

Poetry Series

Timothy Marshal Nichols
- poems -

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Timothy Marshal Nichols()

A biography is usually a chance to boast, exaggerate and lie. But as Timothy says: I am what I am and nothing else.

These are the rumours: Timothy Marshal-Nichols claims he was born and he did grow up in Leicester, England. He did go to Liverpool University where he attempted to study Economics – but that wasn't his fault. As a punishment he now works as a Software Engineer. Which probably explains many of his obsessions.

The title of the collection 'Reveries of an Imaginary Landscape' was inspired by two sources. Firstly by 'Reveries of a Solitary Walker' by the Genevan philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712 – 1778) . Written around 1776, and towards the end of Rousseau life, these are brief and deeply personal reminiscences as well as being brutally candid about Rousseau's own personality and paranoia – and always in a shockingly honest manner. They also describe Rousseau's interest in botany that inspired his walks around Paris. He also touches on: issues within philosophy, children and education, the nature of lies, and problems with charity.

The other source was Imaginary Landscape. This is the title of a series of compositions by the American composer John Cage (1912 – 1992) . These compositions were written between the late 30s and early 50s and explore many avant-guard techniques.

What relates these two worlds is a concern with the new. Rousseau with his discussions of a new age and its philosophical roots and Cage with his exploration of a new musical language. Both men, in some sense, iconoclastic against the old order.

Timothy Marshal-Nichols blogs at:

And that's where you will also see the images associated with some of the poems published here.

A Clear Nocturnal Sky

I walked through the vacant city streets
Among the cold and desolation
And saw freckles of fascination
All incandescent speckles of mystery
The luminosity seeming to drift away
As I tried to clasp upon it

I walked onward though the devastation
The loneliness of broken lives swimming all around
I gazed upon tiny smudges of enchantment
All above me this spellbound sea of stars
The brightness apparently superficial
So far away to be unreachable

Now lying in my bed, the curtains open
Eyes shut in the darkness
There I see within the stippled granules of stars
All burnished bright I know their form
The flecked candescence of the unknown
I've caught them, I have them, they're inside me

They're internalised to my being
They're lustrous within
They're all I want or need
(With eyes averted to the horrors just outside)

Timothy Marshal Nichols

A Moment

It is not so much,
To wait, to view a vision.
For a brief glimpse,

To lightly hold hands, briefly.
For you so little,
It would mean so much for me.

It is not so much,
To ask, to plead, beg, to hope.
To dream again, soon,

Of crushing the tears inside.
For you so easy,
For me, alone, impossible.

A moment of your time,
The most precious thing of all.
Is it not so much?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

An Image Of Salutation

What's the illusion we should create
On this monumental day
This milestone of old age

Possibly a swooping sparrowhawk
Darting through the woodland
Chasing, swooping, pouncing
On its next meal

Or is it the fleeing chaffinch
Hiding in a thorny bush
Watching, waiting, frightened
Singing a monotonous warning

Timothy Marshal Nichols

As A Discarded Toy

A blaze aches in my broken shoulder
My dress torn, covered in dirt and mud
Fat and putrefaction bath my once stylish hair
Useless and forgotten
I sink, lower, cast aside
And I suffered, did I suffer!

Some, some
Can ascend and fly
Like a bird of prey
Swooping on those
Dying among the garbage below

I've despaired since being made
Looked down upon by everyone
As a plastic doll, a cheap plastic doll
Never treated with respect
Or assumed to have a mind
Always a despised artefact

Some, some
Can cry and sing
Safe in their cloistered grandeur
Despising those trite
Playthings of yesteryear

I'm broken, torn apart, cut
Never worth repairing
Forever at the back of the cupboard
Always that unwanted gift
That last minute birthday present
Always the discarded me, the forgotten me, the ineffective me

Many, many
Can whisper words of defiance
At the greed and insanity
At the lies and corruption
Of the few, the few

Unused, cast aside
A momentary flick of the wrist
And stuffed into black plastic bag
Damaged goods still in that scuffed cardboard box
Sinking down among the detritus of ages
And thrown, late one night, into the refuse bin

Some, some
Can hunt and snare
For the shear thrill
The power over a plaything
Over a discarded toy

Once, I was on that shop shelf
I had a tantalising smile
A cheeky face
I had hopes and dreams
Of a simple quiet life
A playful life

Many, many
Can rebel and dissent
Can demand their own space
Can see the sparkling future
Can cast aside the ages

Now tears flow
Dishevelled
Ripped to pieces
Downtrodden, so I cry
Never to be my turn
Despairing, so I cry

Many, many
Can reclaim a fresh world
Casting aside the vultures
A world of brightness, luminance
A world without hunters

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Ashamed

Are you ashamed
Of me? So,
Do I not live up to
Expectation?

I'm proud of you
So why
Are you
Mortified by me?

