

Poetry Series

stephen stirk
- poems -

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stephen stirk(23rd June 1957)

I am a 52 year old Comedy Poet. Much in life amuses me, and I often find myself committing what I see into rhyme. My poetry tends to have an 'earthy quality' which may originate from a life time of living on Merseyside in England. I am by definition a 'Liverpudlian'. Apparently we have the unique ability to laugh at ourselves before others. Looking at most of us, I can see why that would be the case. Liverpool has recently held the prestigious title of 'European Capital of Culture'. I doubt you will see much of that in the writings of Stephen J Stirk Esquire. I am a semi retired member of the Civil Service, and spent much of my career in the Magisterial Service as a manager. I feel that it was this period in my life that tempered my wit in the fires of sarcasm and cynicism. In hindsight I was probably better suited to be a Blacksmith than an Administrator of Justice. I am married with three beautiful little children aged 24,22 and 18. This is a standard phrase which I am sure is used by most parents to describe their offspring. The reality would be unprintable. The people and places of Merseyside provide the settings for much of my writing and inspiration. I pride myself in selecting subject matter which is so diverse that nobody else would think of it. I never see people for who or what they are. Character assassination is far more fun

A Love Poem

(Inspired from the comments of Ian Bowen)

I love you darling this is true
I crave your body language
One day I'll spend some time with you
Till then I'll have a sandwich

You're such a sweetie underneath
Your Eros darts invade me
I'd kiss you if you cleaned your teeth
But only if you made me

Darling I would die for more
Your love keeps me alive
But only if I'm at death's door
Approaching ninety five

Sweet perfume, I know it well
Your individual scent
"Eau De Sweaty Armpit" smell
That captivates this gent

I'm sure; of men you have your pick
But just those deaf or blind
Strong stomach and won't be sick
With just a shag in mind

So darling you're my paradise
I'll love you always pet
I see past pimples and the lice
You're all that I could get

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A Sale Of Two Titties

In the heart of an old village setting
There stands an Antique dealers rooms
Full of rarest antiques brought for vetting
Plus two urns sold by Hilda May Coombs

Last valued in May, Nineteen thirty
Estimated at fifteen pound each
The value-er thought they were 'dirty'
Uncertain what price range they'd reach

Hilda had sold them to Betty
For the price of just one hundred quid
They were no longer friends, all quite petty
And Betty decided, 'Get Rid'

Hilda had nearly no money
Had in recent years always been sick
It was no laughing matter, 'not funny'
Poor Hilda had 'Left eye wink' tic

She had noticed the urns in the window
And the interest had made her go in
Thought "I'll miss the first game at the bingo
With my luck, I'm sure I won't win"

At the sale rooms the buyers were massing
Old eggcups and teacups and mugs
The interest was more than just 'passing'
But all eyes fell on Betty's huge jugs

Each pictured a part naked woman
Revealing their part covered chests
"Who'll offer a hundred now cum-on
It's worth it to look at their breasts"

Then the auctioneer said "What a nice pair,
You seldom see many around
They would grace almost any Antique fair
Okay start me at Ninety Five Pound"

The bidding began in frenzy
Authenticity taken on trust
Determined old pervert McKenzie
Could not take his eyes off each bust

As the auctioneer dealt with the bidding
Hilda tried not to look up or blink
"Three hundred pounds – you are kidding
There worth more than that much-I think"

Hilda was good at concealing
But her nerves were now giving some stick
And she couldn't refrain from the feeling
That someone would notice her tic

As Hilda winked faster than lightening
Her luckless demise was profound
She could feel that her stomach was tightening
As the bidding reached twelve thousand pound

The bidding continued to rocket
McKenzie kept bidding in fits
As he fumbled within his right pocket
And mumbled "I'll have Betty's t**s"

The auctioneer played with his gavel
McKenzie played games with his flies
As the auction began to unravel
And Hilda winked wild with both eyes

Then the bidding stopped dead rather quickly
And silence fell over the rooms
McKenzie had failed and looked sickly
"Fifty thousand – sold 'Hilda May Coombs'

The sheer realisation of winning
Had made Hilda Coombs very sick
Hopes shattered, and head that was spinning
Each successful bid made by her tic

As she signed for the lot, the cashier

Said "well done these are great and not tat"
As Hilda May wiped off a tear
Said "I'll have to re-mortgage me flat"

McKenzie approached her and then said
Here's a kiss, a well done and some hugs
Then viciously slapped at her poor head
And lunged as she dropped her great jugs

