

Poetry Series

Tallie Pascoe
- poems -

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Tallie Pascoe(03/02/1988)

Always There

Have you ever felt the fervour of an evaporating dream?
Or heard the wail in the night of a sadness still unseen?
Startled the smashed stained glass in a church once serene?
Or wondered in all the world what the parallels mean?

Have you chased fading day as in fear it turns to night?
When stranded in limbo, searched for second sight?
Prayed through your atheism for your pitied plight
And given up before you entered into fevered fight?

Have you faced the stranger in the mirror and wondered how she's there?
Cut away your strength in the fall of fading hair?
Travelled with a devil to be trapped in his dark lair?
Suddenly realised a just world really doesn't care?

Have you sung out your sorrows to the silent dirt?
Encompassing all melancholy of time and truth-tossed hurt?
Walked through materialism to try and reassert
All the lessons now forgotten and the need to be relearnt?

Have you looked about your home and realised you're lost?
That nature gains power through whatever cost?
That the greenness of summer dies beneath November Frost?
The commandments broken in the wall in stone and gold embossed?

Well travel through tranquillity to terror misunderstood
To the demons that lurk in every fairytale wood.
Where shadows empty sin and disguise all the good
And only then knowledge creeps in, as well it should.

It is in fear that you're home and in fear you walk
Blackness strapped a mask and made you laugh and talk.
Forever behind you the deep despair will still stalk
Until a silhouette on the ground, outlined in chalk.

Murdered through your own grief, destroyed by your despair
The everywhere you once were turns into nowhere
And whatever the pictures lie about, they were never fair
For the only truth that remains is you were always there.

Tallie Pascoe

Analysis

Twist out the turbulence in a different line,
Straighten out your thought and hasten to define
The reality, the syllable of why we are so wrong,
What the nature of our nurture is behind every desperate song?

Put down in black and white your dark and frightened thought,
Every notion of the motion in which your nightmares caught
the moment which you woke and for the first time were aware
That you were lying caught in the living nightmare.

Shine a light on the mystery behind unexpressed tears
That doomed dotting delinquency to shade in all the years.
To turn upside down the North Star and make it all seem well,
Stare upward to heaven and instead see burning hell.

Please explain your silence where so much you haven't said
Still lingers in your sorry mind on a sweat dampened bed
Where all the fairytales turned to monsters and to dust
Where sweet innocence narrowed eyes and turned to sweet bloodlust.

Explain to me why you refuse to cry over all that you don't say?
And why the pain of a different type keeps the dreams at bay?
Why you wallow in your sadness and say I won't understand.
You've locked yourself away in a shadowed silent land.

You've locked yourself away and there's nothing to be done!
You own your own future, you are your own moon and sun.
And the path in the distance leads where YOU want to tread.
Be it to the greener pastures or a place you haven't said.

Break open your mind and lay it out for me
So I can see your sorrow over what you'll never be
And try to understand why you are still frozen here
Where the hate is for yourself and yourself the one you fear.

So walk out in the wilderness of your lonely lost road
Not realising friendship was what you yourself forbode
I wish I could reach you but now we're out of time
And there are others to be seen. Out of sight, out of mind...

Tallie Pascoe

Anytime

I could have left you anytime
And left a slamming door.
Instead I took all your lies
And wound up on your floor.
Anything I gave you
Didn't matter anymore.
The exposure of your smile
As a blackened, rotten core.

I could have left you anytime
Before the game started.
I could have looked you in the eye
But it was on my knees we parted.
You made me your creature
Yet it was you they martyred
And I, in your heavy chains
Was to Lust's graveyard carted.

I could have left you anytime
And left you all alone.
In place of a headboard now
There lies a waiting stone
For this walking corpse,
This thing of blood and bone
You met and knew and claimed to love
And made your misery her own.

I could have left you anytime
Dont think i didn't try.
But the morning after the night before
There shone a bluer sky.
It didnt matter how I shouted
Or how many tears I cried.
You'd win me back to your world
Back to your smiling lies.

I could have left you anytime
But it wasnt meant to be.
I waited out your fist too long

For what you used to be.
Waiting for the pain to stop
Yet yearning to be free.
I could have left you anytime
But, in the end, you left me.

Tallie Pascoe

Away With The Dawn

AWAY WITH THE DAWN

If only I knew what was happening
Maybe I could conform
Maybe I could rise from former ashes
Of numerous former selves
To a new being.
But I don't understand,
I'm not sure I ever did
And it's been so many years.

If the dark wasn't so all encompassing
If I knew which way was north
Which way was up and away
From this land of shadows
Perhaps I would fly
But my wings are broken
Too far to fix
And I am not a genius.

If there wasn't so much time
Long hours, long nights
With the sudden sunrise
Glaring out the scarlet day in fear.
If I could see beyond the boundaries of time and time and time
And through to space
Maybe I would not be trapped
But I am, and I can't get out.

If I hadn't trapped myself, where would I be?
Some happier being with no notion of reality
I sat down on Halloween and decided to cry.
Life is too long, death too far away
And there are too many choices.
I want to get up
Walk far away into the dark of the woods
And fade away with the dawn.

That dawn never comes.

Tallie Pascoe

Barely

Mind-muddled
through resurrections.
Confused through the art
of common deception
The V of swallows high
above me
escaping
like I have tried to
running to the call
of obsidian addiction
and masterless
infliction
of expression

An old ashtray mirrors
my days
overflowing with lost ends
of unfinished conversations
guttering out the call
of need

Curtains drawn
I grew; a little loaf,
and burnt

Can you hear the harmonies?
Or is it just me, searching
for some forgotten perfection
devastation
infestation
in a reflection
of this ignored soul
that has to be remembered
I have to be everything

Yet I am not
I cannot fly
I can barely dance

Blame

I can't blame the blind
for never noticing
as i stand dumb
silently screaming.
A mirror of forever
grants me a vision
and all i see are shadows.
Shadows and black
Showing all I lack.
The skeletal form of a vacant soul.
I don't blame you, the blind
for not being able to see
after all you can't see the mirror
you can't see what darkness stands
on the other side of me.
Or peel back the mask I have worn
pasted and moulded and sculpted my smile
through years of torment
and scars.
Deteriated beyond decay
exhausted past sleep
drained beyond pale
paranoid past ghosts
and scared thorough demons to myself
to the next Hell i cross.

