

Poetry Series

**Jinjah Man**  
**- poems -**

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## Jinjah Man(1967)

I've written songs and poems for more than 20 years. They have always been driven by a multitude of elements; the poems I write now are mainly to do with reminiscence and reflection on youthful endeavours coupled with changing realities of life. I write now only when I'm inspired

# Browning

I dreamed I drowned in brown elixir  
and I was the clown  
who shook up the mixer  
in the cak-shak  
my sweet cadillac

with a glove compartment  
where I shoved thick wedges  
into the turd-toad-road  
lured by the sound of plop-plop-plop

Jinjah Man

## By Chance...

By chance our starlight  
Fell on the same darkness,  
Awoke a senseless blight  
From which a well did spring

Quenching doubled up thirst.

Reflections in the watery mirror stare  
and shoot to glazed eye.  
She my girl meets it there  
And looks back in wonder.  
A fleeting moment has gone by.

Take her hands and make from them wings  
Shake a leaf and wake up, wake up and be bound.

(December 2007, Dublin, Ireland)

Jinjah Man

# Deflation

To deflate morale  
That is already flat on its face  
Is tantamount to destruction  
Of a Sort unkown by common scale  
For which algorithms exist but in a galaxy's tale of eruption.

Where can manner of means  
And means to manage  
And beans just vanish?  
Rolling into one the many  
and then onto many the one unravelled  
From far reaches of yonder galaxy travelled.

Can a mathematician ostensibly lie  
About their religion when figures don't add up?

Stuck. Dug-deep-down we lye  
And forgers melt and mould, are bold.

They flip currecies like deadpan-cakes pen-fried

Jinjah Man

# Duty-Bound Lounge

a mild mannered ignominy never spoke  
never caught the attention of the world  
lit any fires or solved any damn mysteries

yet

broke hearts and likened itself to greatness  
perhaps caught in a storm of obscurity and doubt  
got unjustly blown about from shaky pillar to shady post  
on the road back from glorious battles

and

back to the start from the finish it began  
to reclaim and climb the ladder  
and gain strength not imagined previously  
nor conjured in a dream

just ignominy on the fringe  
forever frozen in the duty-bound lounge

Jinjah Man

# Givememyepiphany

give me my epiphany  
it's been a long day  
I've made no hay  
give me some hope  
so I'll be able to deal with trials and cope  
give me a chink of light into my epiphany

Jinjah Man

# Home Sweet Poem

The icing felt hard  
upon this cake  
and the birthday card  
folded for his sake

of injustice

at bloody curlew in situ  
who sings or makes a show  
though we know  
that birds aren't the last word

Jinjah Man

# Landing

Soon the moon  
will not balloon above the sky  
and we'll wonder why

we had to land  
on the lunar sand bank  
and blow the bank bust  
up the nose  
with nasa's lunar dust

Jinjah Man

# Last Known Good Configuration

Born on Sunday  
drizzling watery celebration on the Monday  
Blazing spirits screened for eternity

Never ignore the chance to sing blues!  
To lay the wiring bare saturated in sizzling SatchmO  
a Blind Leadbellied infat-ua-tO

Who can lay dripping in vinyl in a field of ears without opening?  
20 years in a wilderness of confidence  
Less sense made more tense in suedey boots and booze

Interventions and calamities always over-mined  
always left behind conformities bli..nd

your life needs to pull up  
in a suit of baptised gold leaf  
ever-zadrine purring pulses  
feelings strong all about your ever-born bold  
Self

Jinjah Man

## Last W008rd

the last word is spoken  
the last word is written  
and then  
the first words are written and spoken  
and a new dusk twilights  
and a new dawn unveils  
how one in the same it feels  
to be you and I and how we prevail

Jinjah Man

# Mushy Pea

Not exactly mushy peas on centipedes  
the down under grey matter  
I contemplated as I sat here  
and mashed my 3rd and 4th gear.

A dirty pigs ear b\*ll\*ck ached  
as b\*ll\*x ache and make life.

Jinjah Man

# My Bosom Given

my bosom given  
to thee to live in  
for a while..

a bowl of cereal  
in the cold afternoon  
a hug  
that stretches miles

mothers unconventional superlative style

Jinjah Man

# Ode To 9h9m9s9d9min2009

my small attempt to put 9 on the map  
time is tearing out of its infinite tap  
nothing really to celebrate  
except you're not so late  
to mark one of life's little time traps

Jinjah Man

# Only One Kind

3 days have elapsed  
The tears have now dried  
A kind and highly spirited man has gone!  
It's better not to cry anymore;  
Just better to hold him as high as that Spirit belonging will reach  
Into your memory  
Into your tight clutch  
In your pint of plain  
In your train of linking thoughts  
It makes you see  
That only one kind of remembrance  
Is fit for Tucker  
That kind should be as kind to his  
Broad smile and the soft crack of his whipping humour  
As one more immortal soul  
A kind 'oul soul  
Has retired his tendencies towards being  
With one and all  
In the heart of the nights  
He gave to the one and the all  
One man has gone  
One more man has shone  
And will shine again  
In a very different light

(November 1991, Berlin. Elegy for a friend)

Jinjah Man

# Perfect Cloud

A Perfect Cloud sits as mist mountain  
Pointing latent vapours in every direction  
Presiding over a blue sky  
About to be changed  
As it is ever changed.

