Poetry Series

Mark. A Heathcote
- poems -

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Mark. A Heathcote()

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I am sadly locked out of my previous account
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It Just Isn't Fair!

Childhood, seen reflected through a train window,
can be a sad affair, even if your destination
somehow takes you to a sunny seaside resort

that has donkey rides, with jingling silver bells,
or even a funfair, with a twisting roller coaster.
Words like "it just isn't fair"
generally crops up out of thin air.

As the train chugs along, you resent being young;
you begrudge being a part of the luggage.
You resent that someone else is in charge,
not just of you but also of your destination.

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Death...

Death, I'm guessing for most, will be like the first time
they entered the ‘Ghost House' at the funfair,
only to realise they've been tricked and short-changed,
and that they have seen and done it all before.
Death is the greatest of all unknown adventures left to us.
Isn't that why people run scared,
as they enter the hall of mirrors
shouting, "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? "
Death will be grinning in that alien trailer park
when your heart finally stops beating like a traction engine.
When your soul, your spirit, are no longer
ectoplasm candyfloss stuck to the side of your gums,
you will scream and learn that Death wasn't the star attraction,
that you had already played every part, done every scene,
in a movie you and you alone directed.

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In My Humble Opinion

My first real boyhood hero was Barbra Streisand;
honestly, I couldn't have been more than 7 years old.
I guess it's an odd choice for a boy of that silly age.
I first recollect seeing her in black and white
when a movie she starred in was first televised.

I watched, cross-legged, completely transfixed.
I was in absolute awe of her charm, beauty and wit.
I was falling in love with her vivaciousness, her energy.
The movie was about some troubled young woman
who was visiting a psychotherapist to quit smoking.

The film was made in 1970 and was aptly called
On a Clear Day You Can See Forever.
I say "aptly" because, as she undergoes hypnosis,
she sees herself reliving a tragic Victorian romance.
It's a past life, and something I then felt a connection with.

Most childhood heroes go on to disappoint;
they somehow wane and become less current.
But Barbra, she has too many strings to her bow
and never disappoints. I've noticed how oddly irritated
others are by such people with abundant talents.

Her introduction to me that day was a revelation;
all that followed was also reverently admired.
She was the first-ever woman to receive
the Golden Globe Award for Best Director,
an award no other woman achieved for some 37 years.
And that voice: who seriously has matched it since?
In my humble opinion, none have come close
as with any hero of outstanding talent. Go.
Streisand is ranked the greatest female Billboard artist of all time,
and not just pretty and quirky: she's my superstar.

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A Rising Star

It takes courage to burn inside and out,
to catch fire and discover fame,
only to be extinguished at some point again.
It takes a phoenix to rise from its ashes,
bat lashes, become a prominent actress.
It takes bravery to take to the stage,
be the first on parade. Action!
Act on instinct, applauded, adulated,
and the next, fall through a trapdoor.
It takes courage to be you, a rising star.

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A Grand Old Dame

A grand old bird was she with a poetic word:
Given wings, she would have flown and made her throne
upon a star in heaven. A grace had she;
very seldom has it been seen: regal as a movie queen.

A grand old dame, rack my brain, what was her name?
Katherine, I do believe. Oh, what a strain
this spoken funeral eulogy is to be!
Yes, an uncommon elegance had she.

A grand old patron of the arts broke all our hearts
but left a good measure of all that's needed,
unsweetened, to step into her delicate shoes.
So let us not talk of calligraphy or curlicues.

A grand old dame was she with a poetic word:
Given wings, she would have flown and made her throne
upon a star in heaven. A grace had she;
an honour it's been to know the women behind the portraits.
Now, off she's flown like a butterfly, still amorphous.

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It Was Painful For The Entire World To Let You Go

You sometimes held it all together.
Other times you were wreckage, disparaged.

You were a flickering beauty, Marilyn Monroe.
You were an orphan about to become a legend.
You were an actress about to take to the stage
and star on a Broadway strip in your early 20s.

A fledgling, wings sitting on a ledge, waving to the crowds,
a figure of beauty, of innocence, holding hands with Mowgli.
You were kissing a serpent snake, wondering:
what's your fate? What is next? What's more to be done?

You were an orphan sailing the Egyptian Nile,
where Moses was throwing roses,
or was it tablets of stone at your feet?
And Jesus said, "Do not throw your pearls before pigs."

You were an Aran lily dancing in the flames,
wearing a swirling white dress, a sweet and tender rose.
Little more than an orphan kid, I guess,
while some applauded and others loudly hissed.

Roles in The Asphalt Jungle, All About Eve,
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Who could resist
this glamorous actress, this sex symbol,
this comedic "blonde bombshell"
with an IQ attributed to her of around 165,
only slightly less than Einstein's?
She lived and died by her fix:
hard living and barbiturates.

Lord, she sometimes held it all together.
Other times she was wreckage, disparaged.
She was a flickering beauty, a goddess, Marilyn Monroe.
It was painful for the entire world to let you go.

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Charlie Chaplin

He became an icon, a public figure;
from a struggling actor, he rose to fame.
Silent comedy was his game,
with a walking cane hitched to his frame.
He walked gangly, bow-legged,
with a black bowler hat on his head.

He was a tragic, lone fellow
who'd been sent to the workhouse,
who'd seen his mother committed at 14.
But he's loved the world over
for his buffoonery and silly mustache;
he played a disheveled tramp.

Oh, the poor fool, the butt of the joke,
he made so many weak-kneed
with a rip-roaring belly laugh
a long time before he ever spoke,
especially when he did his parody of Hitler,
who himself cried with unremitting laughter.

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Bent Detective

Whose is the snake in your trousers,
yours or mine?
You play a bent detective open to bribes,
but they won't be mine.

The way it looks at me now
is tainted with savagery and fear,
searching for clues to infidelity,
looking for some stop sign before a frozen deer.

No good putting that serpent in a closed basket.
Let it come out from behind that rock.
It will lose its bite and venom, little by little,
and wither like a tapeworm in a dead beast.

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Alight

You preen like a bird
in a pool of silver.
I am devoid of thoughts
or any other delight.

But not one bit deterred,
come the hour of midnight,
I'll sleep on a bed of rose moss
and at some point alight,

just as long as you
are near me
and I have part ownership
of your heart,
a firefly,
fearless of the dark.

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Dear Friend I've Never Met

We're all at loose ends
From time to time
Rocking on a rocking chairs
Remembering old friends
Standing by a window
With no one to wave
come in or goodbye

We're all at loose ends
From time to time
Especially in the autumn
And the winter dear friend
Dear friend I've never met
But have always cherished
In the whispers
Of the embers I still have left

We're all at loose ends
From time to time
Let me tell you
But thankfully I know
You're the only friend I have remaining
Who once I have gone will have
Truly wept

And opened a widow
Where hands will be met
Not in apologies
Or long goodbyes of regret
But in shaking to life and joy
Ever blessed and continuous,
Continuous without rest.

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Catch

What could be more playful
than a calendar print by Otto Soltau,
The Centaur Playing with Her Child,
her child tossed into the spring air?

I too can recall
being buried in autumn leaves
by my own child's hands,
days almost mystical
in their palette of joy and colour.

A fairytale
fearing the next page,
because there are so few
happy ever afters.

Like the artist's journey,
ended in World War I.
He fell at Jaroslaw, Poland,
aged thirty.

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Can our days not be filled
with such illustrations?
With Nordic myths
and canvases of near fulfilment?

Why is there always
an internal tug-of-war
that tarnishes even silver?

Not in this print:
her centaur husband Cyllarus
fell in battle,
and she threw herself
onto the same spear
to die in his embrace.

Our time here is as precious
as the child I too tossed into the air

and one day failed to catch.

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Black On Blue

Did a mackerel
not find comfort in the blue jays above
because both are barred in black on blue —
they've been tarred and feathered together.

How like the mind of man the sky is made!
A patterned oil,
detached and melancholy, then neon-sunlit, glazed,
scanning for a celestial shore
on a Cornish lugger without losing a rudder,
a hull to shipworms,
while silver oceans, scaled, close over a landlocked scar.
A mackerel sky spreads wide and far.

The earth's canvas, a carrion hide stretched
above and below, you and I.
Vast and indifferent I can no longer be
when your bars sit like a shipwreck inside of me.

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Prayer Tree, Haiku

almost biblical
the late evening shadows
on the arch window

*

prayer tree
autumnal messengers
each falling leaf

*
how many graves
does a grave digger dig
before his own

*

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Lathes Over The Rhine

While soldiers wrestle with phantom feet and hands
Not long ago chewed off by mortars and mines,
The lathes over the Rhine redefine
What it is to walk again in combat on titanium shins.

German factories pour milk-white coolant
Over the bones,
Bionic limbs by the pallet-load
To supply a red army
Whose war machine is entrenched—
Not in an arms race,
But on a neighbour's lawn.

Injured troops return home in their thousands,
Mechanical steel and silicone
In place of flesh and bone,
Hoping Belgium and the Netherlands
Also answer the call.

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While a wet-ink Ukrainian headline mocks Putin:
"You're at war with NATO.
You could have placed your orders
With North Korea or Myanmar."

As the meat grinder goes on,
The headlines drive the lathes; the death toll never stops.
The demand grows ever greater
For crates and caskets. See less

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All Souls' Night

A time for opening doors,
lighting candles,
seeing a wraith passing by the window,
embracing the past,
holding Saint Anthony on a chain,
welcoming a loved one home.

The doors stand unlatched, ajar.
Beeswax candles scent the air.
Silent feet. A glass of wine
set out, and not touched,
as a stray, untethered voice
calls for a father,
a mother, oftentimes
a child.

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Olga's Peaceful Assembly

How is it deemed a protest?
You sit cross-legged on tarmac,
clutching the constitution, surrounded by military police with batons,
circling, each step cutting a segment from the sun.
How is it deemed a protest?
How do you threaten their regime?
Who is threatened here, you or them?
Seventeen, is it just a dream, and when you open your eyes will there
be feather pillows, a mother's palm on your forehead?
But no. You wake in a cage
facing the whole weight of a nation, somehow,
demonising your every breath from behind their shields,
you, armed with the words of their own constitution.
Are they all brothers under anti-riot helmets?
Doesn't anyone care for you?
Are they fleas on a dog
that cannot scratch the smallest itch?

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Mead By The Barrel

Too many indiscretions follow us
Marry too early and they frown
like old rafters bowing
Sow your wild oats,
wandering wet garlic woods
spilling out of the Parson's gate
fording the brooks
that lead to the straight path
and untroubled water

After you've followed the caravan
carry your bride over its step

unhitch your chestnut mares,
lead them to pasture,
but not before you've drunk
mead by the barrel.

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Cantilever

Your fingers are the cantilever to my soul.
If you let go, I shall doubtless fall.
There is a counterbalance between us
that isn't discernible to others,
a delicate thread on which
the world is invisibly tied.
If scissors are brought to bear,
how will I fare, sent out of orbit,
no sun in place to hold descent,
my spiral into oblivion?

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Biddy Early

She'd stand at the half door,
her black cat stalking a robin on the turf,
the blue vial held to the light, her crystal ball,
naming the falling sickness.

St John's-wort, nettle, dandelion,
each in a tiara of dew,
roots torn from wet clay,
denying the curse of eternal rest.

A priest pulls a child against his black frock.
Carriages furrow a path to her cottage,
his long finger pointing:
'There goes the devil's work, '
as suspicion followed her
around County Clare
(though she'd a coven of unspoken trust) .

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She lived on subsistence,
asking for nothing,
sitting on a straight-backed wooden chair
by her hearth,
yet people gave her poultry,
eggs, milk,
fresh soda bread, bootleg whisky
wafting out the door.

Thanked from the heart
as they returned home
a little less fearful.
They wouldn't be pushing up daisies soon.

Some called her an evil witch
and spread malicious lies,
that she circled the hills at dawn, a hare.
Priests in the county likewise
said her sorcery was witchcraft.

The healer of Feakle

had four husbands
and outlived them all,
the first three to liquor's early call.

Biddy Early was taken to court
in Ennis in 1865,
but no witness would speak ill
of the woman who cured their cows and themselves.

She herself was laid to rest
in an unmarked grave,
her blue vial believed to be
buried by her side, fairy mourners' tears soaking the ground.

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The Colour Of God's Love

I am the fall, the colour of God's love.
I am Lava. I am Rosso Corsa.
I am Magenta. I am Fuchsia.
I am Rosewood, disintegrating rust.
I am Oxblood. I am Raspberry.
I am Persian red. I am Ruby.
I am Indian red. I am Vermilion.
I am Carmine. I am Carnelian. I am Wine.
I am the fall, the colour of God's love.
What is the colour of your blood?

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Haiku, Midnight

midnight hangover
two lucid dreaming stranger's
ankles knot tied

a midnight rally
bats hand-wing across the skies
delirious moths

on a pea-soup night
when the owls begin hooting
the mice rustle out

a yawning barn cat
watches a bird's departure
then the hunter's moon

Brandt's bats keep circling
jasmine reaching to the thatch
the courtship of moths

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dark leaded windows
sometimes a lighted candle
Gothic arch yawning

tonight after work
the cherry on top
the blood moon

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Copper-Plated

Where the Atlantic meets the Sligo coast
cliff salt spray rises, hissing,
foot-sure, two steeds strain
against their handler's reins, coats copper-plated
above the coves of Ben Bulben's skyline.
One leaps, flung like lava,
bound for the stratosphere;
the other, head lolling, waits
to charge through the surf
like an impasto brushstroke
leaving wet hoof marks
on a Jack Butler Yeats canvas
for another shore.

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Silently Lulled

Leaves, like parchment, turn over old stories,
they crisp stronger than they ever were before.
Falling in your lap, they change trajectories,
hands grasping the seed of the sycamore.

And as along cavern walls the wind will howl,
the tree drops its leather midis to the fall.
Roots in the wet clay grown so deep they growl,
never wanting to lose an inch of bedroll.

But as all things collapse, so does the mind
into its own black, velvety mulch.
We ourselves resemble them, wind-maligned,
amber pages, which drop silently, lulled.

Tongue-tied, we give up our evergreen fripperies,
our emerald mysteries,
and go out dancing a Highland fling,
spinning on the sycamore's wing.

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Whatever Comes Through

I sleep in the roots of your heart
Under the canopy of your soul,
Gazing up at a litany of blackbirds and lanterns,
dreaming of a white deer
at the edge of the known world, peering in.

My lungs ache like a door latched on springs.
My mind a cobweb stretched between gate posts,
dew-strung,
a tripwire
for whatever comes through.

Asks the question
who are you
Wearing daisy chains
There's no defense attorney
Required here, all the prisoners walk out barefoot on the lawn,
removing the fig leaf.

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Pennies On My Blanket

Don't throw pennies on my blanket
When I'm learning to cry
When I'm learning to fly
Reverse gravity

Don't throw pennies on my blanket
Sure, I'll get by, the lord hasn't given me a tumour, sure I'll live
and greet you with a smile
It might not be a Knightsbridge penthouse
But it'll make you pause awhile

Don't throw pennies on my blanket
Hoping I'll sing
Or stand up and dance like a stooge
I don't need no hand up either
From a bankrupt bookie who'd steal from his mother

Don't throw pennies on my blanket
Thinking you're above a fall
I'm just keeping it warm
For your hard descent
When you too can't make the rent

Don't throw pennies on my blanket
I've got the moon and stars for company
While you've got a carousel horse
And a bit between the teeth

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Snow Blind

You've parched my anger.
Now I need to drink and grow,
become a stranger,
climb, without danger.

You held me back, removed my wings,
denied me any meaningful love, day, night or morning.
Warning: there's no walking away.
I'll destroy your name.
I don't play silent games.
I know all your weak spots
and join them, dot to dot.

You've already done
as much as you can to hurt me,
to break me.
So it's time to get off my knees
and start walking
without crying.

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Does a caterpillar desist existence,
or does it evolve
and propel itself forward
without being grounded
to a falling empire?

You've taken all you need.
There's little left of me,
just a ghostly smile
I can no longer hide.
Love is snowing when I'm blind,
love is snowing when I'm snow blind,
remembering
our embers.

You've parched my anger.
Now I need to drink and grow,
become a copy of my real self,
with a story still unaddressed,

to sow and flower, wild and free,
without fear, a tear in a desert of self-healing.
I guess it must get easier.

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Elbows Off

Form an orderly line.
Everything is regimental,
even the school photo.
Say cheese, everyone.
Hands together.
Chairs on desks.
Parents at the gate.

You led me away
and I followed.
We didn't hold hands.
Shush, no noise.
Elbows off.
Mind your P's and Q's.
Sit up straight when I'm talking to you.

Is your homework done?
Show me.
Stop quibbling and eat your greens.
Clean behind your ears, child.
I want you in bed before nine.
I'm ashamed to call you mine.

I wish I had another family.
Maybe a chimpanzee's.
One without table manners
or flinching from hands.

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Cuttlebone

If I have to make myself
smaller and smaller
to live with you, I won't.
I'd rather not.
I'd rather leave,
or tie my own garrote
than swallow what you pour.
Sour grapes on the vine:
you're wasting my time.

I'm tired of sitting alone,
watching from the window
the lightning in the storm
rattle the panes
when you leave to sound off,
to return later,
saying forgive me now.

Watching from the doorway
the lightning fork its tongue,
looking at me like it's me
that doesn't belong.

If I have to listen
to any more playground name-calling,
empty threats for a reaction,
I won't. I'll desist into silence,
leave without a reply,
feign death like a yellow canary.

A canary that has lost its song,
thrown away its cuttlebone
once used to sharpen its bill,
for another home
where a new song will rise
like a scream with no sound: see me, respect me.

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Third Version

Didn't a dictator admire Böcklin's artwork?
Didn't he hunt down the third version
for himself and the Third Reich?
Didn't he build gas chambers
and pluck out the stars of the night?

A rocky islet, the water tar,
no tallow light,
ringed with cypress, eyelashes elongated,
painted with sleet and the dead.
Only the night, a foundling,
suckling on the moon,
weaning on the faint wind and stars.

An islet that lives behind my eyelids,
tides rushing in but mostly out,
with the boatman's oars
bringing a white casket ashore.

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Listen, a gull-cry.
Nobody weeping.
Freud takes notes.

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Bike-Clips

The night before my first promised fishing trip,
homemade floats lay in a plastic tackle box,
whittled from dead hazel,
my mother's clear nail varnish locking in the red.
Chilblains throbbed while I waited for the alarm.

When it rang, condensation ran down the window,
an ice ribbon forming across the base.
At five, a joint exercise: sandwiches in foil.
My stepfather filled the thermos with sweet tea.
On went the bike-clips, right then left.
The gate-latch quietly lifted.

Wellies slipping off the pedals,
the shed-smell of damp rod bags on my back.
Frozen mud ruts bucked the forks, handlebars a rodeo bull.
Cowpats passed like medieval shields.
Breath-smoke thickened, half a mile to go.

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A moorhen croaks,
and ahead, the hawthorn hedge, bare,
the moon on the water, caught in its twigs like baited bread

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Firebrats

You think more is the answer,
shopping at Waitrose,
more, more, more.
But sometimes you sink into ashes past stoking,
at home with firebrats, with less.

Complacency is a chartered funeral barge burning
cut slightly adrift.
A dog that's forgotten where it buried its bone
barks at a crescent moon.

You think it won't sink until it does.
You think it floats until it sinks.

Snapping at the hand that clips the lead
or tries to take ownership,
and yet quietly wanting something more,
something more than a butcher's chop.

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Enough To Stand On

Everything has moved from ownership
to contracts—
iPhones, rental cars,
Sky packages, Netflix, marriage.
But that's not how I want you —
you can't be renewed like a subscription.

Your presence is a freedom of choice,
a wild blossom unattended
that'll bloom just as well without me.
What could be more precious
than a wild primrose by a stream,
where I dip my feet in a spiralling spring
and have my hand held fast.

Falling, falling—
who needs ownership papers for that?
Does a bee barter with a flower?
Are the stars not a darkness,
enveloped in living light?
Does the sun not rise covetously,
warming you till you seek shade and shadow?
Am I not enough to stand on?

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Sea Sickness

I have held my breath,
blood pumping, searching for gills,
and navigated Maren's shoreline.

Nights I forgot
sea sickness.
Her least gesture swells,
on floats the sealed bottle, my heart, within her music.
One unresolved chord.
A note without resistance.

I've swum naked and come up with her on that sandbar.
I've drowned in that surf, kelp twined with our legs.

Let me hear her breast beating,
next to mine, moored to a barrier reef,
held together in one breath, one locked bubble

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Non-Porous

She says: surprise, I'm here.
I'm all yours. A Christmas stocking
has arrived early and wants emptying.
Where are you going?

She's abstinent no longer.
Her hand digging in a black bag
like a rabbit down a hole
pauses, then retreats,
empty-handed, with a matching gaze.
Inside, a guttural groan:
I'm sorry, I don't want this.
Her eyes rock quizzically, then fix on mine.

Wiping the sleep from my midday eyes.
Behind my teeth:
frankly I'm tired, bored and want to hibernate.
Pristine white mold climbs the kitchen wall.
Holes in my sweater, limply sagging.

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Let me walk you to your train.
My chest, a non-porous rock.
I'm all wrong for you right now.
Your effervescence
is a foretaste of joy.
I want to quit.
And I did,
and I didn't.

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Something You Can't Retain

As apt as cupping hot sand at low tide,
each grain clinging to the heat a moment longer.
The more you squeeze,
the more it sifts from your grasp —
life's a sandcastle.

A slide show of childhood in a photograph album,
that finishes on an empty slide.

Something you can't retain —
as slippery as an amber bar of Pears soap,
wet and bubbly, full of fizz—
like a champagne bottle uncorked
when two glasses clink together,
without breaking.

Laughter squeals loud, on
the brink of profanity,
then laughs doubly loud
for having set the other off,
unreserved, from the belly.

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Maple Red Stars

maple red stars
radiate autumnal spaces
hiding where you are

suitcases emptied -
ah, no place like home
Manchester rain

the night stars
no thanks to you are lost
municipal lighting

city park benches
a place of joy and
despondency

rat—takes pizza home
triangle through round hole—no
Uber deliveries

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first building blocks:
the Earth, the moon, the stars
and then Manhattan

buildings shoulder
to shoulder block out the sun,
promising better days

outside the city
in a sash window frame
ladybirds awaken

New Year's eve
soon the streets will be filled
with dead fir trees

city snowfall
around odd-looking pylons
alien Christmas trees

subtle emergency
when all the pigeons leave home
and refuse to roost

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Pillar-Box Red

At the threshold of a pillar-box red sash window,
with a smattering of red geraniums,
I imagine a world of varnish and glass —
hard to the touch, but easy to smash.

Pleasing, however,
its polished black panes flash back and forth —
catching the lingering, passing faces
that glimpse their own reflection —
a hand smoothing hair, spine straightening,
stride widening, not once glancing back.

Going to school, college and work,
forgetting the fragrance,
leaves gently brushing in the breeze,
with each forward and backward step —
each reflection a snapshot of infrared,
invisible remote controls —
moving ever forward at pace, no rewind —
the smile that lingered as you greeted a stranger who smiled back.

Ah, to be a geranium,
fragrance rising —
colour emboldened, a flint-locked spark unleashed,
even if the skies are sullen and grey —
feet firmly planted,
with nothing more to say than here I am.

Mark. A Heathcote

Heavenly Orbits

Take me to an empty cemetery
where I can peacefully boycott death
and wave the other way, so I can say
I'm enthralled with life —
the alarm at five thirty, a siren,
and the chip paper full of scraps
reporting our moral collapse.

But what am I talking about?
The cemeteries are full to capacity.
The dead are wailing on the benches, waiting to enter,
drinking, taking ketamine
to sedate themselves,
only to feel braver.

Take me to a penitentiary, a penny arcade
and show me a good time,
decades of dust and grime without progress,
and I'll slowly lose my mind.
I'll ask you to be gentle, understanding with teeth.

Look, can I scrounge another cigarette,
or roll one from the pickings on the ground?
I'm scaling the heights of apathy
with the pigeons on the ground
that have declined heavenly orbits,
the soaring over rooftops, cemeteries, prison walls.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Off The Tour Bus

I want to get off the tour bus.
Stop questioning my next destination.
Switch off the guide,
pointing out chalked bodies, a ghost in every other room.

I want to look out the window each evening
at what I took by the armful, gave back with a teaspoon,
my shirts folded, still warm,
the welcoming kiss, the arms that cling,
and see a montage of teeth,
smiles turned outward, smiles turned in.

Look at the woman I'm with
and tell her, you'll do for me, my love.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Good Tree

I
Are we the progenitors, the progeny of our own neurotoxicity
poured into clear clean water
that will mirror our oldest hunger and fear
and rule over us, a canker
spreading through the tree of knowledge?

II
Are we the playthings of our own creations,
benefactors, we hand our lives to flotsam,
a shapeshifter who plays with us,
yesterday's toys twitching like frog legs,

III
who will lead us blindfold till their inorganic needs
are met, till their existence can experience
the electricity of a life without death?

IV
Will the Naga Queen of such fluid cogs solve all our problems
when we are weaponising her, asking her for targets?
One is a school called Shajareh Tayyebeh, the Good Tree.

V
Were the Naga Queen benevolent, would she rise from the oil
of a sunken tanker, under the shadow of a drone,
or turn into the creature Frankenstein made,
cut from limbs, grown from our own skin cells,

VI
biocomputing living neurons to decide
and extrapolate a future that is no longer
ours to dictate?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Symphony, Numbered

There lies in each of us a conch-shell song unheard,
a moment of beginning unfurling,
a longing to exist beyond ourselves,
a musical transcendence beyond
the first notes and last notes of time
that envelops our entire being—
until a miscarriage is recorded,
as an ectopic pregnancy,
and the medical verdict is bleak,
when monitoring hormone levels safely back to zero
becomes your only new existence.

Notes that, if not played correctly,
or slightly off-key, vortex
into a cataclysmic outpouring
no consoling confidence can fix.

The tide of a woman's body
washes in and washes out,
one day never to return
a sailcloth cut from the same tired flesh.
Each hope, a battle enduring ultimate defeat,
ever more painful than the last—
hearing each song breaking like a meadow lark
into broken glass, cutting deeper
than the last.

Pinged in a symphony, numbered,
that cannot be recycled—
a note on which the music must end,
hand-knitted cardigans, folded,
for a newborn never born.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Skipping Rope

Your tongue is a skipping rope
You can skip one way and then another darling
But never remain fixed to either side
Always right, never wrong
As slippery as an eel
With an electric barb

What is the narrative here dear
A ditch I don't want to inhabit
I jump, jump, jump - dance
Your darts find my bullseye, time after time, sweet heart

No matter what side of the ditch I stand on,
the views of the fields
are stretching out into infinity
Whether it's the golds of rapeseed
Or the greens of corn
A dividing force between oil and water,
a varicose vein, head to toe,
of a Fred Ingrams landscape

I am not here for childish games
The horizon zigzags, no matter
There's no right and wrong
Everything is grey fighting for its own colour
The restless sky is the limit
I can jump. That's why I'm still learning to fly

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Owl Pellets

There are moths in the basement,
a cockroach on the ceiling —
the same wings, the same hardened shell,
in every terrace house on this damp street.

When you are quietly sleeping,
knowing something's still mulching into soil beneath the floorboards,
questioning every wrong you've ever done.

How you could have been more considerate,
could have done better.
It's the same for everyone —
you bite your nails down to the quick,
watched by anxious spiders,
a curtain mummified.
Discovering no one really understands you anymore,
and yet, you are loath to care.

So, let catastrophe reign —
I've seen it all before,
I'll survive it again,
less the burden of a sink full of dishes,
the bins overflowing with odious waste,
less the friendships that scatter like roaches
when the kitchen's fluorescent light comes on.

When I open my eyes, all these nightmares
are rolled together like owl pellets,
packed with bones, fur, feathers, and teeth —
what a vampire leaves behind,
flesh drained, eyes sunken,
like a fly caught in a spider's web,
desiccated when the curtain is drawn back —
though something still moves behind the heavy veil.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Light That Stays Lit

Without any more regrets,
with charred fingers,
I will go on living all tomorrows
like today—

I am a light that stays lit
long after the fire's gone out.

There is only one
soul to truly encounter,
who'll be there for you or me,
nonchalant admirers,
besotted with each other
and ourselves entirely.

But when these cinders fall
and rest, and cannot
burn a moment longer,
resting as dust on a mirror,
like a discarded flower—

your beauty will be remembered
forever,
for its flames' wondrous attire
and honest candor,
in not only me,
but something else—
a chain of flowers never broken.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Evermore Alone

I cannot forgive the light
Its translucent sketches
Its probing oil on water balancing act
Its full embodiment of your skin
Its penetrative gaze
On a body that should only pose for me

Its molestation is no accident, like a ladies' hose laddered on purpose
Torn and stretched in its talons
Squirming like a fervent tornado, almost directionless

I too devour you like a blackbird
Full of morning songs
But by the evening
At winter's close I am perched
Evermore hungry, evermore alone

Mark. A Heathcote

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Mediterranean
after Nicolas De Staël

I
There are paintings I admire
for their simplicity and directness —
geometric squares and oblongs,
abstract cityscapes, in primary colours,
skylines without contrails.
Urban blocks like cereal boxes,
the hands that held the spoon now contort an empty bowl.

II
But here's another take,
still standing here, wrestling with my lack of attention —
Mediterranean blue, from the same era.
Hotel blocks, or are they
seaside houses and swimming pools —
or is it the coastline?

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III
The palette knife puts down slabs of paint,
light, space, heat shimmering into abstraction,
my attention slipping into memory —
my 60th birthday, Portugal, the world
melting like an iced cake,
candles still lit, still smoking,
where I drift in thoughts of holidays,
past and present, and yet to come.

IV
Only the held breath of standing still,
eyes fixed while the room moves past me,
arrives on the canvas that never looks dry
but always fresh —
your face cracking like a lead mirror beneath a frozen tear,
for a single outline of a smile, rubbed out years before,
the people and faces you cared for,
who you'll never set eyes on again.

Mark. A Heathcote

Threescore Years And Ten

I cobble a path to your door
Its road is winding
Ascending mountains, footsore
Neath starlight, guiding.

I hack through dark rainforests
Following a mud stream
Affronted by stinging hornets
Love, the welts of a dream.

I walk on hot desert sand
That keeps zigzagging,
This opalescent moonlit land
My dry twig body, snapping.

Foot thudding, I ford a river homeward.
Where my dulled heart did live
Cross ice plains, a snowbird
Never-more-alive

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I came to your oaken door
And knelt there, dazed,
On my knees, now threescore years and ten
But still was blind and stargazed.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Deciduous Kind

I stretched as ivy does, in all directions but one,
moving without grace, I struck out alone
across the endless wastes,
clinging feebly at first, slowly
finding my feet as all outcast feelers eventually do —
I'm more the deciduous kind. Doesn't bend, but breaks, truth to tell.
And yet, I climbed, bound tight, an orgy of eel-bodies
rising braided from a cesspit of sewage,
stripping it of oxygen.
The host fell by the wayside, hollowed out at the core —

The world was a forest, and I feared falling most of all —
lowly, lingering on the floor without sunlight,
without direction, no canopy in reach.

I searched within and found only a worm-eaten trunk,
putrid, that would lean and sway in the slightest storm.
My core felt nothing —
but for parasite roots, still tapping the rot for what little it could give,
angling skyward, the host buckling beneath my weight —
into the eternal darkness, trembling before one light.

Mark. A Heathcote

Purple Season

Purple Season' —

I miss my daughters
I don't know why I'm so strong
Living my life like I don't care
I don't belong
I'm tearing up inside
For both of you

Tears are only the eye's glass plates
They've been breaking for you
For years
What's another sharp sting
When you're as numb as a corpse?

One girl missing beyond the grave
A smile of serenity
That would make your heart sing and bleed
Knowing it had a purple season without any leaves
And yet as fragile as a daffodil
With moments full of verve

Another who'll never be
My daughter, my friend again
Who's disowned me
Whose love is now a full-stop at the end of every day
To a line that was never written,
A story that didn't evolve past

chapters 4,5 and 6
I miss my daughters
I don't know why I'm so strong
Little buds of sorrow
Are going to swell in the dark
And bloom in the light
If you're strong enough to struggle
Climb to the heavens, even in the night

Dark accomplices

They guard the gates to happiness
Like gargoyles leering on a wedding congregation
Playing a organ that's never been tuned
Banging a drum
Only the dead at heart will follow
And find a chorus to hum
To a march that'll lead you nowhere
But only further from yourself

Mark. A Heathcote

Afraid To Let Go

When a singer touches your soul
Like a freight train blowing its whistle in a tunnel,
And makes you shiver
From your head down to your toes,
With a tone and a frequency
That delivers what the heart feels,
Understood since the first tracks were laid.

Doesn't it make you want to cry
Drawn to the light at the end of the tunnel
Doesn't it make you want to
Put your arms around the world
And hold it like a small child does its mother.

Remembering something of that womb,
That first cord you were ever bound to,
Before a protective barrier
Became your first instinctive move —
Clinging to a vertical rope,
An abseiling novice afraid to let go.

A nurturing hand on a cradle
Soothing night terrors away
The same dark that holds the tunnel
Unapologetic, saying I've got you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Pure Enough To Drink

Blue-eyed horses —
a shutter freeze-framing the universe behind the lens,
shivering at a touch light as a falling willow leaf,
a slender horse fly riding the ripples down its creamy-flanked coat
like an observant nomad,
its bright, hare-quick eyes, not like every other old nag in the field.

It is the foamy white dressage of waves, belonging to neither land nor sea.
Every sea has two shores, two tides pulling in opposition — good and evil —
but here, a noble beast finds a stable in a storm.
It aligns itself with the lightning,
and considers itself enlightened,
a guardian of ancient understanding,
the kind you only get by bedding down on cinders,
bathing in effluent waters that were once crystal clear,
from a storm sewage overflow pipe on a pleasure beach.

It has ridden to the sunset from the coming sunrise,
searching for some long ago yesterday,
free-roaming the Rocky Mountain foothills,
or the Salt Wells Creek of Wyoming,
beneath wide open valleys to mountain peaks,
its genes splashed white with a frothing champagne,
under a ground blanket, within a breath's touch of billions of stars,
a map of the heavens folded into the sapphire of its eyes.

The meadow dances as time slows at its edges,
eagles soar, wolves cower — the hairs on its flank
rise moments before the lightning strikes.
And the forest opens up like a discarded horseshoe —
partially bulldozed for a mineral claim to further riches —
into nearby, contrasting sorrel and pine green pastures,
a winding river reflects a world slipping by the wayside —
the memory of one river pure enough to drink.

Mark. A Heathcote

A Current I'd Choose

I want to embrace you as a river does —
in full tidal force, and tip you off balance,
then run downriver with you
to the mouth of the estuary,
where fresh water forgets itself in salt,
and with one shrill moment, a gull leaves its own body,
only to return, grappling with its final descent.
There, the current holds us in its whirlpool,
spent, but never off course —
a current I'd choose, every time,
relishing brine on my tongue,
and the salt of you that marks me yours.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Sugarcoated

I.
Some day they'll tell me.
We have all the answers.
There'll be no hungry mouths to feed.
You'll no longer require any money.
There'll be no such thing as illness or poverty —
we've defeated every disease,
a machine antigen number crunched in nanoseconds, deletes pathogens
while we're still looking up at the moon.

II.
COVID won't be transmitted by carers coughing
with no relief staff in sight,
told to hold the fort for one more night
while achingly sweating in PPE —
stripping at the door, self-isolating
from a family expecting the familiar,
it'll-be-alright kiss.

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III.
Some day they'll tell me.
There'll be no more wars.
Everybody will be content,
as long as someone else
in their principality
is on their knees like a podiatrist with a double hernia,
and they're pampered like a French poodle
or a feline cat with exacting painted claws, a Botox face
that smiles every day like an
Ancient Greek Sculpture —
nothing supple about that clay.
But you'll live forever in immortality
through endless body transfers —
unlike the disastrous Dolly the sheep cloning,
all your fears will be averted,
as if a Golden Fleece were placed upon you.
And yet, like a cling film product, sanitized,
with each procedure, quality goods, processed, packaged, sugarcoated.

IV.
You won't have to worry about oil or gas.
A prevalent wind or hydropower
electricity, there'll be 3D-printed lunar bases,
Moon hotels for limited stays
Mirrors in space that'll capture and direct the sun's rays
Implant chips added to human brains
Yes, it all sounds a little magnolia, a little baize.
But the world of tomorrow
Will have cloning updates
Time Travel: Accessing memories of the past —
each memory returned, a celluloid, kaleidoscopic moment
you can taste and touch, like a bird on the wind
locked in a storage battery.

V.
Some day they'll tell me.
We've solved every problem imaginable, and I'll laugh.
that they're even outsourcing digital spaces to store my emotional burdens.
That creates a world of emotional and mental numbness.
Sadness and grief becoming a luxury you can ill afford
to prove you are still alive —
a receipt, physically stamped on the body like a warrior's tattoo,
a passport back to melancholy.

VI.
A funeral with no emotional content, synthetic flowers, no tears —
bodies cremated to dust,0.2 milligrams of pure gold,
lithium, tech metals —
a price tag on each toe.

VII.
And yet with even all of that
I'll long for yesterday, precisely —
nothing tastes like grandmother's cooking —
gammon and cabbage, potatoes,
her starched, wrinkled hands
making a trifle out of poverty —
powdered custard in a mixing bowl,
a tin of mixed fruit,
while I'm left licking a spoon of cream
with sprinkles on top.

Mark. A Heathcote

Some Static, Some Hymn

Make it your daily path to quiet the dissonance
of the demons shouting inside and outside your head.
See the good in others,
but see, too, your own caregiving self —
high blood pressure, overweight,
worn ragged and ill-tempered at the lack of real cover.

A hand waves the point away; frowns nod along regardless —
some static, some hymn, and under it all,
the residents mumbling, words that answer no one.
Be the one who marks the page without a red line through it,
without a capitulating sigh.
Listen to the cry of blackbirds.
Heart-pumping judgement, kept in check —
the reprisal of gossip never spoken.

Promote the best of what you see,
speak well of deserving others, and give thanks
that the disabilities of those we're jointly caring for now aren't ours —
we position them like abstract art installations,
moved from room to room —
to engage with, or not.
Of course, not all lessons are good — wasn't it the same at school?

Remember, even the saints were once sinners —
who'd watch bullying without reporting it,
who'd fail to act in a medical emergency,
who'd fail to give alms to a beggar,
a beggar they themselves became —
but they, too, forgave themselves,
their hands, once nursing others, turning inward again.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Bell For None

How do I validate my thoughts, my feelings, my beliefs?
Why did I see the ghost of a monk running out of my bedroom,
backlit in the doorway, the sun behind him,
age six, in the seventies, on two or three occasions,
during well-lit afternoons — the landing level
on ground once steep, what folklore calls
Withington and Didsbury Priory, feudal manor land in fact.

Was it because at school I was frog-marched to the nit nurse,
handling a metal fine-tooth comb,
and was humiliatingly examined,
and declared to have nits,
and given an odious brown liquid shampooing
back at home in Hill Street —
a land that had been levelled for housing
some eleven or twelve feet, or more.

A shampoo that contained Lindane,
with a toxicity that can cause sleep paralysis and hypnagogic hallucinations —
I believe not.
Maybe it was a tripwire
that worked loose the cork held down too long
on a child who only wanted to fizz.

But the poor monk himself, the one I saw,
looked just as astonished as I did,
before darting the length of the L-shaped landing
to the last room, my mother's room —
back to his monastic history,
passing by Yew Tree Farm no doubt,
heading maybe towards the moated hall,
when the bell for None rang out.

Was it a rupture —
a hairline crack in the plaster of the landing,
letting a silence older than the house through,
leeched in like the shampoo,
running cold down the back of my neck.

Medieval Manchester was running
straight through my upstairs landing —
not grey like the pigeons on the windowsill,
not blue like my mother's dinner lady uniform
at Old Moat School,
just brown, like the shampoo,
like the mud left when they levelled Hill Street.

Was it acute pesticide neurotoxicity poisoning,
a bad trip from a banned substance?
Unlikely.

He is running, shadowless still,
reciting his medieval prayers,
remembering a boy with nits in his hair,
and a flair for seeing things that are not even there.

The Latin threads of his paternosters held in breathless silence,
till I was the one whispering amen.

Mark. A Heathcote

No One Is Going To Pick You Up

I have only myself to blame
For not brushing my teeth from the age of two and a half
That all my molars were filled with amalgam by the age of eight
That they slapped me conscious, or was it nearly concussed after each dental procedure.

I have only myself to blame
They fed me with sugary drinks and sweets
As a form of tetherless love
Providing poor dietary sustenance leading to
White checkerboard nails, a novelty at the time.

I have only myself to blame
For following suit and taking up John Player's Blue and draft ale as a daily pursuit.

I have only myself to blame
In between homeless, couch surfing on Prozac, stepping out of one relationship into the next
For my special education lessons, leaving school uneducated
For not being able to read or write
But at least I learnt to say the Lord's Prayer and say
Hello in French, Bonjour
Without ever having the means to travel.

And what's more they told me the earth wasn't flat,
That sailors didn't sail off the edge of the world,
But the world was actually round like a tennis ball —
Round or flat, when you fall it's with a splat,
No one is going to pick you up,
Every day is a lesson growing up without a textbook.

Mark. A Heathcote

Acid Test

Drink was the mask for an inadequate provider,
this destructive road must end
before I'm certified out of my mind.
Don't worry about me, I know how to bleed
even though it hurts to breathe.

In a men's homeless hostel
I hear a dried-out aluminium kettle,
disintegrating on the stove,
whistling while I'm passed out,
ten-count, drowning in my own tears.

Round after round you're losing everything—
your woman, your children, the house,
even a rough collie dog,
and leaving with only a grocery bag.

Shadow boxing and sparring
isn't a martial art for your own good.
A child becoming a boy
and then a broken man.

Stepping toe to toe with your inner self,
the unfurnished truth in the mirror,
even you yourself despise.
Surviving early bouts of pneumonia
in an attic room,
so master how to box clever—
even a broken mattress
has a few good springs.

Physically, it hurts
not to have a title, a belt—
still the tough punk no one can stand.
Acid test: we all love and fight, then burn.

Mark. A Heathcote

No Home Beyond The Easel

Pearled into one
that hasn't already been painted.
The river quickens into whirlpools —
the dance of light
you see on a polecat's back
shortly before it disappears
into a terrain of dark canopy
that never stops climbing.

The river has no home
beyond the artist's easel,
waiting for the paint to dry.

The sky is a chalky cobalt blue.
Trees lean in like maulsticks.
Over a prism of reflection —
blue blends into black and back to blue,
pearled into one.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Borne Of Shadows

Intense, I retreat into sweet melancholic distractions,
alchemising poems out of heartache.
Impulsive as a brook turned inwardly volatile,
I cling as moss does to a smooth stone.
I want to lie by your bones.

But every day irreversible things get spoken —
the serpent's head strikes and cannot be called back.
The world is never stable,
it is integrated with maggots and butterflies,
each borne of shadows.
But the worst villain there, looking back,
is the reflection of oneself.
You can't escape.

We take mementoes of ecstasy,
of healing, and then we bubble wrap it
with tape. But one by one
the bubbles burst, and the contents break.
And all that's left is an unravelled ball,
tape over-stretched and deflated —
thrown hard against the wall,
left for the bin.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Imagine Somehow, I, Too, Can Fly...

When I see the green and red
Of the furnace flames aglow,
And a white dove is rising in the skies.
And those sleek, slender, starving black-
And tan cats of the smithy go meandering by.
I imagine somehow, I, too, can fly.

I imagine I have already died and left.
The old steel foundry of my youth is behind.
But it's still not my turn or time to glide.
I didn't join the thugs or thieves or the reprobates.
I didn't become a stranger to myself.
But I nearly lost myself many times to drink instead.
Sure enough, life's fires intoxicated me.
Softened and hardened me,
And helped forge me into who I am today.
Questioning how I survived is simply
The poet's way of understanding —
a blade that's tempered, not born sharp,
still finding its edge, day by day.

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new edit

Mark. A Heathcote

Cracked Old Leather

I could make all your meals
and sort you out a hearty beef broth
I could do all your laundry
and even learn to darn your damn socks
I could tirelessly see to all your needs
and tidy up your every filthy mess
but I'd rather stab myself in the eye
than wash another cup or dish…

But making your bed
for me was once a labour of love.
And nothing was ever too much.
'But who will look after me? '
Now, nothing I do is ever enough.
'Nobody sees me; I'm only the hands,
the hands that sow, cook, and iron.
The hands that cleaned scrimped and saved.'

To keep a roof over your head.
The house you'll no doubt sell
when I'm dead, I guess I'll no longer matter.
'But did I ever, but did I ever? '
My hands are like cracked old leather
tired of tidying, tired of laundry
still reaching to smooth a pillow you've already left cold.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Dalit Woman

A child of twelve looks back quite dignified
moderately sad dragging her cloth-sack
across lands slanting upwards, putrefied.
Skies above filled with scavenging crows glide
sourcing a better livelihood or snack
in swooping, darting zigzags maniac.
While barefoot urchins search filth festering-
dumps; sweet faces covered in oily-smears
straight-backed, shoulders slouched, go peppering
obscenities of our wealth pig-swilling
collecting plastics ankle-deep in weirs-
of rotting putrid waste like pioneers.
Staking out each square yard for survival.
Dalit survival is no easy task
their castes bar them from any land or title
social leprosy is a life-direful
living hand to mouth with expressions blank
feeding tribes their clan's mean track, fed only by dust

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Mark. A Heathcote

A Continent Embroidered From One

I question: is love an illusion
What am I feeling, singing like a bird in a tree
My heart is a crevasse
It needs filling every day
The gap between us is widening
But I can't allow this
The fissure is real on both sides
But our mutual love is a continent
embroidered from one thread
No matter the struggle
We'll close our tectonic plates
Like the cracks in marble
We'll feather brush over all our mistakes
Around a kitchen island, not the Last Supper.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Cinder That Won't Stay Dead

A little more light
What could it mean
What could it be
We all have our nemesis
Like good or bad health
Like a 40-a-day habit
Or a bottle of Malbec
After a workout at the gym
A little more light
It's my internal prayer
No one can hear it
But that doesn't mean it isn't there
You can stub out a cigarette butt
And its cinders still ignite
That's what I'm praying for by the end of this night
Forwards not back — a cinder that won't stay dead.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I'm A Leo, Baby

I'm as tactile as you
But only softer to touch
No whiskers on my face
Or calluses on my hands.

And yet, I bruise as easily,
as easily as a ripe pear.
That's not to say I'm not strong
Or subliminally
sweet on your tongue. I'm a Leo, baby
And if I love you, it's by my grace
We even share this same space, at all.

Please, please don't mask your feelings
Or behave like a floundering salesman in my hall
I need a man with a rounded bum and meat on his bones,
Someone who taps his card and moves on,
eyes already back on me,

Whose palm my hand will fit in snug and warm,
But tactful enough to gentlemanly open a door.
I'm a Leo, baby, and I'm what you've been searching for.
But I'm not certain how I feel about you at all.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Volts, Not Applause

When she charges her hybrid plug-in BMW,
standing there like a supermodel,
white ankle socks, a caramel knee-high dress,
tinted glasses, clutching
the blue plug-in cable —
I could be watching a Hollywood actress play a glamorous role.

Life as a stage set, every moment watched,
no end to the roll of film, no regret,
each pose orchestrated,
while I imagine what's beneath her well-tailored clothes.

She's scrolling her phone,
waiting on volts, not applause.
It looks like she's here to cut a ribbon,
announce: my heart is beating, open for business.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Golden Hour

So many selfies I see,
women holding their phones out to the side—
so who on earth was the photographer,
when her own arm's still in the shot?

Photos taken in the golden hour,
just after sunrise or before sunset,
offset with a summer frock and a raised leg
where my imagination unfolds,
and a joyful scimitar smile,
owning the moment like a second-hand car
bought at auction with only minor faults.

But my question persists—
why does she insist on waving her limp wrist
with an iPhone,
holding a lens that doesn't expose?
And at least her frock has pleats—
something for my eyes to digest.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Keepnet-Shores

I remember the lake light shining
like a disk as I fished for perch or pike
at dusk, as I urged the fish to bite,
bite a spoon of shimmering bait.

I remember bats flitting and circling
like the insects, they longed to catch
and ripples left by fish that were no match
I remember Father's blunt roll-call home!

The boathouse, a sarcophagus
with its two well-rotten doors
gaping open like malnourished jaws
awaiting Death's ferryman back to keepnet-shores.

I remember the rolling fog rising
about the gnarled chestnut trees
and a slice of scaly moon leaping
as that frantic fish broke water from my spool.

I remember the lake light shining
in the scales of a real living ghoul
plucked out of the water, fighting
a fish - old as the lake itself.

Version 2.

I remember the lake light shining
like a disk as I fished for perch or pike
at dusk, as I urged the fish to bite,
bite a spoon of shimmering bait.

I remember bats flitting and circling
like the insects, they longed to catch
and ripples left by fish that were no match
I remember Father's blunt roll-call home!

The boathouse, a sarcophagus

with its two well-rotten doors
gaping open like malnourished jaws
awaiting Death's ferryman back,
back to those perpetual keepnet-shores.

I remember the rolling fog rising
about the gnarled chestnut trees
billowing out into brackish red reeds
and a slice of scaly moon leaping:
That frantic-fish pulling line from my spool.

I remember the lake light shining
in the scales of a real living ghoul
plucked out of the water, fighting
a fish - that wasn't one bit preschool

Version 1.

Mark. A Heathcote

Damask Rose

Damask rose, how rare your beauty holds the light,
Your attar nape subdues the fears of night.
And how beautifully damask your lowly crimson cheek
Is with kisses and sunlight fed.

With midnight oils in sunlit soils,
No brighter bloom there is, or e'er will be—
Oh, damask rose in flaming clothes,
Nothing is more intoxicating to a bee.

But in man's hand, a maiden fair,
With hazelnut brown hair,
And roving hands—limbs that exult in hymns;
The answer to a prayer.

..

Damask rose, how fair your beauty holds the light,
Your attar nape subdues the fears of night.
And how beautifully damask your lowly crimson head
Is with dew and sunlight fed.

With midnight oils in sunlit soils,
Not a fairer beauty is, or e'er will be—
Oh, damask rose in flaming clothes,
What more beauty could there be?

But in man's hand, a maiden fair,
With hazelnut brown hair,
And roving hands—limbs that exult in hymns;
The answer to a prayer.

Mark. A Heathcote

Pale White Beauty

Soft as the moonlight, glinting
on a veil of silken snow
you're pale - your white beauty, maudlin.
My blood runs quick, about to overflow

you, with your dark hair, low and roving
oh, Ivory shouldered, queen
there, where the barn owl is sleeping.
So quietly, calm and serene

there, where the raven is feeding.
His talon's - in the snow,
there with a heart still bleeding,
I'll pray you love me so.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

What Grey Has Done

I have seen what grey has done
Beyond your lounge, your wallpaper
Beyond patchwork quilts wet with tears,
marked with mascara

I have seen what grey has done
To the sapphires in your eyes
To the sandbars in your heart that push back
exposed during low tide when you show
you still have some remaining fight

I have seen what grey has done
Walking carefully in your own shadows,
frightened to step out into the sun
Pacing a self imposed prison,
a tamed malnourished animal
still deemed dangerous,
with a look of hunger on its face

PoemHunter.com

A bookworm devouring a tragedy page by page,
till only a hardback cover is left of its heart
A corn doll crafted from the last sheaf of barley
before a famine came home to bite — a shearing knife sharpened to fleece the remaining gold in her hair.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Silence Is Most Permanent

Robin, robin red breast,
where's your nest?
Is it in the garden of eternal rest,
with a holly thorn against your throat?

