

Poetry Series

Martin Lochner
- poems -

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Martin Lochner(28 April 1978)

Poetry came as an essential need to me. A slight exaggeration will be that it came into being to save a battered repressive state. The status quo was anti social behaviour and an angst to express my deepest longings. Increased depression and the toying idea of suicide floated in my thoughts and my screams were internalised or behind a closed lavatory door. A sense of life dominated by nihilism and utter negativity prevailed.

One day by sheer coincidence I observed a book that was dumped in a waste bin and after closer inspection I found it to be a book of poetry by Allen Ginsberg. Howl and other poems saved my emotional being from complete nullification. Liberating and powerful was that reading in that the poet shed his being for me to see without any inhibition.

I can never repay the debt of the beat poets but can show a new life of expressiveness and exuberance that thirst on life and its experiences. I learned that each experience painful or happy is valuable beyond measure and that we must embrace the bitter and the sweet.

My poetry is a reflection, commentary even a riposte of these happenings in the life of an individual. That individual is me sharing without inhibition my greatest vulnerabilities of my inner self.

Martin Lochner was born in the Boland region in Southern Africa. He was educated in a railway community that was stoic conservative and ignorant to the method and appreciation of poetics.

He currently studies at the University of South Africa and recently completed his studies at the Jack Meyer Academy of Arts.

He is a residential poet and collaborator for the Poetry Group Facial expression group and enjoys the international but strong bonded community it provides. He has published poetry and essays in Magazines all over the world and looks forward to the day that he publishes his first book of poems.

1939

1

Your granddaddy and the gardener
left our shores to protect
grave allied concerns

fighting the krauts in Tripoli
and killing them Nazis in tobruk

they sure made a great team

coming home old daddy received
1000 imperial acres of farm ground

the brave gardener received a service
bicycle and a cottage on the farm

2

the old man later fell from grace by losing
the queens ground by stupid talk, chip and drink

the gardener went to sleep and never woke
up again.

buried with his old bicycle, stripped without
a victorian cross legacy that was pinned
on old daddies breast

Martin Lochner

1942- The Curious Case Of Cpl Fletcher (Kia)

20 May 1942 –France

1

escaping Messerschmitt bullets
and dodging Nazi street patrols
a Notre dame cathedral must do

laying on a ancient tomb stone
fearing the worst while axes
and tanks have their go on the
great vaulted door.

Anticipating the inevitability of
rigor mortis Corporal Fletcher
still finds time to read the inscription

here lays François Vilion
crusader
husband
and father

2

Templar relic bones whispers
through its porous breathe oracle tales
of this one young knights despair

3

Jerusalem 1452

Lord, shatter the courage of our king
My campaign longs home to the heat of my wife
And the laughs of my only child.

4

The king's directive before the eve of battle:

Steer the battle away from holy Jerusalem
Direct and force Saladin into the plains
And protect the flanks with the cavalry

Keep the line
Never break
Push forward young knights till its destructive
Conclusion

Write your letters
Pray your prayers
Lyceum or home
Victory is ours
God wills it

5

A knight's last correspondence

Do not prepare for my homecoming
Kept the hearth cold and clean

Tomorrow I will dine with our lord
In the kingdom of God

6

A pattern of thuds kills Corporal Fletcher.
And in his last correspondence to his wife
This vision is told.

Martin Lochner

50 Silvers

God knows

no more
repressive civility

the Pharisee cajoling
stops now

here I am

a blunt razor

clean your face with me

it will hurt like hell but

I am grooming the truth
or at least my kernel stake of it

Martin Lochner

A Day With Hare Krishna

happily disorientated
hurting with euphoria

expanding with orgasmic convictions
insight comes deep from the heel

surges through the spine..
exploding in the frontal lobe...

walking...running and greeting the whole world...
tears verbalize and exclaims.....

it makes sense...

Martin Lochner

A Few Grains Of Thought

Outsider:

Daffodils blossoming in the desert

Blue skies

forgetting time
Easing control
there is nothing
except blue skies

Meditation

looking deep inside
spotting you
feeling no division
I laugh

Habits

satchels of worry
that can be dropped
anytime on the Way

Martin Lochner

Absolving Absolutes

when all truth is discovered
and the rooster announces the morning
then it still amounts to this:

eat, pine and shave

knowing this you can either
rave deliriously or wriggle in depression
I chose to love till the death

Martin Lochner

After Effects

I remember every face
i slayed

i see my woman in bed
and i am unable to crawl in
next to her

easy she says but comfort
takes me off my guard

bombs in the fridge
grenades in the toilet

Martin Lochner

Aged

Stained glass
shows chipped paint
on a dinky toy ford

Martin Lochner

Autumn Day

waking up
feeling the release

as the old Maple tree
in my yard

undresses himself

floating leafy kites
playing in windy streams

creating the ambience of a
a mellow cloudy autumn day

hearing its crisp crackling decay
under my soles

a fresh nippy pinch of coming cold
capping mountain peaks with white
woolen beanies

Martin Lochner

Awkwardly I Am

Awkwardly I am

awkwardly I am
living in my flesh
being very clever
between blunt stones and the glaring sun
I affirm something that already exists.

absurdity, self realization?
projecting that reality away from its source: ME

gaping birth and the two smudges
heaven and earth
exhaling and dripping

don't get clever with me
it's the wind rattling the roof
rain coming from a hole through the gutter

thinking the Avatar came
hoping that your porcelain god
Would breathe more life into your LIFE

awkwardly i am
living cured and matured
sepia sagging flesh
sitting on blunt stones
i take in the heat and the sun

Knowing i am alive
Knowing others died

i smile

It's ok

Martin Lochner

Bains Pass Revisted

driving in the pass

staring at mountains
breaking waterfalls

hearing repetitive
appreciations of
Constable beauty
describing seasonal
fauna and flora

imagining

the glorious
rockfall descent

exhilarating
flashes of a smudging
still life ending

Martin Lochner

Beauty

strumming every
zither string
in my body

Martin Lochner

Begging The Cliche Of I Love You

flattened
leveled

stampeded
by excessive use

my tongue
seems fatigued
by it....

vellum histories
a mortuary of dusty books
tells of passions

today we

doom it with
valentine gloss

perfuming with
pay pal bloom

how do i say it?
exiting every earnest cell
in you

do i inject it into your eyes?
scan it into your brain?
or pray it into your soul?

uttering without any
contrivance

i love you

reviving its decline

please say it again

Bestia

There are four ravished dogs,
and two plates of food—
maliciously half full.

see their compassion.
look at the selflessness,

and how they rip each other
to pieces.

(reviewed.19/09/2011)

Martin Lochner

Birth

Birth

arriving

between your mothers thighs

glistening and a glowing body

crystal sparkling eyes connecting

leaving the happy spheres of plasma

crying

Martin Lochner

Black Widow

your blackness
tell something of you

emphasizing danger

with a sliver sign of red

you trampoline around

yearning the act of breeding

seeing the unimpressive
puny brown of me

you slide over

suggesting

furthering the species

while injecting my utility

you whisper: " I am a cannibal

and you soon to be the corpse"

Martin Lochner

Blue Print- Haiku

drawing lines on your
skin, sketching the outlines of
a blue print desire

Martin Lochner

By The Way

here is beauty in being hurt.

that great luxurious feeling of a real devastating loss

the painful pleasure to contemplate it.

some acquired taste is required to enjoy

that ivy nectar that all dread or avoid. a

bit of whiskey or sedatives dilute the power of that sharp clear ache.....

keep it sober and cry a little bit or wallow a little bit in self pity.....

But never ever be a self hater!

by the way...damn the one that hurt you

Martin Lochner

Captains Cabin

I was the cool guy at my
local drinking tavern in main road

California Hawaii shirt with a lot
Vitalis in the hair

yea grease lightening with
pair of neon crocks, a pack of cheap smokes
and happy hour that would transform me

form dear Sir to my lord....tea pinkie and all
clenching the beer fist I ruled that little
cockroach haunt

infuriating jealous horny pension males and flattering overweight
railway stay at home mommies

singing Neil diamond /slash Whitney Houston
I won the crowd

Martin Lochner

Car Guard

50 cents come on!

A few negligent coppers
And no gratitude eyes

killer smile from me

giving a Diane wave
she leaves the parking

justified

Martin Lochner

Charles Bukowski: The Cockroach Piper

affection they had for
the nicotine stained master

coming every evening

through the cracks
of bad plumbing
behind the geezer
out of the toaster

they assembled under
the window sill
trampling each other
for the best seats on
the black oak floor

yea the stage was set
in that Chinatown motel room
a flickering 24 hour light
creating the ambience

screeching excitedly for the
daily reading to come

Charles woke up and was
eloquent in bourbon stupor
performing his midnight urge

telling his scavenger audience
how Vietnam raged
and hippies engaged

it was 1968 and the world
in his dead beat mood was
a scruffy mess

climbing in a bed and getting
most out of his 25 dollars lay
he became the piper

every appreciative cockroach
following him between the
covers

Martin Lochner

Cigarette Burn Blues

a boy was caught
for stealing
a cake of sunlight soap
no more a buckets height
alley eyed and wild for the judgment
observing satan index finger
printed in his skinny neck

I enquired who did this to you!
life and Pontius Pilates sir

leading him to the cells
he sang with canary passion
a ghetto spiritual litigating my conscience
as another wasted child enters my doom

my Lord my Lord have mercy on us!
the little boy found dead in my cell

flutter with tatty wings
little one
when hand me down
angels come to collect you
God will find in his spacious segregated
heart a place for you to play

Martin Lochner

Clarity

the common mind

bewildered by

the poet expressing

in average streets

family barbeques

or friendship bars

an uncommon dialogue

that everyone feels

but do not say.....

Martin Lochner

Compassion

walking the city streets
I feed on the tales
of eyes passing me
failing to

probe
connect
assimilate

to a lost embrace
wanting to touch
the bitter sadness
of those that looked away

Martin Lochner

Condemned To Fly

steadily reaching the required altitude
the blue sky seemed limitless

a sudden clank
and the airplane door opened

release was offered
with a grunt and nudge

freedom fighters took to the sky
and gravity pulled them back

to the speeding land
shattering their skeletons

as they tried to fly

Martin Lochner

Copy And Paste

walking past an accident I felt
stiff marrow shock

seeing a father consoling
his dying child

turning around to find my own
I copied and pasted his face

on the fading boy of the man
feeling his loss as mine

stiff marrow shock

Martin Lochner

Corporate Plastics.Is It Real?

Corporate introduction:

High heel severity...
neck tie suffocation
Killer looking
android smiling
Who is real and
Who is not....

Corporate drink

Styrofoam chicory
taste like coffee

Corporate meal

Chinese two minute
Noodle rush thinks
Board room sushi

Corporate physics

Static polyester carpet
Shocks finger on lever

Corporate fantasy

Excecutive parking
Rodeo debrief

Corporate reception

Printer manuel
Parakeet
Repeat after me
I know nothing
How can I help?

Corporate director

Baptist corridor smile
Closed door cunning
Cost reduction morale
starting by you

Corporate retirement

Pull John Doe file
30 year somebody
digital flash moment
golden handshake glory
out the door
who was he?

Corporate drive through take away gone wrong

World trade centre...super size
Boom....memo ash confetti
What the hell! ! ! !

Corporate Summary:

Sophisticated plastic Neanderthal
Gossiping server brain...unplugged...
Can the real person come forward now?

Martin Lochner

Counter Intelligence We Do Best

Martin Lochner

pin down
that rat

ellipse her for
eternity.....

take her out of
my grammar

no more shadow
alley talks

full stop

Martin Lochner

Crying

as I walk past auntie Bracales
apartment

a sad aria strains under
a crackling vinyl voice

who is the diva?

knocking on stained window panes

imagining

the old widow staring
at her Kodak sepia hero

Martin Lochner

Dead Ford Blues

midnight hazards refracts in the mist,
owl eyes reflects in the pass,

little brother grabs hold, clawing hunger in my arm,
blistered baby moans softly and hoots "Hoo-Hoo"

"The carburettor is busted",

he said over the dead engine,
the thin sound boomeranged into an echo of mountains,
swirling back to accuse Momma in the shadow and the rear,

well worn worries in twenty cities and without pity,
she lived the nomad disaster hoping that one day
the old Ford dies,

the sun rose from his misty duvet
God despatched a friendly Peterbilt to collect
as we roared away, dad waved in the rear window

we left him with the dead
never to be seen again

Martin Lochner

Death And A Horse

two fingers against the quivering vein
the galloping drones away

crushed muscle
departing spirit eyes

a boy looks at his mate in dismay
proud strutting love was deaths bloodied prey

aye,

sadness and heartache
is what robbed lovers pay

but know this:

your mustang blazes
with thundering hooves
heavens hills and valleys

Martin Lochner

Death Becomes Her

1

The old birds married for forty years
Holding hands and walking the promenade

they seemed content and indivisible
walking together without a word

taking in the last twilight sun
and feeding the seagulls.

2

One morning the old dame was found
To be walking alone

Collecting stubs on the pavement
And uttering the name of her coupling

looking straight in her cataract eye
death seemed very alive

Martin Lochner

Desert Rose-A Lesson In Gratitude

the desert rose flourishes
living of the spirit of dew
grace vanishes with the first ray of light

Martin Lochner

Digit Bound

bad 13 looms
lucky 07 void

04 digits
6666
smudged
carbon
payroll

working
my
arsh
between
another
2
digits
8
to
5

pursuing
bread
at
7
to
eleven cafe

ordered
dead rush

00: 00

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz....06h00 biep biep: good morning america!
eleven

Martin Lochner

Do Not Fool Yourself Father

smoking, having a cup
of tea

fathers eroded cunning
face

talks gospel, salvation
and resurrection

pointing me
begging

'talk to me boy'

there is nothing to say
speculate all you want

think circles
think squares
think triangles

keep all your paper bound
existential geometrics

there is no back door
daddy

no escape
no rescue

no cause to run away

when the time comes
i am done here.

Martin Lochner

Doubt

O Jesus!

I find my faith
In four directions
Scattered like marbles

Falling
Rolling

Trying
to
get
hold
of
them

my life struggles
but what a play!