The cloud reminds us of transience.  
Shortly thereafter we are again left to our devices;  
Able bodied as rats but better meteorologists perhaps,  
Confused animals beneath a tower, a fountain of nature's will.

What drives clouds transformation from multi liqui-nuclei  
Into its new multi-nuclei and latent downpour  
Only the cloud knows for sure

-A cloud has not a tongue but simply morphs-

And the meteorologists hazard intelligent but wet guesses  
Under an umbrella of science

Blueish-Whiteish-Greyish&Fluffy are its tags

-A cloud has not a blog but simply morphs-

It drifts, it wanders as All know  
And can hide the moon & sun from below

-A cloud has not got GPS but simply morphs-

A cloud simply is and there's nothing we can do about it except...  
Morph

'Dublin, March 26th 2008'

Jinjah Man

# Stars Shot High

stars shot high and ploughs furrowed deep  
no constellation compares with thee  
the earth of my muddy position  
whose stellar flex encoils and spins and lashes and refracts and spins and wreaks  
havoc and blends/hides  
and sighs and heaves  
and loves the night

Jinjah Man

# Statuesque Clocks

you have a timepiece  
you hold it in your hand  
one niggling attribute  
it slips thru like sand.

you are all but forgiven  
you are but a speck in the spectrum  
one niggling attribute  
falling off the radar's white emblem

like a wasp anaesthetized in ether.

STOP and think parsimoniously  
of withholding ticks-&-tocks  
savoured momentarily  
to mould the silences  
into statuesque clocks.

Jinjah Man

# Todolist

things I'd like to stop:

smoking  
sulking  
resenting  
being bitter  
envying  
drinking  
bickering  
diverging  
indulging  
showing dis-interest  
fumbling thru sometences sentimes  
getting blanks sometimes  
watching bad tv  
wasting time  
not exercising  
shrugging  
-ing & -ing AllTheTime

things I want to keep doing:

loving  
refreshing the mind  
walking  
earning  
hugging  
learning  
reading

things I'd like to do:

stop smoking  
exercise body  
exercise mind - effectively - creatively -  
saving  
loving (life) more  
singing  
get something published and get paid ForItForOnce

Jinjah Man

# Wee Wonders For The Wee Folk

Cracks appearing on foot of a warrant for digestion  
nothing to contend with other than life's short detention

and the breadth of information in any given slice of experience

Honesty and Reality, supposedly, fall over like a twisted caterpillar  
who pick themselves up like a leafy bit of litter

but it will soon be butterflown  
and will soon find a fresh atmospheric tone

something to listen and vibrate to  
amidst summers assembled animal crew  
diving through gigantic blades of grass  
headed for the other side of a planetary scaled path

with wee folk poking and cheering and dropping jaws  
and issuing awwhh's

Jinjah Man

# What's In A Name?

saddam, salman, saddam, salam, osama,  
barrack obama  
jfk, mlk, obe, ira, intifada  
barack obama  
bin laden  
obama  
barrack

what's in a name?

oba..  
bp  
hp  
anc  
rover  
nasa

why doesn't anyone see

there's not really much in a name  
what's in a name?

Jinjah Man

# Where Is Your Jacket Young Man?

As Gerry lurches towards the garden of the Ambassador's Residence  
to infuse the Austrian undergrowth with James's Gate's juice  
my baby liver is out on its own  
adrift on the ice - but no bucket.

The ambassador asks: Where is your jacket young man?

toasting youth  
burning memories  
-meshed more than etched,  
stretched more than cached-  
more satirical than sartorial  
my demeanour displaying  
Käse Krainer stains on my grey coat  
Neon green lace for Paddy's day

but all's not destroyed

for my pen rests now as scroll unfurls  
and young man as old man redances old steps

Our Docs, worn 'neath the dishevelled apparel  
strode home to wreak havoc on car badges;  
our shameful anti-authoritarian Doc Martin 'Stempel' impressions;  
our fingers and toes ought to have been clamped  
our livers twisted and wrung out before some court or other

but no; we got away - ran away with it

And then blasted the Viennese night air with  
thick banjo and celtic folked up baritone  
primed for yet more wild hedon soakage.

My jacket sat in the future Mr Ó Riain,  
and waited for Wildness to subside

Jinjah Man

# Zeitgeist Is Ripe

Zeitgeist is ripe  
for the short skirted type  
Meine Liebe!

Zeitgeist is ripe  
for a truism so unlike  
the twisted elbow.

before or aft  
we can can laugh at last  
like intertwined glasses of wine  
that pour from mine to thine

and thus enshrine  
in daily consumption,  
of fatal predeliction,  
of brittle proportions,  
of nightly presumption,  
and neurally convicted contortions

a Zeitgeist that casts horse-blanket fleas  
over all proceedings

that end with flip-flap-sap  
and begin with soil enriched seedling

that in all manner sartorially incline to snack  
on the spirit of the times morally needy

Jinjah Man