Tallie Pascoe

Confession

Six-sided confessional cube stands full of guilt and dark deeds done,
No window here, no false light from a supposed Holy sun.
And I sit among the scent of remorse, dishonour and crime
Walls whisper 'Hail Mary' as the punished receive their time.
Peccavimus, Peccavimus; I sinned, now to repent,
But what if in my heart and soul I feel no guilt was spent?
I have not murdered, I have not stolen, I acted in my sanity
And now I sit, condemned, in old, stone words for 'profanity? '
I did not lie, I did not curse, I simply fell in love
And in love, no melancholy, no deception for Him Above
But in love, I see my Love's eyes with a joy no God has brought
And in love just lessons of love, not stern penance to be sought,
I place my Love above all else, and this, I must confess
Must make me, in Sinai's eyes, an unrepentant idolatress.
But my "idol" does not judge me, nor expect precision
I hide nothing from him, I make my own decision.
And in deciding this, I know, I care not for engraved words
But for what my heart tells me, though at times she speaks absurd.
And what my heart is telling me is to follow without fear
That love, my Love; he will not condemn, Hell is not so near.
In the sand I see one set of prints, the Lord swore that they were his
And he carried me, but I doubt, and in that something in amiss.
If on the sand with my Love there will be two sets all the way
As he stands by me, I stand by him and I will not stray.
So let the fabled Lord leave me, I shall not, damned, be solitary
For in my hand I hold my Love's, my heart full of wonderful idolatry.

Tallie Pascoe

Eighteen

So now I'm Eighteen
What change has there been
Between now and ten years before?
Yes I am older
But i have become colder
To the 'good luck' that lies in store.

Yes, i've admitted
It's all self-inflicted
That I made myself who i am
And i've begged all my friends
Take me to the end
But I'm the only one who can.

I have to ask
After my past,
The Lord, why he left me alone?
But now I see
He didnt leave me,
I cast Him out on my own.

Yes, it's true, that I lied
When i said that I tried
To never again say never.
But Murakami said
That 'only the dead
stay seventeen forever.'

Tallie Pascoe

Emma's Room

Six months I stayed in Emma's room
And watched her in the mornings weave
Her long fingers through her fine hair;
Faded violet, gone from a moment of expression
To be confined and to lose its statement.

She laughed like an echo, as if there was no source
Simply the room humming soft edged melody
From the pale walls.

We would sing to eighties music, played badly
On an old wind up radio.
We would sing loudly and without tune, standing on the aged,
Grey chairs that bled their stuffing in sad melancholy,
We would stand on them and dance.

Sometimes sat in the small bath, attempting privacy.
Fully clothed and dry in our ceramic half cocoon
Sharing our stories
And our secrets.

Emma's room had pale blue walls. Wounded many times over
Through pins and blue-tack; adorned now
With self-drawn pixies.
Mythology.
Little reality was there, in Emma's room.

I spent six months in Emma's room.
I lay sometimes, my head on her lap
And we would sit in silence as she
Stroked her long fingers
Through my hair.
Reflecting on the events
That had taken us to this corridor.

She slept fitfully, foetus shaped and huddled
Still rolling, still calling occasionally
From her dark dreams,
From her intrusive memories

That, while awake, she could pretend to ignore.

I spent six months in Emma's room
Before they took me sixteen times to the basement
And electrocuted me to docility
And she stayed in her room
With her bed on the floor
Because she was so afraid
Of what might lurk beneath.

Tallie Pascoe

Every Purpose

A time to kill, I have killed
I have drenched the rivers dry
A time to laugh, I laughed first
To bring me to my time to cry.
A time to be born, I was conceived
Whether alive I still don't know,
A time for love, my love was lost
On my time to hate when he did go.
I ploughed the harvest of discontent
For my time to reap the weeds I sowed.
I hurt many in my time to heal
Too much hurt and hate so showed
In time I danced in strangers arms
And mourned the deaths of many men
I have cast all my bitter stones
I couldn't gather them again.
My time of war was self inflicted
My time of peace was long ago
I never run to hold no more
My time to gain? Nothing to show.
I have lost love and life and purpose
By God do you know how I tried?
All these gone, these is one left
I have reached my time to die

Tallie Pascoe

Feathers

I walk with secrets, like feathers
In my wake.
Flying in obscure conundrum
evading any hope of being caught.

Those by my side sometimes
catch a glimpse
and nothing more.

A shimmer, a quirk
as if to suggest what it is
that I put behind me
to surround me,
shrink wrap styled,
to hide.

I walk with secrets, like feathers
in my wake.
Torn one from the other like a puzzle
I refuse
to put
together.

However I try not to see them,
to hide them,
those floating whispers,
when still and alone
they float down
and adhere
to my
skin

to wear
those secrets
in my wake
on my arms

Tallie Pascoe

Fleeing/What Will Become Of Me?

What will become of me?

The indescribable and hiding, soft footed

Fool of a shop front mannequin?

Paint me.

The clown in make up and the

Dark of a shadow following

The illusion

Of a more substantial being?

What will become of me?

Save me.

I am imprinted in the years

In a self destruct button, crying

Mass and the stoic stone of a mask

I carried.

Carry me, like a child, carry me.

Lie me down in an earth bed.

What will become of me?

Throw out the rope to me and watch

It fall right by me

And see I am afraid to grasp.

Clinging pale of demons breath

To try resurrect me.

Exorcise me

Tear the dark from my lungs.

What will become of me?

Breathe into me

And I will poison you.

Watch a different Midas touch

As everything falls to dust.

Hunt me.

The quarry fleeting into the night

With the eyes of something haunted.

Tallie Pascoe

Forgive Me

Forgive me.

Forgive me for treachery, for crying as you smiled
Away in a dark box shrinking me, hiding me
Confide in me your secrets and forgive me for never guessing
The open eyed jury as you were trialled
And I, hiding.
Forgive me for guiding my shadow and not yours,
For singing, searching through melody for my kind
For to find the rhythm of my flaws
And I riding

Forgive me

Forgive me for heresy, using your name in vain
When waist deep in dark clutching me, calling me
May falling be continuous and forgive me for stopping again
And I, failing.
Forgive me for bailing out on you and rocking a steady boat
For dancing, rage dangerous in my eyes
For disguise, so I could stay afloat
And I sailing

Forgive me

Forgive me for theft, of stealing the light from your soul
To try hide mine, shaming me, damning me
Hammer me into the walls of my own dark hole
And I, hating.
Forgive me for stating too late and leaving too long
For pretending, mask moulded to my flesh
For the best. The worst of my right and my wrong
And I, grating.