Martin Lochner

Dying For You To Live

straining fearing body
screaming preservation

but hurling itself anyway
taking the full blast

Shrapnel shaving and poking
at the flesh

red pulp champagne
overflowing staining
cotton twine guts

the rare uncalled act
to sacrifice

to die for your mate

it's a matter of conscience
quickenning the spirit

embracing the loss
dying with a salvation smile

Martin Lochner

Economics

Let us talk about the price of truth
Estimated respect and quantified dignity

Market share morality...yea... good and bad established
by price fluctuations on the day

brent crude oil or sunflower oil...the currency of good ethics
The volatility of too much integrity...shut your bloody mouth...

The world is shaped by exchange rates.....
Society formed by return on investment...

Patriot General Husbands make war for it but blue collar boys die for it...
Reformist wives make love for it and fulfill their Christian duties on cheery wood
tops
The whole world depends on it and the question is who gives and who takes....

The church tenth...billionaire pastors with rock and roll humble moves promises
heaven...with every pound that drops on cable TV pledges
....God blesses you....

The halfway house insiders and Pete's bar outsiders ...white picket stocks and
Ferrari bonds ...platinum coke and gold chain rock...generating ingenuity of Italian
Dons, Havard bankers 50 cents hip hop gangsters....who is the man...

Lottery dreams...the thunder of victory hooves an the bling-bling of casino
machines
This is as far as I go....a tag on the crooked dead toe and the joy of life insurance
payouts....

The meridian line of truth? Admittance fee to enter heaven or an administration
amount
to be processed in hell....

Martin Lochner

Eight Words, Four Seasons And I Am Old

Autumn beard
Invading winter

Spring memory
Summer gone

Martin Lochner

Elegy For Mothers Day: Beyond The Ashes

i touch your face,
feeling the uneven path
of creases

running my index finger
on suffering lines leading me
to your eyes

i feel lost in your eyes
abandoned in your weary
ocean

leaving the blazing shores
floating on sulphuric tides
we must feel pain in

ash comes from harbour side
wind still and silent the flakes
paints our faces grey

It's a place for unresolved tears
I feel unable to propel forward
forsaking a dead embrace

you are sinking
i am drifting about
but all will drown in this weary place

you wasted us both

Martin Lochner

Enter The Ninja

restrictive
scripture body

concealing its
beauty

increasing the
interest

of the artist

x ray fingering
tipe ex chalk

drawing and stripping
her bill of health

naked and needy

Martin Lochner

Essence On The Firing Line

capturing
the raw
messy
essence
of yourself

is better
then to play
sincere
dress up

with cocky
ideology
or doctrine

the firing line
proves what
you made of

a suicidal maniac
or a sobbing stripper

running with
fatwa candle sticks
dashing and ducking
g-string disillusioned

i know what i assume

what i assume
you do not know

what is it you ask?

do not even try eunuch
girl!

none of your god damn
business

but OK i will let you
in on a secret of mine

i will die
on my own terms

and not what gold leaved
texts

or romantic didactics
prescribes..

this is not my stage
but i will scramble
my composition

till it is mine..

escorted politely off
the stage

i will dance...i will make a
scene

and exit with frolicking
laugh

my last breathing chant

Its a comedy....a joke and a
bloody disgrace..

Martin Lochner

Eva And Her Choice

servitude

devil or not

love

transcends

Judgement

Hitler burning

Eva

smiling

Martin Lochner

Favour

death, some mystic mist
that cloud the eyes
of grandmothers and fathers.....

When Jesus collects their spirit
and fly away with them with closed eyes

that they come and stay
in the heart of every little child

a comfort tale for the Aspen boy that believes
in Santa Claus and the easter bunny too

between stroke lights of flares and bullet tracers....
the sierra leone boy ponders missionary promises
and says...

then God is working himself to a standstill in
my place...

Martin Lochner

Filling The Gap

i found comfort in the brown paper
wrapped packages his mother send
a decoded contents saying come home
oreo biscuits, shortbread and honeycomb
the extent of the care was further displayed
with a pack of wet wipes and tooth picks
a letter written by her hand grieving her
boy's absence.

astounding consistency and fortnightly deliveries
of a mother's love for her infantry babe.
nice fellow he was allowing me to be his audience
when he read those letters and sharing those hand made
delights out of a Kentucky kitchen, getting a fine taste for
home baked Yankee treats.

mine was somewhere dozing off his Zim -Zam on a pavement or fuelling his
spirits in a cheap bar with Smokey
who is Alice?
no letters and no concern and if she could she would maybe
send me a bottle of Jack and some Lucky strike smokes with a letter saying
do you remember those days when we got spirited together and how you
strummed your lazy guitar playing Crackling rosie?
unhappening ode to a spectacular absent mommy.

They shot that mommys boy just outside the town of Kinshasa and while he was
bleeding himself empty through his neck, I imagined the report of his death and
the memorial despair of a mother
breaking down and never recovering over her loss.....darn if ever one could cry
over me like that!

Taking the bulk of his letters with no MP around me i swapped his dog tag with
an other dead soldier and ditched his one.
Assuming the role of her loving son, the letters came and was returned with the
same lovingness a good son should posses and i ate the contents of the parcel
she send.

Martin Lochner

Final Clearance Sale

mark down special
luxurious

be a man about town
the life interceptor version 2,1
will crown your legacy

this beech wood signature range
will leave you breathless

lined and cushioned with lambs wool
and padded with silk

own your style
with a heart stopping price
of stupidity

Martin Lochner

Finding Love Without Seeking

seeing every threat you pose
feeling the heraldic yearning anyway
wishing your unlikely shiny divinity

sincerely persuading the suspicion
that love will fail and the lusty spark will
combust the spirit
explode the heart

leaving a burned phantom
that poisons everything with hurt

then walk away, flee the dirtiness
clenching aloneness as a old winter coat in summer
love will stumble on thee and find thee

one day truth with the same lonely fate will be smiling back at you

destined loveliness discovered in the supermarket queue
undying tenderness sharing the same taxi cab with you

to love do not force it
and everyone will say it was spontaneous

Martin Lochner

Finding My Jesus

starched ironed theologians

with big untested minds and Darwinian

wise cracks proving evolutionary

random existences was cool

I found Him in charismatic churches

where He tagged along smiling at me

through weary faces and splintered eyes

laughing at me saying: don't take yourself

so serious, join us

the shattered, towntrodden and brokenhearted

humming in paint chipped community halls

and soup kitchen shelters

my sweet lords take me to the mountain

trying to fervently pray for their

drunkard husbands

delinquent children

next months rent

and nappies

Yea I found my sweet and blue eyed Jesus

as sweaty, unshaven and real as the congregation

that invoked him

Pastors crying pleading and dancing

brothers in crutches and wheel chairs rattling their mechanics

in spiritual frenzy

Maslows fine feelings was peaking in this hot house of hope

leaving that church I prayed

you better be real!

.

Martin Lochner

Flash Back Still (Anatomy)

Flash back still (anatomy)

Insomniac stills in negative
flashing on the walls and the fridge
exorcising thighs, definite time slayer
but the prostitute was paid to stay sentry

sweaty vigil, corrupted madonna
nestling, while shadows slaughters shadows
sleeping, while this GI-Jesus freaks amid battle
gethsemane of mortar snores, I told you to watch!

repetitions of forward and rewind
massacred bodies launching forward
split second seeing

the dead coming back to life

Martin Lochner

Flushing Atilla

little backstabbing
metro stingers that roams
aircon passages and humid streets
super glue smiling and victorian lace talking about
heavens mercies
celestial interventions
and all the small acts of tolerance
I am tired of your pretentious pettiness
draw the line clearly
show some bully beef character
and hurl your demarcated hate against me
or any other one you choose you whoosh
rejoice honestly in the fact that you want
to beat the hell out of me....

Martin Lochner

Fortune Cookie

hesitant
brooding
indecision

the bid on love pending

a significant nobody....

laurelling

the song writing

poetry compositions

canvas oil nudes

but what she really needs

walks with a MBA

Martin Lochner

Give Me Another Try

fueling myself at the local bar

flying out into the dark, vagrant nights

I became a kamikaze zero picking
dog fights

with the loser punk in the pawn shop
mirror

broken nosed angry I joined the force

finding myself between the wounded
clearly seeing myself between the dead

life here in the limits made sense

the appreciation increased with the threat

praying no early goodbyes

"God give me another try"

Martin Lochner

Go Fly

never committing, pacing themselves against the expiry
never leaving the ground
never burning, lightening the sky
saving rocket fuel
till they die

Martin Lochner

Going Home

as you drive towards
the farm house

childhood poplars
crowd the dirt road

tenant larks and sparrows
whistle and chirp the home coming[
it is still dark but the red period
light breaks the black cloaked horizon

crickets, frogs and mallard ducks tell
the acres of windy wetlands

that the prodigal son has returned home

Martin Lochner

Gone Fishing

one day
i will have
nothing to say
the alarm clock
will keep ringing
the door will stay closed
the blue car will stay parked

laying in bed i will
have nothing to do
nowhere to go
and no clockcard to click

do not be deceived
seeing me there...

sleepy head

gone fishing with an old friend
of Adam and Eve

Martin Lochner

Grand Central

modern shiny mind
edges worn
like an old suitcase
forgotten
at grand central

Martin Lochner

Grinding Away

The wind picks up
Collecting the dirt

Grinding away at the marble
Text message of you

Poetic memory persist
Until elderly fingers searches

The fading letters of your name
Here lies

Martin Lochner

Guardian Angel Looking At A Human Child

ah little child taking warmth from me
and the little Dover stove humming

God took a small pinch
from creations clay ball

building you with
toothpicks and rice paper

loading your mind with a program
that created the nuclear bomb

without claws and serrated jaws
you remaining the most dangerous being

I worry, custodian and protector of your
soul

Martin Lochner

Guilt

left them behind
turned my back
and walked away

coming back
they are broken, hurt and worn out

saying

we gave up on life since you left.....

Martin Lochner

Haiku -Storm

Through cracks in the wall
I hear the whispering wind -
a storm is coming!

Martin Lochner

Happy Hanukkah!

birth registered
filed inJerusalem
no less jittery fingers

with triggers and detonators
wailing peels of ancient walls

happy Hanukkah!
greetings buzz from New York
fireworks light tanned faces

Martin Lochner

Heart Lines

my being surges
through optic fibre cables

crossing oceans and networks
entering your foreignness

yearning that this digital fiction
becomes as real and alive

as the hand typing my love

Martin Lochner

Hijack

Packed lunchbox and a note
To collect the laundry
The phone rung
Somebody said
They shot your wife
Between second and third avenue
Bare feet and boxers running
To find red and blue panics
Hearing paramedics say not to move the body
She left before the reminder: 20h00 dinner date at La Romantica
Sitting still in red percale body dyed cotton
Blood clotted lovely hair locks and the shower smell of Revlon
Never looking at its face I saw the picture of us on the dash board

Martin Lochner

How Johnny Served His Hod

It has always
been there

it is here now

a feeling stronger
then his nerves

we knew one day...

flexing, rippling
under a feeble
yes man chest

it would come...

managing him
by objective

declaring unto all

that you have puppet boy on the
leash

walking talking to him
like a dog

pulling the lead
gasping him on
the pay roll chocker..

Then the ticker
freeze

not responding

end program now
Somebody warned

give him a reboot
under the bottom
The boss advises

log him off

OK

Shut him down!
Shut him down!

Remembering an
Last bureaucratic
Stiff lip smile

It allegedly
appeared...

Enraged, foamy
Shivering rabies

Shredding
the brass
garlic breath

Johnny
serving
tongue carpachio

silencing the

HOD

Forever

Martin Lochner

I Am Knuckle Brain

a simple
loop and knot

undone

your erudite

opinion

condemning me

as special

having me all squared up

i have nothing else
to do..

but to take your word
for it

thanks

i now have clever kids

doing my shoe laces

tying my knots...

i am persuasive

i am knuckle brain

the dictator

Martin Lochner

I Believe In Poetry

Inside these words
Breathes my flesh

Aching and raging
Against defined limits

Even lazy minds knows
a mere perfumed letter

Or sweet toned whisper
Drives a simpleton to a crazed fever

No more agitation
I believe in poetry

Martin Lochner

I Love You Anyway

why do you hurt me?
softly pulling the fine thread
of my rice paper confidence
stabbing your french cut nails
into every virgin feeling I have..
thrashing me..wrecking me and
leaving me without hope...
i love you anyway

Martin Lochner

I Will Always Be There.

You know me by now,
I don't want anything,
Throw an extra spoon of sugar
in my coffee,
add some cinnamon if you don't mind,
You don't mind and also add vermicelli,
"You will get sick" you reprimand me for walking with naked arms,
it is cold indeed but your hands stroking me is warm beyond my flesh,
offering a jersey I will never ask for,
I don't need money or favor,
I came to collect you for our afternoon walk,
I don't need a juice or a lunch on our way,
I need to you to talk
to laugh and find a connection between me,
the sun and later the moon
when we kiss.

I will always be there.

Martin Lochner

Ideas

Ideas

ribbons and cards

gift wrapping

reality to gratify

Martin Lochner

In The Hard Streets

Heroic Crusader thoughts
Fantasizing the libido chest

Walk the ghetto

Find your dragon
Smoke it or knife it

Find your princess
Pay for her or beat it

Nothing is stranger than fiction
in the hard streets

Martin Lochner

Instructing Men On Power

Captain Smokey Joe says:

washing dishes
tending gardens
and shining shoes
is all in a days
work...making war
all the same

a packet of wages
hot meals and cold drinks
between two moons
is the requirement

let me instruct you
about earning your
god damn
bread in the kill zone

listen

inflicting a fatality is easy

by simple method and approach

stab at the flesh

penetrate the vitals

by slight movement turn
the blade

extract the bayonet

do not panic

move on promptly

forget about it

lock in on the next target

Martin Lochner

Invisible Friend

mute

anger creased another
line

suffering

only us and something else

Martin Lochner

It Is Mine

I felt that you hesitated when you composed me dear Lord?
sitting in you spleen, embryonic in your everlasting midnight
celestial morning a poem, bundled in teenager arms crying "life over"

hesitant, brooding and on the verge of saying what I always knew

" She did not love me"

" She did not want me"

33 summers and this highway high noon, the light shines so achingly perfect and
sure

"whose light is it anyway? " a sideway beggar moans

"it is mine"

.

