

Poetry Series

Tom Priestley
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Tom Priestley()

#

The rival is screaming about freedom
There are no morals here
just scary monsters
The possibilities are limitless
But they don't concern you
You may think I have no grasp
But I can throw a mean punch
Against the bullies that disturb my sleep
What is here for you but fragmented dreams?
As the Guatemalan worry people die from their smokes
Because the cold air fools them into constant exhalation
Don't be a fool
Be a creep instead

Tom Priestley

As It Should Be

We did it
You and me
We drank in every bar
fought in every ring
And praised the ground beneath our aching feet
Now you're broken
Like I once was
But I have no advice
No way of making you believe you're special
All we need to do is keep on fighting
Keep hoping
That soon enough we'll win
We'll get to where we're going with our heads held high
And our souls at peace
As it should be

Tom Priestley

Booze Is A Symphony

I feel that old magic
That old surge of emotions
The gods shield has left me
the toughness that I gained
In the right time
and in the right place has been lost
Strip it down
Paint in black and white
Don't write like the others
Just write like yourself
That's what I hear
But myself was left in the bar
Waiting for a barmaid
To get her shit together and take me home
To her shared flat full of dreamers
and cheap booze
Where the rent is always needed
and a person becomes obsolete
That old magic ceases in those moments
That adventure of the empty page is wasted
on some bumbling view of the world
While sharing a joint and talking to strangers
Who say I have the right vies but not the same opinions
I should have stayed in that bar
With the drunks
And the rotting animals of the dark wind
Rather than here
Feeling that old magic
and having nothing to say

Tom Priestley

Broadway

Phlegm in the coffee
Air conditioning in the soup
Formica in the lobby
Where the wallpaper droops
Cement in the toilet
And bins in the lift
There's no use in complaining
Because your platitudes are shit
As shit as the shit down the hall
Where the test tube born contractor
Had himself a ball
With a paint roller and zip gun
He's as ad as the overly insane commuting nun
Who complains about my smoking
And demeanor in general
Lost in the loading bay
Stuck on the bus
It's getting harder to earn a wage
But why should I be fussed?
When there's aspirin in the pot noodle
And ruffelin in the doorway
I just saw someone shoot a poodle
On my way to Broadway

Tom Priestley

Canyons

Vulgarity is dependent on the ownership of offence, heralded by someone who seeks to rid the world of foulness due to their own sensitivity.

Are you offended by my actions?

My foul language?

Or some of the other disgusting habits I imitate whether in public or at home? In the street? Or in bed?

As say the way that I am offended by your manners, taste and other proclivities that I have not yet inhabited myself.

If so then we're even

Toe to toe

Free to explore the other traits of human instability like soldiers of nature, sleepless in the valley, watchful of the ever changing sky and illuminated by the innovations of ones mind that ponders over the subject of death in neurotic bursts of wanting to know all of the world and it's extremities.

I seek refuge in these thoughts, in the actions I take with my pen, then become forced to shut down and immobile like a tin man in need of oiling.

If only such action could be taken when the brain stalls and the nerves are shot when just in the full throw of exertion, like the deep breathe of the morning only to cough and splutter and light a cigarette.

I am damned just like you are my friend, but there is a bigger price on my head.

A large sum that will keep a soul in laughter and stature for decades to come

But the bounty hasn't waned and the hunter hasn't made his attempt, so who knows when they'll actually find me.

Slaughter the ugly ducklings

Pick the flowers of beauty like death chooses the soul of goodness
Exterminate all the brutes and sail away with thoughts of glory that you'll endure within the next stem of livelihood, after you've unsaddled yourself with the lumbering's and stigmas that childhood dishes out in mass hysteria.

There is no more fear but that of the uncertain future.