Forgive me

Forgive me for murder, of killing all good in the world
And burning down the evergreens, blazing me, warning me
Dawning on me there is nothing like hate to see night unfurled
And I hissing.
Forgive me for kissing the heels of strangers and following them instead
For crawling, drowning out of the mind frame
For shame. Nights spent in a fevered bed

And I missing.

Forgive me.

Forgive me for riding away with the dark

And sailing storms I couldn't conquer, smashing me, ripping me

Tripping me on winded frost, my voice harsh

And I hating

Forgive me for fating my luck on the stars, for ignorance

For missing... I don't know what I missed.

For innocence in white rosaries

And I hating

To pure white sand again sieve me

Forget me

Forgive me

Tallie Pascoe

Idolatry

I spent lonely, lost days in other men's arms
To hear your voice in their broken charms
Trying on their tone to break you from my mind
The mystery in yourself that others cannot find.
I try and seek your smile and the laugh that's in your eyes
I try capture your voice as the evening dies
And recreate your idol in some other man
Knowing that I never will; still believing that I can.
I search for your touch and the tremble down my spine
That I left when I lost you, but you were never mine.
To you I was some other girl like you are the other man
And I would never be yours and I would never stand
Up next to the other girl that you believed I could be
But I never could, just like they will never be
The beauty and belief that you held in my soul
That without you I fell to dust, I need you to be whole.
But I shall stop this lament for you are more than words
Words fly on the wind away like the thousand flocking birds.
They can leave your memory; they can distance you from sight
But how I've tried to forget you, but here I know I'm right
That I cannot make you mine and I cannot make you see
I cannot waste others time for you to be free.
I cannot worship your idol, it was never you.
I built others on your dream; a dream that can't come true.
I'll keep your image to myself and your words won't be released
But even as the years go by the yearning doesn't cease.
I still see you in the street when you are miles away
You are my torch at night and my shade in the day
And I know this obsession will never come to anything
But lost hope and smashed dreams and a requiem to sing.
I wish you could see me as she that you chase
It can never happen though and I know my place.
I know my place on a list as you pursue her still
Like all the men I ran through to try and force your will
To see me as I see you. But it can never be.
I should shut you out of sight and never more to see,
Never more to judge my dear, on what I'll never own
The scattered seeds I ran to after they were sown.
For all that you're worth I should do what's best

Draw the curtains on my dreaming and put you to rest.

Tallie Pascoe

In Honesty

To attempt to write a poem without knowing the form;
Is as daunting as Everest;
Knowing unseen peaks cackle in scorn
To rain down in howling storm
And take away any blissful rest,
As, blinded, I do my best
Though bewildered, frightened and forlorn.

Yet we have all climbed hills;
Believed we could go higher.
Failure, caught in camera stills
Pushed half-hating back on shadowed sills
Still, we talk of mountains and aspire,
Though, winded and wept, there is no fire
And the lust to attempt once more is nil.

So what of love? Of that mountain?
That in kiss-chased childhood we assumed
Would naturally come in a fairytale fountain
Of roses and song and "forever" now counting.
In backlash and heartache, each one soon consumed
And cynical, shrank to the touch; marooned,
Silent and cold but a heart weakly shouting.

What is it with you that I have no fear?
That invokes honesty? That turned hopes true?
Overcome, not by distrust and false smiles as you near
But just a peace and a thought that is clear,
You make me feel as if I am new
As if untainted, undamaged; I mean something to you,
Something fixed, in frail life, not warped and sheer.

And, without fear I say it, I feel you could be
The peak of the mountain and a child's assumed truth.
I believe not in God, yet his Graces are three,
Belief and hope in myself I alone brought to me.
The third, I thought, would remain forever aloof,
Then you entered my world with that third Grace and proof
That good things come to those that wait

I believe not in spirits or stars or fate
I have few convictions, so know this is true;
My cards are down,

I love you.

Tallie Pascoe

Inpatients

A glamourcat sits glued to
Paul O'Grady
Marilyn's Monroe curls cheap and red dry strands
And painted nails on shrivelled,
Cadaverous claws.
A bad sixty
Still dressing in furs and scarves
To hide her toothless gums.

Amanda talks to the walls
To her they answer back.
She thanks you kindly,
Monotonally and hesistantly,
Her twenty eight years unrecognised
In her white and static hair.
She says she doesn't need to be here
As menstrual blood seeps down her legs.
And stacked pots of jam reek her room.

There was no life after love
For the girl with the flower in her hair.
Two years on Cher still wears his ring and
Colours in her eyes for him to
Tell her that she
Is beautiful.
Rocking off in trances
Knowing she will kill her children.

Claire shouts too much.
In a car crash the medics
Know the ones screaming are alive.
It's the quiet ones that
Need to be answered. The same
Could be said for Rachels tantrums.

Mandi absorbs herself in Spike Milligan
And Baroque poetry.
Performing yoga on the smoking
Room floor and

Dressing in bright colours
Trying to hide the fact that at 51
All she wants is the father she never knew.

Emma draws her thin knees to herself
Laughs to cover empty eyes and the fact
That she has to sleep on the floor
Because she is afraid
Of what may lurk under her bed.
Dusty green eyes and pouted lips
Beautiful.
Or so her father often told her.

She walks around, bag clasped to her chest
Valentina doesn't know where
She is anymore
But her son is in the attic
And he has cut his foot off
And the men in the ward below
Want her.
She stockpiles sanitary towels like gold dust
In a room that has held her for five years.

Kathleen talks about
How she will never leave.
Claiming to survive on one meal a week
As her tyre like waist lies
Otherwise.

The young girl curled in the corner,
In pink slippers and purple gown
Her pajamas adorned with fiction
And a face many years younger than what she is.
She has sat in that corner for months now
Pulling in pills as often as she can
Just to forget,
Just to hurt,
Just to try and defeat
What she cannot understand.