Your embarrassed
By me, so
Stop demanding
I follow.

Your humiliated
By me, therefore
Hack from my soul
What you will.

Depart forever, if
Your so
Ashamed
Of me?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Autumnal

Looking out, hidden:

The final flourish,
Late summer sunshine fading.
Wind, gusty, colder.

The old oak, sways, majestic.

The sky greying; light rain.
Reflected off window tops,
Pink distant sunshine.

Leafs near cascading.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Black Rose

A single thorn
A single spindly stem
Thrusting upward
A single bud
Flowering, displaying its small delicate petals
A small act of defence, of beauty
A single black rose

Viewed across the barbed wire
Caught between the footpath and the motorway
Submerged within the unobtainable
Its brief desperate joy
The tantalising vision
Of a black rose

Battered bruised
In the sudden summer rain
It fades, bedraggled
Waiting to emerge again
All too briefly
Next year, perhaps
Possibly another black rose

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Bright, Bright, Afar So Bright

As miniature suns shine
Dazzling in the night
Forcing their brightness upon you
Expecting, demanding, you shine back
And when the day emerges
The disgusting stain remains

The sickening flames of neon
Gaudy monstrosities of illumination
A vandalism of electrification
You cannot close your eyes
To the intimidating luminosity
Of the thuggery of neon

The neon lights the skyline
Like some discordant graffiti
Scaring the mind, abusing the body
Born again in ineptitude
A deathly silence of lies
No gift too trivial to discard

This procession of tackiness
Sanctioned by wealth and greed
Far more sickening than any spray can
More disgusting than any youthful scrawl
With no little army of street cleaners
No cavalcade to remove the repellent

If it was any worth there'd be no need to advertise
And with such flagrant a disregard for truth
Presenting one side only of an argument
Means always disseminating lies
Or deliberately indulging in fraud
And with no rain will wash away this vengeful stain

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Can You Imagine?

Could I imagine you?
Striding, tempting
More than another's
Vain enticement

Could I anticipate you?
With so zealous a fortitude
Greater than others could
Ever foresee

Should I envisage you?
So desperate as being
Unable to endure
Separation from you

Could I perceive you?
So despairing
As if to wither
Apart from you

Did I imagine you?
And the fearful
Ineptitude of these
These impossible lyrics

Could you also imagine?

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Clocks

Dark mornings; dull skies
Before the clocks twist, distort
Promising dark evenings

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Contrary

"Now? "
"No."
"When then? "
"Never with you."
"But you suggested..."
'I've changed my mind... maybe forever.'

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Dark Shadows

The darkness envelops
The cold bites

It's just the way the shadows fall

The stifling blackness almost complete
Here discarded among the detritus
Abandoned outside the city

Unaccustomed to the annihilation
Listening through the anxiety
As the unknown bodies crying

It's just the shadows of regret dancing

Fear enfolds
Nothing remains
The lurid illusions multiply

A thin moon flickers through misty clouds
I struggle onward, forlorn
Towards an unknown allegiance

It's just the sorrow among the shadows

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Daybreak

Mist covers the valley
Masking distant council houses.
Streets, quiet, empty.

The lingering grey
Slowly, so slowly, brighting.
Promising dampness.

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Disappearance

DEarth's free Millennia
The Origin of Species
Evolution rife

We emerged
Mankind now rampant
Conquering

War
Pollution
Death

Gone

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Discography

The torrent crawls bringing raucous music

One day for live performances, bootlegs

The torrent stalls

Frustration is the greatest hits

Frozen for collections

A tempting flurry

The ratio disappointing, blocking

Chasing hours for rarities

The torrent crawls hanging on 99 percent

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Dissolution

You dissolved
Into a desire
So I melted also

You beacons to
Another world
And suggested I depart
The humdrum

You unfastened the
Entrance of desire
And I meekly followed

You unbolted the gates
To my inner being
And I willingly
Pulled them asunder

New vistas opened up
And before I could grow familiar
You declared you were departing

You'd dissolved into another desire
So I my life froze

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Distant

An intermittent conversation
Two ladies
Somewhat aged
In a market café
Beans on toast for two

Quiet words
One admonishing

Omitted words
The younger

The café is almost empty
Tables wiped
Chairs all neat
Waiting to close
On this tranquil late afternoon

One hums a song
The younger

The other scowls
In disapproval

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Expectations

You should live the way you expect other people to live.

You pay minimum wage,
You should survive on minimum wage.

You profit from a third world sweat shops,
You should stitch trainers eighteen hours a day.

You send others off to fight in a useless war,
You should be crippled, maimed, terrorised in war.

You condemn people to beg on the streets,
You should have a cardboard box, a doorway, for a home.

