

Poetry Series

**Nick Stanton**  
**- poems -**

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**Nick Stanton(17-5-1952)**

# Autistic Boy

Black road, translucent heavens  
Gushed out and drenching.  
And through the wheel`s relentless spray  
I stared at the sheltering girls  
Whirling umbrellas.  
Storms can be nightmares.  
Screaming to go outside,  
Screaming on the inside  
Reaching saturation.  
What could we do?  
Stop the rain somehow  
And squint at the sudden prismatic sun  
Dry his bones and  
Make them into new shapes  
Remove the sodden clothes  
And he would run  
Still dripping from the skin.

Nick Stanton

# On Silent

That time we spent on silent  
Tones breaking and disguised  
Neither one compliant  
Not expectant or surprised

Easy now to change too much  
and leave so much behind  
No connecting kiss or touch  
You didn` t think i` d mind

Thoughts stream clear but words still fail  
We couldn` t make them fit  
Those scale to scale discordant moves  
Ending up as spit

Nick Stanton

# Our Two Ways

I dreamt you called out for me.  
You were hunting me down like  
once I hunted you in that  
fearful turmoil that love laid down for us.  
Still haunted in my soul  
by what we created; and yet  
I never knew such goodness in the world.  
Never knew such goodness could create  
these strangers looking for a beginning  
they knew existed.  
Strangers locked in a cold house,  
Feeling the sorrow that grips the future  
Fingering our hearts in the dark  
Reminding us of what we lost  
and how we lost it.  
Reminding us of nights and days,  
Those spiteful choices and our two ways.  
Unheard in some futile lateness,  
We will call out for each other-  
Triggered by a mournful, fleeting spirit  
Stabbing our memories.  
Reminding us of what dies and stays  
And what we sacrificed  
for our two ways.

Nick Stanton

# Return To The Happy Park

It`s best now not to know  
Just get lost in the spinning breeze  
Until the ripples start to slow  
And the edges start to freeze

Scan the blurry cars  
Circling in space  
It might as well be Mars  
Or another lonely place

Best not to think of blame  
Or which moment was the start  
Keep running from the flame  
Standing still will break your heart

Nick Stanton

# The Happy Park

Land of trees and clouds  
Slow smoke rises  
Just history allowed  
No sweet abrupt surprises

Space with wind and sun  
Ground that shifts with time  
No place to cry or run  
Just sit and keep what`s mine

Love that might return  
Still touching with a spark  
With a flame that didn`t burn  
I stayed till after dark.

Nick Stanton

# The Painter

Real life somehow defeats him  
foreshortened, distorted, it never comes out right.  
Something in the brain means  
he sees well in only two dimensions.  
He was going to be Monet  
instead he repaints Vermeer.  
By the dropcloth and half-finished canvas  
sit his tubes of paint-shiny, thumbdented.  
And late at night, the light intense  
the wet acrylics dazzling  
he surrenders to the silence of the page  
and transfigures reality.  
A victim of its shrill tirades  
drawing flippin` pictures.

Nick Stanton

# The Speed Of Dark

Feel the crush and chant  
Lathering the brain  
The nightwind slows its dance  
Which drove the day insane

Rawness roams at night  
Resentments incubate  
They spray my wound of slight  
That you can` t manipulate

Wake to a sordid smear  
From the languid drool of sleep  
The speed of dark so far, so near  
The ache of you, so deep.

Nick Stanton