Kind heart and kind eyes on a woman
Older and uglier than most,

Trying to express gratitude in gifts and pills

I sat on the floor of the corridor
For five hours
And observed
The clatter of heels that no one would see
The shuffle of bare feet for those too
Ingrained to be bothered
The flop of sandals, something easy,
Nothing immaculate.
The nurses swarm this festering hive
Like bees without stings
Guarding rotting honey.

Tallie Pascoe

Insanity

This is insanity, life's lost its spice
And I'm driving top speed down this highway of ice
My soul it crying
My heart it is dying
And I know they are lying
When they say it's alright.
So I gave up the fight?
And you think I'm wrong
Have you heard my song?
Now i'm trapped here along-
side malice and vice.

This is insanity, trapped deep in the rut
And I'm sailing through storms on this river of blood
And the wind it screams
For the loss of my dreams
Far back in the streams
Of when life looked fine
When all hope was mine
And the future seemed bright
An immaculate light
Now I'm locked in the night-
time as thick as the mud

This is insanity, beyond the unfair,
Between the great mountains of Death and Despair.
In the valley alone
A long way from home
Far from my throne
Of what I once knew
Where trust could be true
I see no way out
And however i shout
I know they are doubt-
ing that I am there...

In a dark box hides
The whirlwind inside
Which misses the time

When the
Daffodils grew

Tallie Pascoe

Inscription

The first time I heard your name,
I wrote it on a yellow post-it
In blue biro.

I don't think you ever
washed your sheets
More than once a month.
Old magazines were stuffed
under your closet
to try make the place
look tidy.

I knew the deal.
I knew you gave no favours.
Yet somehow I still let myself
Go from your customer to your whore.

You scribbled my name
In a red diary.

High as a kite,
Only kites would be flying.
Bound to your bedpost
I found myself crying.

Crazed sometimes.
It was a deal,
nothing more.
When did I turn from your
customer
Into your whore?

When the money ran out.
I wasn't worth anything else.
It was your choice then, not mine.
And I knew where I stood.

The months went by.
I'd approach your home

Trying not to think.

Its only now in recollection
I realise what I became.

So I took my blade
And wrote my name into my skin.
Whore

How can I not look back
When I knew what I became?
I became your negotiation
And nothing more.
Without the pride of
twenty pound notes,
I was worthless.

Tallie Pascoe

Lament Of The Cookies

We are born through ineloquent and
Agonising torture.
Hit and torn, yowling,
In even your evil, laughing,
Mad-eyed childrens' hands;
Flattened and suffocated,
Chilled and burnt
For your sadistic pleasure.
A light pastime,
Malicious hobby
For you
Caring nothing for your cruelty.
We exist, as if in silent, anchoring penance,
Only momentarily resting
To be broken and beaten again
By your ruthless, gleaming teeth.
You wrap us in rainbowed colours
Knowing others' similar lust and want
On viewing our destroyed bodies,
Scarred and burnt
On your black racks.
You impose a short life on us;
One of agony, fear and grief.
Yet,
You forget out silent souls
Gathering in 21 gram batches
To adhere to your thighs and your stomach
And thicken your chins.
We shall laugh last in our acid purgatory
As you weep at increased numbers
On emotionless scales.

Tallie Pascoe

Marianne

She ran through the village
Screaming and shouting
But nobody heard her
And nobody cared.
The sky was dark
And the sinister darts
Of thunder and lightning
Did as they dared.

The rain came down like
Bullets and arrows,
And the dull light flickered
On the old Manor Gate.
The rain did not near her
And the wind seemed to fear her
As she ran, denying,
Refusing her fate.

Aye, as a girl, the storm
Would have scared her
And she would have cried
The whole night long.
Again the tears flowed
As she ran up the road
And in her mind she heard
An aching sweet song.

You cannot go back Marianne,
Said the voice,
You can try and try
Forever and on.
You can try to fake
Your fall in the lake,
But the angels have borne you,
marianne, you are gone.

Shaking her head
To ignore the voice,
She stumbled round

To the bay window wide
And in the light of the evening
Her mother was grieving
And her father, forlorn,
Cried and cried.

And there her beau
Leant against the wall
And she saw storms swirl
In his dark eyes.
He should have dived
To save her life
His cowardice had led
To her demise.

She raised her hand
To touch his back
But it passed through him
As though he were air.
She screamed at the man
Who had ran and ran
Away from her drowning,
His own life, his one care.

So she turned away
From her sweet fiance
Who she swore to hate
As much she could hate
She passed through the wall
Into the great marble hall
And felt no heat
From the fire in the grate.

Looking into
The crystal bound mirror,
No self-reflection did she see.
Only the maid,
With her long blonde braid
Walking the hallway
There seemed to be.

The portrait of her

That hung in the parlour
She hated now more
Than she ever had done.
But though she stamped at th floor
And hit at the door,
Of sound or echo
There was none.

Siilent as
The ghost she was,
She picked up her skirts
Amd walked down the track.
Though the girl wondered
And long the shade pondered
She knew she would never,
Never go back.

Life was a thing
That had left her too short
And she wanders the moors
From that day to this.
Through the years long
She has sung her song,
Tragic in its loveliness.

Oh sweet Marianne
That wanders the moors
To the last of infinity
Forever and on.
The rain does not near her
And the wind seems to fear her,
The angels have borne you,
Marianne, you are gone.

Tallie Pascoe

Marionette

A dark marionette with a jaded mask
Painted in colours that will never last
Dancing in time with chains on its limbs
To the song that a caged jaybird sings.

Strings to your wrists, beads for your eyes
You dont know what's truth, apart from the lies.
Pull a string; you'll agree, another; you'll age
In the spectator sport of the puppet's cage.

Little harlequin waiting the years
Dictated to all your thoughts and fears.
Relinquished all power to somebody who
Thinks they know your life better than you.

They feed you on sugar and dress you in red
With a fool's crown on top of your head
With pixie shoes and enlarged eyes
A soul of wire that never dies.

Your mouth a block of wood that wont talk
Your legs frameless logs that will never walk,
A heart that is nowhere and cold as stone
Tell me then why you claim to be blood and bone..?

Tallie Pascoe

Mirage

Can't you see the mirage
On the horizon sun-fed glowing?
Or the beams of burning fire
In the frost of icy snowing?
Did the wind never near you
When gales tore down the trees?
And the rain seem to fear you
Though crying on your knees?

