

Poetry Series

Peggy Pollock

- poems -

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Peggy Pollock()

19, Art student. Manchester.

Alas

Alas, I fell for your words
For your tongue, for your verse
How it hurts
How it hurts that I fell for your words
Ambiguous
Easily versed
Mysterious
Can't get much worse
Don't ever start with 'alas'
It's crass
Alas, its passed
I'm done.
At last.

Peggy Pollock

Bleeding Lips

A sudden distaste for my own music
Calls for a silent torture
And I wonder
At my own misfortune
Deeper into thought
How if something's perfect, unbroken
Can anyone, or thing, get in?
And I bite my lip 'til it bleeds.
With bleeding lips I press a kiss unto a lidded vase.
And watch as blood trickles down the breast and down the vases thigh
And turns to mud, to dust, leaving nothing but a trail of rust
And I cry.
For the blood we spilt
Let flowers wilt
And soon they come to die

Peggy Pollock

Fast Thoughts

Siren
Rumble of traffic
Rustle of wind
Singing of birds
Noise of the tv
Cracking and creaking of conservatory
Own soft breathing
Tapping of pen
Rattle of paper
Thoughts

What will this time bring?
What is the phone rings?
Why can't I rid of this hung-over feeling?
What are they doing
And what is he thinking?
Should I feel guilty for sitting and sinking?
Should I be working?
For test that are lurking
What should I wear for work when I'm flirting?
Should I be flirting?
Working my shirt
And being their shine when I know that they hurt?

The sight of my phone
The look of my nails
The book in the background
The newspaper tails

The siren inside
The rumble of words
The rustle of fear
The screaming of thoughts
The need to be free
The cracking and tapping of anxiety
Own soft breathing
Tapping of pen
Rustle of paper
Thoughts

Feeling unhealthy
Fearing the stealthy
Working right now
To one day be wealthy
Making a million
Or giving up bread
The siren of nothing
So loud in my head

Should I get up
And make myself stand?
Make use of this book
This pen in my hand?

Instead I will sit
For a minute of two
And be glad that one day
I'll have nothing to do.

Peggy Pollock

Golden Fait

Sunset spills a golden glow
Into a gloomy room
Under golden paint I know you know
The words that will be spoken soon

A state you sit, an anxious mess
And wait in golden room
And I deliberate, anticipate
Regret your looming gloomy state

For I am to announce your fait

I speak at last
You smash the glass
Sun shatters golden shards
And fast you gasp and writhe and rasp
And weep into my arms.

Peggy Pollock

I Know You

I know you, we've before.
But you don't know me.
You've spoken to me
Been impressed
Chosen me
But somehow
You will never, ever, know me
But I know you
I'm one of many
Always will be
You own me... If only
I'm a step on your ladder
To be used
Relied on to bear you
A step to be climbed

And left behind

I know you
You don't know me

I know you
We've met before
I know what you do
How you play
How you are.
I see how you dance on a cloud of your own
With your own halo
And ladders bellow
full of every step
that you never did know
Every step that you own.

But not me.

Because I know you
And you don't know me.

Memory Of Fairy Lights

A sad excuse to brighten life
So ugly did they hang for us
So limp to simply gather dust
And even with the candles lit
On pretty shelves, the wax did drip
It trickled down, and there it stayed
A lump of wax, a candles grave
And graves gave way to shelves of plain
And walls of plain, four walls the same.
For walls the same, with fairly lights
Hung to hide their lightless life

Today, a thousand miles away
Those walls do see a brighter day

But now the light behind your eyes
Reminds me
Of those fairy lights

Peggy Pollock

Overgrown Grave Stone

I never thought that weeds would grow
Though years they have been left, I know
Somehow I thought that nature's way
Would shout "a loved one here is lay!"
Blooms, plants and flowers cheering
Instead, you're slowly disappearing
I brush the plants, hair off your face
A stone cold touch is my embrace
Relief: I stop and find a note
At least that someone's wrote, I hoped
"lipstick, chicken, Reggae sauce"
A list discarded at your door

But why? As I write, do passers pass me wide?
I am not sad, do not cry

I know, to passers by this stone,
Is left untouched and overgrown
And though, I know,
your type may disappear
I do not vow to come each year

Instead, to you I will invest
In what you've left, I'll do my best
I vow to teach and learn and grow
To live and let my colours show
I promise not to waste my time
Planting bird food at your side

For by this slab, you do not lie

I am your stone, I'll make me shine.

Peggy Pollock

Pretty Yellow

Eyes of a crazy Driver,
Your steering the wrong way
Take a pretty yellow
and and make a dirty gray
Truth. It is in beauty
But you're truly a brutality
lick a tasty tickle
At beauties sweet morality
Like a moth.
to a flame
your the same.

Peggy Pollock

Salvia

The laughter terrifies you But it's coming from inside you It dribbles down your face and shuts the eyes you cannot hide through. You notice what's beside you and the music that you ride through and you fear that its repeating as time rewinds to bite you. A never ending cycle of the screaming that you fight through to look for what reminds you of the world you knows behind you. Stuck in never ending cycles of the screaming that you fight through to look for what reminds you of the world you knows behind you. Nothing now reminds you and the screaming terrifies you and the music turns to noise of which the voices do not like you. The sound you cannot ride through and the sights you have to fight through and the screaming hits the ceiling of which you wish to fly through to flee from what now ties you to the world that now reminds you of the never ending cycle of the screaming you can't fight through. Time now tries to bite you, but with strength you start to fight through, and the screaming stops repeating and the music you can ride through. The sights your eyes denied you are now dancing alongside you and the screaming's not inside you but now laughter all around you. Time comes back to find you and denies it tried to bite you as what made that world that tied you: was the salvia that tried you.

