

Poetry Series

Simon Stevens
- poems -

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Simon Stevens()

A Rope

I am not getting you a necklace today.

Instead I'll give you a rope.
To hang yourself with
An unescapable bond
Binding hearts together.

I am not giving you perfume today.

Here is a bottle of cyanide
To keep at your bedside.
Perfumed and strong
It won't take long.

I'm not giving you champagne today.
Cheap whisky and paracetamol
Will numb the pain
and achieve our aim.

I'm not giving you 'free love' today.
Everything comes with a Price!

Simon Stevens

A Star Valentine

Roses, red petals like satin kisses,
thorns like the bitterness of a broken heart,
growing with the aid of the sun,
without which nought would grow.

Pricking you, your heart bleeds,
I have the power to render you
broken, a black empty heart,
you know me not to be that cruel.

It dies as the petals rot and droop,
I have the ability to maintain your beauty
with simple resources,
without me, you may not survive,
rotten, lonely and collapsed.

Simon Stevens

Educating The Masses

A teacher: an educator, a preacher and a priest
A confidant, a policeman, a matron and a maid.
I was told I'd be everything to them!
They'd hang upon my every word!

I was lied to!
It's not like that at all.
A victim: a loser, a punch bag and a whore
An insect, vermin, I won't list any more!

"I'm clever and I'm funny...
Well, I've got the answers to your test
I'll help you earn more money...
I can promise you'll be the best."

They look at me with contempt
Only one of them exempt
Little Jenny takes in each word,
A lesson learned from all she's heard.

I can sleep at night knowing
My confidence is growing
Some spark of joy is showing
If I can just keep going!

Simon Stevens

Empty, Vacuous And Lonely

The pack of crisps I once regarded
Lie empty and discarded.
An empty plate inhabited by crust
Pizza consumed with lust.

My sofa cushions perfectly molded
Blankets carelessly unfolded.
Overworked T.V on and blaring
And only one sat staring.

Phone off to stop the nagging
Desire totally flagging.
Work neatly piled against a door
Abandoned, boring chore.

Empty, vacuous and lonely
She was the one: the only.
It's been decided that I'm surplus
Do I even have a purpose?

Simon Stevens

Valentine

I'm not getting you a necklace this Valentine's.

Instead I'll buy you a rope.

I'll knot it in a noose.

Nice and tight. No way it's coming loose.

No second chance, no second hope.

I'll wrap up some superglue.

Create a bond nice and tight.

Seal you in all day and night.

So secure, you haven't got a clue.

Open it! It's a carving knife.

I'll cut you and make you bleed.

Me and you is all I need.

Forever, you have been my wife.

You won't need a card today

This should teach you not to stray.

Simon Stevens

Where Is Loveclough?

I'm moving out, I'm going,
I'm developing my career,
I'm facing down my fear;
I leaving Manchester and you
I'm leaving YOU behind.

Where am I going?

Doesn't matta,
You have no way of knowin';
It's at the beginnin' of the end
I'm abandonin' the trend
I'm leaving YOU behind.

What am I doing?

Nowt to do with you;
I am takin' over the world
Takin' on anythin' that's hurled
I wanna make a go of IT
Don't care if it works out...
I'm leaving YOU behind.

Where is Loveclough?

Bloody nowhere!
Inbetween a rock and a hole
Distinctly lacking its own soul;
Rolling hills and nature full in bloom,
Unfortunately a young man's tomb
BUT I'm leaving YOU behind.

Simon Stevens