

# Poetry

## THE LIQUID STARE

I drift into faces,  
The mirrors don't know why,  
As I turn to go,  
She plugs in the clouds I know.

Her portrait of innocence,  
Is about to strip me bare,  
And eyes programmed to penetrate,  
The liquid stare. . .

I merge into photos,  
The finish is just a dream,  
And before I can mutter "Are you tomorrow?"  
She replies "Today I'm just a light beam."  
I melt slowly into tears,  
Electric glass seems so unreal,  
And as I turn to speak,  
She drops the sky at my feet.

Her fragile 'Hello',  
Product of precision and care,  
A voice, a laugh rolled into one,  
The liquid stare. . .

I dive into flames,  
They promise one small dance,  
But before I can ask a question,  
She avoids my lonely glance.

## ONE MORE

Another chalk for experience,  
Another 'hole in the heart',  
Another shot at paranoia,  
Another mistimed false start.

Another love down the drain,  
Another good dream turned bad,  
Another plot with a story,  
That ended up sad.

Another meaningless kiss,  
Another tear in the eye,  
Another crack in my mirror,  
Another bottomless sigh.

Another drop in the ocean,  
Another scar on the brain,  
Another attempt at affection,  
That multiplied the pain.

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## FEAR IN THE HEART

I'm in a whirlpool,  
In a fountain,  
Water crashing,  
Laughier mounting.

I'm in a valley,  
Standing still,  
Not playing games,  
But hearing echo.

I'm in a lift,  
Going down,  
Don't know where,  
Don't know who.

I'm in a cradle,  
Spinning round,  
I don't understand,  
I can't see my friends.

I'm in some film,  
A yellowed portrait,  
Too tired to scream,  
I hold on and cry.

I'm on a train,  
In a station,  
Feeling lost,  
I gulp then sigh.

## JUST A NORMAL MONTH

Monday, I decide to fall in love,  
Tuesday, I shop for a fool,  
Wednesday, I have a nervous breakdown,  
Thursday, I go to school,  
Friday, I feel so very tired,  
Saturday, I can't face the world,  
Sunday, I spend running round  
Chasing some pretty girl.

Monday, I play my favourite song,  
Tuesday, I phone a friend,  
Wednesday, I feel like giving up,  
Thursday, I'm on the mend,  
Friday, I throw a party,  
Saturday, I feel quite ill,  
Sunday, I sleep and reflect that  
I must be getting over the hill.

Monday, I go out for the day,  
Tuesday, I'm thinking straight,  
Wednesday, I break my collar bone,  
Thursday, I have a date,  
Friday, I read a magazine,  
Saturday, I'm on a high,  
Sunday, I rent an aeroplane  
And learn how to fly.

Monday, I do my exercise,  
Tuesday, I have a think,  
Wednesday, I file a complaint,  
Thursday, I clean my sink,  
Friday, I check my diary,  
Saturday, I add new dates,  
Sunday, I read my horoscope  
And learn about my fate.