Peggy Pollock

Sunset

Sun sits and rests
Makes silhouettes
Of strangers by the sea
I stop my steps
As I reflect
On nothing, blissfully
I pick up my pen
But the sun then starts to sink
And I sit and think
This sun sets not for me.

Peggy Pollock

Train

There's a train that leads to miles away,
It's a special train, It leaves today.
You've looked it up and booked it
Bought your seat,
Invested
You've planned your trip
The time you'll spend
The time you'll spend away.

It leaves at ten o'clock today.

It's a special train that leaves today
You've looked it up and booked it.
Bought your seat,
Invested.
But all the same, your special train
it angry engine will not wait.

And the timing you've neglected

And though you've planned the time you'll spend
Upon your train away.
The special train for which you've paid,
the train, it left today.

Peggy Pollock

You Are Not A Con Man

Writhing guts
And retching ribs
And twisted lungs
And bleeding lips
On rasps of hope
And no response
And silence
Silence...
Screaming on

Let me paint a picture
of the bitch you did become
You let a fake director,
take a piss upon your song

You think it is artistic?
A sadistic sacrifice
Of hope, of love, of fun, of joy
You left it to the lice.

You left it to a bitter foe
who calls himself a friend
A con man that can only scam
It'll cost you in the end.

Take note on what he does to love
He sees it as a token
and snakes his way inside next
as he leaves the last one broken.

And you, my love you trusted that.
"Because you share a past"
Of bullying, of make believe
the novelty won't last.

Everyone outside the game
can see his ugly face
Apart from those devoted to
his make-believe rat race

And you became devoted
to the fiction he is in.
You played a fake director
At the game you'd never win.

You gave away your heart that night
and mine was strung along
For him the things I'd never do
but for you, I carried on

I watched the bitter con man
snake inside an open mind
He tied you up and stripped you down
and cast our love aside

He played you like a doll that night
My spirit tied to fight
But I became engrossed the same
And tried to "do it right";

And so I stripped my handsome man
And too I stripped our hearts
And three I striped the magic from
The meaning of the arts

For art is authenticity
And art is in creations
And art is not destructive
Like that con-mans violations

My man you had forgotten me
The sculptor that I am
For I am ten times more soul
Than a counterfeit con man

Remember what you saw in me
Remember what I do
Remember how I understand
Something even more than you

Look at my creations

Look at what I manifest
From dust to lust, to hope and love
A sculpture at its best

I own it in my blood my sweet
I'm an artist through and through
I choose the good, the warmth the love
And I hoped that you did too.

I didn't see normality,
And I didn't see a fake
And I didn't see a sell out
Of the art we could create

But a bitch you did become
As you cast my love aside
You turned my guts, and crushed my love
And watch intestines writhe

You watched me cry for you my sweet
you watched me curl in pain
you watched plea, you watched me beg
you played a con-mans game

You played a game you'd only loose
you played a game in which
you thought you were a con-man
but you're just a con mans bitch.

Peggy Pollock

You Cannot Sing

I like the fact you cannot sing
You cannot try to con me in
You do not need to hide behind
A hidden interest; 'hard to find'

You do not need the neck to play
To pay for what you wish your way
You will never say it twice
Nor make beauty at truths sacrifice

You
Don't need sweet heated lines
To wake or bate my wide eyed pines
For you
My true who cannot sing
Has learnt to pluck a different string.

Peggy Pollock

You Fool.

Put me on a pedestal
And ill perform for you
You fool.
Ill press your eyes into my lies
And thrust my lust 'till you desire
You fool.
If you only knew.
Dress me in a golden gown
Put a halo on my head
I'll play pretend
You'll tail the bate
You'll lose me at the golden gate.
You fool.
If you only knew.

Put me on a pedestal
And I will play pretend.
Then you'll wonder why you fool.
Why I left you in the end.

Peggy Pollock

You Had Me For A Moment

For a short sweet moment,
You had all of me.
Not just me in that moment
But me eternally.
You had my past
that lead me to give you my future.
You had my regrets
that lead me to give you only honesty
You had a warmth built up by generations of untainted love.
You had a family, a home to go,
support like you have never known.
Support like you will never know

Because you refused to see
A weaker side in me
Brought to the surface on purpose
Because you asked for all of me.

But the love you seek is sickly sweet
And fiercely momentary
And the love you split let flowers wilt
Be that seductively.

So here I am
Your wilted rose
Exactly as you want to know
Ambitiously walking alone...
It seems to be a road you know.

But in the night when we reside
And gaze upon each other's eyes
I shall bare my wholesome sole
And share this joyful spirit
My lips shall kiss a book of prose
And only you shall hear it
Our hips shall glide our minds shall fly,
Our fingertips and souls entwine.

I shall bare my blood for you

I shall much as wilt for you
I shall give my all to you
But only for a moment.

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