

Poetry Series

ian hall
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

ian hall()

A Decision Not Taken

A decision not taken
The pretext to death
A shiver of fear

Compassion swings
the judgment blade
the cynic called hindsight
too late, the actions made
the line between wrong and right
Smashing with disgust fuelled by fear
and might
The will to live,
end the fight

Stunned mangled fitting
But never dead
Who judges
the story and the way it is said
to anyone who wants to listen
To suit a purpose that might be a lie

ian hall

Abandoned

sad crinkled acidic hateful soul
who has conspired against me in a secret pact
with other demons and weakened spirits

who hates thyself
but does not know it

who hast burnt a hole through thine own heart
but does not know it
who has cast me out into cold and lonely places

who is jealous and deceitful
i feel thy agony
and weakness
eating away

Thank you

ian hall

Black Japara

Bury me with my old black japara on a hill overlooking the ocean.
Give away my organs and money and things
but bury me with that old black japara

It was with me when I whispered things buried deep within
It was with me when the sleeting rain and ocean spray aroused in me
that which time and space cannot capture
in dark nights starlit skies
it knows my secrets

Bury me with my old black japara on a hill overlooking the ocean
wrap me like one who loved me

ian hall

Death Is My Saviour

Death is my saviour
She releases me from pain and suffering
from boredom and anxiety

Death is my saviour
an honest and respected friend
She punctuates all sentences
She unshackles me and shows me true freedom

Death is my saviour
She takes me to the nothingness
that only peace can bring

She loves me for who I am
and shows me the way

ian hall

Love Is A Crucifix

love is a crucifix
summer cold snap
winter's wicked wrath
i saw a unique vision
not just a premonition
not just a new edition

it aint any easier
than the pain you longed for
you waited for it
it was something that you feared
that you had to face
its not too late
dont drag up the future
when we haven't dealt with
what going on
love is a crucifix

ian hall

Love Lost

Pull down the sun
Block out the moon
Rake out the mountains
And fill in the ocean
Call for the fog
Bring all trees to the ground
Stop the wind
Block my ears
Cover my eyes
No life
No reason
Drive a knife in my heart
Do it slow
It will distract me from my agony

ian hall

My Friend Nelligan

My friend Nelligan
I have his picture on my wall
Whose eyes shine with Innocence
tinged by a sadness
the last residue of ego lost

A black bowler hat sits on
His white straw hair
Punctuated by clumped black eye brows
He wears a coat made from a patchwork blanket

He holds a picture of himself as a younger man
An image fractured by time
In four jagged lines framing his younger face

A frame within a frame within a frame
Inscribed your friend Nelligan
Wishing you happy memories

I have never met Nelligan
But I know him well
From beyond the time and place
my memories come from

My friend Nelligan

ian hall

Ode To A Witch And The Pros Of Spontaneous Combustion

Oh dry, scaly, warty witch
Do you imagine yourself;
as beautiful and pure?
And victimized?
and intelligent?
And righteous?

The blood has left your scrunched up face
Leaving only squiggle marks over your buried eyes
and you can barely speak or breathe
but for a cuss and a curse

What intimidates thee?
Is it the truth?
Is it transparency?

Why do you pretend?
Drinking Coffee speaking all intellectual
With that pompous twang

I see your deceit
Your lies
Your game
your pretence
your uncontrolled ego
eating you up
setting you up for your burning demise

don't drag me into it

I wish you well
As you get smaller and smaller
I no longer see you
And if I ever think about you
I know the evil that brought you undone,
is contagious

ian hall

Oh Tired Old Gum Who Killed Thee

Oh tired old gum who killed thee
Who ended what once could have been
And left thou twisted carcass for grubs and ants to feast on

Were it the beetles who infested thy greenery
Or wombats that dug out and ate thy roots
Or the ten long years of drought
Or the road alongside thee

In the midst of youth and colleagues
Thy stands out like a nude statue
All white and smooth
Proud
And dead

ian hall

Somewhere

Some where in his mind
Across the layers of
things that are pretend
Things that might be
Things that are not

He meandered
through streams
that poured along the grooves
on the mountain side

STREAMS AND THE DANCIN LAUGHING OWLS

And then Melthor talked back to the stream
And remembered it rambling

Flowing down
winding
looking for courses
seeking the whole
there is always better ways

like the first way
aint the only way
the first time is the roughest
then it all smooths out
the small
just like the big

I feel the tinglin
I hear the tinglin
I go deeper
Back to the start

And Melthor thought streams they have many stories to tell you just have to give
them time to listen

And Night came

Stars were twinklin
As only stars can
Jigsaws all fit in some way
To their own kind

