

Poetry Series

John Lavan
- poems -

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John Lavan()

Words really matter. Blavatsky said 'Every word you utter changes the world'. Reading and writing poetry helps me concentrate on words, thoughts, feelings. My first son, Andrew, has Down's Syndrome and he allows me to see the world differently and that's a great source of inspiration - as are my sons Angus, Adam and partner Jan.....Love - of course! ! !

A Passion

Don't suggest a scarlet sunset
at the end of a day dropping
reaches out in heat or fiery hands
suddener than all my love for you.

John Lavan

An Age

My son has a marvelous habit of telling

strangers that this very day is his birthday
and they, confused, can't fathom the truth

but trust his nodding smile, congratulate
the rascal on reaching a mighty fine age
although sometimes they do seem surprised by the notion

that a boy so strange and acting childlike
could be 'eighteen! ' but if you reckon
that every day is a birthday, he's actually
at an age over six thousand and five hundred;

older than anyone else on the planet
(that is, according to conventional wisdom) .
So he had a chat with Socrates,
shared a drink with an under-aged Jesus,
bounced in a chariot with Boedacia

and learnt his marvelous habits from Merlin;
like telling stories, beading the eye,
smiling, messing. challenging, pushing,
being himself, parading the fool
and testing whether magic is happening:
my son has a marvelous habit of telling.

John Lavan

Curtains

My mother fainted
into our hearth one morning.
She covered up her pain
but I called in from school
at lunch to check she seemed
OK and fried myself two eggs.

Yesterday my sons attacked pasta
and daytime, little by little, dropped.
We talked and ate spaghetti, draped
it over forks. Hanging together
unites a family. After a plateful,
a net of connection fluttered a sparkle.

Nowadays
eating pulls me to myself,
makes me seem to need
to sleep, close up,
to droop, draw in,
stop light.

Parents eventually do drop, but my young family
celebrated the final wink of a sun
and stars raised - their bellies and mischievous eyes,
before curtain call, never still.

John Lavan

Early Morning

ice, hard as stone
- standing – in the North –
bring it South, to home,
the hearth, the heart, the home.

Sons radiate upstairs
- I sit in new light
reading Emily Dickinson –
voices vibrate, doors
slam, open and re-slam.
The house cracks and a clock
ticks second by second.

Ice, hard as stone
- standing – in the North –
bring it South, to home,
the hearth, the heart, the home

and I feel a moment
(relaxation)
before slow steps
onto stairs;
an engagement
for needs,
hugs

Ice, hard as stone
- standing – in the North –
bring it South, to home,
the hearth, the heart, the home.

John Lavan

Wink

Leaving a restaurant he stalls and sings
loudly and strong
to a throng of people waiting, longing

for pizza, pepperoni. A mister
has on a hat
with candles and 'It's my Birthday! ' lit up.

Now all the crowd sing out 'Happy Birthday'
and Andrew waves,
conducts a chorus extravagantly.

I bet you never saw so many smiles.
He parades aisles
winking at a mirror, giving himself the eye.

John Lavan