Tom Priestley

Days With A Gun

'Climb on top of the hill'

I heard a voice scream

'Follow me up the mountain, there is no danger up here'

And I followed

Like a child follows his father into the street

After enduring more embitterment from his alcohol prone mother

Someday the door will close

Someday the wind will blow you back down the steep walkaway and back into the city

While at other times you may see a man walk out of his front door with a gun in his hand

With the look in his eyes that shows without a doubt he knows what he's doing

And he knows what needs to be done

Tom Priestley

Dirty Napkins

Same old thing
With brand new financiers
Don't take me to your side
Don't stand from your seat when I enter the room
I'm empty because of this quest
You
The haunted one
The last of your breed
Trapped in the whirlwind have shot me down
As the ex teacher becomes a DJ
And another bartender turns to writing prose on dirty napkins
To satisfy the ugly barmaid with a grudge

Tom Priestley

Goon Squad

Major me is mesmerized by the eazee dawn
There's a black cloud taking the form of a dying star
As the futuristic payment leaves us penniless
As we walk the streets looking for a drunk to roll
Your big, bland ballad has left me cheering for the death of Bambi's mother
As the Goon Squad pay me a visit
And offer me a gift of broken pretzels and used book tokens
That they tried to pawn off on the whores in the arcade

Tom Priestley

Hypocrite

Your qualities are peculiar
I can't tell if you're fake or translucent
I can't stand your humor
I hate you/ I love you
Even though I'm reminded of a tumor
I hope the bus you're on swerves into a ditch
Your house burns down
And you suffer hatred from your kids
I can't wait to see you
When we're alone
You make my life worth living
Even though my plan is to go
In the dead of night
When you ain't around
I can't let you go
But I'll give it a try
I suffer with flashbacks
This dinner tastes like shit
There's no use in pretending
When you're a hypocrite
Your smile is deranged
I think I see a crack
My memories become strained
And I fear you'll stab me in the back
Don't be gone too long
I must see you before the brain switches off
There must be something wrong
Because I feel you when I cough
Your love is like an air raid siren
It makes me duck for cover
You need yourself a Tyre iron
Not another lover
There must be something in the water
I'm sure I felt lightning hit
You claim to be someones daughter
There's no use in pretending when you're a hypocrite

Tom Priestley

I Made A Mistake

I sat with a drink as that beer shit brewed and I lifted up my right cheek to fart

But I made a mistake, it felt like a velvet hand been removed from a glove

As I rushed to the bathroom and unloaded on the unassuming porcelain seat

I wiped

Using half a roll of a dead tree

And proceeded to the bedroom to change my trousers

An hour later I felt the same surge and taking no chances I rushed to the bathroom only to realize the humiliation of hearing an echo of air reverberating in the void

Tom Priestley

Messages

Running scared like the lonely ones
No concept of time
Unsure of which shoe goes on which foot
Or which knife to wield the glimmering knife around in
We've got a message from the ashes
We've got our orders
Plastered on the side of buses
Space needs a man of action
To defeat whatever threat we're lumbered with next
I need you
But you don't need me

Tom Priestley

Metro

An audacious search through dirty letters
Truthful declarations
And articles about bed-wetters
Voraciously engrossed
By stories of near death escapees
Cheating philanderers
And daily peeves
The styles in the title
Of the newly appointed hot press
They even rubbish the Council
Needless to say I'm impressed
I read with vigor and delight
As the signal reminds me
This is my stop to go
I nearly dropped with fright
When I discovered I left the bus without my Metro

Tom Priestley

Modern Culture

The revolutionary hitman
The pseudo Symmetrical drunk punk
Who lies in wait by the tower houses
Of last nights raid
The ravers and misbehaviours
Attack me with bottle caps
As I find a fresh batch of pricing stickers
Along the arm of my cherished overcoat
This joke has turned deadly
The threats have become whispered nothings
As the psycho cycle newspaper tarts
Roll their cameras and the dead eyed waterheads
Line up to salivate and gape
At the irreverent past times of modern culture

Tom Priestley

My Imaginary Friend Is Trying To Kill Me

A game of chess where I always win
He plays guitar and I sing
A faithful comrade no one can see
Please help My imaginary friend is trying to kill me!
He's with me all the time
And for a while we got on fine
Tide together in ominous glee
But now I fear my imaginary friend is trying to kill me!
More dependable than a household pet
There with a drink and a tip on a bet
A sparring partner that doesn't bleed
My imaginary friend is trying to kill me!
The doctors say he's a figment of my imagination
But everyone needs a friend to ease their frustration
I have a sneaking suspicion he's jealous of me
Please help my imaginary friend is trying to kill me!
A needles sting and chained to the bed
Might rid him away from my rotting head
I wish that you all could see
That my fucking imaginary friend is trying to kill me!

