



## **Jeune Fille Noire**

The sun shone in full splendour as she smiled,  
it was a smile of innocence only children  
could have equalled, a vivaciousness I  
had never seen before soared from  
each and every pore of her skin,  
rich colours, tribal and primeval,  
marked her sullen cheeks and forehead,  
vivid and garish, but somehow perfect  
in those surroundings, blues and  
greens and violet streams trickled  
like sweat upon her face, a  
face of such beauty I have  
never known, and with a graceful  
wave of a sculpted arm she  
bade farewell of that fleeting  
second and I saw the soft warm  
breeze blow her robes in slow  
ripple patterns matching the heartbeat  
of the season and my two-minded  
notion of leaving my world behind  
for just another glimpse of her.

## **Fragrance**

I still smell her on me  
a day has gone by  
I still feel her lips  
telling me to stay by her  
smell on me a fragrance  
of lips telling stay  
I hold her lips on me  
soft with fragrance  
a stay day gone  
hold the soft lips  
telling still don't leave  
I must day gone by  
with lips moist I hold  
the fragrance on me  
leave the moist day  
her smell is fragrance  
telling the day to leave  
soft lips on me.

## Poem for Sylvia

Open wounds never heal,  
the maggots eat the dead  
flesh, the face I wear  
today, a lipless smile,  
a toothless cave erupts  
and swells the fatted  
tongue, my idle hands  
as dormant as my addled  
brain, another year  
spins by the wombs  
first day, the spinning top  
stops the clot in my heart,  
bypass an option overlooked,  
overworked, out of date,  
my ill-advised fate is  
thrown in my face,  
the sucking is unbearable  
under the mound, under the  
oak bark sodden pulp,  
my name is my name is  
my name, stop taking  
my name, stop blaming  
my name, I was only  
ever me, can't you see,  
you can't see, I only  
wanted you to see, I  
only wanted to be me,  
in my baking days I was  
supreme, in my hiding ways  
I was sublime, in my  
thunderous brays I was

alive, in my shadowless  
haze I was a void,  
a great chasm to reason  
spread before me, I, with  
no legs to speak of, no  
words to speak, why speak  
anyway, when no ears can  
hear my shallow breathing,  
my milk teeth have long gone  
and I'm all I'll ever be  
right now, right here,  
when the worms maws have  
had their way the dust  
will settle and the truth  
will never matter to me,  
for I have the truth,  
I am the truth.

## **I know a secret**

I know a secret,  
I'm sure I'll never tell,  
a fragment of a memory,  
like a coin in a wishing well.

I have a secret,  
bursting to be free,  
like a faded favourite photograph,  
you always want to see.

I keep a secret,  
hidden deep inside,  
lost among the treasures,  
the thoughts I'm sure had died.

I protect a secret,  
no one will ever know,  
it's locked within a suitcase,  
packed ready when I must go.

You are my secret,  
no one knows your name,  
when we meet in some blue yonder,  
our secrets will be the same.

## **Secret Garden**

My old boots lie in the closet  
dreaming of mud and fresh cut grass,  
my sad gloves long to grip a spade,  
a hoe, a fork, some weeds stuck fast,  
my faded cap, once black, now grey,  
would love to feel the sun and rain,  
my ageing bones and withered muscle  
wish to open that closet again.

## Old Grey

The owl sees all, but does not say,  
beware the fox, beware the hawk,  
it sits and stares only to mock  
the hidden snares, but will not talk  
of flitting bats, of scurrying rats  
that swoop and dart through  
hedgerows dark, abandoned  
nests, foreboding barns of  
steaming hay, just flexes its  
wings in a lazy way, while  
moles sniff to the stars uneasy  
and aware, unlike the caught-  
in-the-headlight stance of the hare,  
the owl sees all, but does not say,  
beware the night, beware the day.