Did all the work of anarchy
Result in lines of clones?
Did the queen bee eat all her young
And rape all her drones?
Were you faraway and dreaming
When the hurricane hit?
Still alive, bullet in skull
When you fell into the pit?

Were the drugs never enough?
Was the drink spoiled in the glass?
Was the future just the daytime
until the night did last
Into infinity?
Was hell too deep to scale?
And heaven too high to climb?
When you know you will just fail?

Just as those longing living do
They refuse to cry
And the sanctity of life condemns
All of us to one day die
And death in its deliberance
Is the greastest grace of all
So sit with your ears open
And wait for some Messiah's call.

Know the sky was never blue
It just sucked in the light.
And fear is the best drawmn

whether to take flight or fight.
But when the battles won
The dead, oh victors cant you see?
It is the dead who escaped
Into immortality

Tallie Pascoe

My Goal

So you tried to be perfect.
Well, was it worth it?
Was it worth the blood and the tears?
Was it worth the pain
again and again?
Did you ever confront your fears?

So you've starved yourself thin
What change has there been?
Has anyone said that they love you?
Has anyone missed you
The last time they kissed you
Before they turned to shove you?

You drank to disguise
The loss in your eyes
And make the hours seem real
How much have you drunk?
How low have you sank?
Yet, I know that you still feel.

You still feel decay,
The herald of day
Makes you run and hide in despair
You rely on a blade
For the beauty you made
And took on the thousand mile stare.

You are addicted
It's all self-inflicted
Be it bleeding or drugs or the drink.
Would it take all back?
The nights on your back?
Too out of it to even think.

You wanted to shine,
You drowned in the brine
Of your salted and bittered soul
You wanted to be perfect?

Has it fucking been worth it?
have you achieved your goal?

Tallie Pascoe

My Pound Of Flesh

I would starve myself to bones
Just to neglect you
Bleed myself dry
To drain you too
I would cut my throat
To suffocate you
Drag my pretty nails into my flesh
To mark and scar your skin
I will shout to the demons
Possess me to possess you
You are my cancer
I will not treat
My redemption I never wanted.
I will die so you will never live
My price to pay
My pound of flesh
my unborn child

Tallie Pascoe

Neglect

There is an overflowing ashtray
Sulking on my windowsill
Dust clinging like a sheet to the mirrors
Curtains closed for days on end
The sullen stench of old incense
And tobacco.

I wove a web around my life
Nothing could get in
But I could not get out.
I am locked in my own disregard
Too afraid of my own shadow
To disturb my prison

Tallie Pascoe

Ocean Brine In Red Wine

Ocean brine in red wine
The moon is waning out of time.
The Holy Ghost, he made a toast
To misery and crime.
Stars signal in Morse code
Which I don't understand.
To add to shame, I lost the game
Threw in my poisoned hand.

Road kill fits the dinner bill
Catholic priestess takes the pill.
Running water's running shorter
To quench the lying ill.
Human mind speaks deceit
It's at the base of all.
I couldn't bridge the high ridge
Now I have to fall.

The Gordian Knot gave way to rot
The drunk on the hunt is still the best shot.
The virgin queen many times was seen
Drawing her lovers by lot.
Scandal is sensation
That is needed to breathe
For my hope, I couldn't cope
So only dust will seethe.

As the crow flies, the tides rise
The love of Above has turned to despise.
Those three wise Mages in their cages
Carried hate and hurt and lies.
The dawn is deceptive
And the rainbow lost its ink.
Noah's flood, covered in blood
Made even the demons think.

Red Evening, hear the grieving
On the street, the heat's deceiving.
The crucifix was made of sticks

And fell at Hell's first heaving.
The light of the full moon
Is only sordid reflection
So away tear your only care
At the Sun's deception.

Tallie Pascoe

Onlooker

I have watched him fade
I have watched his laughter become strained
And long pauses of silence staring
As if unconscious of anyone else.
I wish I knew his thoughts
I wish I could purge out his demons
And exorcise him to the glimmer of a person
I knew once.□
I have watched him drift away
His reality confused and angry
Doubt engulf him and shadow his eyes
A paused soul half hidden and hovering
In the chasm between
I have seen him turn toward hell
And know I cannot reach far enough
To hold his hand.
I wonder if he hears me anymore
If he understands what I say or if it is
Just clockwork nodding and agreement
To make the hours move.
I have watched him dissolve
A name others say and whisper
And speak on rumours and angst.
If only I could take his palm and read
What lies ahead and hope
Hope beyond anything I could ever possess
That it is not another death.

Tallie Pascoe

Parallel Universe

Let me see the side where the sun never shone
The farside of hell and the chasm in between
Heaven and the former that can never be crossed,
The side of my mind that will not be seen

I'll count out the stars, those other worlds
Where parallel selves lie oblivious to tears
Where I myself could have one day stood
My back to this world and blind to my fears

Show me the road where there is no sinner
Then look at me and you'll see no saint
The whorls of my fingers brimfull of evil
The love from my soul is meagre and faint

I'll lie in the attic amid the dust and the boxes
Closed and forgotten for the joy they once told
I'll let the spiders weave their webs in my hair
'til your memory of me is just as cold.

My memory of you will not keep forever
And your thoughts of me a long time ago went
So I'll stay back in the shadows of the past
And stay there forever, my tokens are lent.

My heart is a ruin, I look to the moon
Wishing to see the dark side it hides.
And the girl out there who shares my same eyes
Those eyes that in her have never cried.

Tallie Pascoe

Perogative

I have seen what you have not seen
The world as dark as dreaming,
I have been where the dead have been,
I have heard them screaming.

I have heard the unspoken word
And had my heart made stone
I wished to fly, high as a bird
Yet I'd be soaring alone.

I have stood in a crowd and felt as far
As the winter seems in June
Withdrawn hand, another star
To live my live too soon

I have read the unwritten page
And read of one small truth
Among the sadness and the rage
That enclosed my ravaged youth,

The sad reality of sad fact
That I had forgot to smile
I stood still as the world still turned
Still facing that first mile

And what I hear, that you cannot hear
But perhaps you'd want to know
That behind kohl ringed eyes and kaleidoscopes
And pills and talks and shows

That, stranger, the end is nearer
Than you could ever guess
I dug my own grave years ago
And grew up to detest

The morning sun, the evening glow
The paths I chose to make,
From the cold day of my birth
My life is mine to take.

