

Poetry Series

Michael Witkowski
- poems -

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Michael Witkowski(14 July 1973)

Single child of Am a loud & proud Aspie (= Asperger Syndrome autist) .Born in Poland, emigrated to the then West Germany 1986. Father abandoned me & Mum in 1981 for the then West Germany. Member of amnesty international, Bronte buff. I am reserved, silly, coy, childish, wistful, sulky, sullen, grumpy, miffy, cheerful.

I have published a poem collection of mine titled 'Caramel Goat And Human Mess Bitter Almond' on in 2004/2005

Meanwhile i plaster The Dream Machine Web Poetry Corner with my pieces unreleased here:

Follow my ramble in my Live Journal- username scousered

How gorge is Hannoverian litarate scene!

spring of 2005, i'd found the Hannoverian (subcultural) literature forum Sublit Hannover , bacame hokked onto it, published my German bits in tthere, have laods of laugh on there and finally, on August 12,2006, i perfomrem two of my German short stories at the culture & music &art venue cafe Kulturpalast Linden Last night. Aug.26,2006 i read two of my English poems (& translates them live) at the International Open Mic in the said venue, the Kulturpalast

I keep various blogs: (German) ,

The then newest stumble-on for me: and - As for content: The URLs are telling.

Other tripstones: and

Try to coin it!

(

This project i almost forgot about, still waiting realization: Mi next projects are an answer to CB's sayings on teaching and other bits, and the last 6 days in the life of Sophie Scholl- but this only after viewing the film 'Sophie Scholl - Die Letzten Tage' depicting errr..., the last 6 days of Sophie Scholl up to her execution-guillotining - in Berlin-Plötzensee)

A Hair Brush

Shadows are cricling around my head
And i cannot bother to sink deeper
Revolt shines through my bare bones
but who i can oppress i know not

Give me a smattering of literacy
To see the blue inside your head
if you dropp a key to the foor, my bones
will follow and catch it up like a lost tennis ball

The key rings memories inside my head
A glue of yanks and twists, both erased
from posterity- which course does the key show?
An open keyhole or a narrow door- peeping

Peeping is not allowed but i touch her brush
it swings to my mirth like a rocking chair- i
could paint her with her own hairs- a wavy
spindley dark buildling - ginger brown

Michael Witkowski

A Paper Chain

This wordy chain i shall give you
A rope around your neck- it
twists your self but you will
not cringe or bother

Tree salad flattened
Milk white. pure as
Nothing- as nothing in
this world is pure. On
this flattened tree salad
i pour my chain of drools,
Doodles between two lines
See if those hooks fit
the space in-between

Or this be my vision as my
deeds do not match my wish
here i stand, facing the group
no scribbled whiteness to
defend my case, a let
down on the whole line

the group and i clashed
and we exchanged niceties
impromptu heartfelt wishes
i uttered to the parting ones
no embrace i did get but
it would not be true and
appropriate

murky awkward business
done away with ordinarily
what can we pack those
in their backpacks, to whom
we do not relate best.
Usual sun, light house,
watch and an umbrella
These never fail

Adventures In An Attic- Anne Cycle Part 2

Oh pundit my pundits
In my dad's despair
Where have you been?

Last night I modelled in
The sun for my Dad's pics
The Anne Pic Portfolio

Growing like a horse
Another pose for the ghost
Of the light fighting the death

Ah I wax gloomy these days
But 'tis only a brief holler
I pick myself up, wrap in cosy shawls

And purge what isn't Annesque
From my bright cheer- I will see!
Sunday a type caught my eye

Such a witty stunner- his smile
Combusted all sulks and vapours
My dad nicked on the Beeb- pin

For the latest victory on the table
I must stick the pin in the right spot for him
Where took swipe at those who

Locked us in this attic- a rat's cage
Oh the blooming church bell across the garden street
Chimes again- to remind of the time wasted

But I am young, I want to live. Flirt, oh
How blessing is the mixed tumble of feelings
Down my tum, my heart tingling, my face ablaze

With flushes beaming at the cheery face of Peter
He might be shy but he's here – they only boy
And I understand him like he understands me

We need each other in this rat's casemate
While the Van de Pels discipline me
And the dentist ticks me off for being

Ungirly- where did he get his fuddy-duddy
Ideas from, this cranky old codger?
Maybe 'cos he's been drilling the teeth too much

Such as he must have a wont for paining live beings!
Like any doctor he pontificates on what's good,
Sound and sane!
Oh terrible are humans on their outside- nag each other,
Miff each other

Do not let each others live, but squeeze each others
Into their own moulds
Why why why but hey I still- always believe that men
Have good hearts- but they only need to realise

Their potential- it depends on themselves, for
Parents can only give help and advice- so
Go out boisterous into the world, form yourself
And the world with you

'Tis an adventure dealing with fussy bossy people
crowded in a rat box- a dungeon moreover-
how gothic, how romantic- 'tis will
look good in my bestseller – oh I know

I'll be famous- I am not like every other girl
Because I live in this attic – oh how tinkling
It is to be quarrelling all the time,

Still I believe they are good at heart
This I will prove to them even though
They will faint in disbelief- they will go:

“ Oh this crazed unruly teenager,
someone teach her manners, with
a little push she'll grow up sooner
than she thinks. She is just a wee

confuzzled, messed up puppy.

We adults know the world and will
Show to her how it works”

Michael Witkowski

Anne Frank Where! -Anne Cycle Part 1

Anne Frank where are you
Where you are trees grown
Wrens sing larks chant
Wrens chirp, corws crow
Ashes somewhere- spread,
Mixed with soil
Wind blows- you find them in
Amsterdam, Chicago, Jakarta
I feel am lazy. So I make a bowl full
Muesli - pour refreshing, fridged
Milk onto choccie sickled half hollow shells
And crusty com hued flakes-thinking of you
Ye know, I'd chat you up, if you'd have grown to be older
And I travelled in time- I know I'll chat your sis up!

