

I don't know where my horse is now

Jaime Birch



Acknowledgements are due to the editors of BlazeVox and Parameter magazine where some of these poems, or versions of them, appeared previously.

Contents

5 Streetlamps yellow alleys

6 Sexy Socks

7 Handle

8 Ermintrude

9 Bird

10 Eight I ams

11 Fluffy Nightgown

12 Double Glazing

13 For Herman Munster

Streetlamps yellow alleys

Streetlamps yellow alleys with their stain like nicotine
and drainpipes climb the walls as cat fights streak the quiet night.

A couple leave the pub ten feet apart and make a scene
while owl sounds move cold and wild through darkness into light

and people sleep in rows like fish in dim aquariums -
dream oceanic dreams. Nets let exhausted moonlight through.

Next door is hotting up - the headboard drums and drums and drums.
At 3am the sunrise feels as far away as you.

Sexy Socks

Socks from an ex girlfriend
say 'Horny Devil' and 'Sexy Beast' e.t.c.
I don't burn or bin them
because she was right
and may have been nice,
plus you're short of socks.

I'll be glad though
when you wear through the toes
and they can finally be flung out
along with tricky little thoughts
like how you loved her
differently than you do me,
probably.

Handle

You're carrying a box. The tingling cold,
I bet, will follow you inside like breath.

She shuts the door then flicks the kettle on
as you put down the box, take her hand warmth,

undo your fly, ease it into the hole.
I just about make out her puppy eyes

that stare up into yours like two fried eggs,
all oil wet and slimy wobble white.

Those fingers, no doubt, do something divine.
I'd hate and love those fingers to be mine.

Ermintrude

It would be totally cool to spend a week or two in your hooves
while away a few five-minute-long days
acquire a real feel for the place
gambol and lollop, frolic around
chill with the mellowest rabbit in town
maybe even hear a few guitar sounds
chew on a flower stalk, see what goes down
take a stroll
chance upon antics
pass by paper trees-uniform in species
dig that whole perfect pastel scene
without worry of cloud or climate
go check out the roundabout
shoot the breeze with Zebedee
be safely narrated
and scripted, consistent
get to sport a groovy blue hat
feel aristocratic and pincushion fat
command respect and be haughty; highbrow
but still get to do the odd Moo of the cow
beautifully bovine
and how

Bird

A pandemonium of parrots watch
as she frowns through the boring fronds
of this palm.

Sugared like a doughnut
in white sand she sees
a muster of peacocks take flight.
Remembering that murder of crows
who blocked the sun that time
darkening her room
she chews at a hangnail
and waits.

Back home
deserts of lapwings
murmurations of starlings
parliments of rooks
are poised on rooftops,
shuddering under gutters.

A descent of woodpeckers descend.
An exaltation of larks rise. She sniffs and rolls over.
Somewhere a rafter of turkeys consider their dusty floor.
Dusk sets in and a paddling of ducks head home.
She packs up her thoughts and carries them
careful like eggs.

Eight I ams

I am correct and circular and softly made of everything.

I am of truth and flawless with a deepness that could make you sing.

I am a kind of roulette wheel where some you win and some you lose.

I am composed of opposites; the more I'm hurt the less I bruise.

I am a friend to all the world and all I get is bullshit back.

I am a blow up doll and I'll be used and used until I crack.

I am a swirling mess of reds and blacks encased in sheets of need.

I am kaleidoscopic but the colours bleed. The colours bleed.

Fluffy Nightgown

Make him fall for you.

3am saunters over, takes one look
and heads off into the dim horizon.

Win exclusive gig tickets.

Strongbow heartburn followed by crisp crumbs
between the tense sheets of the bed.

Half price blinds.

Smoking at the high window in a fluffy nightgown
that makes you sweat sadness.

Burn your town.

See how the nonchalant sickness has spread.

Take a match to it. Burn the fucker down.

Double Glazing

This double glazing
assigns the moon an ugly stalker,
a dirty little thing
whose lurking hurts
the wide want of an eye.

So down goes the blind –
tatty, translucent,
not even mine.

For Herman Munster

You mean so very much to me -
soft as a pale green peach,
tall as a smallish tree.
An impressive brow - somewhere between
a gorilla and Sean Connery
(unfortunately not in Octopussy).

Since you were born to Mary Shelley
in eighteen hundred and eighteen
you have evolved, found a family
of your very own - a place to be.
All smiles, no longer lonely
among Witch and Vampires - other freaks.

Abandoned by Victor who couldn't see
human heart inside jigsaw body -
the epitome of integrity.
You're no Monster, not to me -
you're still black and white - how could you be.
Even on modern, colour telly.