Tallie Pascoe

Place Me

I have eyes but know no light
Ears but I hear no song
I am the screaming mute

I have a mind but no thought
Blood but no soul
And a stone in the place of a heart

I have love but know only hate
Joy but feel only sorrow
I'm a statue. I should be dancing

I am a painting frozen
A stuck record buzzing
I am crying but you wont ever see

I am horizons away
I know only the night
And live my life on stars

Tallie Pascoe

Prisoner

I wear my heart in a chain round my ankle
The weary shackle wears me down, drags on the ground
In the dirt and dust of what became and what once was
The hold, the head, the hand, the cure
The pure
So distant. This heavy ripped mass that baits the wolves
To slander and scurry like mice.

I wear my words on my back, my ready load
To goad and stir the game, halo the shame
For the world to see and watch like fire
To laugh, to point, to dance, to jeer
They leer.
So delirious. My back bent through years of forcing vowels
Like the rot and decay of coal and ash.

I wear my thoughts on my wrist, my dying scars
So far away from what I say, the sixth day
Was I made and to walk for a million years.
To drag, to force, to tread, to fall
Don't call
So loud I can't hear, I won't listen, not to speak
The knife like the pen to carve my words.

Tallie Pascoe

Progression

What followed then were days of silence
Crowd ridden distance, a diseased sphere.
Those that touched me went
Right through me,
Spoke to me, and I would not hear.
The calm after the Tempest's violence,
Fray, to leave me fraught in fear.

From honesty to years of lying
Cover the dug grave in daffodils,
To smile, to laugh, to live
In loathing
Yesterday; still caught in stills.
Stone's solemnity, cold, dry crying
Etched and erased in Demon's quills.

From deviance to a disaster
A hurricane behind a schooldesk
A dancing puppet, held
By strings,
My life to them since they know best.
A mask, a smile, a laugh to master
As the past, in hurt, starts to infest.

Tallie Pascoe

Relinquence

I lost too much and fought too hard
The tarot reading of my cards,
I fell too far and hit too soon
I abandoned god and sought the moon

I am waiting beneath the stair
In the cupboard that isnt there

The skeleton of a once good name
Dust as a halo for my game
A halo to hide the years of hating.
Amid cobwebs and old coats waiting

Tallie Pascoe

Shame

Dissociate and disappear and pretend it didn't exist
Back to laughs and laziness and days of lover's bliss
Pretend no one ever touched you, pretend it was all good
In fairytales talking way to doing what you should.
I should have heard the morals and listened to the warnings
Too late to hesitate now, I'm driven to my mourning
My own version of events of a lifetime full of lying
Sure I made the others cry and sometimes I left crying
But I never thought the day would come when it would chill me sour
I had reckoned without strength and reckoned without power
I reckoned without force of will or what my name came to mean
I reckoned with naivete that it wouldn't work work with me
I thought that I was stronger, I thought without reflection
On the power on impulse, my laid-back detection.
On desire and the motives that we all possess
Now, in his wake, reminded in broken shoes and ripped dress
On perfume that I haven't touched and a smell that won't go
A touch I can't wash out and a stain that doesn't show
And a ripping inside of me that says I am to blame
I should take the consequence as a symbol for my shame.

Tallie Pascoe

Speaking Of Suicide

He spoke of suicide.
Or did he? Sometimes
I just imagine words

That might have fallen
So I can believe that
maybe I would
have helped
him.

He spoke of suicide.
Did I see the bruises
On his neck? The
scarred wrists? The
sick and bloodshot
eyes wandering
or do I just
wish I had?

If I had seen the signs
In his pleading eyes
Then maybe I
could have
stopped.

Maybe I could have
stopped him.

Did I really notice his unbrushed hair?
The dried red under his fingernails?
Were they even there?
Or did I just
wish that
they
were?

No one saw it coming
I wish I could forgive him.

Square One

Take me
This mangled child spewed
through so many resurrections
she's a mixed up array of pieces
slotted into the wrong places.

I have looked back to former selves
And both regretted and yearned

Take it all away
Rid me of my irregularities
Make my eyes as clear
as they were
the day
I was born.

I will scrub the plaster
from my body
from the mould
of who I keep trying to be.
Take off the painted face,
the red on the nails
and the studs in the ears.

Shave off my hair
My once long and red hair
Like my namesake
(wasn't it so ironic) .
Take it all away
so people
can look
into my eyes.

Look into my eyes
My pale eyes
that stay wide open while i sleep.

Take it all away.
Take me back to square one.

Make me beautiful again.

Tallie Pascoe

That Day

They wake in a cold sweat amid the silence
Between the landing and the other room.
The clock still beating, tap still dripping.
A shiver as all to say that something was not right
A momentary freezing to suggest where I lay.
A freezing that would numb them forever.
Barriers around that room, no one steps in it now
Cobwebs spun over lampshades and mirrors
Dust as a film over the desk. It is as if
It were crowded with ghosts
The silence of the days. None knowing how to scream
Whether tears were adequate to despair.
The grief that froze them forever in time
Them and me forever moulds of who we were that day
When the sun would never rise for us again.
Hollow footsteps mark the hours since.
The day I left them; curled like a scarlet spider.
I was known to sleep with my pale eyes open.
No one would have known I was dead
If it hadn't been for the blood.

Tallie Pascoe

The Circus

My world is a brooding circus of grief
That'll summon the crowds with a skeleton wreath
Pipe chilling keening instead of a band
With a coffin in the circle for the masters stand.
Handing out blood in the ice cream cones
In place of the coconuts, peace waits to be stoned.
As the children squeal and play with the rats
And the stilt-man carries tall clouds of bats.
I'll welcome you into the black show tent
Where the minions of my weak mind are sent.
They're barred past the curtains in strengthened cages
Where they've starved in silence for ages and ages.
Finally let out to the shouts of the crowd
Bloodthirsty they howl their impatience out loud.
And leer from the shadows as my misery sings
And my secrets and shame jumps through fiery rings.
They heckle and glare, their eyes widened caves
And in them I see the dark of joys' graves.
I'm shackled, dragged back and then locked away
To be brought out and baited on another cruel day.
When they'll paint a face on despairing hope
And make her another of their popular jokes.
Well roll up then, I know you're longing to see
The stupidity, the fool, the lunatic; me.
When the skies roar grey instead of pale blue
Take your seat. Gather round
And I'll entertain you.

