

Poetry Series

paul barnacle
- poems -

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paul barnacle(1955)

The world and its peoples look very different to poems are my first, they are stumbling words many of which are alien in context to me, new dawns coated in primitive are intended to open doorways and close pains.

Many links are appearing on my site, about 'other'Paul Barnacle's, I admit to having many internal personalities, but only one external version.

A Day In The April Sunshine

It was mine,
Now it is ours.
Memory of old glory,
New beauty
Nothing prepared me,
Nothing has ever been so special.
Magi and a waterfall of light.
I didn't expect the joy.

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A White Knight And His Maiden

The strange tale of the maiden who saved the knight,

After years in the forest, lost,

He stumbled across a clearing, that offered hope and sanctuary.

In it was a beautiful woman carrying a massive stone.

He tried to help her bare the weight, to put it down.

The massive armour he wore made it impossible to be of any use.

So instead of dropping the stone and running away,

She simply smiled and gently took away his armour,

Then picking up the stone again they held hands and walked back into the forest.

Eachday the stone shrank a little,

Some days the thicket seemed impeneterable and their way blind,

Some days they rested by sunlite pools.

To this day they walk on hand in hand,

In love.

A knight and his maiden.

xxxxxx

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Be Yourself

This is your time,
Grasp it.
Dont let it slip away,
Be brave, my darling.
Every day says yes.
Believe in me,
Trust me,
Embrace me.
Time will tell.

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Blood On Her Tongue

Taste of blood

The once warm and blanketing earth, weighed wet and heavy

Sounds once as sharp as pins, dulled, merged muffled.

Scent and and went, like old half forgotten conversations.

She licked her wounds and wanted just one more kill.

A warriors heaven awaited.

The moon drew her upward into the night, pulled at her like the tide.

Sucked her from her lare, last kill.

The car that killed her didnt realise, but she died with blood on her tongue.

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Highrise To Paradise

1745 to Malaga (Time to Fly)

'Do you know how long you've been up here? '

'No, couple of hours.....I don't know, what's it matter anyway? '

'Billy, I said come down for tea at 5pm, now its spoiled.'

'Just re-heat it.'

'I cant, the micro isn't big enough.'

'Shit what did you cook? '

'Burger and chips, but since ten passed five they are inside next doors

Doberman, with your mobile and most of Winston's stash.'

'Shit, I will have to split mine.'

'Winston will take one smell of your own assorted talc, washing powder and chalk blend, which will resort in the longest and slowest death ever devised. He was thrown out of the SAS for unnecessary violence you know.'

'He isn't so bad, Ali Two Fingers survived and his gran can see out of her good eye.'

'They were family, we're not.'

'Get the passports quick.'

'We don't have any I told you so.'

'Well get my driving license and your benefits card they should do, we will just flash them and run on.'

'Run on to what? '

'That plane to Spain.'

'Billy, you owe me.'

'Winston, I can explain, its quite funny, really, listen.....'

'My gear, now. Or her, here and now while you watch.'

'Then I will have your hand.'

'Leave her alone.'

'Its OK Winston its here all intact,100% put down the piece its frightening the pigeons.'

'Shame, I was looking forward to playing with you two.'

'Now if you will excuse us we must go now, we have a plane to catch.'

'What? '

'Come on Billy there it is our plane, just a jump away, hold my hand, we can do it.'

'Yes, run like the wind, babe, we're on our way.'

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Icarus Revisited

Icarus Revisited

All of his training, all of his dreams,
Courage flowed through his veins, replacing duplicity.
Many times before he had stood at the cliffs edge, peered over, sweated and felt
the bile rise.
Now at last he was ready,
Feathers preened, the sunlight danced off him,
The wax of self importance firm on his skin.
His heart beat furiously.
"I shall soar, eagles will be at my feet, father do you hear me? I will dazzle, the
Gods will know my name."
As he dived out into the blue
Immortality held its breath, ready to greet him.
The Gods smiled.
Daedlus shed a tear.
The descent was imperceptible at first, a feather floated away, then another.
Icarus laughed and sang.
He stretched out a finger, to touch a cloud.
His eyes closed in extacy, oblivious to the downward spiral.
Faster and faster the sea rushed up to meet him.
Now silently, he accepted his fate.
The others sat around, drinking tea and chatting.
Unaware of his drama within their midst,
Icarus, died in front of them. On his chair in the corner,
Silently, unheard, alone. Not even a splash.

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Koln

Today made me cry,
I walked into your heart and it made faint with joy.
I bought my lady and showed her your beauty,
She wept with me.
We saw the golden shrine,
Colours of the rainbow burst through.
Nowhere captures the wonder of life like you do.
Everything is magical,
You were mine, now you are ours.

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Making Love To A Stranger

MAKING LOVE TO STRANGER

Finish and go,

Your touches lack everything.

I shiver.

This is where sun should shine.

Having felt the truth,

This stranger does not know me at all.

Why has our love gone?

Your heart is so precious to me.

How can we justify the unjustifiable?

Would our child borne of longing ever understand?

Holding hands,

Kissing necks,

Entwined bodies

Finish and go.

I love another in silent prayer.

Not you, or your kind.

Go to hell.

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My One Hour Daughter

One hour, was all you gave me,

Sixty minutes, to live our lives out together.

Couldn't waste any of them crying,

Each was too valuable.

Ten minutes on introductions and a 'who's who',

Probably recognise their voices, just not as muffled now.