You should live the way you expect others to live.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Florescent Nocturnal

Such brightness I saw at midnight
The emergence of another
Looking back in envy
Pervading the breeze with desire

Your soft folds envelop me
Covering the sensation of your contact
Then the pure dreamlike instant
The moment of utter elation

Let me look upon your lovable significance
Let me delineate the sweet suggestion
Let me survey the expression
Conveying your meaning to my existence

The hour ends in dissolution
With an impression so enlivened
Something always of remembrance
Enveloped in your grace

Too soon you rise and
Slowly glide into absence
The aroma of joy still hovers
How I ache for you to persist

Let me look upon your angelic essence
Let me trace those sweet tremors
Let me watch the effervescence
Effuse your substance throughout my being

Eyes closed, remembering
I long for your recurrence
Opening my eyes in the darkness
Lonely inattention is what I acknowledge

Alone now at sunrise
The dead day all non-existence
Awaiting another night of apparitions
Only then can I experience your ambience

Let me await your angelic essence
Let me await those sweet tremors
Let me await the effervescence
That gushes around my very being

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Footsteps Outside

It was a dark room
Where she sat
The clutter of ages
Scattered all around

In the hallway
Footsteps, faint footsteps
Getting louder
Clattering down the wooden floor

She tried to think
Arrange her mind
Will they walk on passed?
Please, walk on passed

Were those the footsteps
Of the owner of that voice?
Was it that lady
Or that man?

The lonesomeness
The sorrow
A brief remembrance
Of almost forgotten joys

Was her work not good enough?
Had she slacked?
So tired as she was
Had her sadness caused offence?

The footsteps stopped
Right outside her door
She's waiting for that voice
The sudden silence threatening

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Foremost

Shoot high
We are told
For the stars
Distant galaxies
Forbidden heights

And you may
Rise just a little
Above your assigned cesspit

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Haiku On Haiku

Five stark syllables.
Seven following on line two.
End on a wry five.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Hinder Us Not

We need no assistance
We shall to set ourselves
Free

We refuse your help
And will educate ourselves in our
Endurance

We renounce your pretended support
And the hidden
Chains it brings

You can watch from afar
Festering in your own
Authoritarianism

Our struggle for freedom
Shows how we all can be free of your
Tyranny

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Interesting Behaviour

The first:

The short red hair, cascading; the glossy tattoos, like tribal scars; purple metallic bangles, jangling, jangling.

Interesting behaviour.

The other:

The cropped black hair, slender; a yellow t-shirt, short, tight; snug jeans, sparkling, designer distressed and beautifully torn; the oval face, sun tanned, smiling; the delicate bulge on the lips, moaning, moaning.

Interesting behaviour.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Iron Men, Crosby Beach

Men, scattered, standing on the forlorn shore, looking out, solitary, seaward,
never speaking, never moving.

Some completely submersed at high tide, others knee deep in the shifting
turbulent sands; all glimpsing, longing for, the occasional ship that passes them
by.

Each facing away from the fading town; a wannabe tourist destination that never
was; these men the last gloomy attraction.

Men that have never lived, never loved, never worked, never screamed, never
grown up.

But like all, decaying; and eventually, when we've all perished, washed away on
those turbulent sands.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Lexicon Of Detritus

A tirade
A conflict, a quarrel
Spewing forth
From you
Signifying what?
Aught

Some declamation
Some recitation
Noble phrases
Sounding trite
And from your mouth
Sickening

The flow of you argument
Is a bubbling meander

The stream of your inanities
Mask your manipulations

A tirade
A conflict, a quarrel
Designating nothing
More than continued
Servitude

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Maple Of Shame

Standing, once standing
On the corner
Tall, thrusting, proud
The new spring growth
Of vibrant purple leaves
Three fingers glinting in the sunshine

One day of violence
Savaged with a chainsaw
Branches falling
Living limbs crashing on the grass
Then crammed in the back of a car
And taken to the dump

All that remains
A solid trunk
Deformed
Splattered, mauled
With bright white scars
Where once there was forgivingness

Thirty years of growth
All lamentation

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Mask

The
Mask of
disorder, the
disguise of
Anarchy

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Midnight

Something, anything
The dark void waiting, waiting
Longing in the night

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Morning Haiku

This morning Haiku
Started hopeful, expansive
Then ran completely, totally out of control

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Never Ever

We now meet trembling with boredom
Nothing to say, all dull inanities
And depart desiring a forgiving lobotomy

We never ever were, are, nor could be

What was it with that red paisley scarf?
An unfashion statement?
A shallow mask for a shallow mind?

