

Tom Bowen

My Friend

At first, it started off slow,
Water between. Every round
Keep my tongue behind my teeth
And my feet on the ground

Time progressed (as it always does)
Becoming more comfortable & relaxed
Those words,
Never meant to be said
Not held back
Left beauty, twisted and wrecked,

See same for my grandfather,
And his father and me,
Makes thoughts words,
Fist and feet fly free
Just getting you through,
The minutes, the hours, the day

Fourteen, that first
That cold Russian kiss,
Taken to see if it offered,
Salvation and relief
Well my friend
It did

But the cost, the terrible cost
Of my life long friend
Lovers a family and a daughter
My friend left them behind,
For they could not compete
With the comfort of Russian water

In the light,
My friend escapes down the bowl
As piss
No way to fix to make it better
Everything amiss
Everything adrift
But my friend returns hours later
To remedy to lift the spirits higher
Pour them down and drown me
In the cold Russian water

Friends, lovers, family and a daughter,
Oh my companion, my friend,
The cold Russian water

Never been one for truths,
But here is one I firmly believe,
Everyone else on earth will,
But my friend shall never leave,

Never shall we part company,
No kiss goodbye, one last time,
Whatever you become, wherever you go,
I'll be in a bar, with this friend of mine

No friends, no lovers, no family and no daughter,
Just me a stool,
Oh and the cold Russian water

These Sad Faces

Its theses sad faces,
In this same old place,
Left years behind,
But they pile on soon,
Stepping off the train,

Nothing changed,
All the same,
Like I've never been away,
Same routine at sixteen,
Same routine everyday,

Sit smoke, and choke,
Cheap beer but
There's no cheer here,

Just a bleak black heart,
Foolish kids that tear you apart,
Girls you used to go with,
Standing at the bar,
Watching their kids,

Hand in Pockets

Hands in pockets
Touching nothing but cloth,
Thinking so much,
About something we've so little of,

There's a world to be explored,
From the warehouse walls
Down the road
To the king George,

Saw the sun rise,
Then sun set,
And the sun rise,
Again

Chasing fleeting flights of fancy,
Through cigarette packs and
Aluminium cans

And in my pockets,
My hands

No Statues

No statues shall be made for us
We are the nameless and faceless,
Huddled together we stand
Cloaked and warm
In the apathy of this land

Fingers in fingerless gloves,
Bodies in worn overcoats,
Too tired to rise in protest,
Aching to give up,
Too give in, and rest,

No heroes amongst us,
No villains either,
Not a fulfilled aspiration,
Pipe dreams and tears,
That's the some of our creation

No statues shall be made for us

And quietly we shall go,
A generation that had seen it all,
But remained unimpressed,
Unshakable, as the blue eyed boy,
Once a dreamer, stops to rest,

Sold out on life,
And life on us,
No great adventures are in our youth,
We've seen them all from our seats,
Pause, record, and rewind our useless truth

Dumb and Drunk,
Numb, content and fat,
We could have been something,
But instead we sat,

No statues shall be made for us