Tom Priestley

New Worlds

There are other worlds far more beautiful than this
Worlds filled with valor, honor, corruption and romance
Seedy, violent escapades that embitter the souls of men and women
That are in constant search of new worlds
New lands for harvesting the enrichment of heaven and the decadence of hell
Progeny of sin
Enchantments in the dirty alleyways
Murder
Hatred
The holy, blissful martyrs of indulgence
It's all here for you in the covers
Lock the door and throw away the key

Tom Priestley

No Joy

Here is your playground
A piece of history
Spat out to reveal council estates
All night gold emporiums
War paraphernalia
Factory fodder and time wasted
On warm beer
Scrubbers seeking a ring and a child
To escape from parenthood
No replies from the exciting world
That is far away
No joy from friends
Just hate jackets and retarded slums
This electric circus breaks apart the quiet night
As we say goodbye to the landscape
And play in blue rooms
And discarded empty buildings
Searching for the loss of happiness with naive smiles
And muffled expectations
That is something worthwhile

Tom Priestley

Polythene Straightjacket

There is a myriad of possibility
For you to become stricken by poverty
To find yourself one day comin the aisles
Of discount food outlets
Searching the iron bins
For that usmoked cigarettes
While praying to God that someone left a bag of cash
In the doorway of your home
Don't rule out the decadence that awaits
After that one bad turn
It might just be your undoing And drive you to the fitted jacket
And polythene bag

Tom Priestley

The Big Noir

The stink of romance on the bed
The caballeros waiting in the ashtray
The ninety degree pipes turn red
And two tone lotharios sweep away
The good natured heart of the whore
Who stuck her face in a fist
And pulled up and wept by the door
The neighbours paint disease on the walls
The new assassin shoots to kill
Covered in cartoons and overalls
Using catchphrases from pulp and Bogart stills
Their lives a mystery
A cliché
A yarn
Cigarettes stapled to their lips
With noir quips and dirty scars
A detective in the lobby
A gambler in the backroom
While a damsel asks a favour for money
And the cops give the broom to the starlight junky
With five kids and railroad tracks
No food
No nothing
With a wife who doesn't want him back
Hate in the corridors
And a black and white life
Filled with drunks and the guilty
Who'll never get caught without a fight
The usual suspects lined in a row
Pulling guns
Pulling faces
Falling in love
And knowing sometime they'll have to go

Tom Priestley

The Human Ashtray

Smoke on a chain
Even in the rain
Fingers with yellow stains
Two minutes and I'm off again

The human ashtray strikes again!

A no smoking sign
Can't read because I'm temporarily blind
From the grey and purple haze in my mind
While docking leads to a huge fine

The human ashtray strikes again!

Duty frees and obsession
One after the other in succession
One or the others possession
That smell needs not to be questioned

The human ashtray strikes again!

All day long with hook in mouth
A blast of warmth and then I'm out
Reading warning labels that scream and shout
About the perils of this glorious bout

The human ashtray strikes again!

Another year is prized to go
Everytime I light the overfilled zippo
It's healthier than smack and cheaper than blow
This poem ends with what you already know

The human ashtray strikes again!

Tom Priestley

The Same Disease

Creativity is a sickness to which there is no cure
Even if the creative spirit is not prolific enough
To churn out multitudes of artistry upon the world
The sickness still manifests itself
Staying silent for a while until it escapes
Until it forces it's way out of ones being
To be given to the people
The hearts and souls of the universe
Until the sickness infects them
Until we're all purging ourselves
Of the creative masses
That regulate the same disease again and again

Tom Priestley

This Is

You could have been a killer
But you never learnt to wipe the blood from your hands properly
This whole situation bugs me
As I find a microphone to scream down
You wanted my attention
But instead I locked you in a room filled with dangerous fire
That crawled up the walls
And clawed at your pretty hair
This is a gun
And you're going down

Tom Priestley

What?

Let's call it a draw
Or in fact call it quits
There are headaches upon headaches
And crackers along the floor
Your estimations and degradements
Make my siblings feel like shit
Keep your stink away from me
Or at least keep it locked behind a door
There is nothing more to say
Then wanting is for nothing
And what should I want for?

Tom Priestley