I never ever was, is, nor could be

I think I've had enough of your inconsequential ways
Your noisy inhospitably booming incredulity
Your trashy pop songs and superficial movies

You never ever were, are, nor could be

All we have left is a complete waste of? time
It would be a kindness to forget that dull monotony
And destroy our tedious times, it all adds up to nothing

Because it never ever was, is, nor could be
Because it never could be, could be, never ever could be

Timothy Marshal Nichols

On The Verge

A couple of crows are scurrying on the grass verge
Fighting, squabbling
Grabbing what they can
Noisily quarrelling

The blind cars shoot passed
Defying the speed limit
Eyes forward
Following narrow tramlines within feet of the battle

What was it once?
That muddy block of fur
A fox, a cat, something more exotic?
That mauled slab of meat barely recognisable now

The car's passengers are dozing
Or squabbling about nothing
Anyway not noticing
The blind fight for survival

A white flash of fur
Is pecked at by one crow
It must have been a badger
Roadkill

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One Millennia Too Far

With these millennia of inactivity
Must we linger
Or must we make do?

These millennia of anxiety
Full of hurt and wretchedness
Must we plead forgiveness?

Waiting millennia of ingratitude
For that ephemeral moment
Of feeling

These millennia of putrefaction
Must they remain
What must we expect?

Must we linger
Or must we make do?
Fearing these millennia of trepidation

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Pensive

The world, closing in.
Pensive, fraught, that's what she felt.
And then, maybe... nothing...

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Phantasy

Let me get this straight,
See if I understand it,
You were nice to me.

Let me get this straight,
See...
Thank you.

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Realisation

I want to write
of the sun that'll shine
of the clear sky
and the cold spring air

Not of the foggy dawn, that's
something so powerful
it hides the hillside
with its cold mist

I want to see
the flailing banners
that an attractive girl
swings, marching onwards

Not submissiveness
of acceptance
or the forced convention that
causes resentment

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Renunciation

Rejection, rejection
Always rejection
Is that all you have - renunciation?
And I did so adore you

However:

Did you experience it also?
Did you understand the faithful?
The intense, demonstrative
It's you that's disgraceful

And then remembrance:
The provocative contact
The manner of your embrace

Also:

Splutter, splutter
Forever your splutter
Is that all you possessed - verbiage?
And that forlorn inclination

Whatever:

Now trepidation, the anxiety of innocence
The concern for impression
Now doomed to oblivion

And then memory:
The incendiary connection
The rousing of your acceptance

Remember:

I renounce, renounce
I renounce you

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.1 - Fields Of Wilderness

Yellow barley lying there
outstretched, ripe
A crinkled crag
overhanging
sharp, stunning

One watching deep in the valley
nuzzling
eyes bright
Another runs through the barley
stops still, picks a piece
rips the ears off
then sucks the stem

How come they are so beautiful

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.10 - After The Avalanche

The folds, the strata
cut through the rocks
revealing forgotten seas, sand, marine life
and the crashing of time

An opening glistens
wet in the recent rain
revealing new micro horizons
not exposed for millions of year

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.11 - A Mud Track

Along a narrow track of dry mud
on one side a grey stone wall
on the other a wooden fence gives way to trees

Then the track opening out
to a wide field, all green, luscious
and a distant wood, vibrant, noisy

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.12 - Morning With Water

White mist

hiding the brownish patches of trees

looking upward the canopy scrumptious, vivacious

The air

cold at first

fresh, invigorating

Cool red earth

pitted and smooth, damp and vibrant

silky red flowers and burgeoning patches of green and blue

The sun

blasting, rippling through the canopy

bright dancing shadows on the red, red earth

Running water

clear, warm, from a steamy spring

shiny droplets dripping

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.13 - Exotic Fruit

To suck upon a freshly fallen leaf
its juices ripe, tasty
its red flesh succulent

To suck upon a newly cut branch
its sap sweet, flowing
its silvery liquid sticky

To bite into a just plucked fruit
its green skin sharp, crisp
its pulp chewy, syrupy

Joyful the path of foraging

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.14 - Myriad Leafs

Black, so black
flitting jubilant through the dense undergrowth

Green, pale green
silky smooth, smiling, dancing

White, all white
laughing, glistening in the night air

Such leafs
lovely, so lovely

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.15 - Springtime Meadow

Moist patches among the fresh grass
blossoming, glistening, sparkling
soft pliant under foot
under the gentle tread of those strolling

Eyes half closed against the morning sun
the delicate rays exhilarating
quietly relaxing among the drying grass
an exquisite bed for slumber

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.16 - Low Summer Sunshine

A fleeting shaft of orange dances among the grey
it falls to the ground, wantonly, gloriously
and is forever disregarded

A clear wisp of white falls among the greens
swallowing the pale, drinking in the dark and vibrant
an everlasting reminiscence

Purple eruptions among the red
diving deep into pure clear refreshment
those gold rings caressing

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.17 - Awaiting Purple Rain

Purple, hundreds of purples
flowering, blooming, ripe
spreading in effervescence

The sandy earth waiting
for little drops of purple drifting down
and slowly blanketing the terrain

The darkening petals dancing to the lightest tune
tempted, ever tempted to jump
never to return

