

Poetry Series

Tony Noon
- poems -

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Tony Noon()

Lives in Mexborough, South Yorkshire.

Poems have appeared widely in magazines and anthologies, notably *Acumen* and *Envoi*, and in local and national press.

A former Bridport prize winner, Noon has a growing digital audience on platforms including Poem Hunter, AllPoetry, Scriggler, The Blue Hour and The Camel Saloon.

Autumn In The North

The railway lines are browner than ever this year
and where they still melt steel, cold air
masks productivity in shades of grey.

Below me by the portakabin an executive swaps
his suit for shorts and is soon running.
Running hell for leather from the superhighway.

Chasing the ghost of a seventies screenplay.

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Broken Things

You knew these streets like a satnav,
saw them sunday best and wore their tee shirts.

Now rubble footprints kick half moved earth
and gangs of buddleia gather to heckle.

Only you are waved through.

In this no frills town you were a godsend.

Broke bread with the vanished
and drank with them from jam jars.

Week after week beneath the smog
you were a lifeline, testing vital signs.

Mending broken things.

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Cats And Mats

They were conceptual of course.
Cats, mats, the whole shebang.
Metaphorical constructs designed
to teach the order of things.
Not real cats. Not mats you
yourself could sit on.

Now though, you have friends
or friends of friends
who see them and when you talk
in quiet corners you wonder
if maybe there really was a cat
and what the mat was made of.
You wonder why they were there.

You wonder most of all who hid
the facts behind the headline.

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Contactless

Inside a church
laid off hands and better halves
buy favours in the righteous aisles.

Outside a store
a thin blanket woven from hope
dreams a frail woman.

Above them all
the air sings in the low evening.
Wishes collide with cash transactions,

accumulating.
Falling like pennies to light
unturned corners everywhere.

As we watch the darkness grow, no one touches.

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New England In The Fall

The cities are cooling;

debuilding themselves

as the year ripens.

Soon there will be

no towers,

no reliable terraces

cluttered with chat.

Soon there will be

no love

lost in scrap metal valleys;

no room at boarded inns.

Mirrors will be darkened

or destroyed and the ashes

of brown furniture will be

scattered at boot fairs.

Already, where pie crust

promises fell to earth,

rewritten lines have

broken through.

Cajoling us to start again from here.

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Returning Night Safely

We are post social here.

The music has lost but

the barman isn't worried.

He is polishing the minutes,

laying them neatly in racks

so he can get away sharpish.

Pizza to go and a six pack

chilling mean quiet midnights

and an early walk home for us.

When this moon was ours,

we danced forever in it's craters;

made large of small talk at the rims.

Then alien day diffused our shades,

enforced a new perspective,

returning night safely to our fathers

and their sepia tone conceits.

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Secrets Of Escapology

Wanting to escape is important, of course.

Surprising how many overlook this point.

Better still to stack the odds.

The rest depends how long

you can keep the audience in your corner.

Houdini couldn't walk through walls.

He almost always had a key

and once out of the box

he would read a while,

let the tension build before crashing

breathless through the screen.

When he died suddenly,

there was no time to prepare;

no chance to hide the key.

Still he kept them waiting.

Kept everyone waiting

long after the lights went up.

Wanting to escape is important, of course.

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The Circle

I see the sunny days.
The sober managers of building societies,
banks, maybe. Button bright
in their certain trajectories

I see the neat wives, shining.

Millponds of virgin tarmac
hold back trees, allowing
the long hours to hide
small dramas like bones
in lawn tidy gardens.

I see the blue sky corners.

Post Boxes, hungry for gossip,
are gateway and godsend here.
Their slow digestion filling
these avenues with promise
for days, weeks maybe,
until response confirms the circle.

I see the sunny days
in ages tailed back on broken roads;
in the weedful remnants of dead factories;
and in social media I feel I can't ignore.

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The Last Revellers

This grey morning smells
of oranges and wet paper.

Bigging up the dawn chorus
forgotten tunes roost
in unborn market stalls
while damp ghosts shuffle.

Too early for coffee it is
too late to find a bar
for the last revellers.

They are their own agendas.
Immense in droplet dimensions
devised wholly for their own needs

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The Way To Touch A Star

Not knowing, is the way to touch a star.
Small and half empty you can believe
that across the field and up the hill
you could hold that white light
in cupped hands and believing that,
you never need to go there.
Never need to really try and touch it.

Taller and full of concepts you know
on top of the highest of high places,
even on a ladder, on a tower there
your hand would only shrivel
in cold and empty air and the stars
would seem further from you.
Worse, you know they most likely died
before our fingers learnt to point.

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