

Jim Murdoch

IT

People used to look under rocks
or down the back of the sofa
or in their underwear drawer.

Some even prayed to God above
for the chance to remember it.
Now we can simply google it

and download it to our hard drives
along with all our MP3s,
e-mails and photos of the kids.

An Honest Poem

Here's the deal,
mate – we might as well be
up front about all this –

what you need to do is
read this and forget it.
It shouldn't be so hard.

I'm sure you've read and
forgotten hundreds
of poems, dozens at

least. So, let's cut to the
chase – yes? – and not waste each
other's time.

Do the Right Thing

There is nothing sadder than a
poem
struggling on a
page
to try and say
what its
author was incapable of.

The only decent thing to do
once you
realise this
is
to tear it out
and put
the thing out of its misery.

Quickly, while no one's looking.

Suburbia II

People lose their way
from time to time.
They wander along

familiar streets,
step on and off
the same old buses,

sit on tired sofas,
eat their dinners
and watch the telly

then say their prayers,
crawl into bed,
lie to their partners

and then to themselves
before falling
asleep to dream that

they know how to fly
though there's nowhere
left to fly off to.