Martin Lochner

Kalahari Blues

Standing here on a flat land that verges on desert but never
Softened into smooth dunes and even slopes of sand

A place where the wind races from the Atlantic with full drift
but humbles itself as it enters measureless expanses of the Kalahari

swirling over stones and rocks and pushing rootless thorn bushes
rolling them about for no reason except to confirm their absurd existence

the flux leaves and silence settles over the stark face of a divorced
landscape that is not even moved by the sad yelp of the lonely jackal

Martin Lochner

Keep A Little Bit Of Suspicion

Listen to the anonymous sage:

If in doubt do not do it
If it is too good to be true it is untrue

Keep watch over the:

gullible mind
Vain feelings
Itching body

Giving in to

Believing everything
Egoistic drives
And craving stimulus

It crazes and muddles the faculties

Transcending them
Is the biggest farce ever told!

Therefore order your priorities
Expect nothing more than your due
Talk straight out of your needs
And survive your relationships

And when you die
Do not wake the whole house with your lust for
Perpetual gratification
☐
stick out your tongue and touch your nose
if all fails you at least tried

Martin Lochner

Killing The Killers (Swat)

hearing shots go off
echoing towards me

tarmac giving way
running knee deep

but diligently following
the blood smears

passing the dead
finding the culprit

pulling the trigger
emptying the magazine

seeing his skull
a splitting splashing
watermelon abstraction

wounded, awaiting help

thinking
this is what i do

killing the killers

Martin Lochner

Last Day In The Field

horny blue yellow
hues

intensity..fleshy nerves
ticking and cocking

harassing the eyes

ejaculating the pressure
getting it out on 2 D
boards

pigments rippling, curling
out of control

carving those swirls out of
thick lumps of oil

painting
dutch fields and french skies

a humming vibration because of
humping molecules
distracting the red beard

cutting the ear off

kali dances more furious and
black crows screaming at Vincent

pinhole blue eyes looking
at the dark

buck shot his vision
blowing it away

theo his brother discovered
the vision master dead

under open skies and the
wind gently blowing through
the golden wheat crop

only for one crow that looks at
him and cawing away in flight

Martin Lochner

Leaving Us Behind

Drunk, medicated and a whispering crowd
praying my calm

escorting what remains aching
the path leading to you is lined
with poplar greens playing violin
with the wind

seeing the cavity in the ground
wishing to fill it with my body
laying on top of you
saying: "let them bury us together"

hearing a knock on the casket
a distinct whispering voice asking
"let met out"

fighting your brother
and the gravedigger that throws
dirt in your face

" she is alive" I said
"she is gone" they said

the surety of death
confirmed when our baby asks:
"where is mommy daddy"

looking up in the twilight sky
I was surveying for the answer
Sparing the kid I said "she is with Jesus"

Abruptly leaving...fleeing the thought
"a hallmark Bon voyage of nothing "

aggravating consolation and sympathies
future stiffs eating yeasty cucumber triangles dipped in tea
wise cracks watching, touching and mentoring me

"stay away" I said "go away "

Martin Lochner

Legacy

Will my work survive?
Driving a shaft of light

Into the thinking
Of future feeling hearts

Now still hibernating
In warm pockets of able sperm

Waiting to spawn screamingly
Onto the greatest canvas they will ever know

Little word signatures of imitating Art
Saying I was part of this exhibition called life

Martin Lochner

Let Us Do Something Else

Harbor tug gongs and the sound of hungry gulls
A salty breeze burns dry lips

the sweaty sun stings bare shoulders
and the glare tears sunglasses

but this toil here on the jetty makes me smile
determination keeps me on the fishing line

today I catch the biggest one
with ample amounts of whiskey

declare unto all
I'm on god damn holiday

Martin Lochner

Light

the sunrays fight it out on the window pane
banishing cold shadows to beech corners
passion kisses heat against my neck

its magnifying kindness radiates through
opaque glass, surprising me,
drawing me to turn and see:

diamonds forming out of shadows
expanding harmonies of prism, colour kaleidoscopes

the pastor's sermon strokes in Rembrandt tones
morbidity burning in its own slaughtered light
while a congregation vanishes in the background

Martin Lochner

Loaded Drummer Girl

a wrecked toyota van with subwoofers
pumps, inflating the festive air

with harsh rippling sounds of ghetto swing
marching drummer girls drills in bulging
organza rainbow kitsch

they expertly sky rocket shiny batons
somebody scream in the rowdy crowd

a bloodied man runs over the street
jumps the school fence and gets shot in the back

one drummer girls places a baby browning
in her knee height and the band continues

the crowd cheers and in the distance red flashing
sirens blend in with the carnival of the dead

Martin Lochner

Lockerbie

Waking from a bad dream,
the room breathes, whispers
the roll call of restless names;

phantoms looking for all sorts
of American bones and baggage
that once contained their lives.

Hearing the racket he closes the window,
sees the squawking crowds at the Palace gates
calling for the green lizard's cold blooded end,

chanting that wretched word
so long suppressed

Lockerbie! Lockerbie! Lockerbie!

Martin Lochner

Love Found Him

Sitting
in a tree
hiding away

looking down at that
negligent place

certainty

rose in the old
yellow wood tree

grapping hold

swaying and fondling
a boys fear

the rising sun reaching
with glory fingers

touching him

pinching his cheeks to
a quivering smile...

Martin Lochner

Love Manifesto

coming through
that collective door

Marxists left their lofty
distastes for ownership

when they saw your
ballet lightness

opium Raphael beauty
powdered, sweet and perfect

taking her by the hand
I whispered in her ear

be mine

Martin Lochner

Love Roulette

tense launching hammer
released by pulling the trigger

palpitating heart beating itself
between the confines of a ribcage

Slam!a blunt metal click

one day it will explode
driving a piercing headache
right through your mind

leaving you empty
and in a bloody mess

Martin Lochner

Loving You Will Kill Me

Seeing you sitting there
Crossed legged and toned
Perfectly formed and complete

I whispered.....see me

Your eyes locked in on me and
Played me lame and crazy
I whisperedcall me

Smiling you called me over
Asked my name in your Philippine voice
That you wanted to dance

Taking you to the floor
Leading your floral smell
Freaking silently in my pleasure

Touching your skin, closing my eyes
Laying my head on your shoulder

I said to myself: making love to her will kill me

Martin Lochner

Mama Made In China

a cotton cloth dress decorated with bedspread flowers....
flowers fading wash after wash and seams bursting to
contain a peterbilt body...

double chinned...textured with pleads and frowns..mapping
little rivers and pot hole roads of wear and tear...

Dr Judy and Chuck Norris...your sanity...your justice
and the aggression that vents on a little body when he return home
from school..

the luxury and lightness of being...mark down liquor and special
french polony...a bitter meal for existing...

you wanted him and got me..the straying sperm and a runner...

Martin Lochner

Marrow Bones

Four marrow bones
Its white pupils staring
Sucking it empty
A once concerned
Beefy Bovril
Now absent

Martin Lochner

Meditation

beneath the clammer
of a crowded mind
feelings glide like a tranquil eel
in the deep

Martin Lochner

Midnight: Sudan

every curve
of your body

i memorized

alone

i recall and paint
its perfect contours

against a empty
sky...

Martin Lochner

Moon

Glowing
Sickle
Silver

Shining gray
In vacuum
Studded space

Indifferent
Deathless
Eye

unreflective
mirror
shade

pulling
ocean
tides

radiating
crazy
gules to

Howling wolves
Singing pagan witches

Martin Lochner

Mother

watching her
standing at
the line

fag in mouth
feeling the sad connection

umbilical cord
never separated

feeding on each others gall

Mother
will I ever taste the sweet?

Martin Lochner

Mother Earth And Her Two Children

rip, rip
the wind picks up
rips everything apart

a bruising troth
the ocean
instigating

blasting rage on shoreline cliffs
pine splitting fury strikes the land

and i want see
and know
who drives this tantrum

Martin Lochner

Mother Once Said I Looked Like James Dean

1

Elaborate Shakespearian pick up
lines in the wrong place and time
contesting for attention
with Ricky Lake on the
Barman's black and white
and Liverpool screaming out of the big screen
She finished her pint and looked
at me saying 'sod off'

2

leaving that place hurt
I still felt like James Dean
rolling my stride

Martin Lochner

Is A Sissy

(the funeral pyre is packed over and over....
people are shocked time after time..and i
wonder who or what is playing this sick joke on us)

i do not fear death....
nor do i love it....

who can bear the fancy
of immortality if eternity
should be played out
in the confines of our
soap opera life...

the excessive dramas, intrigues
, petty struggles, heartbreak,
lies, deceit, love, joy, happiness
and a pop up list of other
opium sentiments....

life never stuck to me.....
the attachment never grew..

existence pushed into my nothingness
and this without my consent...
the facade of trying to settle in a world
that never settles....
before you get the knack of it youre game over...
existence pushed out of me after the exertion of
trying to survive in the first place....

from ambiguity to chronic confusion racing towards
oblivion...

i smile...the void opens and i look into it....death walks
to me....i lit a cigarette and turn my back on him...
do what you are here for baby....

so the never ending story of extinction never completes...

Mutation

I can be a warrior,
a butterfly and a feminine dancer of midnight songs.
I can be a man,
a child and a reclining creative longing for your lap.
Will you ever know my secret?

Martin Lochner

My Friend Sweeney

the roaring laughter
ridiculous tales
sold as the truth

he was unstoppable

those evenings at the hearth
we exchanged views
between a bottle of whiskey

as the mellow drink settled inside us
and the last red embers died

i saw his face damp and the heartbreak
of a thousand Irish families in it

rubbing he complained about allergies
telling me a limerick and cracking the seal
of another good label

Martin Lochner

My Lord.

a daisy
on a mountain ridge
the wind blows it to tatters

but it remains Yours wilted
and beautifull

Martin Lochner

Mystic Night Watchman On Mainroad

observing Friday nights
fluctuating twilight patterns
of flashing faces, feet and wheels

the night watchman yogi
reeled into a suburban main road trance
becoming one with soot coloured smudges of move on bodies
then it comes:
the massive midnight spread
that silences the once busy tarmac vein
a soft mist mingles with a hot mountain breeze
and the wonderful smell of petroleum grease tickles the nose

the spectacle slightly disrupted by a stumbling tramp
with pink stiletto heels
she is now looking at him and the feelings is one
of wolves and stray dogs that roams under a smiling sickle moon

Martin Lochner

Need To Know

taken from your
father...

look after her

is it enough that i am strong
that i can fight your fears

strangle them behind the corner
when you do not see me

is it enough that i am powerfull
that i can force your every need

blackmail them in the dark
when i left home to buy the
evening news

unsuspecting terrible softness
nestling and dozing in my arms

i am looking out for her...
only this she needs to know

Martin Lochner

Nelson Mandela

tin foods and freeze dried groceries
boxed and packed

putting the boys to work because
an unknown tiding passed our ears

stocking the old redundant cellar
the housekeeper made it hospitable

father said that F.W. De Klerk
sold us out for the freedom of the devil

that all due haste was needed because
A civil war was looming

An old man tested and tried at the Rivonia
trail...condemned because he spoke out

"I cherished the idea of a democracy where all
Men and Woman is equal, that dream will come"

He allegedly was packing his suitcase and
dancing the jail rock blues no more

ready to walk and and to drive us into the
sea where we came from

An European Diaspora foretold in the classrooms
Telling tales that the communists was waiting on the
borders

Waiting for Mandela to take the stage
reclaiming his 27 years misery from us

Coming out of bondage, the world waiting and us
loading caliber magazines

Mandela said:

"I cherished the idea of a democracy where all
Men and Woman is equal, that dream is today".

putting our guns down and leaving the cellar
we went outside and the sun was shining

Martin Lochner

Night

i do not understand
you darkness

turning your
black shoulder on me

giving me a hundred thousand
blinking hopes

but still insulting me

taking sunny
blue sky away

not knowing
that your daily gossiping

makes me older

Martin Lochner

No Reason

Cutting you down
without thinking.

You turned;
I washed the floor.

Martin Lochner

Normal Day

Marching in with heraldic flags of Stallions

68 virgin men entering the shadow land of

the cape flats

untested troops with shivering spines and

and polished batons

Commissioned to contain the barbaric world

of the desperate

to protect a 350 million rand investment

of a glossy enamelled mall of buying desire

keeping a visible line of admittance for those

that quenched their lust with credit or cash

drawing the muscle border of private property

keeping out the rabble and those with dodgy eyes

me a mere soldier, captain of discipline knew no

economic motivation or feelings of the missionary

keeping to the principles of war and conduct

of armed forces, only offering the sharp end of the sword.

Halting the hungry, desolate loitering beggars

Cuffing thieves, pick pockets and robbers

Hunting down hijackers and subduing

the anger of gangster attacks.

Business was booming with a million feet a month

treading the beauty of the Promenade.

The virgin men became broken as a pair of trampled

Shoes, creased with lines and sun burst broken faces.

Gunshot wounds

Knife stabs

White knuckle assaults

Losing allot of epaulettes under those white bloodied broad sheets

Lying quite still and booking them absconded till Armageddon

End of business and a collection of twenty company issued shirts

discarding the days one, splattered with the testimony of a hard day

before leaving visiting the prison and hearing out of that harvest the thundering
moans of despair and remorse.

I arrive at home and wish for the welcoming embrace of wife and
Child

"How was work today "my wife would ask

I would say "just a normal day, no incidents "

Martin Lochner

Nosy Prints

Emptiness is noted, their presence no more;
leaving us, never leaving us or just dying on us,
but the diffused smell lingers, their uniqueness in
our ambient internal fragrance memory bank.

Great grandfather's bushy beard infused with cherry
rum tobacco and a whiff of French penny polony
on the breath,

Grandmothers elegant moon drops lotion, smell dabbling
around the face and powdery Turkish Delight,
treasure in her sheep's woven jersey - always checking for those
glazed pink and red sweeties in the pocket.

