



Old Dream

Shouting, shouting all at me
my name Simon Simon Simon
As in childhood, small and
not very strong, the ball bounced my way
in the playground, and suddenly
everyone knew me, they all
screamed my name, Simon Simon!
SIMON! Louder, and I, holding the
ball, thought to pass it him
or him, or him. But which one?
Louder and louder, and I stopped running
stood there holding it
and began to cry.

MINDFUL

Mindful of atrocities
many times committed
you lower your cigar
and momentarily frown,
before resuming
reading.

CHEESE

Believing one day I could fly
book wild
on the back of my poems white
words page
birds from a cage
Now
look
Down and
nobody told
my body holed like
selling
old cheese telling
me poems have eaten my life
- The Vultures!

CAMPUS

Books held like babies
the girls are walking so
nakedly girl under
blue boys' denim.

poems
by
Simon Leigh

Man is no Animal

Come here my little bird
have no fear I will not hurt you
that's right little sweetie tweetie pie
let me see those pretty feathers come
closer all I want is to give you bread
don't be afraid, that's right—
Gotcha.

ECOLOGY

Wearing a zoo on his back
and stuffed with a barnyard
he climbs into his mountain
fuelled with an ancient forest
and drives off
blowing his nose
on a tree.

The Mask

We got him into Group, explained
we couldn't cure him
he would have to cure himself
No, there are no experts
but it helps to talk.

He talked all right, a charming
front, urbane and courteous
but we cannot accept
a mask. Don't try to fool us
drop it (and you'll soon be well).

And, pleasing us, in session after
session he let us peel away
the mask. We found resistances,
worked on them. (The unspoken
If you want us to love you
come clean.) And he did.

Some of us worried a little—
How closely does his mask fit to the
features underneath? He had
worn it comfortably enough—
but the Group is not to be denied.
Patiently we chiselled it off.

Mask dropped away
There was no face beneath.

STARTER

Try to control your breathing.
Leave the bumping of heart and mind alone.
Flex those gentle murderer's knuckles.
Tomorrow will be no problem.
After all, this counting is why you are here
Alive. Crush out the dregs of your song.
First and last things are always hardest.
Pick up your past like a coil of rope
Let's go.

DEBT COLLECTORS HOUNDING YOU?

The Heroin Finance Co. can help.
We pay your debts!
Get them off your back!
Consolidate all into one
little lump sum which we
cheerfully loan you.