Michael Witkowski

Aulde Schole

Return to the old school
those spacy rooms
bourgeois furniture
plants sundry
crust habits
installation institutions

structures heavy
sag me to my
sore profounds- but
shine a floodlight i
may only - not
a searchlight, candle
or reading lamp
although the
last waits in the corner
of hypnosis installation

the hypnotizer is
clicked on, brings
unlived moods, far
views, unlived but
yearned hopes into
the small spacy chamber
if chamber be expanded
swapped for a tiny but
roomy wordly - fresh
air and worldlight
streaks and flashes-
(like a) flasher, streaker
and mooner - not
a mingy mincing mooner
but a proud one.

i bring triomino, uno,
ligretto, carcassonne
scotland yard
into these small spacy
murky

hypnotic chambers

aquarells i strengthen

Fruits of midnight

blind scrawl painting

with marie. oh weeeay bless

push the dust

away.

uno is known

nursery play

Michael Witkowski

Bawlbowl-Elegiette

One hit

two hits

Missed - on purpose

Grenade blue death ball

purrs softly egglike

on goal

Clap clap clap thundering clap

Michael Witkowski

Beardy Sulks

Swim among those many
i see two known faces on bodies
which accompanied me here
he sulks- shields his emotions
from outside touch- never
accosting to earlier contact
the group poured rain clouds -ever-
of criticism down on him
he kept up his smiling comic face
sidestepping any question marks

she swims alone from one
depth to the other - on seeing
him sulk we swap understanding
smiles- but i prefer freedom
of not jumping in where she felt
his inner policy
accosting only as much as it is
desired - to maintain her attention
-'I'm fine' when i soothed
her peeve with stroking, pats

Michael Witkowski

Brief Tsunami Hymn-Elegy

Travellers round
the history
Touch the dandelion
with your left finger
And convey the seed
Onto the putrid palm
tree.

Lancets hang on the palm
Glisten in exuberating air
Abandoned smeary fatigue
in rational hills
To attain Bothar divine
Be it alas by aid
Of inebriation
Lubricate joints
Smoothen surfaces
Extend in complete
Solar radiance

Earth lifted sea
til see came
to conquer new land
blue, green
drives surfs
now mixed with earth
plays not beach volleyball
wormy taste of water pierced our teeth
all woods, carpets, markets, hoods float
in despair

in mud humans
equal crates
liquid earth

oozes forth with
blighting purr along
bothars, cathairs and baile mors
and baile beags
plants will not root

in this fluent earth
surf through
patches of
mud
spread with blankets,
foils, red, black, grey
ice cools the heaps
underneath

Michael Witkowski

Bufffoons' Feelings

If you trespass privacy-
transgress intimate borders-
deceive decency- you'll
lay yourself open to spite
mockery and disdain- 'Look,
our buffoon! ' He performs a
brill show today- but don't
treat him seriously as he
doesn't have feelings in himself
he didn't respect ours or
was he too blind to see them

Michael Witkowski

Cabbie

B would drive me home
i thought - so imagined him
and filled myself with fear
and awkward disincline

i dare not open myself
be polite to him though
he be my friend often
i confessed my inside-

so not now- change
Change my routine
place a new model
for old routines

Michael Witkowski

Canston Pastoral I

under the jasmin tree cherries grew
in bushels of bushes
their boughs reaching earth
to thank earth for the food and truth

that pumped its ruby fruits to to the full
the red scent spreads
from the stems to the windae
pans framed white in english cottage style

nigh the village well under the grumpy look
of the village sire and
the pub cantor the goblins and
imps chased the faries round the market

the carpenter and mason repaired the
market cross for the
next Shire Market for Canston
durst not heap shaming blame on themselves

Canston played many neighbouring hamlets
in the game of footy
but recently its loutish lads
had themselves effemnated on ginger ale- so..

Michael Witkowski

Cells Go Up In Smoke

itha, you do not
recognize the snow that's fallen
that dust has turned to grey
that the tide has come
and ebb withdrawn

when smoke changes all to dust
and smithereens gleam in the fair fire
then you have change- cut off the wire
that ties you to your blinding wardrobe
as in this wardrobe you always find

the habit- your cherished, beloved
that equally pains you too as it pains
others- a rough linen habit of a sinner
coarse to your skin -it makes you itch?
don't you see the rash of your skin?

be a sinner not- reward your sinned
against skin and sinned against air
and earth and flesh- these tired
questions about caves in your mind
and cells that are not born again

they only trigger spite -
turn mellow minds
against you

Michael Witkowski

Cinnamon Goat

A right cinnamon goat he was
cinnamon peppered him on
shy on the dance floor
thought himself be stepping forward
by not sitting not gaping
ravished under scope-light
ay a friend-
who mocks your raillery

Michael Witkowski

Colchester Castle I Read

a Lego fort on a cow paradise hill
cows' dreams bit stunted but bricks all stand out cragged
petrified cross-section of a cake
or flesh -a nuts choccie cake we all glutton on

mingled with sand and coals or wounds in men
turned to stone or a quarry just abused- see me
walk up to the wooden moat bridge, touch its
x-cross railings, grin at the tourists, throw a

shy glance then head to round vaulted entrance-
behold the tall sombre blue windows -here
i meet molly - i offer her shillings
and protestations of passion and

a marriage proposal - of course she was
far overwhelmed to bid a Nay- but behind
the corner tower boudicca's stray shade
swept across the boughs - stoned me on foot and on
the spot - a stoned stone.