Becoming sick

the smell of hospital urine, stainless steel pans, domestos
and unsalted bland cooked pumpkin for lunch, nausea.

Leaving hospital

Coffee shop entrance filled with grounded coffee beans
bursting the heavy buttery mist of light oven croissants
and toast, marmalade spreads aromatic.
Marriage.

Going home

Mouldy smell of big brown mushrooms and raw garlic,
pan fried with butter and balsamic reduction,
smothered in goat's cheese and the berry bite
of chardonnay, lightly syrupy.
Late edition 2004.

Fathers study

Stinky printer's ink smell with kudos leather
and the Cuban cigar nostril pricklers with
prohibited fresh taste of peach schnapps

and rotten grape cognac.

Girl friend

Lip ice strawberry,
Stimorol tongue kisses, mint explosion and something else -
DKNY elements lingering on the neck.
Eating her up.

Jesus

West coast wind bringing the smell of sea bamboo,
sweaty sweet sour dough of Passover,
preserved fig and eucalyptus, wild honey,
salted dry fish and seedless Jerusalem prunes.

And death

Wet porcelain clay
Deep Mr. Min polish spray
Sweet balsam moth ball odor

And tea, yes tea,
cucumber slices with cheddar

Blurring faces saved by these distinctive
nosy prints, nasal artifacts or holy undertones
of those that are dear or fear to us.

Martin Lochner

Obama Get To Work!

there is drama Mr Obama

maybe you must call your Mama

clean up the congress men's mess

the brevity of time will be the test

otherwise I see the wilting leaves of the

eagles crest and watch out for Bin Laden

he promised to come back and destroy the rest

come now Mr. President do your Nobel best!

for once leave the illuminate out of your treasury chest

returning the dream of freedom to proud American breasts

.

Martin Lochner

On Hotrod Bend

I face twilight traffic with big yellowed eyes
a flickering herd of diesel approaching

solid white lines and shrivelled feelings
fight off enthusiasm to be a tarmac matador

eight valves of lorry rage closes in
bull bars, galvanised, chromed
for the storming kill

futile fight of ill fated tears and hurt
rolling, searing eyes burning acid

closing vision of mangled certainties
on hotrod bend

angry bulls on their horns
stopping
bulking

“get the hell off the road”

.

Martin Lochner

Orange Is On The Outside

teeth clench
orange flesh
citrus spray
a sunny day
but scary hearts
pray

fearing the moon and the night

Martin Lochner

Panic Attack

the door opens...light shoots through the room
all shadows and gargoyles take to flight

lungs and heart until now vacuum packed....
blood returns to a blue face...

the offering of anti depro tablet of compressed
happiness...

seeping away.. and not slitting away...
softly...deeply...tenderly...dissolving like a Eno

loosing weight and gravity...chemical
oceans of soft tides take me away....

shadows echo far away like helium cartoons...
kill yourself...obliterate yourself....

limp and drooly i say...not now precious...

Martin Lochner

Paper Tiger

1

O torturing fakir conscience

vague hellish tattoo needle
outlining a distant roaring blot

inking the unknown as injected veins
clear up for X-rays to see

feeling each lousy sting
piercing and coloring spirit stuff

2

the dashing blot appears
taking form as a charcoal cougar

eating at my guilt
devouring every gold leaf
templar feeling I have

3

Leaving me barely a doodling stick
man

navigating this figurine on a empty desert
page that smells of pang

Martin Lochner

Paris Hilton And The All Stars

Did my eye see the likeness of a Goddess entering
the bank?

Poetry dripped as dew from her tender lily physique
beautifully present as Keats description of feminine spring
the aesthetic appreciation of this flower was all terribly mine

She had a vulgar tongue that spoke average on her Blackberry
Barbie feelings that made the Back Street Boys famous
Hurting and stabbing my very tender Shelly self

She turned out to be no more a Mills and Boon sweetheart
hoarsely singing a Britney Spears tune in front of the queue
baby hit more one more time...oh no baby no more rhyme

Martin Lochner

Pimping Gaia

Daily emptying her petroleum bowels
Pimping our fossil rich ride
With Fords and Concords

Martin Lochner

Pipe Dream: Diogenes

better sleeping
in a pipe

then waking
from a bond dream

easy cold draft
spacious cold sweat

staring at ceiling
looking at stars

contesting contention

both goes to sleep

Martin Lochner

Planet Of The Apes

Planet of the Apes

Excess monkey fit
of restless thoughts

Calmed by lighting
A Texan cigarette

Pulling in the smouldering
toxic haze

the monkey finds
its smouldering peace

only a ten minute treatise
it starts up again

mind mapping worries
on the planet of the apes

Martin Lochner

Poetry And Its Mystical Effect -Essay

Sometimes I find myself reading more into the meaning of a poem that was the originally the intention of the Poet. Probing and dissecting to discover the essence of the author composing it.

I find myself travelling beyond words to enter the mystical nucleus of the artist and what his subconscious is telling me. Poetry is the magic of painstakingly selecting words, structuring them methodically to denote the intended feelings of the Poet and this is indisputably a mystical rite that enchants those that practices her way.

What starts out as an abstract feeling in the being of the Poet is moulded intellectually and is delivered to create a sense of feeling that is aesthetically sound and pleasurable. I made another discovery that a writers Poem is not only a discovery of that person's sense of life but mirrors your own life in the words of that Poet and vice versa. Such a discovery is universal, indivisible and complete in itself and explaining such a feeling is trying to explain the inspiration moment of an artist, enlightenment of a monk or even the exultant moment of an orgasm. Everyone is aware of that experience but trying to explain it is futile until you have felt it yourself.

The great Spiritual traditions of mankind knew this and employed poetry to enlighten and provide them a direct channel into the depths of truth. I will only mention a few to validate the point I have made:

Poets:

Basho – Zen Buddhism

Lao Tzu –Taoism

Rumi- Sufism

King David –Psalms

Scripture:

Bhagavad Gita

Kabbala and the Talmud

The power of these works through prayer, mantra, koans and song opened the minds and spirits of those that read it devotionally.

In this spirit I urge every writer of poetry to become a responsible master and disciple of his own inner being because when you send your decoded piece of art into the world it may have a lasting impact into the mind and hearts of those that reads your work earnestly.

For the reader I only have e quote as guide:

" I do not desire to be read but wish to be memorised and recited with your blood" (Thus spake Zarazusthra, che)

Invocation:

In this spirit I wish you good luck with your creative writing and wish the muse always infuse beauty and truth in every word you write with that invisible magic.
Heart lines

my being surges
through optic fibre cables

crossing oceans and networks
entering your foreignness

yearning that this digital fiction
becomes as real and alive

as the hand typing my love

Martin Lochner

Portrait Of The Artist (Being Odd)

strange tatty refugee
but still invisibly
connected to a ricky lake
umbilical cord

Jesus cut it off...free me
from this welfare common
connectedness!

harsh open eye
sleep with four brothers
sharing the communal
christmas bed...
cold feet no joy

the curse to be

inclined to Rachmaninov

attracted by Ezra Pound

inspired by Jackson Pollock

and consoled by Victor Hugo

the vomit peptic fear of the mocking
thrash pokes and jeers

what you doing boyo?
you better then us inks

i sway nietschean in the late night streets
elegantly drunk...wailing a repetitive witty song
of myself

odd little sod..blot the little rot
the price of cod...this value his rot
tra la la

standing at a red light cross over
in the bronx
beethoven plays through your german
precision window

extending my gesture of fellowship
you say no small change closing
the window

concreting the crooked melody forever

odd little sod..blot the little rot
the price of cod...this value his rot
tra la la

i am so alone...maybe not because shadows
peels from a graffitti wall

it is a meth band of off alley wolverines that cash
in on my nothingness

taking my notebook laughing and pulping me

i look beetroot faced to the stars and ask dear
what is my worth?

glassy eyed dead cats head looking at me in the middle
of main road

crawling home on tarmac knees and palm..dark night of the
soul ended and purposed renewed

writing poetry..embracing my
poverty and twisting every little nonsense
till it cried truth

Martin Lochner

Reflections Of A Pulp Poet

Some principles that governs my writing:

1 You are your own greatest source of inspiration and tap from your own life experiences and thinking when you consider a theme.

2 Get out of your attic and hole and hunt down unique and extraordinary life experiences.

Crashing parties and breaking hearts from Aspen to Harlem you may, like Jack Kerouac, write a master piece like "On the road".

3 A poet's biography is just as important as his Opus. Imagine Allen Ginsberg wrote Howl while

he prepared sermons for the old Reformed church of some white picket fence suburb in New York.

4 Be yourself at all times and find your own voice in your work and never apologise or attempt to justify your work to anybody.

5 There is no politeness in writing poetry and be brutally honest when you write theme poetry. In the name of Art and for the sake of "Poetic Justice" stop at nothing to get your truth to a willing audience.

6 Telling the truth is a revolutionary act

Writing great poetry is revelatory, revolutionary and surprising to the audience reading your work. Great poetry is also shocking, offending and gritty but at the same time sensitive, beautiful and inspirational.

7 Poetry is empirical and rarely rational. Ever seen how Psychoanalysts fix damaged marriages through rationale? ...oops!

8 Poetry is spiritual and rarely religious. Ever seen Catholic priests going into ecstasy when reading the Psalms...oops!

9 A Picture tells a thousand words

Use strong metaphor and imagery to show your audience rather than telling them. Let your readers discover and experience your piece and this is the delight of Art contemplation.

10 Do not attempt to show everything or implicitly clarify meaning in the parameters of your piece. If they do not grasp your meaning they most probably find their own

11 Earn your free verse:

Study the technique and method of poetry diligently. Attempt to write in form and in different styles considering metre, rhyme, alliteration, enjambment etc before taking up free verse

12 Never allow formalism and methodology to kill your spontaneity to express your art in the most creative and innovative way. Be a maverick that is erudite in the art and craft of poetry but transcends it to challenge its rules. Read E.E Cummings to see such a master in action!

13 Poetry is the most valuable and free conceptual art you will ever enjoy. It detests business plans, profit margins and commercialism but supports local small presses and boutique poetry journals with donations or purchases of a copy. It is still cheaper than your Elle and porn magazines.

14 Poetry is a fringe sub culture that is tightly bonded and in community with each other. It is all an uncoordinated goalless objective to share each other's creative work. When you post your work and it is reviewed or even deconstructed feel gratitude because there was no obligation to read it in the first place. Also read the work of others and share your unqualified opinion with them. It all about sharing!

15 Read Genius of the crowd by Charles Bukowski and see the danger of sharing your poems in the marketplace.

Martin Lochner

Refraction

Glowing
splintered moon
reflects the misty pond

Martin Lochner

Reinstating Silence By Introducing Silence

a thinking silhouette
that probing scalpel
once a man

Infiltrating the statement
of truth

violating it by glaring
Inference

found wanted

between intruding walls
and gossiping kitchen floors

he solved all philosophical
problems

he never went to sleep again

deciphering the time between
every click of the ding dong clock

looking at time...analyzing
knowing his crime...calculating the odds

cursing the uncommon predicament

that a table has five legs

the freakish conclusion hopping towards
the master...

taking a fearsome corner and saying
and saving himself

that what cannot be said must be left in silence

Retreat Of The Divine Cat

1

late afternoon retreat at the shimmering sea
entering with a breath of seaweed and algae

rays of the sun carves abstract notions
of dreams and desires against the wall

seeing the cat stretching in contentment
I yawn and forget about tomorrow

2

Burning sandal wood tantalizing the awakening
smokey eyes staring at the dancing candle light

hearing the snoring cat, feeling the roaring ocean
rhythmically balancing a melody of sweet silence

the nipple rounding moon pulses evocative shadows
against the wall, turning around I vanish away

3

A smear of red blended violet inks the morning horizon
birds talking and the south Easter brushing my shoulder

the dharma clock rings and the prayer cymbal gongs
rippling prayer mantras vibrating full empty harmonies

the cat walks past and beyond my staring adoration
God rises in his sunflower eyes and my worries wither away

Martin Lochner

Reuters War Photographers

cold objective snaps of extreme alarm
Developing hard won illustrative horrors

Jeopardising wellbeing on every front
Sending their Polaroid scrolls to dark rooms

Downloading pictures
But never the outraged memory

Bringing the worlds madness
To our morning porches

Delivered by young boys that reads
Hardy boys and captain America

Cranking and ringing their bells
They leave

Martin Lochner

Riot

finding myself
pulled into this

stick in one hand
a brick in the other

I became the cause

launching forward

transcending
the oppressive peace

and renewing the struggle

with a single punch and utterance

our children is dying of hunger

Martin Lochner

Romanticism: After Listening To Wagner

There is strength
that forges greatness
in weak willed bodies

A spectacular thrust of glimmering reason

flushing the "cannot" from our screaming spines
surging, flooding godly violence in us
launching forward, the fight of self worth begins

changing the fate of tattered ignorance

earned torrent beauty in sonata eyes
happiness smiles in flaming overture
" I can and I will " the new men say

Conviction Notice:

"No man is a ghetto, gutter or wasteland"

Martin Lochner

Rooted

rooted in death heaven seems inviting
death breath eternity
forgetting the ashes
memory reminds us to love

Martin Lochner

Sacrifici Lillies-The Deceit

You made love to him, giving him Mary
his stench still hovering over your perfume

Ripping me from our past, your thighs
eyes averting like a drooping bouquet

Once you were my earth and your seed
sprouted pink blossoms on my lips

You fool! –sleeping I sang to you, wishing
a harvest of dreams and small feet laughing

but my eternity
you gave to the hyena
saying sorry

You Fool! –sleeping I sang to you, wishing
a harvest of dreams and small feet laughing

lilies slaughtered in the abattoir

daffodils growing in rich sewerage

this is the bloodied gift you offer

the soiled token you want to return

Love plays your token

on a splintered vinyl

it cries through the static –its over!