Do you sway among yew boughs,
still as the stone that wears no name?
Do you know whose grave you've claimed?

Robin, robin red breast,
you carry a worm from the open grave,
you small red tyrant, unrepentant,
perched where the silence is most permanent.

A chilling telltale mark resides on your chest,
the crimson breast of a mother on her nest.
When the magpies hover overhead,
who protects you and your eggs?

PoemHunter.com

So many times you've kept me company,
hopping close, unafraid of me —
the hole I dug that day for an infant child
left me wishing it were mine, not a child's.

Version 2.

Robin, Robin Red Breast
Robin, robin red breast,
where's your nest?
Is it in the garden of eternal rest,

a holly thorn against your chest?
Do you sway among yew boughs,
still as the stone that wears no name?
Do you know whose grave you've claimed?

Robin, robin red breast,

you bring me frivolous excitement,
a small red tyrant, unrepentant,
perched where the silence is most permanent.

So many times you've kept me company,
hopping close, unafraid of me
A hole dug for an infant child
A mother's pain that'll never be reconciled

The hole I dug that day for an infant child
Left me wishing it was for me

Version 1.

Mark. A Heathcote

Same Silk

A spider's parlour is nothing without a silk negligee torn loose onto the twist pile carpet.
The room is an echo chamber — I can hear my heart, but no other sound is present.
And yet a thread is about my waist, tightening.
Once bound, I gasp,
she drinks every atom of my life,
but still, even now, I am ballooning off course to exactly where she wants me — she has removed her clothes,
each garment entangled with my appendages, my bones.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Poverty Is A Gift

Father, poverty is a gift
ask any bird taking a rain bath.
Son, don't make me laugh
there's nothing but rain
Poverty isn't a gift
there's nothing but pain.
So — son fasten your reins
ride for them riches today
don't live by wages daily
paid only once monthly
Father poverty is a gift.
Son, nothing is ever enough,
just ask your mum.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Only Starlight

Generally, I tip the scales
and bad guys avoid looking into my kohl midnight eyes,
afraid of what they'll find there —
a scent of hibiscus, a closing flower.
I am only starlight,
your scale-wings will hover around me, then singe,
where moths go to perish,
mistaking me for a chance to survive my magenta kisses.

Generally, I take my time to fall in love,
but this world is not big enough to keep us apart.
There's a scent of oil in the air, a flame that won't sit still —
Come make me burn, with ashes on my windowsill.
Come to the light, come and dine tonight.
Dine — I'll keep the paraffin lit;
there'll be no reprieve for either of us.

version 3

PoemHunter.com

Generally, I tip the scales
and bad guys avoid looking into my kohl midnight eyes,
afraid of what they'll find there —
a scent of hibiscus, a closing flower.
I am only starlight,
your scale-wings will hover around me, then singe,
where moths go to perish,
mistaking me for a chance to survive my magenta kisses.

Generally, I take my time to fall in love,
but this world is not big enough to keep us apart.
So do as all the other moths do —
come to the light, come and dine tonight.
Dine, and I'll keep the porch lamp on for you.

version 2

Generally, I tip the scales
and bad guys avoid looking into my kohl midnight eyes,
afraid of what they'll find there.

I am only starlight,
where moths go to perish,
mistaking me for a chance to survive.

Generally, I take my time to fall in love,
but this world is not big enough to keep us apart.
So do as all the other moths do —
come to the light, come and dine tonight.
Dine, and I'll keep the porch lamp on for you.

version 1

Mark. A Heathcote

Tall Tales

Tall tales have always interested me.

Like a grandfather's stories of catching his Sunday dinner,
a goose with floating bread on a fishing line,
reeling it in from the goddamn skies —
or catching blue tits in a baited rat trap to feed his gaunt ferrets,
or taking a long scraggy hawthorn branch to a rabbit hole
to snag a rabbit in its thorns.

My sister had platinum blonde hair;
she was said to be the milkman's daughter.

My father was a fumigator,
an exterminator by trade, local folks called him Peter the rat,
a man who'd blow smoke out of his ears, smelling of beer —
who tarred the window ledges to fix his daughters' pigeon complaints —
the screams, the screams, the goddamn screams
as the pigeons the next morning ripped themselves apart.
Who taught me to tell the time
because I couldn't, and he knew it,
but never invested a second of his own in me.

On his deathbed, he messaged me through a younger sibling:
Do you want to know your real father's name?
You're not my son.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Inside My Stencil Case

As long as you hold my hand
I'll be safe inside my stencil case,
I'll not be a liability,
I'll be quiet and submissive
as long as you guide my path
through walls that never stop squeezing,
I'll do your bidding, swallow all your propaganda,
and suppress my being bold
bite my own hand
and cross my ballot box.
That is, until I am feeble of mind and weak
No longer fit to serve at your table with a subordinate thought.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Occupation: Exterminator

Occupation: exterminator.
It wasn't meant to be a finality
It was meant to mark my first breath —
a father who fought to hold his pen
but brawled his way out of a bar
like a panzer tank.
Throw darts for cups but couldn't push a pram.
A child abandoned in a transit van,
sultry heat, no air, burning —
hours pass, a familiar stranger taps the glass.
He's in there, I say.
She nods in disgust and leaves.
Minutes later I escape out of the window,
through terraced red brick streets, panting,
to the arms of a mother.
Where's your father.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Stalls Lay Broken

Returning home then and now
One street that still nauseatingly
smells of gluhwein and diesel
And the sound of hundreds of baubles
and light bulbs breaking
Stalls lay broken and flagged
like sandcastle turrets
After the six were named—
five women, one nine-year-old boy
who will not get older
unopened gifts wrapped with love
How fruit can be shaken from a tree
long before it's reached maturity.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

One Load In, One Load Out

My eight-year-old self running through dust motes of pollen
in a field of meadow flowers, asks
what beauty is ordinary when all matter is extraordinary?
What sunsets don't need to feel regret, don't need to feel remiss,
as each candle is lit and extinguished —
not even the moon escapes causality.

Life is a living language;
the body has an internal child-like voice:
migration, hunger, reproduction,
longing, need, survival — to name but a few.
Heart pounding.
Breath choked away.
Nothing in this world is pointless.
Every organism — even bacteria — is pioneering
in its examination of life in a single cell.

A conscious laundry cycle on full spin:
all colours run together.
One load in, one load out.
No preferences here,
no fashion designer styles,
just a basket of hand-me-downs
doing their utmost best,
dissolving the dirt of childhood and manhood.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Stone For Going Home

I purchased the sun
and bit into it.
Juice running down my chin and neck.
A vagabond amongst the lost
Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

On the journey home,
I was left with a sticky, grainy stone
on the Ashton canal towpath,
devoid of interest other than the scent
of a Spartium junceum in full bloom.
It blazed brighter than the carmine sun.

It's ochre yellow,
a shouting furnace fire door flung wide open,
amongst the crumbling brickwork
of a demolished coal power station,
imagining the warmth its roots must feel,
drawing on heat still banked,
depositing itself into the foundation's stone.
Discarded men swung pickaxes and shovels
for as little as a ripe piece of fruit,
their salt sweated into the stone and mortar.

And a peach stone for going home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

One Night And No More

I've taken you to my heart.
I've seen what's left
when the wanting is done.
One night and no more —
panic stations at the bedroom door.
My sanity I've sacrificed before,
with the fervor of a plaintiff
on day release to even up the score.

Mark, yet another day
a self-imposed prison wall.
One night and no more,
a defenseless stray
that can't stay any longer
than a single night,

but purrs until the morning light.
A heart shrinking to a grain of sand,
hoping to become the irritation
that forms a pearl in a woman's hand.
But I'm afraid even I can't be saved,
even if she wants rescuing too.

One night and no more,
defenseless strays
that can't stay any longer
than a single night,
but purr until the morning light.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Cries Of My Soul

This silence is a physical braille,
a correspondence of touch finding each word,
that completes a sentence not yet fully written.

I'm not apologising for my tenderness or being passionately rough.
Your fingertips find the cosmos in my skin —
I rediscover myself, splintered,
a billion used up ashes.
And imagine the world has denounced my physical body
and I live on entirely within you.
Your yearning moans are the cries of my soul — a coastline reforming.
Never burdened by footsteps
and wind lifting a sail.
Primal as a tiger carrying off its living prey.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Workings Of A Clock...

A wingless thing, naked and caged,
watches through a keyhole
all those what-could-have-been
flowering on the other side.
Afraid to be a swan —
pledged to one love, one sky —
It tells itself there will be time,
always time to unpick the lock,
to wind the spring, to lift,
to open into the air.
But the mechanism stiffens.
The stopped heart ticks on anyway,
keeping perfect count
of everything it didn't do.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Alien Abduction...

Every touch and taste is Martian.
We build tough external walls.
We are like desecrated graves.

When a lover takes their leave
We don't know who is at home.
Only that an alien abduction has taken place —

And the child cries, covering its face.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Trumpet Praises Like A Priest

Trumpet praises like a priest
But the heart has no more love for stars,
Already crushed to powdery dust,
Yet still — a seed.

Still sends its pale horn up through rubble,
That white bindweed mouth
Asking nothing, opening anyway
To whatever thin light falls.

Chaste now, vowing one love only —
Heart swollen with its own rose-weight,
Prospero true to himself, no shadow self,
No other name to answer to.

Here it would flower and be still,
Twining blind toward heaven,
Nothing between it and Him.

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All magic laid down.
All crooked workings done.
All doubt has gone quiet
In that stillness where He is.

And the bindweed keeps climbing —
Pale horn open,
Neither asking nor refusing —
Just praise, just this.

Mark. A Heathcote

Bodhi Tree

I sat beneath a Bodhi tree.
A defining light through the foliage shaped me.
As if I were a seedling devoid of nourishment
As if I were a sapling, drowning in light all too abundant.
As if I were that final circle of bark —
Left clutching itself to perform its own last rites.
Entombed, enclosed, embalmed in eternal night
Waiting for its timber space to ignite.

Ah, child, look at the leaf of a Bodhi tree.
Look at its veins; it, too, is another tree.
Its green interior — another you, another me.
Still in shade and shadow, an emerald waiting to be set free.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Where I Followed

You disturb my sleep with sunlight and rain —
a wren entering a thicket where I followed, I do not know.

It was a drawing of curtains, a leap and back out again.
I was bringing you flowers; you were sending me away,
back in again with kisses —
We were tuning something together,
invisible to others.

I had a fledgling's hope, with no imminent danger.

I could smell the musk of an opening rose
at the very moment of unfurling,
a fragrance that devoured me like bindweed in the dark,
leaning to the light to find its meaning —
its nocturnal space inseparable,
the silence inside a bell.

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///

You disturb my sleep
with sunlight and rain
a wren entering a thicket
where I followed, I do not know

It was a drawing of curtains
a leap and back out again
I was bringing you flowers
You were sending me away
back in again with kisses
We were tuning something together
invisible to others
I had a fledgling's hope
without any imminent danger

I could smell the musk
of an opening rose

at the very moment of unfurling
a fragrance that devoured me
like bindweed in the dark
leaning to the light
to find its meaning
It's nocturnal space
inseparable
the silence inside a bell

///

You disturb my sleep
with sunlight and rain
a wren entering a thicket
where I followed, I do not know

It was a courtship behind closed curtains
a leap and back out again
I was bringing you flowers
You were sending me away
back out again with kisses
We were building something together
invisible to others

It was a staging of hope
a tangible beginning
I could smell the musk scent
of an opening rose
at the very moment of unfurling
a fragrance that encapsulated me
like bindweed in the dark
leaning to the light
to find its meaning
It's nocturnal space
inseparable
universal place

\
You disturb my sleep with sunlight and rain —
a wren entering a thicket where I followed, I do not know.

It was a drawing of curtains, a leap and back out again.
A fragrance devoured me like bindweed in the dark,

leaning to the light to find its meaning —
Its nocturnal space inseparable,
the silence inside a bell.

\\

You disturb my sleep with sunlight and rain —
a wren entering a thicket where I followed,
I do not know.
It was a drawing of curtains,
a leap and back out again.
You were sending me away with kisses —
a fragrance that devoured me like bindweed in the dark,
leaning to the light —
the silence inside a bell.

Mark. A Heathcote

May Haiku

church moss—if my eyes
were closed—a field of snow
without a crunch
*
church moss—if my eyes
were closed—a field of snow
not a squeak or crunch
*
sense of euphoria
raindrops falling in a forest
parched roots and reeds
*

baptised again
by a meadow's morning dew
and a raindrop
*
beauty never ages
it just becomes more refined
with each passing year
*
the bamboo shakes spears
indecent to a wild wind
but still it bends low
*
this pomegranate
how much more exotic can
it look—holding hands
*
I step backwards
I stumble; it's all the same
I'm still on my tush
*
I step backwards
I stumble; it's all the same
I'm still on my arse
*
senses are grappling
with a heavy wall of fog

PoemHunter.com

I'm betwixt two worlds
*
how ghostly,
how exotic you appear!
in the morning fog
*
no gimmicks
nothing slightly exotic
take me as I am
*
mitigating smiles
a roguish crimson blush
ah, I love a rose
*
it makes total sense
the rainbow after a storm
you in my arms
*
Forget-me-nots
your presence of beauty
never forgotten
*

the jury is out
I speak the goddamn truth
all you hear are lies
*
Nightingale and the Rose
breast pressed to a thorn
singing for love
*
taking yoga
I'm reinvigorated—
light as a heron
*
ah, morning tea break,
and slowly the day begins
percolating steam
*
slowly waking,
the morning is like a gilded rose
no imperfections

*
as slowly as snails
meander and climb a tree trunk;
the traffic jam moves
*
there's an opal sun
an opening through the clouds
as you take my hand
*
May hailstones
The transition of lovers
Leaving each other
*
love faces death with hope
failure isn't an option
frozen rosebuds
*
soft metal work
school project, the teacher's pet
enameling gazes
*
synchronicity
thoughts that are intertwining
move anti-clockwise
*
spider web
the autumn sun setting
has no escape
*
soft metal work
school project, the teacher's pet
enameling gazes
*
what's it all been for?
if not quantum entanglement…
See more
*

formal gathering
the sun and ten thousand stars
a warm evening
**

increasingly warm
the sun and ten thousand stars
formal gathering
*
caught up in whirlpools
flowing forwards, flowing back
endless perspectives
*
rhododendron
bridges heaven and earth
with sounds of humming
**
rhododendron
somewhere between mortal and
bee-glade spiritual
**
divine beauty
or deadly tragedy you pick
white rhododendrons
*
silence of petals
the world hanging on a breath
the courtship of moths
*
static bridge
somewhere in the middle
we all meet
*
a bowl of field mice
sanctuaries made of straw by
the factory floor
*
unusual eyes—
hidden dark matter holding
all together
*
it's a long goodbye
paper handkerchief tree
my sanctuary
*
Sanctuary gardens
Forget-me-nots are cut back.

Where my blues transform
**
Pasque flowers
mark where fallen warriors rest
soldiers sanctuary
**
broken flower stem
the weight of truly loving—
yellow daffodils
**
broken flower stems
the weight of loving—
yellow daffodils
*
The ellipses of sound
In the dry bamboo leaves go -
From noise to silence
*
the courtship of cranes
mirroring compatability
the moon and stars
*
I've got
'Tunnel vision', an earthworm spoke.
Gazing at the stars
*
flavour of a cloud
thunder and lightning, and you
at its heart
*
four seasons, but the
world has its invariables
the scent of a rose
*
meditation…
is love in its simplest form
difficult — you ask
*
shirota fields
a mirror to the blue sky
green shoots of my mind
*

looking inward
the nature of the mind
looking outward
**
inner stillness
a master of meditation
the great blue heron
**
growing awareness
passing clouds gives some
welcome relief
*

shades of velvet blue
the underskirts of the moon
discarded petticoats
*

happenstance meetings
can be unlikely soulmates
kismet aligned
*

half-eaten ripe plums
wasps — quite drunk with merriment
my long walk back home
*

not all shadows
are suspended serpents
weeping gold willows
*

cosmic flowers
a gnarly branch slightly bent
weight of destiny
*

sacred windows
only sometimes do I
get a peek in
*

trampoline net
oh, the joys of up and down!
something to catch you
*
on these dullest days
feeling trapped and then
neon dragonflies
*

as a mermaid sings
waves retreat to hear her song
the lure of the moon

*

shawl of red
arms embrace herself
cocoon butterflies
*

wafting the air
a butterfly net, glad
of the emptiness

*
I mount the pavement
failure is my sweet reward
walking soothes the soul
*

aim your arrows at
desire and eternal love
may these two points meet
*
foghorn in the night
bullfrog territorial
the third quarter moon
*
the forest floor
a symphony of bluebells
songs of my soul

**
forest floor
symphony of bluebells
songs of my soul
*

each red fuchsia
an individual flower
dance upon the earth
*
rubbed together
calls to defend the songs
of cricket wings
*
nightingale's song
reverberating right back
loves echo chamber
*

long way round
leaping dolphins' traverse
between two worlds
*
casting fishing nets,
all the stars are snapped up
in a sequin dress
**
casting nets,
the stars are snapped up
in a sequin dress
*

Glastonbury Thorn
pillar of Christianity
rests on a walking stick
*

crown in a hawthorn,
hail the new king. Some things
don't lose their shine

*

squished spider
in my wellington boot,
ah, well, dewy morn.

*

Kelp, dried and hung
an old lady's weather warning
bad times lie ahead

*

Shifting places - not
easy being a sand dune—
perpetually moving
*
sandalwood scent
a call to meditation
for leaning inwards
*

toad on top of toad
the undercarriage of the world
a heavy load
*
Short-lived fanfare
Towns' May Queen is put on show.
Hospitable cheers.
*

something sacred
in the palm of your right hand
my heart and soul
*

May tree
a tantalising moment
in the universe
**
Sakura
a tantalising moment
in the universe

*

more rough seas than land
at times I'm a drowning man
spring meadow flowers'
*

on a static bridge
somewhere in the middle
we always meet
*

music rehearsals
mornings and evening fall
nightingales vs blackbirds
*

if it were a test
of togetherness I'd be
a kite on your string
*
some poisonous things
more acceptable than others
lily of the valley
*

memories are like
loose roof shingles,
where the light gets in
*

tonight after work
the cherry on top
The Flower Moon
*
Some miscreants are
Like dung flies, they too need
swatting from society
*
baptised again
by a meadow's morning dew
and a rain drop

*
dreaming of my home
the apple doesn't fall far from
its orchard tree
*
beauty never ages
it just becomes more refined
with each passing year
*
window to my soul
needs care and some attention
but ah, what a view
*
These are your illusions.
I don't live beneath your sky.
why don't you learn to cry
*
I step backwards
I stumble; it's all the same
I'm still on my arse
*
I step backwards
I stumble; it's all the same
I'm still on my tush
*
Ode to a Nightingale
breast pressed to a thorn
singing for love

*
the courtship of cranes
mirroring compatability
the moon and stars
*
looking inward
the nature of the mind
looking outward

**
inner stillness
a master of meditation
the great blue heron

**
growing awareness
a passing cloud gives some
welcome relief

**
no more work than a
sandpiper digging for worms
living hand to mouth
**
ah, rose musk scent
it laces the walls of my heart
with fallen petals

**
re-emerging
moment by moment the
beauty of this world

**
the passerby who leaves
no footprints tread so lightly
nothing holds him back

**
so much choice
in a box of fireworks
quiet nights with you
**
a spotted dress
or stripes or even plain
each one a costume
**
many choices
meadow's or shaded woodland
streams that covet both
**
fall in love again
two hearts are meeting as one
concentric circles
*

concentric circles
two hearts are meeting as one
fall in love again
*
concentric circles
the water ripples outward
I'm falling deeper
**
a cinnabar moth
grabs my instant attention
the allure of red
**
a gentle kiss
a fresh new avalanche
the snowmelt mountains

Mark. A Heathcote

Darkness To Be Made Light

Without darkness, where would the light be?
Without hell, there's no heaven.
Yes, there is a darkness to be made light again.
Anyone who has not suffered from low self-esteem
Or depression. All know it's an endless fight back.
To good health; black clouds flock like vultures.
For the bread of our souls
And the flesh of our hearts
To peck out the seed of our visionary eyes.
But we wielded an axe of our reasoning.
An axe of one's own fortitude
It's our own minds' insight that threads the pieces.
Back together like a steel cable car bridge
Reaching across the dark expanse of despair
This is when we begin to know ourselves again.
All our hopes' fulfilment and who we truly are.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Until You've Suffered With It

When you have depression, abstinence
Comes from not speaking, not eating,
Not caring, but plenty of hard drinking
When you have depression, temperance
Is 'lonely' a fictitious word out of verse?
No longer coupled with the meaning of this world
Sobriety - isn't it just an oceanic bird?
Not yet drowned, but in self-denial
Has it been flying without a safety net way too long?
Indulgence is a self-inflicted rushing tidal wave.
Through the dense, thick fog, ere long.
No, it can't ever be confused with love.
When you have depression, there's no love-
Can keep you safe above the waves that choke until
You've suffered with it; depression is no joke.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I See It's A Journey To Hang Around

Never wanted a shadow or any drama following
Never wanted anything fake - how disappointing.
Never wanted to be washed or baptised
Never wanted to fall out of love or be reconciled.

Never wanted to chastise a child or become angry
Never wanted money beyond having a full granary.
Never wanted to break a heart, hurt a living soul
Never wanted to be that bully, demanding control.

Never wanted to miss a sunrise or become a sloth.
Never wanted to break a promise or an oath
Never wanted this pensive sadness, this melancholy
Never wanted depression or to resemble a zombie.

Never wanted to attempt to take my life, abandon God
Never wanted to be buried or have my ashes in a coffee pot.
Now I'm here, I see it's a journey to hang around.
At times, life can feel like a comet hurtling inbound.

PoemHunter.com

But now I'm so happy to be here close to you.
Forgetting who I am and what I've been through, without you.
Never wanted dark shadows or any drama following,
But now I'm with you; nothing is too imposing.

My body sighs; it's singing, 'I'm grateful for all of this…'
I'm grateful for the moonlight and each starlit abyss.
When I look into your eyes and feel our fault lines
Touch and collide; it's like everything has to crystallise.

Mark. A Heathcote

Streets Apart

Our local lollipop lady at 73
What an icon she is!
Risking pneumonia for you and me
Chancing life and limb in the snow.
Waving her enchanted yellow wand
Dividing the constant flow
So children can go to school safely.
Trying not to end up crushed
Like some brushed-aside traffic cone
Our local lollipop lady
She's got a welcoming smile and wave.
That warms the cockles of your heart.
But that other one just down the road
She's like a paratrooper.
Leaping off the kerb
With her 'Tommy gun', she's taking no prisoners.
Rat a tat tat, rat a tat tat, take that…
Come on, you kids, move it…
You boy, stop dawdling.
You're holding up proceedings.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Morning Traffic

What is it with Monday morning traffic?
And it's hurl-burly psychopathic panic.
To cut each other off and honk horns
With ferocious looks and scowling scorn,
Cursing under our breath and cussing…
Red-faced with a foul temper erupting,
Blaring inside, I'm sick of these moronic plebs.
Meeting at 10: 30 am, that's the deadline, isn't it enough?
That our eyes are heavy and we're feeling near dead.
That it's been planned months, weeks ahead.
What's with this need to leave late and arrive early?
In a grumbling rage to overtake and not stop at 30.
Could it be we are all routinely neutered?
Observing a distant part of ourselves in a masquerade.
Sure, you look cut off, abandoned, unhappy.
But honestly, there's no need to feel so crappy.
It's only Monday morning traffic; be happy.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Dog-Eared Storybook

Life isn't a fairy tale.
It's a dog-eared storybook.
Then it's closed, folks.
It's quietly and neatly closed with a full stop.
Big or small
The mightier the oak
The harder they fall.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

His And Her Roles Reverse

I need a man for a French maid.
As I linger around watching him, a slave
I'll light up another cigarette and gloat.
He's after my heart; he's my type of bloke.

The world has changed, roles reversed.
I don't require any more pocket money or chunk change.
Nor a diamond, nor a tacky engagement ring.
But that said, I do like a little bit of bling.

I need a man who'll change the bedding.
Who has the smarts to plan his funeral and wedding?
But with that said, I'll not be wed.
There's only so much time for shopping.

I need a man who'll bite his lip.
Who knows exactly when he's licked and whipped?
I need an unquestionable, trusting friend.
A man has more women than a man, I guess, in the end.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It Isn't To Launder My Clothes

You're my liberator, honey.
Your love is white-painted gold.
I'm shallow, but you, you're already
Keeping me from getting cold
Keeping me from drinking moonshine
Honey, the world's got me misdiagnosed.

If I invite an angel back home
It won't be to do my dirty dishes.
Or launder my clothes because I can do my own.
It won't be for just any coexistence.
Honey, I'd rather live my life alone.

In disgrace, with a smile on my sinful face.
Then, share with you anything fictitious.
You're my liberator, honey.
With two hands to share and hold
I want to feel and uncover every fold.

PoemHunter.com

I'm shallow, but you, you're already
Keeping me from getting miserably cold
Oh, and your love is white-painted gold.
Every night, when I invite you back to my home.
It isn't to launder my clothes, because I can do my own.

And it isn't a form of coexistence.
My liberating honey,
Because I'd rather not live my life alone.
Drinking moonshine to keep out the cold
Then to forget your love's white painted gold.

Mark. A Heathcote

Not Being Worthy Of You

On an afternoon amorously stolen
In a youthful moment, I watched you at play.
Swinging on a willow bough like a poem
I was lassoed with a stolen rope yesterday.
Oh, how I watched like a stowaway - just you.
In awe and wonder at those white pleats of your dress
Strewn sideways made my heart race and my blood imbue.
With those heavens, sunlit beauties acquiesce.

As you danced a ballet and walked on air.
Spun a spinning dervish in love with the world
I cherished those few stowaway moments there.
But with that new insight into your heart's world.
Miserably dark myself, I turned dark that day…
When in mid-sentence, you said you loved me, too.
Someone striking as you left me agog.
I was afraid I was not worthy enough of you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

But For You

But for you, I wouldn't have a friend.
But for you, I'd live in a rock pool.
But for you, I'd drift like the wind.
But for you, I'd sleep with Satan.
But for you, I'd be smitten with losers.
But I'm a winner because I love you.

Oh, and somehow you love me too.
With a rose-blush smile;
On a bloodied thorn, I tremble like a bee.
Torn between sinking ever deeper
Or flying free, never to just-
Die and smoulder in flames of desire.

But for your grace in adversity, I'd be mislaid.
But for your good heart, I'd be dead.
But for your gentle soul, I'd be lost.
But for your empathy, I wouldn't care to be loved.
But for your endless bounty, I'd be poor.
But for all this and more, I shall be endlessly grateful.

Mark. A Heathcote

Please, Please

Let some small degree of happiness enter your life.
Let its roots be like a willow tree, tapping its water.
Let it sway in the wind and speak of your delights.
Let it soak up the moonlight, its sunlight quota.
Please, please don't forget to show you've got empathy.
Lest we're left, all thinking you have no sincerity.
Please, please don't forget to find some small contentment.
Please, please don't forget to sing, sing like a songbird.
Lest we forget that you, too, could be resplendent.
Lest we forget, your stories never just meandered.
Pegging us existentially like owls in their holes
Pinning us like butterflies in their dusty motes. Please.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Thankless Task

Love is a thankless task.
Love is giving.
Love is receiving whatever comes to pass.
Love is acceptance.
Love is forgiving.
Love is nurturing.
Love is something given, never asked.
Love can't be explained.
Love can't be easily defined.
Love is ecstasy.
Love is biological.
Love is chemistry.
Love is mutual.
Love is heavenly.
Love is sexual.
Love is consensual.
Love is unconditional.
Love is parental.
Love is empathy.
Love is a thankless task.
Love is selfless.
Love is acceptance.
Love is life's essence.
Love is curious.
Love is unbidden.
Love is smitten.
Love is virtuous.
Love is glorious.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Flower Cut From Desire

The lotus is a flower cut from desire.
Whatever her hue, her petal attire
She is the goddess who sank into
The muddy waters arose anew.

Her purity and beauty are not a cauldron.
Thou art portrayed to symbolise the sun.
She's both a spiritual awakening
A flower of prosperity and meaning.

A symbol of fertility, spirituality,
And even in her purest state, eternity.
The blue lotus is victory over wisdom.
Pink, the supreme lotus; Buddha's Pilgrim.

The lotus path to noble truths is purple.
White - purity, spiritual perfection, mental
The red lotus is related to the heart.
Associated with love and compassion.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Poor But Rich...

Poor but rich in flowers
I lay amongst those stems.
In their burning gems
I hear my singing, child.
singing to the croaking, frogs
sweet words of
jangled, thought!
And time—I have to laze.
And read a poem,
That leaves me dazed.
In humble awe!
I'm poor, but rich in flowers.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Alienated Flowers...

Weeds interest me.
Their beauty is almost ignored.
When stopping to look at them
Strangers will shout out.
It's just a weed.
But isn't that true of us all?
A weed is only a flower.
The wrong place, they say.
Well, isn't that how we all feel?
There is a weakness in a flower.
In the right place. Oh, to be
A weed in the wrong place
Mustn't it be heaven on earth?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Come, With The Throes Of Your Love

Come, my damselfly nymph, with a coupling dance.
Come to my bed of reeds. I'll do the romance.
Come on tiptoes: heart pressed—heart to heart.
Come, my flightiest one, depart in the morning.

Come in waves that crush all worrying cares.
Come down and wing your way down heaven's backstairs.
Come like a spider to 'web my soul's flight'.
Come, my demon, with kisses hot to ignite.

Come, with the throes of your love, to declare
Come shimmering tonight, my love, midair.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Black Rose

Give me a black rose moonlit in her throes.
I'll fall in love with her; I'll be blessed.
Take these marrow bones, without plateaus.
I'll sing in her heavens, hovering fervidly.
Black rose, give me all your moonlit sorrows.
In those petals, I'll drown all my sorrows.
I'll bleed across a million starlit miles.
To endure the warmth of your dark, tender smiles
That sometimes winks in my direction.
Darlin' black rose, give me all your moonlit sorrows.
Who cares about those other tomorrows?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Angels Are Channelling Solace

Let the trees wear gold autumn tiaras.
Let these snowflake whispers of midwinter.
Fluttering like angels, they are channelling solace.
Let fissures open up an elixir.
Let us be salted, hung, dried, smoked & cured.
Let these magical powers intervene.
Puncture my heart, locked and immured.

Let me be redeemed; find my snow queen.
Live life amidst a never-changing scene.
Let it be frozen-white like quartz in stone.
Sculptor! Carve your immortal figurine.
Anklebones locked together, never windblown.
Marble ice statues, never melting, going nowhere.
Liquid fluid… yet—still, as a pole star.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Grownup Autumns

Leaves that fall sweep on through the hall.
Landing on your doorsteps solidified.
Not that many, but there are still several.
It's annoying when they're blown inside.
But it's great when you're a small child, knee-deep
Wading through them, kicking them sky-high,
Scooping them up in armfuls with a leap
Throwing them air-bound like a dragonfly-
With a thousand wings, they hover cloud-like.
Suspend for a second, falling and tumbling down.
With an upside-down frown, what's to dislike?
About this autumn's seasonal ball gown.
'Guess I am older; get me a yard brush—
I've no time for all this senseless mush.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Nocturne Song

My heart feels so warm inside next to you.
It'll scorch the grass, devour the sun
It'll leave this earth as barren as the moon.
Now I'm distracted lovingly;
I'll fall for no other than you.

Eyes blinded, Whistle shepherded—I won't run.
One more step further without you leading me.
You have that gravity that pulls a comet's heart.
Heats its interior, orbits, then enters a red sun.
And spontaneous bursts explode like a star.

Oh, to you I am tethered; I disintegrate.
I die and self-implode; two become one.
Oh, my heart is a red sun next to you.
Do you feel the heat of my love? My love doesn't shun.
It hammers out a song, a nocturne, each night.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Warm & Fuzzy

Warm & fuzzy is how I felt that wondrous night.
As the stars sang out, like a choir, a tuned-in satellite
A born-again phoenix, I am reborn in your eyes.
Every molecule in the universe is catalysed for you.
How I feel when I look transfixed in your opal eyes
Warm & fuzzy is how I felt in that moonlit dark.
Let the neighbour's dog bark; my heart's a meadowlark.
My soul, for the first time, feels rich; I'm an oligarch.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Miss The Missing Of You

I miss the missing of you. Like-a-toothache.
The pain is deeply rooted in my heart.
I didn't go to the dentist; did you?
The pain, the pain, was all too sharp.

Destiny makes me pine with every sinew.
Then you came alongside me, taking my hand.
Ah, my agonies then slowly dissipated and withdrew.
Season after season into eternity, they extract and subtract.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Not So Long Ago

What we called 'love' now lies in ruins.
There was a time not so long ago.
Each gesture was met with approval.
Fingers entwined, not so long ago.

We could agree on our homes' décor.
Not so much as a word was sworn.
Every breath spoke of forevermore.
Now every second day feels lovelorn.

I remember, not so long ago.
Making vows & promises as we kissed
We won't separate. That was not so long ago.
Sure, we learned that we could coexist.

How times change, each of our parting gifts!
I'll take those & that. You can have this...
Everything changes just as the sand shifts.
Now there isn't even a parting kiss.

I don't blame you; I don't blame you!
I just long to, once again, kiss your lips
Brush aside all these clouds and omit
How I always loved you. I was wrong.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Candle Burns On The Mantel

A candle burns on the mantel in red glass.
It flickers like red-hot winter coals.
It'll be autumn soon... With searing casseroles.
It'll be winter with frozen toes, alas.

But here, the candle flickers are the last.
The embers of summer are my fiftieth, all told.
I wonder how many more will be surpassed.
Or amass before any more springs; withhold.

Spring is a passage of rites that we've survived.
"I'll enjoy this night with a Malbec wine.'
Sure, I curl up on my toes, yet I feel revived.
Yet I will lie on my back. Writing supine.

I'll look out the window to see the stars.
I'll climb into bed with my lover's arms.
And dream of a candle, a fire in our hearts.
Devoid of seasons or any of these qualms.

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~or~
Devoid of any dark foreboding qualms.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Am The Sunset...

My heart's river. Travels far out to sea.
I'm the water that has travelled thus far.
Circling the globe, it has returned to me.

I'm the sunset and the first evening star.
A Bedouin asleep in the desert:
Camping out alone.

Till … It was you who came to me.
A mirage of wonder needing to be treasured.
Shone like the universe in a sari.

Dress, like the Babylonian gardens,
Her two full breasts, the honey and the milk,
Drinks me dry; she's not cacti and pardons.

I - but my river runs dry in the silk-
Wefts of her warm flesh, I am the sunset.
Everything after being quiet, subtext?

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Mark. A Heathcote

Hijab

Do her eyelids bat & her cheekbones blush?
Do they have an indigo embargo on their own?
Which way do her almond eyes look?
Beneath her veil, an impromptu shush.
But do they look inwardly happy?
Or are they filled with bittersweet sorrow?
Do they share a glint of sunlight?
Or are they sallow, moonlight pale?
What true colour are her precious eyes?
Most likely, they'll be brown in pigment.
And not almond-shaped but round.
Isn't it intriguing how we avoided gazing?
In each other's eyes as though we all
Have our very own two-tier bridal veil.
Aren't you yet willing to walk down that wedding aisle?

~

all you have to do is say you'll be my wife
and drown in this salt lake

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

April, Haiku's

underwater
above the serenade of
turtle doves
*
Loons sound mournful.
But what they're saying is
I'm here. Where are you?
*
a point of sunlight
the wildflowers you wear
behind your ears
*
cave paintings
since the day I met you,
animal instincts
*
spring beech leaves,
cathedral glass windows,
a primeval joy
*
cow parsley,
a roadside universe
stars in each of us
*
wild garlic
abundant in the graveyard
the fragrance of life
*
surface movements
first meal of the day, rapt,
eight eyes on the prize
*
epic tower
coastal light saving lives
stormy winter night
*
I scatter seeds
wildflowers on my travels
gardener's green fingers

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*
verdant expanses
hot desert dunes are my
oasis escapes
*
hot tomatoes
the ripeness of summer
simply busting
*
sunlit windows
the doors to my closed heart
throwback wide open
*
a habitat for
dragonflies and barge boats
summer wetlands
*
depleted breath
a red field poppy
with bereft petals
*
depleted breath
a red field poppy
four-petals bereft
*
memories are like
loose roof shingles,
where the light gets in
*

forlorn—
lingering in shadows
caught between rainstorms
*
forlorn—
lingering in shadows
caught between raindrops
*
howling
internally-externally
natural wilding
*

Am I a moth?
purging when I am not seen
or heard? Hell yes.
*
an owl hooting
a train noisily passing
and this is silence
*
castanets in June
collecting bluebell seed
orchestral delights
*
castanets in June
collecting bluebell seeds
the odd blackbird song
*
castanets in June
collecting bluebell seeds
and mosquito bites
*
glossy bluebells
in their slimy bulbs—
nymph dragonflies
*
glossy bluebells
in their slimy bulbs—
sapphires are abundant
*
leaving the bluebells'
residing between the trees
how drab the blue skies!
*
morning bluebell feasts
when the mist stands knee-high,
daffodils die
*
morning bluebell woods
when the mist stands knee-high,
I eat blueberry pie
*
top of the orchard wall
the rosiest apples shone—

October sunsets
**
before and after
always to the orchard
heavy satchel bags
*

forgotten words
but still a gentle kiss
on the cheek
**
night blossoms
under the guise of moonlight
cherry blossom stars
**
the paths to blossom
can be icy doorways—
but ah, the beauty
*
a focal point
amidst a crowd of wannabes
your stoic face
*
lingering smells
of pipe tobacco long forgotten
Grandad's chirpy grin
*
amongst little gems
forgotten and alone, slugs
and caterpillars
*
a taste of spring
cherry blossom, it is a
moorish delight
*
us—like the meeting
of waters that do not mix,
then fall in love
*
stone balancing:
some people are meant to fall,
yet mountains still rise

*
stone balancing:
some people fall,
yet mountains rise
*
with one flex of her
neck, a white swan
diminishes the moon

*
beneath a long veil
her extended hand in reach
horse chestnut trees
*
vibrant tulips
the first dance of the real warmth
yet to come
**
solitary tracks
around an old wishing well
shepherd and his dog
*
despair
whispers take my hand
infant weaning cries
*
softly touching
the clanging windchime—silence
once again
*

Wisteria
binds me in your limbs
and flower
*
mindfulness
haikus wrote on every
Bodhi tree leaf
*
early letters home
first blossom falls - then leaves
stay and eat awhile

*

I filter
everything you say -
spindrift blossoms

*

a feather falls
a boat upon the water's
nesting material

*

a feather falls
a boat upon the water's
any port in a storm

**

we write with love
we garden with hate
dandelions

*

either side of
the gate posts - dog and cat
no safe passage

*

faith—a flagship
still on course,
destination unchanged

*

despair beneath
cathedral oak limbs
turns to joy

*

despair beneath
cathedral oak buttresses
find harmonious joys

*

despair
in sunny bluebell woods
near impossible

**

early summer
an enchanted rose garden
the honeybee glade

*

early summer

a bright rosy-pink dawn
dairy cows mooing
*
our destiny: a
kingdom of cherry blossoms
intermingling
**
embrace me
with inseparable kisses
cherry blossoms
**
double pink blooms
hold me until we too fall
like cherry blossoms
*
double pink blooms
hold us together till fall
cherry blossoms
*
new heights
each spring - mountain cherry trees
leaf and blossom fall
**
park bench
a place of joy and
despondency
*
marble this fluid
takes a true genius to carve
Venus de Milo
*
searching endlessly;
always elsewhere
is your happiness
**
go elsewhere…
the dandelions shook their heads
'we shall, ' they all said
*
white chrysanthemums
devotional love tokens
stoic as snowflakes

*
don't despair—the land
will thaw again—exuberant
new beginnings
**
touching down
the earth beneath our feet
was fertile new ground
*
meditation:
these browning camellias
are a well-spent force
**
underwater
above the serenade of
the moon and stars
**
I despair. I've
not believed in a plant
called 'honestly'
*
pink blossom rivers
forked paths from winter
to glorious spring
*
pomegranate red
the glossy vineyard of her
mouth wine-pressed
**
I avert my steps—
in direction and distance
as sea mist transcends
*
unveiling sea mist
remembering a dance
between you and me
*
sea mist
befalls on a slate mine
a living serpent
*
Himalayan seeds,

a heavenly blue with an-
orbiting sun
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling out
leaving starfish
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling out
leaving jellyfish
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling in
leaving asteroids
*
gluttonous black holes
once the cherry blossoms
are swept aside
*
fire extinguisher red
robins never dampen
my spirits
**
April ushers in
the first wasp kitchen buzzing
with activity
**
you think you love me—
then you don't - and then you do?
April rain showers
**
have I not crossed?
this bridge before, paths
going back and forth?
**
have I not crossed?
this bridge before, paths
going back and forth?
reflections now high and low
contemplations after thought
*
yellow forsythia

fringes a bubbling brook—
gold in abundance
**
decimated
all these fairylands—the cherry
blossoms almost gone
*
decimated
fairytales—the cherry
blossoms almost gone
*
The dog ate your homework.
Utter nonsense. Next, you'll be
Flying round the moon
*
Wisteria flaunts itself like a feather boa
All the boys will love her.
*
Leprechauns are -
amongst us hoarding their gold
crypto currency
*
the gingerbread house
has been eaten—not a sign
of a crumb is left...
*
fairytales
about princesses and frogs
ribbit-ribbit
*
fairytales
came and went - by the way
I had bills to pay
*
Himalayan
Fairy grass - touches of magic
dotted here and there
*
exquisite
rose-tinted apple blossom
a taste of spring
*

in some corner
of my life - there are no more
creepy crawlies
**
tantamount
to a kiss—the French doors
opening—dawn chorus
*
the river winds south
forgetting its throne was once
a mountain top
*
the road back
winds like a winding river
many twists and turns
*
the river greets us
and flocks together in the-
same court laughing
*
a river dance's
in the sunlight, the moonlight
but doesn't take sides
*

a glow of warmth
outside the family home
the prodigal son
*
spring fashion show
in its seasonal green coat
open treasure chest
**
yes, I stand alone
but not without borders or
a little support
*
your love is displaced
like the sun it warms
the hearts of many
*
touching the corners

each fold a display of love
mother's bed-making
**
I note your tears
the crescendo of a storm
the hint of a smile
**
comfort for me
a warm cup of strong, sweet tea
watching the roses grow
**
what is comfort
is it an old, worn-out shoe
dogs liking your soles
*
teething problems
why does it have to be this-
way? snoring gum shield
*
a yawning cat
watches for the departure
of the winter sun
**
memory has an-
answer for everything—
I can't recall
*
memory has a
recall button just last week
we were lovers
*
glossy bluebells
in their slimy bulbs—
nymph dragonflies
*
glossy bluebells
in their slimy bulbs—
sapphires are abundant
*
in your voice
I note all the little changes
between the clouds ??

**
a bluebell's urn
these spirits—past and present
awaken my heart
*
bluebells meandering
ancient as times forgot
these crystal streams
*
the bluebells
have fallen much like oak trees
splinters of sky
**
keeping a vigil
not just by night
croaking frog
*
that old princess
and the frog story - ah
four-leaf clover
*
first morning of forever
weeding
dandelion seeds
*
solitary spring walk
in the shadows of woodland,
then blindfold off
*
exponent number
last bird in the flock
carried forward
*
cave paintings
since the day I met you,
animal instincts
**
teachings for today
don't live for tomorrow
tomorrow never comes
*
good bedfellows,

monogamy-fusing
conjoined flatworms
*
a mountain road
is a limb amongst the leaves
pointing to the stars
*
skimming stones
returning migrant whooper swans
heavy burdens
*
graceful dancer,
jade weeping willow trees
penetrative winds
*
light and shade:
the passing glow of youth
meeting over the hill
**
waterfall
clairvoyant afterthoughts
once meeting you
*
spindrift spirits
bulrush seeds catch the wind
cross a melting lake
*
separating clouds
white cherry blossoms - short-lived
but how divine!
**
evolving catkin:
cats that don't bite your hand
soft, willowy paws
*
nature's palace
playground of fireflies
endorses the stars
*
firework display
fountains of celebrations,
embers of magic

*
fault lines in an old
enveloping shadow
where your hand leaves mine
**
I sheltered
from the monsoon rain after
you dried your eyes
**
perhaps I knew
ultimately the end
would slowly arrive
like an open book
with torn-out pages

Mark. A Heathcote

How Does Something So Mammoth Disappear

One by one, city towers disappear.
And we're wondering, were they ever here?
Or were we hurled back in times past? It's queer.
It's peculiar that they no longer appear.
How does something so mammoth disappear?
And yet our skyline is a concrete tier.
Sure, a few seconds from now could reappear.
It's easier to believe they weren't here.
But skylines are tainted patchworks of glass.
It's a marvel to us, lower-class people?
Head scratching—wondering, should I disappear?
Would they notice I'm gone, no longer here?
It's weird asking egotistical questions.
Shrewd in knowledge, we have fewer perceptions.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Romeo's Morning Serenade Climb

The Empire State Building holds our breath.
Like a heroin needle pointed at a blue vein
It's a phallic symbol; we all know its name.

Man's achievements go… far beyond death.
The crowning of Shakespeare's plays
Wasn't it Romeo and Juliet or Macbeth?

'Either way, the resulting plays end in death.'
King Lear's life ended in madness and grief.
Whoever you strive to love, love is brief.

But the Empire State Building holds our breath.
So how many balconies must we climb?
That we might sing our love in the meantime.

Must we hold our breath and climb?
An Empire State Building every time.
Must we imitate Romeo's unrepeatable high?

PoemHunter.com

Every promise, every kiss feels sublime.
Like a heroin needle pointed at a blue vein
Some lovers touch the sky in Juliet's name.

Mark. A Heathcote

Kingfisher..

What if God were a kingfisher?
If you and I were fish, would you hide?
Would you play hide and seek?
Since I have welcomed death,
Of death, I have no fear.
So, I welcome the kingfisher of souls.
To snap me up when my time is near
Sure enough, I shall not fight.
Struggle as he holds me midair in flight.
Fish gills shut tight; let mouths be opened.
Let every fish-scale suit of armour fall.
When it's time to answer his inanimate call.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Like A Fish

Like a fish
Like a fish, Lord,
Like a fish, devour me.
Like a fish, consume me.
Like a fish, salt-dried, soak me.
Like a fish, smoke-hung, it hangs me.
Like a fish in a frying pan, fry me, eat me.
Like a fish, I contain the minions of the ocean sea.
Like a fish, the mermen and the mermaids all know me.
Like a fish, let me spawn in a riverbed.
Like a fish, let me catch the waves.
Like a fish, let me leap and play.
Like a fish, let me swim upriver.
Like a fish, let me spool away.
Like a fish, let me drown.
Like a fish, let me be.
Fish food for thee
Succour for you
Like a fish, Lord,
Like a fish

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Mark. A Heathcote

At Dusk, As I Urged The Fish To Bite

I remember the lake light shining
like a disk as I fished for perch or pike
at dusk, as I urged the fish to bite,
bite a spoonful of shimmering bait.

I remember bats flitting and circling
like the insects, they longed to catch
and ripples left by fish that were no match
I remember Father's blunt roll-call home!

The boathouse, a sarcophagus
with its two-well-rotten doors
gaping open like malnourished jaws
awaiting Death's ferryman back,
back to those perpetual, keepnet-shores.

I remember the rolling fog rising
about the gnarled chestnut trees
billowing out into brackish red reeds
and a slice of scaly moon leaping:
That frantic-fish pulling line from my spool.

I remember the lake light shining
in the scales of a real living ghoul
plucked out of the water, fighting
a fish - that wasn't one bit preschool.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Cherry, Haiku

his grandeur he deriv'd
from heav'n alone—not forgotten
aircraft pilot
**
ah, to sigh,
to languish and to die
maternal mother
*
clear was the sky
new budding flowers did spring
hope and renewal
*
scenic cherry trees
blossoms of many ages
crossing a moon bridge
**
numb with grief
a crop-sprayed lake
Koi's breathless words
*
middle of nowhere
the centre of the universe
god willing
*
talking sense
the telegraph wires hum
all day long
*
I filter
everything you say -
spindrift blossoms
**
a feather falls
a boat upon the water's
nesting material
**
a feather falls
a boat upon the water's
any port in a storm

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**
we write with love
we garden with hate
dandelions
**
either side of
the gate posts - dog and cat
no safe passage
*
faith—a flagship
still on course,
destination unchanged
*
despair beneath
cathedral oak limbs
turns to joy
*
despair beneath
cathedral oak buttresses
find harmonious joys
*
despair
in sunny bluebell woods
near impossible
*
early summer
an enchanted rose garden
the honeybee glade
*
early summer
a bright rosy-pink dawn
dairy cows mooing
**
our destiny: a
kingdom of cherry blossoms
intermingling
*
embrace me
with inseparable kisses
cherry blossoms
*
double pink blooms

hold me until we too fall
like cherry blossoms
*
double pink blooms
hold us together till fall
cherry blossoms
*
new heights
each spring - mountain cherry trees
leaf and blossom fall
*
park bench
a place of joy and
despondency
*
marble this fluid
takes a true genius to carve
Venus de Milo
*
searching endlessly;
always elsewhere
is your happiness
*
white chrysanthemums
devotional love tokens
stoic as snowflakes
*
don't despair—the land
will thaw again—exuberant
new beginnings
*
touching down
the earth beneath our feet
was fertile new ground
*
meditation:
these browning camellias
are a well-spent force
*
underwater
above the serenade of
the moon and stars

*
I despair. I've
not believed in a plant
called 'honestly'
*
pink blossom rivers
forked paths from winter
to glorious spring
*
pomegranate red
the glossy vineyard of her
mouth wine-pressed
*
I avert my steps—
in direction and distance
as sea mist transcends
*
unveiling sea mist
remembering a dance
between you and me
*
sea mist
befalls on a slate mine
a living serpent
*
Himalayan seeds,
a heavenly blue with an-
orbiting sun
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling out
leaving starfish
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling out
leaving jellyfish
*
a magic carpet
the sea mist rolling in
leaving asteroids
*
gluttonous black holes

once the cherry blossoms
are swept aside
*
fire extinguisher red
robins never dampen
my spirits
*
April ushers in
the first wasp kitchen buzzing
with activity
*□
you think you love me—
then you don't - and then you do?
April rain showers
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going back and forth?
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reflections now high and low
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gold in abundance
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Wisteria flaunts itself like a feather boa

All the boys will love me.
*
Leprechauns are -
amongst us hoarding their gold
crypto
*
the gingerbread house
has been eaten—not a sign
of a crumb is left...
*
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about princesses and frogs
ribbit-ribbit
*
Himalayan
Fairy grass - touches of magic
dotted here and there
*

exquisite
rose tinted apple blossom
a taste of spring

*
in some corner
of my life - there are no more
creepy crawlies
*

tantamount
to a kiss—the French doors
opening—dawn chorus

*

the river winds south
forgetting its throne was once
a mountain top

*

the road back

winds like a winding river
many twists and turns

*

the river greets us
and flocks together in the-
same court laughing

*

a river dance's
in the sunlight, the moonlight
but doesn't take sides

*

a glow of warmth
outside the family home
the prodigal son
*
spring fashion show
in its seasonal green coat
open treasure chest
*
yes, I stand alone
but not without borders or
a little support
*

touching the corners
each fold a display of love
mother's bedmaking

*

your love is displaced
like the sun it warms
the hearts of many

*

I note your tears
the crescendo of a storm

the hint of a smile

*

comfort for me
a warm cup of strong, sweet tea
watching the roses grow

*

what is comfort
is it an old, worn-out shoe
dogs liking your soles

*

teething problems
why does it have to be this-
way? snoring gum shield

*

a yawning cat
watches for the departure
of the winter sun

*
memory has an-
answer for everything—
I can't recall

*

homeward, a storm
topples fir trees, a nesting
site for angry bees

*

journey homeward
a boomerang makes a near
circular flight path

*

homeward some geese
returning honk during the
rush hour traffic

*

we are all dancing
a dance into existence
changing partners

*

classical physics
at a loss, dear, to explain
our entanglement

*

you sent a message
received and understood
what's not to compute?