Now poor Hilda lives in a hovel
With big damaged jugs and no kitty
And is writing her best selling novel
It's title 'A Sale of Two Tittie (s)

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Above The Poets Station

You're a poet, as they say
All you write is poetically full of art
Wince when you read your stuff
As from literacy you stand apart

Such great depiction, fiction
wordplay and poet structures
Diction, contradiction, dead
good words and writing such as
Ballads, salads and other kinds
of verses with great meaning
Acrostic, Agnostic and all other
words that see you preening
Rhyming, timing and all the stuff
that makes you look artistic
Hard to read and nothing
really makes your stuff simplistic
Excreta, meter, rhyming
All about your brother Peter
Verses with great timing
all with just a single rhyme repeater
Arty words but never farty
Dressed up in a dictionary 'bonnet'
Time for wordsmith party
Can you find a rhyme for this – yes Sonnet!
Who was it that wandered
all around as lonely as a cloud?
Are clouds lonely? Verily it's pondered
Do they seek your friendship in a crowd?
I.Q, Haiku, do your readers even like you?
Tanka w****er, you're so on the ball
So pretentious' does that saying ever strike you
Jack of all trades master of sod all

You're a poet, as they say
and all you say is poetically full ofshit
Read up or down, I'm pretty sure
you'll never find much sense in it

Though some was meant!

stephen stirk

All Our Yesterdays - A 70s Courting Saga

When I was young in yesteryear
Involved in pulling birds
We got our kicks from drinking beer
In pints, not halves or thirds
The frothy heads and heavy mugs
My birds were never pretty
But I'd provide the chat and hugs
If they'd go halves the kitty

Platform soles and parallels
Hotpants, Smocks and Boots
Aftershave and joystick smells
Skinheads Troggs and Fruits
Lapels the size of glider wings
Ties like knotted scarves
'Get it on' the pop star sings
Drink pints not thirds or halves

Groups of youths propped up the bar
Keen to drink excess
Each an undiscovered star
Attired in fancy dress
The tinny sounds of 'Glam rock' bands
Pounding out a beat
Dancing guys with drinks in hands
And handbags at their feet

Wallflowers with sinful clocks
Sitting by themselves
Reserving in their flowered frocks
A place left on their shelves
Chivalry is still alive
Big Freda needn't fret
Medallion man who wagered five
Is keen to win the bet

Now I have reached my middle age
And times like those have died
My ordered life takes centre stage

My bacon grilled, not fried
Common sense directs my way
The flame of truth is lit
And those around take pride to say
"You boring little git"

Ours were joys of nights in town
And we would live for those
When glue was used to stick things down
Not sticking up your nose
Coke was just a soft drink
You drank, if driving back
And not the sort that makes you think
Of acid, speed and crack

Our jewellery as you may suppose
Was earrings, chains and rings
But earrings weren't stuck through the nose
Or pinned to other things
We glimpsed Mohican haircuts
On weekend wrestling stars
But not on girls with beer guts
Who hang around in bars

My past is gone I reminisce
We loved that time, but then
A golden age we oldies miss
Will surely come again
Each of us in retrospect
Is bound to have his day
I'll fossilise with due respect
I think it's best that way

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Diary Of A Nine Day Poet

Today (Day 1) I wrieded stuff I thort was pritty neet
I wanna do this poet shit, so that I can complete

Today (Day 2) I wroted tings I thawt was really neat
I one ta do these poem stuff just so I can compete

Today (Day 3) I wroted down some things I thawt was neat
I want to do some poet stuff just so I can compete

Today (Day 4) I wrote some things I thought was pretty neat
I want to do some poetry just so as I'll compete

Today (Day 5) I've written things I think are fairly neat
I want to write poetically so that I can compete

Today (Day 6) I'm writing verse that is a poets treat
Expressing so poetically; you really can't compete

Today (Day 7) One is just the best that one can be
I'm thinking other lesser folk should focus just on me

Today (Day 8) I give critique whilst looking down my nose
"One shouldn't stand illiteracy – Does really one suppose"

Today (Day 9) Ones course is done, one writes on this and that
One's still unread but now one wears a cloak and silk cravat

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Gunner Harris

Happy mother's day mother!
There are chocolates for you on the shelf
And unlike my uncaring brother
I won't eat your choccies myself

I was gunner buy tickets to Paris
But the tour office said I was short
They said bugger off now young Harris
Too young to buy things of this sort