Martin Lochner

Scared For The Rest Of Your Life

old men's peer
young lad's hero
ladies gentleman
tie, collar, cufflinks
cars, country clubs, cognac
symmetrically toned
six packed torso
ripped thighs

strutting like a Arabian horse
reserved like a marble stoic

I am my father's propaganda
I am my mother's indoctrination
a community's pride
no one will exceed you

clean-cut
ambassador
protector

giving no hint to tension
laying in my daughters lap
saying come with me
taking her laughing hand
chasing waterfront gulls
eating ice cream at uncle Charlie's
making silly rhymes with the flower sellers
over paying the car guard
taking a sleeping child home
instructing the driver to take us home
gloriously passing others real life concerns

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 02

2

accusing hard-working farmers

encumbered by debt

who combed and levelled thistles and thorns

subduing stubborn veld to create

symmetrical crops and grain fields

who keep the mills grinding

bakery chimneys smoking

between four wired borders

they called their sloth their own

rising before dawn

walking alone into the fields

worries about hail or rain

succoured by a simple

leather bound faith in providence

believing our suffering to be

in proportion to what we can bear

that God controlled our fate

and that of our fragile harvest

red- eyed

sunburnt

we prayed and meditated on an unforgiving land

that thought nothing to miscarriage a good harvest

our way governed by a few non-negotiable principles:

1. do not discredit our God
2. do not deprive us of our land
3. do not disrespect our wives and abuse our children
4. do not touch our guns and never ask to drive our cars

but our generosity to complete strangers is immense

opening up

our koeksister and moer coffee kitchens

inviting them to our dinner tables

warming them with homemade brandy

and percale linen and blankets

sending unknown men and women

from our porches as lifelong friends

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression

7

apartheid codified, promulgated and entrenched
diseased act of our leaders to neutralize
and destroy any neurotic threat
fearing to become slaves they enslave a nation

boers exchanging khaki
for cotton lounge shirts and polyester suits
enjoying the image of the master in their gilt-edged mirrors.
black framed frowning officials zealously planning group areas
and keeping the best prime property for the new found afrikaner elite

one morning coming into district six
with earth moving machines
the army and the police smilingly
do their enforcement work
relocating complete communities
and planting them in shacks in the
dust and grime of the cape flats.

fair-skinned coloureds applying for id cards
officials testing their ethnicity by asking them to say thirteen
failing the tests they relegate them to garden 'boys'
and kitchen girls for the rest of their natural lives
smiling subserviently for a sjambok hiding
and weekly pay that consists of half a litre harvest wine
living on 'the book' they never will repay the debt
to fill their stomachs and to raise their children.

neither black nor white they centre
on the humiliation that they exist
creations of prohibited enjoyment
after inter racial copulation of boer and bantu.

never really supporting the boer mandate
never integrated with the fate of the blacks

floating about and fitting the puzzle

never finding the piece that will connect their identity
in the bigger scope of things

feeling the desolation of indifference and subservience
teenagers become despondent, forming gangs
drugging, fornicating and killing themselves
into a stupor and hormonal hysteria
crying in bloody t-shirts that they also want
to be doctors, pilots and engineers

hopeless coloured boys robbing their elders on the railway bridge
sweet sixteen mommies
with clinging snot-nose babies found stealing in shoprite
dixie boys and american gangs fighting
the system against each other and afrikaner cops
coming to despatch them from this earth

wastelands of people staying in subsidized pigeon holes
overcrowded cubicle flats of cockroach misery
blocking the sewage
tripping the electricity

breaking fathers' spirits
ogling the depths of a beer bottle
emptying a week's livelihood
gurgling it down at the station
going home and handing small change to feed the kids

breaking mothers' desperate hearts
working victoria street fishnet style
or getting it behind from dry dock china sailors
feeding her whelps after a night's paid passion

rubbish collectors singing operettas
maids reciting homers iliad
boys replicating god's finger
holding a nokia on council walls
all going to a bloody sorry waste
of humane opportunity
genius is skin deep
and the bronze on you does not fit buddy

power never shares
the english taught us well

psycho barbwire dividing:

the master and the slave
the victor and the defeated
the rich and the poor

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 01

1

undaunted by mountains and rivers
and plains and predatory death
a defiant people made a great trek
in search of freedom lost

the settlers' plough
smelted and moulded
to work a farmer's dream
breaking stubborn ground
metal sparking darkened rock
struggling against Africa's stronghold
battling through weeds and reeds
claiming our acre without shame
frustrated inch by bloody inch
cutting with blistered sweat
and burning toil to deliver the spoils
to a majority indigenous race

the granaries are now full
the cattle and sheep have been fattened
and now the call is for the defeated to rule
take our ancestors chipped tools
nationalise the wealth you deem 'stolen'

embrace the misery that rages
from the Nile to the Limpopo
your promises remain promises
labour suffering as usual with

Aids/hiv
tuberculosis
overpopulation
lack of education
etceteras of corruption and crime
the eclipse of the continent blots
the sun again.

Malema's revolutionary call: 'shoot the boer'
the reviled boers ripped from their farms
go to catch the midnights express
leaving this land of travail saying

when you have starved your people
get Mugabe,
Kaddafi or the
Eurasians to farm it again
leaving here is pain
nothing more to gain
flowing blood
that makes khaki stain

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 03

3

freedom was never offered to us

like a good-hearted man flicking

a nickel to a homeless beggar

we paid for it dearly, fighting

majestic and terrifying tribes of Z

ulu warriors

who wanted only our torture,

chanting ravaging foreigner death

of the fair-

skinned

honourable contracts and verbal agreements

for land and a right to exist

earned Piet Retief a crushed skull and

a permanent good bye

our forefathers forgot us on the big

old toe of Africa, as they fled back

with east Indian company ships

to pursue occupations growing bulbs

and maturing cheese

while we remained

meeting the barbarian hordes

who organised

themselves like

sworded red ants and no conciliatory words

to prevent the bloodshed coming

the pastor prayed:

if it is your wish dear lord,

we will perish courageously

but grant us victory in the shadow

of death and we will unify as

new peoples in this heartless country

mothers moulding lead bullets

children loading muskets

fathers dodging spears and keeping

the laager intact by

shooting and knifing the adversary

till the last battle cry echoed

andries Pretorius

believed moses

visited the slaughter site where the river

ran with blood tainting the fish eagle's water

the price of our freedom was the death

of the pagan thousands strewn

and forgotten in the long grass

like a naughty child's domino tiles

our dead are

buried

wounded are tended to

farming commences

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 05

5

increasing feelings of insecurity
english law prevails and traitors
die in front of firing squads
and hang on the weight of their corded necks

elevated gentry smile in bronze
shakespeare invading every street and boulevard
children receive the victorian rod for
failing english reading and grammar
the civil threats of "if i ever hear
you speak afrikaans you will be expelled"

english aristocrats reach our shores
build mansions and elegant homesteads
along the scenic south ridges looking down on
the misery of the peoples feeling the sting
of taxed oppression and social crimes.

leaving the cape colony to claim independence
we open a diamond encrusted hole
mining and working our wealth
a sense of pride returns

news from the witwatersrand tells that we have found
a vein under the ground that
spurts golden blood and that
we could finance a government for free men.

trooper ships landing after hearing of inland fortunes
the reds marched,
echoing gongs
and drumming like captured monkeys.

my scottish brother did you forget the freedom cry of sir william wallace
my irish compatriot did you forget the yearning sighs of saint patrick

generals chatting up a storm

with old roman sophism
over tea with honey
become offended and declare war
using their wealth in their favour

as far as her majesties sun rises
polished button troops escape
that horrid island taking in the sun
and learning their safari trip entails
more than seeing the big five of Africa

friedrich engels notes the successes
of the industrial revolution
the power loom and spinning jenny
ransacking and mangling the bodies of
cheap laboured work house minors and woman

working them 16 hours a day in low,
damp ceilinged factories
a lack of running water and sewerage,
misery increases
manchester becomes a place of cripples and amputees

an empire clothes it's young ones
in helmet and uniform promising them three
square meals and a few pounds to send home to
welfare families starving in english towns

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 06

6

we serve a cucumber sandwich queen
giving our lives in two wars
when the northern hemisphere turns mad
bi polar churchill sends us to die
in suicide missions in caen and tripoli

independence given after enough blood
is spilled and king george visits our shores
giving folk the royal wave and a practised smile

pennies and pounds become rands and cents
afrikaners control our destiny again
never! we cry under oath
will the boers submit again
we would rather die on our feet
than crawl on our knees seeking mercy

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 08

leaving rural kraals
to find work in the cities
leaving wives and children behind
promising to send a subsistence and some letters

going to hostels and townships
working the mines
dying of asbestoses
buried in unmarked municipality graves

walking through afrikaner suburbs
looking for gardening or ironing jobs
stopped by police to check the 'dom pass'

checking the time
running fast for the last train,
the clock rule prevails
otherwise a good beating and a night in the ping
going back to paraffin shacks
winds ripping on oil skin roofs
cold frosting and heat perspiring
on cardboard box walls

growing resentment of
whites only signs into banks, restaurants,
parks, beaches, and public toilets
verbal, physical, emotional abuse,
cursing their predicament

the neighbour cries as her husband is taken away
by the security police
beating him into a yellow service van
for anti government activities

activists sent to robben island for twenty years hard labour
tortured to a mental fry... cleverness rocking in psychiatrist ward
despatched from life in pretoria correctional facility
the wife vainly enquiring about the whereabouts of her husband

plaatjies forms the african national congress
awareness starts with steve biko dying violently in detention
bleeding empty for being a clever kaffir
resistance grows with walter sisulu
conviction increases with desmond tutu
nelson mandela cool calculator for freedom
takes the gamble for the collective relief of suffering
knowing the rivonia trial could cost him his life
not recanting he takes detention for 27 years of his
life...working ceaselessly in a confined space
to direct the apartheid theatre

the african youth rises up in the townships, throwing
the bones for their futures
burning tyres, obstructing paths, with mere
stones they confront the military,
willing to fight to the death
in sharpeville the armed forces shooting
rubber bullets, then loading live rounds
shooting children in the back as they flee

poor hector peterson picking up the last brick
gets three in the chest and dies in his brothers arms
a journalist gets that award winning picture
and the world rages calling an end to this horror

fw de klerk having his cigarette in mandela's cell
calls a truce and works ceaselessly to start the countdown
for the end of the segregation regime
he instructs the release of nelson mandela.

outraged silence prevails in the suburbs and joy
sounds in the ghettos.

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 09 &10

9

south africa decides the fate of the nation
through democracy leadership goes
to former freedom fighters and power
belongs to the poverty stricken population.

10

father leaves home early
not returning the evening
mother fears the worst
father talking the previous evening
of death
stroking the border scars on his body
crying "why did we die in the war! "

mother sends me to the military graveyard
in maitland walking the numerous rows of white crosses
tombs revealing the loss of 17 years old boys
fighting the communist insurgents on the borders
of namibia and angola

finding him asleep on my oldest brothers
grave i wake him, tell him to come home.
struggling with him i never saw him sobbing before
grieving the death of his child who fought
for country and cause
cursing himself saying that he pushed his boy

to protect the homeland
from the nation's enemy
cutting his face with the pins
of the pro patria medal and crux honorius
he received for bravery
he cries
"for nothing my child, nothing! "

Martin Lochner

Scream: A Brief History Of Oppression Chapter 11 & 12

11

The once fervent Dutch Reformed church and National party
That indoctrinated the young to support Apartheid
Change their ideology overnight and instruct the young
To have a forgiving attitude and to ask God's grace for the
Terrible sins of the fathers

Teachers filling the Boer youth with angst decrying the lot of our people
Preaching our downfall and the suffering and humiliation to come.

Defeated talk of elders and parents
Spitting bitterness and hopelessness about any future

The young denouncing their culture and inheritance
Changing their names and learning English, playing British

Signs of insipid suicide in the eyes of tomorrow's future
Principles fading and the overwhelming sense of being sold out
gall on the swollen tongue

12

The wheel of power turns steadily
The most stubborn of convictions change-
as does the constitution.

Hardened Afrikaner patriots
Zealous former torture camp commanders
And the intellectuals of apartheid

Cry and apologise- for their inequities
Hug- and embrace- Desmond Tutu and his
Righteous entourage of godly coloured men
And the truth escapes their lying bellies

to save themselves they bad mouth-

Everything that was worthy to be spared
Slaughtering the spirit of a culture that groomed

Martin Lochner

Scream: A History Of er 04

4

plumes of smoke drift over
the karoo land
limpid blue skies turning
grey and flaming red

one kommando farmer
seeing the smoke near his land
races his horse with a rabies mucus froth
to find his life's work
scorched and burning
and a note dangling
on the front door

scorched earth policy,
children and women
detained until you swear allegiance
to king and country
swinburne soldier poet compares the inmates
to whelps and dams of murderous foes
but the rednecks do better
keeping them in coops like
stray dogs or pathetic stray kittens.

bright eyed children burning with consumption
tormenting guilt of mothers failing to quench
the thirst of the young and the old,
losing their minds and feeding babies
their lacerated blood.

death camp moaning
as gangrene rots
inside tents and coverings
agonised screams as
legs and limbs are amputated.

kommandos overlooking those camps
weep over the suffering

of our loved ones
62000 die in those gentleman's death camps
and the queen gets the cullinan diamond
for her successful campaign

fearless warriors who use attila acumen in the field
bring the great empire to its lion knees
shooting them down from horseback
simple men that fight
out of a simple conviction that our land
is not going to be sucked dry
by the colonial leeches.
guerilla warriors crawling on proud knees
relinquishing their spirit
for the release of our families
the rednecks relishing the squirming
of a stubborn boer

dirty tricks succeed where battle has failed
to defeat these fighters on the fields of war
bloemfontein decorated with the tombstones of the
albion people and their wealthy exploits

Martin Lochner

Scream: The Complete Poem

undaunted by mountains and rivers
and plains and predatory death
a defiant people made a great trek
in search of freedom lost

the settlers' plough
smelted and moulded
to work a farmer's dream
breaking stubborn ground
metal sparking darkened rock

struggling against Africa's stronghold
battling through weeds and reeds
claiming our acre without shame
frustrated inch by bloody inch
cutting with blistered sweat
and burning toil to deliver the spoils
to a majority indigenous race

the granaries are now full
the cattle and sheep have been fattened
and now the call is for the defeated to rule
take our ancestors chipped tools
nationalise the wealth you deem 'stolen'

embrace the misery that rages
from the Nile to the Limpopo
your promises remain promises
labour suffering as usual with

Aids/hiv
tuberculosis
overpopulation
lack of education

etceteras of corruption and crime
the eclipse of the continent blots
the sun again.