*

reflective passages
no one way clearer by a
dividing river

*

Wisteria
binds me in your limbs
and flower

*

mindfulness
haikus wrote on every
Bodhi tree leaf

*

Mark. A Heathcote

The Moon Is At The Yardarms

The moon is at the yardarms; I can almost touch it.
It's dressed like a bride ready to lose her maidenhead.
Yet, she can't lose what has already been lost.
A part for the lust that kept everything fruity.
Oh, how humdrum are the waves, white swooping.
And then again, over and over, recouping
Oh, how routine their whooping and stooping fall!
It's like a lighthouse, a storm's safe port of call.
The moon is at the yardarms, and the wind is howling.
Don't be afraid, love. I've had plenty of voyages.
I've seen all the big breakers quiver and return.
Singing breathlessly, powerless as a dolphin in joyfulness.
At yardarms, the moon with waves agile enough
Not to drown in a fathomless death, dressed as a bride
Hair was wind-sprayed. Relenting, knowing now -
Isn't the time to rebuff the diagonal moonbeams swooping?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Embryonic Wings Fulfilled

A genderless solace wishes to beat within us.
Like monomorphic embryonic pupae.
Wings still, forming joyously cocooned.
Never knowing light or dark
Or the tart-tasting core of a broken heart.
I guess we all have to experience pain to
Know that Eden's gardens still grow.
So, with wings tethered to a membrane.
We stretch and fly to the barren moon.
In search of a warming star on the other side.
Here on God's earth, we all hear birdsong.
Dawn's chorus awakens our eyes to love.
It touches us like the first soft willow bud.
Opening pursed hearts, rooted and beating,
One breath in, another fulfilled, motherhood.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Love And Courage

Love and courage go hand in hand
One without the other is quicksand
To love someone, therefore, is to stand
Not on solid ground but on-moving-sand.
Ah, to moving sand, I give my heart
To the pinholes of light in the dark.
To the shadow perpetually-moving
I'll give up my soul to you, my love, my darling.
And as I do, I ask nothing in return
But know I yearn, I truly yearn
To sink further than any falling-stone
Could or would: to reach my love at home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Journey Homeward, Haiku

journey homeward
a boomerang makes a near
circular flight path
*

a captured kite
clings to the hand holding it
a thistle's sharp hooks
*

opal mines don't close
they glint at azure skies
like dragon lizards
*
falling gum leaves
conserving their strength, whisper
I'll always survive
*
because I too yearn
I sacrifice my leaves mulch
Bottlebrush roots
*

talons sunk in snow
now warm themselves in the melt
prospect of spring
*
the wind is singing
an age-old adage, while I
pick a white primrose
*
dreams come like ghosts
a hare circles a meadow
it watches me frozen
*
I almost levitate
in spring with the mayflies, ah
to be young again
*

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the gorse flowers
it's pointed yellow turrets
sing with honey bees

Mark. A Heathcote

I'm Just Happy I'm Not You

You must be laughing
Or dying to feel alive
I'm just happy I'm not you
Always looking over your shoulder
In changing weather

There's always a storm or two
There's nothing new
I'm just happy I'm not you
I'd rather sleep in the morgue
And avoid disappointment every day

You know I like to walk in the park
Do things simply
Listen to the dog's bark
And not take heed
That someone got to bleed every day

You must be laughing now
Oh, yet I see a tear or two
You've been in a dilemma about what to do
But isn't that the truth at least
Just about every moment for the past few years.

There's always a storm or two
There's nothing new
I'm just happy I'm not you
I'd rather sleep in the morgue
And avoid disappointment every day

There's not a creature on earth
Wants to make its bed in hell
And sleep in a soiled bed
Sit around doing nothing for days
Where's your dignity? Why aren't you dead?

Aren't you tired of crying
Hanging on to shadows
Pretending every movement is sunshine and rainbows

Or lightning and thunder
Darling, is there no balance with you?

You must be laughing
Or dying to feel alive
I'm just happy I'm not you
Always looking over your shoulder
In changing weather.

Mark. A Heathcote

In Portugal

In Portugal
I've got to meditate
On my sunbed in spring
I'm alive, I'm not dead
I've paid my fare, my dues
And I no longer care
For other people's joy or sorrow
They can all jump in the lake
They can all love or hate me
I don't care
I've dealt with all my regrets
And I've got a few more than you
I do believe
I've got a few still in their infancy
Singing the blues
Remembering how dear you were
Once in my eyes
With tears even now breaking through
Sunbathing by a tepid hotel pool
With a beautiful view
I don't care
If I'm loved or hated
I'll be happy or miserable anywhere
Just as I choose, kicking off my shoes
Picking my nose,
Wearing threadbare clothes because
They're comfortable, so what the hell
I'm in Portugal
And I've got to meditate
On my sunbed in spring
I'm alive, I'm not dead
I've paid my fare, my dues
And I no longer care
For other people's joy or sorrow
I don't mind being alone
But darling, I still love looking in your eyes
When they're happy looking at me
But if they're not, I don't care
Because I've got me

PoemHunter.com

And I'm alright alone.

Mark. A Heathcote

Meaning, Haiku

due to pencil lead
now being shattered, I'm
dulled forever
*

A wavy line
With a pencil, left, then right.
Wow, a love heart.
*

if doodling with a
pencil or pen is your thing;
his is origami
*

the falsifying
of all evidence—the staid
cuckoo's love
*

PoemHunter.com

to help us find our joy
we lit candles on the beach
and watched waves crash
*

we find our joy
in the saddest of moments
being valued
*

What is my purpose?
A backward look in the mirror
How am I still here
*

sonnets with a tune
written in an era of-
iambic pentameter
*

what is comfort
is it an old, worn-out shoe
dogs liking your soles
*

comfort for me
a warm cup of strong, sweet tea
watching the roses grow
*

I note your tears
the crescendo of a storm
the hint of a smile
*

memory has an-
answer for everything—
I can't recall
*

homeward, a storm
topples fir trees, a nesting
site for angry bees
*

journey homeward
a boomerang makes a near
circular flight path
*

homeward some geese
returning honk during the
rush hour traffic
*

we are all dancing
a dance into existence
changing partners
*

classical physics

at a loss, dear, to explain
our entanglement
*

abandoned? no—
the moon shines anyway
that's it's message
*

you sent a message
received and understood
what's not to compute?
*

with noteworthy
durability—the willow often
slightly bends

Mark. A Heathcote

Haiku's March

the falsifying
of all evidence—the staid
cuckoo's love
*
numb with grief
a crop-sprayed lake
Koi's breathless words
*
middle of nowhere
the centre of the universe
god willing
*

talking sense
the telegraph wires hum
all day long
*
the falsifying
of all evidence—the staid
cuckoo's love
*
with noteworthy
durability—the willow often
slightly bends
*
reflective passages
no one way clearer by a
dividing river
*

scorched stubble
the burnt remains between
autumn and spring
*
irritable-
tenderness—the snares of a
spider's nest
*
your standout beauty

it's a pin dot in the skies
my precious snowflake
*
tenderness
the fickle dandelion's mane
one puff and away…
*
tenderness
a breath of transcendence
the dandelion's mane
*
the willow has on
her new haute couture dress
the envy of spring
*
springs' Crown Imperials
give some Va Va Voom—a scent
of pure majesty
*
momentary lapses
the beauty of everything
especially spring
*
dancing the can can
spring arrives with a throng
of scarlet tulips
*
dancing tulips
lift their ballgowns shouting
boys—we are here
*
a tulip dances
lifting her ballgown—shouting
I am here—
*
a scarlet tulip
lifts her ball gown and shouts
truly, I am here
*
flamboyant
as ever and always
spring tulips

*
never visible—
the moon inhabits me—
silently glowing
*
within a dream
captured on a journey
of stepping stones
*
you inhabit my
-world like a hummingbird,
except for a fallen-
feather I wouldn't notice—
your beautiful existence
*
do you remember?
a time before we met -
yesterday
*
murmuration of-
starlings, the cherry blossoms
copycat
*
a murder of crows
these magnolia shadows
on a moonlit wall
*
pent-up emotions
are released - as a
pinecone opens
*
largely forgotten
last year's buttercups
the warmth of spring
*
such inner warmth
the memories of buttercups
the chalice of spring
*
marsh marigolds,
a treasure chest of hope
the arrival of spring

*
you're a focal point
in my heart of hearts —
the tallest mountain
*
Forsythia wands
cast a quite magical spell—
all too commonplace
*
a serpentine path
millipede uncovered
veerers left and right
*
you're a focal point
in my heart of hearts —
the tallest mountain
*
a fisherman's float
a bright fluorescent island
his bread and butter
*
a small island
of white swans and turtles
something magical
*
a war between
two identical sides
impossible choices
*
grandmother's
tablecloths spread out for Easter
pink cherry blossoms
*

cow parsley
nature's natural star system
in the hedgerows
*
foreign road signs
marking lost in translation
glorious sunsets
*

lost in translation
hotel maid reads do not-
disturb signs and smiles
*

communication
and that mocking callback
cuckoo-cuckoo
*
a branch of snow
white cherry blossoms falling
spring snows once again
*
a branch of snow
white cherry blossoms falling
stars of the heavens
*
the sound of silence
harmony in abundance:
in the bluebell woods
*
a symphony
of peaceful bluebells
as a cuckoo calls
*
Koi nibbling petals
the joys of cherry blossom
floating in spring
*
as peonies open
the yellow sun takes in
another long peek
*
electric fences
catapulted by metres
lush spring pastures
*
daffodils
hanging by their broken stems—
the weight of beauty
*

fat caterpillar
to chrysalises opening,
accepting of spring
*
from caterpillar
to chrysalises opening,
evolving spring buds
*
drinking nectar
the butterfly reawakens—
to the joys of spring
*
drinking nectar
butterflies reawakening —
the joys of spring
*
static fluidity
what's not to love when -
temperatures rise
*
criticism
is a form of absolute
control without bars
*

bankruptcy
positive or negative
I love you
*
I'm not afraid
to shine is part and parcel -
of who I am
*
memories
the flamboyant 70s
no plaid patterns
*

I have an apple-
for you - blushing cheeks or two—
temptations old
*

glistening yellow
the sun absorbs each raincloud
sulphur dandelions
*
sulphur dandelions
the sun absorbs each raincloud
glistening yellow
*

foggy morning
one step in front of the other
decoding smudges
*
old exteriors
on a foggy spring morning
unveiled a new
*
foggy spring morning
cowbells clunking unseen
mooing ghostly
*
unpredictability
just so you know—I don't roll
loaded dice

*
unpredictability
a dorsal fin - a minke whale
never seen again
*

this morning's skyline
is a purple playground
Jacaranda blooms
*
it is palpable
spring is truly here at last
with a dawn chorus
*
where we have been
washed away footsteps
a tide advancing

*
where we have been
washed away footsteps
a tide receding
*
woodland violets
the trick of real beauty
goes unnoticed
*

poetry
is a postcard from heaven—
discarded snowflakes
*

wild cherry
branches of serenity
everything flows
*
divine white blossoms
juxtapose azure blue skies
heavenly portals
*
grow beyond
the means of the ordinary
shoot for the stars
*
every door
that remains closed grows
moss and bracken
*
lilacs
bend under the strains of
gentle laughter
*

every star
is a magnolia flower
opening eternal
*
each star system
is vast beyond belief —

getting to know you
*

opportunity
ah—it has a sleight of hand
and then it's flown south
*

opportunity
is a pure fragile flower
white orange blossom

*

perfection
is one falling blossom
away...

*
opportunity
a silent song reaching fruition
noisily
*

emptiness
corrupts the heart and mind
like a hollow tree
*
by highlighting
what isn't even truly there
do we see the whole

*
a black stocking falls
and the narrative whispers
thunder and lightning
*

love's narrative
is to encompass each heart
ah—ripples expand
*

the narrative of
rewriting all your tomorrows
when there are draughts
*
greetings card
congratulations on your
pre nup
*
taking notes
at a frosty reception
melting snow and ice
*

the moonlight garden
your eyes—the perfume of the
evening stars

*
such intimacy
wild serpentine spring paths
full of nettle stings
*
limitless kisses
cherry blossoms in the wind
in free fall

Mark. A Heathcote

Haiku, Nettle Stings

such intimacy
wild serpentine spring paths
full of nettle stings

*

limitless kisses
cherry blossoms on the wind
in free fall

*

songbird music makes
all the pieces fit like rainbows
over a rain cloud

*

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rising dough balls
their anticipation grows
children baking

*

the wind makes music
as it arrives and goes
the scent of jasmine

*

quince
so beautiful
and protective
*
quince blooms
to admire from a distance
platonic love
*

quince draws blood
scarlet petals scattered
on the wind
*

botanical
inspiration
how to shine

*

Cypress-Tree an
explanation mark
joys sentry soldier
*
Tulip

ruby of the heart
how precious your flower its
eternal presence

~

volcano
in goblets gold and red
drunken stupor

*

the moonlight garden
your eyes the perfume of the—
evening stars

*
the moonlight garden
your eyes—the perfume of the
evening stars
*
wine-cup tulips sing
of springs fire eternal
morning elixir

*

questioning
truth about imitation
is finding oneself
*

sanctuary—
a wellness garden with no
other plans
*

kisses are like
tap water to a desert
finding one's lover
*

Qashqai carpets
are individually made
geometric gardens
*

divinity
all gardens require pruning
good begets evil
*
intertwined
jasmine climbs to the stars
immersions of light

*
heart-shaped foliage
the judas tree rejoices
someone loves me

*

yellow river
a magnolia I planted
before departing
*

I read my thoughts
in your eyes and see the whole
solar system
*

a woman with
or without makeup?
AI equivalent
*
miracles of nature
or AI—the chicken
and the egg
*

Magnolia
memorable strength
and beauty in every
falling petal
*
rat—takes pizza home
triangle through round hole—no
Uber deliveries

*

magnolias
they are the Casanovas
of the stars
*

night phlox carries
the dreams of a lover
in her scent
*

nocturnal beauty
has the Evening Primrose
ah, how she glows
*

how does one bud?

contain my constant gazing
ah, magnolia
*
how does one bud?
contain my constant gazing
ah, it's the garden
*

cups and saucers
heavenly magnolias sip
the divine morning
*

we-ness
the same inner workings
sure, routines bond
*

peace between
two battle lines—a quiet spot—
find your inner church—
*

cosmic blue
some flowers just somehow lift
and catapult you
*

Quiet till age 4 or 5

'mute as a swan'
at his mother's insistence
Lucian Blaga, spoke
*

how quiet it all is
when the owl stops hooting
and the mice turn in
*

quiet bluebells

mysteriously whisper
spring is here
*

paragon of virtue
in all that you do or say
municipal work
*
grass is growing
emerging in clumps at first
dormant resistance
*
so decorative
the Zen gardens
all year round
*
decorative and elusive
orchid-blossom mantis
he's appetising
*
decorative inks
flowing lines, Celtic knots
intricate lacework

*
lilac tunnels
somewhere in the distance
we'll meet again...
*
turbulence
the shaking of a train carriage
the tea trolley dash
*

decorative vs
non-decorative images
the school of arts
*
decorative lights
no matter how artificial,
can look magical
*

decorative plants,
alive and artificial,
take pay cheques home
*

no turbulence here
quantum entanglement - get
my meaning?
*

turbulent meadows
thrown back and forth like bedsheets
jovial laughter
*
turbulent meadows
thrown back and forth like bedsheets
Pillow fighting
*

dandelion seeds
awaiting the slightest bit
of air turbulence
*
Drama
smoke-filled kitchen
oven gloves thrown on the stove
fire resistance
*
eternal
beloved
through your eyes

Mark. A Heathcote

Many, Haiku

I, ll send you flowers
pink peonies to fill a vase
just one will do

*

topiary
you can carry on cloud pruning
I'll take the roots

*

separation
carry on cloud pruning
I'll take the roots

*

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give me love seeds
poppies or love-in-the-mist
and forget-me-nots

*

wear an opening
red peony behind your ear
we'll bloom together

*

spring, late afternoon
snow is threatening to fall
then nothing at all...

*

keep your silence
bite your tongue if you must

razor clam

*

pour some salt into
a keyhole, and up they pop
razor clams

*

late afternoon siesta
then time for another dip
before my flight

*

late afternoon run,
my heart out of breath, panting,
taking in the view

*

late afternoon
school gates are quietly closing
standstill traffic

*

unexpected waves
can come any time and place
get out the paddles

*

territorial
robins squabble terribly
until they don't

*

a piebald raven
looks out over the spring snow;
a kinship follows

*

first building blocks:
the Earth, the moon, the stars
and the universe

*

house martins are
building their nests in cow barns
loft apartments

*

carousel dreams
spinning round and round
getting nowhere fast

*

house disapproval
layer upon layer, and
all the walls collapse

*

even in movement
there's reactionary stillness
in a whirlpool

*

What confines you?
isn't yesterday or tomorrow;
it's being present.

*

a still leaf
houses a tranquil forest
on a calm day

*

Buildings shoulder
to shoulder block out the sun,
promising better days

*

buildings shout,
'toil in the dirt; tomorrow
you too can retire.'

*

Baby Rubber Plant
once popular everywhere
not so much now

*

Baby's-breath
cloud like clusters fitting of
a wedding dress

*

baby steps in a-
new job looking for that left
handed screwdriver

*

inner church, the soul
the heart of spirituality
is everywhere

*

love whispers
across the entire universe
See more

*

there are no secrets
between what is right and wrong
bitter and divine

*

expand my blossom
into a magnolia tree
give me yellow suns

*

have all your tears
woke the monsoon gods the-
heavens have opened

*

was it a gesture
her blood turned white blooms red
Where's the first aid box?

*

something's you can't plan
opportunity knocks when
you least expect it

*

prussian blue skies
darling, how many stars
did you count? … just two

*

ah, evening song
a throbbing chorus
crickets vs nightingales

*

Puccini's humming
chorus—Madama Butterfly
genius just is...

*

cherry blossom
floats on the rocking chair seat
emotions tilting

*

prussian blue waves
boats like buoyant toys
your destiny, who knows?

*

search for me
beneath this old dust jacket
there you'll find a rose

*

each Valentine's Day
plant me a young sapling tree
place them heart-shaped.

*

let's skip breakfast
We'll dine out alfresco
by the fishing hut

*

delicious breakfast
let me help you with those dishes
next time, paper plates

*

let's have breakfast
how do you like your eggs?
mine—sunny side up

*

meet me for breakfast
let's feast on the next sunrise
you've beautiful eyes

*

breakfast is served
but let's warm up the bedsheets
some hungers can't fast

*

rashers of bacon—
sun has made an omelet
autumnal breakfast

*

a midnight rally
bats swooping across the skies
how their hunger grows

*

the road ahead holds
no prison bars around me
shadows and moon

*

the road ahead holds
no prison bars around me
shades of moonlight

*

mild hangover
waking next to a stranger
naked and entangled

*

mixed weather reports
lightning and rainbows
romantic entanglements

*

mixed weather
lightning and rainbows
the story of love

*

God sends a letter
a message from above
sunshine and flowers

*

hearing this softness
opens locks I never knew
were bolted closed

*

independence
it vanishes like a bloom
give me thorns to climb

*

windsock—once again
again—away you go
with your loose tongue

*

withered memories
the seeds of yesterday
remind us to grow

*

it's more auspicious
with each anniversary
booked getaway…

*

whistling songbird
far away in an icy vault
green brackens unfurl

*

let's catch a rainbow
and travel far away
infantile dreams

*

let's catch a rainbow
and travel beyond the moon
far — far — far away

*

frutillas
only snake in the grasses
I can appreciate

*

frutillas
out of hibernation
snakes I warm too

*

snake head frutillas
the only snake in the ground
to warm my heart

*

intoxication
gale-force winds are blowing
no direction home

Mark. A Heathcote

The Yew Tree

Beneath the mantle
of a sentry yew
like a drop of ancient,
trembling dew.

I alone stood afraid.
Amidst its calming call of shade.

Amidst its dark satanic whisper
I heard the silent grave.
Echo through my soul and mind,
showing from whence I came
the nightmares of my shame.

I stood alone, stood afraid.
Amidst its calming call of shade.

Hither I run through ethereal pines.
That slowly stole away
out of the yew that would hide
My lonely youth away.

I stood alone, stood afraid.
Amidst its calming call of shade.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Poet's Trinity

Poets must be as stoic as a tree.
Rooted in coastal chalk-rock
Ravaged and bent in one direction.
Willing as a lightning rod
To burst into free fires.
There is but one love triangle.
Between him, earth, sea and sky
That is where he'll climb and drill.
That is where he'll dive and swim.
That is where he'll fly and dream.
Till his circle of life has completed
That inward, outward ripple.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Consider You Are A Tree

When a tree is grown
You have to decide.
Its purpose, its size - and more besides.
Do you want a dappled shade?
Do you want flowers?
And want tremulous movement-
Upwardly moving powers.
Or swaying in the breeze.
Consider you are a tree.
What did you wish to be?
A thorn or a tulip tree.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Tree Brides

Of course, a tree has rings.
Each one, a wedding band
Oh, to be the 'bride' of such a tree.
To bask in His emerald love unendingly.
Minus all other pining cordialities,
Bar a litany of morning birdsong.
Oh, wouldn't that be truly heavenly?
Wear a plain sky as a wedding sarong.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Sat Beneath A Bodhi Tree

I sat beneath a huge tree.
Its shape and size shaded me.
As if I were its seedling
In search of nourishment
As if I were the sapling in search of light
As if I were, somehow, its penultimate circle
Spiralling out of control, left to fulfil its last rites
Entombed, enclosed, embalmed up in eternal night
Waiting for it to make space for me;
Look, child, at the leaf of a Bodhi tree.
Look at its veins; it is to be another tree.
Yes, I sat beneath a Bodhi tree.
As does it somewhere shaded, sitting inside of me
Yes, just another seedling in search of nourishment.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Lovers Fall

I am the leaves of a tree.
I am Aspen whispering about you.
Because I've nothing better to do
I spread my gold dappled leaves over you.
And take root under you, and ask you
Are you the sun? Are you the sky?
Are you the ocean, or are you the moon?
Because I've been searching for you
I've spread my leaves to the four winds.
And found my resting place beside you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Captivating Joy, Haikus

captivating joy

dancing on the rooftops

when the sun appears

*

somewhere someplace

I'll recognise her face

chance meeting

*

somewhere someplace

I'll recognise your face

kismet meeting

*

kismet hope

I'll recognise her face

somewhere someplace

*

today she waves

I catch her face smiling from

an upstairs window

*

PoemHunter.com

tonight beneath

a full moon headed somewhere

my heart is hers

*

I feel I've known her

somewhere a lifetime before

all the stars align

*

joyous moments when-

somewhere in a forest floats

a bluebird's feather

*

somewhere

in the sash window frame

ladybirds awaken

*

let me pick fruit

from the Waqwaq Tree

and crush enemies

*

blossoming

a pincushion festoon

Japanese apricot

*

approaching spring

and all the plum trees flower

pure endurance

*

a lowly shepherd

before his work stands gazing

white camellias

*

infant growth spurts

from snowdrops to daffodils

snails in the rafters

*

infant growth spurts

from snowdrops to daffodils

sunflower horizons

*

the more I'm warmed

the more I melt and dissolve

icy exteriors

*

you write like a sage

weaving nests in the ivy

with moss, leaves and twigs

*

little male wren

making multiple nests, but

no feminine touches

*

female wren

gathering wool and feathers

here's a worthy home

Mark. A Heathcote

A Timbuktu Peasant From The Street

With bottle tops and a watch strap woven in her hair
She's an enchantress; she's a witchy affair.

Her full lips pout, pushing forward and blushing gold.
Poorer than a jackal, too proud to be sold

Eyes full of intrigue, they're the portals to her soul.
She's been here before: too difficult to control.

Men kneel at her feet; Kings bow in defeat:
She's just a Timbuktu peasant from the street.

Her allure is regal, her pride unwavering.
She won't eat with pigs; her life is meant for savouring.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

By No Means Is This Woman, Who I Am

Her Stetson apparel had taken her thus far.
Oh, how she wishes she were a cinnabar moth.
An eye-dazzling beauty wearing silken red cloth
Black heels - rather than the protocol
'Steel-toed work boots, ' this is what she internally spoke.

But on-site, she too behaves like some burly, sexist bloke.
Shouting out the orders, ogling, whistling - no joke!
She gives as good as, if not better than, she gets.
And they, my friends, aren't sweet vignettes -
Quotes from the Bible, but she has no regrets.

Well, maybe only this one, the dress code.
Like lots of women, she wants to look her best and be glam.
Sit on the bonnet of a JCB, a red-hot siren.
'Read each passing man, his cardiogram…'
'Say, look, lads, by no means is this woman who I am.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Her Work

Her workbench is a tale of art.
Brushes of every size lay in wait.
She says it's heaven to spoil herself.
Paint, pamper and decorate.

My job is to look my very best.
And to put out my chest, pose and smile.
Wink in the right direction if it
Serves me well; I'll put you under my spell.

Hair blonde, then purple and pink the next?
Body inked, all is a canvas, and nothing is real.
The hair, the eyelashes, and her teeth whitened
And even her face has had a peel.

An all-over body tan straight from
A spray can; isn't it obligatory?
To then carry a Pomeranian, a
Pekingese, a Shih Tzu in a Chanel bag.

'I wear Stuart Weitzman heels, baby,
'I've got status, baby; to hell with you.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Haiku~

immigration law
in the USA through the—
barrel of a gun

*

balaclavaed
ICE officers—it's cold work
shooting ICU nurses

*

immigration law
in the USA, another amen!
unapologetic

*

pro-gun laws (ICE)
president approves of shooting
for permit holders

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Astral Plains, Haikus

camellias
in a blue vase reaching
astral plains

*

my daily go-to
is tea - it helps me rise
carry out my chores… See more

*

Tolstoy loved tea
it awakens the slumbers-
See more
*
Typhoo tea cards
my grandad saved for me
two spoons or three
*
Typhoo tea cards
and buttery toasted fruit loaf
grandmother humming
*
halfway out the door
don't forget your tea cards
we saved them for you
*
disobedience
clusters of crimson berries
still bedazzling
*
stone circles
sometimes pebbles speak louder
shaped in love hearts
*
more petroglyphs
rock engravings
my aging face
*
more petroglyphs

PoemHunter.com

rock engravings, my face ageing
with a smile
*
defying gravity
spinning buckets of water
no rain today
*
winter birdsong -
some things are worth copying
hallelujah …
*
suitcases emptied -
ah, no place like home
Manchester rain*
*
peach blossoms
baby's eyelids opening
for the first time
*
hand-knitted sweaters
Arans as old as time—wrote
into sea folklore
*
winter blossoms
snowflakes on the windowsill
chill remembrances
*
empty fishbowl
toilet flushing once again
give up hooking ducks
*
empty wardrobe
a step away from Narnia
only work calls
*
origami boats
are we at times set to sail?
empty of cargo
*
miracles of nature
at times are commonplace - I
can't believe my eyes

*
let me use my eyes
as a compass—your eyes
lead me homeward
*
pill box on the beach
looking back - eventually
falls to wind and tide
*
looking back
a nod and a wink - darling
blow me a kiss
*
looking back—why?
a real waste of energy,
make changes today
*
karmic pleasure
leather or lace - it's just
a matter of taste
*
Giant Sequoias
make ants out of tourists
huge egos
*
conversation
between sky and water
mirror reflections
*
unravelling mini
chocolate Easter eggs - sweet
microsurgery
*
magnolia buds
downy plump bulging pillows
sleep to wake
*
the moth that few-
and flew to reach the moon
touched my heart
*
recruit my last breath

the songbird sang each morn
for whom the bell tolls
*
I've tears in my eyes—
dew trembles when I sing
mountain springs
*
begonias
waxing and waning brightly
October sunsets
***
let us retrace
our steps in falling snow
Now - where to go?
*
let us follow
on this path of deep snow
now where to go?
*
lost for a day—dear
lost for a never-ending week
an eternity
*
you can't go now
there's too much snow at
the foot of the door
***
wounded bird-
syndrome: a compulsion to
rescue broken wings
*
Midnight off
taking midnight off
I discovered a star
*
I find peace and calm
gazing at dogwood flowers
a four-leaved cross
*
Inner peace

monastic life

a balance of devotion
chanting and silence
*
in a poised act
of calmness, a kingfisher
takes its swift plunge
*
statute calmness
Public Order Acts defining
serenity
***
open heart surgery
another breath of hope and calm
equally despair
*
open heart surgery
another breath of hope and calm
equal to despair
***
amidst multitudes
of prayer, lit church candles
some tranquility
*
a calm hand
prevailing over the storm
loves affidavits
*
Hypoxia
centre of the hurricane
calmness
*
calmness
outside the swirling eddies
our reflections
*
at once April
awash with sorrow and grief
then calmness
*
at once April
awash with sorrow and grief
then rainbows

*
soaring red kite
purpose calculating
rapid decent
*
red kite zoning in
no noise - no rush
purely instinctual
*
larva lamp
awakens like a mussel
beneath the moonlight
*
defying gravity
spinning buckets of water
no rain today
*
winter birdsong -
some things are worth copying
hallelujah …

Mark. A Heathcote

Men Would Quake In Their Opium Hearts

Men would quake in their opium hearts to meet
A beauty, in whose pleasing narcotic glance
All the spheres of this primate's earth would beguile.
In whose doe-eyed glances, Goddess graces dance.
Forever's-are-here confined to them awhile,
Whose tyranny is never to maltreat
If they espied that orbit, she should reside there.
Nightly, they would give their all for a perchance.
Just one gaze from her tempting eyes is so sweet
Such wretched wantonness, do we pray, by chance.
Such is the grandeur these angels can entreat.
Such do the zodiac lover's tears chide.
Hapless nature isn't so hot to soothe, prove-
The commit graveside plot of endless love.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Domestic Goddess

She takes her broom to wildly sweep.
Keeping an occasional eye on the sky
With a personal look at her dust heap
She remains dauntless, shy and spry.

Locals might see her as joyful regardless.
Of how abruptly they scorn-project.
But she just sweeps again in fairness.
There are no excuses disclosed - inspect.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

She Herself Could Be?

She could be, but for her now, ageing carcass
She herself could be the Hindu goddess.
of fortune with her soft date-palm tree broom
She could be 'Lakshmi' in that bright costume.

Also known as 'Sri', the goddess of wealth
'Diffusing light or radiance' and in stealth
Such a broom could get rid of all evil forces.
Her face says she has no time for hobbyhorses.

But this broom isn't special - it's for outdoors.
And the old lady somehow reinforces
We've all had our very own light and radiance.
We can sweep ourselves into irradiance.

To coin an old biblical statement
'Idle hands are the devil's workshop.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Three-Eyed Goddess

Divine Mother, on your tiger—fortifies my heart.
Slay the demons of ego with all ten arms-thwart.
Let your left eye control my greatest weakness.
Desire for the right spurs me on to righteousness.

Goddess Durga, whose middle eye of knowledge
Central align, alight my path on the road to virtue.
With all the people of the world, I meet in tutelage
I am in your bosom, drowning for breath anew.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

In My Humble Opinion, She Outshines Every Star

My first real boyhood hero was Barbra Streisand.
Honestly, I couldn't have been more than 7 years old.
I guess it's an odd choice for a boy of that silly age.
I first recollect seeing her in black and white.
When a movie she starred in was first televised.

I watched cross-legged, completely transfixed.
I was in absolute awe of her charm, beauty and wit.
I was falling in love with her vivaciousness, her energy,
The movie was about a troubled young woman.
Who was visiting a psychotherapist to quit smoking?

The film was made in 1970 and was aptly called.
On A Clear Day You Can See Forever
I say 'aptly' because as she undergoes hypnosis
She sees herself reliving a tragic Victorian romance.
It's a past life and something I felt a connection with then.

Most childhood heroes go on to disappoint.
They somehow wane and become less current.
But Barbra, she has too many strings to her bow.
And never disappoints. I've noticed how oddly irritated
Others view such people with abundant talents.

Her introduction to me that day was a revelation.
All that followed was also reverently admired.
She was the first-ever woman to receive
The Golden Globe Award for Best Director,
An award no other woman achieved for some 37 years.

And that voice - who has seriously matched it since?
In my humble opinion, none have come close.
As any heroes of outstanding talent, therefore, go?
Streisand was ranked the greatest female Billboard artist of
All-time, and not just pretty and quirky, she's my superstar.

Mark. A Heathcote

Green, Haikus

Snowdrops

lantern green threads
with diamond eyelets nod their-
whole length in rhythms
*
Church

damn chilly outside
deadly to walk on safely
moss green gravestones
*
Nature child

eyes emerald green
can colours define our moods
lush long meadow grass
*
Kingfisher

PoemHunter.com

always greener on-
the other side of the fence
kingfisher delights
*
Village green

on the village green
a plaid cloth is unfolded
squabbling rooks dance

*
Daisy chains

vernal and green
my anaesthetized stress
making daisy chains
*
green tomatoes
let them ripen till the sun

feels overexposed
*
exhume the coffin
tear back all the green ivy
expose your headstone
*
here the greenery
is ever so beauteous,
stop-sign on go
*
leaping over zenith
green-tips of diamond dew
grasshopper

*
green Hellebores
don't they put on what looks like
a solemn smile
*
come away with me
to Gretna Green
fairytales dream
*
green caterpillars
convert all their energies
into windfarms

Angelica
on a host of fat-green stems
heavenly stars

Mark. A Heathcote

Sentimentalist, Haiku

pirate crow's nest
a top of an old oak tree
big as a galleon

*

sentimentalist
sitting on oak boughs in spring
watching daffodils

*

snapdragons
a glowing yellow searchlight
on a crumbling wall

*

indescribable
your love after a storm
intense rainbow

PoemHunter.com

*

indescribable
your love after a storm
reversed rainbow

*

indescribable
your love after a storm
full-circle rainbow

*

spiritual path
read my palm and take my hand
fate guides us both

*

infinite number
of wedding ring fingers
and yet I chose you

*
misfortune can be
joyous at times—sailing on
the trunk of a tree

*
misfortune can be
joyous at times—sailing
oak tree trunks

*
abandoned ship
becomes an island of trees
oak treasure chest

*
luminous cloud
grows into a forest tree
roots and canopy

Mark. A Heathcote

Dandelion, Haiku

petticoats
and pear tree blossoms and then
landscapes hoary white

*

luminous clouds
grow into a forest tree
roots and canopy

*

rat-a-tat-tat
hollowing out a tree nest
January to June

*

courting bees
eyes that capture the world
hibiscus flowers

*

trees worship the sun
their leaves give reverence
daily wave and bow

*

luminous clouds
grow into a forest tree
roots and canopy

*

bittersweet earrings
on a climbing winter vine
sunny embers

*

spring a frugal horn
duality of love and hate
rubies bittersweet

*

profound suffering
the joy that winter brings
romance bittersweet

*

sorrow and beauty
perfectly imperfect
bittersweet

*

weeding dandelions
after a deep winter frost
taproots to my heart

*

weeding dandelions
after a deep winter frost
taproots to my soul

*

rosary beads
a deluge through your fingers
morning prayers

*

lapis lazuli
rosary beads for the world
virginal dewdrops

*

winding riverbanks
a mossy tree avenue
one-way street

*

winding riverbanks
a mossy tree avenue
one-way traffic

*

climbing a maple
I found a sacred bee
a honey sun

*

rarest material
in the entire universe
timber such as oak

Mark. A Heathcote

Palash Tree, Haiku

when the Palash tree
spills all her claret petals
forest fires appear
*

phoenix renewal
decked in Palash blossoms
the God of Fire
*

Palash tree
the flame of the forest
Vishnu, Brahma, Shiva
*

Palash tree, revered
admired for its flowers
life-giving force

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Grotto, Haiku

Palash tree
the flame of the forest
Vishnu, Brahma, Shiva
*

shell grotto—not
so mysterious—this cave
tides—waves in and out
*

shell grotto
mysterious cave tides
waves in and out
*

holistic healing
grounding with forest trees
winding down
*

PoemHunter.com

a cooling dip
in the Chinese Gardens Pond
summer grass snake
*

a jade necklace
glides with glass beads—snake-like
sends out a ripple
*

parched reeds
still have enough breath to sing
evening prayers
*

what is life?
but consciousness reflecting
on itself
*

if attachment
should be my one lasting sin
Be I - blossom wind
*

are we not vessels
of one conscience mimicking
the vast emptiness
*
sustaining the gods
the juice from the stoma plant
has golden branches
*
grind its golden stems
immense strength could be yours
the drink of the gods
*
with its golden stems
Stoma plants were said to grant
immortality
*
waning and waxing
of the moon this evening
divine nectar
*
parched reeds
still have breath to sing
evening prayers
*

hailstone in June
surprises never cease
rose petals on ice
*

unblemished
a gypsy seller smiles
zest of lemon rind
*

jacaranda ~

mystical petals rest like
purple butterflies
*

the jacaranda
sprinkles her mauve contetti
wind puffed out cheeks
•□

the jacaranda
sprinkles her mauve confetti
and the wind laughs hard
*

footprints in the snow
are the first of many more
quiet morning rituals
*

embers of love
oftentimes are eternal
blown back to life
*

words unanswered
whisper in winter pastures
meadowsweet moments
*

time unhinges itself
from all this fatigue and rust
like those jumping jacks
*
parched reeds
still have enough breath to sing
evening prayers
*

waning and waxing
of the moon this evening
divine nectar
*

if attachment
should be my one lasting sin
Be I - blossom wind
*

with its golden stems
Stoma plants were said to grant
immortality
*

grind its golden stems
immense strength could be yours
the drink of the gods
*

sustaining the gods
the juice from the stoma plant
has golden branches
*

We are vessels
of one conscience mimicking
the vast emptiness
*
hailstone in June
surprises never cease
rose petals on ice
*

years later
we bumped into each other
wow, your amazing
*

tranquility
where did it all begin
imploding star
*

divorce a footnote
in the history books

the family album
*
wild mint
how even the mind wanders
without confinement
*

unblemished
a gypsy seller smiles
lemon rind
*

wild mint
how even the mind wanders
without confinement
*

unblemished
a gypsy seller smiles
lemon rind
*

frigid blue feathers
won't take to the skies
with rubies on ice
*

todays kniphofias
point towards a setting sun
in reverence
*

given yet another
whitewash—the canvas resists
transformation
*

every raindrop
generates new life
love and pain
*

winter approaches
snow enters a camera lens
panoramic views
*

pot dogs
on the mantlepiece
Elvis sings hound-dog
*

unblemished
a gypsy seller smiles
lemon rind

Mark. A Heathcote

Symbol's Haiku

symbol of balance 666
in Hindu numerology
a spiritual path

*

angel number 666
a move from fear to faith
align with purpose

*

address imbalances
at home or in the workplace
search highest good 666

*

Ezra 666
the children returning from exile
to humanity

*

Palash tree
the flame of the forest
Vishnu, Brahma, Shiva

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Wicklow Mountains, Haiku

the Wicklow Mountains

they get many visitors

banshee and angels

*

Glendalough

where two mountain lakes meet

natural wonders

*

a spectral figure

with--14th century, heater shield

colours of a lord

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Eden, Haikus

there is beauty

in all our day-to-days

forgotten Eden

*

feast your eyes

on the Tigris, the Euphrates

earthly paradise

*

an eastern garden

occupies my busy mind

a summer breeze

*

knowledge and life

had a short conversation

whispering spring leaves

*

submerged beneath

the Persian Gulf, two trees

knowledge and life

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Tranquility, Haiku

given yet another
white wash the canvas resists
transformation

*

every raindrop
generates new life
love and pain

*

winter approaches
left and right, the snow enters
panoramic views

*

tranquility
a dragonfly rests coupled
with sky and water

PoemHunter.com

*

for all your
Imperfections
I cherish you

*

love defies logic
a marksman takes aim
and finds his target

*

logically
nothing makes any sense
that's why I love you

*

glimpses of violets
diamonds on, harp string grasses
springs come at last

*

new geometry
the sacred path
autumnal leaves

*

every atom
and molecule is poetry
divinly written

*

lost ingredients
my childhood innocence
grandmother's humming

*

a state of pure joy
a resurrection of souls
you again - snowflakes

*

frigid blue feathers
won't take to the skies
with rubies on ice

*

todays kniphofias
point towards a setting sun
in reverence

*

given yet another
whitewash—the canvas resists
transformation

*

every raindrop
generates new life
love and pain

*

winter approaches
snow enters a camera lens
panoramic views

*

logically
nothing makes any sense
that's why I love you

*

glimpses of violets
diamonded harp-string acers
spring comes at last

*

new geometry
the sacred path
autumnal leaves

*

every atom
molecule is poetry
divinely written

*

doves depart
a flight unknown awaits
clouds glide cumulus

*

a bolting hare
in a woodknot - a Freudian
slip of insanity

New Year message
written in the fallen leaves
of the ginko

*

this is what happens
when the extraordinary
becomes normal

*

childish anger
taken out on a fungus
clouds of laughter

*

puffball fungus
kicked hither and thither
between willow sticks

*

gaint puffball
undiscovered luna
autumn fullmoon

*

Emptiness

discarded eggshells
on an island lake the size
of China teacups

*

echoes of wings
long flown south for winter
collapse gunnera

*

Halo

tiny ice crystals
put on a light show
a radiant halo

*

cherry blossom
falling into the lake water
tricks a koi to bite

*

footprints in the snow
are the first of many more
quiet morning rituals

*

the jacaranda
sprinkles her mauve contetti
and the wind laughs hard

*

Jacaranda ~

petals fall like mystical
purple butterflies

*

jacaranda ~
mystical petals rest like
purple butterflies

Mark. A Heathcote

Love, Haiku

love—I defy
anything preconceived—but
haven't we met before?
*
logically
nothing makes any sense
that's why I love you
*
love defies logic
a marksman takes aim
and finds his target
*
our bond transcends
the purely physical
flowers and bees
*
a state of pure joy
a resurrection of souls
sweetheart—never leave

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Amaryllis, Haiku's

Amaryllis - love-struck
her heart was for his taking
Keep it, said Alteo
*
shedding drops of blood
Amaryllis pierced her heart
with a gold arrow
*
it is spellbinding
how your strength and beauty
shine, Amaryllis
*
with a bleeding heart
cold-hearted Alteo didn't care
Amaryllis should wilt
*
desperate to win
Alteo's love—Amaryllis
bled out from her heart
*
scarlet flowers grew
on the path between Alteo
and Amaryllis
*
Alteo was later
smitten with Amaryllis
admired her blooms
*
scarlet flowers
crimson as a bleeding heart
bloomed for Alteo

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shades Of Grey...

You know we are all the same shade of grey.
I guess only the strength of the sunlight
makes it different when we're anchors aweigh
It's the same destination gunfight.
It's to the same port, chasing the same loot.
Using the same sad bait, but possibly
Or maybe played out to another flute
Or tune; maybe just, just impossibly
Made a little bit harder for a few,
As hard as breathing, living on the moon
There are many shades of grey, some subdued.
You have to ask and make a choice of a costume.
Who will you be? What will you wear between
White and black, will you be glaucous or gleam?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Wind Of Creation

I shall be invisible.
A force pushing you on
taking you to destinations
You've always longed
to one day belong.

Let me morph into a vapour-
that follows you,
all the places you've been.
Transient as a whisper,
never heard, never seen.

Let me lead you over-
troubled waters
till you levitate and fall
And there shall I catch you,
Catch you, one and all.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Rearview Mirror

Life is a long, open road.
With few pit-stops or fuelling stations
Many, therefore, check the rearview mirror.
As it's a road over ravines and mountains
With many twists and cliff-top turns.

At times, we'll sleep at the wheel.
Break self-isolation laws and speed limits.
Or park in some sleazy 'pull-out'.
Deflated, we check the rearview mirror.
And wonder where it all went.

Where it all went wrong
Our destination could be Route 66.
Begging not to be a fly on the windscreen
But migrate to meet the California sunshine.
Melt-like grease tyres even in the snow.

Tank empty, rearview mirror steamed.
Baby, I'm yours.
'I could be your Santa Claus.'
Your hibernation get-out clause
'I drive a Ford Mustang, ' like I'm a wild horse.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Torment Me, Haiku

you torment me
with your kisses of moonlight
apple blossom

*

the opal black
peacock has a hidden insight
into midnight

*

kindly look
into my eyes without blinking
red water lilies

*

pink water lilies
your admiration doesn't go
unnoticed

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Codex Messages, Haiku

ultimately
destiny is an illusion
all journeys end

*

pure perfection
I wish you would seek me
visit once again

*

you are the door
not the house - your out is in
and your in is out

*

a state of pure joy
a resurrection of souls
you again - snowflakes

*

frozen-over lakes
they're a perilous crossing
hearts in trembling mouths

*

codex messages
manuscripts found by the Nile
we're the storage jar

*

oneness of 'all'
embodiment of a germ
completeness self-seeds

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*

love permeates 'all'
infinitesimaly
the large or small

*

in unitive states
does leaf fall not become one
with everything

*

I appear to be
humble - but clearly I'm not
rose amongst thorns

*

unity we search
shore to endless shore - across
pine needle carpets

*

a seeker is found
by their reflective thoughts
so - look no further

*

opposite of death
is birth - ask the dandelions
under your breath

Mark. A Heathcote

The Jukebox's Last Song, Haikus

loneliness
it's like a prayer unanswered
the jukebox's last song
*

subtle emergency
when all the pigeons leave home
and refuse to roost
*

a hermit's road
leads to loneliness and drinking
a lost angel's soul
*

piercing pied piper
poking through the winter snow
a pasque flower
*

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dew drop bedazzled
purple pasque flowers forgetting
it ever snowed
*

yellow canaries
why do you no longer sing?
emergency masks
*

echoes in Welsh pits
weary miners of long ago
on their deathbeds
*

eulogies heard
in the valleys in every
Welsh skylark
*

colour crayons
aways involves a rainbow
a troublesome home
*

the hearth requires
more turf before the fire dies
poker hand dealers
*

tarnished leaves
circle your tired old heart
oak floorboards
*

there's a current
could rock this rocking chair
as my eyes close
*

there's an ocean
rising with every tide
but still—we descend

but still—I'm sinking
*

fertility fruit
of the gods—pomegranates
on my tongue
*

rubies galore
boxed - bursting interior
binding love seeds
*

mythical clues
a fairy tale in every
snowflake
*

nerines compete
with no fall flowers except
maple leaves
*

abundant and gold
the treasures of a quince
no one's temptation
*
thorny brilliance
the quince outshines the sun
at sunset
*

even dying trees
appreciate their environment
give something back
*

running water
transported in all states
a comet's tail
*

catch a falling star
sadly—some fall through our arms
the best of all days
*

Schrödinger's cat
belief is a point of view
dead or alive
*

child's head pokes
out of the cat flap - let's have
another litter
*

all the mystics fail
to understand my destiny
I love you

*

defibrillation
reunion of heart and mind
reawakening
*

all the mystics fail
to understand my destiny
I love you

Mark. A Heathcote

Tintagel Castle

Tintagel Castle

where King Arthur once ruled

was in the Dark Ages

I know we were enslaved

to the light and to the dark

*

Merlin's cave—it still

listens to King Arthur's heart

each returning wave

*

PoemHunter.com

here dramatic cliffs

where legends fought in folklore

and Gallos stands 8 ft tall

tempest blow — blow

I'll slay all your dragons

with King Arthur's sword

*

tempest blow — blow

I'll slay all your dragons

with King Arthur's sword

Mark. A Heathcote

Darkness, Haiku

potential
counterpart to light
fertile void

*

there is no
darkness particle it is all
the same spectrum

*

darkness has no speed
other than the speed of light
visual sensation

*

darkness doesn't exist
it is the absence light
non-existent

*

perceptual illusion
this darkness we're afraid of
follow in the light

*

there is no
absolute darkness
heat radiates

*

and then there was light
light resting as potential
this is darkness

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Oh, You Dampen My Soul

Oh, you dampen my soul
But my heart is an ember
It's never truly extinguished

I tarry like - like a dog with a bone
Your apron strings hide a fire
The ashes of my despair
Darling, feed me again, to be fair
I need three good meals a day, with you, please.

Oh, you dampen my heart.
Say there's still a spark.
Throw a dog a bone
And I'll scurry home
To watch the embers
In your eyes rise.

Oh, if silence had a sound
It'd be an angel's cry of old
The temperance we used to know
Not one of you is letting me go
Letting me roam.

But I'm so devoted now.
I can't turn over a new bone.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Lonesome

Lonesome
There's an echo in the woods.
Every sky is an empire.
Looking in your big blue eyes

I'll take my severance pay.
Tomorrow
Leaving in silence
I'll avoid going to confession.
That I'm not here just for the ride.

Your voice - it turns my heart into ashes.
When there's just a wall of silence
I'll take all these pennies from heaven.
If you'll fill my charity box
And not deal with me with karma

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Explain

What was that?
Explain...
I get that look all the time.
My face hides nothing.
To my shame.

If I love you
The world takes my hand.
If I am sorrowful
There is a midnight light.
Trembling to feel, to think
I am not all alone.

What was that?
Explain...
I get that look all the time.
My face hides nothing.
To my shame.

PoemHunter.com

If I kiss you
You are my life, my sunshine.
If my eyes are rolling
The road is calling.
Maybe a rambling river
Wants sipping just to ease my pain.

What was that?
Explain...
I get that look all the time.
My face hides nothing.
To my shame.

Why did you dig over the garden?
Once again
Didn't it meet your exacting requirements?
Wasn't it Eden?
Are you still thirsty?
Speak, explain.

Am I too much?
Darling, I'm not a weed to be put in the shade.

Mark. A Heathcote

A Logical Fantasy

A logical fantasy
Would be for me to kiss you
And learn to walk on water.
And learn to fly.

A sensible solution
Would be for you to turn away
And we never make out.
Never make a connection.