Michael Witkowski

Colibri

She cut photos,
Images, glued
them together
into collages

Look! A colibri!
The tiniest bird
Like a butterfly
Indeed

Her bare
arms - milky
pinky white
soft china

straddled with
fleshy red
railway lines

caught napping
in her world

Peeking

peek-a-boo

Railway lines
play hide and seek

Michael Witkowski

Confirmation

I long to return to sadness
Which i know best

It is curious, you see- why i would
Damage my soul with earnest

Where all things strive for joy
I included - no esxception
Stand not above laws of nature
I act like other things

In sadness i feel my reality
The sad undertone of my
Hearing Feeling Tasting
Confirms my life

Michael Witkowski

Diary, Excuse Me!

dear diary, i
neglected you some days

daily routines and
demands other humans stood in the way

overpowering feelings i
walked, nay, strutted off in a circle

-stimming- or spoke in a
cosy ear - it looked at me, listened

to commit feelings to
you would be to affirm them but i

pushed them away or let
layers of future slip upon them

in a diary i am the sender
and receiver but phoning i reach

a mind entwined with me for
a moment, for an hour, for now

Michael Witkowski

Disentangle

Disentangle myself
Jerk at my tendons
Stabs in my selfness
My room - stabs, cuts
Punctures
Unwarranted
My self pulled, used
Torn out of its
Shell
It's too much
Anger bubbles up
In my chest
Any tight commitment
Second by second
Step for step
Tit for tat
Curb my room
Thwart my growth
Stifle my space

Michael Witkowski

Distance Back

Walked from kitchen
To bedroom, garden
To bath- remembrance
Slipped into alien
Shoes - fever uncertain
Spurred me on - had
Walked the distance
To hospital and back

Michael Witkowski

Dove Rage

raving dove
where art thou?
splattering sparkles
on the beachy cove?

dove raving -
i have been dreaming of it
between my chores

pidgeon speeding
across tall crosses of
stony graves

the cruxes
bury my bones
in baths

washed soul,
sink to the floor
of all

Michael Witkowski

Dubh Abhainn Blackburn

Yawning at the brook
of my last stand
the burn whspers
coolly between stanes
dragging with him
earth of the lush braes
i watch my demise
full control swept
a gun to the throat
yearn yearn my fate
is fulfilled to the bitter
core - hands splashed
with sticky wine
rise to heavens -leaving
a prayer to the
doop doop singer.
i like it loud. a whimsical
coy churl spent all
seeds in disgrace
now i'm endowed
with a gown

Michael Witkowski

Ect

burnt cake smells
the light is still on
i wait for the dome
her mind forever
seeks un-lost cells
If electroconvulsion
resuscitates slumbering
cells....
bloom on a grave
rope slung on my heart
they shepherd the deep
blue lagoon within me
stay up all tide
staying down all wave
chores hunt my passability

Michael Witkowski

Empty Inventory

Empty floor aroun-
beats pelt my ear
a human fixture of this
inventory here raises
his left leg - shakes
it to all sides in a mock
physiotherapy dance
all that welled up is
deafened by the beats
sikkidim eternally puckering
up mouths to throw kisses
in a steady rhythm- my
my body tosses out all
anger & welled up
matter with dance

Michael Witkowski

Ennui

Pleasure is good to hand
Where pleasure grows
Night will not exist-

This is black and
White painting
Truth's where truth is.

Lack of connections
Networks, frames cause
My free fall through space

Yesterday i revolved
Around myself, not caring
What others do or think

Today desperate looks
For convenience in social nests
Breeding grooming on soft couch

Michael Witkowski

Epistle To Mother

You,
God Is With You
Heartmount
Afraid of caves
in your body
in your self
so you gather
actiions to fill
your caves, fill
your flesh with
importance. You
wield the ruler, the
whip, the baton, lash
out your tongue
dissembling your
intention and words
we your bunnies
need not your
caress. Pat your self
on the shoulder- the sound
of pats wil echo into
your caves and you
will feel emptiness
no more

Michael Witkowski

Epistle To The Hound Of Baskerville

Ye hound
thou spoutst forth
chain of gorgeous
shells- wonder at them
admire 'em
please and soothe thine
hound's skull
not detest them
and thou too might
craft makery

Michael Witkowski

Eviction

Grass as untried as on our last minute notice
Eviction at the door
Storm troops carry heavy prisoner uniformed baldaquins
For our merry bed but we feel the bones
Flesh and bones, swollen liver, ruptured kidney
Stone hard bile bladder
Heteronomy orders hardships for us and wanders
Between worship and faraway hut on the brink of the woods
Pines rush on your pillow
Unseen mares fly past your panes

Michael Witkowski

Fachinger Brew

This crate full of bottles-
water mild to the stomach-
your smile that mirrors you
tolerates only that-
but you churn out smoke
grin, red and black
is it disgusting to serve
the community- do you
feel a servant- carrying
toilsome objects to your
group- If you put your
short-time pleasure aside
and make your muscles
scream and hurt
This water, a cool fluent
breath afterwards-
rewards you not? better
serve up bubbling sour
clear brew for basic joy? !
forsooth, you are weak.

Michael Witkowski

Fire

I am scared by the fire
I am scared by my self
i- whose force unknown
may drag this hand into the red

imagine how my hand sizzles
how pain maims me to nerves
skin changes turns red and rose
black ashes- in strife for gross

behaviour

in your teeth and tongues that
have scintillating orange core
and yellow tooth enamel
i find my joy

nature free relieved
of qualms and pressure

Michael Witkowski

Gwen's Descent

we open the round - whether
gwen stefani be part italian
or an abbreviated stefanian
thereby remotely armenian
while armenians might stake
a claim to cheer in their dale of dole
i dish the truth on the table:
any descent beyond fullerton, CA
is beyond decent minded fact

Michael Witkowski

Hannover Medical School

in your beds
a town burns away
every year

mere
casualties in the sophisticated
battle

your main hall -
a gey concrete upward slab
tears up the sky

inner hall streets
pierce you & link very
nook to no nook

benumb
confuse poor stray
foofolk

Michael Witkowski

Happy Meal

Yesterday i was the master -Had
to control my talking -All i said
would be welcome but i should
give others a chance to speak, not
crave to hear myself speak

An hour ago, cuddles in the quiet of the
smoker's room, only our voices are heard
and maybe a lonely voice from the brekkie
room - but everything mastered well and i am
centre of attention, a long missed relative

asked about often, that left a gap
in the net of this community, who
will eat all this yummy pudding, who
will drink the gallons of milk- who
will entertain us with his direct jibs

aye the place i almost neglected,
shun by an hour in fear of meeting
a cold waspish person, turned out
to give me a happy meal after all