Malema's revolutionary call: 'shoot the boer'
the reviled boers ripped from their farms
go to catch the midnights express
leaving this land of travail saying

when you have starved your people
get Mugabe,
Kaddafi or the
Eurasians to farm it again

leaving here is pain
nothing more to gain
flowing blood
that makes khaki stain

2

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encumbered by debt
who combed and levelled thistles and thorns
subduing stubborn veld to create

symmetrical crops and grain fields
who keep the mills grinding
bakery chimneys smoking
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they called their sloth their own
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that God controlled our fate
and that of our fragile harvest

red- eyed
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3. do not disrespect our wives and abuse our children
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inviting them to our dinner tables
warming them with homemade brandy

and percale linen and blankets
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children loading muskets
fathers dodging spears and keeping
the laager intact by
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that horrid island taking in the sun
and learning their safari trip entails
more than seeing the big five of Africa
friedrich engels notes the successes

of the industrial revolution
the power loom and spinning jenny
ransacking and mangling the bodies of
cheap laboured work house minors and woman

working them 16 hours a day in low,
damp ceilinged factories
a lack of running water and sewerage,
misery increases
manchester becomes a place of cripples and amputees

an empire clothes it's young ones
in helmet and uniform promising them three
square meals and a few pounds to send home to
welfare families starving in english towns

6

we serve a cucumber sandwich queen
giving our lives in two wars

when the northern hemisphere turns mad
bi polar churchill sends us to die
in suicide missions in caen and tripoli

independence given after enough blood
is spilled and king george visits our shores
giving folk the royal wave and a practised smile

pennies and pounds beco
me rands and cents
afrikaners control

our destiny again
never! we cry
under oath

will the boers submit again
we would rather die on our feet
than crawl on our knees seeking mercy

7

apartheid codified, promulgated and entrenched
diseased act of our leaders to neutralize

and destroy any neurotic threat
fearing to become slaves they enslave a nation
boers exchanging khaki

for cotton lounge shirts and polyester suits
enjoying the image of the master in their gilt-edged mirrors.
black framed frowning officials zealously planning group areas
and keeping the best prime property for the new found afrikaner elite

one morning coming into district six
with earth moving machines
the army and the police smilingly
do their enforcement work
relocating complete communities
and planting them in shacks in the
dust and grime of the cape flats.

fair-skinned coloureds applying for id cards
officials testing their ethnicity by asking them to say thirteen
failing the tests they relegate them to garden 'boys'
and kitchen girls for the rest of their natural lives
smiling subserviently for a sjambok hiding
and weekly pay that consists of half a litre harvest wine

living on 'the book' they never will repay the debt
to fill their stomachs and to raise their children.
neither black nor white they centre
on the humiliation that they exist

creations of prohibited enjoyment
after inter racial copulation of boer and bantu.
never really supporting the boer mandate
never integrated with the fate of the blacks

floating about and fitting the puzzle
never finding the piece that will connect their identity
in the bigger scope of things

feeling the desolation of indifference and subservience
teenagers become despondent, forming gangs
drugging, fornicating and killing themselves
into a stupor and hormonal hysteria

crying in bloody t-shirts that they also want
to be doctors, pilots and engineers
hopeless coloured boys robbing their elders on the railway bridge
sweet sixteen mommies

with clinging snot-nose babies found stealing in shoprite
dixie boys and american gangs fighting
the system against each other and afrikaner cops
coming to despatch them from this earth

wastelands of people staying in subsidized pigeon holes
overcrowded cubicle flats of cockroach misery
blocking the sewage
tripping the electricity

breaking fathers' spirits
ogling the depths of a beer bottle
emptying a week's livelihood
gurgling it down at the station
going home and handing small change to feed the kids

breaking mothers' desperate hearts
working victoria street fishnet style
or getting it behind from dry dock china sailors
feeding her whelps after a night's paid passion

rubbish collectors singing operettas
maids reciting homers iliad
boys replicating god's finger
holding a nokia on council walls
all going to a bloody sorry waste
of humane opportunity
genius is skin deep

and the bronze on you does not fit buddy
power never shares
the english taught us well
psycho barbwire dividing:

the master and the slave
the victor and the defeated

the rich and the poor

8

leaving rural kraals

to find work in the cities

leaving wives and children behind

promising to send a subsistence and some letters

going to hostels and townships

working the mines

dying of asbestoses

buried in unmarked municipality graves

walking through afrikaner suburbs

looking for gardening or ironing jobs

stopped by police to check the 'dom pass'

checking the time

running fast for the last train,

the clock rule prevails

otherwise a good beating and a night in the ping

going back to paraffin shacks

winds ripping on oil skin roofs

cold frosting and heat perspiring

on cardboard box walls

growing resentment of

whites only signs into banks, restaurants,

parks, beaches, and public toilets

verbal, physical, emotional abuse,

cursing their predicament

the neighbour cries as her husband is taken away

by the security police

beating him into a yellow service van

for anti government activities

activists sent to robben island for twenty years hard labour

tortured to a mental fry... cleverness rocking in psychiatrist ward

despatched from life in pretoria correctional facility

the wife vainly enquiring about the whereabouts of her husband

plaatjies forms the african national congress

awareness starts with steve biko dying violently in detention

bleeding empty for being a clever kaffir

resistance grows with walter sisulu

conviction increases with desmond tutu

nelson mandela cool calculator for freedom

takes the gamble for the collective relief of suffering

knowing the rivonia trial could cost him his life

not recanting he takes detention for 27 years of his

life...working ceaselessly in a confined space

to direct the apartheid theatre

the african youth rises up in the townships, throwing

the bones for their futures

burning tyres, obstructing paths, with mere

stones they confront the military,

willing to fight to the death

in sharpeville the armed forces shooting

rubber bullets, then loading live rounds

shooting children in the back as they flee

poor hector peterson picking up the last brick
gets three in the chest and dies in his brothers arms
a journalist gets that award winning picture
and the world rages calling an end to this horror

fw de klerk having his cigarette in mandela's cell
calls a truce and works ceaselessly to start the countdown
for the end of the segregation regime
he instructs the release of nelson mandela.

outraged silence prevails in the suburbs and joy
sounds in the ghettos.

9

south africa decides the fate of the nation
through democracy leadership goes
to former freedom fighters and power
belongs to the poverty stricken population.

10

father leaves home early

not returning the evening

mother fears the worst

father talking the previous evening

of death

stroking the border scars on his body

crying "why did we die in the war! "

mother sends me to the military graveyard

in maitland walking the numerous rows of white crosses

tombs revealing the loss of 17 years old boys

fighting the communist insurgents on the borders

of namibia and angola

finding him asleep on my oldest brothers

grave i wake him, tell him to come home.

struggling with him i never saw him sobbing before

grieving the death of his child who fought
for country and cause
cursing himself saying that he pushed his boy
to protect the homeland
from the nation's enemy
cutting his face with the pins
of the pro patria medal and crux honorius
he received for bravery
he cries
"for nothing my child, nothing! "

11

the once fervent dutch reformed church
and national party, that indoctrinated the young
to support apartheid, change their ideology overnight
and instruct the young to have a forgiving attitude

and to ask god's grace for the

terrible sins of the fathers

teachers filling the boer youth with angst

decrying the lot of our people

preaching our downfall

and the suffering and humiliation to come.

defeated talk of elders and parents

spitting bitterness and hopelessness about any future

the young denouncing their culture and inheritance

changing their names and learning english,

playing british

signs of insipid suicide in the eyes of tomorrow's future

principles fading

and the overwhelming sense of being sold out

gall on the swollen tongue

12

the wheel of power

turns steadily

the most stubborn of convictions change—

as does the constitution.

hardened afrikaner patriots

zealous former torture camp commanders

and the intellectuals of apartheid

cry and apologise for their iniquities

hug and embrace desmond tutu and his

righteous entourage of godly coloured men

and the truth escapes their lying bellies

to save themselves they bad mouth

everything that was worthy to be spared

slaughtering the spirit

of a culture that groomed

pietneef

leopold

cj langenhoven

and chris barnard

confessing how under the banner of segregated politics
they killed, enslaved and oppressed out of
sheer individual pleasure to hurt.

13

with nowhere to go
the once mute africans chant
for justice and feverishly threaten
one bullet one boer.

azapo screams
to drive the boers into the oceans

bombarded with documentaries
and anti-apartheid propaganda
walking head down and hearing the insults, apologies
and the accusations,
i wonder who is to blame
i am just a pimply teenager

groping already to understand

my hormonal pendulum moods

one african boy approaches me and spits in my face

calling me a racist dog

keeping silent i make haste because the violent crowd

watches my every move and reaction

reason will not convince them

and death is close.

14

i also know discrimination

my father is a railway man

hard worker but really going nowhere

average mind and kind spirited

he does his best providing for his family

listens to the powers without question

humbly believes every word they say

good fortune for not being rebellious
teaches us the simple tenets of our inequality
unspoken rules about our conduct
if the 'bosses' come to visit
teaches us the tenets
that all blacks and coloureds
are inferior to white men.
teaches us wrong but believes it through habit
he lovingly protects us and guides us
to fit in to the well- programmed machine
that controls all of us.

"do not speak to the blacks unless you want to go to jail"

"do not walk with the coloureds unless you want to get
a salt bath caning at the court"

the little railway town divides into four
segregated areas

the black township outside on the national road
the coloured location on your way to the town
the railway community on the outskirts of town
the whites in the affluent suburbs

the professional and mercantile community in the hub of the town

the blacks hate all whites and some coloureds

the coloureds feel a shy contempt for the whites

and hate all blacks

the whites feeling pragmatic irritation

towards the coloureds hate all blacks

the white railway workers feel subservient

to the upper class whites

the upper class whites feel superior

to the railway class acting snobbish

and just indifferent toward the coloured folk

the attorney's son is always class captain or prefect

the banker's daughter is spring queen of the town fair

passing with distinction

teachers predict my future

reprimanding me for thinking

i can become a medical doctor

a railway worker like my father

i will become

15

the new government fast tracks

development in the workplace

initiates affirmative action on recruitment

and selection of previously disadvantaged people

matriculating, straight flush of distinctions

affirmative action, no bursary

affirmative action, no work

work as a car washer, car guard, security guard

no promotion, affirmative action

work double shifts, overtime

cut back on necessities to save for my studies

study with difficulty

boarding with runny nose poor whites

passing cum laude in economics

no prospects, affirmative action

leave the country

flee affirmative action

make 7 million euros in a year

the government taxes me and calls me

privileged white aristocrat sitting on old money

*16 *

the land of the south celebrates

almost two decades of democracy

brags about the most progressive constitution
on the globe

but as old monuments are ripped apart
and street names are changed to honour freedom fighters
the country is thrown into hell

johannesburg becomes the most dangerous city
in the world to live in

hijackings
robberies
murder
rape
and the etceteras
of hideous crimes erupt on the scene

government fraud, corruption and misappropriation
of much-needed funds for hiv orphans and the old
overflowing, decaying derelict hospitals
and deteriorating basic services

incompetent municipalities and sewage overflowing
into the main roads of communities
devastating strikes, riots and unrest engulf townships
pregnant slums, poverty increasing

due to lack of employment opportunities

stagnant home affairs department
scamming housing developers
bankrupt broadcast company

condemned to a freedom the world celebrates
this brief history of oppression gives me
meridian flight of thought

17

recalling tolkien's lord of the rings

power in the hand of any man
destroys himself and others
but who will be the burdened ring bearer
who destroys the root of all evil

dropping the symbol of power into the fiery fires
of mount doom
no more political utopia fancies for me
king's noblest intentions do not save

the hunger of one starving baby
if he survives they give him a rally shirt to teach hate
and the boers will in turn be taught to hate back
because we are either oppressed or superior

conclusion:

i offer no solution
god forgive us all for the violations we perpetrate

against others and ourselves
this is not just a story about the boers it represents all the
red indians
negros of the american south
rainforest tribes

mayans
street children of brazil
victims of apartheid
victims of idi amin

victims of atrocities in libya, egypt, iraq, afghanistan
victims of the first world war / second world war
genocide in rwanda and sudan

victims of fascist italy
victims of fascist spain
nazis of germany and the holocaust
genocide in bosnia
aborigines of australia

victims of communist russia
victims of communist china
victims of the pol pot
victims of the tamil tigers
victims of fidel castro
the pain of the tibetans

Martin Lochner

Security Officer

Hooded men shot him
Emptied a magazine on a ironed shirt
Fear crept in
The smell of slaughter
Hot blood, serrated stainless steel
White bulging eyes like a Merino sheep

Martin Lochner

Shopping With Mother

Suggestive

Selling

Photos

Of

Giraffe

legged

panty

Hose

Models

The passion killer

Mother

Fitting

It

On

Freudian Vulgarly

Do

You

Think

Daddy

Will

Like

This?

Martin Lochner

Silhouette

The lighthouse eye pulses
over campers and fire fly bellies
of tents

a silhouette droops over behind
the stitched canvas

kissing a other shadow goodnight
and flattens

Martin Lochner

Snap Shots

1

hot body
cold hand
swift look
do not touch

2

silent mind
pulsing body

3

dog chasing his tail
man pursues
twilight tail lights
irritable..
closes the window

4

gratitude repaid
pink gums smiling

5

balaclava gap closes
in....troubles draw
close..

6

ripping...ripping...
ripping despair...
blue lights...red line

Martin Lochner

Somme: The Life Of One Soldier

The four corners
of a sepia photo
rounds, softens and splits
memory freaks
as a little family
fades away
in the hands
of the soldier
that will die
on this poppy rainy day

Martin Lochner

Space

against the expanse of the sky
the church bell rings
echoing mutely
into black star eternit

Martin Lochner

Star

connecting your body
to the stars

telescoping deep inside
the milky way haze

looking for you...

feeling your absence tonight

a shooting star passes

knowing its fate

i look away

is this goodbye?