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.18 - Solids Together

Chrome sparkles among the sand
glittering in silver and white

A cool red fades nearby
all ready for a new adventure

Will they touch
will they coalesce
they want to
so, so much

They do touch
repel
touch again
tentative

Ultimately they intermingle
hesitant at first
displaying glorious unknown colours

Now vibrant, luxuriant
growing, swallowing
joyful, bold

Becoming one pure soul
of energy and exuberance
a bright lightning shiver

Enveloped the heat subsides
becoming a cosy afterglow

And then still
so perfectly still

A memory

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.19 - Evening Florescence

A pale yellow flower
with the perfume of the spheres
casts its light gloriously

Tempting
so very tempting

With darkness it becomes one
united briefly in a perfect joy
a new life, a new dawn

Forever
with me foreve

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.2 - Exuberant Sunrise

What makes me ecstatic
Is seeing the sparkling sun
When it is
Bursting forth anew

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.20 - For A Day

The crisp black lines glinting
vibrant in the winter sunshine
the dark rocks sharp, steep
almost shining in their metallic glory

Clustered, almost imperceptibly, tiny red flowers
these caught between the crevices
alive for one joyful day
and casting a purple shadow

At nightfall all that remains
the glinting blackness

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.21 - Hidden Panorama

A blue mist, breathless in the night air
sensuous, enveloping, fresh
masking the luxuriant undergrowth

There a white flower in full display
the mist thrown aside for one glorious brief moment
then it's gone, never to return

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.22 - A Wild Flower

Sneaky, vibrant
a golden smile
laughing, carefree
poking through the undergrowth

All around wilderness
the long vistas
the distant wood
the horizon staked with green

Looking furtive, efflorescent
the petals fluttering in the floating breeze
rocking in joy
with that so cheeky smile

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.23 - A Moment Of Cold

A momentary freezing flash
bringing the unexpected
a soft shower from above

Quickly everything looks anew
cast in pristine modern clothes
sleek and snug, and fleeting

The bright white snow fading to slush
filled with trepidation, tears
yearning for the new

Below grey stone peeks through
encouraging the thaw
soothing, caressing and coaxing

The new blue water trickles
dripping carelessly at first
and then in bright sparkling rivulets

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.24 - Red Horizon

Looking up, the hillside, the magnificence
the peek, the glory, the exuberance

Across the pitted folds of rocks
gleaming towards the skyline
all a deep red
so very vibrant

The golden light shining, climbing
dripping with excitation

Among the redness
grey patches
screaming trepidation
of a potential pleasure

A pretty silver sparkle, shining through
smiling, so sweetly, with a natural joy

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.25 - Springtime Frost

White, cast in white
so sleek
so distant
so far as the eye can see

A sleepy ecstasy
all potential
all passion
all entwined with the earth

White tempting lines
slowly rocking
slowly cracking
slowly shifting

Entranced in desire
now joy
now arousal
now dripping with rapture

And the pure joy of melting
to a fresh vibrant blackness
of slush and new life

What a sight
dishevelled
shining
anew

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.26 - Joyful Flow

A stream
falling, descending
sweet to drink

Its clear waters
rapid, still
filling languid pools

Rivulets joining
shallow, refreshing
occasional stormy trickles

Banks cut deep
sharp, muddy
with damp moist rocks

Willows overhanging
shady, cool
dipping in the flow

Teaming with joyful life
drinking, consuming
an experience to behold

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.27 - A Dance Of Blue And Yellow

The yellow, the yellow
singing beneath the black
all chequered and lively

The blue, the glorious blue
dancing, so energetic
revealing a hidden white

They join, intermingle
fleeting, laughing
a snapshot for a day

They chant, they sing
a divine chorale
an angelic cadence

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.28 - Lightening Storm

An orange streak flashes
all light and energy
pushing, pulling, twisting
unwelcome in the night

A tree absorbs the onslaught
all translucent burning black
spitting, coughing, splitting
conduit to the fire

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.29 - A Breeze

Dancing, dancing, dancing
branches swaying in the wind
all lithe, subtle and fresh

Twisting, twisting, twisting
the black trunk bending
to the flowing sky

Twirling, twirling, twirling
the topmost leaves fluttering
in a subtle joy

Singing, singing, singing
each pure round bud
a dimpled oval beam of freshness

Smiling, smiling, smiling
watching the lean grace
the slender, the beautiful

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.3 - Revealed Rocks

A walk in spotted grey
cast down smooth

A hand travels in light grey
a flash of yellow

The pale lines of shade
yellow pulled aside wondering

The slippery rocks fall away

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.30 - Growth

Flowers dripping
with the sweet fragrance of joyousness
white and pink speckles
against the dark earth undertones

Flowers yearning
petals glowing, attracting
glittering in the brightening sun
spreading to absorb the rays

