

Poetry Series

Willis Martyn
- poems -

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Willis Martyn()

Appearance

We place much
on
appearance.
Less
on
what it conceals.

Does a beautiful face
in equal measure
a heart
reveal?

And those with beautiful hearts,
encased within life's
less than idyllic form.

To know them,
is true to say,

a gift without cheap wrapping!
A no lesser
gift indeed!

By appearance and a shallow wanting
we so easily,
can be,
deceived!

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Because

You passed from me
to memory,
with an ease I could not bare.

You slipped,
to silent fantasy
upon a parting stare.

Then breathless as a runner
or a swimmer out at sea,
I struggled with this fantasy
of time and fate and me.

Until my voice was madness
I'm distorted into a fool,
but to you, casual observer
who, free from battles rules,
just sees someone crying
for someone they knew and loved,
and could not reconcile their parting.

Because

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Love's Cognisance

Your eyes

Seaborne cyphers

coral lit

questioning

I cannot answer but

looking back to you

amazed and wordless

in this

our scary deep

deep

halcyon

blue

sea.

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Nothing On The Wind

Small white cloud
rolling in warm translucent hue.

Your sun bleached fingers reach out to wordless blue.

I lay this summer day
and look up
at you.
(where do you travel to?)

Stem of grass in the corner of my mouth,
arms folded beneath my head

and there you rush across the sky.
Who to witness your play with the wind?

perhaps

only I
(and only until you pass by) .

You, me

impossibly free

sharing

infinity.

Willis Martyn

Portrait Of Calliope

Your'e an alchemy of stardust,
with science in your hair.
Your absence is a presence,
when I turn but your'e not there.
Your'e a ghost divine created.
You haunt in flickering light.
A mirage of timeless space,
that brings me sleepless nights.
My desires, they unfold in you,
as flowers in spring rain,
and without you.

I die each time.

Only to start again.

And so my muse,
tell me the truth,
but alas you cannot,
the closer I get to you.
The further we are
to part.

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Simon Cowell

Estate
agent
of
music.

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Stephen Hawking's God

Having spent his time
(Relatively speaking)
searching for
the one
thing
that gave the universe
form.

The Pilgrim Stephen
on his quest beyond doubt
armed with all the intricate facts that piece by piece
took apart everything.
announced
'There is no god! '
then gave his god a name

Gravity!

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Time

When we knew
there was so little time,
we didn't speak of it.
Instead,
you made a point to tell me
something.

Something,
to protect us
from all the
cracks in our disappearing world.
The cracks of paying bills.
The loneliness.
The next meal.
The brutality of hospitals.

We argued about, how I was to take your decisions now,
and make them for you.
The son becomes the father.
The hardest thing.
Never taught at school.

Time
again to leave you,
in the half
light.
The television on for company.
Selling dreams to those,
with time to
fall asleep.

Then,
bedbound.
Weak.
Seeing me watching you.
You whispered a clue to our great escape.
'Dont worry, this won't be forever'.

One evening.

Defiant.
You raised a blade not to be denied.
With your last breath.
One mighty
fell.

You cut through Time.

Ripping apart my chest,

and from times shackles.
you freed us.

'I love you'

Then you died.

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Tired Of Stars

I'm tired of stars in poems
the romantic
dead of cliché'.

But whenever they rise
to remind me of their nightly spun wonder,
scattered to infinity

without explanation,

your close and distant hand
settles into
mine.

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To Love And Yet, To Let Go.

To love,
and yet to let
go.

Our repeated breath, our life,
as in,
follows
out.

Crashing sea waves plunder our hearts
and take us to task
in this struggle
for drowning and grieving lovers.

To love
and yet,
to let
go.

On
mornings beach,
my deepest loneliness becomes transparent.

I could not sing a hymn,
or whisper a prayer
for a friend that
died,
if I could not burn a little of my soul for them while they were alive.

As
this
tides lost claim
to a billion grains of sand and I,

with just one.

release your hand.

As the
sea knows,

it has always been so.

To love,
and yet to let

go.

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Two Thirty

Two thirty,
even the dawn chorus dreams,
and I restless awake.
Usual things;
the relentless lack of money,
getting older,
being chased without trousers.

You arriving while I am vulnerable,
taking what is most needed
and now I'm awake.

Satisfied?

Don't get me wrong,
I've slept the sleep of an innocent man
on more than one occasion.
But now and then,
we meet at two thirty,

my fears and I.

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Wedding Day!

Fire up the sky with rocket sparks!
Release balloons!
Dance after dark!
Science is betrothed to Art!
As witnesses shall ever tell,
no better dressed souls,
from heaven fell!

So Brothers! Sisters! Parents! Friends!
Gather round, your open hearts to lend!
For this, the journey of the lovely Nicola,
and handsome Monsieur Ben!

Light the fuse with music!
Not for moderated heart!
For soon we must this glorious church
depart!

And time on wings begins to fly!
We'll catch its tail, and swing it high!
To ride its great adventure!
On a promise and a prayer!
With our goodwill we too will share!

As Dawn ascends tomorrow's sky,
We'll turn our heads and breathe a sigh,
This October day was beautiful!
and we as wondrous ghosts,
Play out this scene,
'a dream,
within
a dream'.

For only when truly happy,
do we see life as it is!
Not this stolen moment!
Or that broken kiss!

For a love revealed will cut through Time!

and Here,
and Now,
and In this Place,
it is
Sublime!

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