Michael Witkowski

Harrow Shark

Which harrow shark runs berserk at the sight
of oysters is a privileged question we shall not
bother to answer but where merry sounds blight
our souls, appear in mere bliss and disappear, lot by lot
fingers shiver, spines jerk, members twitch
unfantastic reaction spun by deliverance of an itch

Michael Witkowski

Here And There

Into the home-stead
of sharing, communication
i get a preserved, pre-packed
ersatz -staged, non-playable play
one-dimensional interactivity

Move? Can i talk? My lips move.
Here and there I walk between top and bottom
There, my friends lie in the basement
Here, I struggled with lying prostrate on the lower top

How humans die
i am mazed to ashes
my circumference packs
honey love in boxes

if crippled head -scarf
blooms across leontine face
barracks serve for dwelling
a petty row of one-storeys

Michael Witkowski

Hurt

how hurt
transplants itself from nerve
to nerve
spreads like a flush
squashes lemon fizz like in a dash
sires new anti-fathers of strength
gallops from the trunk in my back
to the tree root in my cross
wheezes under pressure of emotional surge
whizzes past brandnew alarm signs
red-lights new images
invokes old hyenas
beseeches leprechauns of the night to stage a mazed play
tricks the conscience
i thought about often
but came to a conclusion:
dream of silvery narcosis in
full awakens

Michael Witkowski

Idlety

Idleness in vanity
Is a serious witchcraft
Despond on slough of mares in
which gargoyling breeches breeze
With ease and temper thrusts shallow marks
of temperance running havoc in havarie
of sullen oysters. Ye shall not blink
at oysters' fate, where mares in
sulky shallowness daft
grabple with charity

Michael Witkowski

Jeopardy In The Water

swimming with
dinosaurs. this
future i need to fathom
and digest
their Armoured
skin repels me like
the tingle of onion
vapours in my eyes
seasoned brown
the trace of many
sunbaths in open air
and assault by coarse
air, bile from within
and other maladies
their shape still resembles
their kind but alas
flowing away to the vague
and nondescript
their steps in water
proceed like crocodiles
or snakes- but aged
and decaying
will all beauty in the water
draw my eyes away from
the scaly legged tanks -
I hope so.

Michael Witkowski

Kendrick Spotted Itha...

If Kendrick meets Itha, every day
would you say he loves her?
Someone unknown made up that
convention which behaviour becomes
different forms of relationships

Aye he loved her someone judged
with decided certainty because as a rule
who loves visits often- no handbook needed
Humans know humans but Kendrick visited
Itha for courtesy and sense of belonging -

Itha was someone to watch and nurse and
worry about -At least through her he found
his sense and use - changing her for the better
he imagined her beauty frees from dust of wear
and illness- after months of his toil to save her

She was a girl who waited for him - who stood up
for him even it took patient persuasion like with
a stubborn child in a petulant phase but he
invisioned her tall, aged body not seasoned

by age nor wrinkled by decades glisten with joy
as it did in brief spells- last, he has wearied of his toy

Michael Witkowski

Lame-A

streaks of sun bless my
void
where not a time begins
all exasperations end

mustn't thou learnt to
swim or can't ye- thou canst
learn it cheaper in
a club - her swipe
next to: what are
you mumbling?

a lamb hums her
explosive pronounced t's
the sesame to her mind
always straightly linear
behind the tool of t's hides
it wants rage to somersault

not jog or walk- they
challenge poise - equilibrium
not. Scales are tipped to
one side but which things?
if sesame's environment
tightens muscles for

a benign expression,
then my sun wakes

Michael Witkowski

Lasting

Lasting feeling
Will go
Catch words i cannot
All disappears
Void
Frost
Mingles with dust
'Not grappling lost
sands! '
Sands shift between
My toes

Michael Witkowski

Laurel Path

Laurel wears my head
Sesame gilts my sweaty
countenance
Thus i breach the world
Caring and tossing
Pluck up courage
Off smithereens of disgust
Coy swallows fly past
my sight
But i walk on, walk on
Through water over mire
Through despond over slough

Michael Witkowski

Lush Milk Cow Meads

Cows moon on the feasty lush
under their feet silky strands
of earth's hair- punky green-
the Earth is a punk

but in summer haze,
in summer drought-
Earth grows 80s cool
blonde hair

wind waves hair
a grass hairdo unsettled
copious source
for white flow

creamy bland sweet
noone sees through it

preternatural drink
for a man but he
harvests fruits of beings
which he defeated

i hear a loud outrageous cry
startle the walls and trees
how dare you think of
human milk industry

cows moon-walk
on Earth's punk hairdo
agricultural marketing agency
lauded the moon-walk in elation.

Michael Witkowski

Maths Pet

after action
accident pushes family
out of bands
she came with a
triangle, ruler and circle
in geometry, she was
an ace at school
i put maths teacher's
pet's dresses on
not easy to feed
a hyperactive geometry
whizadult.
fear-tear bustles around
me
potters with lines and
triangles
i will erect a Nana-esque circle!

Michael Witkowski

May Hay

rippled words
hush up golden
streaks of hay
in May-
sun glimmers on
outcast reindeer
at rosebush stones-
silver moon gleams
with ten harvest spells
across wintery bay

Michael Witkowski

Meaning

Meaning....

Wrap your pencil around a ball
Of wool and call it a word- What
Ever you put in it, it stays in the ball
For the length of your life, so battle
with those who say your signs are
not words
And you create words!