And Stars their stories were harder to understand and Melthor defiantly thought
It had occurred to Melthor at about this time some others else had things to say

Not so hard
Not so secret
Marchin and dancin dancin and marchin
Strumming
And hooting and hooootin

Laughing owls
Grinning
Ahhoooooooooooo
Dancing

THE Owls they always spoke in riddles but it seemed that as Melthor moved on
he had their attention but its funny the Owls always made him feel safer

He started walking
like to a beat
owls watchin
stalkin
strutin
questions of sorrow
a bluuuuuuuuuee
Ahooooooooooooo
Ohhhh whooooooooooooo

Orooooooooooooooooooooo

And Melthor came to a road
And he thought of a dream he once had

the road
And the hand
By itself
So lonely
Yet useful

Singing
With its fingers
Like the owl were laughing
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Like the dancing and marching

What the Owls were and their business and purpose he did not know

Muffled Secrets cradling hearts
Running in clouds of
Stagnant raiders of parts

Melthor trudged on along a yellow track
Suddenly raised from the clay stickin to boots
trudgeing up hills shrouded in fog

Melthor was not simple
Yet lived simply
He fished the streams
Chopped wood
He lived on the side of his mountain
Underneath an outcrop of rock

He had a table,
a chair
A chair for a visitor
and a mirror
for travel

Most people live in clusters
of some sort
Melthor preferred
To stay away from that

Clusters of people
were good to visit
beyond that things got too complicated
and confusing
there the truth was more elusive
that it needed to be

Melthor spirit suffered
from the same ailments
Of all his kind
Ego and heart

His spirit sometimes was broken
Yet not impossible to repair
Such things needed patience
And the product was never the same

He suffered from the most wretched of all conditions
Unreconciled love

She had no idea
how lovely she was
that made her much more appealing
Her skin olive
Her eyes deepest darkest brown
Her hair shiny black
Her heart her eyes a secret
always

Sadness had taken all
There were times where such feelings
Of regret,
unrealised impossible dreams
Bear similarities
in their effects
To joy

Self indulgent twaddle he admonished himself
Yet memories brought alive the beauty more often than not

Underneath Melthor felt some deeper connection
Which he could neither explain or simplify

Melthor felt it was better
To not waste energy
On trying to work
These things out
Detachment gave him strength hope and respite

He too remained mysterious
But he didn't try to be
It just wasn't a priority
To others
Within though, he was a Traveller

Adversity and alienation bring their own rewards

In travel he observed
Through the mirror
he fell back through worlds and places
always different

MELTHOR TRAVELS TO PLACES AND SPACES BETWEEN

To fall backwards
through worlds
required great courage and acceptance
not to judge
to observe

He surfed backwards through waves
Deep blue
Brilliant
Glimmering light on droplets
Refracting colors
Sun warming the excitement of cold
Mind so relaxed
Standing still
Euphoric
Eerie
Spooky in the nicest way

You can't own it
You can't seek it
For if you seek it
It will not come

Back down this blue tunnel
To worlds
Smiling suns
Talking trees

Flying falling
Where parody no longer questioned

Along the flat grasslands
to the river where the grasslands
met the range with its trees
scattered
and walking
where the grass parted
and a pathway
to a twisted tree

THE FLYING TREE

alone in this green
warped old and gnarly
yet proud and wise

and the tree said Melthor
climb upon me
sit on my branch

and I will fly you
to where you have not seen
and where you have not been

and Melthor complied
and feeling dozy
felt the tree lift off
oh flying tree
where will thee
take me

back through a mirror
back through a wave
forward on a flying talking tree

you can fly

A LAND OF DEEP SOUNDS

Melthor asked simply

to one
what do u do
he looked suitably insulted

and he could hear
a sound of a voice
and richer
and he could not tell if it was one voice or
two or
several
and the sounds were shakin
and shakin

when is a sound not a sound
a vibration
a shakin
sounds in a line
just movements
waves
and waves on waves
and it sounded like some sort of
singing
deeper
darker
sad
richer
and it made Melthor
day dream

he could hear it and see things
and the sounds
sometimes like it was from
other than life
down down
deeper
lower
lower

and a vision or
was it
a face
an old mercenary
from ages gone and ages hence

and Melthor asked a question
to find out and learn
what is it
and why
what do you know

and from this deepest darkest harmony
Melthor thought what it might be
I know
Work hard
Be reliable
Be happy not sad

Be progressive be efficient and productive
Persist persist with that which is better
Look for better
Perisit from start to finish
Don't be afraid of day dreams
They signal the start and the middle and finish and the spaces between

Believe in yourself
Love others
And yourself
Don't get jealous
Look for better ways
Be humble