Martin Lochner

Steely Dan Was Smiling

hiding himself in the dark
corners of the camp fire

an unsuspecting zig -zag flame
lightened his splintered face

Old friends hurried to tell the wife that steely dan smiled
what happened next she asked?

we smiled back

and he left with a bottle of Jack
and a other guys smokes

Martin Lochner

Steve Biko: Another Dead Hero

Jesus visited Steve
begged him to recant

unable to do so
convictions bulged his skull with each blow

splattering his red signature
all over the jail house wall

life pulsed away from him
grasping the last thought

martyr

Martin Lochner

Stonewall Jackson Shares His Smokes

Tense pull on the filter

Crisp crackling sounds
Of paper leave

Burns red at the tip
Pulse signals of dimming brights

Black stained stub falls
To the ground

And the general says
Smoke em boys

Martin Lochner

Sweet Madonna Preserve

please dismiss me from the duty to love you

release me from the complexity of togetherness
be silent and keep your untouchable distance

let painted dreams fill the jewelled blanks of a rare
appreciation to preserve my meditations

cover the shoulders, dress yourself sweetly
and take your leave from my cunning bed and sheets

real rapture burns only to ecstatically adore you

Martin Lochner

Sweet Sound Samadhi

eclectic mixer of Chan and Vedanta

the prayer wheel wobbles
on its wooden axis as it turns
the oak sound drones and
takes me far away

i float over

a new york street poet slamming
his rhyme between 12th and 13th

a tibetan monk hitting a gong vibrating
rippling up enchanting himalayas

a hymn delighting in Angola
a labour filled ditch axing away landmine
pot holes

in Bombay an old ash covered yogi
erfectly reciting sankrit sutras till
his eyes turn white in its sockets

somewhere in greece or maybe syria
The mandolin plays, a zither supports
and the lyre rips inside my tears

the prayer wheel wobbles
on its wooden axis as it turns
the silence returns and music is all around

Martin Lochner

Sylvia Plath

playing fragile

jet master jostling

both sharing their toxic breath

cosmic probing

who is really?

Martin Lochner

Taking Interest

Taking interest

a couple with Bermudas and moccasins
describes the beauty with disinterest
painting the ocean and the sky
with references of vogue sunny blue

The waiter in brilliant white served wine
and was etched against the cloudless, glimmering blue
describing in stylish disinterest
the preparation of blue succulent oyster

the couple missing each other's eyes and smiles
was laughing with a breezy indifference
as the high tide was rising
and the clouds pulled in from the mountain

The waves thundered, crashing
into blue, mute blocks of rock
the sky turned black as the tossing sea

He said something in the noise
that made her cry
shyly looking around he saw me
taking interest ☐

Martin Lochner

Taoist Reading Being And Nothingness

1

Looking into the sky
I only see
A black hole universe

sucking in stars
asteroids and whole planets
exploding and vanishing the millennia
only to start up again

somehow I feel a certain treason
my life will last one Samsara season
and death will enter my consciousness for no reason

emptying
the detail
of my life

2

The old Taoist seeing the predicament
Takes his fill of wine
And forgets himself
Between the buzzing bees and breathing trees
Death being a mere condition to be free

Martin Lochner

Tavern Talk

ordering a strawberry cocktail with a umbrella
exiting myself with a Mills and Boon paper back
I received for free after buying the woman's weekly
grease monkey seat him next to me and ask:
What is on your hip chum?

Irritable I say:

A 48 raging bull revolver loaded with customized bullets that
fragments on impact and pierce body armour at a velocity
speed of get out of my face

Cool! he says and finds a other place to sit

Martin Lochner

Tavern Talk After Shopping For My Wife

ordering a strawberry cocktail with a umbrella
exiting myself with a Mills and Boon paper back
I received for free after buying the woman's weekly
grease monkey seat him next to me and ask:
What is on your hip chum?

Irritable I say:

A 48 raging bull revolver loaded with customized bullets that
fragments on impact and pierce body armour at a velocity
speed of get out of my face

Cool! he says and finds a other place to sit

Martin Lochner

Tendering For Your Lips

lips so red
and not a trace of rimmel vulgarity

God painted them so intensely
beautifull

that i want to hide it from all
contenders

those that admire shiny
pigment dreams

that only i
can touch and kiss

Martin Lochner

That Evening At Kentucky Fried Chicken

Allen Ginsberg saved me
That evening at Kentucky
Fried chicken...

Hiding himself inside
an old tattered copy between
street wise fries and hot chicken wings

Opening the forgotten copy...this thing
howled at me

Ginsberg cried:

the eat out crowd blinking, chewing
looking...

"is this why we are living, consuming
heartaches...soothing headaches and

eatingeating ...eating cholesterol
monkey death...."

Martin Lochner

That Gleaming Rail

i

pot bellied boasting navels
shiny round ball bearing stomachs
haloing out of diesel grime
over alls and silver buttoned railway
insignias

these long waxed pig curled moustache workmen
rotated their lives between shifts of day and night
with metal lunch boxes and coffee tin flasks
strolling main road home or to that gleaming rail
that provided a town's livelihood

my grand father worked that rail and my father too

providing me with the means
to take that broke back-heart break scenic route
out of town for good and forgetting

until now

ii

coming back everything changed
and the fat men were now old and wiry

sitting on subsidized railway porches
looking on main road maybe thinking rail

going to that station i found it desolated
and the once shimmering humming rail all
rusted up and silent

on my knees and creasing my director slacks
i touched it and imagined the once proud spirit of it
corroding away as the blue collar folks on the porch

iii

leaving the little town
a peculiar sadness settled in my throat
and i whispered to the skeleton town in my rear window

i am sorry i forgot you all

Martin Lochner

That Old Space

that old space

the old farm kitchen opens up

with the smell of mahogany and onion peel

sitting at the robust table with seven generations

of scars on its polished face

Grandmothers switch blade poke in the wood after

Striking against the chauvinist pigs sharing the table

great grandfathers angry rifle stub marking after

the loss against the British for Bloemfontein

the cigarette burn on father's side when mother cried

uncontrollably when father got shot on the border

the legacy carved into the wooden memory of a family

that may live forever.

.

Martin Lochner

The Battle For Cain

the old diesel engine
rambled along

pistons squeaking
dust on metal grease

feeling each ditch
shocking the kidneys

but we do not mind
because we are going home

forward daft stares
slug silence

not speaking
humor or horror

they drove us out
of burning Caen

duck and dive spirits
left between the ruins

that afternoon a century
passed and it rained

creating bloody muddy mortar

of Tommies, Jerries

and that desert turf we
fought on

Martin Lochner

The Boneyard

half blind insistence
to hunt

the old man escorted
by his son

Silhouette glimmer
black dot moving

is that a buck on the
horizon

the son confirms
yes father

the shot cuts through
the dry sky

the blot flattens and
the son says

you got him well done

later the afternoon
Abel bury

the once able bodied farm hand

Martin Lochner

The Booth

As expected: 00h00

1

I denied you a "turn around" with a telecom nickel in the slot
destroying us through the greasy worn receiver,
etching feelings that carved through the static speaker
I had a slashing thirty minutes with you and a queuing,
old hag complaining about the cold and the verbal abuse

2

An inflammation of feeling stains the road, the fields and the river

"How could you "

"How could you "

Gruesome sad blues turns into a stretching, elastic feeling
of black, every city colour drowning morbidly into its swell
dark, stumbling, loitering for another empty booth

3

Detonating fear through hoarse ambulances, police and kids
looking through dirty curtains crying

"where are you now "

"Where are you now "

4

The nickel falls, hits the stainless steel belly flat
it makes a bad sound that says "Clank"

The phone never rings
it's disconnected, it peeps...peeps

5

She is with him

Martin Lochner

The Boxer And The Punisher

beating my blackness
into a exotic Avatar purple....
blistered firestone skin
that darkened with every thud

ol purple plum face
ol purple plum face
keeping it up against the golden gloves
of Mike Tyson

Martin Lochner

The Children Needs New Clothing

Shoulder blades tightens
as a pair of pliers straightens a laundry line

A quiver runs down his cold spine
as patched linen hangs out to dry

Waiting for the south easter
the north wind comes with rain

Flooding loosens the anchors
the line sags and he frowns

Martin Lochner

The Children Of God

a sweet eyed
boy stared at me
standing swaying
at a township crossroad
ripped, dirty
clothing that gave up along time
ago to be washed, mended and to
be cared for
rewarding me
with Gods perfect white smile
that gestured nothing more
then a simple impoverished
goodwill
I smiled back and cursed
the boot full with Christmas grocery shopping
and LED rainbow lights

Martin Lochner

The Doves

This one singular morning in my hurt
I saw the tenderness of two turtle doves
closely huddled together in some gutter

Preening each other, cooing songs
of a soft warm feathery gladness that
celebrated to be alive and together

their adoration surpassing gilded, gold leaved
song books of ancient bards and roaming troubadours

an immortal daily melody of truth for everyone to hear
But the revelatory winged beauty and a fine lesson of the heartfelt

Missed to hurriedly catch the grinding labour of the loco machine
Screeching love right out of its window as it leaves the station

Martin Lochner

The Driving Force

water breaks
over the land
wetness inspires

propelling
green
veins
pushing
color
bloom

through the dark
skin of the earth

Martin Lochner

The Exchange

those years of neglect....
unbuttered bread and beef stock soup
those forming years
a marble rose heart...

Martin Lochner

The Farmer

Eternity surrounds the ancestral porch
where he sat chewing memories
framed and existing with strict eyes

only moving with the rays of the sun,
a khaki lizard with pipe tobacco
fingering nostril sniff, mint eyes staring
into the mirage

"50 years I fought this ridgeback dog of a soil"
cutting through his back, grinding his spine of boulders

a cart load of grain came past us
the donkey moaned - he said
"toil is in our blood"

Martin Lochner

The Fire Of Sisyphus

Even when the nerves are shot,
hope must be a firm resolution
Challenging darkness that threatens to blot
we must arm and pray for that mighty inner revolution
as blood battles its ways through veins that clot
we will create new avenues that jet set mankind's evolution

Martin Lochner

The Gateway

Nothing can be contrived here,
It is the inward gaze
That opens the gate

Martin Lochner

The Gentleman

come here and let me kiss that god given
delicious cheeks that glows soft pink
when you see me

that gentle pride that ever keeps its distance
but submissively droops her swan like neck
when i am around

big brown eyes that looks to the ground
when mine seek to connect

classically trained and groomed in passionate restraint
virgin beautifulness that role plays a fragile nature

see me now clearly porcelain ballet bird
there is no perversion here

take my hand and i will be your chaperone against those
that wants to smash my pure vision of you

Martin Lochner

The Goats

trying to bond
i grazed between
a flock of laughing goats
finding no connection
i left

Martin Lochner

The Hike

everybody takes the hike

waiting for the dark grim lift

going through that gate

alone

never coming back

to report

the finding.

Martin Lochner

The Insecurity Of Bonaparte

stained board with indian
black perimeters

a confined checkered
alphabet calculator that
notates elegant moves
while the banished
clock ticks away

laboring french pions marching
lowly but steadily
one step at a time

frustrated cavalry knights
jump over rook walls > 'jump' not 'jumps'
side stepping
crooked abbey bishops

the strategem plot concluding
the king finds his queen

saying

for God's sake I toppled > 'God's' with an apostrophe
the whole flat booted world

submit i say my lady
the courtesan queen smiles
checkmate my lord
you are on your own

Napoleon abruptly leaving the
table to stroll the Alba beaches

thinking how Josephine warms up
to a other player...
thinking waterloo nullifies everything

The Laundry Yard

two sparrows land on an old tar pole
two women enter the laundry yard

"Chirp-Chirp" the sparrows say
"Chit-Chat " the ladies talk

gossiping, preening, cleaning
i watch

effortlessly they exist

though I struggle to persist

it is morning
the sun shines

their wings, gleaming
their faces, beaming rays
the old tar pole turned into gold

looking with blotted sight
it is a spectacle

Martin Lochner

The Legacy Of Li Po

White light opens vivid scenery
acres of cherry trees line the bank
of the ancient river yang

the river swells, overflows its brim
flooding between the virgin bark trees,
blossoms float towards the muddy flow

sparkling diamonds of red blushing white
crown the slivering goddess and the sun
plays kaleidoscope with its glistened laurel

a tender soft roar of a splashing dragon
takes me to a man that calls himself
Li Po

history knows him not
libraries cannot account for him
writing poems at the grassy banks

he gently drops them into the river
flowing towards the uncharted ocean
of forgetfulness

Note:

no poems archived for this ancient Chinese poet

because he gently dropped all of his opus one by one
into the river close to his cottage.

He is only known as a great poet
by his generations commentators.

The commentators work obviously
survived otherwise he would be unknown

Martin Lochner

The Life Of One Dandelion

Between two tightly paved
concrete slabs

I found a yellow dandelion
moist and rooted

In the mossy crevice where it grew
Feeling growing dread
That misty morning feet

Would crush her green spine

The little flower unperturbed
glowed Vermeer like
with a film of pollen gloss

It seemed oblivious to the
crushing threat
and stood there with a straight back

Fragile

Mortal

And beautifully alive

Martin Lochner

The Lover Cook: Trifle Pudding

If my love
Should leave you alone

Repentance can be considered
By your able kitchen hands

Luring passionate feelings
Back to you

This I swear when

Serving rainbow jelly hazelnut
Pregnant with red glossy cherry

A fruit surprise and duvet covered
With a dreamy fluffy cream delight

The lovers cook giving her best

In shiny silver spoons
white china porcelain

dish up and be served
with ambrosia pudding of the gods

and my love for you will get
sweeter with each immaculate helping

this I swear.