Michael Witkowski

Methamorphosis Of Hair

Her hair brush grew overnight
into a wide flat umbrella
Her force slid off her brush
and into her tongue

Strictly rigid she looked-
her hair brush- but alas
i felt the home fire with her
we missed the coffee

machine's readiness
a mile of pats she beamed at
but now she poured force
into her brawn and mouth

we were lost in our
mutual voice and faces
but now she practises her
peremptive tongue lash

around me, around us the mob
rumours she receives mobbing
for the uncivility in which she rebuffs
attention of others

but i need a warm object
outside of me that feels
and acts as if it were inside
of me- not a strange heap

Michael Witkowski

Miss Shlabee's Pores

Miss Shlabee stormed
the weather in her castle
a grandloquent capricious matter
with brigs in turrets and
meandering potluck haste

each tile shone with fear
at the look of lubricious
sponge but alas it shone which
sufficed the grand hag's wishes
for serendipity- in hungry famine

Miss Shlabee nibbled at
her castle tiles -maybe, so her
calculation, her teeth will rasp off
bit of hardness, gold and shine
food was organic matter to Miss

Shlabee which she despised
but prided herself of being the
first human robot on the rocky
moon earth- lick the spurious metal
off shiny surfaces was her adage-

for nuptials she wore a coating
of pure gold warm in cold
and icy in heat- festive luxury
she sweated with all her pores-
salty and chocolate sweet

Michael Witkowski

Molly

wee
molly be a gentle
woman

so
her self
wished

a gentle
woman earns
her living

by her
own hands-
not

by going
into service-
terrible

angst of
a 10 years
old

she
found a good
mistress-
-nurse

Michael Witkowski

Musings On The Juice

I am learned
i recite Zeus
Agrippa, Homer
Anaximandros
Persephone
drying the earth
in summer by
climbing down
into the Hades
where Hades
lures her with
juicy grenadine
oh nor for keeps
juice means fraud
I have the juice
I am the juiciest juice
Juice feeds the telly
Juice enblazes
the incandescent lamp
Juice kills, juice fries
long live the juice
out of the Tetrapak
we habe juice inside
Noone dreamt up
a Humanfruit-squeezer yet
What do humanfruit
kernels look like?

Michael Witkowski

My Tomb

You rest in my tomb- I
Turn my face to you- Eat
Your bleached bony cheeks
With my empty black eye
Sockets as you smile with
your hollow eye sockets

And we drift away to the places
We held hands - I tousled your
Falling curvy tresses brown as
Shoeshine and you gleamed in
My words but now our bed-
Worm infested - smells of time

Michael Witkowski

Mythoughts - Drivel-Sands

My thoughts, my thoughts
don't leave Me.
Do not fall asleep
I am chasing You
In my corners
Shut I the window
Or stare at myself from the inside?
Icy shush wings
smother cheese cake
bolten up drivel-sands

Stare at myself
From outside- Never
Broken glass hovers
Before my face - Or do
I not realize its
broken Face?

Michael Witkowski

Near Ripples

Wavy ripples unsettled
the table mirror- lake
joyous cry and avid breath
soak the mirror's soft empire
it does flow through my fingers

know you not, a step apart
those lie who had no choice
to marvel and revel in owt
but in their castigated pride
moulded rest near our resting joy

Michael Witkowski

Nerves In A Socket

trample on my feet
you will never lace my mind
with your own silverspoon

however mighty worthy you
deemed your silverspoon may be
passed on many tracks and byways

from the celestine river that your
grandpa general crossed in wintry nights
suffocating the rebels with his brittle sword

yank out your past make it mine
jerk it out of your plug socket- see the spark
that's the electrocution coming down your nerves

Michael Witkowski

No Meaninggist Mindsoul Is Mine - Prelude To It

Is only
poetry painting
reality - ben, but, fairy-hairy-imaginary?
No! Association of words
trailing one another - flowing
members of an anchor chain pulled
from behind the eye sockets
they follow an inner logic
mind gargoyles them
incessantly
a new year's eve
of shells stripped
of charge, signified
relation of signifiers
among one another
annulled

Michael Witkowski

North-East-Baths

Close circle- we
in it, have bubbles
score our skins

Smile- long and wide,
flat mouthed- turns to me-
helmet of sunny
hay waves

we joint our hands
outstretched in the middle
oh ghost of the pool past
hwot wilt thou tell us.

Michael Witkowski

Ondulated Promise Poem

Something missing
and i do not feel
like writing
this hurt inside
is better kept inside
because i don't find a vent
if a chain of letters hoped for
expected- sure- isn't here
and twilight shines on the strings
between me and a cherished friend
two promises made but broken
i do not want meander in
trite sayings but
rationalise the sorrow away with
philosphering- what is a promise -
etymologically? a thing foretold, sent
forth- then, another truism hops to the spot
and bolsters up the first: future is never sure
truism where i dare to look, sad onslaughts
carve my thoughts in your head, my blindness
blindfolds your speech, menace remains

Michael Witkowski

Orders Muddled Up

This floor under my back
it touches me in few spots
a cushion it can be- as
i lie staring at the ceiling
relax the muscles is the order
but i twitch and listen to the
voices and streams inside-

are they fast, are they cool
are they warm- leg you shall obey!
feel the warmth flushing softly
leg, sink into the floor, now, now!
my orders circulate between
the control & info desk and
executive members - legs

somewhere in the itch and twitch
the orders got lost- supervisor
supervise the flow of orders! Now!

Michael Witkowski

Our Blissful Oath

He sends rockets to the sky
he is a spy
a perfect glance
increases your winning chance
but as you flutter and fluster
in midst of your chancing bluster
you earn a heresy for making
the meanest horrible waking
of the tempest up our shores
which carry not the trifling bores
only demanding to do the chores
little taking heed of the woe sores
they inflict on our dread dreary vale
in which we are too soft to impale
our wrongdoers as we vowed ale
and christian love to be frank and hale
in the face of our transgressors feared
the sanctity we never boldly neared
but lies on foes we never smeared
rather ourself- not suicide- we seared
this be our oath and blissful gloomy doom!

Michael Witkowski

Over!

See You

Am I

Not

Am You

We together

We melt down

Overload

Stimming

Michael Witkowski

Pension Cornucopia Perchance Waste

Your pension and nuisance
Weighs an admittance
Perchance
In in every high billow of magic
Desire to take harbour for
Civil unrest in your galore
Tiny members yank with hybrid
Chalky nausea- keep slick
choice on stand-by- swat rigid
Mallets with honkky-tonk
women- Abrase waste
cornucopia

Michael Witkowski

Phone Rustle

Wanted without want-
what for?

Voice rustles distant
Through cord and
Wire, satellite, stars,
Space, sky, seas and
Air

Dreamy fog wraps
Receiver and my
Head's voice receiver
Want rushes up
From the grounds
Of my stomach.
Want calm!

