

Poetry Series

Jack Ingram
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Jack Ingram()

1939

Down Glasgow road the wind blows cold and the Scottish blood flows hot.

And time, it seems to slow, like the decaying of a rose.

and noone knows the secret,

that only ancient men have known.

It is harsher than dirt in the fleece of farmers, this secret.

Heavier than iron.

Do you really want to know?

It is the reason the old wish to be young, this secret.

To be naive.

It is the reason old men whine,

Love died in 39'.

Jack Ingram

Absinthe Makes The Heart Grow Fonder

I cannot help but want her,

I feel her running through my veins,

Her presence in my heart inspires,

The beat of hurricanes.

Her thigh exposed,

My breath composed,

Her eyes pass over mine,

With her around my life becomes,

Subliminally sublime.

Jack Ingram

Another Saturday Night

Put my eyes to my palms.

Turn the music up loud.

Block out the world.

Smoke dope till the sunrise.

Wash down the THC with whiskey.

Get lost in Joan Baez.

Janis Joplin. Etta James.

Bob Dylan. The Dubliners.

Pretend I'm not here.

With the cum-stained sheets,

And the whore of Babylon.

Twenty clicks North,

Of the middle of no-where.

Drinking from the lonely chalice.

Not a penny to my name,

And one million tears to shed.

Jack Ingram

Beastial

Soft footfalls following me.

Through midnight silent pine.

Trying to take me back to something bestial.

But I'm running hard.

Taking me back, to the core of humanity.

To the scarlet blood and charcoal makeup.

But I wont go.

I wont sleep on no bed of bones.

Jack Ingram

Belly Fire

We got the belly fire,
born from ghosts of love.
Tortured to adulthood,
We grew angrily.
And we realized the world didn't care.
Heroes, Radical thinkers, poets.
Aren't we all?
Bastards, theives, sinners.
I packed away the bibles,
And drank away the psalms,
And tried to ignore the man,
with the nails through his palms.
Jack Ingram

Dying Days

I've denied harsh truths,

swallowed sweet lies.

Lived halfway between

the land and skies.

I've walked the road of the vagrants,

and wandered the paths of the moon

I've watched misery bubbling

on a dirty coffee spoon.

The wind is whispering a mournful lament,

as the sun is laid to rest,

The happy hours have been snatched away

into a demons chest.

The battles been lost,

But noone can tell,

These aren't heavens angels,

They're the legions of hell.

Jack Ingram

Forsaken

The loneliness is crushing,
Like the waves that crush the sand.
And the pain is unrelenting,
Nor the Darkness cease command.
Alone in the wild,
Dark thoughts plague my mind.
I'm looking around for my friends,
But I've been left behind.
Jack Ingram

Gone Gone Gone

While the leaves `round me are dying,

My heart with you is flying,

These whiskey tears I'm cryin',

While you leave for a foreign shore.

My soul is slowly leavin',

My shallow lungs stop breathin',

My mind with drugs are beaten,

You left me here, you whore.

Jack Ingram

How To Live

And I say Rage.
Play your part on this earthly stage.
Never, no never, let yourself be caged.

Sing the song for the hero unsung.
Listen to music; the kooks unstrung.
Never let them know what you've done.

Live a hellish life of vice.
Always trust the roll of the dice.
And NEVER pay the full price.

Always have an addiction.
Always believe great works of fiction.
And live your life through great volition.

Jack Ingram

I Wish

She says it's fucking, not making love,

She's got scars on her wrist and back.

She doesn't believe in a God above,

And she smears her eyes with black.

I hate it when she cries,

But she looks beautiful all the same.

And a small thing inside me dies,

When she says that I'm to blame.

Jack Ingram

Night Horror

The walls are whispering.

Horrors plague my mind.

Deadly thoughts.

Blood, gore, pain.

Atheareal beings dance before me.

Demons of the midnight hour.

Terror holds my throat.

I awake.

Sweaty, scared, alone.

Take a drink, light a smoke.

And lay back into darkness.

Jack Ingram

Sara

She runs through the fire,

Freezing the coals and flames.