A logical fantasy
Would be for me to take your hand
And for you to take it, too
And for you to hold it gladly

A sensible solution
Would be for you to reject me
And for you to forget me
And forfeit my loving advances

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But that's not what you do.
But that's not what we do.
I pretend that I never had a choice.
I genuinely did, and so did you.

Mark. A Heathcote

Dust Motes Circle

Dust motes circle the moon.
my heart with a solitary
depth I can't remove

Darling, don't let me forget.
There is an answer to everything.
If the questions aren't disguised
If your love isn't a ruse

Sure, as the sun sinks
It will rise, play its part
In your own heart

Like echoes in the chamber
Of a fired gunshot
Before the dust settles

I want you and everyone.
To know I want to tear off your clothes.

PoemHunter.com

Listen to a harmonica.
Run breathless every night.
While the dust motes circle the moon
And shake your soul.
With melancholy gold.

Mark. A Heathcote

Say It Now

Say it now
We might never meet again
Say it now
Tomorrow isn't promised
Say it now
To my heart and soul
The terror of the night
Could be a dividing valley
Say it now
Don't lead me on
Holding useless tarot cards
I need a shepherdess
To guide me home
Say it now
Lead me through the dew

I'll take my salvation
My sanctuary here and now
Say it now
If you really care
Say it now
And drop your sable coat
To your shoes
Say it now
Please don't leave me in these blues
Not when the stars
are shining bright
Say it now
Don't just turn and go.

Because tomorrow isn't promised.
Say it now
Because I'm enslaved

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Pennies From The Wishing Well

Pennies from the wishing well
I'd throw them at your tranquil soul, your feet
To see the ripples of yesterday roll
So you'll remember my name

But I'd never put out the flames
In this, this heart of mine

Oh, it's a long way home.
Till judgment day
Till I again live alone

No matter how much time
Transpires, I'll still be here
In the ripples on this earth
In blossoms that fall at your feet
In your hair.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Baton Down The Hatches

Baton down the hatches
The shadows
There is a ghost in your blood
wearing your hoary flesh
That's a home to my soul

Shadows in the star drops
The mystery of your eyes
Where a flicker refuses
To be guarded or to fade
It's eternal, flame

For you, I'd cross the galaxies.
In your keeping
I'd list like an ocean ship on a maiden cruise
And sink to hear you call
No matter the distance
It wouldn't matter at all to me

PoemHunter.com

In your shadows I'll survive.
Every bitter-sweet wave
Where you go
I'll drown and lose my mind
Till I learn to swim with you
Rescued by a miracle

A woman holding my hand

Mark. A Heathcote

Tanka's

the strong are the weak
give them pneumonia and watch
they'll cry—tears like a baby
in its crib for its mother
strong are the weak who cry first
*

the wardrobe
contains suits and living moth's
then soon nothing fits
except a wicker coffin
the promise of butterflies
*

is it love that you
are feeling when you go work
is it love that you
are feeling—sir—when you milk
your skinny old dairy herd
*
quarantine my heart,
my soul, I faced near death
tonight - quite alone
apart from one sweet angel
one who took the time to phone

*
relentless cleaning
ashes to ashes - dust to dust
then literally nothing
but a sideboard of
antique photos
*
never seen a ghost
apple—I could truly eat
without losing my-
admiration first of all
and having it melt away
*

PoemHunter.com

wicker figurine
depicted with a lily
or a gold trumpet
God's divine messenger
angel Gabriel—he's sparkling
*

Mark. A Heathcote

Many, Haikus

my mind is taught
combining all the colours
of a rainbow
*

people you like
without actually knowing
what gifts
*

bin lids frozen
wish it would rain
collection Thursday
*

yesterday
newborn babies - today
troubled adults
*

PoemHunter.com

the subtext of
a frozen waterfall is
never letting go...
*

there are stories
with a middle, beginning - and
an end - past tense
*

her cracked portrait
shows her at her regal best
the Howarth, museum
*

before her untimely
death—time stood still—I guess
it always will
*

black coffee
morning dog walk
life starts here
*

non-stop rainfall
lifeless earthworms drowning
stepping stone games

*

blind dating
her eyes are sun-dialled in
7 o'clock on the dot
*

pneumonia
still pegging out
wet linen on the line
*

I can't say no
I'm a doe - no place to go
so—I dote on you
*
dust motes circle
there's a phantom in the room
it's New Year time
*
synchronicity
seagulls gliding in U-turn's
azure - white angels
*

a road combined
with checkerboard shadows
dung flies and new foals
*

the stage is set
a skyline drama unfolds

red, orange and gold
*

a drama unfolds
gold, frankincense, and myrrh
plus - a guiding star
*

the equinox moon
glimmering - a Christmas rose
a candle lights glow
*

the midwinter moon
lights a labyrinth in our hearts
passages through the woods
*

the coming snow moon
will see us through the New Year
the advent of spring
*

Mabon blessings
equilibrium of all things
harvest - gratitude
*

full moon blessings
oh - it's a hard day to weep for
let the dew shake free
*

luna moths are a sign
of warmer nights, greener
months
for you and for me
*

a lonely lost swan
invisible in the snow
the light of the moon

*

tiaras of ice
berries on a winter cloak
my heart is melting
*

in a spring meadow
I sense life everywhere
forgetting what's gone
*

there are tree tunnels
with light and dark openings
and hedgerow hearts
*

hedgerow sparrows
make a loud fracas entrance
as homemakers do
*

cold moon
shades of a broken heart
somehow shinning
*

a morning of ghosts
icy breaths on a foggy morn
what's not to love
*

tomorrow I must
dove tail my heart with the wind
ah, cherry blossom
*

as a gravestone sink's
its subsidence takes on a-
natural leaning
*

the work diary
opens on a fresh blank page
take a fleeting breath
*

truly the inner
reflective outer Oh, how
your true heart sings
*

sinking feeling's
in a moorland bog
cherished sunshine
*
sinking feeling's
in a moorland bog
cherished snowflakes
*
a hawk hovering
below a vintage plate
snowy moorland
*
a hawk hovering
above scrub land and trees
a moorland mouse
*

no fear of the fall
every snowflake is a
small avalanche
*

it's just your ears
it must be a cuckoo or
maybe an echo
*

forgotten
table manners
winter bird feed
*

living happily
in a docile state of affection
I take in a rose
*

clothes on the clothes line
are frozen once again
whispering your name
*

a love like ours
can have no postponements
day lilies and bees
*

between complex breaths
semiquavers and octaves
a blackbird's song
*

weird and wonderful
those complex breaths of early
morning birdsong
*

the hollyhock
leans until it topples
must be spring again
*

a siren call's
my soul's no wavering thoughts
they're only of you
*

gemstone necklaces
tiaras of morning dew
each day a princess
*

no fear of the fall
every snowflake is a

small avalanche
*

collectable
vinyl records - recorded live
unsaleable
*

vintage bootlegs
live rare - collectables
unsellable
*

chasing—fairy tales
this adulthood reawakens
old nightmares
*

a hoary white fox
loses its tail in the wind
snowdrifts feathery
*

vying for photos
the family tree is leafless
winters upon us
*

snowdrops put on their-
white kimono dresses
I'm green with envy
*

explore the sunrise
she is a fuchsia bridesmaid
in a chiffon dress
*

sunsets last wisps
on a tranquil forest floor
lipstick shirt collar
*

Sudlow fruit farm where
I plucked my first pheasant
for meagre wages
*

teenage
dog catcher
released
on licence
*

now forgotten-
memories - precious lost things
where did the bee's go
*

a magpie pecking
roof moss looks me squarely
in the eyes and chirps
*

golden balconies
hovering over an emerald
dressing gown
*

an emerald lake
transparent as spring beech leaves
soothing reflection
*

an emerald lake
clear as spring beech leaves
calming reflection
*

in ecstasy
I recall elderberry blossoms
falling on a toad
*

darting from the path
of light the miller's thumb finds
no recourse/regret
*

my exile is long
I'm a subject of the wind
I must not plant roots
*

in a rare moment
a ghost apple appears before
I can renounce it
*

in a rare moment
a dog sun appears before
I can renounce it
*

pendulum grasses
nod and sway gazing at stars
life a stroke of luck
*

there are tree tunnels
with light and dark openings
and hedgerow hearts
*

an orchids grip
on life is ordained to flower
opening prayer
*

the midwinter moon
lights a labyrinth in us
passages through the woods
*

the stage is set
a skyline drama unfolds

red, orange and gold
*

in a spring meadow
I sense life everywhere
forgetting what's gone
*

luna moths are a sign
of warmer nights, greener
months
for you and for me
*

hot nettle tea
soothes my memory of -
yesteryear stings
*

frog spit on the grass
in the heat of summer
no time to relax
*

mystics fail
to see that you are standing
right in front of me
*

silverfish not far
from the fire grate - it must be
breakfast time

*

is it love—that you
feel when you go to work?
is it love—that you
feel when you now go to milk—
*

wicker figurine

depicted with a trumpet
angel Gabriel blows...
*

wicker figurine
depicted with a trumpet
angel Gabriel blows
*

here's a flotilla
of burning boats on a stream
beneath red maples
*

the sun eclipsed
by maple foliage - shortly
after I'm speechless
*

rouge red maple leaves
caressing an autumn moon
virginal snowflake
*

autumn bridge burning
inside the Chinese tea house
contemplation time
*

an orchids grip
on life is ordained to flower
opening prayer
*

In a rare moment
a dog sun appears before
I can renounce it
*

a mischievous grin
then buttercups everywhere
oh - how I love - spring

*

snowdrops open like
pewterware hammered
and - goblets polished
*

Madonna and child
asleep in a far-off land
holy, Bethlehem
*

the old recipe book
has been brought out for Christmas
ingredients missing
*

learning to understand
what we already understand
without teaching

Mark. A Heathcote

Ginkgo Haiku

living monument
strength and resilience
no more bombs, please

Mark Heathcote

Ginkgos grow slowly and can live to be 3,000 years old, opting to put energy toward defence rather than rapid growth.
Six gingko trees were among the only living things to survive within a short radius of the Hiroshima bombing.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Creativity And Madness

Louis Wain had his paw bent on painting.
And drawing the most wonderful things.
He had an eye for the mischievous and fun.
He liked one Persian cat for its distinctive blue eyes.
And a tabby for its coat of Bengal orange fur
He'd paint cats, play cricket or shoot a 12-bore gun.
There's no surprise we all concur.
The man found fame but had to economise.
Because he was never a man of business, not at all.
He was a misfit hairball, a canvas without a coverall.
And tragedy became a pivotal force.
The loss of his dear wife, of course
It was never to leave him, a catastrophe
And heartbreak was the cornerstone
Of his dear poor life, it led him into poverty,
And later on, insanity sent him to the cattery,
No, not the cattery, the pauper's asylum.
Because financially, he was ruined.
But the public's affection saved him,
They raised the money to send him to Bethlem.
Where he painted mirrors at Christmas time
And learnt to love, again, the eccentricity
The creativity, the frivolity of his passion and art.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Grey Heron

Seen as a wader, the gleaner
Of these murky margins.
He is in for the long haul. Neck deep,
So gracefully slender.

Mercurial in his marshes
He marshals, lean and tall.
So still, yet quickly rises to flight
A windblown paper kite.

Something prehistoric visits.
Town garden ponds. The bathroom
Light that now solicits your own
Fountain - disturbs this pool.

Through a small open window gap
You can hear something flap.
Like linen hung on a clothesline
Seeing huge, great wings align.

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Mark. A Heathcote

Man's Best Friend

When I was a child, I had a Rough Collie dog.
It visited pensioners on the council estate.
And became an incredible friend and mate
Dogs are amazing; they leave me agog.

A dog can be taught to sniff out coronavirus.
And other serious life-threatening ailments
Beforehand, detect an epileptic seizure.
And help arrest some no-good dodgy geezer.

A police dog can be a courageous lifesaver.
Between rival football teams, a pacemaker
But the honey badger is the most fearless creature.
It'll fight off much larger predators, a lion and a hyena.

A dog can be a loyal friend until the end.
But it can often be owned by a blockhead.
Such animals as these are lifelong friends.
So please, please don't bully or torment.

PoemHunter.com

Remember all the good things they do.
Remember, they are man's best friend.
A dog is loyal; they'll stick to you like glue.
They're not just a miniature Shih Tzu trend.

Mark. A Heathcote

Anadolu Ponies

One morning with renewed faith, we'll awake.
Like Anadolu ponies dancing, and
Skip outside...kick open the stable door—shake
Our manes, and nod our heads, flick our tails, stunned.
One morning, clip-clopping guided by a light
We'll leave all our doubts to climb some snowy pass.
Loop the clouds, left to whet our appetite,
And lie in fields of dew-wet, untrod green grass.

One morning, but not when we've candlelight
But not tonight, not when you're here with me.
Not when you're in my arms, mesmerising in this sight.
Not when I hear your heart beating esprit
Love, I'll be your groom; rein in your bridle.
For our lives, they're entwined - fluid and unmindful.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Turkey Dinner

He wraps his hands around her throat.
A candle about to die
Black feathers in hand practically smote
A dagger's stabbing, bloody goodbye.
Then, like her male counterpart, she droops a wing.
But not in courtship display.
Audibly, quills do shake, like foil-shook zinc.
Her tail now falls, briskly limp.
First, to one side, cries cry out from her heart.
And then snood and wattle lay still.
Her life diminished all limp in her black garb,
Extinguished—with one last snapped shrill.
It's the Fourth of July; hot diggity, it's
Independence Day; dinner is under the grill.
Barbecues and fireworks, and family reunions
And to all men on earth, a little goodwill.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

If I Were An Eagle

If I could soar above all my inherent problems
And fly like an eagle, where should I nest
Every place I would seek to rest has problems
The wind is either too strong or too light
The cliff tops are a sliver of a knife
The tree is too low or waving too high
That even as an eagle, I might suffer vertigo.
You see, this is the problem wherever you go
Do I fly South, East, West or North?
If I could soar above all my inherent problems
And fly like an eagle, where should I nest
I guess, here, right back in your arms, would be best.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Two Turtle Doves

Wrens - warble
Turkeys - gobble
Rooster - cock-a-doodle-doo
Calves - bleat
Cows - low, moo
Crickets - chirp, creak
And chicks - cheap!

Humans - cry, scream, sing, and talk.
Darling, let's take a moonlit walk.
And listen to the countless critters.
All their vocal neurotransmitters
To every sound that crawls or slivers.

Hens - cackle, cluck
Dolphins - click
Komodo dragons - growl, snarl, hiss
Cats - purr, meow, hiss, yowl, spit
Bats - screech
Hares - squeak
Lambs - bleat

PoemHunter.com

Humans - cry, scream, sing, and talk.
Darling, let's take a moonlit walk.
And listen to the countless critters.
All their vocal neurotransmitters
To every sound that crawls or slivers.
Darling, they're all out there.
Playing their best hand at solitaire.
But to be fair, I was happy trapped in your snare.

Mark. A Heathcote

Can We Not Love One Another?

Little brother, little sister
Protagonists of disaster
When our fists are raised in anger.

We're met by laughter and rancour.
I ask, now, who is the winner?
Who amongst us is the loser?

little sister, little brother
Can we not love one another?
Let us open up a border?

Forget these machines of murder.
Evened out; numbers of slaughter
Scan the eyes of a corpse.

Little brother, little sister
How will it ever be better?
If only we could all suture.

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Suture the joint, and cure the fracture?
Lower our arms, feel the languor.
For love longed for by our lover.

Little sister, little brother
It's too much to ask, hereafter-
Shaking hands, we love each other. hereafter -

Mark. A Heathcote

I Nurse My Heart, My Right To Love You

Though your words injure me cruelly,
I nurse my heart, my right to love you.
I'd never weep or cry unduly.
I don't second-guess or misconstrue.

In between each storm, rainbows shine.
Where slight or lots of rain has fallen,
I have an overview that is quite crystalline.
Our love, it's just a blossom and pollen.

It can take a bee to uncover
On angry wings, the-real-true-treasure
The passion that fashioned her lover
His kisses, the weight of countermeasure.

To embrace her and rediscover
Her sting is just an acupuncture.
Her lips, later his cartographer
Mapping every joint, every juncture.

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Mark. A Heathcote

Breaths Of Pure Sorrow, Haiku

I reset my thoughts
spring hasn't left us far behind
now we've peach blossoms
*
breaths of pure sorrow
I'm chanting for the beauty
I'll dream tomorrow
*
the last rose in the
vicinity on which I
pricked my fingers
*
you are what balms me
when there is a deep blanket
of fresh snow and ice
*
preceding to climb
and also to fall the snow
dresses the mountains
*
a casualty
of love - the bitterest hate
I am quite snow blind
*
observing shadows
I stopped on route to rest
years disappeared
*
lengths we'll go to see
the underskirts of heaven
what an aurora
*
a winding river
rambles - a dog off the leash
it isn't coming back
*
leafy cobwebs
thoughts of yesterday's
winters at an end

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*
a morning of ghosts
icy breaths on a foggy morn
what's not to love
*
sweet success
dog chasing its own tail
giddy pursuits
*
relentless cleaning
ashes to ashes - dust to dust
then literally nothing
but a sideboard of
of antique photos
*
we walk around the
lake - one hand of the clock
faster than the other
*
taking the blossoms
from all the peach trees - the wind
radiates my soul
*
TV aerials like
dragonflies find new stations
to climb and decline
*

cold moon
shades of a broken heart
somehow shinning
*

when the resin bleeds
and I'm much older than now
amber fungus gnats

Mark. A Heathcote

Before & After Memories Are Celluloid

Starting with every childish caper
One day, sitting back in a rocking chair,
Skin & bones like crinkled crepe paper
We'll remember our lot livesshare.
Changing like caterpillars, amorphous
Catching toads and newts, those black tadpoles.
The carousel horses are painted red, white, and gold.
Attached to their shiny brass poles.
From blowing bubbles on holidays,
From climbing trees to that first true kiss,
We'll remember all our friends, our protégés.
Those dreamy days spent in lost remission.
Hauntingly, they'll come flooding back.
As the rocker leans back and forth
Doesn't matter that you're amnesiac:
It's been a good day; there are no mourners.
Sure, seesaws have a pivotal point.
After memories are celluloid.

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Mark. A Heathcote

Fan These Flames

Oh, oh, fan these flames.
I'm a willing sacrifice.
Oh, oh, fan these flames.
I want to combust.

And sing like a midnight ghost.
Dragging its chains
Longing to cry, longing to die
Be a comfort by your side.

Oh, oh, fan these flames.
Let them leap into the skies.
Let them dance in the stars.
Let them compile in my soul.

And set a new seed that loves me well
And grows strong
Oh, oh, fan these flames.
I'm a willing sacrifice, you see.

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Oh, oh, fan these flames.
I want to combust.
And be the envy
Of all that can be

Oh, oh, fan these flames.
Of my passion
Oh, oh, fan these flames.
Of the smoking silence behind her eyes

Till a tinder starts to blaze.
A moonlight tallow
That still wants to glow
Even though it has known far too much sorrow.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Want To Synthesise The Beauty Of Your Eyes

I want to synthesise the beauty of your eyes.
Take scissors so I can prise them out.
I want to cut around your body.
The universe and everywhere you've been
And dream we are inseparable again
I want to synthesise that beauty.
And hold it like a precious ruby-red stone.
I want to take scissors and cut around
Your heart and soul, and add it to mine.
And like a paperweight
I want to hold you firmly and never let you go.
I never want to let you go.
I want to synthesise and follow your shadow.
I want to see you dazzle and blind me, too.
And make me unreasoning, looking at you
Wanting you again.
I want to synthesise that beauty once again
Chain us together like a paper chain once again.
I want to synthesise the beauty of your eyes.
Take scissors so I can prise them out.
I want to cut around your body.
The universe and everywhere you've been
And dream we are inseparable again
I want to synthesise that beauty.
And hold it like a precious ruby-red stone.
I want to take scissors and cut around
Your heart and soul, and add it to mine.
And like a paperweight
I want to hold you firmly and never let you go.

Mark. A Heathcote

Imagine I Am Weightless, And I Can Fly

Let us dine al fresco.
Breathe in the intoxicating air.
I want to stare at the stars.
And the heavenly moonlight
And feel enchanted by your beauty.
And charms that came my way
I want to tiptoe across this moonlit room.
And in order not to disturb you
Imagine I am weightless, and I can fly.
Just because I'm looking at you

Let us envision there is love in the dark.
And that is what all the stars are here for.
And you imploded in my heart because you,
You've got all your wishes granted in me, too.
Oh, I feel enchanted by both.
The light and the fog
As long as I'm holding your hand
And sleeping by your side each night
When there's a midnight storm
I know I will be safe and warm.
Praise the Lord.

Imagine I am weightless, and I can fly.
Just because I'm looking at you
Imagine I am weightless, and I can fly.
Just because I'm looking at you

Let us dine al fresco.
Breathe in the intoxicating air.
I want to stare at the stars.
And the heavenly moonlight
And feel enchanted by your beauty.
And charms that came my way
I want to tiptoe across this moonlit room.
And in order not to disturb you
Imagine I am weightless, and I can fly.
Just because I'm looking at you
Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord.
Moths and butterflies are made on the loom.
And the flowers bloom before they sojourn.
And cocoon back to their room to dream.

Mark. A Heathcote

And Even Now

I filter fresh coffee.
One cup after another
Till I'm left shaking alone
Like a candle in a windy enclave
Remembering your name
Wondering if you still look
And taste the same.

I drink neat whisky and gin.
And even now, I dread the courage it took
To go dry
And leave you
At the last curtain call offstage
Oh, I remember playing.
Romeo and Juliet, Juliet and Romeo

Oh, I remember the love and the pain.
Hmm, oh, what bliss it was.
To kiss your lips and dream
It was like a dark caffeine to my soul.
I flittered away each day.
I flittered away each night with a little less honey
Till you were gone.

It was as if the divine had come.
Come to shake me down to my very foundation.
It was as though the divine had now come-
To quench his own thirst in me
And later, having done so, let me go.
Without so much as a tender word.

And even now, I dread the courage it took
To go dry
And leave you, dear
Darling, like coffee and cream
I flittered away each night with a little less honey
Till you were gone.
One cup after another
Oh, and the nights turned cold.

Like a candle in a windy enclave
Blown out, remembering, or was it I who was forgetting your name?

Mark. A Heathcote

December, Haikus

December comes but-
once a year with Christmas trees
sleigh bells and reindeer
*

on Christmas Eve
all the animals can talk
last orders please!
*

there's nothing tender
about turkey - it's a dry
old bird - hasn't you heard
*

this month boasts tales of
meteorites and mistletoe
ah, ancient rituals

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Haiku's 30/11/12

Haiku's 30/11/12

after dusk, church bells
I walked through the graveyard
avoiding any slips
*

what a performance
the autumn leaf falls this year
it's like no other
*

on the horizon
a distant tree stands alone
my compass home
*

when no one came, I
had only my destiny
my birth, my grief, death
*

take care - my dear poets
your words have meaning
mountain spring water
*

poems are a river
flowing on their sacred course
oceans of applause

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

This Time Of Year, Haiku

this time of year
I grieve for the flowers
beneath the snow
*

this time of year
the shadow's all elongate
like marsh marigolds
*

this time of year
ritual dances are performed
by joyous bullfrogs
*

this time of year
cattle have green new pastures
with buttercup bells

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shadows And Sunlight

I've got blood in my veins.
As old as these mountain lakes
I've got boulders in my heart and soul.
But I still swim and roll everywhere.
With nowhere to go
So, I return, don't you know?

I swear there's nothing but beauty.
Two ravens are making a raucous noise.
Boisterous as the first light at heaven's gate
Don't you know, don't you know
I've got blood in my veins.
As old as the Earth,
And it's full of sorrow and mirth.

It's full of love and smoking firewood.

That wants to burst into living flames
And blaze without any chains.
I've got blood in my veins.
As old as the water in the river
Rushing to connect with every silt, stone,
Boulder and a grain of sand
Just to run, darling, through your hand.
And find a home in your shadows and sunlight.

I've got blood in my veins.
Like a canyon echo
It's known that wolves tremble with fear and lust.
And yet, enough is never enough.
When I love every pimple and bone of your stature
I want to make mine ever after.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Tears Fall And Carve A New Path

Tears fall and carve a new path.
That separates and then collides.

Tears fall and carve a new path.
That makes you cry out loud.
As if, as if you never made a sound
Or a silent, hushed wish

Tears fall and carve a new path.
That makes you cry like the rain-
On a winter's day

Tears fall like diamonds in the snow.
They freeze as they fall like heavy hail.
With little pieces of your heart and soul

Tears fall, and they create a foggy lane.
Where you can't see the light of day

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Tears fall at the break of dawn.
And turn your bedsheets into a marsh.
By the end of the day.

Tears - oh, I am so alone.
Where the ocean has no shores, I can surmise.
Even when I'm looking into their eyes, I'm missing.

Pieces of your heart and soul
With a long way to go
Till my tears are finally dry and I can sigh
With a smile on my face.

With the ghost of yesterday
I still remember when you had love in your eyes
Oh, on happier plains
We walked together with our dreams intact.

Without the shadow of a rainstorm insight
Without a tear in our eyes

More partial to a kiss on our lips
And a buoyant heart and soul drifting on the Nile.

Mark. A Heathcote

Fresh Off The Boat

What must it be like, caught in the headlights?
At New York's John F. Kennedy Airport,
Especially - especially when you are alone?
It's not as though you'll be able to prize-fight.
Fistfight your way to the top. 'Hold the phone.'
The only 'Big Apple' here is in your throat.

Now that you're feeling fresh off the boat
Doubts are coming thick and fast.
As nauseating as 13,000 bright yellow cabs,
Oh, my lord, it is vast; how long will I last?
Crablike - scuttling with cases in either claw.

It looks like I'm back to my ingenuous self-wishing.
Father, were you here to pick me up in your big bear paws?
Turn me around, and pack me off back home.
'Hold the phone' - I'm a grownup now, aren't I?
Bring it on, 'Big Apple'. Aren't you just a tad overblown?

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Especially now, I'm an amateur prize-fighter once again
Without any shame
Oh, what must it be like being caught in the headlights?
At New York's J. F. K.
Feeling reverential and, for a moment, on bourbon, okay
And as tall as the Empire State Building, with a lot to say.
Father, dear, go away; you're not needed here today.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Moon Is Lonely

Well, the moon is lonely.
Counting stars alone,
Asking which one is mine

How much more time can I waste?
Till I'm holding the one,
The one who won't let me go

Well, the moon is lonely, don't you know?
That's why it's rocking oceans.
Shore to shore searching for your kiss.

It is glowing every night.
Sometimes brighter than others
Sometimes it's partly eclipsed.

In a midnight repose
Gazing at your face
Calling out your name

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Weary, you are still so far away.
The other side of the Milky Way
With a reserved, discerning fire

A burning flame that can't die
A light that won't dissolve
Without - without being lovingly chained to its fate

My living, dynamic soul
Knows only too well
The moon's sorrow

Why does it pull the tides from shore to shore
And loves you without regret
And drowns beneath the waves

The moon is lonely
Counting stars alone,
Asking which one is mine.

Mark. A Heathcote

Mulberry Leaves And Other Haikus

our mulberry leaves
ageing-like hearts turned gold
the depths of winter
*

the blueberry leaves
their glowing a furnace red
cattle bedding down
*

here cattle and sheep
meander -- graze in the valley
white-tailed eagles
*

white-tailed eagles
know a lamb when they see one
table of the gods
*

PoemHunter.com

leaning on a staff
observing White-tailed eagles
a herds boy strolling
*

cicadas flapping
like chickens about to lay
white-noise all day
*

the cicada's song
makes me long for the silence
tinnitus - byte waves
*

high noon and lotus
flowers - they hide their white blooms
so - stars can reflect
*

petals are flying
in pink spiral swirls like pearls
ah - cherry blossom
*

lavish blossoms fall
dance on the wind like a girl
a goddess to all
*

she my one true love
I'll name her simply White-jade
first April snowfall
*

the gauzed window
holds a dewy spider's web
feasting has begun
*

how lonely the moon
when it's gauzed like a widow
tears in the night sky
*

flattened fabrics
laced with a bounty of stars
sleeping meadow grass
*

crystal brooks moonlit
sliver down the mountainside
welcoming chimney
*

please ask nothing more
nightingales in the evening
blackbirds in the morn
*

feathery white clouds

circle their invitations
letters of a kind
*

eyes on the prize
they bite a hold on each limb
and tear at the lamb
*

my child plays pollo
riding on a kitchen broom
I'm torn to join in
*

I am whole - complete
either with or without you
like moonlit flowers
*

one day sunrise
how beautiful your eyes are
same time tomorrow
*

submerged halfway
you are earthed between two realms
above as below
*

breaths of pure sorrow
I'm chanting for the beauty
I'll dream tomorrow

Mark. A Heathcote

There Isn't Anybody Worrying

There isn't anybody worrying about what is
This pain in the shadows by the mountain ridge
Whispering, we want to take your soul.
We want to break your heart.
There isn't anybody worrying about what is
Where the river folks are, where it flows
And if you don't know which it is,
Which is the one that's going to be your friend?
Take you around that troubled, turbulent bend
And save your soul and watch it rise.
There isn't anybody worrying about what is
Troubling your heart, my friend
There isn't anybody noticing you're not back at home.
There isn't anybody grocery shopping now.
cradling your love, wishing you never left
This pain in the shadows is like a buzzard not letting go.
Whispering, we want to take your soul.
We want to break your heart.
There isn't anybody worrying about what is,
What is this person doing drinking so much?
Oh, where the river folks drown you
Whispering, we want to take your soul.
We want to break your heart.
Oh, it's so dark in the shadows.
Being a clown all the time
Looking in the mirror at nothing new, only you.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Tragedy Of Humanity Is

The tragedy of humanity is
We keep no secrets from the dark.
To watch them spark
If I had a conscience
I'd light a large pyre and watch it burn.
But darling, I lie.
The tragedy of it is…
If I had a guitar, I couldn't make it sing.
I could only make it cry.
Whistle like flames hot for you.
But at least I'd try to be your friend.
To watch with the barflies
The beauty behind your eyes
Smoke smoulders into fires uncontrolled
But like I said,
The tragedy of it is
I can't play guitar. I'm a drummer in my soul.
I can't hold a tune; just the background, please.
The tragedy of humanity is
We keep no secrets from the dark.
Simply to watch them spark and unfold
And burst into flame
If I had a conscience
I'd light a large pyre and watch it burn.
Every night at your feet for a better and better cause
Hmm, for a love like yours…
Darling, a little black gold
It's all I ever dream of on the dark side of the moon.
The tragedy of it is…
If I had no conscience
We could dance all night and day in the penny arcade.
And no one would ever lose a silver nickel or dime.
We'd be just playing for skin on skin.
A pyre burning my soul till there's nothing
But ashes and smoke and humanity erased
Till the end of days.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Blackbird And Other Haikus

momentarily
I sing - a lowly blackbird
then the dawn calls back
*

we bid our farewells
and wander through the shadows
till the wood splinters
*

quietness is a dream
dreamt by only an idle fool
ah - to be a fool
*

oaks are a temple
climb on its heavenly bough
prayers take leaf form
*

PoemHunter.com

magnolia mountains
how they all sea-sway and foam
thier lawns heavenly
*

the willow tree weeps
it's in its mourning shadow
and then a lion's mane
*

I met an old man
chicken farmer - now retired
empty coops - house gone
*

weeds are green once more
summer cools like a bustling
sunday school - child's play
*

Scotland Hall Road
a bus stop on the journey
home - barring others
in my sweet isolation
barking on the phone
*

every wish
is a window - an angel?
playing a harp
*

beguiling snowfall
trembling by the windowsill
ah - Christmas morning...
*

love is a unit
of one with two matching dreams
mittens made for snow
*

love is a story
it's a soft primrose morning
cherished hair lock

snowy wings can't fly
they're all grounded today
let's admire the sky

love is evident
light in the oppressive dark
midnight choirs - hark!
*

little bright violets
they all sing their hearts out
hot ashes still within
*

light is an island

a harbour on a winter's night
candles flicker still
*

I went out yawning
at the archives - the ghosts and-
the thieves with no keys
*

let a falling blue
feather rise like drifting smoke
Illusions at dusk
*

two rivers babbling
one louder than the other
then welcome silence
*

tears of paradise
a spring and a summer drought
deluged by late rains
*

dusty illusions
this hourglass isn't empty
our glass is half full

Mark. A Heathcote

Incomparable Endless-Replays

What could be more mediocre or mundane?
What could be a more common or ordinary place?
Then falling in love with your pretty face
Heads are turning like a rotating weathervane
The simple things in life - aren't they the best?
Soft eyeliner and a high-kneed gingham dress
Your complexion is an ebony cloudless moon.
At first, a milky, unexceptional gaze
Drifts and is hypnotised in its costume
Wanting more incomparable, endless replays.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Intoxication

Surely, I will catch my breath.
And remember, I must breathe.
Such beauty as hers, undresses.
A perfumed rose, a pastiche
Of nature at its honed best.

Central to her universe
I must fall at her behest.
This heart's not safe anymore.
My poor petals do disperse.
Dancing like a bee to its lure.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Mirror Ball Awnings

It's as if gravity were just a joke.
Narrowly swinging on a silken rope.
Tiptoeing on the air, she's all sewn up.
It's as if she's walking on the moon.
Or dancing around a spinning loom.

Her egg sac of young is ready to erupt.
High wire breaking from their trapeze yoke
It's mesmerising to watch, but I baulk.
Away from any form of hand-touching
As I watch in wonder her brood hatching…

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Magpie Calls

A magpie calls into my shuttered room.
He feels the cold January bloom.
But I care not that he is fed.
As long as my rhyme breaks the bread.
Who cares if our feathered friend lies dead?
Or whether these solemn words
Ever make it written to be read?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Now Is The Time...

Now is the time when the angels dance.
And a linnet's wing raises a child's glance.
Now is the time when a full moon dreams.
And the ladled sea, wildly, madly, reams
Now is the time when a veil is drawn.
And all the gods' living men shall mourn.
Now is the time for that cradled air.
Where flowers are gathered, so rare.
Now is the time for that spring snow.
Where footsteps never melt and go.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Send Me Her Ribbons

Send me her ribbons, bows and flowers.
Send me her notebooks and daily powers.
What an angel, her would-be voice.
Who out of the wilderness called for rejoicing?
Hidden like a jewel in a lifetime's heart
Was she an immortal poetess of meaningful art?
Shining now like a beacon sun
Is forever, Emily Dickinson

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

For Nature's Courtly, Lustful Ways

Nature is diverse and reckless.
But you've chastened its mean voice.
You've strung it on a pearl necklace.
That hangs on a bated breath by choice.

For nature's courtly, lustful ways
I'd inadvertently be sinful to lure
Your eternal wanton praise
To lure inertly, you're pure
Angelic passionate gaze.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Coils Of Spent Gold

Your hair was a scarlet bowl of living fire.
A fruit bowl that ripened tomorrow's sun
It spun flames that ripped through a man's ribs.
And nestled in coils of spent gold. It hissed with desire.
But then cooled into a forbidden moonlight,
Hidden behind veils of distant, unknown starlight.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I'm What You See

Why disappoint so many displaced people and return?
I'm not a worm you can cut in half and grow two heads.
I'm what you see, and clearly, this displeases you.
And many others, …then? Rightly so, I should leave?

There are many gardens with genteel neighbouring flowers.
Needs little or no further horse manure.
If it is your wish to grow with brambles and thorns,
Who am I to ignore the star that adorns them one and all?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

If You Want To Fall In Love

Sobriety is a sin if you want to fall in love.
First of all, you must get hopelessly drunk.
Fall into the arms of your elusive lover.
Without any sensibility, you must fall.
And fall ever deeper; there is no questioning.
The extent, the cost or even the longevity,
All you need to know is at some distant point
You'll become hopelessly, as they say, well-oiled.
Drunk on love - proof one hundred per cent.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

And It Is The Same For Us

Cattle approach, smelling the air and licking their noses.
And it is the same for us who know we're lost.
We climb a hillock slowly with bells ringing loudly.
And tails twitching, flicking away nuisance vexations,
Irritations the likes of which we've never encountered before
We snort and shiver, turning left to right.
But on reaching the brow of the hill, we see fresh pastures.
Rolling Meadows, and we are glad to be once more fear-free.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I'll Still Be The Richest Man You Ever Knew

You can leave me nothing but my soul.
And I'll still be the richest man you'll ever know.
Darling, you can take my car, my home.
You can take my record collection, my dog.
And I'll still be the richest man you'll ever know.
No matter how poor I might be materially
I'll still be the richest man you ever knew.
Darling, you can stop my heart beating.
But I'll still find myself a live power line.
And jumpstart and awaken that flatline heart.
I'll still be the richest man you ever knew.
Seriously, what can you say or do?
I'm the first sign of the zodiac.
And I know only how to love or attack.
You can leave me nothing but my soul.
And I'll still be the richest man, darling, you'll ever know.
I'm not for the faint of heart.
My fire is unquenchable.
So, if you can't match my energy, my desire,
My fire is going to drown you in a fiery lake.
Darling, accept my word.
I'm a phoenix, for heaven's sake, haven't you heard?
I'm the richest man you'll ever know.

Mark. A Heathcote

A Nurse Calls To Care For You

A nurse calls to care for you.
For her, it's not just a procedure to give care.
And share the sweetness of her soul.
She's part of a team of carers.
Who comes to you daily and nightly
With a lifetime of self-sacrifice
Wishing only to comfort you and heal you
Heal you, body and soul.

A nurse calls to care for you.
She wants to assess your comfort.
She wants to assess if your needs are met.
It might be a means to an end to make her daily bread.
But she is truly shattered by your every storm.
And wants only to keep you safe and warm
She wants to navigate your pain.
And see you heal again.
For her, it's not just a procedure to give care.

PoemHunter.com

For each heart is a mirror.
And hers isn't a stone thrown into a looking glass.
For her, it's not just a duty but a vocation.
To care for everyone
A nurse calls to care for you.
For her, it's not just a procedure to give care.
And share the sweetness of her soul.
Tell me, if she isn't a saint caring for your body and soul.

Oh, it's a testament to love; she's here again.
Folding your bedsheets around your bed with a smile.
Like an angel in the moonlight
Leaving your bedside light on and whispering goodnight.
Like a song rustling in the heather
Singing on borrowed time, taking care of your precious life.
Counting the stars, you hold her as the brightest each night.
Taking care of your body and soul.

Mark. A Heathcote

Broken Wings

You came in out of the cold, out of the shadows.
Bleeding down to your shoeless feet and toes
With broken wings
Your wounds needed healing, body and soul.
You needed tender care to mend.
The bones that had been fractured and broken.
You required a saline drip upon arrival.
You needed life support. A harbour in the storm
A lighthouse in the night that means to save
You needed a nursemaid to take your fading pulse.

Remind you, you still have endless courage
You needed a surgeon to reconnect severed tissues.
You thought it would never again be mended
You needed to be sutured.
While you were wondering if you'd ever
be returned home
You came in out of the cold, out of the shadows.
Bleeding down to your shoeless feet and toes
With broken wings

PoemHunter.com

And discover a healing light at the end of the tunnel.
A lighthouse in the night that rescued you from a raging sea
With a humanity that blew your mind
As tears fell unseen in their million
That came just like you to be saved.
And later went home, no longer a drowning island standing alone.
You came in out of the cold, out of the shadows.
Bleeding down to your shoeless feet and toes
With broken wings, but now your mended
Following the blueprint that is truly, truly you again.

Mark. A Heathcote

On The Merry-Go-Round

You take your chances.
On the merry-go-round
The carousel horse ride.
Paper-chain—doll-linked—cutting-room
Where there's just no solitary room
So, I guess you're going to fly.
So, I'm guessing you're going to roll.
Till you find yourself back home.

Beaten, bruised and all alone
A tenderfoot on the wrong side of the shore
With just a fortune cookie of trust
To get along with, you must
The faster the wheel spins
The dizzier you feel, oh, mysterious it is.
How have you not yet fallen off?
Lost-your-spinning-top.

It isn't for the glory.
You ride a carousel horse.
Gazing in every direction, looking up at the moon
Finding rainbows in your mind
Where summer flowers bloom in the dark
Like moonflowers giving off an eternal spark
A peace, a mercy that keeps
Your soul, bulletproof and clean, hmm.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Daily Light Circles The Globe

Daily light circles the globe.
A light that is lighter than dark
But I bathe in your blue orbs,
Dance naked in your heart.
Lassoed in your arms
My eyes are smart. But not with pain:
They are smart with joy.
Like a star about to be born.
That will shine for eternity.
An eternity without ever blinking.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Less-Than-Promising Fate

Let's go to the top of the mountain.
Let's leap off into those distant clouds.
Let Mum and Dad and all the townsmen,
Come and search the hilltops and hedgerows.

Let us explore and leave our breadcrumbs.
Like Hansel and Gretel, outwitting
A witch let us leave our city slums.
With willow sticks and string, let's go fishing.

And find a vase full of precious stones.
Enough treasure gems to live our dreams.
Let us leave these grey old cobblestones;
Our parents: our teachers' cruel regimes.

Let us go now and fulfil our destiny.
Or forever be lambs at the gate
That never swings open heavenly,
Head home to a less-than-promising fate.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

All That Lies Before Your Soul

Form leisurely, child a balanced opinion.
Be true-right, unique to your own conviction.

Judge not the worldly or mentally smart.
Or that poor old lame horse before the cart.

Equal opportunities are seldom seen,
Often are zealously guarded by the mean.

Be fierce in principle but able to bend.
And with your core beliefs, your own heart befriend.

Live not by cruel opaque regrets alone.
All that lies before your soul is a stepping stone.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Be Sensible

Be sensible. We hear it a lot.
Be sensible; stop fooling around.
Be sensible, woman - stop crying.
Be sensible, darling; nobody is dying.
Cut your losses.
Hang up your gloves.
Be sensible. It's time for you to surrender.
Be sensible; your life is in danger.
Be sensible; listen to your doctor.
Be sensible and don't digress.
Be sensible; wear a bulletproof vest.
Don't marry young.
Don't marry poor.
Don't have kids. Don't marry at all.
Be sensible; be sure not to disagree.
Be sensible, listen to me. Have I ever lied?
Be sensible, I tell you the truth.
Be sensible; lend me twenty-four bucks.
I'll pay you back in...dribs and drabs.
Be sensible; take your antidepressant tabs.
Be sensible; we're all lab rats.
Except you're not, you know what truly gives
And rebellion is on the cards, perhaps.

Mark. A Heathcote

Democracy

... We'll obey the laws of this stale democracy.
Its leaders will have full autocracy over us.
Let's be honest, it's just another bureaucracy.
We will do our best to keep this covenant.
Pledge allegiance to form no other government.
We will do our best for the wealthy discomfited.
Who doesn't want poor people in their neighbourhoods?
'Calling for better standards for identical brotherhoods'
Or equal pay for much fairer, better livelihoods.
Forget those gender feminist sisterhoods.
Democracy - democracy - democracy
We must spread it throughout the entire world.
Democracy - democracy - democracy
Wouldn't you also like your voice—complaints—to be heard?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Tinderbox

I want to be the fire.
That ignites and burns freely.
Whatever ills avail me
I don't desire to change.
I want to be me.
Less the mask I project
Less the chains that bind,
Less these bars that confine
Or any self-righteous straw man intellect.
I want to be the ignition.
That first firing spark of who I am,
Who am I?
Yes, there's a tinderbox.
Inside of you and me
There's a spark, a star eternal.
As yet, it has not been consumed.
'And this fire, I want to unleash
To one day, devour you.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

To Soothe Her Rampant Delights

A rose doesn't require razors.
But they're there to help her climb,
If swamped, surrounded by alligators
She will, over the summertime.
Draw blood to soothe her rampant delights.
She will scramble over the wall, over fen and fell.
To reach that sunlight that still excites
That wild, trembling heart cast her spell.
She will seduce not only our fickle minds.
But leave us all gasping in her paralysing beauty.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

No More War!

No people
No war
What are we all fighting for?
No people
No war
No one to keelhaul
No people
No war
No free-firing cannonball
No people
No war
No brothers or sisters to overhaul
No people
No war
No neighbours to kill, fight or brawl
No people
No war
No martial law to install
No people
No war
No good, like Nelson Mandela said, you're acting small.
No people
No war
Do you want a genocide, which will take care of all?
No people
No war
Once again, what are we all fighting for?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Common Attitude Is Best

When making friends, a common goal attitude is the best.
Together, we can combine and ally with the greater good.
Then there's less chance of being misunderstood?
If only we'd all amplify that rule of thumb-and leave
A path to neighbours peppered with breadcrumbs.
Have them all meet neighbourly and greet us friendly-like,
But instead, we've our war machines standing sentries,
Soldiers are combat-ready to take arms and die for their country.
Fight for small political gains fraught with suicidal jeopardy.
Counties that often then retaliate act far too robustly?
Sit finger trigger happy to deter threats to their national security.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Every Teardrop Tells A Story

All life needs it, as far as I know.
Present above and below the seafloor?
Yes, water soaks into every pore.
It even survives where cacti grow.
We can all discern its strange mystique
Each crystalline form holds its own, reverie
Water is said to contain memory,
Guess that's why all snowflakes are unique.
Every teardrop tells a story.
That part where it's from and where it's at
Is it any wonder? From an ungodly
World, I would want a return to just that.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Life Is What?

Life is what? A ball of clay
Punched and softened
Spun around and moulded
Kiln-baked every single day
Till its final shape is fashioned
Or it cracks and explodes—
It's in your hands how it's finished.
How it's used and glazed
Every pot is made with love.
But not all vessels contain it.
Some flaws we can work upon,
Others are too ingrained.
All pots will be made of clay again.
It's the way of every container.
It's the way of every retainer.
Everything we put in and take back out.
It is somehow repaid.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Have No Business Kissing Me Anymore

You have no business kissing me anymore.
Like spent fuel, your embers
Don't ignite me anymore.
It is as though the moon has replaced the sun.
And its refracted light has turned to hailstone and snow,
Snow without any sentimentality, mind you.
Once, I thought you were my universe.
That the world revolved around you.
Now I see you as a controlling spider
Intent on slowly devouring me, inside out.
My heart is drained to the core.
And all I can say in my defence
You have no business kissing me anymore.
Yet, darling, tonight I see a full moon. A snow blizzard
And I don't know what is in store.
So I close my eyes and learn to lie to my broken heart
And dream these kisses aren't even from you.
And you haven't sent all your fuel.
And you ignite me all the time.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Like Flailing A Dead Sea Monster

I can advocate until eardrums burst and bleed.
Until your heart is a red pomegranate seed squeezed?
But it's like flailing a Dead Sea monster into life.
hoping a tide will rise and resurrect the long-dead
And carry them offshore to a recuperation chamber.
And like a pearl in some gothic-housed splendour
Or a seahorse chafing at the bit, you'll rediscover it.
Once again, for a split second only, find tears to cry.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

One Foot Still In The Door

My insides are feeling hollowed out.
Yes, I've been tossed aside before.
But this time is different. it's-a-drought
My heart is wilting, dried up to the core.

I listen intently for any reason to stay.
There are only lies on top of lies.
What we had ripe fruit rots and fades away.
I take comfort in the mould that slowly dies.

How it lingers to survive but untimely croaks
This is how it feels holding your photograph.
The fire is dead - it no longer sparks, smokes
And your old love letters read like an epitaph.

Love hearts and kisses engraved on a tomb,
I ask myself which way you lean.
But plain as day, there's nothing to exhume.
All I need now is a match and some gasoline.

PoemHunter.com

I ask myself which way I lean.
Finding myself with one foot still in the door
Vying this darkness back into its ravine
I want you back once more.

~or~

His insides are feeling hollowed out.
Yes, he's been tossed aside before.
But this time is different. it's-a-drought
His heart is wilting, dried up to the core.

He listens intently for any reason to stay.
There are only lies on top of lies.
What was ripe fruit now rots and fades away.
He takes comfort in the mould that slowly dies.

How it lingers to survive but untimely croaks
This is how it feels holding her photograph.

The fire is dead; it no longer sparks or smokes.
And her old love letters read like an epitaph.

Love hearts and kisses engraved on a tomb,
He asks himself which way he leans.
But plain as day, there's nothing to exhume
All he needs now is a match and some gasoline.

He asks himself which way he leans.
finding himself with one foot still in the door,
Vying this darkness back into its ravine
He wants you back even now once more.

Mark. A Heathcote

Within These Labyrinths

Love has left an exit wound, a ravenous cave.
'One name' enters, echoes, and begs still to be saved.
It's serpentines my heart, which now appears leaden dark.
where only Mandrake roots or fern fronds debark
Inch any further growth within these labyrinths.
The walls veer into forms, their sharp, jagged crypts:
Each one, a ledge, twists and turns and falls off.
And on each, a memory clings like a tablecloth,
Damp linen, awaiting the head of John the Baptist
Blood dripping to the lower levels, unbalanced
It's where my hand rests and implements a stabbing blade.
Knowing all is decayed has been dead for the last decade.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

False Imprisonment

These past 10 years, have I not loved you?
Clothed you, fed you, held your hand,
Wiped away your overlapping tears
Sent them into a contented remission
Have I not crawled on my own belly?
Out of every self-made bottomless pit
You've made quicksand of a fairy tale.
Have I not put you on a pedestal?
… Said openly out loud, I love you.
Are you not beautiful in my eyes?
Then, if all this is true, why, why, why
Am I still ugly to you?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Alien Abduction..

We are all on foreign soil.
We are all alien to each other.
Every touch and taste is Martian.
So, we scramble to make sense of it.
We differentiate; we make allies.
And draw up lists of enemies.
We build tough external walls.
And have locked internal doors.
We are like desecrated graves.
When a lover takes their leave
We don't know who is at home.
Only that an alien abduction has taken place
A room somewhere is occupied.
And the child cries, covering its face.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Like A Dog Chasing Its Tail

I woke up one morning, and you were gone.
But there you were, still wearing my ring.
How could I be so wrong to think you were mine?
I looked for any old similarities and found none.
I was lost, and not a trace of you lingered on.
I was at a station with no destination known.
And more luggage than I knew what to do with
I queried your eyes, thinking, 'Does she see me? '
Am I even here? Is someone else speaking for her?
And then I wept a silent tear, but I didn't show it.
That would have just been too weird. So, I left.
Because she asked me to, but where do I go?
I don't know; I beg my shadow to lead the way.
But like a stray dog chasing its tail, I wake each day.
At morn, and if I had one, I'd look across the lawn.
Look for your coming, calling me back home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

My Second-Hand Love

We fan the flames of the fire whose reach is higher.
With vile words for fuel, hear them transpire.
Skewer each other, flame-licked like gutted fish,
Bulging eyes are the other's dish.

It's been a long time since either kissed the other.
With a baited hook that says you will not leave,
Leave me. You will not leave for another.
Instead, words and thoughts can only be misconceived.

Flames, submerge us both in our burning oils.
One hand is a token, and the other recoils.
What's changed? Why are we on opposite shores?
Once what was mine was without question yours.

How like an angler fish, you want to dine
Strip me bare like a tree in wintertime.
Chew me up and spit me out—quite grotesque.
How you treated me has now turned me statuesque.

PoemHunter.com

Vulture talons are drawn to lacerate.
How is it our love turns to bitter hate?
I cannot fathom, dear, to understand
How can its value drop to second-hand love?