Michael Witkowski

Pilgrims

Pilgrims row to their menace
It is a dark oyster but still they
are drawn in-albeit suffering voice
is not right as they let it happen
Donned feathers they have for
a lucky charm

Maybe the dark oyster will not
grab them if the itchy sensation
loosens oysters' grip they thought
but the oysters spit out a liquid
that melts all white matter like
these pilgrim's feathers

In a flurry, the pilgrims brought
a few feathers to the museum
for safe-keeping like an archaic
rarity- but a flattering remnant
shielded the pilgrims from disgrace
White peacock's feathers,

American Indian's feathers
Chicken's feathers, eagles' feathers
turkey's feathers- all feathers became-
befitted various shapes of pilgrims
who kicked off the contest of feathers
the rally for the best bid on unity?

The misjudged staged a show on
television- how far does human eye
sight the future- but the winner can
fall back into the past. misgivings
made some feathered walkers immune

to touch, brand friendship with freshly cut
onion peels for future use but not
with old high grown cemetery gates
which hide in their gap the rustle of grave
digging trees and the passionate shriek

of an oysters' hunter garbed in pilgrim's red cloak

ye waylay on the stars, ambush the moon
and steal the sun, peregrine you walk-
no north or south ye do know
no wind rose entrenches you in a path
but what pills i trade in for missing an
annoyance. Sleep? not for sale

Michael Witkowski

Plunge On Hands

Stepping ahead to the entrance
of the place where i would soon
hit the keys-i noticed three persons
blocking the door - chatting away
merrily-
Caught drops of their natter-
...who's this odd man i often see....
Sure they meant someone else, not me-
but then scare shot through
my eyes - my once favoured chatter
mate from italian course stood there

i could not would not face and greet him
answer his curiosity to my farewell state
and studies- tried to shun him -
dashing past him
to the door- but there i tripped up
somewhere- my heavy trekking boot
got caught in the dust crate- plunging
ahead - head first- to the rough stony
pebbled concrete pavement i stretched
out my hands for support on landing-like
a true goalie - avoid a head jump to the floor

I tore up bit of skin- a girl plunged to help me
immediately -
and the bloke i sought to shun asked
me if i was alright-
this time he did not greet me:
inner sigh pushed a demonic stone off my heart

Michael Witkowski

Precept For A Walk A

walk- keep
memory after the
end- steep your self
in your walk-
if walk & write
you'll regurgitate
your poems - and
stretch last outer
candle to the pain

Michael Witkowski

pudding china

an angel on her front she bears
brown wings - like a butterfly
from afar or for the short-sighted
in midst of white, surrounded by
pink sleeves, under the wings
are her neat hillocks - sweet plums
the angel has her wings outstretched
as a stop sign- a pyjamy apparition
softer care you will never find
than from her pudding cheeks
wise rosy sesame, hawky nose
and deep eye sockets
in a sea of vanilla pudding skin china

Michael Witkowski

River Mine

my river turns
breath stricken around
thrilling stones, laps up
hoarded balcony grey pearls-
birds mutter wild disguise
in rickety rockety sky which
greases silver plateaux
over dwarfs of mist
sprayed with golden glue-
vapour hangs in the loom,
carving cloistered hunches
of red bark in onion slippery
glaze.

Michael Witkowski

Saint Pressies

i paid You a visit
9.30pm - Christmas saint
with a tree, packed rags
tags, bags, togs, clogs, pressies
and smithereens splintered
in heavy breadcase. marched
stomping heavy legs barren
on cracking snow, freeze
crystallizes my nerves- my
nerves sliced juices
of all parts

Michael Witkowski

Salad Alive

Salad is dead
Salad lives- how
can you tell when
salad dies?

How do you check
it's brain activity?
Does it have a heart
is it less alive than
meat or flesh?

i have to know
because i am a veg
and moral disputes
twist me wrangle with me

torture me til i found
cheese as i know cheese
is dead matter but it spreads
a scent beguiles my tongue
whether Tilsit, Edam, Gouda

Leerdam, Massdam, Parmigiano,
Fol Epi - let me stop my cheese
plug here and join into an cheese
anthem with goats cheese instead
before i make a cheese ringtone

Michael Witkowski

Seesaw

On a seesaw-
which way do i pull
myself- hither, thither-
cling more to you,
Mars and Saturn-
or travel in a circle
around my eggshell
which is broken

Michael Witkowski

Seismo-Mind-Ologic Quakes

i can hardly see the paper
less the scribble
times you said
'what? ' and 'pardon? '
like never before
you were a lot less amiable
than you had PMT
'no comment! '- whether
i annoyed you or not
'not a scary monster! '
but thin explanations
 state bare facts
 not emotions
i - a seismic sensor
sense your unhappiness
your sadness echoes
in your mirror

Michael Witkowski

Send Me

My sending and goat song
a walk through intersecting
alleyways, chunnels, by-paths
across trains of imposing waggons
honking cars, blistering welder's sparks
stray wires, cables to stumble over
i strive to be looked back upon
taken up and on- to such alleyways
i go- how worshippableful i am!

Michael Witkowski

Sense

So many mistakes
we make -dolphins
smile - not at all
elephants break
china with their feet-not at all
but they move it with
delicate sense

Michael Witkowski

Shakesy Centosonett You And Me

A goat is a - sign of -shadows
are circling around my head
this wordy chain i shall give- you rose
this song better be my demise- i read

air shines through my overloaded flesh
return to the old homely stately school
a church has a tall nave, air whirling afresh
one hit two hits -missed - on purpose am cool

swim among those many travellers round the history
time nourishes my feelings as i drag out the never ending
the never ending end under the jasmin tree cherries grew a tapistry
itha, you do not recognize the snow that's fallen after your mending

A right cinnamon goat he was
a Lego fort on a cow paradise hill he saws

Michael Witkowski

Shower Webs

When the drops fall
And water sprays me
All masks are washed Away
In oblivion- Am with me
Solely me