I was gunner get up extra early
To give you your brecky in bed
But I had a late night with Liz Hurley
Or at least with her pictures instead

I was gunner go out and buy roses
And really surprise you this once
But what if me mates all supposes
That I aint nothing more than a ponce

I was gunner take you to a movie
With a seat at the front and popcorn
But I don't think you'd find it that groovy
The films that I watch are all porn

I was gunner take you out to dinner
A rich lavish banquet – my treat
But it wouldn't impress Michael Winner
The chip shop not far from our street

But I'm still really gunner impress yer
Providing there isn't a theft
There's the choccies I put on your dresser
If you lucky, I think there's one left

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Kiddies Party

The kiddie's party's underway
The titchy ones have come to play
Criteria for getting in
You must be three and love a din

Jammy cakes for all such do's
Are worn in hair and some on shoes
Into mouths, a little goes
But takes a detour up the nose

Cakes with little sweeties on
Turn your back the sweeties gone
And all the little kids deny
Surprise surprise, it's their first lie

Pass the parcel round it goes
You pass it till the music slows
But some hold on and won't be beat
Surprise surprise it's called deceit

Blind mans buff they feel around
Go and hide don't make a sound
The blind man sensing his defeat
Takes blind fold off, he's called a cheat

Now it's time to sit and eat
The stuff that isn't on their feet
It's all the choccy cakes they pick
They laugh at different coloured sick

A goody bag; it's time to go
And kids their gratitude will show
Mummy says "say thanks Jerome"
Jerome with bag, has f****d off home

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Man And His Nuts

Come on now guys; No ifs! No buts!
Let's talk about your precious nuts
And how you guard them night and day
The right hand never far away
To give a scratch; maybe a pat
A playful grab, or stuff like that
So proud are we; to own a pair
We have to check that they're still there
And as we speak out to impress
We always check our nuts; confess
When other folk we hail and greet
We use our pockets so discrete
"Good day dear sir"; check left nut's there
"A fond goodnight"; still got the right
Or perhaps, those slyer checks
That sorts the undies; smooth the keks
A cursory check with left or right
Unravels nuts so they won't fight
But really you just need the zeal
To clutch your nuts and have a feel
To never touch them is the test
That man just isn't nut obsessed
He's not aware, he doesn't care
Oblivious to the fact you stare
For he will care not if you watch
As hourly he checks his crotch
Could he be sore or insecure?
Would it be worse if he had four?
To womenfolk in every land
Make eye contact; ignore the hand
And in a while you'll notice not
Mans audit of the bits he's got
Come on now guys; no ifs or buts
You're self obsessed about your nuts

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Round Corners

In a part of this great universe
A planet that I've found
Has four secreted corners
Despite the fact it's round

In the corner of this planet
In a corner of the land
There's a little girl named Janet
In this corner she will stand

A corner of her parent's home
Where refuge would reside
Where Janet can no longer roam
No longer safe inside

In a corner of this corner
Janet owns a dollies house
And stares into the corner room
As quiet as a mouse

The house is locked and bolted
You can't be cornered here
Memories can't be jolted
Or perversely tinged with fear

In the corner of the corner room
A dolly stands forlorn
It's Janet's alter ego
All locked up since she was born

It's Janet's way of coping
In a universe so great
Protected from the groping
Because Janet's only eight

Now she is a mourner
Till the day she may find peace
She's a dolly in the corner
Locked up - waiting for release

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The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword

A thug I am, to other men
My fists are not ignored
Till other thugs said "try a pen"
It's mightier than the sword

Education has no place
And I can't even write
I thought I'd try it just in case
When I had my next fight

Next time I was in the town
A fellow thug stood guard
Told me that my pants were brown
And that I wasn't hard

I challenged him, (the size of ten)
He wasn't overawed
As I produced a biro pen
And him, a five foot sword

With vicious swings and grizzly laugh
He furthered his assaults
I told him "start new paragraph"
And underlined his faults

I'll cut your torso all apart
"You scare me not" I fibbed
His mighty blade had stabbed my heart
But his, I merely 'nibbed'

He left me in a pool of blood
My arms were sliced and pink
I defended when I could
And squirted him with ink

I quickly wrote just two words down
'Uneducated fart'
And watched as he fell to the ground
Such pain within his heart

The pen is mightier than the sword
This victory I have claimed
My words have given just reward
He's dead – I'm only maimed.

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