Tallie Pascoe

The Minstrel

Mournful minstrel strums his sweet lyre
A mindful of magic and war and desire,
Starts a bitter tale to the haunting noise
That brings a chill to the heart and darkness to joys.
He sings of a monster out in the night
Feeding off joy and swallowing light
Wishing to make the mortal world dark
Dusk and as tarred as the stone of her heart.
This monster, an angel once, so they claim.
Too much malice for virtue and so starts her fame,
Slid out of the clouds on one tempest storm
Her halo smashed, her wings tattered and torn,
Found herself in that strange world of man
Took her rags to her feet and turned and ran
Until her soles were ripped and battered and bled
And tiredness took all rule of her head.
The madness descended on her of the skies
Fallen to dust through her own tiring lies
Tripping and falling to the dark of the night
Where nurtured hatred in place of her fright.
She stalks in the nighttime away from the sun
That smirking reminder of why it begun.
She watches you sleeping and steals your dreams
Until you awake in trembling screams.
Trying to sew her wings back together
But how the dirt stains and the wind does weather.
Like Hade's traitors with tasks not to end
The wings are past saving, stay never to mend.
Day by day she lurks stalking her prey
Who in night she will drain all joy faraway
To try and regain her lost angel's robe.
Immortal disaster, an ill fated Job.
At the full moon's rising, sings the minstrel with care
Be watchful, you never know whose out there.
Is it just dogs howling at the moon?
Or the darkened angel who prowls the dune.
Cross all your fingers and tap on the wood
And maybe preserve those stories of good.
Sing and style legends like pretence of a play

To weave and to call the lost souls away...

Tallie Pascoe

The Suicidal Hitchiker And Her Conscience

I'm standing by the side of that long and winding path
Trying to find another way to get me there fast
My thumb out onto the road as the others drive by
I am too weak to walk but I know I have to try

'What will be at the end?' you ask. An answer? 'I don't know
But it's got to be better than this world of spite and show.'
'But what if it isn't? What if up there it's just the same?
We are all pawns in some god-like chess game'

'I don't want to think of that - of why I'm really here.
I will pretend it's not through grief or hate or fear.
I will pretend that I am the enlightened soul
With a fistful of tablets set on a different goal.'

'But if everyone is better there why does no one halt? '
'You have a point, ' I say, 'but maybe it's not their fault.
If you were on the way to a better world of man
I would want to get there as fast as I can.

Only I dont drive so well and my feet are tired from walking
All I say are verbs and I don't feel like talking.'
'You may as well give up now - it will be the same ahead'
'No it won't. Where there's grief, there will be joy instead.'

'It seems I can't convince you but this isn't the way
You will never change if you go or if you stay
And if no one heading there will stop for just one girl
How can you say that death is a better world? '

'I don't care! I won't listen! You're lying and you're wrong! '
'There you go again - stuck on the same old song.'
'I don't have to hear you.' 'But you do all the same.
This won't rid you of the hatred and shame.'

'But i've tried, ' i insist, 'they stuff me full of pills! '
'Washed down with coke and vodka - show me the lesser ills'
I turn and face the road again until you go away,
But it's raining and it's dark and I sure wish you'd stay.

But when I turn you are gone and I am all alone
In the depths of something and really unbeknown
To me or those passing now; when I came face to face
With death i came to realise life is the better place.

Tallie Pascoe

Thirteen Year Old Burnouot

I was burnt out at thirteen.
an allowance squandered on addiction
Alcohol, cigarettes and steristrips
to hold the razored holes together.
waiting to give away everything in a moment
for the sadness, to death,
more than once.
Drowning in bated blood
hanging from hurt
my heart dragged through emotional arsenic
and overdosing on hate.
I stood at hells gates
with a pill packet, rope and a razor
and reached out to the darkening glare.
I had to risk losing my life
to realise how much was there.

Tallie Pascoe

This Kind Of Hate

I see flames, tall and jeering, around the ruins of my joy
The loom on which my dreams are woven, fallen ashes to the floor.
Running toward an open door, through the fire, my one escape.
The slamming shrieks off roof and floor.
I am blind, I cannot see.
The darkness creeps, cold, through all of me,
Whilst the fire still burns.

And in this blindness, it scorches my flesh, rising up inside my heart.
Trapped in this maze I cannot leave, where the tall towers of my ill abide.
Knife wounds from the inside trying to tear at my skin
With rope of distrust I am tied. Thrown into this vortex of loathing.
I am standing, here alone,
High on a cliff over daggers of foam,
The ocean of my contempt.

The sourness of putrid ash, lightning electric on my tongue
Churning in my throat, dampened down by metal rain.
Acid through my veins, eyes water from the sting
Choking on my own blood when judgment comes to reign
Smoke, it smothers and I burn with fury
With the guilty verdict from peace's jury.
Will a glacier quell my fire?

They whisper all about me. Voices in my mind
A pounding drum rings through my skull round and round my head.
Herald that all love is dead. The door is slamming still
They laugh taunting at me on this needle builded bed.
I am cursed, I am plagued
Witches chant as I rage
I am screaming
I am burning
All my life in hell
Hear me if you love me
Wake me from this spell.

Tallie Pascoe

To Talk

I wish I could talk
I wish I could say in words how I feel
How the demons stalk beyond nightmares
To visions I can't describe.
I wish I could talk
And paint the sea of nightmares
The armies converging on thought and mind
And I am their slave.
I wish I could talk
I wish I could spell out to you in syllables
The intensity of my cage
The truth behind the rage that was never meant for you
But only for me. □
I wish I could talk
I wish I could scream
And shout out the dream of the dark too dark
Too wild, too haunting
For anything I can describe.
I wish I could talk
But the words freeze. No; there are no words
There is no emotion, no tag
To put on me
And yet they still locked me away with a box and a label.
I wish I could talk
I wish I could paint. But colour is too vibrant or inadequate for canvas
And surreal is beyond a joke
Beyond hell
Beyond any articulate means I possess
To try and tell you
To try and make you see
How I feel
How I really am.