Time rule wields the ruler
But i stick to myself
Search my innard shards
They creep up - flow to the
Surface like the spray
Hits my outside

Shards play a cinema
An enthralling motion picture
In my mind - without images
Just thoughts - words made
of air

Telling myself
Not cover up favours
for a close friend with 'being
busy with myself' - but favours
seem unreciprocated in
level and degree

Feel the length of
wire between me and my
Close other self- Confess
its length not- i might be
my sole self

Michael Witkowski

Simple Minds

One dreary November
afternoon, on a cup of tinsel
and cream with water, in
the Abbeyhole Road Tavern Cafe
for budding experimentivists,
imaginists, sonists and crabtreeists,
two holy meagre postures conversed

Clad in bakers apron, twiddledy cat hat and
morky shoes - not to say purky pants
Was Ms. Simple, a librarian of base
endeavours, who always played with his twiddledy cat,
a cross of Siamese and black cat -bad lucks' fetish
He turned sour with disgrace for anticipation of a
weekend without his creamy Siamese black
twiddeldy cat.

In the lost corner of the Tavern, a lost souls'
nook was cringing with sad sobs a Miss
Artifice, who always claimed the best for
her world - mundane as she was. Her worldiness
exceeded her grace - she plumped for the no
reserve resolve - bare all togs, strips, graments
stand the judgement of the world on her own devices
without sham covers.

Ms. Simple and Miss Artifice could not make their
tracks of thoughts cross each other as they
conferred- Ms: Simple vowed: 'Simple is an Art'

Who carries giant shells to the well, risks their
rupture- out and overstretched their meaning, blown up
their wordy apparition, shiny surface but murky
innards. True but siimple hits hearts quicker. Brain
grasps simple shells faster

There Miss Artifice barged in- take your bowdy
lowliness and coarse language! I prefer refined

words as i am literate, elite, grand and splendid.
Who wants noble ideas wrapped up in trite
ramblings? Surely the low and uneducated!

These women are still
marketing their precipes
today - who will follow
whom?

Michael Witkowski

Skittles & Liquorice

the sougning of trees
whispers through
windows, through
the chinks- a filtered
breathing noise
twigs rock to and fro
i here
alone with my distress
this from her
and from her
why doesn't the wish
put an arm around me
with blissfulness and
liquorice? Am i repulsive-
a skittles ball?

Michael Witkowski

Snowing

sugar crust or
cocaine icing -on skeleton boughs
like wonderous roe deer's legs-
coal! twisted- i wish i could
lick you off but instead-. coward
fear for my safety- play snowball
with the folk army, God is with us woman
and the Sabine woman, shattering
windows and walls of the lame family
woman's cubicle

Michael Witkowski

Sound And Smoke

Words are sound and smoke
watch human behaviour instead
never listen to their words
what they say they never mean
like you see it- you interpret
into them more than they meant
but never less than you hope

Michael Witkowski

Spectre In A Hallway

He stood as if he be a spectre
when he spots me before i see him
round the bend, behind the door or in a nook
Acts Lot's wife on burning Sodom or Gomorrhah
only tastes of marzipan

A spectre- least expected and playing dead
to scare my wits - he feeds me with bequiling
thoughts to prod on my tomfoolery-
and i take them warm-mindedly, insecure as i am -need
hints how to operate in society

we agreed to text our mutual friend
as he bought the postage stamps and
i relieved myself on the loo but when i was
done he left not as much as a ghostly trace
of himself up and down the long hallway

Michael Witkowski

St. Padraig

wealthy above nations
played in the gardens
of those who bred him
but a sudden strike
removed him to the far
coast whose hostility
he humoured
he knew brutish souls
convinced his bishops
to send him back
irish zeal implanted
in who suffered from them
but only the slave
understands his masters well

Michael Witkowski

Stonecone

I sat an a stone
And ate a cone
Marvellous day
Makes me gay
And swell
Nature's luscious
Breath deals oddly
With me

Michael Witkowski

Sunny Vow

Visit her or visit her not- I cannot settle
While neglect might be mournful
gut muscles grumble- and legs shiver
but memories set in as a ray of honey

i remember those four walked in the rain
bent knees and bellies over laughing
i repent my clumsy attempt at terming
your face- pudding face- ignominy!

but only i darted so much forward
He pleased M with his curvy life
still only of M he thinks now and
deserts me in my visit of Sunny

Sunny shall not be left however chirpy
she might find an action but i take a vow

Michael Witkowski

Sunny's Ill..

Sunny! It hurts me that you do not confess your whole
Illness to me - You might feel shame- But you should not

Do- Or even worse, you know not what ails you
Because your mum deems it proper to hide your diagnosis

From you since you might not understand it- You see
Your behaviour and feelings as normal, so you would only

Start to hate your mum and stop complying with the
Treatment need; - in due course rapidly waste and die

Disintegrate, lose your sense of goodness- I thank you for
The pain which gave my Dido sensation back to me. I could not
Live without my melancholy., wistfulness, unfulfilled yearnings

Michael Witkowski

Switch

Evil rooster bespeak you
Change your charm
with ten Hail Marys
Switch better
Switch worse
Switch between the aldnesses
Seeking my favourite songs
Seeking confirm in used things
Old is new and i can't bear it

(Note: 'aldness' is my coinage from Old English [West Saxon} 'eald' = 'old', Old English [Anglian] 'ald' = 'old')

Michael Witkowski

Television Cento Saturday Morning

You can see what we have -Farm carts topple over in full ride.
Planes by men for men made -Here is the riddle- where did we
shoot this clip - France or Germany? If I am a TB patient, I am

Not sure I can endure the whole course of treatment -Well after
The match, Thierry Henry said the club's failure to make big
Signings contributed to the defeat -One can really see it if one

Watches the market- Couldn't feel much better the way I feel
Tonight -Listen in silence, zitto e godi, she pets and strokes her
Wee pointed cushion; rubs the junction

What's more, the defendants conceded owning explosives -
You do not See me -But in Bavaria, there is discrimination as well -
Against bell's holy ringing - Hahaha we will reach the coast at four