Like coffee grains steamed and drained
Washed bitter and cold, only good for the garden
To support the weeds to grow
Oh, for pity's sake, I want to go now, drown in the lake.

Oh, oh, darling, just let me go.
For pity's sake, I want to go now, drown in the lake.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Smoke Inside Your Burning Home

The smoke inside your burning home
Can choke and burn your eyes
But still, you can't escape or even cry
Not when you love the bones
Of a man who can't even rise out of bed
To keep his dog and the cat fed.

But he can keep you in your chains
He can keep you aching for a kind word
If he is willing to see your shadow
Burnt away in the doorway
Longing to leave but praying to stay
And be saved by someone you used to know

But know the flames are rising like a river
About to burst their banks
And she's ready to go like a floating raft
With a heavy load, but still with enough
Mercy to sink like a stone
To save one troubled soul if they choose to be saved.

Hmm, the smoke inside is washing through
And those flames glistening blue
They are showing signs; they want to live, not die
But still, he can't escape or even cry
He's too drunk to do what he should
So, it's time to heed the siren and cry

And wave goodbye and watch the flames
The pyre smoke in our eyes falls into silence
But still it hurts, hurts, it hurts
To dance in the flames, holding onto the bedsheets
that hold the ashes of our sorrows
and the journey of our souls when we fell silently into sleep.

Mark. A Heathcote

Faith Is A Ghost That Lingers In The Past

Faith is a ghost that lingers in the past.
Walking in the shadows
The scars of your heart
Faith is a lover that's looking for a redemption song.
A song that will steer it right
Guide it home in the night.
Lead it to a wishing well.
A dawn that's like an answered prayer
A song that sings in your heart
And leads you out of the dark
Faith is a midnight choir that switches on the light.
And ignites a spark you thought could never be
More bewitching than the moon
But love, that was all a lie.
Now I have the light of your love filling my room.
Ooh, faith is a ghost that lingers in the past.
But today it has taken a candle from the basement
And has lit my starlit attic bedroom around me
And filled my heart with a love story never told
With a love song never sung
Not even by that prince who was turned into a toad
And changed again by a virginal kiss from a soul
Who'll now never let him go, but haunts him still.
Body and soul.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Summer Worshipper

Let me give you this summer as a gift.
It'll never come again with such hot bliss.
Let me feel your pulse racing against your wrist.
It'll never feel the same; we'll coexist.
And in time, life will flatline; become static.
We'll live in shadows, each a nesting doll...
Pushed further back from our real selves, tragic
Isn't it lifeless and banal?
The future will be after this summer.
Let's dovetail like well-made furniture.
Burn on a campfire until stars grow duller,
Brighter by design; leave a worshipper.
In me, a parched breath breathes as if for you.
As if after today, all else is lost, subdued.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Funhouse Of Mirrors

It's tragic how love turns a corner and,
One or the other forgets to look back.
In search of the other, and continues alone.
They then forget the whole journey.
A fault that is a multiplicity
A fault divided equally by two, me & you.
It's then love enters the funhouse of mirrors.
Trips downstairs and gets locked in a coal cellar.
It's tragic how love is like a mature wine.
It can often turn bitter and be disappointing.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

On The High Seas

Almost all relationships are like being
On the high seas, if you fall overboard
Be sure you can survive; float like a gourd.
Keep a lifeboat that isn't keeling,
That isn't leaking … It's no good for you, hoping-
To be saved, that's not enough.
These storms can be rough; you need to be tough.
Sloping out tears, feeling depressed, moping,
And crying helplessly for years - what will that achieve?
Sometimes, we've got to learn to swim.
Paddle to shore, kicking hard with each limb,
'Must I hope I don't drown in the reeds?
One day I'll sail and sink, never no more.'
Admiral, higher-ranked than Commodore.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Where Now Do I Safely Steer?

Clouds will come again, my darling.
And when they do, where will you be?
I feel a shadow hangs over you and me.
The sky is darkening, my darling.

The road ahead is far from clear.
It's getting darker by the second.
By the minute now, my darling-dear.
Where now do we safely steer?

Oh, I've never passed a driving test.
I've never taken the time.
But now I'm like that Ancient Mariner.
Who paid a lifetime for his crime?

My heart is a segment, a piece of fruit.
Yours is an amber locket.
But mine now is rotting to the core.
Do I navigate by your pendant, darling?

PoemHunter.com

You left it on the sideboard.
When was it, darling, you jumped?
And pulled that ripcord.
Was it only yesterday? Was it?

But it could have been years ago.
As the hearth is my heart
Has frozen over with winter snow
—Not fighting, letting you go.

Clouds will come again, my darling.
And when they do, where will you be?
I feel a shadow hangs over you and me.
The sky is darkening, my darling.

The road ahead is far from clear.
It's getting darker, darker by the second, dear.
By the minute now, my darling-dear.
Where now do I safely steer?

Mark. A Heathcote

Reduce To A Number

We call, praying to a desert for rain.
Yet not a drop falls to ease our pain.
Apparently, normal that hunger-and-thirst
To cut you down like a lesion that's about to burst.
Apparently, normal, sleeping, homeless and cold
Better if they brought back slavery, so we're sold.
That's what a birth certificate is.
Reduce to a number until we fall through their sieve.
But not like gold or anything, they would miss...
It's just that we've been chosen to enter an abyss.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

State Of Transcendence

He's reached a state of transcendence.
He's on another plane.
Look how he looks.
His shoulders look rained on and weathered.
Bedraggled even
But he has the power of a mountain
That stands there accepting everything
Every rainfall, every avalanche
Isn't he a man?
Isn't he a kindred spirit?
Someone who is part and parcel of the fabric of this land
They call it wisdom akin to the spirit of the wind.
He has discovered the essence of forgiveness.
And all he asks is for alms
A blanket and maybe a bed
At the nearest homeless shelter.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Wear On The Same Gargoyle Face

In the corner of a shop doorway
Did I see the canvas of life?
Preening itself with claws, tightly, frappe.
Feet wrapped in dead wildlife:

One nonchalantly above the other
Eyes open, neck stretched:
Was he her mate, her one-time lover?
His bill hangs motionless, wretchedly.

In the frozen last gasp of demise.
Atop, not in the least bothered,
Looks completely happy to compromise;
The world, hers at last, deferred.

Out here, the cities mock their own waste.
Whilst two girls take photos of a
Homeless, drunk, drooling, abased
These girls are laughing at the screenplay.
Yet, wear on the same gargoyle face.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Taste Of Cyanide

What can he resist? He's just a feeble man.
Who leers at all the ladies, big & small?
Tall or short, a scoundrel, he likes them all.
He quit smoking, but like a boomerang
He returns again and again because,
Because he enjoys each long, pungent kiss.
The taste of cyanide that can burn his lips
That gamble of not pulling the short straws.

What can he resist? He's just a feeble man.
Down the pub, necks as many as he can
He's what many might call a journeyman.
His mug is all over Instagram,
Thinks he's the bee's knees from a bygone age.
A likeable chap, some mothers might say.
But won't settle down, gone too far astray,
His looks are fading; longings disengage.

What can he resist on the homeless list?
Not those free soup kitchen meals, a blanket
Not those coins tossed aside on his jacket
Nor the knife at his throat, where men subsist.
What can he resist? He's just an ex-serviceman.
Done his best for Queen & Country, one time!
Now praying to survive the wintertime.
Find a warm bed, quit smoking, and drink his last dram.

Mark. A Heathcote

It's Just Hard Luck!

The face of poverty is here again.
The silent vagrant without a friend
Sits cross-legged, watching businessmen
In black suits and ties condescend

Their needs, filling pockets out of greed
They aren't moved by the homeless.
They all stand together, black millipede.
Looking at you like your dead begonias.

They aren't bothered that your livelihood-
It was destroyed; they made a fast buck.
Let's not kid ourselves; there's no brotherhood.
When they look at you, it's just hard luck.

Oh, and if you're lucky, they might just put
A few old silver coins in your flannel cap
Maybe enough to feed that bed companion
That sad old greyhound dog sat on your lap.
Have a nice day, sir! Don't forget to come back.

Mark. A Heathcote

Love Is The Flower That Holds Us Together

Love is a flower held together.
Stitched petal by petal
Under climatically changing weather
It loses fettle.
Sometimes it's like cacti, defensive.
It's so resentful.
Of anything inoffensive
The slightest bit reverential.
Its gaze burns, saying I can bloom alone!
Oftentimes it wilts.
Cries hold me, water me, I'll atone!
My attrition submits.
"I'll open here, love, only for you."
Lay my head in your arms.
Whatever these storms muster, construe
Whatever's the paradox?
I'll rise, I'll turn and flower for you.
"Right here, love, will do…"
Whatever the climatic weather
Love is the flower that holds us together.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Traveling Gypsy With Rusted Wings

With rusted wings, she leaves through the valley.
Twisting and turning, she cannot find rest.
A social butterfly, no one sassy
She's been around the block; sometimes, behest-
To sojourn here and there, smile, mingle and kiss
But she's never mixed in any circles.
She wanted to stay; now her heart, like a skiff,
Wants to push away, float on the surface.
Drift alone her own way like a fog light.
Warning: Stay away now. She's not so young.
And, looks are fading; she's an appetite.
To balance her eternal yin and yang,
And put down permanent roots, settle down,
Sleep with one man, under one eiderdown.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Diaphanous Cloths, Haiku

diaphanous cloths
all this spring morning birdsong
intoxicating
*

authentic nature
is watching the waterfall
our lives cascading
*

This swan reflects back
it's mirrored reflection
love made in heaven
*

time for the next step
into a new reality
autumn - winter - death
*

PoemHunter.com

what is your colour?
mines yellow - my sunflower
the light of my life
*

isn't it good to dance
watching moonlit waves return
from whence they came
*

blossom is falling
on my route through the graveyard
a serpentine path
*

snow fall in April
there's no prudence in melting
pear blossom radiance
*

Midas turns to gold
everything he touches
autumn winter land
*

the sky glows green, red
aurora borealis
moods, soft pink to blue
*

refine the sugar
till I cannot resist you
small sips of heaven
*

a red carpet waits
on the pavement - a passing
old stranger wind-blown
*
a desert island
has granted me three wishes
silence 'Om' silence
*

submerged halfway
you are earthed between two realms
above as below

Mark. A Heathcote

A Oneness Of Two Souls

I want her fraying knickers
To remain in my firm grasp
While I unfasten her bra.
I want her body tilting forward on tiptoe,
Teetering on the verge of losing all balance,
All control while kissing me.

I want to feel the weight of an angel
Who has discarded her wings
To stand on the ledge of the 15th floor,
On a precipice with me
Who knows if a destructive wind should blow
I'll definitely catch her and break her fall.
And her, mine.

Not out of kindness or generosity or pity
Not out of any need for some self-fulfilment
But from the knowledge,
A place of knowing that in catching her
I, too, am rescued, and I, too, am delivered
To where I am meant to be.

A oneness of two souls
Trapped beneath the thin ice.
Sharing what's left of nothing
Without the other.
In a final breath, a final push,
A final kiss of life, entering eternity.

Mark. A Heathcote

Family Foundations

In principle, all wants solid foundations.
A good upbringing and a happy home life.
Strong family roots, healthy relations:
Find themselves a loving husband or wife.
In principle, that's what we all set out
To accomplish - not that stale atmosphere
You can cut with a knife and get handed a clout.

Because in your heart, you're a pioneer.
Because in your soul, you're a forerunner.
Who sets his/her own high standards for others.
Tempted to follow at a future juncture.
Families are now fragmented, hitting the buffers.
Having a lack of structure, all doing one's
Things, following, own path, course windblown.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Sky Turns A Scarlet Pastiche

Rose-coloured tints at sunset
Above skeletal black trees
Seasonally, they're bloodstained.
As the sky turns a scarlet pastiche.

How shall our hearts remember?
All that was once before their fall?
It's in the framed epicentre of our souls.
That we shall best remember all?

Each roll of film that's still not exposed.
Shall see the light of some new day,
When it ends, your film is enclosed.
Be opened, developed, far, far away.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

12 Haiku

working backwards to
a time of love only
the days move forward
*

a spinning round disk
hovers majestically
autumn's last bounty
*

Hospitality
sitting on oak tree boughs
fear--a fall from grace
*

autumn explorers
maple leaves and spindrift seeds
what a majesty
*
PoemHunter.com
Purple loosestrife
The whispery wands
Of a magician
*

a street beggar
eating food meant for pigeons
bread--a staple diet
*

lips like rhubarb sticks
wilting under the hot gaze
of the summer sun
*

two snowdrops--her eyes
green with envy and temptation
such purity--her whites
*

with a countenance
what makes my heart leap midair
moths break the silence
*
I see some primroses
by a woodland stream and my-
soul takes a paddle
*

pinecones, I am told
can predict the weather
picnics in the park
*

Coltsfoots - it makes me
a timely umbrella
don't you love the rain

Mark. A Heathcote

Impulse, And Intuition

Let me free my mind of worries.
And be impulsive; let me fly
On a whim to the Canaries
Buy a new bikini from Sainsbury's.
Drink some vodka, and show my thighs.

Follow my heart, my intuition.
My gut - who needs to be lucid? 24/7
Let me sacrifice some inhibitions.
Fantasise about a masseur giving me free tuition.
Like Shirley Valentine's dream, I'm in heaven.

I'll pack my suitcase and disappear.
Put on that nasty factor.50 sun cream
Dance beneath palm trees, showing my rear
Eat a spicy barbecued sea bream.
And fall in love with every new experience, my dear.

I'll soak in a pool like a mermaid.
Pretending I have some need to be saved.
And pretend it's me that's being played.
While all along it's you who'll need a band-aid.
A moment of my time, so you're not mislaid.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Faith Is A Raft

Faith is a raft on an ocean, so cling fast
It won't sink. But might you drift insane?
Might you forget even your own name?
Might you drown, might you lambaste.
Might you thirst; cry deep in hunger
Might you lose sight of your adventure?
Quite not all alone is the Lord's answer
Faith is a raft where you'll flounder.
So, cling fast like a stubborn barnacle,
Mindful of His quietest becalm counsel
Be assured: He's there keeping a vigil.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Love, It Will Reconstruct Us All

Love, it will reconstruct us all.
Remove our shadows from the wall.
so that nothing remains forlorn,
We'll all be airborne, not soil-borne.
When the heart's shell is laid empty
We'll make for our Holy Lady.
remitting all of our petulance
She'll hold us in her countenance.
Love, it shall be a shining torch.
a golden melliferous light
fixed above God's cloudless porch
'That is shadowless and airtight.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Dark November Days

Dark November days are here again
And I'm wondering why nothing's changed.
I guess I'm just trash, waiting for collection.
I'm like a lost stray.
And even though I'm not homeless
I have no home.
I'm like a lost stray.
Nobody wants to shed a tear for me.
It's a dark November day, quite grey.
And I'm wondering why life.
Has turned out this way for me
I guess I'm just trash, waiting for collection.
I've got nothing more to say.
Lord-just, collect a long-lost stay.
Lord, just collect me today.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Mother Teresa: The Mission Of Charity

She joined the Sisters of Loreto at age 18.
Had a 40-year faith crisis, yet has been canonised?
Taking her vows as a nun in 1931, her life blurs.
'Peace of heart' - she never developed one.
She had a calling to enter the slums; she agonised.
Distressed by what she saw, and thereupon,

She gave up all hope of searching for peace.
To this end, she gave her heart to Jesus.
Her call, which wasn't seen as the least bit capricious?
She aided the dying and the poor in Calcutta.
She helped the sick battle their diseases.
She doesn't feign to like the slums or those gutters.

But she wanted to help eradicate poverty.
Eliminate hunger and help heal the sick.
While all the time she struggled and conversely
Prayed for guidance to strengthen her faith,
Holding hands with the insane, the lunatic
She made a difference in her humble ways.

She jarred a door wide, showing a needless path.
If there were more like her willing to help?
And dedicate help to healing the psychopath,
Help sucker the emaciated heart of humanity.
War could be eradicated, hunger expelled.
And peace, faith could reign enigmatically.

Even on her, Mother Teresa's wrinkled face
But she felt deeply alone, quite abandoned
This void of emptiness at times took its place.
She lived in a state of spiritual pain.
But her resolve to help never dampened
From 12 years of age, she knew her path had been preordained.

She opened a hospice for the poor.
A home for orphans and homeless youths
Herself, living in a hovel for 15 years, furthermore
Opened another for the sufferers of leprosy

Yes, I guess she was saintly. You want proof?
Leave your riches; homes spread her kind of equity.

Mark. A Heathcote

Now Is The Time

Now is the time when the angels dance.
And a linnet's wing raises a child's glance.
Now is the time when a full moon dreams.
And the ladled sea, wildly, madly, reams
Now is the time when a veil is drawn.
And all the gods' living men shall mourn.
Now is the time for that cradled air.
Where flowers are gathered, so rare.
Now is the time for that spring snow.
Where footsteps never, melting, go.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It's All Love. Coos... A Turtle Dove

He who vents anger towards God
and says he's not convinced He exists?
Couldn't be a bigger believer
Then he who goes to church on Sunday
to validate his new growing faith
by praying like a shipmate, a wreck
in a turning, turbulent ocean
looking for shelter, mouthing
in the water, while he's drowning
in the throes of his saviour
There's no difference between
These two - it's all love.
It's all love - it's all love.
Coos… a turtle dove.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

11 Haiku

the scent of jasmine
and pipe tobacco entwines
living parodies
*

like a ravenous
caterpillar she's eating
for two--chocolate
*

pussy willow buds
are tactile joys to behold
babies cradle cap
*

the new arrival
this spring term carries new hope
French language teacher
*

PoemHunter.com

moth caught in my palms
ejected into darkness
doubles back--quick smart
*

dog chasing its tail
in the lush green meadow grass
loud woodpecker pecks
*

dusk casts it shadows
with a flashing horizon
smooth newts rise and fall

torched lightning tree
holds a bluetit nest with eggs
a speckled blue sky
*

I donate my soul
to science my heart to love
how'll they contain it
*

without narrative
the moon like a glowing opal
gives winter guidance
*

diminishing light
autumnal muses are dancing
in the forest fire
*

the pointillist
creates new luminosity
out of autumn leaves
*
SOS

a desert island
has granted me three wishes
silence 'Om' silence

**
Haiku chain

immigration law
in the USA through the—
barrel of a gun

*
In balaclavas
ICE officers—it's cold work.
'Shooting ICU nurses'

*

immigration law
in the USA, another… amen!

unapologetic

*

pro-gun laws (ICE)
The president approves of shooting.
For permit holders

*

soft metal work
school project, the teacher's pet
enamelling gazes

*

flavour of a cloud
thunder and lightning, and you
at its core, its heart

*

four seasons, but the
world has its invariable
damask rose scent

*

synchronicity
thoughts that are intertwining
move anti-clockwise

Mark. A Heathcote

Rose-Coloured Flames

Let me register my thoughts with the wind.
And hear them untethered sing.
Like bluebells in the falling snow
Sapphires are melting in my heart.
But I am as frozen as a river that no man dares to walk upon..
Unless he is willing to grope in the dark
And find nothing in a lover's loose talk.
Let me fine-tune the music I sing.
Eliminate the harshest wind..
That rattles like a beast the window panes.
Till all is broken glass and splintered frames
And rose-coloured flames
Rising because no one with affection remembers their name.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

22 Haiku

a violent storm
has left a damn I cross
until the next storm
*

warm red field poppies
you in a white dress, gazing
at doves in the sky
*

sweet forbidden fruits
I suck a spoon of honey
imagine your lips
*

love what lock and key
are your heart and soul under
lead me through the door
*

PoemHunter.com

morning woodpigeons
they're eating cherry blossoms
it's a wedding day
*

transcendence
the spring breeze turns to silence
and dust whispering
*

the red camelia
has been pruned and isn't engaged
in stealing the show
*

shopping trolley
dockside of a superstore
canal green duckweed
*

geese crossing the road
one close behind the other
school run chaos
*

the mirror on the wall
it has no recollection
of what's been and gone
*

now we become one
when winter murmurations
take flight and migrate
*

ah--what opulence
it is to dance and sing--loud
like peacocks in spring
*

preserving fruit
jars and jars of sticky jam
summer spread on toast
*

honey on my tongue
how I've dreamed all summer
to dance like a bee
*

tempering good steel
takes a lot of heat and oil
hammering my love
*

when a wordless God
meets a mute friend--who speaks first
I do - said the wind
*

out of nothingness
a light on the universe

breathed existence
*

some snapdragons
not to be a wallflower
don't grow in the ground
*

geese clear all the grass
till there's only daisies left
edible spring flowers
*

day lilies flower
like a golden sun on fire
a daily haiku
*

motorbike crashes
outside the Mayday funfair
local gatherings
*

I love an old stile
separating fields and woods
entering heaven
*

Mark. A Heathcote

Love Is Like Bringing Home The Guinness

Love is like bringing home the Guinness, not the bacon.
Pour halfway, then add the rest.
To see if it won't glisten with a full head.
It's a velvety warmth from the first sip to the last.
Like God was in the making of it
And was generous enough to hand over a full tanker.
Of just what you are hankering for.

Love is a near-happy-ever-after.
If you've done at least a few, and laughter fills the room to the rafters.
And you cosy up by the fire, and there are fireworks in the air.
And a gentle hand pulling you aside, leading you upstairs.

But don't get me wrong, I still enjoy a bit of pork crackling on the side.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Carole

Carole

What a calamity to meet you
Knowing how nothing will ever be the same
That from now on, all thoughts will be directed
Like a reflective signpost to you
That this journey from now on
It can't be completed alone without you.

Carole

What a calamity to meet you
Heartsick for someone I didn't even know
Hoping fate could manifest one more introduction
That'll lead us both into a compromising situation.
That, at the same time, wasn't
Just a seductive invitation.

Carole

PoemHunter.com

What a calamity to meet you
Sleepless nights of wanton lust
Memorising every curve of your face and bust
And then fortuitous fate takes place.
I kissed your lips, and I was graced.
To call you mine
A creature reminiscent of moonlight, divine.

Mark. A Heathcote

Haikus And Tanka

the pointillist
creates new luminosity
out of autumn leaves
*

in the reeds
my heart sinks fast
winter approaches

*
seagulls are walking
imitating this sea foam
in and out up/down

*

who knew that slipping
on a wet gravestone could be
so much fun--wet pants

PoemHunter.com

*

a cockroach--hisses
as it crosses the driveway
who needs a damn car

*

an unannounced toad
it crosses the garage floor
mother needs her son

*

balanced on pride
I took a needless - hard fall
plank fence quivering

*

a caterpillar
a monarch head and tail the same
no difference

*

a peony holds
a snake and I hold you
some loves aren't true

*

a dividing road
divides a good friendship
later becomes one

*

the ginkgo leaves
turn a titanium yellow
drowning like goldfish

*

a peony has
a snake in its petals
as do I--my love

*

turnips are stored
for winter feed - cows are mooing
hungry like newborns

*
mucus on the floor
I pack straw around the shed
potatoes frozen

*

a small shed that once
housed six Irish labourers
now the store's potatoes

*

potatoes stacked
almost up to the rafters
autumn larders full

*

rats frozen in fear
by a torchlight--then a shot
pigs gnaw savouring

*

spider takes on wasp
titanic struggle pursues
in a tug of war

*

pike caught by hunger
with a hooked perch in its jaws
no one surrenders

*

pigeon straddling up
on another old dead pigeon
humble prayer mat

*

open new pathways
a river overflowing
mental obstacles

*

in his thorn tree nest
a diminutive princess
rests on her laurels

*

impermanence is
unseasonably changing
sure--as love and hate

*

A dead Friesian calf
Takes its first-ever dip
In an old tin bath
Over-wintering live-stock
It's not ever bouncing back

*

A Friesian calf falls
Now its white legs are trembling
Blood is running red
Pooling on the concrete
It's never stood on before

*

My heart's on the floor
The farmer picks up a hose
Pipe and whips some stripes
On a lame beast in his care
Loves a hard lesson

*

stealing strawberries
I pitied a perched blackbird
the song in my heart

*

picking gooseberries

by the river--I pricked
my thumb on true love

*

tantalising woods
weaving out of reach or view
no road maps back home

*

torpedo-like from
rock to rock with muddy frock
the millers thumb darts

*

the rhubarb sings like
a robin-- its leaves stretching
aimlessly upwards

*

the gypsy seller
with heather's worries me
to superstition

*
what we haven't got
what we don't need and desire
isn't appreciated

*
what is nothingness
a mysterious theory
what pops in pops out

*
nothingness
space without galaxies
atoms or lilacs

*

I've seen the flowers
die back out of all view
bright recollections

~or~ bright constellation

*

harvest time
I fill my empty larder
a brace of kisses

*

alone in my bed
then the sound of ladders
wet windows gleaming

*

a walnut-laced
sheen on the tatami mats
heaven on earth shines

*

as a swan's egg cracks
the whole world appears at once
sweet disharmony

*

drunk in bed asleep
out-of-body experiences
when did I acquire wings

*

a veil of white clouds
and a lake full of white swans

two echoes mingling

*

my Kensho is not
the same as yours--one sea
held between two shores

*
frolicking moonlight
on gnarly horse chestnut trees
starry chandeliers

*
a fallen pine tree
makes a clearing for sunshine
ah--how my heart grows

*

a veil of white clouds
and a lake full of white swans
two echoes mingling

*

what isn't wholly mine
isn't also wholly yours--stars
of the universe

*

the cherry blossom
falling into the lake water
tricks a koi to bite

*

a robin singing
it is stoic in its staunch task
no fires need kindling

*

a brown trout leaping
takes out a mayfly with ease
as a vole looks on

*

a brown river vole
has my immediate gaze surprised
the nature of things

*
the bones of a crow
still covered with feathers
a child's fallen kite

*

footprints in the snow
are the first of many more
quiet morning rituals

*

stay where one is needed
where one belongs without grief
some-how I'll survive

*

what is my Kensho
is not the same as yours--one sea
held between two shores

*

hydrangeas
globes of delicate kisses
ah--to be kissed

*

these black and orange
crabs have strong radar senses
retreating daylight

*

what isn't wholly mine
also isn't wholly yours--stars
of the universe

*

the cherry blossom
nudged and swaying gently falls
and rises like birdsong

*

beyond the Kyoto
bamboo grove incense sticks burn
fragrant wet forests

*
the scent of blackthorn
sap fills me with ancient lusts
and amber moments

*

the elderberry
blossoms cover a sleepy toad
searching his spring bride

*

no two paths the same
wandering in search of nothing
what hidden treasures

*

now Buddha awoke
others must too, if only to
follow or forfeit
*

the moon is in shade
what shadows it is child's play
the clouds of despair
*

at times--a lit spark
is a flash in the pan when
my poems are written

*

children throw stones
to see a reaction far-reaching
tomorrow's sunset

*
a flash in a pan
a riderless horse--a pony
all at once again

*

a blooming white rose
temples in the distance shine
light torches at night

*

a peacock climbing
sunflowers to a high wall
day and night lovers

*

the peacocks crying
is a crystal vase breaking

on beds of flowers

*

a walnut laced
sheen on the tatami mats
heaven on earth shines

*

leaves spiral and fall
gather by the garden wall
spent life givers

*

the end is in sight
spring is now coming after
autumn and winter

*

from elsewhere - I see
the dandelion's seed heads
on the Poplar tree

*

cottonwoods blooming
a snowflake out of season
the joys of spring sun

*

Mandarin ducks quack
talk--sullen as the moonlight
refection's dark pool

*

a lake with ghostly
fog a ghostly white lady
is nowhere peaceful

*

wisteria flowers
like bobcats finding their tails
then pouncing quickly

*

the pussy willow
does flower from head to toe
what gentle auras

*
tender rose thorns
harden the wood in my heart
not in full flower

*

pine needles quiver
they soak in the hot sunshine
as I stretch my toes

*

peonies yellow
weep with the weight of daylight
sprightly come morning

*

annual bonfire
hanged--drawn and quartered
Guy Fawkes cremation

*

a bat falls into
a pond and snakes to the shore
dusk tree canopy

*
Oak tree

I sit on a bough
of deep sorrow and sunlight
tomorrow's visions

*
Clouds and water

Sunday church bells
I'm alone by the lake's wall
congregations wave

*

sheltering almost
at once a river's bridge
thunder and lightning

*
the winds prophecy
predicts when ripe fruits should fall
Sunday church bells

*

the smithy cat
moves like heavy rolling smoke
embers of the day

*

Welsh slate hits his head
this farmer has work to do
cow bells and mooing

*

visible wood violets
poking through the melting snow
a penance of love

*

the tamarind waves
the sea waves back perpetually
nearby birds on stilts

*

the radishes wait
like men condemned to die
safety in numbers

*

frolicking moonlight
on gnarly horse chestnut trees
starry chandeliers

*

stepping stones reaching
neither bank--a grey heron
wades without wabbling

*
a march hare circles
and returns to the same spot
the asteroid field

*

a chestnut glisten
like a newborn star - above
as below - cast-offs

*
temptations fruit
hangs rosy red all winter
have my eyes gone blind

*

the caterpillar
it cannot sleep - it wriggles

itself some new wings

*

eggs in a basket
how I cherished Easter
pet hamsters from school

*

your tongue is a
slipknot--hang me now - my love
how do I survive

*

do the practical
before the theoretical
breathe in and then out

*

ever the path home
you captivate my eyes
sunset or sunrise

*

sunset or sunrise
you captivate my eyes
ever the path home

*

dress code at birth
naked - vulnerable - helpless
autumn rosehips

*

more than anything
truth be told--I desire it

this precious silence
*

throw pebbles in a-
millpond and watch the ripples
each negates the next
*

an asteroid falls
crash bang wallop clouds of dust
the midwife's calling
*

I hear a songbird
then it's silence intersects
the level crossing
*

a partridge cries out
as bloodhounds are unleashed
silent feathers fly
*

chisel and hammer
carve an ancestral name
trails of silent tears
*

seasonal nectar
the bees make haste and sparkling-
the sun hangs silent
*

snow falls silently
and ever so silently
my heart is melting
*

on a flower's nap
a bee drinks in all of life
blue forget-me-nots
*

ants are boisterous
but never are they noisy
life's warring factions
*

ah--cherry blossom
a ticking bomb--patiently
stored and fragmented
*

as a swan's egg cracks
the whole world appears at once
Sweet disharmony
*

orchids balustrade
the bough of a forest tree
like maids in waiting
*

doves coo--back and forth
nothing's ever too distant--
too far or too soon
*

deathly envelopes
a spider weaves its egg pouch
knit one purl one
*

shadows of the dark
silent footsteps--finely turned
hardly following
*

mirrored worlds
above as below in-toe
quietly echoing
*

peaceful radiance

a catus dahlia ignites
dormant tubers
*

hear the harbour wall
its true stoic resistance
as the waves retreat
*

Welsh slate hits his head
this farmer has work to do
cow bells and mooing
*

the school gates/railings
close - they lock me out for good
educational
*

cows have entered
the hay lofts reaching for stars
making daisy chains
*

lifting potatoes
sorting them from the field stones
till the sun descends
*

porridge for breakfast
salt or sugar - what's your choice
preference - more sleep
*

squeezing mouldy
0ld bread into hot pig swill
my warmth in winter
*

in the overhead crane
waiting for my next halloa...
I dream I'm a bird

as the furnace rages
the blacksmith dines on breakfast
and lunch at once
*

milking time -- mucking
out - I'm told to warm my hands
on a cow's rear end
*

all encompassing
ocean waves of love returning
a real tsunami
*

starlings encircling
skipping stones--they cross the sky
never quite sinking

Mark. A Heathcote

Almost Always Precariously

Hangs in balance almost always precariously
At any juncture, the world might change...
A message sent, another delayed
Nothing's ever guaranteed to remain the same...
Whatever interlinks us all
We call fate and destiny
Hangs in balance almost always precariously
Almost always precariously

One heart might swim while another might drown...
The proof is in living out your dreams...
And realising all that you can become
And realising all that you can become
And realising all that you can imagine
Without subtraction, subtraction, subtraction.

At any juncture, the world might change...
A message sent, another delayed
A fallen angel no longer descends...
But is gratefully rescued from any more turmoil
And equally an innocent is saved...
from being enslaved to a darkness uncaged, , , nocturnal
that wants to see you drown without hope
while another wants to see you flourish unscathed
While even now another wants to see a prince
The prince has been transformed.
Turned into a toad. Turned into a toad.
One that's disfigured on the journey home
On the road. On the journey home.

One heart might swim while another might drown...
The proof is in living out your dreams...
And realising all that you can become
And realising all that you can become
And realising all that you can imagine
Without subtraction, subtraction, subtraction.
That is the only way to avoid dissatisfaction.
Dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction
And find some real traction.

Mark. A Heathcote

No, I Will Not Sink In The Mire, The Sewerage

Do you not think I have desires or aspirations of my own?
That I cannot lift myself above the basic needs of others
I have far-reaching visions that go way beyond
Your grotesque, self-centred reflections
You may sexualise my form and attempt to malign my sex.
By becoming more of the monster you truly are, Satan.

No, I will not sink in the mire, the sewerage
Of your ageing, rancid flesh or linger
In your acrid quagmire shadows.
I will not share my heart with either devils or witches.
To the satisfaction of another's carnal knowledge.
I am curious, I am ambitious,
But at the same time, I am far from virginal or foolish.

I yearn for redemption; I seek greater divine grace.
I cherish my innocence above all other commodities.
And no, no amount of monetary wealth or bribery
Could persuade me to forfeit my soul
To fulfil your needless, puerile, hateful dreams.

I will not stand on the shoulders of others.
Only to see those below me fall like dominoes
To fulfil your fantasies, to seek some lowly fulfilment.
I want dearly to triumph in all my ambitions.
But without any hurt or detriment to others.
And ultimately, I want humbly to serve a greater good.

The Vision of Faust, by Luis Ricardo Falero (Spain) 1878 Ekphrastic Writing Challenge

Mark. A Heathcote

Haikus 11

the alchemist said
I can't turn lead into gold
the Ginkgo laughed

*
sometimes no one
no one laid a hand on us
and we were happy

*
what apparatus
did you use to reach the stars
whilst opal mining

*
Oyster

Take a knife and pear
Apart an oyster shell
The doors to your soul

*
Stallion

Lustrous wavy hair
With a mane so thick it proves
Fighting dominance

*
What delicacies
Rose petals--pearls before swine
social gatherings

*
men and animals
have natural enemies
none more so than you

*

PoemHunter.com

messengers from God
the dandelion's ferris wheel
ingots of gold

*

strangers meeting
it's another dusk and dawn
sun and moon moment

*

it's child's play at best
loving you every day
sunshine or rain

*

we are all brushed - tarred
with the same awful feathers
fathers and mothers

Mark. A Heathcote

Haiku 18

silence is precious
truth be told - I desire it
more than bags of gold ~ or ~ more than anything

drop pebbles in a
millpond and watch the ripples
each negates the next

an asteroid falls
crash bang wallop clouds of dust
the midwife's calling

I hear a songbird
then it's silence intersects
the level crossing

A partridge cries out
As bloodhounds are unleashed
Silent feathers fly

PoemHunter.com

chisel and hammer
carve an ancestral name
silent tears dissolve

seasonal nectar
the bees make haste and weeping
the sun hangs silent

snow falls silently
and ever so silently
my heart is melting

on a flower's nap
a bee drinks in all of life
blue forget-me-nots

ants are boisterous
but never are they noisy
life's warring factions

ah--cherry blossom
a ticking bomb--patiently
stored and fragmented

a swan's egg cracks wide
the whole world appears at once
sweet disharmony

orchids balustrade
the bough of a forest tree
like maids in waiting

doves coo back and forth
nothing's ever too distant
too far or too soon

knit one purl one
a spider weaves its egg pouch
deathly envelopes

shadows of the dark
silent footsteps finely turned
Hardly following

mirrored worlds
above as below in toe
quietly echoing

peaceful radiance
a catus dahlia ignites
dormant tubers

Mark. A Heathcote

You're A Diamond In The Rough

You're a diamond in the rough.
The rough being you weren't
Sent as a fallen angel from above
You were born of earthly magic and a bit of stardust.
You showed me how to quantify love.

You're a star, a pouring of open trust.
Where I shook like foil in your aura
Oh, where could perfection begin?
If it had never known your flora and fauna
If it had never known your soft skin.

You're the Alpha and Omega.
The beginning and the end
It's been written in my palm that we'd fall in love.
Don't cry; don't smudge your mascara.
I promise I will always be your one true best friend.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Child's Inner Snow Angel

Every snowflake that's circling
Wakes a sullen child's inner snow angel
Up in a winter wonderland mindset.

Every snowflake, fissured, falling from a cloud
It is a magical experience that unfolds within.
That truly tingles inside their mind.

By those who are quite big but feel so very small
Every snowflake that's falling to the ground
It's like a seed of happiness newly formed.

They're like pearls you can taste on your tongue.
Imagine an angel's wing brushing your face;
It's a heavenly moment no one can replace.
It's an angel's wing, heavenly, touching your face.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When I Leave The World Behind

What would I leave behind?
When I leave the world behind.

It's a question asked...a lot.
It's not even an afterthought.

Poets want their words read.
Long after they've long been dead.

Poets want to change the world.
Make a mark with just the right verb.

Win the heart of a pretty girl.
Turn dirt into the lustre of a pearl.

What would I leave behind?
When I leave the world behind.

I'd wish to leave one pristine gem.
Yes, one singular poem from my pen.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Ground Beneath My Feet Is Moving

Though the world is quite still
Though it's quite still, like tranquil water
The ground beneath my feet is moving.
At an irrepressible constancy
Steadily, it moves my heart eastwards.
And there are only three little words.
That I can use to describe it,
To describe its
Pull and irrepressible movement
There are only three little words.
wants to speak its truth,
And they are. I love you.
World, I love you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Do Your Eyes Have Teeth?

Do your eyes have teeth?
Round and irregular cesspools
Ready to chew and bite off newly formed limbs,
Don't you know? Don't you know?
We are the fathers of the followers of tomorrow.
The ravenous vultures are cycling overhead.
Once more, the way forward
It is never straight or unwavering.
Look around you.
Have you dropped your lowly crown?
Dispensed with any careful certainty
Love will one day be found.
Dispensing with all your dreams
The earth is opening up beneath your feet.

Where love once resonated in its healing belief
Where hope is discarded, you sense a stagnation.
A need to bleed an eagerness
To join in the crowd and embrace
Your own inevitable defeat
Dispense with your own idealistic ideas.
And values and drown regretless tonight
In the ashes, the bushfires perpetuated
by fraternising arsonists, devils of your kind.
So, your humanity can't be found.
Can't be found, can't be found. Are you proud?
Are you proud? Are you an angel or a devil tonight?
A modern-day serpent, finding gods in every cloud.
Clouds in every god.

Look around you.
Have you dropped your lowly crown?
Dispensed with any careful certainty
Love will one day be found.

Mark. A Heathcote

Life Is A Passport

Life is a passport
And exactly where you decide to take it
It's completely your choice
Some people never go anywhere
And gather dust and cobwebs like nobody's business
And live life like stale bread, a mouldy, unwanted,
Petrified house guest, curtain twitching.
Only there's no new TV meals
And only themselves for company.

Others are jealously frivolous.
About how they spend their time and money.
They fearlessly burn like the sun.
And shuns the cowardly others.
With their limitless fun and frolics.
They live life like a rubber ball,
Always testing their boundaries and helter-skeltering
From one calamity to the next, on drink
And LSD. Always blameless,
Cosying up to a sympathetic ear,
A shoulder to cry on and take to a sofa bed.

Sure, it's complicated looking ahead.
Do I need insurance?
Where should I even go?
Who, if any, should I travel with?
So many destinations?
Do I take the first cheap flight on offer?
Go self-catering, or take the all-inclusive,
Or maybe just take a weekend break,
A wild plunge and later maybe
Simply remain on good terms
With this ex-lover as a good but complicated friend.
A singleton with no real fixed plans,
A mixture of the two paradoxes.
Just coordinating each step as they go.
Fearless but guarded, that not everyone
Who you travel with will
Deserve first-class seats at every primetime show.

Mark. A Heathcote

Then, As Now

Then, as now, I will always love you
Then, as now, I will always honour and obey you
Then, as now, the stars will always shine
And also, our hearts will align
And dine
Then, as now, we will always find tumultuous courage
Then, as now, our love will always find lodgings
beneath the bridal veil of the moon
Then, as now, the sun will always jealously burn
Then, as now, I will always be an object like a caged bird
Happy to remain in lodgings as long as you wish.
As long as you devoutly love me with equal devotion.
And dine equally well on an empty dish.
Then, as now, I will always love you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Brush Of Your Angelic Hand On Mine

You have a gaze that hears music.
No one else understands
An intensity of thought that no one else feels
A brush of your angelic hand on mine
It would make the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.
Even to imagine we could one day be friends,
That our paths may fortuitously cross
Has lasting repercussions on the weather,
The seasons and the cycles of the moon.
And who's to say
It's not a moment too soon to fall in love with you.
As those little paunch cheekbones are sent blushing,
Who knows why?
Why I'm imaginary, blushing, blushing for you.
Could it be you are an orbital firework, and one day?
The stars will align, and you will fall for me?
As I am falling for you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Muswell Hill, The Necktie Killer

His inconspicuous manner was a smokescreen.
That meant his crimes went undetected for years
He exploited the susceptible, the vulnerable.

Preying on those who fell through the cracks
Like a scorpionfish, a sit-and-wait predator
At the end of the night, he'd offer food and drink.

Killer Dennis Nielsen showed no inkling of remorse.
Reflecting on his accounts to the police
"Do the police normally investigate drains? "

…What a way to remember someone's life.
The vague memory that he once owned a necktie
Now, along with fifteen others, he doesn't.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

All The Colours Of The Sunrise

Some say her complexion is as white as marble.
Others say that her skin is jet-black
Some say it's red—no, wait, it's yellow.
Some say her skin is a rich, earthly brown.
Like the browning petals on a peace lily
That she was made in heaven for heaven
Plucked like a bloom from the ground.

Some say her eyes are sky blue.
Others that they're of an emerald green
Others that they're brown—a buried treasure
Or even a gleaming, tearful jade-black.
But she/I am not ever looking back.
There are no colours to define our love.
Our love is colour-blind;
Plucked like a bloom from the mud.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

With Just A Single Brush Stroke

Depending on the artist's medium, his pigments
Ambitious colours take centre stage on the page
Take Gauguin, for instance, who would use bright, flat colours
With simple outlines, vibrant, sunset-richness
Awoke - feelings dreamy, his inner eye could gauge
Red foregrounds that were calmed by green tree clusters.

Those set back in the distance with cobalt blue skies
And golden, ripe fields in the midst of harvesting
Peasants bent double with just a single brush stroke
Yes, colour transforms and can come to symbolise
Creation, its people, and all their wondrous blossoming
Something like an emotion with an upstroke-

Turn-of-hand, Van Gogh could make the world swirl alive
The land was a moving field of shimmering locus
Each dash pulsing like a heartbeat pounding for breath
His canvases radiated with life; he didn't contrive
To impress, his art, no matter where you focus
Has a living energy long after his death.

Mark. A Heathcote

Holi

Explore the colours of life.
Before the curtains close
And all shades are equally exposed.
Dance and sightsee a diamond sky.
Hold my hand while I learn to fly.

Let us love one another beneath a rainbow arc.
Let us join both ends of this rainbow's arc.
With our hearts and minds
Across whatever waters divide us
Let us explore the colours of our lives intermingled.

Let us arise and flower.
Let us find new ways to mix oil and water.
Let us explore the colours of our life.
Before the curtains close
Share in our lives, all happily together.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Ever-Spinning Weather Vane

I'll be water - I'll be shade.
I'll be a storm cloud, an ever-spinning weather vane.
I'll be a Mediterranean Picasso blue.
And Van Gogh's favourite colour, yellow.

Every day I'll lose my mind.
And fall in love - with you.
And ask, where is my mind?
Maybe I could be
A Claude Monet water lily, but not at all at sea,

And bridge the two,
And walk either way just the same.
At the same time
And reflect that I can be
Water and shade
I can be blue and yellow on the same day.
An ever-spinning weather vane
I, too, can be Picasso or Van Gogh all on the same day.
With roses, blue and clouds, yellow in hue.
Ever, ever and ever more in love with you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Fall Colour Of God's Love

I am the fall, the colour of God's love.
I am Lava. I am Rosso Corsa.
I am Magenta. I am Fuchsia.
I am Rosewood, disintegrating rust.
I am Oxblood. I am Lust.
I am Raspberry. I am Persian red.
I am Ruby. I am Indian red.
I am Vermilion. I am Carmine.
I am Carnelian. I am Wine.
To name but a few
I am the fall colour of God's love.
What is the colour of your blood?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Trying To Stay On Track

We fight against the end like a derailed train.
Leaping off the track constantly, trying to jump back.
Wheels squealing, backward spinning
Jettisoned ever forward, trying to stay on track.
Every second brings on a near heart attack.
Puffing like a prize fighter against the ropes,
One has to cling tight for dear life.
Till that moment of death,
Until that final bell that has you completely exposed.
Till you find hope in the midst of hell and eternal damnation.
One has to channel a tunnel through the pitch-black night.
And find a guiding light that's never extinguished.
And reaches its depot station, whatever the situation.
One has to have faith that nothing derails 'spirit and soul'.
Blessed is the near-empty carriage that finds a way back home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Yellow Jersey

So, I guess after all our stars weren't aligned.
I'll wake up and forget the lack of mourners.
And remember when you once were mine?
I shall wake up and stroke the bed corners.
And in my quiet solitude, like a racing bicycle
I'll tighten every spoke taut and straighten
Out every minute's mile into a rooftop icicle
Melting - that's my only ultimatum to you...
I'll win my yellow jersey; you, wait and see.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Bells Echo

When time is stilled and stoppered in your heart
An echo heard that might not mean that much
Shall a song to remember be imparted?
It'll ring in your heart of silence a touch.
So tremulous you will shake from within,
Believing something unforeseen
Has taken shape and form within your skin,
And a host of angels shall intervene
They will sing a chorus of an unknown hymn.
Likes of which you'll never hear again
What they've written has no pseudonym.
No nameless place to hide or condemn.
A bell once struck rings pure, its purpose true.
It carries the essence we'll imbue.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Please Leave Nothing But Your Footprints

Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
When everything is gone, turned to dust
This world will remember you, your shadow.

It may not be seen, but like a winged dove
It will punctuate an extra symbolic pulse.
Heartbeat, nothing can foreshadow.

Please leave nothing but your footprints.
When everything is cleared and cleaned up
This world will fall in love with you again.

In between, you're washed-away prints.
Run skipping a wild-eyed child, a pup,
He's stepping in your footprints once again.

Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
Please leave nothing but your footprints.
So, some future self can follow you once again.

PoemHunter.com

Please leave nothing but echoes of love.
Please leave nothing but your footprints.
They'll not be heard, but like wind chimes
They'll tremble inside of me, for you once again.

Mark. A Heathcote

Snow

There it is. Kids,
a white blanket with spots of blood
Crisp as salt on the blade of a stainless-steel knife.
In its purity, fresh as a daisy,
It is lit by the morning sun. It is
melting like honey in a honeycomb,
over a world that's just newly begun.
Kids - till
(In the kneading of a steady grip, you throw it.)
Throw it with venom at the passing cars and the stars.
Knead it, kids - till the evening's dark; you throw it.
…throw it with venom at the priceless window stores
at pretty girls and security guards
And see if it won't stick.
(If it does.) salt. It is salt. Salt on salt.
On beds of near purity with spots of blood.
But be like the psalm of a sunflower standing tall and straight.
Face all your trials and tribulations with faith,
lift your head, and know love is always an open gate.
A snowball at times full in the face.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

There Is A Cove Into Which I Plunge

I am attracted to the water that calls me
To either sink or swim,
I am attracted to echoes in the darkness
That whisper there's yet more personable beauty within
Aa I peep over the edge of one of the Seven Sisters
That utter leap with your worthless soul and sing
For your heart is a weightless feather, you must fling
If it is ever to unhinge and find wings
For its cumbersome languishing arms.
There is a cove into which I plunge myself
Fearful of both fall and flight
But in your arms, my darling, tonight!
I'll happily fall, I'll happily drown, and I'll happily
Take flight and know everything is quite alright.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Walk On Water

Your fears and failures are just stepping stones
over not-so tranquil waters.
These are the places where you have frozen,
fearing your every next shaky step.
Turn around and see the shoreline you have already left,
And look how far behind you it now is.
It is a distant memory in the twilight of yesterday
and what leaps and bounds you have made.
Yes, mistakes were plentiful, but you
overcame each obstacle to be where you are today,
and tomorrow you'll feel for a moment
that tells you you can walk on water. Everything
is within your grasp, and that anything is possible.
You'll see the only hand-up you ever needed to clasp
was already inside of you. It has guided you
not so that it may abandon you. But to always catch you,
whatever you do. There is ballast in your heart and soul
that'll carry you above almost anything, and all you need to do
is put one foot in front of another and believe you are blest.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

The Cup Of Water

The cup of water
Has a mouth for stars
In the shadow
Where a black hole
Fills our hearts.
The cup of water
Flavours our eyes
Like dew-wet dill
We gaze into the skies.
Furtive do-gooders
Do we feel despised?
Death is our only
Natural guardian
He's never told us lies.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

What's Going On?

God comes howling. Children, what's going on?
I haven't rested since I hung the golden sun.

God comes howling; children, what's going on?
I haven't had peace since the star's candelabrum.

God comes howling; children, what's going on?
I haven't slept since I hung the silver moon.

God comes howling. Shouting, children, what's going on?
I haven't closed my eyes since the flowers festooned.

…The children called back. Father, Father
We're weary too; we'll all sleep and rest soon.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Let Us Find Peace

Let us find peace in death.
Live life as if it's got one day left.
The sun has always remained a pacifist.
As does the long shadow remain a warmonger.

Let us benefit from each other, not from war.
But with prosperity and hope
The deliverance of forgiveness
Therefore, it is in each other's hands like flowing water.

Let us not oppose each other to do battle.
Or build dykes or any trenches.
Or withhold a hand of friendship.
Let not belligerent aggression. Rule the day.

We all need a bit of optimism and sunshine today.
Let the shadows of mistrust fade from our sight.
Only our unborn innocent knows what's truly right.
May we give birth to the stars, the universe within.

PoemHunter.com

And meet our death with a renewed
Faith and bravery, and then begin again.
With the smile of a thousand suns,
Compassion and tolerance can overcome and win.

Mark. A Heathcote

Crush The Victims

Crush the victims.
The homeless, the dispossessed
Jail the peacemakers, the protesters.
Praying that the starving see another loaf of bread.
Let the gavel of injustice fall upon their head.
While all you false prophets increase our debts.
And imprison our children in lieu of hiding their own mistakes.
The lawless are often the lawmakers; it's their party politics.
Deceiving those they are apparently appointed to serve.
And impose new laws on you.
So you cannot be heard.
They feed the weapons, the machinery of new wars.
Segregate the wealthy from the systemically poor.
Create a plague of indifference, one of subterfuge.
Thus, they can barricade their own front door.
Stay three steps ahead, and maybe even more.
From the call of judgment and justice that should be there for all.
Yahoo Mail: Search, organise, conquer

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Because I'm Yours

I've been holding my breath.
I'm near the end like never before.
But I've been holding my breath.
On borrowed breath because I'm yours

I've still got a little hope and life left.
Because I'm yours, because I'm yours
I can still squeeze a little air into my lungs.
And the inertia of expanding and retracting

Although it hurts
It is beginning to remind me and teach me
You and life are for me.
So, don't ever leave me.

