

Poetry Series

Vincent James Turner
- poems -

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Vincent James Turner()

Gone and sure to be forgotten!

vincent

entitled For the Rain From The Grave- its a collection of poems which deal with the concept of death and how we proccess and live through it.

please take a look if you so wish...

.of Love, During Youth

1. A Mothers Approval

I wiped kisses from a cold oak crucifix,
the residue of cocaine stinging
the raw holes of my nose,
so, to prove my love for you.

Mother I committed cardinal sin
In the house of your favourite friend
to quell your fears of my religious drifting.

Aglow with pride like a window
splashed with sunbeam,
you honour me with wide eyes-

In a dove-white robe beside
a wrinkled Irish Bishop I salute the
congregation with a fingered hash stained V-
brave behind the shutter of closed eye,

once opened, I met your gaze
and believed their sparkled joy.

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It was late and I was drunk when I returned.
Not fuzzy-coloured-light drunk, but open
and exposed like a can of dog food drunk.
Your hysterics from dinner like smoke from
a spent candle, hung heavy-
misery has such a lasting effect,
unlike happiness which for you peaked
like a theme park pirate ship.

The popped out blister packs of pills
scattered like confetti across the table
obvious and intent like warning beacons.
Dad was curled like a baby when
I woke him, and in the heroin calm of dream

dismissed my worries with babbled words of sleep-
And yes I fled into the hungry maw of night
Bitter with love, and broken by my fear.

3. Enlightened Conversation

If I were to cup my hands
and scoop those moments of quality
of which you and I so rarely shared
there would not be much to watch drip away.

But that night we flipped the caber of silence
Into the fire and its sunset-red embers
We shared words like just healed mutes.
Strange how absences soften our senses-
She gave me every element of mothered love,
Regardless.
Yet that night you spoke of your youth-
the black and white barroom brawls,
first beating of your never before bruised heart
the click of magazine of an army issue rifle-
I never knew such happiness could exist.

4. Street light love

It came in the guise of her eyes-
Black planet pupils centering the sun on a backdropp
of holiday Brochure sea-
skin strawberry scented and ivory white.
But this was not to be.

The night you gave back your half
silver heart, that which I believed
to be love, stepped out of its red satin
dress, and beneath the neon glow of
a shop sign, revealed a scarred, jaundiced
form and whispered "this is me"

5. Driftwood

Age's change forced us to fork like
a river splitting-
too big to sit
cross legged on the button bunk of the bed
our youth outgrown by the desire to grow.

You the scorned big bro
cuffing scarred wrists at the table
clutching the cutlery
just to keep the shakes from view.

As little sis stares at her steak
as though it were a photo from the Holocaust,
her milky stalk of a neck
fragile like the hem of a wine glass-

Our childhoods were but shadows falling from the wall.

Vincent James Turner

A Day With My Father

Arm yanked by taunt lead,
The dog heaves.
You *reply* with unsteady feet.

In the four years of our silence
a lion he has become
as you, his shadow
trail in the wake of his eagerness.

Each morning, awaiting your clamber
at the base of the stairs
his new morning sense of bewilderment
begs with a tail
that swishes specks of dust-
 dead butterflies dancing
 your demise.

We skim stones down by the river
you fall short by three
the ripples from your stone
smooth out long before the muddy bank
I hated losing to you, jealous of your technique;
how easy it came to you,
each silent bounce of stone
upon water that hardly flinched.

When we return to the house
You ask me to "put the kettle on"
Sinking into a chair
That welcomes you with a slight puff.

Vincent James Turner

Absence During Winter

“What is life’s worth if not trudging the infinite circle
of grief and contentment and all sensation in-between”.

Snow acquaints strangers
by print of foot.

 It could be you, size eight,
pace slow and exquisite.
Feather- light stride
barely bruising the veil of flurry.

I could trek each step
 as in sleep,
where the lanes of you and I
each night I wander.
Like a boy on a beach
Scanning the sand
Slowly, so not to miss the beep.

Yet come morning
When the chapter of night
reads into the epilogue of dawn
 the snow
robbed of seasonal appeal
is but black slush
slippery and unforgiving
and your footsteps
blur into a patchwork of puddle’d ice.

Either way you remain a whisper.
A distant reality
which when considered
comes plummeting
with unspent contempt.

So I linger for now
beneath grisly grey sky
devoid of cloud
moon or stars

I sketch
with lethargic breath
your face.

Vincent James Turner

Bound

My fingers ache for the taste of grass
I dream of dawn and garden flowers

There is nothing to do but remember.

Through the slice of window
the sun shotguns itself through the clouds.

The rest of the world is scaling climbing frames,
Feeding swans, slipping love notes into pockets.

I crave the taste of floorboard on foot,
My fingers form animal shadows on the wall

There is nothing to do but remember.

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A relative came yesterday- I wish you well
They said. What else to say but thank you.

Vincent James Turner

Community Care

In these dripping tap days
he and silence have companioned.

Content to blow smoke in
The face of a far away star
listening to the murmur
of motorways,
drinking spillages
from the moon
In the hope
a splinter of light
shall enter him
and spark
his engine
back to life.

The doctor speaks
of time
how the brain needs
to recover
to heal
to settle.
He says imagine
It were a jelly
stuck to the
cylinder of
a washing machine
in full spin.

Most mornings
when he awakes
to a certainty
called silence
he positions
himself by the
window
and grows hard
to the image
of the sun

rising from
the Lego brick high rise
Imagining
it were
the
breath of God.