No pretending
No bitching
Share from the start
No me not frightened
strong and courageous
honest not forgotten
on the seat there
close to your heart
so pure so clean there

Don't harbour grudges
Don't think of bad things
For they might just come to you

Use others
Make them feel good
Don't defend

Be brave and true
Be neat and clean
Don't want too much
For there are no limits

There are many flowers
and many weeds
There are many trees
and many seeds

choose the ones
its your choice
take in the moment
rejoice

and this was not a world a place of forms
it was a place of things that entered your mind
at first from your ears and then more direct
less convoluted

THE TRIP CONTINUES

and the tree picks Melthor up
and takes him on
and on and on
to a place where the lights
flicker and ticker

A CREATURE CALLED FINGLE

and fingle
Fingle is there
and invites Melthor to his house

a house made of rocks with
rocks bound with wee lights
lights
that flicker
all colors
flicker
rocks on rocks some large some small
on sand

and Fingle
offered him bread
crusty and warm
doughy
and soft

you could smell
straight from oven
in the rocks that lights
flicker

and they drank hot chocolate
and Fingle
had a fire
the wood
was burnt bright
giving off light light that did not overwhelm
the light from the rock
that flickered

Under Fingles Charmed Euphoria

and without chattin they both
started thinkin
what can you say
there is nothing you can say you can listen
for the talk means nothin

and the books
the books
so many
yet flawed

Whishing winds on open windows

Tat tat like a slow motion machine

A land of secrets

Dark spaces

Sounds

Of mystery

Stopped trying

went deeper and deeper

Don't dangle the truth their

Like bait for there future

I had to stop lookin

I had to Stop hoping

And marching and dancing

and marching a dance thing he did

he was marchin and dancin

and Melthor his dreams would be pleasant

anger had left him for now

thankin fingle

he said I am going

The Owls Catch a Ride

he climbed aboard the flying tree

biddin fingle well

and he noticed the owls they were actually

catching a ride

with all their secrets

ahooooooooo

he felt his heart

hand over he waved

To THE OCEAN

and to a land of waves
perfect lines
glass sheets falling into fluff
banging
echoeing
and it was all in slow motion
perfect things often are
no time to think
radiant sun joining in the party
feeding him
and Melthor got to his feet and he
rode the blue road
take him down
blue fields
he was moving or was he
and the rip was friendly
it took him to where it all started
and the fish jumping
the sun stunning
his board gunning

he held of time for as long as he could
until his arms could not sustain him and his legs
couldn't not lift
and the euphoria of exhaustion overwhemed him
and he fell asleep

THE EUPHORIA OF EXHAUSTION TO A DREAM

to land of heavy deep guitars electrified
in his mind
the crying
melthor
whats in his head

he was feeling like spaced
his heart was beatin strong
he began to dream
he was there to change things
he felt slightly ill at ease
he shivered for the first time

he skipped along the beach
a few cartwheels along the beach
he was kinda spaced out
the sun cried out do you need more
he called out for water
it was not salty

You said I have no reason
and the truth is quite elusive
one of many special cases

Melthor was not easy to love
there was a town back in melthors past
in his mind he needed space
all the hints to him were there
blue waves
throwing shadows on waves that were no more
change is long time coming

blue blue windows
form a background complementing melthors art
reckless
disarmaments
sadness
cuts thru
a side of him and
apart of you
his ears burn
he was once so peaceful
what he chose is his choice
the killer in him

left to wither at the trial
he was feelin kind of sad
dreamin of the past
a tale can be cast
he was sorry that you had to cry

he was all around the mountain

he looked out his rock

there must be a skin
his thinking in

he never forget the days gone by
he was always alone and alone was just fine
and clouds drift by
we can always selective attend
to that which is our conscious and unconscious focus

tension imagined
floating like a feather descending
winter is pretty
grey was a compromise
the dots were
grazing in the distance

he was brave
not a pretentious facade
not a victim to fashion
the owls ahoooo
ohoooooooooooo

sitting above watching
sitting below watching
take out all the clutter
cutting a line to the start
cutting a line to the end
no detours
no fog
no corridor
simple and clear
like the water
when its clean

I am going back to the concept of fireside chat about adventures
And stories
Hot chocolate

Alcoholic cream

As the sky fell away
Stars burning holes in the dark
The truth was

AWAKE

ian hall

The Moon Watches

the wind and the trees have plotted against thee
the ocean is banging away
the moon watches from afar
and the owls are out killin

I hear thy desperate screams
It does frighten me
as fate brings too my impending doom

so much for peace and quiet
so much for beautiful nature

birth and death are sisters
peace is nothing
quiet is nothing
and there exists no peace and quiet in nature

ian hall