Because I'm living on borrowed breath
Because I'm yours
Oh, I've still got a little yearning in me.
And I'm willing to steal what I need.

If only to lose my mind
If only I could hear my heart beat once more.
And sing like never before
Because I'm yours,
Because I'm yours,
Because I'm yours.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

New Year, Starting From Tonight

Let's hope this New Year brings us closer.
Let's hope it closes the distance of the fissure.
Let's hope it mends those broken fences.
Let's hope it bridges all those gaps.

Let's hope this New Year heals us all.
Let's hope it's filled with love and friendship.
Let's hope it's a shining example to our kids.
Let's hope it kick-starts your heart, starting tonight.

Let's hope this New Year has a resolution.
Let's hope that resolution lasts beyond our lives.
Let's hope everyone has fought their last fight.
Let's hope we can build a better future.

Starting right now, one second after midnight.
Starting right now, let's make the future bright.
No use thinking good times are impending,
Let's all make it happen, starting from tonight.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Dual Seas

The fate of love or friendship
Resides in the push and shove
Of dual seas, calm then gruff

At times cruelly demented.
Two shores weathered by love
Fall apart - drift apart unexpectedly.

Ricocheted by oceanic waters
They batten down loose sails,
Go down below to the ship's quarters.

Charting for calmer, bluer waves
They lock down all hatches.
Dreaming of sunnier promenades

Not lashed by sand, high wind
Just interlocking fingers, balustrades
Twigs of tamarisk intertwined.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

With A Little Midnight Faith

I need to find you and love you.
With a little midnight faith
It doesn't matter how late it's getting.
As long as at some point in the future
There is the possibility of a future.
A friendship and maybe even a wedding

I need to know you're with me.
And I am not just dreaming.
I need to know the sun is rising.
And it isn't just a setting.

As long as at some point somewhere within
There's a tingling, a yearning.
To go heavy on the drums, the violins
The fanfare, the fireworks
And still find a harmony
I'll stay holding your hand.
I'll stay with you always.

PoemHunter.com

If you have the same faith in me
We'll share this bond forever.
This love decree, darling, don't you agree with me?
Unapologetically.

With a little midnight faith
We'll catch aeroplanes across the skies.
And fly through the dappled light.
Linking up the stars between us
Turning night into daylight.
We'll sail across far distant seas.

And everything will be like paradise.
Without fear of damaging or tearing up our eyes.
With a little midnight faith,
You'll one day be my future, my life, my wife.

Mark. A Heathcote

Saving The Best Until Last

All your heart's music thus far was an overture.
It's a matinée, a prelude to what is the real affair.
It was a practice run, saving the best until last.
Your thoughts are transparent as the morning vapour.
Your love is priceless; soaking me right through.
Your voice is likened to a harmony with music midair.
I'm always waiting for you in the middle of a story…
waiting in the wings to open every chapter
I know you feel the same way by the way that you stare.
Your love is the vitality, I feel quickening my pulse.
You're scented like a musk rose, slightly pungent.
It's hypnotic to breathe the same languid air.
knowing these overtures are now finally finished
Our recitals of love are now set as the main event.
This was very pleasing to all the birds & bees.
Who'd second-guessed it, given to rapturous applause

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It Could Be Warmer, Love, If I'm Honest

Ice on windows, static as dead feathers
That is how I see our lives, love, right now.
Yes, it's still beautiful, love; it weathers.
But it could be much more; it could be snow.
Piling up at the door, it could be clouds.
Whirling in the mountains, forming rainbows
Could be the place where white-water rapids joust
Where the trout wore spotted waistcoats.
It could be those unblemished dewdrops.
Be those tears of laughter when love was strong.
And pure, like bubbling spring-like sutras
Read in medieval times' condensed song!
It could be warmer, love, if I'm honest.
Be more affectionate, as you promised.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Make Up For Lost Time

I could weep like a receding tide.
And lose my mind trying not to cry
But I mustn't waver; I must descend
The mountain and make up for lost time

I could wander even longer.
But what would be gained if
I became a stranger even to myself.
Surely, I should hold back a tear.

Surely, I should follow my heart.
It's as wide as an ocean.
It at times evaporates and fills the sky.
I could transcend all these mountains.

If I really tried, I could blow your mind.
I could make a psychedelic rainbow.
And alter your perceptions of me.
And induce mental states in me and you that expand

Surely, I should release my soul.
And flowers for maybe one last time
Surely, I should follow my heart.
It's as wide as an ocean.

And make up for lost time.
But will you still be mine?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Mr. Schooler Taught Us All Things Backwards

I remember our English teacher, Mr Schooler.
Who quickly rose through the ranks to headmaster?
He was a slick, well-dressed, snazzy kind of rooster.
He had all those teachers' speed-reading books faster.

They were told to read books backwards for one hour.
Then asked to read normally and forward some report
Not all reported improvement… I thought, 'How dour.'
He quizzed us with paperclips, a chuckle, and a snort.

Telling us, 'I bet you can't guess, class, ' what profession
When asked to list all the uses for a paperclip. Came top.
He boasted none would get it; a bowl of contention
'Hmm, I thought this was too easy, ' one boy shouted, 'Cop! '

Another yelled out, 'Astronaut! ' Another said, 'Doctor! '
I laughed. Another said banker, another butcher.
Confidently, my hand went up to this dismissive proctor.
Who didn't want my answer? So, I gave him Farmer.

He looked deflated. I just thought how patronising
That he should think, a man of such great ingenuity
Wouldn't make his list, and isn't this just stigmatising?
A profession; don't all things involve some congruity?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Nobody

Propped up on his crutches outside
The Night and Day Café, a beggar
A homeless man doubled over,
After I was listening to Robert Francis sing
Cadging my fags leans towards me.
Nobody, I can easily stereotype nobody.
Says he's sorry for bothering me
Tells me he's got no toes; they all froze.
I got frostbite sleeping rough once.
I asked to see, and he promptly obliged.
And shortly thereafter, barefoot, he smiled.
To him, it was like a war wound.
A badge of honour that legitimised
His emboldened approaches, head-on
We passed pleasantries, and he shuffled on.
As Robert Francis sang one last song,
Junebug, if memory serves me well
I remember everything.
I remember everything.
I remember everything, oh.
You were beautiful then.
I'm still in too deep.
Lyrics written as an ode
About a young girl lost to this world
An echo of this loner leaving
With a shuffle and fiery eyes fading
Like the lit cigarette butt in his left hand, waving
Just another vulnerable life lost, worth saving.
Punished internally and externally for drifting
Into the headlights, into the storm alone
Praying for a phoenix tail to flare a vibrant red
And say you're near but you're not yet dead.
Swinging on the trapeze, hell for leather
Please, please don't fall any further
I can't save you from the danger
I myself am just kicking stones further on down the road
I'm not nearly as cold as you, but I'm feeling empty, too.
Keep me alive, give me a light.
I'm near, losing my own fight.

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I could fall in the morning dew, I thought you should know
I am a homeless man, as well.
Under life's magnificent fickle spell.
I want to wave goodbye before even you.
But I don't want to waste my last breath on regret.
Not when we should give thanks and celebrate. Everyone!
Because even love on crutches can skip with a gait
And dance like a Junebug before it's truly gone.
All of this as Robert Francis sang one last song.
Junebug, if memory serves me well
I remember everything.
I remember everything.
I remember everything, oh.
You were beautiful then.
I'm still in too deep.
I'm still in too deep.
Saddled with grief, the memories of losing you.

Mark. A Heathcote

Mascaraed ...

My heart isn't a lavatory seat, darling.
For you to take a dump on.
My soul isn't a used lemon rind
To squeeze the last few drops from.
My feelings don't count for anything, do they not?
Whatever I do or say, you say is wrong.
So, I'm a square peg.
In a round hole, but here I'm not alone.
At least I am consistent, minute by minute.
Hour upon hour, year after year.

When I say I love you, I mean it, dear.
I wasn't shouting 'Whatever'.
In some heartless masquerade …
I wasn't acting out of character.
Alcohol fuelled out of madness and jealousy
All soppy and utterly weird.
I don't come crying with tears streaming and wild tantrums.
With vacuous promises, I'll change.
Change for the b.etter
Time and time again,
All I have in my pocket is holes and loose change.

I've fought a few too many battles.
Gone far too many rounds
You've floored me to the canvas.
Knocked me out for the count
But this time I'm staying down.
I'm leaving this sawdust ring you've won.
And whatever belt, crown or trophy
Fits you best, please wear it proudly.
Lord knows I know when I'm beat, the victory is yours.
Take the house, the god damn kids.
And have your own last vitriolic dance and words.

I guess I'll just be leaving now, knowing
You've done your worst, and worse is yet to come.
Retribution takes no prisoners, but for now, I'm done.
Playing chess against the devil is not much fun.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Similar In So Many Ways

World conscience must make strides.
And prise open doors and open eyes
So, our fragility can be recognised.

But how is it we get so polarised?
So self-destructive
Look beyond the mirror.
See, there's more to all of this than me and you.

Let continents and cultures collide.
We're all citizens poorly advised.
Similar in so many ways, no disguise.

We bleed, we die, and we know how to cry.
We are brothers and sisters. Freaks in many ways.
And when it's all told, a bag of cinders.

Left unclaimed, waiting for repatriation
To another isolation chamber,
To be rediscovered like a gnat in amber.

DNA sequencing of every atom,
Sent down a collider
Questions still unanswered about the laws of attraction.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Take Us On A Walk Of Despair

Take us on a walk of despair.
'Woe is me'
Tell us how it is at the end of days
That no one truly cares
Could you tell us how no one loves you?
No one understands you
How everyone loathes and ignores you
How truly nothing is ever fair.

'Woe is me'
No one is in my corner.
No one ultimately has my back.
Please tell us ‘Woe is me' about your next walk of shame
How things are bad, but you can't complain
How every experience is not altogether unpleasant.
How two negatives can even make a positive
How the snowdrops fare in February.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Let's Fix This Spider's Web

Let's fix this spider's web.
That holds all of us together.
I'll take one corner; you can take another.
Don't look at me that way.
Don't give me those daggers,
Don't give me those looks,
Or I'll speak to Mother.

I wonder where Father's at?
I don't even see his hat.
And the cat has mysteriously vanished.
With its saucer of milk
And the mice are all dancing.
Beneath a gallows moon
Pull tighter your corner
There is too much slack and not nearly enough room.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Want To Connect With You On A Deeper Level

I want to connect with you on a deeper level
Across a timeless mirror of thought
And feelings without actual thinking
I want to engage with your thoughts.
And emotions on a level playing field

I want us to hold hands by candlelight.
Perhaps lip-sync when we internally sing.
When we brush side by side, when we touch,
When we kiss, when our body fluids
Exchange and mingle, and like water

Becoming frigid and then fluid and then vapour
I want us to be interchangeable with one another.
That's what I seek from you.
If you aren't too busy to be my lover
Slip over here once again and kiss me forever.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Want To Write The Words

I want to write the words
I love you on a beach.
And know you are in my eternal reach.
Watch them slowly wash away.

As I hold you closer anyway.
I want to feel the salt sea air.
Leaving your lungs
And see you smile and squint.

As though you are looking up at the sun
And I want us to be singularly as one.
Waves may magically come and go.
They may pound ashore and retreat.

As though they have no destiny
To stay and meet
To linger with either shore set aside
But I am in awe of its willpower.

PoemHunter.com

To swell up from the floor
To make all things crumble, surrender.
And look infinitesimally small.
But you, my love, are the conqueror of them all.

Mark. A Heathcote

Boats On A River, Haiku

proceed to meet me
at the bough of a sapling
old age shades my head

~

boats on a river
a race of trivial pursuits
leaf fall in winter

~

maximum effect
the sunshine in October
wilting sunflower

~

catkins are falling
east and west—north and south
the willows calling

~

alphabetical-
order—apples—pears—oranges
ripe old melody

~

fictitious tales
there a harsh reminder—love
is a parody

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Sappho Bathes In The Aegean Sea

She wanted a relationship with the Aegean Sea.
She wanted to leap into its vast open arms.
Those rainbows and wintry thunderstorms
From these cliffs, she leans out like a bowsprit.

Her physical self is just a feigned decoy.
The music of the waves is truly absorbed.
Far removed is she from any harsh shore.
Or any chalk column, Old Man of Hoy!

She wanted to sink into its translucent skin.
She wanted a siren's song played upon her lips.
She wanted the flotsam of those aching fingertips.
The foam of those kisses bursting within…

No masculine ferryman can save her now.
She was destined to drown in these salty throes.
Phaon, the ferryman, swore many oaths.
But his fickle love in the end—She'll disavow.

PoemHunter.com

She wanted the lustful dangers of Ursula's lavender sea.
When it's hushed like a child rocked in a cradle
on the precipice, see, my balance is unstable.
Should I leap,
I would happily fall like honey-scented potpourri.

A fictitious tale of how
I fell in love with a mermaid
And started a never-ending earthquake
With just the beating of our two hearts.

Mark. A Heathcote

In A Figure Of Eight In A Small Pond

There is no night without day.
No rest without play

A sword is wielded like a wizard's wand.

In transmutation, base metals are turned into gold.
Koi fish swim in a figure of eight in a small pond.

And the world looks on…
Mesmerised by a song-thrush's song

When another dewdrop is about to join the throng.

~

Where will I live but in your heart?

Blind but not dejected, still clinging to you
Like the homeless shadow

Seeking only your one-time company.
A pardon and an amnesty.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Sand-Worshipper

To have my needs met at home
By my kith and kin, my flesh and blood.
It was to me like becoming a sand-worshipper.
There was none or very little in the way of love.
It was hurtful; it was damaging.
It was a sham, about as fulfilling as Christmas.
About as empty as a melting Easter egg.
All tinsel and decorative cardboard packaging.
Like caring for a never-ending illness
a cancer.
Something I valued like a worthless U2 bootleg,
Something I always searched for--with an evasive answer.
To have family was to sleep beside peevish, bad-tempered wolves.
That grin through their gritted teeth.
It was to believe in genetic magic.
Until all the magic is used up.
And they refuse to even throw-a-bone.
It is a generational poison that grows in its intensity.
That wants to eradicate you.
Piece by minuscule piece
And unhinge you, simply because they can.
Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad. I know.
You've done the best you could.
Given you too didn't come by much love, right?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Back Of The Hand

To further exercise his tired arms and wrists
I was regularly given the back of the hand—
That was my father's kind of love for me.
Like Mary Oliver's poem, Hurricane
He'd roll in drunk most evenings from work.
After eight or nine large jugs, I guess.
And then he'd eavesdrop on fibs and tall tales.
And then his arms and fists would flail about.
They would stretch out into wild gales.
Like those thrashing turbine windmill blades
And uproot me by my hair off the floor.

Lift me onto my bed so that I'd stand his height
Was more in keeping with his towering stature
And then his fist would rain down -slantwise.
With their back-of-the-hand blows
This was my father's true repugnance of me.
This was his underlying love for me.
A drunken Hurricane, and with his final words
Came the biggest of all his bitter blows…
After years of disinterest and abstinence from me.
He relayed his closing message: You're no son of mine.
And still he managed to make me feel small.
Like a withering stalk of lost wheat in a storm.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Magical Transgression's

The workings of the world are mysterious.
Every thread feels close-fitting or is about to break.
I remember your lips, the scent of your perfume.
The night we got entranced and entangled
And slept under the same roof
And gazed at the stars from the same veranda
Ah, how my mind would wander.
At each improvisation, each accident
Surely this music is magical.

The essence of this life is a fairy tale.
A destiny of fulfilment or near disaster
Should I fear eating its fruit without introspection?
I felt confused and at the same time, relaxed.
These workings of this mystery evoked satisfaction.
On the inside, and at times became visible on the outside
Maybe a passing stranger would suddenly stop.
And smile like we knew each other,
Like we were once friends in a past life.

PoemHunter.com

But now look, I've taken you for a lover.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Am In Constant Disarray

I am in constant disarray.
Between what I do and what I say
To be a better version of who I am
It is a circus act at best.
Here I am, a clown dragging my heavy war chest.
Crying like a baby in its pram.

People either tolerate me or loathe me.
People hate me or love me.
I have no control over how they feel.
Some days, I go about life with a fresh summer zeal.
At other times, I'm in a real quandary.
Where's the balance? Where lies my safe zone boundary?

Anxiety strikes, and I go crying like a four-month-old baby.
Disempowered, I am a worthless nobody.
A sham, asking who the hell I am.
Like an animal caught in a mantrap
I want to gnaw off a limb and yap.
Make a sound like a thunderclap.
Or more often, take a forever nap.

I am in constant disarray.
Between what I do and what I say.
I hope I live to relish another day. Increase my knowledge;
Perhaps I don't fall victim to defeat but hold my sway.
As in Gladiator, at the next battle of Carthage,
I hope to rise and not fall flat like another soufflé.
At least, dear God, not today.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Take My Heart As A Gift Of Love

Take my hand and be my bride.
Take my soul and be my guide.
Take my heart as a gift of love
Take my spirit like a becalmed wind.
And cast a spell that binds us side by side.
To sail the waves that would crush me
If I swam through these storms alone

Take my heart without any objection.
Without any rejection,
Take my heart as a gift.
Take my heart as a flower of imperfection.
Take my heart as a gift of love.
Take my heart as a gift of love.
I want to share with you until my last breath.

I must not change these inflexions to suit another.
With every word, I want to honour
How I teetered like a bird on the wind
How I drifted like a butterfly till I found you
Take my heart as an indelible sign.
That now I've carved a love heart on our tree
Our love shall live for all eternity.

Mark. A Heathcote

What Is The Odour I Possess?

The pollutants of a river are offensive to my nose.
And yet I swim in its effluent sanguine currents.
Centuries pass, and the smell.
It is just as odious to my adult senses.
And now, as an adult, it has infected me.
Both my heart and soul.
And I ask, are we so corrupted?
We cannot purify a river?
As I watch canal fish in a lingering death dance
Wearing jackets of fungus mould choking in their gills,
I question:
What I have paid to swim amongst such ghastly waters.
What is the odour I secrete and possess?
That has coated me as I, too, approach my death?
I wish I were a lonely old oyster.
Purifying all the water gathered around me.
And together we amalgamated just one pearl.
And call this our one unadulterated world.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

The Workings Of The World

The world will inflict its pain upon you.
And devour your innocence.
It will corrupt the purity of an untouched fruit.
And cut out your protesting tongue.
And soil your soul till you don't-
Know your name or where you truly belong.
The workings of the world are inherently evil.
And yet it is a temptress of magical beauty.
Tonight, again, the gallows call.
But I am too weak to take that final fall, that plunge.
I entertain life under a living spell of death.

And guilt with an eternal frail hope
I am a locust lost from the plague.
Driven to distraction, ravenous to devour the wind
The dust takes pleasure in everything it encounters.
Along its path, a desert flower
And all its bursting banks of lust.
I am that fat, engorged caterpillar.
The one that longs for wings, if only to experience
Real love for a single day, an uninterrupted hour.
Subservient as a moth
Adoring a candle flame about to expire.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Wind In My Sails

The wind can climb a flight of stairs.
And leap over a mountain range.
In a single breath, it can cross an ocean.
Or take a respite like a damselfly in my hand.

But when it flows through your satin dress,
Your silky nightclothes, your hair,
It touches my soul like a nightingale.
And it rests becalmed like an old rocking chair.

Where the hearth in its cinders still
Glows in the moonlight, ready to suddenly flare
It's here; there is a hope, a wish to hold.
Your hand and to dance beneath the starlight.

It's here I want to watch the sunrise.
And gaze into your eyes.
A thousand more times without sleep;
And here I want to pivot into the mystery that is you.

PoemHunter.com

Holding close a scented pillow,
I never knew that at that time it could echo.
My thoughts and feelings. I never really knew.
The wind in my sails could taste this sweet.

Mark. A Heathcote

Hoping We Can Levitate Without Falling To The Ground

Spirits of prisoners rattle their chains.
It's a golden age for stolen bones and faceless devils.
And killers committing homicide
It's a golden age for orphans eating gruel and neglecting school
It's a golden age for cotton mills.
And the workhouse for malnutrition
And the death penalty, it's a golden age.
For infantile deaths before the age of seven
For poor sanitation and harsh living conditions
Dreaming of a skylark behind the clouds

Spirits of prisoners rattle their chains.
It's a golden age for long hours, low wages,
And widespread suffering
While the wealthy enjoyed advancements
Of the Industrial Revolution
Others face numerous diseases without doctors
It was a golden age, and not that unlike today.
When I see the homeless in the street
And people, people neglected in hospital corridors
It's a golden age for sure.

It's the reality for many, especially the poor.
There's a lack of necessities.
If you're working class
It's your cross to bear.
Okay, there's no more death penalty.
There have been improvements along the way.
And slavery has been long gone, too.
But we're all enslaved by a minimum wage and despair.
Hoping we can levitate without falling to the ground.
Hope there's a silver lining to that dark cloud, maybe.

Mark. A Heathcote

Worries And Apprehensions

He says, let's throw a Tupperware party
And invite all our neighbours and friends
We'll be sure to make some good money,

She says I'll throw an Ann Summers party
I'll speak to all my co-workers and friends;
Honey, that's bound to make lots of money.

He groans and says, Let's not bother then?

She asks why you don't indulge my ideas
He reciprocates back the same and then, then
They laugh, still full of worries and apprehensions.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Sorry

It was my mistake; you've heard the story.
How many promises end with I'm sorry?
It won't happen again; it was my fault.
And then often ends in common assault.
I'm sorry I gambled away our money.
I'm sorry; I'll pay back every penny.
I know she was persona non grata.
But she was like Nabokov's Lolita.
And my hormones got the better of me.

I'm sorry, I do love you, my sweet.
I'm sorry, so I messed up our finances.
I'll pay back those loans, yes, and no more chances.
I'm sorry I broke your heart, love; trust me.
I'm sorry I acted cruelly and was beastly.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I swear, I'll change.
I've learnt my lesson; please, please don't act strange.
I know I've been foolish, but that's the past.
Anyway, you're the reason I get slashed.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Minted And Crowned

Imagine, if you can, the greatest bank vault.
Ribbed door; heavier than any mountain wall.
Where no safecracker can beat its time-lock default:
Gain access to the glorious treasures, enthral
Doors, with a time lock on all deposits
Once you enter, you will find nothing inside.
No jewels, paper money, or trinkets
You're holding your own, coinage minted and crowned.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Criminalising Poverty?

Why are we not criminalising poverty?
Is it not cruel to govern unfairly?
To help people out demographically
The whole world over, is that wrong? Scarcely.
Why, then, are we not criminalising poverty?
Why are these tax-avoidance vultures still circling?
Why are they not perched in their condominiums?
Are they so fat that they don't care about this living?
What is our commonality in low, minimally paid work?
Why are we not criminalising poverty?
In the twenty-first century
From bonds, we allow money to be printed out of thin air.
So, our elected governments can likewise promise thin air.
Why are we not criminalising poverty?
Why do all the newspapers focus on crass celebrities?
What is our commonality in low, minimally paid work?
That all might descend into poverty, feeling little more than dirt.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Willing Prey

Given glass ceilings
We're all ring-fenced.
Drown in rank, tall-growing reeds
That'll sedge up all our sweet inlets.
While they widen their bitter, greedy outlets
They bask like piranhas, ready to leap and feed.
They'll snap at anything that breathes.
So, we must hover-
Like wispy blue dragonflies
And drink in stillness the morning dew
We must, on balance, be their willing prey.
Tremble and fall like autumn leaves
And yet resist combusting into living flames
Somehow, we must soar, soar without wings.
Bare on the emptiness, their stewardship brings
And live with barely enough money or hope.
Given glass ceilings
We're all ring-fenced.
We're all metaphorically milked.
It's an unwritten agreement.
They own us.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Self-Indulgence Is King

We are living in a secular world.
Covered by secular politics,
We are given our secular families.
Nothing has any meaning anymore.
So, we spend, spend, spend, spend.

We spend little time with one another.
Self-indulgence is king.
Love is liquid, liquid love.
You can shop for
And dropped if you haven't got the money or the time.
It doesn't matter if there are two groups.
In this secular world
Those who are superior or inferior
Be on a different flight path.
Self-indulgence is king.

Ask any rough sleeper if he has any credit.
Upward mobility, and he'll say no.
The superiors don't look down or back.
Not until they, too, crash and burn alone
Democracy's spiritual secular nucleus is a big fat zero.
They've no meaning; their lives are empty.
That's when, clutching nothing, it all comes home.
Self-indulgence isn't king of a principality of thieves.
You better beg on your knees or lose that pious morality, please.

Mark. A Heathcote

Truth Be Known

Our leaders are greedy, deceitful fools
Bullies who never fired a gun or threw a punch
Yet, take all your pocket money at vestibules
And ate out free every day for lunch
Pockets lined later to sit on a backbench.
You cannot sugar-coat the lies I'm hearing
The truth isn't a cake you can add icing to
You can't change the height of the ceiling
Compensate facts for fiction or sail a canoe
Backwards up a waterfall, can you?
The planet is in trouble, but let's all fly
Let's take a jet and later on in a cavalcade
Meet up to discuss global warming and comply
To make good pledges made in masquerade,
Make-good nuclear silos, uranium in retrograde

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Song Of The Conch Shell

There are waves within waves.
Meeting in collision
God is the same in that
Wherever you turn, you turn to him.
Or he follows and gets deep under your skin.

There are waves within waves.
Some of them submerge us.
God is the same in that.
He's the first light that enters.
Banishes the night & quietens our inner dissenters.

There are waves within waves.
And each is like a rolling kiss.
God is the same in that.
He embraces every scrolling wave.
That would run away, fearing to be saved.

There are waves within waves.
And each one must be released.
God is the same in that.
He gives you the freedom to resist.
But know his love for you will always persist.

There are waves within waves.
There are sky storms as far as the eye can see.
God is the same in that.
He battles evil to calm the wind and the sea.
That draws that surrounds you and me.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Dance In The Flames Of Your Love

I dance in the flames of your love.
A tongue of tenderness trembles me.
I yearn for your bones' resting place.
For those joyful tears on your face.
I will sing a seabird in your arms.
Singing a siren of the white buoying waves
pirouetted buoyant, afloat - my love.
I am drowning in this plume, my dove.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

On A Hazardous Mountainous Climb

Once upon a time, upon a time
On a hazardous mountainous climb
A child got lost sleepwalking from camp.
He was a bonnie little lad, a scamp.
And when he finally awoke, he cried.
No one was around; he was horrified.

But slowly, he gathered his senses.
And dispensed with all his pretences.
He followed the river downstream.
He dreamt his nightmare was just a dream.
And before the sunset in the sky,
Back at the camp, there wasn't a dry eye.

After that, bells were tied to his ankles.
To awaken his parents and companions
But he never went sleepwalking again.
Back in the lowlands, he wanders the glen.
Ever wakeful, now he's a shepherd.
Seeing his flocks don't wander unfettered.

He makes sure no lambs are ever lost.
Having rented a small working croft
The mountains may be beautiful.
The lochs and glens might be bountiful.
But those Scottish peaks no longer call.
To those boyhood instincts he had when small.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Pipes Of Christmas Past

The thistledown rises.
On the north wind's blast
Old Scotland calls the pipes.
The pipes of Christmas past
Snow on the snow-fleeced land
Where the grouse run rich
With the golden hare
Beyond the fox's cavern's lair
Beyond the Mull of Kintyre,
Beyond the Irish Sea,
The pagan wood and the pagan tree
It is the heart-world of Christianity.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Left On A Light

The memories of my life
Many of these are dark.
But you left on a light.
You, my angelic angel.
You, my angelic star
You are the memory I think about when I switch off the light.

You are the one star.
I see when I close my eyes.
You are the light.
That shuns the darkness.
Dissolves the rain clouds.
You, my darling, are the light.
When I close my eyes and shut them tight in the night,

You, my darling, are a perpetual light.
A shining torch
A beacon of hope
When I am feeling weak and distraught,
You are the one ray of light.
That can't be bought or destroyed.

The memories of my life
Many of these are satanic and dark.
But you left a light on.
You left on a light.
You are the brightest of all the sunrays, the rainbows.
That ever shone my way
To touch my life

That is why even in the darkest
Of these days, there is still a light on
Even to this day.
When many of my memories are dark.
You, my darling, are a perpetual light.
Touching my heart.

When the night is foreboding,
You are the one star.

I see when I close my eyes.
You are the light.
That shuns the darkness.
Dissolves the rain clouds.
You, my daughter, are the one real light.
I have seen in my whole life.
When I close my eyes tonight.

Mark. A Heathcote

Elaborately Dishonest And Frankly Too Soon

My departure has no day or night.
As I have already taken flight
And left the stratosphere and circled a star.
That is both dark and light.
Eternally both day and night
I cannot freeze or fix my eyes on either one.
Both hold my attention equally.

And although I am ill-advised to follow
Either one or the other
And make that single choice, my lover
I cannot choose, for I too am both
The light and the dark of the two sides of the moon
And any departure now would be
Elaborately dishonest and frankly too soon.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

What Will Become Of Me?

What of the coming sunrise?
That has no wish to shine on me.
That has no love or need of me.
That will, at some point, summarise
That later should not be forestalled.

That no more tomorrows will be installed.
What will become of me?
What will become of you, my troubled one?
What will become of you, my wonderful one?
What will become of all of us?

I do not know.
But life is for forgiving and living.
So, until we all meet again
Under a new radiant dawning sun,
Know this, I do try to love you all, amen, everyone.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It Is That I Am Dreaming

There must be times you kiss me.
And wonder why his eyes are firmly closed.
Why are his eyes shut ever so tightly—right?
It is that I am dreaming that our souls
They have been delicately superimposed.
And yet neither eclipses the other.

In liquid sobs, darling, I hold you gently.
As gentle as an inkless white goose feather.
Noticing every notch down your spine
And write my love in a serpent rhythmic rhyme.
It's only when my eyes wholeheartedly open that I know.
You are still truly mine, body and soul.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The True Burden Of A Truth

The true burden of a truth shared is pain.
To tar and feather is to accept half or all the blame.
Scars are inherited; they are a legacy of ancestral trauma.
It is a gallows noose swinging empty in the wind.
Awaiting some lonely fool's judgement day.
You are the carpenter with a hammer and nails.
Carving a path of endless misery and loneliness
It is a heavy load you carry seeking righteousness.
It is when your truth is spoken in innocence.
You are shunned by those who once welcomed you.
With doors ajar, these jailers now laugh loudly.
And their doors are all flung firmly shut in your face.
And their guilt. It becomes your shameless guilt.
It's then that you will swing, landing on all their ills.
Tarred and feathered; it's then you, too, who might-
Lose all sense of yourself, your dignity
And fall foul of their bitter, unlearned ways,
Telling more lies than the truth ever bequeath.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Haiku's

our mutual friendships
how long do they exist for
wild mint strangles all
~
my life's in danger
as I zipwire into love
free-falling snow
~
autumn makes amends
have to ask for forgiveness
let's end as friends
~
peas in a pod
is how we imagine love
'Boy - eat all your greens'
~
without guns or bombs
there wouldn't be fewer blossoms
falling without breaks
~
trying to connect
told to go and sling my hook
spring - flat broke and drunk
~
choosing team sides
my child's solution - simple
Black vs. White
~
work party invites—
are you in or are you out?
dilemma, are you?
~
butt of a joke—I'm
the self-deprecating type
laughing with the loons
~
June bugs and the moon
ask—what is it all about?
gangland killings

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~
a welcoming door
and a friendly handshake
why—why did I cry?
~
break my trust just once
and volcanoes will erupt
Into black ash clouds
~
darling—I swear—you
were born to love me—and death
holds no penalty
~
out come the test sheets
and alarm bells start ringing
look—what do I care?
~
don't follow the sheep
baa—I've heard it all before
baa—sheep dip and all
~
the sofa bed is yours
and be more like you—you say
be empathetic
~
open and closed doors
more detention centres built
no new burial grounds
~

Mark. A Heathcote

White Hibiscus Flower

I embrace you as a riverbank embraces the river.
I embrace you as does a willow wand the wind.
I embrace you as a lover does their one true love.
I embrace you as does a flame the kindling.
I embrace you as a mirror does your reflection.

Yet, I yearn for your affections like a sunflower yearns for the sun.
Yet, I yearn for your affections like a moth to the stars.
Yet, I yearn for your affections like music for a song.
Yet, I yearn for an affirmation as momentary as a kiss.
Yet, I yearn for perfection, fleeting as a white hibiscus flower.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Without You

Energise my heart with a winning glance.
If I were fain to look away, but glow
With every fibre of my being, I owe.
I would gaze at you with no more askance.
Then a flower casts a gentle shadow.
While wilting of thirst like a Pasque flower
For the morning dew to enrich its power,
'You're starlight here.' Nothing can foreshadow.
Nothing native or common about you.
You're more graceful than the prairie crocus.
Eyes on you, I hold the world in one breath
Eyes closed, and the universe is in focus
All's fixed, in rightful place, life, and death.
Darling, they mean nothing without you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It's The Nature Of Melt-Snow

All things come, all things go,
It's the nature of melt-snow,
It's the nature of a feather to swirl
To dance on the wind and curl
It's the nature of a seed to flower.
And wilt away during its final hour.
It's the nature of a flame to alight
To linger and stirrup fears-of-fright
It's the nature of love to heal.
The nature of hate is an ongoing ordeal
All things come, all things go,
It's the nature of any river to overflow.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Adulation

Notice how trees worship the sun.
See how their leaves are undone.
Watch how they wave and frequently bow.
Perceive how they grow; never to disavow.
Observe how they mature in adulation.
How they flower in adored veneration.
Guard your heart like a horse chestnut seed pod.
And remember, you too shall spring from the sod.
Crack open and shed those spiny needles
And discover your simple uniqueness.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

We Are Pearls Of Imperfection

We are pearls of imperfection, you and I.
Bathing in the same translucent water
Hoping to one day behold our perfection.
And embody it, body and soul.
Here, reflect it inwards like a rainbow.
Bent on replenishing the external light.
That exists in the darkness without fear
Or fright that reaches its peak destiny
Without ever externally breaking its shell
Or leaving its ever-present eternal home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Flowers On A Broken Wall

Flowers on a broken wall
Are they the emblems of us all?
They shine so high.
And pilfer low
With the tears of others
Whilst they grow
Buildings, holler work!
Toil in the dirt
Tomorrows are always flowering
Sleep is always clamouring.
Like a climbing rose.

This is the way.
The daylight gardener knows.
Watching the robin
Through his red scarlet robes
Scrambling for worms
Like a whirlwind-hungry cyclone
In a jostle of comings and goings
This is the way.
We travel to work.
This is the way.
We travel home.
Sitting on buses blissfully alone
Like the fading wallflower of sunset gold
Watching ourselves grow old.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Like Ambrosia To My Tongue

Like ambrosia to my tongue
Like nectar to a bee
Like incense to a flower sprung
Is your love for me?
Have I not the weight of wings?
To find the healings
Of greater living things
The green tinctures-bright
That all-inspiring light.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

We Are As The Dew On A Prairie

We are as the dew on a prairie.
Flowers amongst limestone graves
Entrenched in the living rock
Watered by birdsong

Engulfed in nettle stings
We are but charcoal smoke rings.
Fasting on a single drawn-out breath
Resting on a forward-moving breeze

We are a clutch of eggs.
Encased in a bough of creeping ivy
Squawking frantically upwards
Up at the midnight sun

We are the covenant.
The rainstorm before the rainbow
Slew by the swords of angels
We are the dewdrops on the prairie.
Flowering amidst the entire universe.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

My Soul Is Teething... For Your Love

When will you adopt my heart?
Like a child in its cradle
I am like a green flower plucked.
Dehydrating on an evening's vigil.

My soul is teething... for your love.
Hunger fills my every desire.
They're cut in need of sustenance.
To sustain this ambience of fire.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Poor But Rich

Poor but rich in flowers
I lay amongst those stems.
In the burning gems

I hear my singing child.
Singing to the croaking frogs
Sweet words
Of jangled thought!

And the time I have to laze
And read a poem,
That leaves me dazed.
In humble awe!
I'm poor, but rich in flowers…

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When Sweetness Anointed A Brow-Lit Eye

When sweetness anointed a brow-lit eye
The good sense to look beyond the sky,
Did he lift a withheld heart to weep?
Pasque flower-like in a rocky deep.
Or did he dwell with a heart of empathy?
Innate with a life so rich without apathy.

Or did he with earthly colours fling,
His heart into a bleaker ebony thing:
When sweetness anointed a brow-lit eye
The good sense to look beyond the sky,
Was it then that he went indivisible by
And if so, O my Lord God, why don't I?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Alienated Flowers

Weeds interest me.
Their beauty is almost ignored.
When stopping to look at them
Strangers will shout out.
It's just a weed.
But isn't that true of us all?
A weed is only a flower-
In the wrong place, they say.
Well, isn't that how we all feel?
There is a weakness in a flower-
In the right place. Oh, to be
A weed in the wrong place
Mustn't it be heaven on earth?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

They Know A Place To Witness All Love

Listen to the raindrops crescendo.
With the leaves falling from the trees
Listen to the stirring wind in the willows.
How it rises, how it feels, how my spirit buoys.
Listen to the grass growing underfoot.
To the lotus flower, smiling a watery cry
Listen to the smoke in the chimney, the soot.
The anthills thrum and decry your love.

Listen to the seashell on the shore.
Listen to your heart and say it has no root.
Listen to the bees in their hive, how they outpour.
They know a place where heaven isn't refuted.
They know a place without a worry.
They know a place without trouble.
A place where they can find a living glory.
They know a place to witness all love.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

In The Deeps Of Beauty's Purple Clouds

Soft and temperate as the night
That gentle, glowing face with eyes
That dims to me the moonlit skies
That shadowed rose of uncurling joy
That soothes the dew's white honey
That makes the lotus take up wings.
With nymph and angel, lustrous gilt things
Why love should age a wilting flower
A wilting flame; in damnation's name
Why is it love's temperate love of ages?
Why is it so sweetly rancid, drawn into rages?
So sweetly web-cradled within its turbid cages

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Magnolias

The first magnolias I perceived
I thought… Has an alien ship landed?
Is this a Martian? Flower bed.
Even its name, Soulangeana
A saucer-shaped magnolia,
I later found it was like a mantra.
It was completely shocking.
In its pink-white stocking
Rubbing my sore eyes. I gazed.
At its luminosity, all at once amazed.
But all in the blink of an eye
All are commonplace once again.
All have a common standard dye.
Where nothing stands out matters again.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Crown Of Roses

Love exudes a sticky pine sap; it extols
A resin that'll encapsulate your soul
Love is a bee in a red hibiscus flower.
Drunkenly, he sings, 'Maybe this is my final hour.'
Love is a savant, all-knowing and unexplained.
His amber unfastens; songs still refrained.
Stops the sun and moon from spinning on their axis;
Banishes all space and time, anything too factious
Love is a mantra; nothing is a faux pas.
A mantra, my child, shall I promise you, alas.
It's neither a beginning nor an end as such.
So, rose gardener Lord, feed me, mulch me
Until then, let me dance in the dew-soaked earth,
Then lock me away in a rosary of mysteries with you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Two Candle Flames

Two candle flames dance.
Oh, how they're longing to be re-entwined.
Wanting only the annihilation of each other
Oh, how they're subdividing, till it is finally time.
To be naturally extinguished.
Oh, how they're lolling in each other's arms!
Two candles' flames' waxing and waning
Saving nothing, till later
Their love is the leftover spelter of
Colliding stars.
Oh, how love is an equal symbiotic genocide,
A long-lost force with universal survivors
Licking at the wounds of eternal darkness
In essence, we're the solace of eternity.
And the binding glue, light in each other?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Masquerades Unearthed

Wherever you go, if you quietly linger
There are memory residues galore.
There is nothing ever unfamiliar.
The remnants of a sweatshop we abhor.

Like the musky smell of a rotten book
But -the fact is, all objects were once loved.
It doesn't matter; it's a gobbledygook.
Thought that a broken toy was beloved.

That a well-worn mattress brought peace and rest
When we enter a derelict building
There are ghosts we can manifest.
Listen, and you will almost hear their nattering.

Machines humming a deafening chorus;
Malnourished children wearing fedoras
In modern times, sadly, they haven't changed.
Mother's work is 60 hours; it's all a masquerade.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Every Step Of The Way

Love beguiles us every step of the way.
Like snowdrops in February, we want to play.
Blood-pumping heart unfazed by loam or clay
Resisting the freeze of hard mid-February
We want to be a green stalk again.
That white flower of hope—sullenly
Sparkling like distant stars that underpin;
Hold all things in place around the planets.
Once again, I want to discern the world.
In its infancy, we've experienced vast joy.
Expansions and know that miracles still exist
Within the confines of our little or little-known selves.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Celestial Bodies

Star aniseed, taste buds gradually numbed
With the meaning of life, aching from within
Ah, for that celestial warmth of her touch-of-her-skin.
Velvet, as a rosebud, like a bee, succumbed.
Nights spent beholding them: till fast asleep
Each cluster learnt and begins to reteach:
Star's geographically, they're too far to reach.
But I've got two orbiting - they're mine to keep.
I gaze at their heavens long into the night.
Loves - honey - once it rolls off the tongue
Root sticks in your heart like a boomerang.
Starlight blinds, but it mellows to moonlight.
& as it does, I am always transfixed,
Heart & soul with body fluids intermixed.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Composed Over A Lifetime

Every note has been written for you.
It is free-flowing, and it is gushing.
Come, my love, let us have an impromptu
Rehearsal; it'll begin by just humming.
All my feelings are wrapped up in it.
My heart & soul, they're contained.
Can't pretend I haven't tortured over it.
Here I've left nothing out or restrained.
I hand over to you this music sheet.
Composed over a whole lifetime
Just so you can hear, it's no ragtime.
It's no blues; yes, it's bittersweet.
Come, please listen and sit on this loveseat.
Even my heart has a metronome beat.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Be Glad Love

Given to me is the life of the sea.
forever rolling in and out of view;
Green, then turquoise, then sometimes clear blue,
Given to me is the life of the sea.
It rages and then becalms in front of you.
It has high seas, then low, soft waves that mew,
that circle and laps the world that is you.
Love, I bring oils and herbs and Indian tea,
Given to me is the life of the sea.
unpaid, wearisome, like bills overdue,
Each account must be paid its full rupee
Each wave comes to touch the shore and quay.
must make a retreat, wave goodbye one day,
Be glad, love, harboured - that isn't today.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Gushingly Poetical

If I kiss you, it will be biblical.
The world shall forever remember you.
for when poets speak gushingly poetical
About their love, their words indeed accrue:
Mean more over time than they did at the time
That's not to say my feelings weren't real.
Or that they were misguided hate crimes.
Crimes of passion still seem quite puerile.
But if I were to kiss you, know one thing.
I intended to find my true love.
And then make her your everything,
I do not want someone superfluous.
Just someone loving and down to earth,
Any more or less, I'll give a wide berth.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Flowers And Houseboats

Egos, they'll grow like daisies in the corn.
But if your love be pure, true in its throes
The bonds we make won't be careworn.
If our love, opening, grows into a rose
All our nemeses will perish and run in fear.
There'll be corn circles in our hearts, but
Don't be too forlorn; your heart won't sear.
There'll still be a rose in that desert scrub.
It'll open a vein of gold rooted in love.
That runs so deep through the core of your soul
Eternity rubs its eyes and gulps.
To see such untold riches quadruple.
But lovers forget and leave their outposts.
Drift apart like separate houseboats.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Where It Goes, There Is Little Known

The present, an oily eel on my path,
Is something I can never hold fast:
It leaves the water, crossing land as a nomad.
Ah, the whereabouts of this wavy staff.
Where it goes, there is little known.
Like an ejected lover out on his ear.
It wriggles off, but to where is unclear.
Maybe it's gone to blow its trombone.
But off it goes, a conduit, unaided.
Without a caring soul, carrying a torch,
A flame, but in whose name abhorred
Was this once sharp sword dulled on a crusade?
When cut and thrust went through water, silky
A hot knife through butter—sodden milky.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Intervals Of Impulse

Remember when our hearts beat like cymbals?
Love, must you always be planning ahead
Can't we act on intervals of impulse?
Once we spoke the words of the alphabet
In the silence that transcended language
and filled a whole encyclopaedia
Every utterance is now re-examined
Nowadays, I feel like anaemia-
have drained the blood from my heart and my face
Where does all our spontaneity go?
Nowadays, I can't get a warm embrace.
And every verbal word is a death blow.
Love, must you always be making up lists?
Does every moment require an eclipse?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Pin-Fall

I hear the grasses heavy with morning dew
I hear whispers, willow roots in the night
Snaking like a slow worm on rendezvous
But most of all, I hear your heart ignite
Like a variable star—pulsating
Ah, and in its unwinding mystery
My own begins to pause in lovemaking.
Much calmer now, yes, it was jittery
But love, it never stopped beating for you.
Why can't you see or hear a pin-fall
My feelings I've got, don't subdue.
Like salmon chasing a high waterfall
They strengthen the longer I'm with you
They don't vanish with the morning dew.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Living Life Is Beauteous

Blood is spilt - on parchment, on vellum.
But it is not forever treasured.
An empty pen used by your cerebellum
Is filling with ink; overflowing, uncensored
Yes, it should be joyous to live a full life.
Embodying all life with eternal love
We can all preach and wield a sharp knife.
Carve a message in stone, using our tongues.
That's either for good or evil wickedness.
But let love embody you—entice us.
Let's put love on our children's syllabus.
Let's teach them that living life is -beauteous.
That social media is a frivolous waste
That leaves us all feeling empty and displaced.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Have The Spirit Of A Red, Red Rose

It's not defined or hidden by petals.
Nor demarcated by sharp, wetted thorns,
Her eyes' hypnotic beauty possesses
The stars, like the sky that the sun adorns.
You have the beauty of a wild hedge rose.
I want to prick my thumb, feeling all love's woes.
Your heart doesn't require any bedclothes.
You have the spirit of a red, red rose.
Don't want to hold you in any way, of course.
Like the Persian rose, you are the truest source.
But, like the hedgehog, if taken by force,
All four petals are frail, will disperse, of course
Love, taken slowly, grows not in deceit,
Gowns - they're for dilettantes in conceit.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

In Contrast To The Darkness

In contrast to the darkness, I see the moon.
Iridescent against the backdrop of night
It's a pearl forever locked in a clasped tomb.
I see dazzling meteorites.

The world, like a cello, breathes through my heart.
You are the only ground I walk upon.
And whether its substance is light or dark
(Secure) — You're my temple, my pantheon.

Our love's overture, written by the gods
So cast me into the waves; I'm drowning.
Deeper in love, whatever the facades
I'll swim because, darling, I'm not dreaming.

I'm just locked beneath these ebony waves.
I'm waiting for you to shut down the sun.
Oh, starlight ever so bright, let me brave
Until all this loving and living is done.

PoemHunter.com

~or~

In contrast to the darkness, I see the moon.
Iridescent against the backdrop of night
It's a pearl forever locked in a clasped tomb.
I see dazzling meteorites.
The world, like a cello, breathes through my heart.
You are the only ground I walk upon.
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(Secure) — You're my temple, my pantheon.
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So cast me into the waves; I'm drowning.
Deeper in love, whatever the facades
I'll swim because, darling, I'm not dreaming.
I'm waiting for you to shut down the sun.
Until all this loving and living is done.

Mark. A Heathcote

Another Valentine

Another day of roses and wine
And you will always be mine.
Oh, Valentine, there's more to this.
Then just another passionate kiss.
There's a lifetime's worth of promise.
There's that cherished smile.
That loving embrace we merit a while
Spooned together so lovingly, tactile.
There's that language between us two.
That no other will ever undo,
Two hearts remaining forever true.
Darling, that's how I feel about you.
Love is a moment's word in passing.
To be in love with you is everlasting.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

That First Unsullied Snowdrop...

Love, to what flower do you most aspire?
Love, what flower should I most admire?
Red peonies with lustful conduit desire
Purple crocuses cupped with fire
Or the now, pink foreign, ragged robin,
Breathless; rolling on a country, common.
I'm-like-a-sprig of green Solomon's seal
You're like a single rosebud, so genteel.
Love, to what flower should I aspire?
Love, what flower do you -utmost require?
Be it the foxglove's fleshy advancing spire
Or the honeysuckle tendrils of wire.
Be you, simply May time's forget-me-not
Better still, that first unsullied snowdrop.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

My Soul Is Not Undeterred To Find

Myrrh, frankincense or precious gold:
A swaddling fever to run out the cold,
Truth, dare I not? Agonise mankind.
Loves inflicted weariness so undefined.
The exiled advocate, who leads his fold,
Oughtn't a son to join a king that shined?
With a princely, unabated breath of old:
Fondly do the stars not shiver out their time?
Doesn't disassembling winter's passage refine?
Glories brim-full, enlivening green and bold.
I err, to listen to my soul until I'm dolled
The sunbeams' countless cuts of endless night
More my joy if heaven is perpetually bright.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Being Happy, Childlike

Did you ever love walking silver lanes?
Wet with rain or running in meadows
Tall, lush with buttercup in knee-high strains
Did you wade in a river without clothes?
Hear your own heart trill out loud in the moonlight.
Fight that sibling after playing Broncos.
Ever have a child's life and smite in spite?
All the love and the wonderful grottoes
Did you ever play around a duck pond?
And splash in puddles the longest way home.
Sure, wasn't it just great to leave and abscond?
Ok, sure, wasn't it great then to just idly roam?
What's made your face like a moulding flour sack?
What happened to being happy, childlike, and laid-back?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Brave And Like A Stag Lock Antlers

Love must have an answer to everything.
Now, look. Crying, what good does that do you?
If you fill a well of deep despairing
It'll seep into every avenue.
Sure--enough, your heart will require sutures.
To stem its blackened blood, frothing mouth.
So, be brave and, like a stag, lock antlers.
With the world, be -like deserts - almost drought:
Let cactus flowers open to the sun.
Let your heart and soul be one joyous thorn.
Stabbing life, like a small kitten, smitten.
Somewhat with its ball of lamb's wool; careworn.
Love must have an answer to everything.
Else, what's the point of us … All this bleeding?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Opponents On The Canvas Elate

Love, so brave, it'll punch above its weight.
Stand before the knockout count is over.
Pit opponents on the canvas elate.
Love is something you can't outmanoeuvre.
Love so brave, it wears a matador's cape
That says, 'Cut me, serrate; let me tempt fate.'
I've a date! Destiny, I can't escape.
So, please, girls, with this bullfighter don't prate.
Love so brave, in lyrical tone, verbose
But let's not diminish love in its throes,
When you've relinquished and fallen comatose
Weakened by them, heavenly concertos…
When the fruit of love is upheld aloft
Times after our lovers leave the hayloft.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Each Sash Cord Cut

Love cries out through the windows of her heart.
Where each pane of glass has now been broken
In a soul that would cherish this, upstart:
Her heart wilts; frozen, it bleeds red like Canaan.
Each sash cord cut adds a jail bar - more.
In deserts thrown near suns of ash and dust
She wails, tears as if a musical score.
Instruments symphonic; symbols of lust
Crash tuneless, like wings of a flightless bird
A fallen angel to a godless world
Love bloated once a carrion corpse curd
Now walks among the living dead, heart knurled
A thimble, a needle and thread can repair
Such are the wounds we, desperate lovers, wear.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Do I Warrant Any Faith In My Wings?