-First, you have to spend six hundred Euros for the video camera and
Then the Computer, you do not need that here- Birds chirp and twitter
In the last thirsty years the ice plates around the Arctic have shrunk -

The youth do not know what pulque is- they only see the TV advert
And want to buy- The strict expert an flirtation turn out to be a
Bachelor. So my son is paid forty-nine euros for the rent - I get

Paid forty-nine euro for the rent Yes I talked to her -
I have it under control - I will not make it- one does
Not know it before- But I know it- awkward situation

Michael Witkowski

The Slushy Fate Of Cheese With The Mantis

The Slushy Fate of Cheese With The Mantis

The cheese undressed from its packaging
it felt oh so bare and tawdry but hoped
some saviour might run run run dash
the cheese excited the mantis
showing its exposed shiny bulk

continually stripping the
suffocating red wax every pore
of cheese breathed anew and let
the air in- light shone on its rind
so the mantis was overcome with fear
but alas the greed did not cave in

the cheese smothered the mantis
drowning in its own succulence

the mantis savoured the succulence
and went into a melted fantasy

snowballed the fruit into yellow
hole skies, dangling off the moon

and the mantis prayed
as the cheese took away the problems there had been
and all that was left
was the mantis and the cheese
as one
Glory glory mantis one
with cheese what an
unlikely match!

Written by goats cheese & Michael Witkowski

Michael Witkowski

To Friedrich's Joy

Friedrich, how can you cut out those
Who have found not a friend
Who is judge in Amity Court?
Who reads the sentence
And ponders the Gots
wear a wig and robe?
Blame the unfit for his fate
And bless the lucky for merit?
Not all merit a friend that find one

Michael Witkowski

Trample

thou art such a trample
with feelings
when my son gushes
his heart over the wire
but you laugh on through
check your spite not- so
much you wish to amuse

Michael Witkowski

Trees A-Bed

Trees lie in bed
Their bark swollen
With mooshrooms fed
On sap- sap blows oop bark
Raisin is sooked out
Cleared and returned
Automatically
Trees with own will
make automatons bleep
Soom trees sloomber
Soom hearken sounds
Soom scratch their bark
Soom feel their pain sensors
Yank out whines from
Pipelines of electric
charge transfer
Soom seek audience
Hoog their nursies
Chat and flirt fletingly
Or deeply
Bask in love &
Sympathy
Renew their forest
Refresh the humus

Michael Witkowski

Twin Tism

bonds entwined
between two poles:
a sad pole,
a mirthful pole

the sad rubs off on the
joyful, the mirthful
colours the sad pole

a scintillating interaction
springs to life. in my eyes
the poles always stay
connected - like two
dissimilar twins.

but
kid myself not. these
work on electricity
a silent gleam of thunder
visible only to the
discerning eye.

alas:
.power cut! the ravishing
bolt fell flat. And so the twin
poles found each other no
more. sad but true. This i
observed with my cherished
companions.

Michael Witkowski

Understand Me...

Brief child, sing a lullaby to me
make it curt and brief
'cause i stand honesty not

Been waking in the shadows
skiving under lime-trees
mind i shunned the lime-light

Honest night is an early night
or dance and hide in motion
late night tells secrets unwanted

Shallow bones and mammoth bones
All spread on the tiles in disarray
Who picks up this wee mess now

A stupid glance is a glance stupefied
i may learn, swot, do the society chores
but will never understand the rife code

Michael Witkowski

Undocked Ship

Have you ever felt it-a
tingle that rises someplace
in your belly and only to set
your lower regions ablaze
surges through mark and spine
and crowds your face-

ask the medic what it means
all vessels push blood anon
at the speed of light
Alarm! Alarm! some indigestible
shock pulverised the system
run run run away is the answer

i came for joy and to see familiar faces, bask
in their smiles, cuddle in their words, and dance
at the same time- feel my body move with the rhythm,
shake off despair but in vain- a low mood will change
into a happy mood in humans- (but i came with a
happy mood- anticipating joy) -solely from dancing

the emotions carried by the music, the squall
of sound - but i am not human- i function differently
the squall sweeps me off my feet, kicks in my tongue
pierces my tongue til it swells so i can't speak, vocal
chords lose their natural skills and brain orders the
tongue not to speak - my mind is doing overwork

in the production of feelings of hurt, a pang that injects
a flushing tingle into the system and i feel misunderstood, unappreciated-
Sunny and Maria notice me at the margin
of their joy, everyone obsessed with their own happiness
and if you can't provide a happy quip that tosses the table
with laughter nonne will notice me- so i flee

noone understands how why in a happy place
the mood of the room does not infect me
i recall my other friends who noted my sadness

and merged me with themselves- it is not
what humans hint at, a disappointment over
Chris's staying away from the place

but waves of sounds without tides, without ebb
and tie without a break for a word and a lack of
caring word and a hug that docks me into humans

Michael Witkowski

Unhuman Poem

a poem without
me, without you
i wish to write

when no desires
parley, ideas cry
thoughts wander

sad of all you
and sad of me
unable to feel

hang by a collar
kick about wildly in air
free loose free loose

Michael Witkowski

Valentine Chameleon

Who be my
valentine?
Even a friend'd
do, Tina
said- but how
dare i think
valentine
if C
who i thought be
my friend asked
me not to
contact her
furthermore

pudding china
rang in her
voice still yet
cold pudding
it was- imagine
cold pudding!
aye but i
glutton on
cold pudding -
hot pudding
scorches my
lips but hoo

this china
i knew not
self-changed
into chalk
ice plaster
and sour milk
hi what do
you want from
me actually?
wish no more
contact C.-
chameleon

Michael Witkowski

We Clash Together

Inside the thrush lily grows
I am milliner
I bud in yoou
Inside is a whisper
Welters my cockscomb

I stand aloof in praise
Shed tears on your joy
Besmear your grave
Bessech you, shed
No sun rays upon me

As they scare me- no
Devilish disgust seems to
Me thinkable than your
Late revenge in your
Disparaged tomb- I

Will never curse your
Blackened eyes- will
Never stream, never roam
In your black walls
But i have pride

Michael Witkowski