Flowers thrusting
rough crimson leafs unfolding
forcing their way through
powerful and implacable

Flowers overflowing
seeds bursting out
pushing, digging into the ground
waiting for a new day

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Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.31 - Nighttime

Luminous orange stars
smooth and sleepy
hidden beneath a soft white mist

A silver star
it's outline glowing
high above the rest

A pink flower
reaches out
desperate to caress

And stretches into the starlight

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.32 - Shadows

Yellow dapples across the pale earth
swimming quickly across and out of sight

A warm shower has just abated
refreshing in its exultation

Glistening in its moistness
the earth sparkles in the sunlight
all effervescent precious metals
all rarefied gem stones
and the more cherished for being so fleeting

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.33 - Encircling

The red unfurls
spreading its warmth
another day, another joy
and enveloping the environ
in its happiness

The chequered grey
with tempting sweet ringlets
and beige stems
stroking, smiling
in expectancy

The joyous trepidation
shocking in its intimacy
all silver droplets of joy
radiant in its curious touch
coaxing a new found familiarity

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.34 - Straight Mystery

White crinkly lines
all enigma
all puckered petals

White folds falling apart in smoothness
so sleek
so sensuous

Back bands of treasure
still to reveal
still tantalising

A yellow comfortable smile
now above
now encouraging

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.35 - Exaltation

The purple spirit of life
dances with joy on green
entwining in their sweetness

The white struggling free
hidden beneath the blue
and throbbing in its new found vision

Clasping, grabbing, stroking
they mix and match
pure rhythmic existence, pure exhilaration

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.4 - Hidden Orchard

Black blossoms among the blonde

The crystal white
sleek and tempting

The spring rains
descending, joyful

Yellow radiates, smiling

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.5 - Placid Seascape

Shiny blue ripples
across a cascading sea
the liquid lapping
gently, gently

White foam shimmering
blown among the waves
tiny glistening bubbles
popping, popping

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.6 - Dark Mud Thawing

White light with flecks of black
grey walking, dancing, roaming

The brown earth soft under touch
muddy, moist, joyful

The white light shining
making the world glisten in silver

Exquisite

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.7 - Rockfall And Puddles

Flecks of light rain fall from the blue
making the ground tremble
the extra weight
widening cracks and fissures

A blue avalanche follows
filling the valley below
descending on silvery waters
and halting deep in black

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.8 - Running Free

Running foot free
with abandoned, with laughter, kisses, smiles
through the red grass, ripe, sun shining

Collapsing in exhaustion
and watching the hillside, the wispy clouds
the sun setting, effervescent, colourful

Walking home
graceful, languid, tired

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Reveries Of An Imaginary Landscape No.9 - First Snow

Isn't that pretty
the snow
the sunshine

Isn't that wonderful
the brightness
the golden light

Isn't that lovely
the warm drizzle
the wetness
the fresh air

Isn't that pretty

Timothy Marshal Nichols

River

Stirring high above
The transient flow; trickling down
Streaming, in the sun

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Spheres And Circles

Topsy-turvy we stumble
Spinning as we go
Stretching out
But grasping naught

Helter-skelter we cascade
Our quarry just out of reach
Forever hunting
Never catching

Haphazardly, madly, running
Knowing not what we seek
Chasing a vague desire
For something better

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Stay Awhile

Here, sweet,
Sweet vision,
With me,
Will you remain awhile?

Here, beautiful,
Beautiful dream,
Alongside me,
You shall always be cherished.

Here, wondrous,
Wondrous image,
Resides your home,
Your very belonging.

Here, marvellous,
Marvellous vision,
Can you remain,
Awhile?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Stillness In The Wilderness

A calm is every last dream of recollection
A calm surrounding my distant being
Nevermore making any noise
Nevermore uttering any tidings

Inhibition is my whole existence
Nevermore to be acknowledged
I exist in absolute inhibition
I am my infinite inhibition

Stillness is my disgruntled acceptance
Stillness perspires into my deepest psyche
Nevermore desiring any tidings
Nevermore accepting acknowledgement

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Stolen Treats

This is not the time to be despondent
Simply make do and subsist
This strange episode is transitory
This rainy summer

Eschew depression my friend
Annihilate your desire
The sunshine is ephemeral
This rainy summer

Here we all long linger
Here all are wrong
As speech defames our sight
Joy is a solitary misdemeanour

This rainy summer
Make melodious song
So existence is renormalised
So our psyche is everything

Assembled on dirt
It could well dissolve
This temporary microcosm
This rainy summer

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Style

Money cannot buy good taste,
Neither style, elegance nor finesse.