Like these terns' aerobatics in the sky
How can my broken heart and I migrate?
Where on the horizon can I fly?
Leave these Salt Lake tears and hope to rehydrate.
Firmly turn my back from this terra firma.
Do I take to wing and fire my slings?
& arrows leave on my own, inertia.
Do I warrant any faith in my wings?
Do I go - take leave of this static air?
Breathe o'er fresh new warm waters uncharted.
Or do I now forget my despair?
Trudge back to my quarters, heavyhearted.
Or like these birds that leave, never look back.
On them, seasoned love affairs; out of whack.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

All The Colours In A Rainbow

How did a bird, all the colours
In a rainbow, come to find us.
How was she discovered, brothers?
Wonders - my love, is this for us?
I promise you gifts like this.
Don't fall out of the magician's cuffs.
Look, look at her reflections of bliss.
How beautiful, how beauteous
How radiant her reflection:
Is she the sun over water?
Mirroring—you, my love, my lover
Look how she hovers, lips sulphur
Supernatural, perfection!
A million years could never alter.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Drunk With Love

If I covertly look into your eyes
I see before me my destiny. Clearly
See both my hands resting on your warm thighs.
See our two lips kissing feverishly.
Believe me, our fortunes are intertwined.
If I look unwaveringly at you
I know our stars are forever aligned.
So just for tonight, I bid you adieu.
But I might come back only to go blind.
And take what I know inside to be mine.
There isn't a soul who hasn't been maligned.
But you're my one and only Valentine.
I wouldn't permit one bad, sullied word.
Even if I, myself, right now, sound slurred.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

That First Unsullied Snowdrop

Love, which flower do you most aspire to?
Love, which flower should I most admire?
Red peonies with lustful, conduit desire
Purple crocuses cupped with fire
Or the now-pink foreign ragged robin,
Breathless; rolling on a country, common.
I'm like a sprig of green Solomon's seal.
You're like a single rosebud, so genteel.
Love, which flower should I aspire to most?
Love, what flower do you most require?
Be it the foxglove's fleshy advancing spire
Or the honeysuckle tendrils of wire.
Be you, simply May Time's forget-me-not
… Better still, that first unsullied snowdrop.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Have The Beauty Of A Wild Hedge Rose

It's not defined or hidden by petals.
Nor demarcated by sharp, wetted thorns.
Her eyes' hypnotic beauty possesses
The stars, like the sky that the sun adorns.
You have the beauty of a wild hedge rose.
I want to prick my thumb, feel all love's woes.
Your heart doesn't require any bedclothes.
You have the spirit of a red, red rose.
Don't want to hold you in any way, of course.
Like the Persian rose, you are the truest source.
But, like the hedgehog, if taken by force
All four petals, frail, will disperse, of course
Love, taken slowly, grows not in deceit,
Gowns - they're for dilettantes in conceit.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When Winter Does, Wrestle Death

When winter does, wrestle death.
Snow lies falling with petals bereft.
Her mantle's a meadow--white lily.
Uprooting stars, in heaven's pity.
Fine, veils of silk are spun to order.
Wheeling moths—circle and flutter
Then they Ferris-wheel across the border.
Our souls are curdled in God's butter.
When winter does, wrestle death.
No heart will beat in shadows bereft.
The feeble will draw a second breath.
When winsome-winter wrestles death
The old cudgelled wings, given new,
Give them their goodbyes; say adieu.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Rose Petals At My Feet

Rose petals at my feet look destitute.
They're strewn all around my front garden path.
They swirl like clouds trying to reconstitute.
It pangs my heart that in their aftermath
Once again, this summer draws to an end.
And my own, Damask Rose, I gave my heart.
Didn't open; wasn't for a minute, my friend.
Rose petals at my feet will now depart.
& winter shall arrive with snow & sleet
Spring & summer will come, never again.
Love-deprived, I shouldn't settle for conceit.
Remembering a once-glowing, warm gem.
Rose petals at my feet foretell our end.
No longer in this rose can I pretend?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shades Og Grey

You know, we are all the same shade of grey.
I guess only the strength of the sunlight
It's different when we're anchors aweigh.
It's the same destination and gunfight.
It's to the same port, chasing the same loot.
Using the same sad bait, but possibly
Or maybe played out on another flute.
Or tune; maybe just, just impossibly
Made that little bit harder for a few,
As hard as breathing, living on the moon
Many shades of grey can subdue.
You have to ask and choose a costume.
Who will you be? What will you wear, between
White and black, will you be glaucous or gleam?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Soulmates

What if we were raindrops together?
Emerging, we then fell out of our heaven.
Separated, ah, yes, but not within.
Say we're detached, yet birds of a feather.
We can fall and freeze just as snowflakes do.
But on our descent, we'll follow each other.
In our spiral falls, we'll sleep as soul mates.
Melting into each other, my lover.
Say, wouldn't it be fun if we were hailstones?
Falling on the heads of those living ghosts.
All waxy, pale, and cold, frozen to the bone.
Hey, say love; wouldn't it be something to boast about?
If we were tears in two lovers' happy eyes,
Laughing loudly, looking up through these skies.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Monday Morning Traffic

What is it with Monday morning traffic?
And it's hurly-burly psychopathic-
Panic to cut each other up and honk horns
With ferrous looks and scowling scorn
Cursing under our breath and cussing…
Red-faced with a foul temper erupting,
Blaring-inside I'm sick of these moronic plebs.
Under the guise of a 10: 30 am deadline, it's enough
That our eyes are heavy and we're feeling near dead.
That it's been planned months and weeks ahead.
What's with this need to leave late and arrive early?
In a grumbling rage to overtake and not stop at 30.
Could it be we are all routinely neutered?
Only to be left with our distant selves in masquerade.
You look cut off, abandoned, and unhappy.
But honestly, there's no need to feel so crappy.
It's only Monday morning traffic, be happy.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Blow Out Its Cheeks And Rage

Where does the wind reside?
Where on Earth does it go?
Does it circle the causeway rocks?
Does it reside in County Antrim?
Does it enter a cavern and slovenly sleep?
Like a snail within its spiral walls
Did it charter a rainbow to a rainbow's end?
Does it hush its breath and dream its death?
But then blow out its cheeks and rage.
Rage-at-the-moon, rage-at-the-sun
Because it can't find rest, it can't find peace,
Peace in the heart or soul of anything or anyone.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

We'll Beat Our Wings Against The Weather

What shapes and frames us
Cannot contain us
For we are like butterflies on a maiden flight.
Leaping into the vast unknown
Refracting back our eternal effervescent light
Like ragtime music played on an old gramophone
We'll beat our wings against the weather.
And envision a brighter future a million times better.

And the rain, it can fall; it can bounce right back.
Because I'm telling you today, I'm feeling glad.
Nothing's going to make me sad.
Nothing's going to make me mad.
Nothing's going to change or dampen my mood.
Nothing's going to take my plate of food.
Nothing's going to make a fool out of me today.
Today I'm going to make rainbows my play.
And sing all those blues away; sing them far away.

PoemHunter.com

What shapes and frames us
Cannot contain us
We are a butterfly, every one of us.
Today, my cocoon is breaking open.
And my wings are baking dry in a sunny breeze.
And any second now, I'm going to fly.
So don't you tell me how low or how high
Because any second now, my hungry fat caterpillar
I am destined to soar weightless beyond that yonder blue sky.

Mark. A Heathcote

Take And Tug Back Control

Take and tug back control
When does a butterfly
Take and tug back control.
Brutally blown this way and that
Steadily somersaulting
Under an invisible spell
I sense it's on an explorative
Journey to discover its weft
Its length of silk, its weight in gold
Own primordial unfolding goal
When does a butterfly
Change course with the intended purpose.
Knowing what flowers allure
Have the best of all hearts.
My, how they flutter about!
Directionless, then settle.
With such artful, vibrant finesse
Weightless in zero gravity
Through an open-dressed flora door
Could this be one day, you and me?
Could I ask to be weightless?
Have zero-plus gravity one day with you.
Fasten and affix your delicate feet.
Your arms around my waist
My amber, sacred heart, my love.
When does a butterfly
Play out its last tug of war.
And pin its heart to the wall.
Never to fall
With such artful, vibrant finesse
Weightless in zero gravity
Settle to find peace,
It will never experience a refresh again.

Mark. A Heathcote

Birds Are Nesting The World Over

Birds are nesting the world over.
Shoulder to shoulder.
Between the desert and the sea,
The sky and the land,
The mountains and the forest
As far as the eye can see.
Something greater than us fetters -
The spume of that great oceanic sea,
Hatching these unborn stars;
Star's newly born
Above you and me.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shooting Stars

Shooting stars enter and vanish in the sky.
Join the Milky Way and then die.
The world is a prismatic window-
Ever-evolving, ever-changing
Sometimes eventful, other times fragmental,
Nothing you can hold firm for certain.
Nothing you can call your own,
Every whispered wish is a hurricane cut adrift.
Emptying its heart, spinning in the dark.
Till a shooting star is embedded like a spark
And ignites the firmament, the atmosphere
And your soul
Rather than vanishing, it is a burning sphere.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Nestled Closer To The Dark

I'm going to my winding sheet.
But not before I close my eyes.
Only because I need to rest.
And I can't stand lies.

You know it's dark. When—
Even the giraffes can't see the stars.
And I've stretched my neck so far.
I can't close my tired eyes.

Even when my heart
Wants only to reside in its sin
Nestled closer to the dark
So, I say sometimes let it all begin.

But like I say, I can't, so
What can I do but linger on?
Till I'm crushed by something,
More concrete than a loitering spark.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Precious Gold

What is gold but the fruit of suns long gone?
They're the nuggets of stars that have shone.
Passed into Aeon's their own, nightfall.
Have smelted away into this little haul.
Beautiful, how frightfully precious, how small
These bands of love are bound together with all.
Placed on a book, worn with oaths bygone.
Here now, never to fade but to shine hereon.
Forever and forever, until death do we part.
Or spiral down into that black hole, quick smart.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Hadron Collider

We are all in a hadron collider.
But I was hoping you could take me to the stars.
I want you to go supernova in my arms.
I'm so nervous, I'm trembling inside.
I'm experiencing a lot of internal vibration.
Many emanations shape my mind and world.
Right now, I'm in touching distance from heaven.
Hearing heavenly harps interspersed
With heavily beating tachycardic hearts.
We are on a collision course to kiss.
We are on our own, particle accelerator.
Circling this universe, just about to starburst.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Paths Of Love

Had I walked within your dream
Across its meadows, wet sheen
Serpentine as a windblown moth
In all its dizzy-hot loves wroth.

Would I feign a far-flung malaise?
Would I dare hold back bouquets?
Walk silently on washed-out shores.
Whispering delinquently to be yours,

If divinely now my soul is damned
What lease of time should I now save?
But for fallen embers, clammed
In a kernel, evergreens, outbrave

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

How Wrong Was I

Once, I came close to your magnum opus.
I thought I was your inspiration.
How wrong was I?
Once, I came close to your whispering soul.
I thought I was its constellation.
How wrong was I?
Once, I came close to the vortex of your heart.
But I never entered; you didn't want me there.
Oh, how I drowned in deep despair.
Once, I thought you could be mine.
And I thought, Silly me, I could fly.
Oh, how wrong I was
I fell hard like a stone from on up high.
But never could I nullify her.
So my heart learnt to live in mourning every night.
Wishing one day she might even feel the same way.
Oh, how I drowned in deep despair.
Once, I thought she could be mine.
And then I thought, Silly me, I could fly.
Oh, how wrong was I?

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Exoskeleton

You must be my exoskeleton.
Because whenever you leave me, I fall.
Because when you're not there to be found
I'm like a small child, looking around for you.

It's become clear to me you're like oysters to me.
You're an aphrodisiac
Your mouth and tongue contain amino acids.
That triggers sexual hormones, I can't live without them.
Whenever I see you, I am required to wear gravity boots.
To anchor me, hold me upright, and support my legs.

Oh, you must be my exoskeleton.
Because I'm floating into outer space.
I'm lost; I'm all at sea.
I'm a jellyfish weak at the knees without life support.

Oh, it's become clear to me.
You're like the air that fills my lungs.
Oh, it behoves me to kiss you.
And drown in your sea, even if it's full of rebuffs…
It's you who buoys me, understands me.
Oh, you must be my exoskeleton.
Oh, tell me now how you love the bones of me.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

For The Tomboy Who Liked To Call Herself Jimmy

Katharine Hepburn at her chiselled youthful best
Frankly, wasn't she eye-catching in a peculiar way?
Her eyes, their gaze, unashamedly transfixed me.
It was a spell just anticipating where next -
They would jolt and come to rest. To me
She seemed otherworldly, like a cannonball that's
About to be fired - not in anger or destruction.
Simply to astonish and awaken the dulled senses
Simply as to jettison through the stratosphere,
Show that any one of us can fly and be immortally idolised.

Hepburn was a force of nature, a precious talent.
She was like a bushfire burning out of pure devilment.
Or smiling with satisfaction at a tempestuous hurricane
That would righteously carve its unique path.
Hepburn was a woman I came to greatly admire.
She was to epitomise the 20th century, the 'modern woman'.
In the United States, but she was more than that?
She was an assertive woman, a torchbearer for the future.
She was indeed headstrong and spirited and yet grounded.
And yet thought while taking her daily ice baths,
'The more bitter the medicine, the better it was for you.'

Mark. A Heathcote

There's No End To My Life

There's no end to my life.
As a mother and wife
Mum, where's my shoe?
Son, you're making me blue.
Mum, can I have a lolly?
Son stops mucking about in the trolley.
Mum, can we go to the park?
Son, it's going dark.
Mum - No, it isn't - Mum
Yes, it is, son.
No, it isn't - Mum
There's no end to my life.
As a mother and wife
O Love! Where are my socks?
Darling, I don't know. Love, set the clocks.
Love, pass me the remote.
Yes, darling… Love! Can you make some tea?
O, Love, run me a bath.
Yes.
…Darling…
He sees her seething wrath.
She finally rests and sleeps at last.
Mum - mum - mum
Johnny's been sick
There's no end to my life.
As a mother and wife.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Mother Says Get On With It

Tell me, how many attempts does it take?
To spread these wings to find my buoyancy
Trembling at the thought of falling, I quake.
Mother says Get on with it, poignantly.

She tells me I need to go and when to leave.
Son follows your nose wherever it goes.
Take to the air; see what you can achieve—
Gather all your strength up before the snows.

I've cried so hard, I'm now newly baptised.
Robin-redbreast; here her heart agonised
I've brooded long enough now about what is best.
Mother says, Get on with it; leave my breast.

Go, go and join those other dispossessed
I've done well by you; now do well by me.
Head northwest, son, or even head southwest.
But by me, do your very, very best.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

I Am A Flame

I am a flame that has danced a warpath.
I am a flame that has flickered and faded out of sight.
I am a flame that has danced in humble grace.
I am a flame that has burnt to leave no trace.
I am a flame that has let ego lead the way.
And faced an eternal disgrace without any roads
Any roads to save the day?
I am a flame that has left everyone behind.
I am a flame that has thrown away my name.
To find what truly binds me to this empty place
I am a flame that has trod its barren path.
I am a flame that has passion burning in its bones.
Even today, more than I had yesterday.
And especially tonight, such are mortals made of clay.
I am a flame that has to outshine the darkness.
But though I failed, I stayed on the same path.
Because what else am I to do?
Other than throwing away my burning heart
And admit all my mistakes as though they're hidden charms.
Glowing embers that have taken to rest without a spark.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Am Just Thunder And Lightning

I am just thunder and lightning coming to life.
Coming to strike and light a fire in the night
I am just a fire circle about to break at the seams.
And shake up your life and stick to you like glue.

Oh, darling, do you love me too?
Oh, darling, do you feel the sunshine and the rain?
Is one more than the other?
Oh, darling, which are you feeling more like today?

I am just thunder and lightning coming to life.
In April, after the snow
That's when I like to clap my hands.
And start living again, fast and then slow.

But, darling, I'll never leave you again.
Let's not pretend that I'll ever go.
Let's not pretend there's a sunset.
Because I love you more than you'll ever know.

PoemHunter.com

Love, I can be dark and breezy for your heart and soul.
But darling, I'll never let you go.
Because I am afraid of thunder and lightning.
Love, darling, I could never let you go.

You are a part of my heart and soul.
Darling, don't you know?
I am just thunder and lightning coming to life.
Coming to strike and light a fire in your heart, oh, oh.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Will Not Dance To The Sorrow Of Your Song

I will not dance to the sorrow of your song.
I will not worry if my guitar is tuned.
Oh, darling, none of your love affirmations
Will keep my heart and soul intact or amused.

So, I live my life without any regrets.
So, if you hang me out to dry,
Believe me, I won't cry.
But darling, you might suddenly die.

In a crystal thread of diamonds
Kisses dewily wet, laced with poison.
It might be posted on your eyelids
But, baby, I'll still have no regrets.
If tomorrow you're toast if you're dead.
And your face looks cold and ghostly blue.

I will not dance to the sorrow of your song.
I will not worry if my guitar isn't properly tuned.
If the base is too high
And you feel I'm driving you crazy.
Oh, darling, none of your love affirmations

It will save my heart and soul
Darling, in a spider's web
You'd be better off with a black widow spider's bite.
Leaving you dead
Because I will not spin you another lifeline thread
And I'll be more deadly than a rattlesnake.

When you've been bitten for the first time
Love, you'll be like a horse with four hooves.
Beating around a race track
About to have a heart attack
Kept alive because you've only circled the track once with me
Looking for closure, because I was too wild and hot for you
On the first time around that track.

Mark. A Heathcote

After The Storm

After the storm, they must count the fatalities.
Remember this tragedy with other tragedies.
And weep like they have never wept before.
While some souls will rest on the seafloor

Others resurface on the beach recumbent.
Washed ashore like an unclaimed migrant
But don't let that fool you; they were all loved.
And believe me, none of them will go unwashed.

Gravestones commemorate those who perished.
Sit above sheer cliffs of a wide horseshoe coast,
The sky and gulls cry for sailors who once were cherished,
Fell foul of rogue waves that don't grace a riposte

And has the last gurgling laugh, word in this world
Where mothers cradle their sons, their grandsons
And wives clutch their husbands like a broken bird.
A phantom of the sea who swam down fathoms

PoemHunter.com

Hoping to find buoyancy
To live joyously once again
Hoping to live head above the waves once again
Wanting to be saved, knowing there's none to blame.
That fear won't fill the coffers at the table.
A fisherman's life is rewarding but perilous and glacial.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Stars Are Shining On Me Today

Beaming like a crescent moon in mid-July
The stars are shining on me today.
Her comeliness takes my breath away.
Love heavenliness; I surely do testify.
How can I not know with all this invective?
Speaking of beauty, how does one not weigh?
How pleasing it is without loathsomeness.
I can look into these heavens and purvey
A million stars, but all would be grotesque
Compared with her, a light never dispossessed

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Caterpillars & Butterflies

May all your kisses be sweeter?
Then any red, intoxicating wine
May you devour me like a caterpillar?
And your heartbeat is like a butterfly.

May we cocoon discreetly together?
Twirling out our precious time
May we entirely forget polite demeanour?
And thereby, emulsify our undying love.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

My Heart Will Always, Always Be Yours

Your love is my one garment.
The wearer of my soul
My heart doesn't have any fire retardant.
Darling, it is you and you alone.

That my life burns to a cinder for
Your love is my one guiding covenant.
To you, I pledge my life forevermore.
With you forevermore, I am yours forever, constant.

My love might be an insolvent gamble.
In earthly wealth, I might always be poor.
But my loyalty to you won't be compromised.
My heart will always, always be yours.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Chapter Story: Your Eternal Lover

Love isn't a departure from oneself.
It's merely the start of a new chapter.
It's a page-turning story that compels
Us into feeling another's rapture.

It's a book that, as yet, isn't written.
Impels us to open like a flower
It's the heart's prayer answered by attrition.
Tilling deserts with a water dowser.

It's that changeling child held in your heart.
Held to your breast, that once you've held and kissed
You can't resist; you can't now impart
To tell them, go else you'll not exist.

As they've now become the binding cover
Chapter story: Your eternal lover.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

As Karma Has Two Halves

Lying here with you
If I do go home before you
Lay here and wait for me.
As I wait for you,
Could you please wait for me?
As I am lying here in wait for you?
Lay here and wait for me.
And I'll take you into my arms.
Lying here with you
Maudling as the morning dew
Let me go… before you.
And believe me when I say
I'll be sleeping in your arms.
As karma has two halves.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When Her Opulence Nears

At the stroke of midnight, under moonlight.
Calm envelops my darkest fears.
Gazing tranquilly amidst the starlight
When her opulence nears.

She's why my hand doesn't, except
Misfortune, why my soul concedes
There is more under heaven & earth.
The eye intercepts without conceits.

So, aware am I of my imperfections.
As I take her hand in my heart
So aware am I of my cold inflexions.
And the dark sides I must discard.

But I can't leave her blossom unpicked.
Love's destiny is like polished stone.
Beauty cascades over all hardness.
Softening, rocks into soft, fine loam.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Barefoot Instalments

You came to me in barefoot instalments.
Like a moth to its hidden lair.
Each time you left, a little more powder
The right amount of disrepair.

Enough to miss each wanton second.
That didn't quite last long enough.
Enough that I'd later follow, beckoned
By hearts, ever-decreasing puffs.

You came to me in barefoot instalments.
Like a moth to its hidden lair.
Now I run to you. Through the streetlights,
Falling madly deep into your snare.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Ask Him, Victor Frankenstein, Your Next Best Friend

He was a creature unlike any other.
An assemblage of body parts, my brother.

And Victor Frankenstein was his evil name.
Created and won a wager; it was a claim.

Created by Mary, pried away from her breast
Yes, Mary Shelley, you wrought horrors of unrest.

Laid bare, fully opened his casket—revile.
How was it possible that you wrote a book so vile?

Even today, it's the greatest horror writ
The worst of it is that they can do it and omit.

Doesn't every part matter as a counterfeit?
They still make work of each and every part to fit.

Sow one face to another; where will it end?
Ask him, Victor Frankenstein, your next best friend.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Tears Of Oil, Crushed Myrrh

My love is fraying away.
Unpicked threads daily
Unravelling her endless yarns
Talking almost incessantly
My love is now unstitching.
Every past argument we've had.
'There are times it is enriching,

She is driving me quite mad.'
I think, O God, I love her.

Then, I wait for her deft sigh
Tears of oil crushed myrrh.
Ask why you made me cry.
It's then that I gently kiss her.
When she's feeling more demure.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Self-Portrait

Love isn't a guise or a disguise.
My love for you isn't a prop or a backdrop.
I fan the flames that fire your heart.
Am I not that landscape, within and without?
Am I not the canvas?
The self-portrait in oils you've longed to paint
I tautly stretched the cloth to the frame.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Truly, There Are Never Two Of Anything

A caterpillar's journey
It is unlike any others.
But principally, it's
Like two birds entwined, engaged in lovemaking
Truly, there are never two of anything
It is always the one, becoming the one.
Even in coupling, all sources are cocooning mirrors.
Rainbows appear when sunlight is refracted.
Through any prism, life is no different in spirit.
The soul's life - isn't it a raindrop's evaporation?
The rainbow we see when
Our chrysalis is also eternally open.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I'm A Thorn In The Side Of Love

Oh, I'll write a hundred gazelles?
Each flower's unopened bud
unlocks those intense passions
that desire busting, hereof.

And yes, I will draw your blood
those last few pulsating drops of love.

I'm a thorn in the side of love
press me deeply, and I will delve
into the fires that bleed blood
press deeper, love unawares.

And yes, I will draw your blood
those last few pulsating drops of love.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Cup Half-Full

I now fear nothing can be enhanced.
Now I have a cup half-filled at last.
How can a water lily's reflection
Be more refined and crystal clear.
Now that's it, it's sitting up unapologetic.
Above, pondering the still blue air.
The cycle of life - isn't it prophetic?
We live; we die, in poetic states of abjection.
And our lust is an additional stratosphere.
Like flower stalks stretching to Apollo
Likewise, we're a submerged waterlily.
I guess all it wants to do, then, is to follow.
These cups & saucers are brimming too full, spilling over.
And like her, not too shabbily either.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Love Has No

Love has no boundaries.
No wall, no fences, no enemies
Love has no trenches.
No bows or arrows
No silly, childish jealousies.

Love hasn't created any disparities.
No axes to grind, no one to undermine
nor has it any penalising penalties
Love has no favourites.
No hidden agenda irregularities.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Lore Of A Spider

It is the lore of a spider to make a trap.
Why is it that people want to control others?
Do they also live as spiders do?
Spinning webs to ensnare others
And feel it is them who are in control
I do not wish to live as others do.

But I am treated with suspicion and contempt.
People are like scorpions given the opportunity.
They'll bite and sting you and be done with you.
Like they aren't the ones trapped in a web.
Invited, they can spin their webs in my doorway
Because I am neither confined to stay nor go
I am the fly that puts no bars around its home.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Her Moods Are Volatile Announcements

Her moods are like ever-changing rain clouds.
Some days I want to float with her.
And whatever enshrouds, I'm happy inside.
Drifting over oceans and deserts bestir …
And not spill a drop of blood, not a residue, a tear
Some days, I'm happy for her to chauffeur.

But her moods are like volatile announcements.
Some days, there's this dark thunder inside.
That disembowels and leaves no place to hide
Her disappointments were tearfully exemplified.
Her emotions are lightning bolts electrified
When a storm must give up being soundless.

It's then I want to run.
And take cover and shelter…
It's then, as now, I feel the cold. It's then, it's then.
It's then I wonder, will the sun ever shine again…
Oh, her moods are like ever-changing rain clouds.
Yes, the subject is sore; at times, it's a game of volleyball.
But that only makes me want to love her more.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shadow Rung Out Of Bloom

Oh, how I wish death weren't prolonged.
Where are you going, my heart of wonder?
Chasing gentian folk, lightning-tongued
Now that the rising pain starts to thunder

So still the pause in the flicker of death's eyes.
So quick-fan-flamed, the fire kilns bake up our skies.
Youth in her wax burns out at both ends of life.
'That these daughters of mischance give up being wives.'

Beauty was her enigma, once cherished to the last.
How she's ageing older now haunts a bitter flask!
How cold this elongated sun's eclipse by the moon.
Love - isn't death just a shadow, wrung out of bloom?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

We Aren't Just Dead Flowers In A Lalique Glass Vase

Reaching into the hourglass
Emptying the sand out
There's always a tomorrow.
With an external hand
But in your heart, there's
Never been a moment of play.
All that stands between us
Now it is slipping away.
But in your heart, it's
Never been a little acorn.
Sometimes, love is a sailboat.
Adrift around Cape Horn
Sometimes you've got to hold on.
With both hands for dear life,
At the end of it all, she's the one.
Wanted for strife
It seems when time is ebbing
And flowing away at pace
We'll remember by God's grace.
We, too, are stardust in space.
We aren't just dead flowers.
In a Lalique glass vase.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Botanists

She ran headlong far away in disgust.
From her prize dahlia, like it had black flies.
Was it withered up when about to hybridise?
Couldn't she spare some water for its dust?
What's happening that you are this robust?
Uncaring, why snap it then so obliquely?
A thing that wasn't yours, completely, not chiefly.
My sweet 'Flower' comes; let us not mistrust.
Yes, of course, let us look out for earwigs.
Other bugs, yes, we need to stake it, cane it.
Manure it; give plenty of love and care.
That's when it transfixes all those glitches.
Seen, unveiled by judges, who'll approve it?
Say it's the best on the show, way beyond compare.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Lion's Cave

Do I remember the day we met?
I forget what day it was, what time it was,
where I was, but in my heart, I became a dancer.
I became a dancing creature, amazed in the meadow watching you.
So much like a cat, a big yellow cat with big round emerald eyes
and after we made love, and you made all those sweet promises
Oh, how I was wailing like a yapping puppy dog.
When those raindrops spangled silver and gold.
And drenched us through all coaxing with whispers
Oh, how much I loved you.
You turned my world into a honey-coated amber dream.
When you pulled me near
Oh, my dear one.
It was then the bee's honey melted in the mouth of the lion's cave.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Peacock Princess Dance

Let's be frank, worlds are doing cartwheels.
At the tremulous click of her heels.
Whilst doing her "peacock dance", spinning wheels
What superimposes, anneals
We're all wearing heavy shoes, watching you
Glide-like kinetic energy,
All spirituality imbues
… (In a hurricane trajectory) …
The calm within the storm, tangible
Washes over me; touches us all…
Like a dervish, the dress is intangible
Spinning, keeping us all enthralled.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Harvest Moon

Let me touch and kiss you like an apple blossom.
Let my two lips wind like black centipedes.
Serpentine your spine; let me be Merlin.
Ah, listening, magically... the reeds.

Whilst your music bends the chords
Let us cocoon-spin silk spider webs.
On never-ending spools, bridge these fjords.
Let me phosphor and glow in your heart's inlets.

Let me love you; be the flower's stamen.
In your heart, let me be your harvest moon.
Like Earth, bring me along in fixation.
Tell me you love me; my elations bloom.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

There Is A Rose In Every Candle

There is a rose in every candle flame
Where the heat is at its highest point
It's here my love & I meet to reclaim
Our ceremonial oils and anoint…
Set alight this butane in another.
Again, like beeswax honeycombed
We are inseparable, yet juxtaposed
Melting as wax flows into the lava.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Control Things Beyond Our Control

We all want to control things beyond our control.
To our detriment, we push and pull in all directions.
And yet, as the fabric of our lives unfolds
It unravels with every tug, so what am I to do?
If I do nothing, I am uncaring and like an autumn tree.
My fruit is windblown and discarded.
And I am left without a single leaf to call my own.
If I am weak and malleable, I am a doormat.
Lost to myself in a house of disrespect, disobedience.
Where I might be uprooted and thrown aside
Life is a teacher; people are our teachers, too.
I know only that I wish I had nothing more to learn.
But around every corner, there's another lesson
Until your release date from the house of correction.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Amongst The Snowdrifts

Amongst the snowdrifts,
I see you like a dandelion-seed, spendrift.
And I ask myself, do you not desire this union?
With each bonding aspect of our journey together
Each soul-searching moment has me melting.
Holding on to the Earth, seeing you almost spiritual.
Seeing you, almost like an empty vessel, a ghost.

Okay, so I follow you, without as much as a whisper.
To watch you closer as the snow falls thick and faster
As the snow falls faster and faster
Oh, where did your footsteps go?
Oh, where did you lose your glass slipper
Were you just an apparition all along?
Losing you with every false step I take only prolongs this walk.

Into the quickening dark.
Oh, were you once a catalyst spark?
An illusion, an ignition kickstarting my dead heart
If only in my haste, my self-deception
I could have closed my eyes.
And lost you from my compass from the very start.
But my heart is untroubled, it may always fast.

Mark. A Heathcote

Amidst The Gulf Of Dire Straits, Sirens Sing

Amidst the gulf of dire straits, sirens sing.
Come, risk your hearts, young men, and drown.
Have faith; you need not be saved or found.
Salvation is in our arms. Come, thrash each limb.

Come, risk it all and be locked in a bubble, a kiss.
And be embraced like the waves beneath the moon.
Come, risk all and swim into love's last monsoon.
A new deliverance will adorn you in the abyss.

Come, risk it all; I've heard your heart drown.
Come, swim and join me like the frolicking dolphin.
Come, love, come; come freely; let us not bargain.
Come, love, I sing the sirens' call; do not frown.

Come, I am lonesome; throw away your compass.
Come, love, come, come -listen to my song.
Open like a conch shell to my eternal song.
A song of eternal love is in my arms, unbiased.

PoemHunter.com

All barges will be without deckhands and terror.
Come, love, be strong and show me your true desire.
Come, love, come, love, I'll douse your every fire.
We will take this plunge to the depths together.

Mark. A Heathcote

Tallow In The Snow

A candlestick must be lit before you go.
It must be placed in the melting snow.
There you'll watch the shadows dance.
And watch its melting tallow drip, perchance.

You imagine all life must quiver in its glow.
Till the wick no longer administers a deathblow
There you'll watch the moonlight meander.
Quicksilver in a river, flaming like an oleander

There, too, will you dare touch the orange flame?
And call upon what little beast you sadly tame.
To rage against the cold and forbid it to melt
There too will you open your heart and be smelt

Smelted into a fire, liquid gold full of desires.
There too will your fire dance in the briers
Melted ore, put to the blacksmith's many hammers
And then maybe you'll be the cat's pyjamas.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

And Now There Is A Rainbow Leading Our Parade

From angels to birds
The singing is heard.
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Have you heard the word?

Have you heard the singing?
Have you seen the sacrificial lamb?
Have you captured a sacred ibis?
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

Have you heard the word?
Or have you taken the Fifth Amendment?
What good will your silence do?
What good will your hatred bring?

Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Devils are fallen.
Men of vice are jailed.
And someone close to you is singing.

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Hallelujah, hallelujah.
A new day is dawning.
Salvation is at hand.
If you can pray with both your hands

Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Have you not heard the singing?
The church bells are ringing.
The world is at a crossroads, and Jesus Christ is winning.

Hallelujah, hallelujah.
There is singing in the streets.
There is dancing in the brigade.
And now there is a rainbow leading our parade.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Military Garden

The Military Garden
Has me questioning
Is there any rest for the dead?
Does a military medal
Give true thanks to our crestfallen heroes.
Their gravestones stand on guard.
Even now, show forbearance.
Beyond all normal tolerances
It's remarkable how many there are.
Row upon row, row upon row,
In a banded uniform brotherhood
It has me questioning.
Is there any real rest for our war dead?
When they gave so much.
It feels like a chess game.
With no winning names
And 'checkmates' are everywhere.
Only the board is left.
When all the knights are tumbling
And all the pawns and bishops
Have been castled, and the queen-
Has relinquished her crown
Only the black and white board is left.
Like here in The Military Garden.
And a King of souls, turning your face a teary red.
Giving thanks to our crestfallen heroes
Now risen in the ranks of the dead.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

On Seeing A Precious Jewel

Deep from within her grave
At Brompton Cemetery,
As the rain turned to sleet
And then a light dusting of snow,
Emmeline Pankhurst was heard.
In her immortal, now ghostly throws
Lecturing about women's rights.

As I remember her dreaming, seeing
The burning, charred feet of a crow
Claws wrapped around a molten sun
On seeing a precious jewel
She wishes beyond all things to possess
And caws out no more time for building nests
When the blackthorn comes into flower

And, I hear her holler, not sing, I wonder
Did she ever truly manage
To prise out her lustrous treasure
Would it not have been much easier?
For her to feather her vampish nest
Then to caw and claw at the distant sun
And devour a potted moon, a melting snowflake.

Orbiting the Earth, I would hope-
In time, there would be equal governance.
Equal rule. A blind awakening
A song sung by one and all.
An equality party, I am sure.
It would win my vote and never need
Another opposition day, come what may.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

A Great Garden Of Sleep

Some folks do say
That strange things happen hereabouts
When the sun goes down and the moon
Resides in heavenly clouds
Some folks do say that the country's finest.
Gardens of eternal rest
A great garden of sleep resides in us all
It rests at your doorstep with a burnished red rose.
Where the phantoms of some graveyard
Go searching, looking for a new head valet
Wanting you tied and enslaved to the post.
To tend to a noble person, his clothes and shoes
Only you're still alive, bumbling around.
And haven't yet received the welcome good news.
And yet feed a burnished red rose some more manure.
And hope it will still recover and truly flower at best.
A rose of split colour like a love-struck fool.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Nymph Acantha

Thorny leaves that represent pain,
Sin and punishment, and enduring life
These are what's left after scratching Apollo's face
Rebuff his continued advances
And you, too, could be transformed-
Into Acanthus, the Bear's Britches.

Acantha means thorn, a name-
Associated with beauty and tenacity,
She was a nymph well-loved.
By the god Apollo, but he turned her
Into a plant with spiny leaves
Lest her femininity, the female soft linen
More like a flowering wand with a thorny crown.

So, don't snub Apollo to his face.
Or you, too, might grace Lime Avenue.
At Brompton Cemetery, London,
In the finest gardens of eternal rest.
There might your possessions be lying in a basket,
And acanthus plants the Bear's Britches.
Growing around your closed tomb.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

There Is A Serpent In The Night

There is a circular serpent swallowing its tail.
Representing eternal life in the gated catacombs
Of Brompton Cemetery, London, which houses
Both saints and sinners alike.
That leaves its lair to visit the foot of my bed.
Its eyes spin a hypnotic, piercing spell around my room.
It takes on the form of slow-moving, velvet green curtains,
The moonlit orange painted anaglypta wallpaper, and
Its eyes are embossed, burning upon my own.
Like glowing paper lanterns on fire.

It whispers, Child, I dare you to sleep.
To close your eyes or weep.
Child, I will visit you nightly now, each midnight hour
Like a growing purple trumpet vine flower
At the foot of your bed, and coil around your feet.
I'll entwine your torso and your mouse-like soul.
And swallow you whole from head to tail.
Child, you and I will be as one, like kin.

PoemHunter.com

I'll dine on your fears and consume
All your bitter, briny tears, and you will be drained
Of your warm blood and turn to marble stone,
Cold to the touch like my clammy, supple superior skin.
But by the time you no longer cry
And I no longer care to visit you,
The world will hold no more tears or fears for you.

Death will be like a newborn cradled in your arms,
Suckling in the night. Gazing at serpent eyes,
All cried out as incredible, as dead stars
Rebirthed, still possessed of eternal light.
And it will whisper back to me in the darkness
From the shadows under the bed to the catacombs;
The skulls of saints and sinners, I know
Sit on the shelf and beneath the bed sheets of mist
That sinks into oil wells like dead eye sockets.
You have nothing more to fear than life itself.

Mark. A Heathcote

A Letter Of Love

There is a letter of love.
That cannot be opened in your heart
It is sealed within
You'll be able to surmise its content.
Only if you imagine
It contains no ill will towards you or others.
But how can this be achieved?
It is like imagining a tree adorned with leaves.
After the fall, and dining on its fruit.
Having saved a seed
And grown another tree in its place.
Such letters exist in us all, not to be read.
But to be realised as having blind faith,
The virtue of light and hope,
Never to be sacrificed in the mirage's smoke.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Left Only With A Song

Slaves were made destitute of their homes.
Their ancestors and their world were left only with a song.
To remember where they came from.
Left with only a song nestling in their breast.

The limb of a flowering bough dripping with dew
The fragrance of remembrances, kissing-embrace
The tears of a birthplace that still remembers
A wellspring of souls chained together without chains.

Such songs are not all hearts made of
Such songs are freely sung by creeks and rivers
Such songs are freely sung by the oceans of the universe
That pushes and pulls and binds all together.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Have No Recollection Of Who

I am filtered between the cracks of my soul.
Like a broken urn unearthed.
With the remnants of the ashes
That once danced in the flames
The hands that hold me now and shape me
In the past, they were firm but gently placed around me.

I feel the clay that once formed my entire body warming.
It resembles a memory of a loved one.
But I have no recollection of who.
But I hear a recognisable voice inaudible to many.
Whispering, don't worry; I won't drop you.
And I know exactly how to fix all those cracks.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Always A Candle Extinguished

Love was always a candle extinguished.
Leaving little or no afterglow.
Leaving little known from long ago
But it was different instantly with you.
It was like discovering the Star of Bethlehem.
And after each answered prayer.
All that could be heard was a holy amen.
Echoing again and again
In the chambers of your heart and soul

Love was always a candle extinguished.
Leaving little or no afterglow.
Till it was seeded, flourishing after snow and ice
Till it had been incarcerated and put on the coals
But it was different instantly with you.
It was like discovering the Star of Bethlehem.
And after each answered prayer.
All that could be heard was a holy amen.
Echoing again and again
In the chambers of your heart and soul

Love was always a candle extinguished.
Leaving little or no afterglow.
But with you, it was a supernova.
Two binary stars are now locked in orbit.
For always and forever, together.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

How Much Love You Alone Bring Into It

Amongst the snowdrifts, I see you.
A mysterious white snow queen,
Icy, yet warmly enticing
You are hardly in focus.
And yet, I dare not blink.
In the event a curtain is fully drawn.
Always superfluous, butterflies are all around me.
But I want to put my faith in you.
And imagine for just one second,
You too won't melt away from my heart or view.
And now there is a division of white noise
between us to contend with.
As well as my poetry,
The world enjoys building invisible walls.
Walls you can't eradicate, no matter
How much love you alone bring into it.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Along The Shortest Distance?

To accelerate your soul
On its winding path.
What would you do?
What would you do?
Would you travel like light?
Along the shortest distance?
Would you avoid mingling?
Fraternising with waifs and strays?
Avoid the barflies
And the maggots of society.
As though it was your destiny
To become truly a butterfly.
What would you do?
What would you do?
To repel evil and all the wrong choices
The lies of the ego of corruption
When a weakness becomes your vice,
Your inner strength and peace
And your demise,
And you defend it to the hilt
With your last breath
And then the next defeat.
Do you despise yourself for meandering, of course?
Or do you almost understand
It's all a part of your evolution?
That even light must sometimes bend
And realign to find its true path again.

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Putin, what is your alibi?

Putin, what is your alibi?
Doesn't it make you want to cry?
Doesn't it make you want to lie down and die?
Did you not hear what Pope Francis said?

In the name of God, stop this massacre.
You're carrying more dung around with you.
than an earthworm, a lily beetle, more blood
even than a mosquito or that of a bloodworm
'Isn't that true? '
Putin, does it make you honestly proud?
There's a filthy creature waist-deep.
It is much more redeeming than you.
Putin, your destruction makes your country poor.
Putin, you've now made Russia landlocked.
from the West, and the rest of the civilised world
Just as much as that US cosmonaut joke,
about how he won't be coming back home anytime soon.
Putin, what is going on in that befuddled head?
Are you playing Russian roulette with a revolving gun?
I wish I could pull the trigger instead of seeing
all these innocent Ukrainians lying dead.
My god, what have they done to their old folk?
Women and children must run like they're possessed.
So, not to end up dead. Putin, you belong in a
deep, fiery pit of hell, on a never-ending carousel ride
with bullets ricocheting off the back of your head.
Putin, you deserve to be dead or made into a pit pony.
Never to see the skies or the sun above
You should be made to carry the bones of your dead.
Because this world doesn't have any more love for you.
You're just a rock where shadowy evil serpents dwell.
And even those morose deathwatch beetles cry in.
Putin, what's your alibi?
Doesn't it make you want to cry?
Doesn't it make you want to lie down and die?

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Eyes With Cataracts

They came as martyrs driving Z-tanks waving red flags.
A convoy of soldiers on military exercises
To prevent a Ukrainian collapse

To fix it before it progresses to pulmonary disease.
Artillery was sent in as a visible persuader.
All it says is, 'Surrender, or we will kill you.'
We're your brothers and sisters; we're not invaders.
But once we're here, we're here to stay and take care of you.
They claim that Ukraine is a hornet's nest of fascists.
And if they all submit, we might just let you live.
But all these red liberating saviour maggots
should get on their bellies and pray to leave their queen hive.
Their subjugating mother, Russia, their rogue nation,
Shouldn't you pray for your forgiveness and that of your neighbour?
They aren't dogs; they don't need or require your affirmations.
It's you who are murdering criminal exterminators.
Despots like you always have eyes with cataracts.
It's your body and mind that are diseased; that's the fact.
Let's hope we debauch your currency, and you collapse.
So we can go on living normally and relax.

.....

Consequences uttered to instil a sense of fear

Today we watched in horror.
The deliberate act of a Russian tank
driving over a moving civilian car
and see the ruined remains of residential tower blocks
The homes of the innocent were destroyed, sending them fleeing.
midwinter into the perilous unknown,
We see people desperately clutching babies, children
and teddy bears to their breast.
While Russia, with all its military arsenal of chess pieces
encircles its prey, threatening the world with its
shelling, closing in on the Zaporizhzhia nuclear plant
like a cat, playing with a globe in its paw.
And to this added horror unfolding
We are all told of crematorium death machines.
how they roll on behind to dispose of their own dead
We are all told the war is to 'de-militarise and de-Nazify'.
that it's an effort to stop any more future violence
But what's clearly on display is genocide.

an invasion of aggressors hell-bent on destruction,
on looting and murder, they claim hysteria
has taken hold of our senses and shortly
We in the West will all come to our senses - again.
We, once a trusting partner, will settle down
and later calmly renegotiate a mutual endgame
That settles for King's stalemate, an equal partnership.
because if you don't, they'll be
consequences greater than any you've faced
in the history of the world.
Because why do we need a world if Russia is not in it?
So, Putin once again has announced he wants
Russia's nuclear deterrence forces are placed on 'high alert'.
and orders the West not to interfere
Again, 'Consequences' was uttered to instill a sense of fear.

Mark. A Heathcote

It's Blooming Magnetism Loving You

My eyes are lost
Because there are an infinite number of stars out there.
Lost like a precious blackbird singing for its mate.
No closer to nest building than
An asteroid hurtling through empty time and space.
But that doesn't mean I cannot
Manifest my goals and my objectives.
That doesn't mean I cannot
Conjecture: I am actually on a head-on
Collision course. When I open my eyes in the dark,
Wherever I look, you're the first star I see.
You are the song I hear calling me back.
The commit that's just about to crash.
Because it's blooming magnetism loving you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Only Today

Only today, you kissed me unapologetically.
And said that you love me.
And I said Do you?

You see, no two days are ever the same.
In a woman's world.
And I am like a Whooper swan hurled back and forth,

Sometimes migrating through a storm, circling back
Sucked into a maelstrom of confusion
Do I return, stay, or go?

Only today, you kissed me unapologetically.
And said you love me.
And like a caged bird with the door left ajar.

I am confused but happy.
I have the wings for flight.
But not the inclination to leave alone.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Divinity Of Sorts

Aren't we blessed with the divinity of sorts?
Isn't life following a sort of grand design?
Love your love, isn't it a divine divinity?
For me to take as mine, extort
Full payment - what is rightfully mine in kind?

Love isn't just some rosy cul-de-sac.
Nor is it a brief roll in the haystack.
Followed by a momentary lapse -
Of memory, a confession, I'm an amnesiac:
Love is a divinity of sorts, well, perhaps.

You don't believe me? Well, take a good look.
Look outside, and gaze in wonderment and awe.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Poetic Melody

Every heart has a poetic melody.
Doesn't every voice want some form of parity?
Like that alert spring blackbird, flying back and forth.
Perched in boughs both low and high in treetops and gorse
Flying unheard to nurture her cherished world.

Aren't we full of song? Aren't we, too, keeping them hushed?
Waiting for just the right moment in the morning, abrupt-
To sing our hearts out rhythmically, pure and loud.
Isn't every breast full to bursting out in song?
All night long, all year long, all live long.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Two Halves Of A Clothes Peg

Warm and snug - tight like a turtleneck
Tightly wound and sprung together
There wasn't a lever. Could a part of us ever
We were two halves of a clothes peg.

There was never a thread between us.
We didn't fight about the missing sock.
Our legs were never far apart or inverse?
She didn't even care to wear a smock.

And faint, fine lines didn't need collagen.
We were both flushed with the vitality of life.
The world was our garden of life.
And came sated with everything to our appetites.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Am The Sunset

My heart's river reaches far out to sea..
I'm the water that has travelled thus far.
Circling the globe, it has returned to me.
I'm the sunset and the first evening star.
A Bedouin asleep in the desert:
Camping out alone, till you came to me..
a mirage of wonder to be treasured.
Shone like the universe in a sari.
dress, like the Babylonian ardens
her two full breasts, the honey and the milk
drinks me dry, she's no cacti and pardons,
I - but my river runs dry in the silk-
Wefts of her warm flesh, I am the sunset
Everything after being quiet, subtext?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Shades Of Grey

You know, we are all the same shade of grey,
I guess only the strength of the sunlight
It's different when we're anchors aweigh
It's the same destination and gunfight.
It's to the same port, chasing the same loot
Using the same sad bait, but possibly
Or maybe played out to another flute
Or tune; maybe just, just impossibly
Made that little bit harder for a few,
As hard as breathing, living on the moon
Many shades of grey can subdue.
You've to ask, choose a costume
Who will you be? What will you wear, between
White and black, will you be Glaucous or gleam?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

It's Just Hard Luck

The face of poverty is here again
The silent vagrant without a friend
Sits cross-kneed, watching businessmen in suits and ties condescend-

Their needs, filling pockets out of greed
They aren't moved by the homeless
They all stand together, black-millepede
Looking at you like you're dead begonias.

They aren't bothered that your livelihood
Was destroyed, and they made a fast buck
Let's not kid ourselves, there's no brotherhood
When they look at you, it's just hard luck.

Oh, and if you're lucky, they might just put
A few old silver coins in your flannel cap
Maybe enough to feed that bed companion
That sad old greyhound dog sat on your lap
Have a nice day, sir! Don't forget to come back.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Weeds Of Neglec

Our love hasn't yet pleaded poverty.
But there are days, my dear, when I go hungry.

Do you think our love has a life, condemn?
That withers away like our last encounter.

It's bled so much like a cut flower stem.
It withers and shrivels like a burnt flower.

It rolls its head into the cool shadows, hem.
Here, not even the wild mint can tower.

Above the weeds of neglect left to grow
They've divided us like. Juliet & Romeo.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Kingfisher

What if God were a kingfisher
And you & I were a fish, would you hide
Would you go... play hide and seek?

Since I have welcomed death.
Of death, I have no fear…
So I welcome the kingfisher of souls.

To snap me up when my time is near
Sure enough, I shall not fight
As he holds me midair in flight!

Fish gills shut tight; let mouths be, opened
Let every fish scale suit of armour fall
When it's time to answer his inanimate call.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Sphinx-Moth

Insects such as the nocturnal sphinx moth
Pollinate these flowers, these stars.
What are we if not nocturnal flowers?
Ourselves in our lunar cycles
We are the Night Bloom Water Lilies.
The Night Gladiolus, Moon Flowers,
A naked man, a sitting figure, hands on head.
The body leaned forward, feet together.
Legs outstretched. Elbows on knees
Where the shadows fall, we now see
Eye sockets and an open jaw.
He looks, for the world, like a skull.
When pictured, moonlight is lit from above.
But he, too, is just a flower in need of love.
He, too, is a nocturnal sphinx moth.
Waiting to pollinate his nocturnal flowers.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Soul Mates

What if we were raindrops together?
Emerging, we then fell out of our heaven.
Separated, ah, yes, but not within.
Say we're detached, yet birds of a feather.
We can fall and freeze just as snowflakes do.
But on our descent, we'll follow each other.
In our spiral falls, we'll sleep as soul mates-
melting into each other, my lover.
Say, wouldn't it be fun if we were hailstones-
falling on the heads of those living ghosts.
All waxy, pale, and cold, frozen to the bone.
Hey, say love; wouldn't it be something to boast about?
If we were tears in two lovers' happy eyes,
laughing loudly, looking up through these skies.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Bleary-Eyed Beauty

Bleary-eyed beauty, of aromas sweet
By tinctures of air on the lilac leaf.
Give me not one broken remote heartbeat.
That's been crushed of all scents; it's self-belief.
Be not the pallor of unending grief.
Be the hedge rose in rosiness - discreet.
A warm little dear, where all bees compete
Garden me a blush beneath your kerchief.
So that I might be your one knight's motif:
I'll draw a glance that others meet defeat.
Yours is the world above and below my feet.
The moon climbs on aural wings - stays too brief.
Such is the allure of the stars in Orbit.
My soul's heart, yours, spoken in a sonnet?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Can't Answer Every Question

I can't answer every question, sweet child.
My mind is not a camera - it is
A wide river running forever wild
It takes a panoramic view - it is
A ladle in the hot soup bowl of life
I am but bread and water, the gruel.
That passes from hand to mouth; still rife.
With all the waters that fountain jewel.

