

Poetry Series

Vik Harley
- poems -

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Vik Harley()

Another Row

As the words spilled out
more sour than my drunken bile
my heart rhythm beat

this - is - it

this - is - it

Stood by the Portland
the meter by the mile
you stand on the street

this - is - it

this - is - it

I want you to see
the confusion inside
as the queue moves along

this - is - it

this - is - it

I want us to be
not something we tried
You refuse what IS wrong

This is it

I look to you

This is it

Another row

This is it

£7.20

This is it

And my head on your tear streaked pillow.

Vik Harley

Dedication To Medication Part One

Ode to my little pink pill
You are my saviour,
And my ultimate downfall.
Like so many little pills
That came before you
The first gave me licence
To act without consequence
Until a little beige pill
Was needed when you failed
After that while on sabbatical
I had some bigger white pills
With a pessary too
To undo the promiscuity.
Little yellow pill
Tucked up in my gum
You help me stomach myself
Little lozenge pill
You soothe the monsters
That live by my bed
Tiny blue speckled pill
You drench me in anonymity
Till little pink pill
The littlest pink pill
Sings her Seroquel lullaby
And sentences me to sleep.

Vik Harley

Finding Out

What could I do?
Or what should i say,
To prove to you
That all that's been said
And all that's been done
Can't be erased
This could make us stronger
In so many ways.

Because you I forgave
Before you forgot
What I already knew
To protect you from feelings
Long since worked through.

Please please understand
As I plead with you now
How much I feel
Cannot be ignored
When I tell you I want you

Makes me want you more.

Vik Harley

Ragged

Here let me bare myself
Air my dirty laundry
Publicly denounce my soul
For you to feed on the grit
And the grime of all
That is left
From one relationship
To the next
From the letters produced
In a fit of pure luck
The half spent failiure
Of my uneducation
The device of poverty to claim
My mind in a bid
For freedom
The men kissed below the belt
My skin scabbed over
In unreturned affections
Black gel seeps up
When I tried to drown
The rattling fear I threw away
All the trust I placed
Palmed off in the faith of Others.
Wring it dry
Hang it out
Make my skin taught
While I hold myself to ransom
Deny myself to fit in
With the only problem
Which was you.
Take refuge in it.
Leave it outside.
Discard, donate
Do whatever you like.
Wear it to feel the same as me
Darn together the tatters
Of torn memories
Of threadbare self esteem.
Stench of disappointment

That never quite fades
Turn inside out and be Ragged
With me.

Vik Harley

The Fat Bride

Staring down there
at the picture of your wedding
(In Leeds)
I notice the Fat Bride.
Fat arms
Fat back
Pouring out of that white
'Virginal' dress.

It was you that kept her pure.

In spite of your 'love'
You didn't make it happen
Were totally inept
I knew when you left
Last time
That you'd revert to type.

The Fat 'Virginal' Bride

I clicked links
Posting pictures in my mind
Confirmed my suspicions
From the dawn of our time

You never 'cared'
Full of 'could haves'
Meant to 'spare me'
Just f**ked me up

So be happy

Please

With your Fat Bride

Vik Harley