Just look at the gory sick buckets many millionaires reside in;
Everything gold plated, pristine and so expensive,
It all looking as if it was recently delivered from the pound shop

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Teresa

I can remember you the shy girl back at school
Sitting at a desk nearby
Not saying much, always quiet
Skinny, gawky and with so beautiful black hair
Always overshadowed by your so called friends
Me all afraid to say anything at all

I can imagine your life
Spotty, sitting at a lonely checkout in Tesco's, bored
Marrying young and pregnant
A husband that takes advantage of you
A husband that maltreats you
One tooth chipped where he hit you that time
And still taking advantage of your sweetness and lack of confidence

Would I have taken advantage of you?
I hope not, I do so hope not
I could have, should have, offered you better then that
You will forever be a memory of a beautiful possibility
Something wonderful lost forever

Have I got you right?
Probably not, I hope not
But I will always miss what we never had

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Deceit Of Grandeur

The festering corruption of deception
Seeps through every pore
Stinking, contaminating the regime
Stifling creativity, freedom, comradeship
Luxuriating in the surrounding poverty

The pestilence lives on us
Feeds on us
Devours us
It becomes satiated to a sickening blubber
Still demanding more
Ever demanding etiquette
Turning all it excretes upon infectious

The obsequious blabbers scurrying
Followers of the counterfeit magnificence
Gorging themselves
On yet more human flesh
On our very minds
Occasionally the vermin look upwards
All fawning, sycophantic, toadying
Towards the self serving avarice of formality

Why should we bow and kowtow
To the illustrious rabble of the earth
To those causing our misery
Their phony splendour
The inevitable cause of the surrounding wretchedness
Why should we wallow in the vomit of departed times
As the grandiose defecate on our face

Jubilation will only come
After the destruction of the septic
After sixty years of putrefaction
Why celebrate the stench of decay?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Dryness Of Language

Still, derelict, non-existence, words
No words to tell you how
No words to feel

Silent, neglectful, inconsequential, words
No words to tell you what
No words to tell of the pain

Tacit, negligent, unimportant, words
No words to signify the failure
No words to express the hatred

Inaudible, remiss, immaterial, words
No words at all to convey the loss
Of what might have been
Of what should have been

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Estrangement

I need
To be needed.

Nevermore
Floating with you.

I want
To be wanted.

Dying
That's what all we seem good at.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Ire Of Language

The indignation is within me
Screaming to exit
Manacled in anger
Devoid of convention
Desirous of expression

Often it's jubilant
Untamed and untameable
Screaming freedom

Often long dry muteness
Devoid and frustrating
Most often smothered
Avoiding life entirely

The sleeping quiescence
Always awaiting ignition, conflagration
As if swimming in some tepid void
Desiring vengeance, desiring escapement

Then, then, as if...
A torrent of expectation
Comes spewing forth

And alongside all
Redress
Disappointment

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Market Trader

I have a poor market stall
Selling oranges to the forlorn
They're juicy, succulent visions
And you can try one if you would
A one-off offer only available today

These oranges are a possible happening
A bright vision of equality
An appetising ripeness among the despair
Don't look on with bitterness
Or plunder pillaged desperation

The oranges come from the future
The oranges come from a possible
They're sun filled experiences
And you could try one if you like
A get-one-free special only for today

Hitherto the market has been declining
One thrust might have been our demise
Our graves already dug among the detritus
But a new fresh batch of oranges
Opens the faintest possibility of ascent

Why don't we make a world of oranges?
Everyone growing or trading fruit
A cultural of equivalence
Full of the aroma of promise
Where everyone tastes sweetness

You could join us selling oranges
Or some other delicious fruit
We could make the market thrive again
Becoming a delectable exotic vision
And spreading to neighbouring towns

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Scrolls

Fifty-six scrolls heaped high
There may well be more to come
Sometime, maybe

The text is nearly complete
These scratched out fragments of my existence
All awaiting obscurity
These are scrolls of myriad days
Days of anguish and little joy
Dreams of walking hand in hand
Days of misty pictures and childhood fears
Dreams of the first sight of that lovely girl

Your welcome to delve among them
To read, to weep, to cry
Just clean up afterwards
And don't look back

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Sound Of Grey

They slash your pension,
cut your wages,
pass massive handouts to the rich.
The contemporary poet's response:
sit at home, cogitate,
meditate, reminisce, contemplate,
celebrate the good in life.
This poet is so thankful,
bowing, scraping,
so grateful to authority.

Voluntary redundancies they call it
as they devour your livelihood, sack you,
deprive you of the means to life.
The poet then provides a solitary prayer;
of an individual alone and weak;
his godless prayer, comforting and pathetic.
Instructing you to rot in your miserable abode
contemplating a greater,
non-existent, experience.
All along inviting you to personify your misery.

They cut your social services,
slash your benefits,
condemn millions to the scrap heap before their time.
Then the poet is so safely defiant, so lofty,
all within such contrite bounds.
The mildest of a demure that challenges nothing.
Hoping both torturer and victim will both find comfort,
such solace in those useless words.
No matter, says the poet,
sit at home, read these lines of doggerel,
all jarring, phony,
overflowing with comfortless rhymes.

