

Gordon Scapens

A PLAGUE OF MYTHS

Reading the daily face
that lives in my mirror,
only I see hidden
the world's greatest writer,
supreme athlete,
knowledgeable statesman,
musical genius,
and ardent lover.

What are they all doing?
Perhaps vying with each other
to see who can show
who's the top dog.
Maybe trying it on
to see who can impress
people I'd rather not know.
They could even be trying
to see themselves reflected
in my eyes gazing
at an emotional silence.

But in the rut of myself
I have to wrestle with honesty.

Why on earth don't they go
to dupe somebody else
and stop the confusion
when they all turn up.

BLUESMAN

You've learnt the trick
of juggling a song
on the attention of the audience,
the chain of music
cordons off this place
in your name.

The delicate cogs
of words to remember
move your devil along,
that voice dines
on its own roots.

Guitar notes,
the spread confetti
of your imagination,
make blues fit so well,
you sound like an accident
waiting to happen.

And I know your history.
At the end of the night
do you go home alone
to find yourself facing
a memory-filled silence
in some minor key
and age a thousand years?
The whole world
is reflected in your eyes.
You've got to unlearn yourself.

MYTH OF EMPTINESS

The day is nude,
transparent,
restless thoughts
bruising the time.

I learn the language
of a silent house
whose windows form
a rosary of boredom.

This persuades every corner
To seek some attention,
To remind me pointedly
nothing is complete.

Minutes are tortured
by the sadistic clock,
while my life is lived
holding on to the sides.

Then at the front door
the weight of a tiny sound
makes forever consists of now,
the myth of emptiness scorned.

Expectations queue up.
You enter the room,
a single moment
of honest emotional contact,

and we kiss.

The world turns knowingly,
the one honest gift of my life
is in my possession again.

STORM

There's a night coming in
with anger in its voice
and a wanton violence
in its spiteful touch.

It means nobody any good
like it has a pact
with an evil weather spirit
to deface the peace of homes.

Intimidating debris is gathered
and hurled at the door,
hailstones rattle obscenities
at our innocent windows,
the house is tortured
and groans in its pain.

Outside in the streets
trees shake in fear,
plastic bags are chased
with hostile intent,
and fences are wrestled
to lie prone on the floor.

Just for the moment
we are safe in the warmth
of our well-lit house
but the way the storm
rages its assault, surrounding us,
there'll be no sleep tonight.
There's something untamed
seemingly shouting our names.