

Poetry Series

Tricia LucasClarke
- poems -

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Tricia LucasClarke()

Just some thoughts -Enjoy

Harsh Light

She walks in to the disco
Feeling pretty hot
Glances from the others
Tell her that she's not.
Killer heels do just that
Lips a cupid bow
Drops her Prada handbag
Wrinkles start to show.
Downs a quick Bacardi
Drinking makes her bold
Confidence is growing
Away from her cuckold.

Geezers in the corner
Laugh into their pints
Quick one round the back
Better than a fight.
Twenty each, bet is on,
First one out the door
Get another round in
Won't take long for sure.
Lads all start to cheer him
Barely heard above the beat
Sweat pours down his forehead
Glass beneath his feet.

Heads off to the ladies
Startled by harsh light
Best friend at her side
Two cougars in the night.
She looks into a mirror
Mascara down her cheeks
Wipes her eyes, full of doubt
The company she seeks.
Another bottled Breezer
The pain will go away
Think about tonight
How to make him pay.

First attempt, chat her up
Give out some on blarney
Flashy car, lots of cash,
Time spent in the Army.
Down in one, more to drink
Atmosphere is cool
Muscle flex, turns her nose
Starts to feel a fool.
Offers her a lift home
Does she want a ride
Drop off by the station
Should she keep her pride.

Love bite on the shoulder
Hopes it can't be seen
Stomach churns with sickness
How stupid she has been.
Gets home Sunday morning
Feeling really cheap
Clock shows 4 am
Really needs to sleep.
Old man in drunken stupor
Whisky glass beside
Slithers into bed
Sleep is where she hides.

Later in the day
She'll be chatting on the phone
Talking of the weekend
How she was not alone.
Was it really worth it
It doesn't solve a thing
Bitter clouds descend
Floor begins to spin.
On the other side of town
Down another street
A wife is full of tears
Her husband is a cheat.

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Hey You

Hey you! You're a mum
'Bout time you talked to your son
Where was he last night?
Came home, what a sight
Lingering smoke
'Bout time you sat down and spoke.

He ain't got a job
Well dressed, not a slob
Cut hands, torn clothes
Bruised cheek, bloody nose
How come he ain't broke
'Bout time you sat down and spoke.

No sense in avoidin'
What went on in Croydon
In Hackney and Ealing
You must have a feeling
The destruction and riot
This ain't the time to keep quiet.

Full of excuses
Substances abuses
Lack of respect
Which you've come to expect
Why d'you let it go on
Where did it go wrong?

Hey you! You should listen
This discord and friction
It won't go away
This ain't no way to behave
You need to ask questions
What are his intentions?

Hey you! You're a mum
Why don't you spend time with your son?

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I Walk Alone

I walk alone along the street
Faces blur, I just see feet
As I push my way out through the crowd
I'm not here, I'm falling down
Breathing out, breathing in
Dark and black through my head spin.

I walk alone full of despair
Some people turn, some people stare
No-one can help me, some have tried
To ease the pain the tears inside
The tightness grips my heart, the pain
Will never leave, my life's in vain.

I walk alone my love has died
A cruel and twisted turn in life
My lips are numb, my feet are lead
Please someone help me clear my head
Despair and rage I stumble down
Some helps me off the on the ground.

I walk alone this busy street
Some heads turn, some others greet
My mouth is dry I cannot speak
The dreadful words I must repeat
He's dead, he's died my child has gone
War has taken my brave son.

I walk alone, freedom is won
In this land where I belong
But others do not have the choice
Freewill to act or sound their voice
We tried to help, protect, survive
But is their hope worth all our lives?

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Idle Chatter

Idle chatter, ladies natter, men are nervous, children clatter
round and round never sitting still
cannot wait much longer `til.
Here she is in all her splendour,
perfect posture, lips are tender
full of kisses for a true love beau.
Smiling happy celebration
long awaiting jubilation
excited happy little faces
jump up and squeeze through spaces
have to be there have to see
what will happen what will be.
Music plays choir sings
tears of joy this moment brings.
Silence whispers nervous tension
they say " I do"
No apprehension.
Music plays choir sings
Congregation join the Hymns.
Flowers thrown and petal scatter
Cake is eaten, ladies natter...

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Nelson Mandela

We have never met, but
I first heard about you, when I was young.
Good, bad
I'm not sure.
Locked away for years,
Hidden.
My friends never said a word,
We were just children, fed, clothed;
Maybe no one had told them about your land
Or, they did not comprehend.

I heard songs,
Saw protests and placards.
I did not fully understand,
But I do remember;
The anger, the despair.
South Africa House
An iconic place.
Outside, everyone gathered to
"Cry Freedom".

On my 25th Birthday
You were headline news, memorable;
Free.
We talked about you at home.
Still no word from my friends back then
Did they know how you had suffered,
What you stood for.
I don't see them now, but
I still have the paper from the day you were released.

Twenty years later,
I'm standing on the step
Where you once stood. Walking,
Where you had trodden.
I cannot believe I am here.
The iconic place.
Momentarily, I close my eyes
Pray,

But you don't appear and, anyway,
You do not know who I am.

Or, maybe you do.
Not me, but all those like me
Who want freedom and change;
Admire your dignity and calm
And now we wait, knowing
Although you will soon be gone
You will leave us all with hope.
We can work together.
I sit and talk out you to my children,
My friends
We never met, but
We wait.

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The Blackbird

The blackbird's footprints seemed to trace
The footpath to the resting place
Through the bright new layer of snow
They led the way, showed where to go.

They laid your baby in the ground
A tiny heart that made no sound
I scattered earth and shed a tear
Scared and lonely, wracked with fear.

For two weeks before we'd tied your hair
With a band from mine as you lay aware
Things would never be the same
A tiny being would have no name.

I never saw you cry that day
So I hid my sadness as I walked away
I saw the blackbird that day too
Wise eyes watching, I think he knew.

The year is new, joy may it bring
As Winter changes into Spring
And when dragonflies dart in the sun
I'll think about your little one.

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Thoughts

Bitter darkness, seeping, creeping closing in,
Dark shadows sneaking, peaking, following
Cold, colder, shiver, darkness gripping like an eagle's claw
Piercing skin, screeching louder, pain vibrating for ever more
Broken vision, swirling, circling round and round, deeper darker down.
A slight breathe and another
Come back, this is real, this is here
Why why why do this, is there a hidden pleasure.
Cold crisp infinite sky, where does it end where does it begin
Are these thoughts an endless sin?

(October 2010)

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