Martin Lochner

The Marching Song

Mindless things
the stars, the mountain and the river
as a thousand men march off to battle!

connecting the blinking dots
you draw your face on the canvas of eternity

March! March! March!

following the pined curves
you etch your body against its everlasting marble

March! March! March!

deathless the river flows
Sprouting life as far as its splendour goes

Mind me!
As we reach the killing ground

a thousand men will soon be forgotten
dispatched under heavens studded indifference
Laughing skulls chalking away on the windy mountain

and the stained river leaving the valley
with thousand gallons of our blood

Mind me!
As young men awkwardly leaves the killing ground

Thinking they would live forever
They fell silent in tagged body bags!

Martin Lochner

The Meal

finishing his meal
he died
so much for digestion

no more poop

Martin Lochner

The Misery And The Pain

remembering
those loony tune evenings
when your sour drink
vinegar mouth
hit the pang
vibrating my very mangled self
telling me by the way
my conception blasted
your cream soda teenage hopes
more than recreation
running to drop
mothers Frankenstein
exerting a pumping heart
over revving panting breath
and muscles burning
trying to self destruct in flight
but gloriously every organ glow
inside me
a flickering dynamo light
of a messed up life
unable to break.....break down
not dying because you wished it so

Martin Lochner

The Missionaries Toil In Africa

scraping
in the
base of a
cauldron

collecting
the last bit
of soup scum

wondering
how he will feed
them

adding water
diluting the
nourishment
dropping two three
blocks of stock

hiding and thickening
famine despair
looking at the runway
staring into the sky

when shall it arrive?

manna from heaven
parachute maize

doing what we can

cheating a empty stomach
saying the Lords prayer

Martin Lochner

The Other Green Mile

I am a sucker for
affection

gunshot wounds
death threat concern

the whole relative crowd
pacing my green mile

first class pity
five star care

imagine

the post humous drama

the parental wailing

best seller obituary

spartan bar tales

and

my squirt growing
up

without

daddy dearest

Martin Lochner

The Others

As the corners becomes rounded
We come out of the shadows
Our peace are disturbed
Now visible to the world
We are red flagged
Identified as a threat
It is only a matter of time
Before they crucify and burn us
We have no place in the declining world.

Martin Lochner

The Potato Eaters

Father's anger
never showed
by strap or rod.

Leaving the house
he unwound his
stiff coiled shoulders.

Violently breaking the soil,
extracting the evening's meal,
cluttering our stomachs

with too much potato;
spud and sour cream milk.
Sunburned, he viciously watched us eating,

telling us about orphan hunger.
Nobody dared leaving
that table with the plate full.

Going to sleep
Father listened tunes on fine music radio and we,
bloated with heartburn, missed mommy.

Beautifully poignant ending.

Martin Lochner

The Process

when skin tightens around the skull
and hair stands straight as the old kitchen broom

when it feels as if a prickling hairy beetle
crawls under turkey skin
and legs wobble like valium jelly

then with tears in your eyes
euphoria in your throat

you know
the muse has visited
your great experience

Martin Lochner

The Rail That Divides Us

they say that the rail divides us
separating the glossy from the dodgy
barbwire streamers on our side
Babylon gardens on their side

they say that the rail divides us
separating the factories from the boulevards
customer service on their side
able bodied guards on our side

they say the rail divides us
that the train leaves for the golden city
unable to pay, what a pity. feel the iniquity

a bridge connects us
but the littered path knows no feet

Martin Lochner

The Sage

taking a walk along the jagged shoreline

we discovered a tidal pool

dropping a few rounded rocks

that plonked and rippled the water

her chuckled delight made me think

how easy and simple

happiness surfaced to her smiling

toddler face.

Looking from the bottom, I navigated

the tide so that it took me towards her

smiling

Martin Lochner

The Soldiers Toil In The Middle East

1

dead children
dead mothers
dead ashes
of everything

they had Wall Mart
faces, my enemy
fiery fears
wishing to be safe

2

cooking a napalm stew
eating
digesting
my grey matter conscience

3

the home coming soldier
sees phantoms
between shopping isles

after life families looking
at him

"their blood is on my hands"
he murmurs

smearing percale bed sheets,
curtains and the whole kitchen
floor

4

I remember every face I slayed
I see my woman in bed and

I am unable to crawl in next
to her.

"Easy" she say but comfort takes
me off my guard

bombs in the fridge
grenades in the toilet

Martin Lochner

The Soup Kitchen

broken shoes
leather uppers
otherwise synthetic

out in the cold
damp opportunity
of a handout row

bundling smelling
mothball coats and
jerseys

a macabre parade
oozing useless
human shatter

condemned to look down
shamed to look
away

the effluent
benefactors
always

looking at wretched
cheeks
or cranuim crowns

a penniless dignity
crawling somewhere
in a pavement heart

a inconvenient value
worth nothing except
the effort...

to keep them alive....

The Stare

fair Aphrodite
in her pastime
posing mood
gracious
amputated and lofty
maintaining a Aristotelian stare

Martin Lochner

The Survivors

The dead fortunate in their forgetfulness!
the living cursed with the blemish of memory!
their souls trapped in barbwire dream catchers
forever reading damned oracles of fear

Trying to dismantle
they tear and cut themselves
in endless strands of despair

Martin Lochner

The Threat

European luxury
to leisurely pine
suicidal propositions

never really dying or
withering away
the horror that beset
first world worries

get help or
sling shot overdose
so that you never return

creating inconvenience
with your imaginary
Hemlock fantasies

Martin Lochner

The Tough Love Of Auntie Mona

You gave us jelly sandwiches
apricot orange staring bland
and lumpy at me.

Moaning at mother, crying
for the meat roll she gave
to her nasty obese kids...

Mother shooing me from Auntie Mona's
ironing board

chasing me
to my father working
in the garden

"What are you doing father? "

facing the soil he said nothing

Martin Lochner

The Unlikely Husband

hurt and
without luck
finding me there

alone

loving me anyway
the madonna of
my life

it was always going
to be unconditional

Martin Lochner

The World Is Not Enough

When death, misery and the ring
of hell surrounds you everyday,
when darkness comes as charcoal mist

and smudges every white canvas
of light, happiness and joy
that you call your life, then accept this:

as your feelings stumble forth,
the ravaging and the onslaught
of heartbreak variables will continue,

then love furiously and passionately,
plastering and binding the hurt
with your human spirit.

I expect you to be beautiful,
sparkling and courageous,
not realised;

there is no stopping or glancing back -
the river flows endless.

Martin Lochner

They Call It A New Age

1

gaia people
green faced
agitated
drive away
in v8 carbon
monsters

2

go save
your dolphins
go save
the green forest too
under blue
acid skies
mr and mrs dollar rules

Martin Lochner

Thick

grant me one earnest
breakdown

to know salvation

feeling nothing
pain never visits

Martin Lochner

To The Guy That Stole My Bag

Inventory of loss:

One canvas sling bag coined my "poetry bag"
One Seamus Heaney collection of poems
One laptop charger

Zen approach:

Hope you enjoy the comfort of the sling bag
Good choice on your reading of the Irish great
Enjoy the interior spirit intestines of my notebook

My caution:

If I ever find you Mr. Ferret tip toes
then I hope you are educated and
with fine feeling

Otherwise

I will curse you with the melancholy
of every suicide poet that ever existed

Or

Probably use Gracie combative methodology
on your Shadow bottom ...

you violated me man

Martin Lochner

Underground

Through the candle lit creak
A feast of masks drones around
Dionysus opens
We have been expecting you

Martin Lochner

Understanding

Our first day at school you bailed me out
By tying my laces behind the dormitory room
Laughing at my fiery pride and extending your
Fine piano hands saying "friends till death divides"

Walking in pact for the next twelve years
The helping hand with elaborate explanations
Why his friend did not do his assignments and me
The vanguard fist in hostel playgrounds

Things changed there on the sunny ridge before
graduation when Mute tears turned to inflicting
rants of being different

One evening our friendship came to an nasty conclusion
When I found you naked in my bed
Needy hands stretching out for the abnormal embrace

Standing there I removed my belt and ripped curled him
Into a red flaming wailer

Get out rectum ranger!
Leave and consider us done!

One day in the paper I saw a article:
Renowned Hugo Boss model Julian Mosterd
hanged himself behind his hotel door with an
ambiguous note that he misses his friend

Martin Lochner

Valley Of Death Somewhere In Africa

go home crusader soldier....this is not your war....)

Standing on the roof tops of Karthoum I observe anarchy in the streets...

Salie my tour guide explains:

John Stuart Mills philosophy has no bearing in the life of our leaders, priests and militia..

The greatest goods serves the elite by their blood....

in this savage land we serve a savage god and its wrath demands blood...

blood that is spilled happily by those that must die by random means....

Salie takes me to the streets and this is what I observe:

roads evened and formed by the exodus of burst feet and painfull corns...

snap shots of a goya hell...their bodies mutated by hunger, fear and horror...

goblin maggot faces and blank staring expressions....a distinct smell of zombie death and their aimless thronging....

a possessed people that woke up one morning and turned against each other....general dealers that cleared out their stock of maize and sweets and replaced it with inventories of AK 47 guns and RPG rockets

weapons expertly handled by cafe corner kids and concerned mother looking for them...ready to shoot down any person or dog..

a restless war lord ruled here...a sadistic artist that painted a bleak landscape with black burning ash swirling in dry desert winds...

perpetual conflict and peace briefly with the reloading of guns and carbines....

merit a good grouping of bullets in the skull....

Martin Lochner

Verbal Tower

Mr.
Apologetic
sincerity
sitting
sorry
behind
his
desk
his
smiling
flesh
mask
hides
a
cruel
terminator
skull
explaining
with
a
tower
of
words
my
dismissal

Martin Lochner

Vigil

On the porch a boy with
A corn flakes freckled face
and corroded copper hair
sat waiting for his Mommy to fetch him
it has been thirteen years,15 days and
this late afternoon sun that gilds his golden red face

Martin Lochner

Vires Et Honestas

How cunningly we press the nickel of fate,

Heads for fiction

Tails for illusion

Throwing coin for our Gods and our voids

Fighting for the dark and fighting for the light

The semetic curtain rips, Judas hangs for all of us and the modern world goes to
a perennial waste,

Oh, the paraphernalia of who is right and who is wrong.

So I can only offer cliches: '

no man is an island' and ' no man is a God, '

Barbarous inflictions of existence awaits us and the roman in me says
'Vires et honestas '

I will live through my burdens and I will die knowing like Socrates that I know
nothing.

'Vires et honestas '

For my wife

'Vires et honestas '

For my child

'Vires et honestas '

For my humanity

Martin Lochner

Virtue Before Death

They smoothly rolled me into third level theatre
an acute sense of wanting to observe focused
my eyes on the shiny sheen gloss sealer of the floor
the walls translucently white with smell of spirits and detergents
exuding from it

green masked ninjas surrounding me, their eyes giving not a slight
hint of relief or concern, talking in an extremely foreign language
that reminded me of the carburettor, sparkplug or cam belt lingo
of Bernie's auto service station, with energy saver halogen haloing
around their heads i slightly felt the sting bitter taste of adrenalin

alarms, sirens beeps shrills as a small printer accelerates speed to
print stats, graphs of my current ebb and flow, "what is it saying Doc, whats
It telling you, i am finished isn't it"

"I cannot die,

Last month tax and rates was not paid, it's in my pocket man, Jesus I just want
to pay it
Where is my wife! bring my wife, Call her, tell her I am coming home right now,
she must
Drop the divorce man I am sorry"

The nurse attendant whispers in my ear: ' relax buddy....only a flesh wound
smiling at the gas mask I thought about the convex swing of A Vietnamese
stripper

Martin Lochner

Washing

Turning the inside out
Makes denim wash better

Imagine

doing that to the mind

Martin Lochner

What Remains Of Me?

stripping

verbalized me

what remains of me?

Martin Lochner

When I Die

When I die
Do not confine me
To a box or catacomb wall

Burn and scatter
My earth to orchard virile winds

Unleash my particle lightness
To the Hex river valley

Where laughter and dreaming was easy
as spring trees blossom

Should our child enquire?

Take her there
and let the spirit that
dwells between these mountains

play through her hair
and touch her cheeks

whispering through cliffs and ridges
that daddy never left her side

Martin Lochner

When You Cannot Beat Them Do Not Join Them

I heard whispering "there is a Jew in the hostel"
fixing myself by
skin heading hard grain curls
shaving twirling sideburns

commotion in the shower
seeing no foreskin they all left the shower frowning
'hooked nose Judah 'I heard around the blind corner

sleeping without ease
waking up to a Jesus killer! ! ! Graffiti wall
they nailed me like their messiah

finding comfort with my fellow black list colleague
the Muslim grandchild of my father's enemy

Martin Lochner

Why Father Always Brought Medals Back

He left at dawn
looked decorated

walking towards the gate
he looked like the yards
Leghorn rooster

Shoe polish
Copper brillo
Beret felt

lingered in the air

leaving for the border

mother said father had the distinct
honour to light those borders up
with fireworks

"and the sound" I enquired

"a roaring applause my son "

turning away
She asked to be alone

Martin Lochner

Work

when the sun sets behind you
and the last light plays on your shoulders

you wonder: 'why am i still on the road'
when dawn talks to you through the
chickens and the early bird chirps
you think: 'why am i up so early'

I am a 208 hours jogger and a bull twang miner
extracting from the crap
a little coin called the 'package'

still no ferrari
big parties
hugo boss apparell
or just a good bottle of booze frequently

living a century
or dying instantly

i go to the chicken battery farm
and feel related

Martin Lochner

Yes It Will Be Fine..It Will Be Alright..

revolving starry posters
chinese zodiac circus
celestial chained animals
a whole floating farm yard of futures
house wives and stock brokers
boredom worries reassured
as the alignment is favorable
for a good tommorrow
yes it will be fine..it will be alright..

Martin Lochner

You Are No Good

playing in the field
dreaming thoughts

of birds, geese and other poultry

you collect me
walking, talking

Surrendering me in the grain field
delivering me inside you

nakedly you show me
lines and details I never knew

my heart....

the bondage....

You are no good

Martin Lochner

You Know Nothing

Mr. Philosopher says:

How many words does a poem make?
How many good deeds ennoble a saint?

How many domesticated tasks makes
a good marriage?

Mr. Dissenter says:

Mr. Smarty Pants
just be yourself;
love wants none of it.

Martin Lochner