Don't personify:
rebel, resist, protest, organise,
above all organise - organise.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

The Wasteland

This perverted wasteland
Full of buzzing flies
This perverted wasteland
Singing incessant lies

It used to be a wonderland
Full of butterflies
It used to be wonderful
Until the call of the dying

A wonderland
Should be astounding
Be surprising
Be marvellous
Now this wonderland
Is toxic
Is replete with misery
Revels in the despicable
And festers in corruption

It could be a wonderland again
If ever the toxic verbiage decayed
It could be miraculous again
This derelict wonderland

This perverted wasteland
Full of buzzing flies
This perverted wasteland
Singing incessant lies

Timothy Marshal Nichols

This New Wine

The bottle pops open
The fresh aroma fills the air
The camaraderie fills our lungs

And that longed for union:
Do they gulp or do they retch?

What will be the response:
To this syrupy draught
To drink deeply
To imbibe with gusto
To swig it down
Or sip so sweetly?

The liquid spills into the glass
Wetting the sides
Sparkling in the dim light
And the most beautiful of fluids
Touches their glistening mouth

And that anticipated delight:
Do they gulp or do they retch?

The moment is almost upon us
To answer that deepest question
Of our unity, of our conjunction

And that quandary all must ask:
Do they gulp or do they retch?

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Together

Powdery blue, white, shielded denim, the blond energetic, ecstatic, how could
you, joyous
They're together, the rapture

A sight so wondrous
Watching, stunned, enthralled
To dream, to touch, then...

Bright red, thin black, shining flowery silk, the black responding, enthusiastic, so
amazing, brilliant
They're together, the rapture

Beautiful vision
Watching, staring, mesmerised
To dream, to touch, then...

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Two

Lovely smiles; so sweet
Angora sweaters; purple, white
Tender exchange

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Two Walks In Arrowe Park

we'll collect it later
when we're done
the little plastic wrapped package
the delicate perfumed draped bouquet

autumn fades, trees undress
the stark cold bark revealed
there dangling, petite summer gifts
dog shit left hanging from the tree

Timothy Marshal Nichols

View

Outside my window
a modest patch of grass
rough cut; weed ridden.

Through this a slab path
dark grey from the night dampness
to two bungalows.

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Vision In White And Blue

The eyes, the blue, the smile
The skin, the hair
Those socks, prim, upright
Spectacularly beautiful; the blue, the pink

The breath, the ripples, the heart pounding
The arm, protective, the nibbling kisses
That short sleeved shirt; white
Spectacularly beautiful; the almost transparent, the so light brown

The mouth, the saliva, the other's mouth
The exchange, the lips
The spit; dripping down
Spectacularly beautiful; the red, the pink

The white, the hand, shy, the delicate nod
The revelation, the shiver
Sleek; strokes as satin
Spectacularly beautiful; the pure white, the pink

The rhythm, the fingers, the dance
The music, the twisted lip
Faster, relentless, the smile
Spectacularly beautiful; the blue, the pink

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Vision Through Mist

Clouded with longing
if only

A sight, hand on, an intimate moment, watching, new blue jeans, the
naturalness, a slender t-shirt, wishing, the hand lingers, accustomed, familiar

And then, as instinctive, together
Watching, they're stopping, waiting, so prosaic

Clouded with sorrows
looking on

A memory, a bus stop, waiting; they meet, surprised, laughing, a pushchair,
patched jeans, they're chatting, vibrant, a white jumper; watching, wishing,
always wishing

And then, arrivals, congestion
I give way, let them through, regretful

Clouded with tears
if only... if only

Timothy Marshal Nichols

White Van And Blue Vision

A little before nine in the evening
The end to a mild day
With dull clouds overhead
A quiet street
All neat terraced houses
And disorderly parked cars

Nine o'clock in the evening
Along comes a white shabby van
A mobile shop
Its discordant horn
All violence and hatred
Disturbing the stillness
Its waits expectantly

Just after nine in the evening
The front door opens of the house opposite
Out steps a young woman
With short blonde hair
Dressed in light blue pyjamas
And a powder blue dressing gown
She strides across to the van
Climbs the steps
Her thin frame disappears
Five minutes later
She reappears again
She's clasping something small
Possibly chocolate
She strides back across the road
And her front door quickly closes

A little after nine in the evening
Would it not be perfect
In the still and the quiet
To be in the same room as her
Nothing more, just the same room
Would it not be perfect

Timothy Marshal Nichols

Will You?

Please remain
Remain constant
Constant in us

Do delay
Delay awhile
While I compose myself

Detain yourself
Myself in admonishment
Of my misdeeds

Here loiter
Loiter and renew
Renew our feelings anew

Please linger
Linger with me
And I with you

Timothy Marshal Nichols