Tallie Pascoe

Triolet

I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them breathing
I have been where the dead have been.
I can see what you cannot see
Memories alive and seething.
I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them breathing

I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them screaming
you once thought me quiet, serene
I can see what you cannot see
I live my life though dreaming.
I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them screaming

I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them crying
I turned to hell, to the dark obscene
I can see what you cannot see
Though blindness I've been trying
I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them crying

I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them lying
Show me the truth that hides from me
I can see what you cannot see
I fell and thought I was flying
I can see what you have not seen
I have heard them lying

I can see what you have not seen
I know that I am dying
I called to you to reach for me
I can see what you have not seen
Can't you hear me crying?
I can see what you have not seen
I know that I am dying

Tallie Pascoe

Triolet For Cate

Is there anything more to be said
When a life has faded to dust?
When the last tear is shed
Is there anything more to be said?
Lillies on your cold bed
To break my heart...it's just
Is there anything more to be said
When a life has faded to dust?

Tallie Pascoe

Truth To Tell

Peace is there for breaking, like a knife is there for blood.
God and man always debating, that is why he sent the flood.
Love is there for spurning, smashing all those foolish dreams,
And a witch is there for burning, giving rise to haunted screams.
Life is not for living, all of us end up dead,
The deception's right in front of us, the cliff is straight ahead.
Jewels are there for showing, but its better if you sell.
None of us will reach the heaven, that's as sure as hell.
Memories are often buried, the ones that tell of pain,
You could leave them there forgotten or dig them up again.
Because friendships there for testing, to keep or throw away,
They might just run off crying or it could last another day.
Money's there for gambling, try your luck against some kid.
Most days you wake up drunk and broke and wonder what you did.
The head that bears the crown, uneasy as it lies.
Bathes in gold and diamonds while the street-child outside dies.
(Instead of red, red roses, give a lover thorns.
Laugh around an open grave whilst everyone else there mourns.)
The grass is always greener on the distant other side.
But we reach those other pastures and miss what we left behind.
The ice on which we're skating is getting pretty thin,
And the waters getting warmer so will you sink or swim?
(Goblins for the good kid, fairies for the bad
blue for all the lasses, pink for all the lads)
No one does the 'giving' in this world where we all 'give'.
Money's handed out on the base of where you live.
The songs they sing at Christmas time-'goodwill to all men',
They were written years ago, times have changed since then.
It's the winning people are after, no one cares how hard you try,
Tragedys a own goal in a game where people die.
Look at this strangled world we made, Adam's Eden, Satan's lair.
We've strived to change, or so we claim, but truth to tell I just don't care

Tallie Pascoe

Uniquity Blah

Give me sixty seconds of valiant Graveyard Chic,
To spell in nouns and adjectives the lost cause of being unique.
Every protest has been made; socialism rose and fell
Those claiming to fight for Heaven, found themselves in Hell.

Doc Martens have been worn, bras already burnt
We cannot teach ourselves anything no one has ever learnt
Standing broke for a cause; what good has it ever done?
We break a hostile atmosphere but get burnt on the sun.

Everyone that believes in love has had that love abused
Living life on simple logic led them to be confused.
Science explores space for the desperate need to know
That here in this vastness, we are not alone.

Every story has been written, every song already sung
Records were already made before each race begun
Cut your hair, paint your nails, worship a different Lord
And become an epitome of what your parents abhorred

It does not make you special, nothing you do is new
Your pain isn't precious and your drive isn't true
And though shadows may warp your path and confuse the way
It happens to everyone every single day.

Tallie Pascoe

Unwilling Parasite

Say what you will but you won't change the way
My night is my death and my dying my day
The resurrection of every red dawn
And the waiting in evening for those that will mourn.

Give what you must but you'll never save
Me from the warmth of a welcoming grave.
How the angels and devils spurn I persist
to carry my heart engraved on my wrist.

Try what you might, I am beyond reach
Of power immortal though I try and beseech
Some Jacobs Ladder to grant me a dream
And take me away from the shattering screams.

Hear what I say but you cant hear it all
I'm trapped by myself in a large cold hal; I
No fire or flood; just numbness and pain
Yet I know, if I leave, I will come here again.

Take what you think will take it away
But with it you take my one way to pray
My prayers of blood and tears still unanswered,
The masks of smiles I have perfected and mastered.

Breathe into me; I will smother you dry,
I will kill all your hope and unable to cry
You will turn in the mirror and there you will see
That in my world you turned into me.

Tallie Pascoe

What Would They Say?

If they could see me now, what would they say?
How I've grown? Ask me questions about grades and sports
Knowing full well none of it matters?
Would they say my hair looks nice?
All avoiding the whispers they heard for years
Avoiding scars and blood that they have heard of
To comment on my earrings
And ask what films I've watched lately?
Would the conversation be short and dull
As if they couldn't wait to get away?
Like music talk with the terminally ill.
What would they say if they could see me now?
Would they ask what I wanted to do with my life?
Or avoid it? Knowing the answer would be forced.
Would they even want to speak to me
If they could see me now?
If they could see me now
In my little coffin, gathered around a grave
What would they say when they know I cannot hear?

Tallie Pascoe

Writer's Block

The words won't flow.
Stuck like cold porridge in my throat,
Yowling and hissing, as incoherent
As a trapped animal
With only nameless emotions
To taunt me.

The pen sits silent in my hand
Full of a million stories,
A million letters, a million poems
That cannot be released
Yet still tease me
Like a tenner on a string
To drag me down streets
That are empty.

The clean page,
As terrifying as a nightmare
That will not end,
Still begging me, pleading with me
To make it beautiful.
Sweet tabula rasa
Yet once born we all become
Tainted.

Voices flit in and out my ears,
Snatches of overheard gossip
In supermarket queues,
Yet nothing substantial.
There is nothing as raw
As not knowing what
To say.

The words won't flow
Held up like traffic
After an accident.
Yet how long after this accident,
The trauma that led to this,
How long before it clears?

I wait forever.

Tallie Pascoe

Xhosa

Your tribe removes
the top third
of your womens little finger
when they are born

I do not believe in your spirits
In your fears of haunting

You stood in that carpark.
I would never have noticed you.
How long had you watched me?

How long had you watched me?
The girl in a black coat
smoking
by the third entrance

Your tribe removes
the top third
of your womens little finger
when they are born

You were out of your territory
Xhosa.

As I was out of mine.

I did not believe in your spirits
In your fears of haunting.

They will say I discriminate
by defining you by your tribe
but I did not know your name
Xhosa
And the only other word
I know for you
Is rapist.