Vincent James Turner

Dear Death

Forgive me, for at the end of this poem
you shall not see my name
For I fear your sister Fate
Is at times a little over zealous
And I really do love my life
Ok. So you know that's a lie.
I was on your Christmas list
you may have even
smelt the aspirin frothing vodka puddle
to which I woke
Christmas day.
But things have changed now
I'm sure you've noticed
Its been some years since you last
Stood tapping your feet
With rhythmic impatience
As though a father
Waiting for their child to dress.
Before that futile severing of life
You and I met once before
When you tasted my breath
sweet from my mothers milk
It was my right lung,
unformed, deflated.
I was next to her when the bleep
of machine
startled her from her semi-sleep.

Dear Death
May I ask a question or two?
Is the soul still warm
as you pocket it like a just found penny?
And do the blood splattered bones
of a child jutting from beneath
the mangle of steal and foam
ever lay heavy on your mind?
Please, do not feel it necessary
to reply just yet,
save it for some forty years away

reply gently
as I am sleeping
entering me like a dream of youth
taking my breath
as though
a hand scooping sand
from the base of the sea.

Anonymous

Vincent James Turner

Junkie (For J.M)

Did your thoughts form images
of soil-brown nails
and gaunt, slippery features
when you read 'that' word?
Could you hear the flapping
of bed sheets hanging
from the empty framed windows
of those squalid squats?
Did you feel angry when
three of 'them' set an obstacle course
of limbs and penny-full coffee cups
outside the station doorway.

You were going to work, right?
were late, and there they were
soaking up the early morning sun
putting you of your Cornish Butter Croissant
with their fermented urine stench.
And God, what of your taxes
swiped from your well earned wage
for it to end up in their vile veins.

'Lay- about-self pitying- skid marks of society'.
Isn't that what you said?
Well this one's for you J.M,
you can read it tonight whilst
you glug your 'stress reliever'
behind the locked bathroom door.

As your wife struggles
with the chalky bitterness
of a little white pill,
whilst scanning the internet
looking for answers as to why
your son claims to hear voices
and refuses to leave his flat.

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Onion

Occasionally, before the drink convinced him
the dishevelled look was a good idea,
he'd venture into the kitchen with unsteady purpose
overdosing dinner with "[i]I'm not drunk[/i] spoonfuls of salt.
At the very least we got to see him cry.
Onions more evocative than a weeping wife
Cowering behind a piss-wet screaming child.
Yet morning would bring light. It would scythe away
The dark of his mood.
On his lap he'd whisper bitter coffee apologies
And spider his fingers up and down my spine;
I would giggle and forgive, for I was a child.

Our faces are now but mosaics scattered and tossed,
Twirling in the whirlwind that is whiskey
We are scraps of a once-upon-a-time
he is remembering the scent of her perfume,
the colour of my old bedroom
muddying all memory with vodka
which he gulps as though a child with lemonade.

Vincent James Turner

Snow Globe

Snow Globe

He monkeys with airless abandon.
Calling for clothes,
tugging the door
yelping like hyperactivity personified.

I'd always hoped such moments
Would come as natural
As the first conscious breath of morning-
us bounding out the door,
into a street so silent
our opaque breath
is athletic in its climb to the sky.

He senses it
yet pays no mind
his world is the world
in which everything is what he wills it to be-
an endlessly shaken snow globe
where we are constant in our surprise.

Where my sluggish approach,
lethargic and aged
washes over him-
like water to a ducks back

For he and I will play and make angels
with flailing arms,
we'll throw a dirty black ball or two
attempt a snow man,
humanise him with buttons for eyes
then when we are too cold
we will go inside
shut the door
and wait for nature to shake us again.

Vincent James Turner

Stroke

When the words left you,
when one average morning
they rammed themselves
into large shuttles
of parting dialect
you bore the look
of surprise
like a lion felled.

The slack of your mouth
like an overused elastic band
made movements
of comedy.
The spittle worming
from the split of your lip
like frothy milk
down the side of a mug-
Karmas encore.

You'd refused to move
from your chair
as if to hold the truth
in its physical form
containing it like a raging child
but the dart of your eyes
spoke otherwise.

How unlike you
not to say a word
how fine to see
the flapping fish of your tongue
motioning nothing
but sporadic slaps
of wet muscle-

Useless and defunct.

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There's No Warranty With Love

Morning creeps upon us suddenly:
mimicking deaths technique.
Opening smudged eyes
we happen upon emptiness.
Clawing our fading dreams
as though they were
Helium balloons snatched from our grasp
It's been a long time coming:
Happiness is not a hamlet cigar
but the jealous sister of love.
Look how you recoil
When I breathe sleep from my mouth.
Cupid's the culprit here!
Callous and corrupt!
those love laced arrows
never came with no receipt
or warranty
it pledged no refund-
but we where moths to the ballet of flame
fluttering, foolish,
fraught with the image of a future alone.

And I bought into your gaze
never thought to question his aim
then shooed him on
as though he were someone else's child.
We was never to know
love lasts but three years.
First cracks came with Sunday sex
Followed by a gaining of weight
And a joint desire to buy cookery books
Just to keep the illusion alive.
Second came the fracture-
A replacement of lip to cheek
Shared bath to locked door
You're back a bawl of night
Then the final chink of finality
Your incessant pleading for child.

N.B- Not sure if i am finished with this one yet, I think i have the idea, although not yet sure if the poem is communicating my intention, any thought, feedback, cruel or kind, would be most welcomed.

best regards

Vincent

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