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Poems

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Poems

Abstract
Blindness, Suffocation

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BLINDNESS

On his own down counted steps left twenty paces from a prison of silent darkness eyes behind bars

No problem crossing the street as colors of traffic lights have different hums his ears humongous

One metal claw scratching up the other side where trouble arches the backbone muting any purring

Slicing the hostile atmosphere while reading the hard braille of anger rising to cobra venom

Browsing a library of emotions with every block until home behind friendly locks visitors denied
SUFFOCATION

Not a real holiday
without the tartan clan
spread like disciples
around her wee altar;
ribbons fell away,
the lid came off
a yellowed hatbox,
pale rigid photographs
gasping for oxygen
paraded hand to hand.

Each time passed around
another corner chipped,
faces became more distant,
strange historical fashions
of the Highland days
from which every glimpse
and grin of Aunt Rosey
had been extracted with pain
or excised with scissors
from granny’s memories.

When we were still
stealing green apples
Rosey married some taboo
never quite spelled out
and went away to Paris;
we missed the dancing,
her songs and teacakes,
understanding where mum
could not, long hugs
making summer of winter.

When we were almost ready
to strike out on our own
Rosey came back broken,
fatigue fractured alcoholic,
crying all remaining time
out of her one-room flat
where we sneaked visits
without mum or granny
until remorse ran out
and she hung herself.

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