to me now
leave that life, this day
if you miss me, cant forget
me, like
me you
then come to me now
and ill you
and ill you
meet in the middle
meet me in the sea,
and we'll cling to the buoy
and meet in the middle,
then, we'll see

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Grass

did you know, you just sap it
outta me?
my only art is bad titles for
books ill never write
my only art is involved in pre-made
arguments before we talk
to be real no take but feel
again a lump in my throat,
to wake up in the joys of spring,
to find again my art and philosophy which
i fear lost

will you come back to me?
my childhood loves and likes?
to stay up all night and enjoy my
own urbane company of a
too bright morning where the grass with ears
upon it tells me it breathes as dappled light,
and fire dew breathes
with our breathes

will i find you again,
will you save this?

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I Went One Day

i went one day

a territory one day I saw, and contemplated
i see it still, in my room I guess you feel i

...ruminated

yeah okay, I did, but not for the rhyme
maybe,
the lost times
this painting for me has lines,
a beauties hand that at
one time drew those times
that somehow make me rue

those days, lines or ruminants

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Invent When Your Alone

create me, make me, there,
when im finally gone
i see you sitting,
knitting together,
me and you

thinking of time delays, doesn't help,
its out, the *others* out...
but your in
and so alone

create me, make me there
when im finally gone
create me make me there
when were finally gone

the clocks hands so orange
the rivers sparkling
the pine not speaking, no
no, no no he heard you say

just sit, create, make and cremate
and relate,
to that which once was...

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Its Only You

you walk down an almost silent line of wire
they all become silent benchmarks and authors
no-one quotes,
yet they live with
others
worse, better, than
maybe you and maybe
you tried your best and
i guess you didn't
do they remember that we
were there and alive,
fighting together do i remember...

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Love Letters In Braille

from my view you can
tell my eyesight is not so clear,
have a letter for me from my
one true love and please
read it to me

eyesight suffered and shot, during
our many years of war, when
my brother reads me the long sought
after letter, i remember
too see clearly and mock myself
for still loving your dearly

you will maybe wait for me, although
a friend says the only good thing too
come from rheims is the champagne and
we all lay here blind.
the kaisers gas us away from the
cannons
the rats
the fray but
can you still love me this way?
im but a new orphan rebuilding myself,
from foreign european clay

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My Bedlam Is Just What It Thinks It Is

join my asylum, come with me
and join this club
its such joy, to be all alone here,
nothing, but an alcoholic ploy

gin, camel, ash, extra lime, white dust that
flew
all this way just for me

these moments, of all my
life, try to take them, move them
adulterate them

so please, too take
them from me, my memories
of that solitary tree,
that fucking ridiculous mini

take them from me
you might have a fight on your hands

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My Only Soul

it looks dark and involved
something plays the flute and the melodies,
uninvited swim around our ears
in this garden, it breaks the day and
we will listen to the grass breathe.

it wakes up at dawn, sees those planes,
and their watery trails so far and above
but it goes no further, than the beats
and the beats in this garden,
so pristine and fresh.
between the seven-four-seven and
the little slug, whose trail
lasts longer?

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No More Memory

stains on already pained coronary systems,
once sang in giddy children
fairground attractions in far and
forgotten resort towns

i can't even remember if you were there,
or her,
or the other,
but it definitely occurred

a beach, a bar in someone's car and the hills of long ago

cigarettes shared in cold surf, frost
in your glass, those memories i cannot chase
it's just
i can't remember your face

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Old Phones/Punk Song

Searching, for nothing important I found you guys. A tiny dual.
Old mobile phones and I cant turn you on, old phones died in my wars.

I wonder what forgotten numbers you hold
I wonder where that scratch came from
I wonder what picture that old lens took
But im fucked if I can turn you on.

Wandering

Searching, for nothing important I found you guys. A tiny dual
Old mobile phones and I cant turn you on, old phones died in my wars.

The numbers in you haven't got mine anymore
The surface that scratched doesn't call mine, anymore
Those movies and pictures are probably better off, never seen.
Like old jackets, lost lighters and nights it may be best if never seen again.

Wandering

Searching, for nothing important I found you guys. A tiny dual
Old mobile phones and I cant turn you on, old phones, that died in my war.

I miss those numbers
I miss those numbers
I miss those numbers, today.

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On My Limb

trust me, noone knows
what way we shall blow,
on our portal night
and the eastern kite

it will rise, no! lift and fall
until we see the cabin
of our dreams,400 bodies
that make no sense in a former
colony and someone say
please say
why are we we we we here! ?

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Stop To Sway

dont
dont want
never will
goodbye!

and here, i sent her away,
to sway, i posted her one day
and i am nothing of a great,
but this soul i built for...
for

not her

she matched not one likeness,
i'd ever imagined to
be you
so, i sent her away,
my first, my first
my first on this road to understanding!

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The Boat Was Wild But You Hung On You Just Hung Right On

conquests are for the crusades,
did you breathe that seaside air,
did we both inhale,
that one time which (is yet to)
skip skip skip my mind

please will you buy a crucifix
for me?
run it through some holy water and
keep running it in whatever
you feel blessed

just take it to my face,
my skin, if i recoil
ill remember not a thing,
grin or burn,
ill no longer recall shared fires,
rainstorms, baths with long forgotten songs

hold that to me and see if this burns
hold that to me, see if i burn

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There Is Astronomy

i will pull meat,
between my teeth
ashes will or wont
reside under my guise

to say hello, to not say hello
that sometimes
that sometimes,
says it all

what an abandoned headband
seems
those contrasting colours,
shout like men in fits and
without means

we call colour,
wish it too stay there
Blue for eye
Brown for hair,
stay there for an ever

a single hair on the bed
a shot star

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