

# **14 Poems on Nature and Melancholy**

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## **An order**

I'd like a long poem  
from a poet on the rocks  
with a twist of irony.  
Right out of irony?  
What about a bloody scary  
with a dash of sauce?  
A bitter? No? Not even a wine?  
Oh well, I guess it will just have to be another short.

## **The truth**

What is truth?

It must be very irritating if we can stand so little of it.

On the other hand I guess its many facets  
allow it to sparkle in the correct light.

It is surely brave to always be dying first in wars,  
but cold out there where it resides.

Sometimes I think of it as a secret friend  
but more often it jumps up and slaps me in the face.

What is the truth about truth?

I think we should be told.

## **Sadness of a poem**

The sadness of a poem  
is that it is stuck on a page;  
The sadness of a people  
is that they are defined by their culture.

## **Party trick**

It is quite a feat – turning the world inside-out whilst still on it,  
making ourselves homeless in the process;  
But it is a trick we have now done so many times  
it is almost automatic.  
One feels a bit queasy at first  
but quickly get used to it like everything else –  
no longer inhabiting an environment but being it.

## **Depression**

I read an article which claimed that writing poetry helps lift depression, yet I can imagine another reporting how scientists have recorded the last vestiges of a dying love at the limits of their instruments; "This is not the big bang but more like the little freeze", one said.

## Fading

Life is washing away ... everything.  
Soon there will be nothing left.  
Blink and humanity has passed into ancient history;  
ponder too long and the stars will have gone cold,  
hovering an instant before being sucked away.

Pictures and signs pulsate back and forth  
between memory and forgetting.  
What is there to do when all is cleared away:  
the trivial distractions and frustrating constraints?  
What will there be to sing about when all the air is gone  
and sounds lie stillborn in the throat?

The sun has gone now  
and the world has been forgotten.  
The original wind moves over the waters with a clarity  
which messy nature always abhorred.  
There was light but God took back what he said.  
What can it be that we are waiting for?

## Longevity

One more day; a new poem;  
the next gadget; another war -  
civilisation first stutters upwards  
then drip by drip it drains away.  
What is it that holds it all together?  
Why doesn't it just fall apart?



## Nature

It is a lie: nature is not balanced,  
but tumbling forwards in a damp confusion of forms.  
Not so much a comforting friend  
as a science-fiction monster:  
adsorbing all the bullets we shoot at it –  
each time getting up and coming back at us;  
each time further mutated and more terrifying.

## Lacuna

It is in the lacuna of our lives  
(waiting for a train; not listening to mum)  
that we are most revealed.  
For it is this abandoned core,  
that we so dress with our fears and desires,  
that, miraculously, spawns us –  
once more life created from nothing  
(dust to dust; garbage in – garbage out).

## **Excuses**

We would stop at nothing,  
if only we could define it;  
we would keep on trying  
but we have run out of time.

## Significance

What is the point of a perfect poem?  
Will it change history;  
significantly increase happiness in years to come;  
or motivate a final push towards the stars?

What is the point of making love one more time?  
Will it change history;  
significantly increase happiness in years to come;  
or motivate a final push towards the stars?

What is the point of asking such questions?

## Tsunami

Unimaginably huge and slippery,  
from outside our horizons,  
it comes crashing in  
and then out again.

During the three-minute silence  
in the supermarket in memory of the victims  
frozen shoppers watch the water  
toss their cars around the car park  
and tear their children from them;  
but it is untouchable –  
gone long before it can be grasped.

Now plans have to be remade  
for a new landscape –  
a more desolate and alien place  
where humanity is diminished but the needs remain;  
where certainty has been skewered  
where we can only pretend;  
in a place  
where our imagination is inadequate  
and our actions insect-like.

Only before and after really exists.

## **A Rumour**

They prophesied that  
Sex would never be simple.  
So they said, but then  
They also said that the gods  
Would never allow us peace.

## **Quick-draw poetry**

Quick-draw poetry –  
get it out  
whilst it is still true.

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