A quick tour of your room, and some brief house rules,

On to school selection and the importance of study.

Boys! this is I know a sensitive area for a father,

Your Mother should be here for this,

However she is waiting for you once our hour is up.

So I will leave that to her.

University, and your career, Obviously you will have your own ideas,

However we think medicine or pharmaceuticals.

These will ensure an appropriate young mans interest.

Marriage and children, lots and lots of children,

A large house and garden.

'Sorry, our hour is nearly up, and I haven't said I love you'.

One hour in my arms, a lifetime in my heart.

'I love you'.

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My Wall

MY WALL

Today's tears, yesterday's fears, tomorrow dreams.

I know the place, shared its shame,

I have faced my wall.

Hit it, head on, over and over and over.

Screamed, howled, bit, punched and clawed at it,

Now its bloody graffiti stands as my memorial.

I'd have it no other way, It says yes I am tall and I am still here.

It says F. YOU!

Every word is etched in my spit, my tears and my blood,

I am proud to up against it.

Painted in my colours, it shines.

New images swim within it, exquisite patterns of passion and revenge.

Honesty and clarity to stand for millennia.

As a tribute to me, and those like me,

My wall was hard built and hard won.

I dedicate it to every man and woman, who has been dragged down,

Thrashed in the mud and pissed on by the world but fought back.

My wall is strong, it will never fall.

I am proud of it.

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Pink Lady

Pink Lady

Someone special crossed my life today, a pink lady.

I didn't know her and had never met her, but she touched my world.

A world of selfishness and self pity,

It made me ashamed of who I was and those who I fail.

She had beauty, innocence and above all dignity,

An amazing bravery.

She will forever be remembered by pink.

Thank you pink lady.

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Rotting On The Vine

The dream door closed as she gazed out,
Gripping onto tomorrow.
Shocked at his anger, in their marriage.
Bluebell woods,
Nailed to a tree a waiting dream.
Wilting, her dream, rotting on the vine.

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Second Best

What does it mean to be second best?
It is lonely, you always try harder.
It hurts, they always leave you.
The only question you ever ask is "Why? "
Seconds don't count.

"I really really like you, but...."
"You are so special, but....."
"I want us to be friends"
"If things were different....."
"Who knows what the future may hold? "

"It may not work out, but I have to find out."
"I dot expect you to wait."
"It wouldn't be fair"
Second best is not a good place to be,
It really isn't for me.

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The Watcher

HONOUR DONE

"Touché, blood has been drawn gentlemen, put down your swords."

"Honour has been served."

"Now we retire to the claret."

"No! We continue, till we know, who is the one, the one and only."

"I agree! To the end."

Death set taken back by this unexpectedly interesting twist, about to be played in front of him. They were really prepared not to just prance and pose but to complete this madrigal. How delightful.

Cockfighting, bear biting. Ah! The good old days of Rome. When so much blood flowed, rivers of sweet conflict.

"Then if you are both agreed, fight on gentlemen."

Such futile passion, exquisite!

However, even this drama paled against his personal favourite. Personal deception, twisted emotions, breaking hearts.

Pain that rots the soul. Slowly eats away, every moment of every day. The "Golden Fleece" of human misery.

Too many weaklings prepared to forgive and forget, turn the other cheek or worse still bow down to religious quackery.

One single tear, solitary, which falls unheard, unseen, was so much more, more satisfying than fields full of martyrs slit throats.

Lovers split asunder, pathetically wailing, "I'm so sorry." Thinking these words would savage their lives. But for now this tableau would have to surface. Most of the crowd had dispersed, unwilling to witness true gore.

Ha! Willing to eat the beast but not watch it butchered, he thought.

Eventually death became bored and switched channels. He could catch up later, watch the highlights, or check the result on teletext.

"Ah! What have we here? "

"A contemplative suicide."

"That's better, real fun."

Don't make a quick decision, dwell on it my dear. Let it marinade. It will be tastier then."

"Yes, think of your loved ones."

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To My Friend

I know you in that chair
Opposite.

Trying not to hide from me,
Measuring your honesty.

Appropriate.

I form my understanding of you through my own experiences and experiencing. I
am overwhelmed by your sadness,

your isolation

your loss

your shroud

yourself and hold it close as we talk about nothing.

Measured

Appropriate.

These are not my words, but words about me,

By a woman of gifted sight,

I have been blessed to have sat with her and known my lies were transparent,

Thank you Colette.

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Wishing Wall

MY WALL

Today's tears, yesterday's fears, tomorrow dreams.

I know the place, shared its shame,

I have faced my wall.

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You All Know How This Feels

In a crowded room, how can I experience such solitude?
Through mindless chatter, the doorway to real silence.
As alien as a star.
I dream as one possessed of my salvation.
The crystalline jewel of life itself.
Must he come in despair?
You can only have the power to react, with the fuel of resentment
My love scales the walls of bewilderment.
I can hurt minds from here to eternity
Betrayal.
Each search, a new dead end
Can I ever be free?
Can anyone ever be free?
Diamonds are only jokers tears set to music.
These are my indulgencies,
Tricks of an alien God.
One tiny ray of truth,
Captured in a frozen smile,
Painted for the jury.
Theatres of the mind.
I no longer feel as a waif, but as the puppeteer,
Controlling their dances, awaiting my return,
They think me dead and gone,
Brushed away with the innocence of hope.

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