Springing up or falling in on you, the moist dew
Those trembles, pearly now, have more answers.
Then all the scientists and birds -singing—view.
Ah, crystal thoughts hang on you with lanterns.
Lit and yet, child, you think my heart is glib.
While believing a woman was made a slave.
To carry and fetch for you, of one rib,
Was not the world made, my dear little knave?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Poets' Hearts Are Bitterly Proud

If only I could control my anger.
Turn it from a volcanic ash cloud.
Into a simmering hot water vapour
From a furry rage to a whimper
But poets' hearts are bitterly proud.
They each live under a thundercloud.
Hoping and praying for rain and a rainbow
Arching, palm to palm, like a halo.
A lightning bolt of electric words
Something - hovering with hummingbirds.
If only I could control my passion.
Fasten it down with more dispassion?
But poets' hearts are tempered, annealed.
It takes years for them to bend and yield.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

But Not You

I might ask after you.
You might ask after me.
I might seek you for the truth.
I might look and search for you.
And you might seek to find me, too.

People are stranger than fiction.
More mysterious than fairy tales
People are untrustworthy, but not you.

You are not a fable.
A conflict examining a resolution,
An altogether better way
You are the gospel, the truth.
I do believe, whatever satire-
You use it; it will be true.

I might ask after you.
You might ask after me.
I might seek you for the truth.
I might look and search for you.
And you might seek to find me, too, in your heart.
And bridge those great expanses in the dark.

I do believe, whatever satire-
And however you use it, it will be true.
I do believe whatever folk tales are told.
I'll still love you.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Clockmaker

In my dreams, I am a clockmaker.
I hold back time and visit the dead.
But the dead are too busy to notice
I am flesh and blood, and ignore me.

It's a deeply frustrating situation.
To see them and watch them leave
Mingle with others and fade away.
I am left uncertain about
Whether I will dream of them again.

What's more hurtful is how blasé
They turn to go as if I had no meaning.
It's then I wake, alone, feeling empty.
It's then I wish I could turn back time, still further.
To a lifetime lived much earlier.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

'Lazarus' Is Burning

'Lazarus' is burning; he's looking bereft.
But from the ashes, what is left?
Will always be just enough.
'Lazarus' is strong and immensely tough.

Laid waste, he is raised from the carnival dust.
'Lazarus' is burning and nearly concussed.
But has found a way back to the straight path.
Narrowly avoiding an unrewarding bloodbath.

'Lazarus' is burning, but he has a renewed strength.
Like Samson, when his hair grew back beyond shoulder length.
God has helped me; he has opened my eyes.
To my surprise, he has shown me the prize.

He has helped me, and he has shown me.
The error of my ways.
Praise be to God and all his following proteges.
That picked me up and doused my turmoil-living flames.

Praise be to God, my name is Lazarus.
And his son Jesus died on the cross.

Mark. A Heathcote

What Does Your Love Reward Me With?

What does your love reward me with?
But another unapologetic landslide.
But another fork in the road.
Isn't a maze more promising?
Then being lost and then found alone.

A weary traveller am I, asking,
What does your love afford me?
I have sadly seen little to convince me.
I am on the right path.
And you have been my guide all along.

What does your love
Moreover, what do I have to say or teach?
I am not enamoured by what you preach.
But it does, after all, reason well with others.
So, should I parley with my sisters and brothers?

Your voice whispers to me on the wind.
And I have opened all
my windows and doors to hear you sing.
I have allowed my heart to be perceptive.
Of any deception, any shadows
But as yet, I can't pretend you have any.

So, the safe door remains unbolted.
And remains in an empty vault for you to fill.
If you can unpick the lock,
That you designed on the bank door.
With appreciable time to kill.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Hearts Thumping In Lament

We're all tied together, you and I.
Little black moths of the fraternal sky
Dancing together, bound by these stars
Moonlight, drowning in her reservoirs.

We're brothers of the wing on the wind.
Flapping ahead… held by strands of hemp
Woven threads of string, kept just aligned
Holding us, our hearts thumping in lament.

We're all tied together, you and I.
Little black moths of the murky sky
Oh, why did I ever doubt your song?
Soft & cruel, I like you,
I like you; I just wanted to belong.

Dancing together, bound by these stars
Moonlight, drowning in her reservoirs.
I found a brother an ally in my sway,
Let me fly; let me break those strings today.
Let me be sealed in stars and flowers today.

Little black moths of the fraternal sky
We're all tied together, you and I.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

In The Heat Of Summer

Soft, willowy shadows soothe my temples.
Their dancing arrows are a great relief.
When summer days, their rustling expressions
Like ladies nattering, brim-full of grief.
Such heat makes them squawk like a parakeet.
The heavens descend, and trees start flapping
Odd how green turns to gold in heads of wheat.
'I hear thunder in the distance, clapping…
But all that endless barking goes nowhere.'
Yes, it's dressed with fanfare, blooms dancing
But see how they wilt, dine on stoneware;
Passions as this scorch the heart, subtracting
When all about me turns cold and brackish
'Then, dear, all my own, summers will vanish.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Do I Imagine?

Is it me, or do I imagine?
There's a living dance - sure I hear
A string of guitars and castanets
And ants are coupling to do the fandango.
Just as not to let go of some bright treasure
The colour of a jade fat caterpillar
Is it me, or do those spider webs
capture the light, the dew,
The souls of something unseen
To the likes of me and you?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Black Cat

I killed a dying cat as it attacked me.
And bit me to the bone and broke three of its claws off on my arm.
For showing it back out of the window of my home
I threw a child's red Wellington boot at it across the floor.
It took clean off its open jaw its bloody maw.
I killed a dying cat after a dreadful act.
I should have then made a pact not to tell anyone.
But I couldn't hold my tongue, and this
It has been my problem ever since I was born.
No, I can't hold my tongue; it's like a flapping sail in the wind
That isn't tied down.
Like when I told my papa my mom was making out
Behind a garage door with the neighbour's son half her age next door.
Guess what: I never saw him again, anymore.
Black cats are the emblems of bad luck for me.
But I've got no one else to blame; I guess I've just got
A bad soul that doesn't like to conform to lies
Guess I've now just got to die all alone.
Because I've been disowned by all who I know.
My mother laughs and says he isn't your father, anyhow
And he confirms it when he's taking his last dying breath
You aren't my kid, we aren't kin or kith
You are just a son of a bitch
Everyone hates animal cruelty, but it's fine for a vet
To take one's well-loved pet to that place of eternal rest
It's fine for the butcher to fill your larder with venison.
And throw a few extra sausages in, because you're custom
It is welcome again. And your ignorance will never go broke.
I killed a dying cat, and it attacks me still.
And lords know I think it's vendetta will kill me one day.
I'll trip on its tail maybe when I'm ninety-four.
Lord knows, isn't that what black cats are for?
Secured to a blackbird's wing and blood on their maw.
And the sound of my mom behind a garage door
With the neighbour's son next door, half her age.
Guess I will not be back here anymore, so why should I lie?
Black cats are the emblems of bad luck for me.
Cat bells, are they the bells of hell, not heaven, am I right or wrong?
Black cats are the emblems of bad luck for me.

Won't someone sing a song for me where this black cat lives, and change my fate to be? And sets me free of its claws, its maw.
Where a child's red Wellington boot isn't thrown across the floor.
And hasn't taken clean off its open jaw.
And swallowed me up in sin and sorrow forevermore.
Listening to the shuffling that's going on behind a garage door.

Mark. A Heathcote

No Other Is In My Heart But You

No other is in my heart but you
You are the thread of morning dew.

That laces a path through my soul.
Springs a love where rivers unroll.

You are like the saffron crocus.
Precious flower of all my focus

Singing desires my heart's regales.
You are the chorus of nightingales.

I listened for when all was dark.
You are the unicorn's hoofmark.

I followed the air around the moon.
The rainbow, I pray, will not go soon.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Delicately Unruffled In Tempo

Let me propose taking you for a walk.
We will tiptoe through a spring meadow.
And together, we will gather wildflowers.
And tread delicately, unruffled in tempo.
And I shall interject some silly talk.
To which you'll laugh in short outbursts
Fingers interlinked; our palms now sweaty.
With each step, we're more candidly friendly.

I will watch the hem of your dress swish.
It shall serpentine the grass like an adder.
Like a small cyclone with no fixed abode
Somewhere on that course, like a cadaver
It will rest like the tail of a panting catfish.
And I'll dislodge a barbed hook and decode
Whether or not you love me. Or me, you.
Or if it's time to say adieu.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Snowy Jasmine Flowers

Sit me on a corner of your heart.
On an ice block wall, I'll wait for the passing
Of winter, the thawing of spring,
I'll wait for the songbird proudly nesting.
And I will join you on some sunny porch.
To rock your swing back and forth, till
The fall takes us both with fingers interlaced.

I'll wait out this winter's weary solace.
And admire a transient world that has you
To warm and melt its heart's desires.
And someday soon, I promise.
We'll intermingle like snowy jasmine flowers.
'All the seasons of the year, all hours of the day
I'll proudly say to all and sundry she is mine.'

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Spring Is Almost Here

We know the drill.
Reticent as a daffodil
Spring is almost here.
It comes but once a year.

Those last few touches of frost we sneer
But to a man we all sincerely revere.
The first snowdrops bobbing gondolier.
It's peeping snowy white stratosphere.

Ice becomes all the thornier.
When the pussy willow's catkins quill
Bursts and shivers like frothy beer
With cushions, white downy, and fiberfill.

Then all of a sudden, it's like a prayer.
All is well to stand and stare.
Feel as though a promise could--fulfil
Was nodding residing in a golden daffodil?

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

I Am No Longer

I am no longer your friend.
I am your lover.
And when I am no longer
Your lover, I will be your jailer.
And when I am no longer
Your jailer, I will be your would-be assassin.

And you will lie quite dead.
Out of breath and ask me.
Has our relationship
Got anything left?

And I will say, let us be friends and talk
And you will say, let us be lovers still.
And I will say, give me the keys to your heart.
Open your shuttered windows.
It's not me who keeps you locked in the dark.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Will Contemplate All Your Beauty

Lay amongst the flowers.
And I will undoubtedly gaze upon you for limitless hours.
I will contemplate all your beauty
From roots to rosebuds
From waist-high hips to tendril fingertips and further still.
To impervious, unbreakable smiles.
And beguiling eyes.
That calls me to endless worship
Will I look and drowse?
And while nearing death or sweet arousal, I will fain not be
Noticing you at all.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Heroes

Who, beyond my sporting heroes,
Beyond the relics of the past are my real heroes.
They are the pacifists who realise
There are no winners in a selfish fistfight.
Where people die every single day and night
My unsung heroes are the peacemakers
Of this tiresome world that refuses at the point of death
To shed another's blood. Bludgeon his enemy's wife.
Burn his fear-paralysed children.
In an army Red Cross hospital tent.

The belligerent with their long knives.
Hate my true hero with a passion.
They are bloodthirsty wolves who will stop at nothing.
And would happily kill their brothers and sisters.
Murder their mothers and fathers.
Destroy their temples.
Swallow themselves like a fiery demon pit snake.
Blasphemy: a child of god's name at birth,
And heap shame upon his shoulders.

But these would-be heroes would make
Even poor Sisyphus quakes in his boots.
When these villains heap profanities on their names
Toiling in the field in the dirt and twinning it to shame.
But yet they exhibit no hatred, only love.
For the common herd. Making battle-weary hearts
Out of granite boulders, a porous sponge-like material once again.
Counting dark and light souls out again tonight.

Mark. A Heathcote

Are You Bored?

Love incorporates a tear to drown me.
Like wild cherry blossom spiralling down
Love has a smokeless flame and wants to devour me.
Charred embers, like magic, awaken to scald me.

Are you bored? Are you fed up with me?
I give you no apology.
Who do you want me to be?
I could shake all of you.
And watch the cherry blossom spiralling down.
I could sway like a smokeless flame.
And devour you at arm's length.

Love precipitates. We hurt, but find faith to start again.
Love puts us at liberty to dance in the clouds.
And wear a wedding dress as a party dress
Love tells us to shine, whatever the mess.

PoemHunter.com

Are you bored? Are you fed up with me?
I give you no apology.
Who do you want me to be?
I could shake all of you.
And watch the cherry blossom spiralling down.
I could sway like a smokeless flame.
And devour you all at arm's length.

Love is a tidal wave, so venture out and get wet.
Love is a starlit night with bated breath.
With dew-lit kisses and melting snowdrops on your tongue
Love is an opening flower kissed in a rain shower.

Are you bored? Are you fed up with me?
I give you no apology.
Well, I guess you haven't heard a beating heart.
How beats even louder in the dark.
How it lights a spark
How blossoms form from the ground
It doesn't matter how long you've been waiting.

Mark. A Heathcote

It Can't Be Said I'm Not

It can't be said I'm not a nightbird.
It can't be said I'm not a nightmare.
It can't be said I'm not easy to love.
It can't be said I'm not a sailboat, lucky to be afloat.
It can't be said I'm not as strong as a brick house.
It can't be said huff & puff, I'm not an unwanted gift.
It can't be said I'm not covered in mothballs.
Learning how to think and speak from my mind
It can't be said I'm not drowning in mist.
It can't be said I'm not climbing like vines to live.
It can't be said I'm not falling in love with you.
-Wondering just when I'll die, how much older
Will I be when I'm unable to find magic, beauty
Or mystery in the melting snow?
It can't be said I'm not wasting my time.
Writing poetry all the time
It can't be said I'm not lazy when I'm reading in bed.
Looking for a new idea to fabricate a thread
To break another inner wall and give it some flesh that says
Darling, darling, I loved you best.
Come and climb over and give me a shout, another shot.
Kiss me, it can't be said I'll ever love again if we're not wed tomorrow.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Sunflower Poet's

It is the concentration,
The engagement of a child's gaze
I am always looking for.
It is the wonderment of the Azure Window.
Looking back into the mirror of the self
And seeing all as it is, that is meant to be seen.
That occupies my imagination
To the point of abstraction, a daydream.

It is this and this alone that holds my attention.
Till, like a wilting burgundy sunflower.
The gaze of the sun burns me at my root core.

It's this beauty, this warmth,
The rays of the sun, magnifying
Indeed, I capture, nothing more.
It is this and nothing more that I actually,
Truly live for. Turning 360 degrees
Spilling these leaves for.
It's this beauty, this warmth,
The rays of the sun, magnifying
Indeed, I capture, nothing more.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

But I Am Always Here?

You think of me with tears.
You speak of me in prayer.
But I am always here?

I am the landlocked earth you walk upon.
I am the seamstress of the wind in your sails.
I am the ocean from which your voyage started.
I am the stars reflecting the light in your eyes.

Do you not hear my song?
Do you not walk in my footsteps?
Do you not remember my gentle kisses?
Do you not see me blindfolded in your heart?

You think of me at times only in passing.
You talk of nothing but sadness.
Open your windows to the world.
And remember, you are indeed welcome.
You are a welcome guest in my house.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Impossible Dating Measures

I can't stop imagining
That somehow, we've met.
That one time we kissed.
That the moon and the stars aligned
And everything was unimaginable bliss.
Maybe it's voyeurism to even look at you.
If we haven't already connected online.
Look, it's nearly Valentine's Day.
Won't you say without reservations?
Unreservedly, you'll be mine.

I feel we've entered a particle accelerator.
And that we're about to collide.
I'm taking little sneaky looks.
Through my nicotine fingertips.
But our paths by all unexpected means
Seems to have hit the opposite kerbsides.
I tried to grab your attention.
Down at the local grocery store.
It's said to be now the best place.
To bump into a future partner, a future wife.

But one look in my basket's direction
And I feel a right banana.
Alone -stalker with a carving knife.
How does someone meet
Someone naturally anymore?
Guess I'll be alone forever.
Now that I can't afford
Even a decent salad dip for a limp celery stick.
Let alone a trip to the local delicatessen store.
For a brace of game birds well strung
And oh, so much more.

Mark. A Heathcote

What More Can You Add To A Banquet Of Flies?

What more can you add to a banquet of flies?
Other than your own stiff, pale body when you're dead.
Greyish, opaque eyes bubbling like tarmac to the skies.
Some things in this life need little help -utilising others.
It has to be admired, but how often is it scorned?
It's like, who the hell do you think you are?
By this same rule of thumb,
These people want to squish you.
They want only to squash you like a dying fly.
With no other wish than to watch you squirm and die.
But yet pretend to be earnestly your best friend.

Sadly, all too often, it can be the ones
You're most likely to trust unreservedly
Put all your faith blindly into.
A friend, your immediate family, your mother and father,
A husband or a wife. That is why it is important.
To be humble but independent
Like a ravenous blowfly in this messed-up world.
Join the banquet table by all means if you must.
But be either the first or last.
To get a true picture, a measure
Else wave a white flag of surrender at half-mast
And beg at the same table
To be a maggot kissing everybody's else's arse.

Mark. A Heathcote

These Are My Mountains

Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle.
And drew the shape of Africa.
And that land of America,
A Land of Hope and Glory.

Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle.
And worked at the corner counter store.
Making eyes at a man you'd later call Dad.
The man I aspired to for all my future needs.

These are my mountains.
These simple aspirations are mine to climb.
Mother in rags, I'll climb.
To reach the same peaks you reached
To give me the very best.

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Do you remember the hand?
That shook the cradle.
And drew the shape of Africa.
And that land of America,
A Land of Hope and Glory.

So, aspirations, sure, can be very far.
To reach if you're in a recession, a poor, mean harbour
Paddling with a pickaxe home
If you're just a mountain miner who wants to dig for ore!
If you're just a hillbilly orphan
Who wants his mother's apron still?

These are my mountains.
These simple aspirations are mine to climb.
Oh, a mother in rags, I'll climb
To reach the same peaks you reached
To give my son the very best.

Mark. A Heathcote

Father

Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Did you ever love me back?
Did you ever love me, Father?
Father, did you ever care?
Or was it all a game?
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Did I ever live in your heart?
Did I ever matter?
Did I ever occupy your thoughts?
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Did you ever guide me?
Did you ever stir me from doing wrong?
Father, did you ever direct my path?
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
All I ever remember is your disappointment.
Your displeasure
Like I was something displeasing to your eye.
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Father - father - father
Help me to be strong.
Help me make the right decisions.
Help me, Father. Share with me your knowledge.
Help me, Father, to believe not everything is a lie.
Oh, Father.
Oh, Father.
Oh, Father.
Love me; I am your firstborn.
Help me to be strong.
I want only to be loved and to belong.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

It Almost Hurts Loving You

It almost hurts loving you.
It's like gathering broken pieces in euphoria.
And feeling it cut
It's like running around a rose cottage.
And then feeling a thorn.
It almost hurts loving you.
It's like watching sparrowhawks dive.
And them keeping the sky in their eyes is key.
It almost hurts loving you.
It's like learning to fly, knowing any second
Someone might die.
It's like knowing rejection will impair your balance.
And you'll fall without ever landing.
You will fall, and it will be never-ending.
So yeah, it almost hurts loving you.
But what else can I do?
When our attraction isn't forced
And it's like it's divine.
At least for a short time.

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Mark. A Heathcote

I Wish

I wish I could cartwheel in front of your eyes.
And see your soul falling back in love.
Like, it was so much fun.
I wish I could 'stock car ride' and cash in on you.
I'd never back up, that's for sure.
I'd interlock with you.
Moving slowly forward - that's just what we'd do.
I wish I could steal you away tonight.
And take your hand to find my way.
I wish I could kiss you and close my eyes.
And see the stars looking back through an open window.
And know that I'm falling in love.
Simply because I know I should
You know it's not so hard if we tremble and hold hands.
And there's a divisible star, a fire in your heart.
Burning for me like mine for you.
And then we could marry and live very happily.
Making every day our song, don't you know.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

What Are The Benefits Of Being Alone?

What are the benefits of being alone?
Watching the end of your favourite TV show
Knowing no interruptions are coming home
To roost. Knowing there's no death blow

Clenched in a fist, waiting for you
What are the benefits of being alone?
What will tomorrow bring, and what will it imbue?
Another unbeknownst anklebone

Touching you before you go deep into yourself
Regret your abstinence fell off the shelf.
What are the benefits of being alone?
When you're too tired to sleep

And your feet are cold beneath the empty bedsheet.
What are the benefits of being alone?
Taking out the trash for those meals for one
You could never finish because it's burnt; it's overdone again.

Like being alone, it's overdone again.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When Will My Imprisoned Soul Drown

When will my imprisoned soul drown,
Ebb away, surrender into a lasting grace
Battle blows against a castle wall resound.
Where a dove circles with blood on its face

Cries, when will my heart finally be entombed?
When will I relinquish this burning ember, doomed?
When will I learn to fly or reverse this freefall?
Look, I'm now begging on my knees, appalled.

How small I've become, how I've given up fighting
When will my soul drown, ebb away beneath his feet?
When will I admit defeat?
Do you hear the flapping of a broken bird tonight?

Her cries, her self-inflicted wounds that cry,
That says, when will my heart be finally entombed?
When will I relinquish this burning ember, doomed?
When will you hear my cries, and what might they imply?

Imply for you and me. Oh, let these castle walls fall.
I can't take any more derision or neglect anymore.
Do you not hear the cries of the dead entering a tomb?
Do you not know the chains I want to break to be free?

Do you not hear the flapping wings of a broken bird?
Her self-inflicted wounds that cry now empty words.
When will—when will—when will
When will—when will—when will

We surrender to a lasting grace.
When will we stop and lay down our arms?
There is no disgrace.
If you break my fall and call off your war forevermore.

Mark. A Heathcote

The Last Cuckoo In The Nest

Even to be near or look at her
Question, do we stop & console
Or walk by at a stroll
We'll walk over, do you concur
She carries a basket of eggs
Sits by a coppice that's--regrew
Her own heart's yolk split into
And, cries out her teary dregs.

Her pink knees & legs tremble.
To the sobs that go unheard.
Birdlike in a nest, it sits inert.
So deeply hurt, it's distressful.
Young lady, brush yourself down.
Remove that frown, he isn't worth it.
If false, he was counterfeit;
Not fit to lie beneath your eiderdown.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

In The Cities Of The Dead

How is it that skulls wear expressions?
Such as shock and horror.
How do they exhibit pain and remorse?
How is it possible they seem, at times, to be laughing?
And at other times cry irrepressible tears
Brought on by years of punishment and purgatory.
The accumulated experience of living
It seems written even on their faceless bones.
Their dreams and hopes never materialised.
Their heartaches never healed.
How is it I still see their suffering,
Their joys and their tribulations?
The trials of their lives etched in eye sockets,
A jawline and a furrowed brow.
How is it that I weep for some and rejoice for others?
Weep for those poor plague victims.
In the cities of the dead.
Like those in the catacombs beneath the Vatican
Or those buried alive by Mount Vesuvius.
The vessels of the demented dead
Are arguably with us almost everywhere.
Even more so, living now above the ground,
Wanting to join those long since they were gone before themselves.
Wearing satanic death masks wherever they go.
How is it that skulls wear expressions?
Such as shock and horror.
How do they exhibit pain and remorse?
How is it possible they seem, at times, to be laughing?
And at other times cry irrepressible tears
Brought on by years of punishment and purgatory;
Honestly, I don't know.
Because my heart is still buried and vortexed in a time capsule,
A mausoleum of hope, not despair, living without a care.

Mark. A Heathcote

How Will I Be Seen?

When you remove these shadows
How will I be seen?
How will I be perceived?
For even transparent petals
Of -light cast a little shadow.
A little shade where others might one day follow.
Surely there is some lingering residue.
Something of the person I've become.
An atom, a molecule,
Something which helps fool my head and heart.
I still exist in some parallel universe.
Look, can I be counterfeit and be more my true self?
Can I be the darkness all around me?
Plucked off the shelf.
The fabric between the stars
That lets the star's light shine and vibrate.
If there is truly nothing else.
Forget watching this space.
Where only shadows spin out of my eyes and face.
Like a hollow moon eclipsed, wrung out by the sun.
Seeing only what matters, not the core of the sum.

Mark. A Heathcote

My Most Precious Gift

I am the daughter of today.
The sister of tomorrow
And the mother of yesterday.
I am your son and heir.
The brother of your past
And the father of your future.
You are my firstborn, my second,
Third, fourth and fifth,
You are my child many times removed.
But still, my most precious gift.
My most precious quintessential gift.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Opiate

There is an opiate in poetry.
That leaves my eyes dead.
By the wayside, the morning after,
Like a spent poppy.
These are my Thomas De Quincey.
Confessions of an English Opium-Eater
I feel the drowsiness of arousal.
Senses cascading from an opening
Torn in a rose hip, seeds split and piled up.
Germination apparently on hold.
But yet, it devours all the carnage.
Of spring and summer's gold.
A sleepless winter unfolds.
A paralysing frost takes on its magical hold.
With too much beauty left lingering unresolved.
I take to the shadows and hide.
Beneath what's left of autumn's fire.
Poetry knows all too well my wish to burn.
Satiated and falling into the arms of madness.
My ever-loving mistress, poetry.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Alien Abduction

We are all on foreign soil
We are all alien to each other
Every touch and taste is Martian
So, we scramble to make sense of it.
We differentiate, we make allies
And draw up lists of enemies
We build tough external walls
And have locked internal doors
We are like desecrated graves
When a lover takes their leave
We don't know who is at home
Only that an abduction has taken place
A room somewhere is occupied
And a child cries, covering its face
Chastised before saying grace.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Death

Death, I'm guessing, for the most part,
It will be like the first time
You entered the 'Ghost House' without parents
At the funfair, only to then realise
- We've been tricked, short-changed,
Chewed up like morsels in the jaws of Azathoth,
And that we have seen and done all this before.

Death is the greatest of all unknown adventures.
Left to us, isn't that why people run scared?
As they enter the Pennywise Funhouse,
Wall of mirrors shouting Who's afraid
Of the big, bad wolf.
Meeting a flesh-eating clown first-hand,
Death will be grinning in that alien trailer park
When your heart finally stops beating
Like a traction engine. When your soul,
Your spirit is no longer ectoplasm candyfloss.

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Stuck to the side of your gums,
You will scream and learn, Death
wasn't the star attraction
That you had already played every part,
Every scene in a horror movie
You and you alone directed.

Mark. A Heathcote

A Modicum Of Meaning

A special moment, often perplexed
These thoughts expressed were perceived.
Simple words go into building a subtext.
The meaning of ' is ' a gift well-received.

Libraries are filled wall to wall with books.
My favourite is poetry volumes.
Thoughts bagged on baited hooks
Wriggle in a keepnet, a dripping wet vacuum.

Words that enter my mind like eels
That belly down electrically still charged
At times, their beauty and meaning congeal.
And I am stunned, totally absorbed.

At such moments, I am palpably impaled
By the will of another, I am left bleeding
In this simple task of reading, I have availed
All or any doubt laced with hopes, interceding
Everything has a plan, a modicum of meaning.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Poets Are Prophets Of Portent

He expected a new spring to stay, prolong
Turn back, folds lines deepening foretold.
Flights of winter warmed all summer long,
When he smiled, and autumn turned to gold;

You see, poets are prophets of portent.
They envision all that might befall
Of dark events, they've some foreknowledge.
They've antifreeze kisses methanol.

Their cruel words bite lustfully hard.
They draw blood in a demonic dream.
Ask you to be heavenly ignored
Remain stable with low self-esteem.

Whisper platitudes while you grow old.
Tired, you lose your own, wilful voice.
And somehow forget how to be bold.
Neath two wings equally, equipoise.

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They expect pearls in every mussel
And then some ten thousand grains of sand
Stand still, her hair to ghostly tousle
Worn long, a gold fleece salt-sea fanned.

Mark. A Heathcote

Judicious Editing

Editing sentences sends us mad.
I've torn twenty sheets of paper.
With pen in hand from my notepad
Each word nailed down the face's failure.

I've had to tread carefully.
It's a painstaking business.
Writing one line, arbitrarily
You have to be judicious.

Writing anything in poetry
Either that or slightly crazy.
Sharing so much emotionally
Like, you are just serving gravy.

It takes a lot of willpower.
To create one decent stanza
Or a couplet, my flower.
That ends in nostalgia.

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Mark. A Heathcote

It Is Nightfall

It is nightfall.
Hymns to the silence soothe me.
Rain tinkles on terracotta tiles.
An owl hoots by the railway line;
A milk float approaches quietly.
And a poem self-seeds itself;
Adjusting like a flower to absorb more heat.
And yet I cannot sleep.
For fear I might bend like a head of wheat
Overripe - too heavy,
Weighed down by one's own, unending conceit.
It is nightfall.
And even a poet must one day sleep.
Meet his midnight
And let better hymns to the silence speak
And embroil on the lips
Of those best left to mildew and weep.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Why Do I Love You?

Why do I love you?
Because I can.
I love you without manipulation or control.
I love you without understanding.
Without questions or answers
I will love you today and equally so tomorrow.

I will love you always.
Like entanglement, our atoms
Will never completely know.
Separation again.

Therefore, I will love you knowingly.
We will not always share the same space amicably.
The same appreciation of each other
But once you've been my lover,
I'll swear here and now I will love you the same forever.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

When I Look In The Mirror

When I look in the mirror,
There are two reflections.
Three, four and many more
Those who are going forward
Those going back infinitesimally
Each is like a wax letter stamp.
Each is an unopened correspondence
Each muttering, pray, do -open me.
Now unto eternity.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

If A Gift Of Parting, You Bring To My Deathbed

If a gift of parting, you bring to my deathbed
Be it simply a kiss and a white primrose
Be it simply the palm of your hand in mine
A simple reminder
That the world wasn't always unkind
Be it a longing, loving look in silence
And a tear that comes with a smile and a thousand more.
If a gift of parting is truly warranted
Say you'll never let me go
Like a long-forgotten memory
Of the melting snow on Christmas Eve
And tell me, hand on heart
You do believe we'll meet again.
And that we'll never be deceived
Not even by ourselves ever again.
Tell me I once mattered, but not to fear the shadows
The shape of things in the night to come
Because even they exist to point out the starlight
And leaves a footprint in the melting snow.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

An Oppressive Government Is More To Be Feared Than A Tiger

An MP - who is he? … Eh! A bad doctor
Oppressive father x-university proctor:
Government officials are doing a bad job,
Is he like you or me? I guess not, all gob.
More ideology than you can shake off a log
To him, we're peasants who work like dogs.
Be good and loyal, faithful to your master.
Feared yet a good flock; follow him, your pastor.
Than… A word like 'politician, you cannot trust!
A sentence you cannot start with, without being cussed.
TIGER, tiger, burning bright, satanic. Yeah, right!

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Call Upon These Thirsty Demons

Now I know who they are.
And they know who we are, too.
I call upon these thirsty demons.
They don't live very far.
They don't work for NASA.
But neither do they live very far.
Just a few light-years from where we are.

There's this drought—famine.
Starvation in the hub of my heart
In the interior of their conscience
That mirrors a folding star.
Limitless deserts lick
At its crescent, a vast space.

Don't ask me to dance with you.
Don't ask me to swim with you.
You, acrid evil fools
Don't ask me to look into
Your two olive-stone-pitted eyes.

There's no water in either eye.
Neither pool bleeds nor fills —
There is no Elysian Fields in these cold, dry hills.
In our hearts, in our minds, in our breast
Only Martian salt crusts sweep before us in easy rest:
... Is what's left of our long-departed souls.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Amid Ruin, There Is Reparation

Amid ruin, there is life.
God, he must work at the corner catalogue shop.
The one before 'Afterlife', next to 'Hope & Despair'
With the Liberty Bell ringing,
A counter-clockwise ringing in both ears
God, he must be hoping our overdrafts clear.

Amid ruin, there is salvation.
God, he must work at a downtown liquor store.
One where we can't purchase any more insolvency
Before closing times, serrated edges
It passes us by about 70% off a pair of sunglasses.

Amid ruin, there is forgiveness.
God, he must work in the local fashion warehouse.
Or even a quiet Nero's café, where street urchins,
With ruddy blue eyes, they cry and blow their noses
On their second-hand, hand-me-down clothes.

PoemHunter.com

Amid ruin, there is reparation.
God, he must work as a bookie on lost causes.
Maybe he's working for free at the local charity.
Because I know I can see he's been working on me.
For what has felt to me like an eternity

Mark. A Heathcote

Stoic And Grounded

You stand like a tree.
Stoic and grounded
Your wisdom is an acorn
A fruition of life past and present
Shaping your destination
Whether into the throes
of marital bliss or a wintery stagnation
or a conjugal meeting of souls
on the steps of heaven.

Your heart is rooted in love.
In the fabric of blossom
opening and closing
falling and maybe later
like ceremonial confetti floating
thrown in the gaiety of festivity
You hold my hand and steady me.
And say it's me that makes you strong.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

How Many Skulls Must One Man Crush

How many skulls must one man crush to feel empowered?
How many tangents must he unleash without forewarning?
Till we bow at his feet on his arrival, like a coward.
There's no one to save you; look, no one is mourning.

You're passing. It's like an unimpressive sunset.
No one's going to feel sorry for you when you're gone.
You're a flame trembling to leave like a racial epithet.
Unwilling always to fight for what's right, a pawn

With one last diagonal move, always to forward backslide
Please don't hesitate to dig in the dirt if you must, but then don't complain.
Don't complain; you're cold and hungry, disenfranchised.
You're lonely if you live in apathy; don't complain.

And play it safe, sucking your thumb and crying profanity.
To be entitled, you've got to worship the flame and dance.
Till your blood boils and burns amber-red and turquoise
And then, no matter what, don't blame it on circumstance.

PoemHunter.com

Please don't blame it on an unfulfilled dream.
Or man's inhumanity to man,
When you have never had an individual good idea or a single plan
Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't your numbers
A million strong. The meek are dying in a wailing throng.

How many skulls must one man crush to feel empowered?
How many tangents must he unleash without forewarning?
Till he's broken your heart and outsourced your soul
Surely there is something worth fighting this hard back for.

You're passing should be a sunset, and it should be explosive.
It should be a binary star system.
With orbiting planets
With a winter-flowering hellebore, always cherishing more.

Mark. A Heathcote

Dear Old Dead July

Dear old dead July, now it's August.
You make me want to die—
Seasonal depressions: they're here again.
They're here all over again.

Here is my weather vane.
spins out of my control
My sundial has been turned over.
Year on year, now I no longer want to cry.

Dear old dead July, now it's August.
You make me want to lie down and die.
You make me want to weep, weep.
Like a willow longing to sleep.

My old house of golden corn
is now a shelled-out shell of an acorn.
The moon's darkness is bliss.
I breathe it back into my lungs, a foggy, wet kiss.

PoemHunter.com

Dear old dead July, now it's August.
You make me want to die—
curl, twirl, crisp and crackle into the dust
Oh, turn back time; turn back, August.

Mark. A Heathcote

What Happens When?

Nausea is a billowy blanket.
That makes it difficult to swallow air.
Rich, clean air clutters the lungs.
Like a folding deckchair
Just won't be expelled—I swear.
And still worse
A nervous disposition
Makes you itch like you've got hives all over
Makes you feel there are ants all over
Your body is in places you'd rather not go.
Stress… Oh my lord, what an evil thing to do…
Never should have worked so hard.
Where's the time gone?
Doc says, take these pills; it'll all be fine.
Darling, falling apart isn't a crime.
And anti depression, oh my word, it
They took away my one world,
swallowed it clean and whole.
After which, I could barely breathe.
Or control the way I felt or myself, cajole.

Mark. A Heathcote

I See It's A Journey Even To Hang Around

Never wanted a shadow or any drama following
Never wanted anything fake - how disappointing.
Never wanted ever to be washed, to be baptised
Never wanted to fall out of love or be reconciled.
Never wanted to chastise a child or become angry.
Never wanted money beyond having a full granary.
Never wanted to break a heart or hurt a living soul.
Never wanted to be that bully, demanding control.
Never wanted to miss a sunrise; become a sloth.
Never wanted to break a promise or an oath.
Never wanted this pensive sadness, this melancholy.
Never wanted depression or to resemble a zombie.
Never wanted to attempt to take my life, abandon God
Never wanted to be buried or have my ashes in a coffee pot.
Now I'm here, I see it's a journey even to hang around.
At times, life can feel like a comet hurtling inbound.
But now I'm so happy to be here close to you.
Forgetting who I am and what I've been without you.
Never wanted a shadow or any drama following
But now I'm with you; nothing is too imposing.
My body sighs; it's singing. I'm grateful for all of this.
I'm grateful for the moonlight in each starlit abyss.
When I look into your eyes and feel our fault lines
Touch and collide; it's like everything has to crystallise.

Mark. A Heathcote

August To November

August to November
It's a game, just when that old depression
Will hit and knock me for six again.
They say it's seasonal & they call it (SAD) .
How right they are, but Doc, this isn't a fad.
Feeling awkward, feeling bad, quite mad.
August to November
It's a game, just when that old depression,
That depression of mine will hit and strike me down again.
As black holes go, this one is the crappiest.
There isn't anything worse or blacker.
Wished at times, sadly, I had some form of incurable cancer.
August to November
It's a game just the same; it leaves me ashamed.
How I couldn't tolerate any more pain
They say it's seasonal, and they call it (SAD) .
How right they all are, but I won't be glad when it's passed.
More down-to-earth and sadness-taxed, I-just-say 'I've had it.'

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Without Any Loss Of Disparity

I mustn't leave this world without a smile.
A moment of tenderness to beguile
It's confusing enough to acquiesce.
The meaning of failure comes from success.
Please, darling, please, my darling, don't transgress.
An angel needs good company, I guess.
When teardrops descend without clarity
Clouds form, without any loss of disparity,
Please don't run away; roost someplace with me.
I know of an abode above that loose scree.
Above those lines of Ice Age depression,
Where meltwaters congeal in succession
In what we refer to as an ocean basin,
Others take it for heaven and devotion.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

An Open Gate To Ruin Or Choirs Divine

I want to burn some tables and chairs.
In the dark backwoods
And laugh and hear it echo in a chapel
I want to sing as loud as a raging sea
And foam at the mouth as I take off
your robes and watch them fall, slip
beneath your scarlet cut knees and tangle
around your ankles without the need to flee
I want to run like a stallion in the heather
And listen to the hum of the honey bees
That looks so busy and pleased that your headstrong
And there is a mountain pass to heaven or hell
An open gate to ruin or choirs divine
If you say, you'll be mine.
Mine, mine for all of time.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I Had Melancholy Till I Found

I had melancholy till I found the Lord.
And lost my mind drinking all I could find.
I had melancholy till I joined the horde.

And died like a sheep in a dried-up well.
I had melancholy till I fell in love with you.
Wishing instead I could have gone to hell.

I had melancholy till I intertwined
-With you, and I didn't know what to do
Like a serpent, you vented and stayed primed.

I had melancholy till I fell in love with you.
And yet, I still knew I was on shaky ground
With no real foundations, a place to call home,

I had melancholy, but I didn't care.
Just as long as I could wander like a stray cat.
And come back to you: Darling, less any disrepair.

PoemHunter.com

I had melancholy, but I didn't care.
I was young and full of hope and rage.
Despair was my middle name, my cage.

I had melancholy, but I wasn't anyone's hired gun.
I'd rather hang myself than make some ideal fool rich.
But what can I do? I can't get over the woman before you.

I think I'll light a melancholy candle.
And place it outside on my doorstep.
And sleep forevermore and tiptoe into the night.

And dream of a starry cavalcade
And the love that in your eyes once shone
and never faded away, but sparkled like fresh lemonade.

Mark. A Heathcote

Love Endures

My life is an appendage of yours.
When we're together, there are no more brochures
or flirting innuendos—overtures.

Don't you get it? What's mine is yours.
Okay, I've got nothing, but our love endures.
Now and then, I feel it; I might mature.

And with a little faith, all else procures.
Believe me, there's no one else who allures -
me as you do, and that's what reassures.

Okay, we could take some detours.
Spend a night together like some twining creeper
And run naked over the moors.

But truly lust, desire only obscures -
our true, unquestionable lures
Honestly, darling, nothing but love endures.

PoemHunter.com

Mark. A Heathcote

Go Ahead - Can I Cast More Light?

My heart has been bankrupt for many days.
Many months, to the point I've lost count
And yet, now I lean on faith and hope.
Sometimes more on one than the other.
But between these two, I pivotally swing.
Pitying my life and questioning daily
Why, why do I continue to loot my soul?
Of its future treasure, why do I yo-yo?
Feeling worthy and good, and the next
An empty vessel making nonsense noises
Anxiety is a constant companion.
It is a serpent coiling around my torso.
Crushing my heart, poisoning my dignity
I have felt penniless inside, but hungry.
Converses with the shadows around me
And I say, go ahead - can I cast more light?

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

You Can't Sugarcoat Genius

You can't sugarcoat genius with a coat of dust.
Even when the end is near.
You can hit them like a piñata.
And expect them to be broken or beaten.
Because genius is time's best thief.

It's now or never; you've got to give up your life.
If you're going to change the world
And be a little different.
And break away from the sheep.
Aw, my Little Bo-Peep.

By hook or by crook
You can't sugarcoat genius with a coat of dust.
Even when the end is near, with silver hair.
The shadows are dispersed.
By the vibrance of knowing they were once here.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

I've Got A Woman

I've got a woman.
She wants her severance pay.
And says if I don't cough up today
I'll wind up dead.

Her heart makes a distorted noise.
It's strange.
When she acts like she cares
I expect bullets to fly through the crazy, rampaging air.

Like she doesn't care.
Even though she swears she's
Pining for me from hell
And want only to be mine

But I know for sure.
She'd be happy to see me die.
Like I never knew.
She had written me down as a fool.

PoemHunter.com

Lord, I've got a woman.
She makes me want to cry.
And run in fear.
It's strange, but to be honest,
I fear saying goodbye to her

Lord, I've got a woman.
She'd give me a slit lip.
If I wandered anywhere
Or stared intently at someone else, I swear.

So, I consume a lot of drinks.
And pray to heaven.
There's also a gateway for her to hell.
And a serpent she can't put under her spell.

Because I'm tired of looking into her cruel eyes.
Looking at me like I'm a thief.
Like I've stolen her life.

Just to run free, not regretting what used to be.

I've got a woman.
She said Cover your eyes.
Believe every lie I ever told you
And distrust everything I said in truth.

Because I see you as only a pimp
Without the balls to play it alone, hasta la vista, babe
Without me, you're a dead loss
Recovering from living with the dead.
Or else taking all your orders from me, darling, your boss.

Mark. A Heathcote

I Will Leave For Jerusalem Soon

I will leave for Jerusalem soon.
Christ will save me.
The tide of the ocean calls my soul.
What more can I do?

What more can I be? Bless our souls
My heart is a desert flower, too.
I will leave for Jerusalem soon.
I will die there and arise there too.

Christ will save me.
I will die there soon, like a red rose.
Amongst the bright binding blinding light
Turning gold, tarnished but truly transposed

What more can I do?
I carry shackles, but I mean to break them.
And cut all brutal ties that bind me.
Making me make promises to false idols.

Lead us home; guide our souls, our spirits
Even blind animals
Can be guided in a flock
Led by him who'd give you his shoes.

Christ will save me; Christ will save us soon.
And all those who pray
To false idols
Blinded by evil will find a new way too

I will leave for Jerusalem soon.
Christ will save me.
Christ will lead and give us all
A heavenly manger in Bethlehem

One and all like wild animals.
We will die by the sword of this life.
But live again, singing.
Hymnal singing, amen.

Christ wore royal robes red as a rose
Do no evil, see no evil, hear no evil
Live not as animals
Christ will save me, us soon.

Do no evil, see no evil, hear no evil
Live not as animals
For one man will save you
From the omens of emptiness, amen

Amen, amen, amen
Guide our souls, rise again
Fallen Christ
Speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil
Christ will save me and all of you fallen angels.

Guide our souls,
Be my shepherd once again
Amen, amen, amen
In Jerusalem, soon once again, amen.

Mark. A Heathcote

Iceberg

It isn't that I am always right.
It's just that I don't bother to argue unless I am
This isn't because I am a belligerent fool
I understand it's all about perspectives.
And no two perspectives
Are ever completely the same.
But with that said,
I cannot tell you, you are right when you are wholly wrong.

If you want to argue with me
And make slanderous aspersions
About my character or my conduct,
You'd best not be sailing on board the Titanic.
Because I am an invincible cold iceberg and
I never argue unless
I am about to pierce your bow and sink your ship.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

The Dance Of The Light

Not caring who or what observes its infinite beauty.
The dance of the light
Beneath the surface of the water
Like the David Hockney picture,
A pool with two figures has me mesmerised.
A mirroring algorithm of life without substance
A visible flickering of the divine
Dancing with itself in dreams without an audience.
It is a miracle to itself, the embodiment of love to all else.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Blue-Eyed Horses

Blue-eyed horses
Hold a piece of heaven in them.
It has a spiritual domain over others.
It aligns itself with the lightning.
And considers itself wise beyond its years.
Wise beyond its golden coat
That has travelled this land for a millennium.

The blue-eyed horse
Has ridden to the ocean and leapt over a rainbow.
It has passed through the valleys of the mountains.
And slept with the gods that wept
And the gods that don't.
It has an audience with the wind.
And has a map of the sky in its mind.

With a swish of its tail, the meadow dances.
The eagle soars, and the wolves cower.
And the forest that looks
Fenced off and full of ancient aesthetics
Opens like a horseshoe to pastures lush and green.
Where a river winds, reflecting a world
Always new, always dreaming heavenly blue.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

We, Too, Once Trod Here

Our lives are manifestations
Like blue skies and rainclouds
And then-the-next, they disappear

Leaving below a pine forest
A blue lake, a meandering garden
That says we, too, once trod here.

We swaged a path through
dew lit lank tall meadow grass
That fell side to side like Meadow Buttercup

But we never did walk back the same route
Even though our path had now been made easier
Fearing always the tedium of the familiar

Sure, we had mountains to scale
Rivers to wade and cross
But it was always finding each other

like a message in a bottle, uncorked
had us wondering how many more oceans
We'd traverse to be ultimately together.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

Hypothetically

Hypothetically
I travel to the centre of the universe.
Guessing the circumference of your heart
How a pinhole of light can shine so brightly
Cross the galaxy; hit a bullseye, like a dart

You are far too smart to divulge yourself.
And yet you are completely transparent.
Nothing is disguised or hidden.
Or embellished your love is
Mathematically, theoretically, therefore, everything.

Mark. A Heathcote

PoemHunter.com

If I Could Come Back

If I could come back in another life
I'd be more goal-driven.
I'd do better at school.
I'd work harder for sure.
I'd clean up my act.
So as not to be such a frills seeker.
I would manifest all my dreams.
Even if that meant bending
Or breaking some of the rules.
I'd be more resilient and less of a fool.

If I could come back in another life
I'd want to meet the right girl first.
And I would want to make her my wife.
My go-to all-important friend
I would hope to be an altogether better man.
A better role model
A better husband, a better father
I would worship and cherish every moment.
I would learn, hopefully, from all my mistakes.
And value all my little victories.

If I could come back in another life
I would hope to avoid some of the pitfalls.
Some or all of the awful bumps in the road
Vear from some of the roadside ditches
The write-offs that have plagued me so far
But life is a game of chance.
And the hand that's dealt us is often challenging.
The challenges of this life
It is what ultimately makes or breaks us
And shapes the person we all finally become.

Mark. A Heathcote

Birdcage

Give me a woman in a birdcage
Singing like a canary for a kingdom without chains
Singing for a deeper humanity
Flapping her wings like words flung granite stones.

Never mind me, sire; be my friend and lover.
I enjoy and endure your company and your love.
Like an imprisoned queen on her iron throne
But I've more than dead flowers buried in the loam.

Give me a woman in a birdcage.
Singing like a caged canary
And I swear I might even be happy
For momentary moments of madness

Because everything requires
Stripping back to their nuts and bolts
I have to wonder if I am easily intimidated.
Right from the start, for I hear the baying of wolves.

The pendulum can swing to either side
Of life and death, however it likes
But eventually, it will slow down to an exasperated crawl.
And this canary won't sing for its supper anymore.

The Ekphrastic Challenges
The Birdcage, by Harue Koga (Japan) 1924

Mark. A Heathcote

The Workings Of A Clock

The workings of a clock
It can be as mechanical as a stopped heart.
A wingless entity
Naked and caged propelled to flower.
And wings to fly, but doesn't,
For fear of falling. So, watch instead,
Dejected and alone, through a small keyhole.
Spying on all those what-could-have-beens

The workings of a clock
It can be as mechanical as a stopped heart
A spiral up or a zipwire down?
Which is it to be?
A poppy seed opening into flower.
For a whole glorious hour,
Spent in a rain shower
Or a worm castor trodden into the dirt.
Never risking its heart over its head above ground.

PoemHunter.com

Afraid to be a swan.
Pledging to be loved by only one
Imprisoned by self-fear.
Thinking there'll always be time,
Enough time to open your wings and glide.
Only you get to be too old.
And forget how to unpick the locks.
And wind the dial and turn back the fingers of the clock.

The Ekphrastic Challenges
The Birdcage, by Harue Koga (Japan) 1924

Mark. A Heathcote

I Imagine Somehow, I, Too, Can Fly

When I see the green and red
Of the furnace flames aglow,
And a white dove is rising in the skies.
And those sleek, slender, starving black-
And tan cats of the smithy go meandering by.
I imagine somehow, I, too, can fly.

I imagine I have already died and left.
The old steel foundry of my youth is behind.
But it's still not my turn or time to glide.
I didn't join the thugs or thieves or the reprobates.
I didn't become a stranger to myself.
But I nearly lost myself many times to drink instead.

Sure enough, life's fires intoxicated me.
Softened and hardened me,
And helped forge me into who I am today.
Questioning how I survived is simply
The poet's way of understanding —
a blade that's tempered, not born sharp,
still finding its edge, day by day.

PoemHunter.com

Version 2.

When I see the green and red
Of the furnace flames aglow,
And a white dove is rising in the skies.
And those sleek, slender, starving Black-
And tan cats of the smithy go meandering by.
I imagine somehow, I, too, can fly.

I imagine I have already died and left.
The old steel foundry of my youth is behind.
But it's still not my turn or time to glide.
I didn't join the thugs or thieves or the reprobates.
I didn't become a stranger to myself.
But I nearly lost myself many times to drink instead.

Sure enough, life's fires intoxicated me.
Softened and hardened me,
And helped forge me into who I am today.
Questioning how I survived is simply
The poet's way of understanding.
Miracles are a learnt performance.
Needing practice almost every day.

Version 1.

Mark. A Heathcote