She flies to the moon,

Just to say she's been there.

And she says "It's miserable being God".

Raises her hammer,

and shatters her heart of glass.

Crying tears of molten gold,

She raises her bloody goblet,

And toasts to sweet mortality,

So her bitter trials end.

Jack Ingram

Shrooms In Sherwood Forest

The silver fox is leading me,
through a world both fresh and new.

Leading me into the woods,
to taste the midnight dew.

The colors are brighter, he smiles,
the woods are quiet and serene.

And the fox has found us a home,
Where my soul he will help clean.

The fox is my protector, my guide,
And in his world I am safe and warm.

In his cosy little foxhole,
sheltered from the storm.

The fog is coming,
to swallow me away,
and I wish I could have said goobye,
before the break of day.

The Fox is gone,
the tempest rages,
the woods are gone,
the birds in cages.

Jack Ingram

Taking Up The Fight

The journalists have gathered,
The horses breath scorches their feet.
And the kids are fighting the coppers,
In some violent orgy on the street.
And the dancefloors of Valhalla,
Are filling fast with fervor,
And the Cross of Old Saint George,
Is now an ugly idol for murder.
The battlements are manning,
The youth are taking fight,
And the demons we call leaders,
Are scared to go out at night.
The children are tomorrow,
But the rich will be the smarter,
And the poor will be downtrodden,
Sign here for Anarchy's charter.

Jack Ingram

The Banshee Wails

I have travelled lands forgotten by man,
I have seen things you couldn't dream,
I have walked the plume of hatreds chest,
And heard the Banshee scream.

This world is one of greatest horror,
Where we fight to feel alive,
Where the bastards stand upon our throats,
And only the strong survive.

Jack Ingram

The Damn Fools

the jazz is bleeding out the speakers.

Romeo is dead.

Juliet is dead.

And the mongrels are feeding on them.

The room's on fire boys!

The room's on fire!

The church bells are ringing.

The Damn Fools!

Jack Ingram

The Old Days

With larcenous hearts,

We wrote in red.

And with the sensibilities of outlaws,

We spoke to the dead.

We ate hearty, Drank heartier,

And denied all that was truth.

Never casting thought for consequence,

We smoked away our youth.

Jack Ingram

To Fellow Warriors

The air is thick with crimson blood,
My eyes are crusted shut with mud,
The carnage came like a flood,
And raged like a hurricane.
And to the men of future strife,
Stay at home, find a wife,
Live a long and happy life,
Far away from worldly pain.
Jack Ingram

Treason

We are lust, passion, anger and rage,
We are as beasts in a prison cage,
And we play our part on this earthly stage,
And try to find a reason.

We write the songs and drink the wine,
We laugh, we cry, we howl and pine,
We think that love is something fine,
But love is nature's treason.

Jack Ingram

Virgin No More

The fevered sweat of naked passion,

Tangled in his net,

Convulsing in a lovers fashion,

The taste of blissful sweat.

Hear the flutter of cupid wing,

and the heartbeat screaming "lust! "

Virginity is a fragile thing,

And it dies upon a thrust.

Jack Ingram

Weary

The days wear on with horrid monotony,

My mind goes to the land of the gael,

The skies are bright with evil light,

As I wait for night's sweet veil.

The years have made me bitter,

The whiskey has made me slow,

The drugs have fucked my head up,

I've forgot things I used to know.

Jack Ingram

Wet Leaves

The moon has risen, as the sun has died.

It glows an eerie red.

The black tree's claw at the sky,
naked of leaves.

A rustling somewhere.

A crow takes flight.

My heart holds an unshaken tattoo.

This is my natural environment.

Here I am King,

With my crown of tooth and claw.

I am watched by an unseen jury,

But they know me.

For I am nature's fury.

Jack Ingram

Young Lovers

Ecstasy moans from painted lips,
between the grinding of lustful hips,
fucking while on acid trips,
minds filled with desire.

Eclipsed in passion's vicious hold,
believing nothing that they're told,
promising never to get old,
and to set the world on FIRE.

Jack Ingram