

Poems by Gareth Writer-Davies

ROSHI

holy bums became hippies

then bankers

who did a spliff at the weekend

it takes a thousand years

to get your punctuation right

another thousand

just to be

with paper lantern lit

you make the first inky downstroke

at sunrise

you press delete

sweet black tea

your shadow

perfectly matches a sequoia tree

Gareth Writer-Davies

STANDING STILL

A cattled street
of chewed over straw, then
the sudden iron rail

I have stood still
all my life, asked for little
and received a gradual education
of nuance

Others walked or
ran to the silver trains
making a market of their
wide open souls

I have stayed
slow and accidental
and hidden behind trees
and built a temper

Gareth Writer-Davies

DEAD SOULS

Susie and Stevie

holding hands

love not yet

they are independent travellers

a tribute frieze

embellishes their shower curtain

hot water

milky coffee breasts

beats Manchester any day

the cunning wall

invents a shadow

puzzled

they lick the sweet sun

off their fingers and toes

the rooms of Sappho

tabulating the air

with the poem of her honey smile

a good little earner

Susie and Stevie

brides to be

having a laugh on the town hall steps

fragments in their hair

Gareth Writer-Davies

KOINONIA

angels on assignment

speaking only

when spoken to

they are quiet souls

hiding behind the curtains

they practise

sleight of hand tricks

building up to miracles

by concentration

they can produce phenomena of light

to each race

they are the common man

only

to improve the final revelation

the devolution of man

is a tidal mark

reducing on an old jetty

there are fish

learning how to fly

gold falling into red

wine

flowing back to the grape

bread

undone by yeast

angels

with nothing but time on their hands

are ready

for the kingdom come

Gareth Writer-Davies

MIRRORS

with the head of a hammer

concealed

in each hand

and a baby elephant walk

I smash shop windows

scratch cars

save sparrows from a cartoon death

with the rhythm of a castanet

glass is atomised

in my wake

china girls find their compacts

missing

mirrors seek our favour

cavalier in their judgements

they make threats

example

turn out the light

and the mirror remains

cool

miming swans on a lake

example

the mirror cracks

then hides

in a thousand pieces

in the middle of the golf club lake

there is a crocodile

Gareth Writer-Davies

OBJECTS

the sun sets in tangerine

a kite hovers above the beach

no-one is holding the string

the gull ocean
heaves coal onto amber sand

ten thousand years ago
a storm of flies
lived and died a day
they had no memory of

as I cross the trash tarmac
I fix the image of you
straight black hair and kitten heels
in the mirror of my car
further away than you seem

Gareth Writer-Davies

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

the pencil
has perfect balance
performing difficult manoeuvres
that only chinese gymnasts
can pull off
graceful arabesques
surprising somersaults

we have become a team
a friendship of function

though who is the boss

is a matter

we do not discuss

we are diplomats

in a year

you may have nothing to say

worn to a dull point

kindling if you are lucky

but I have plans

a biscuit tin

for retired odds and ends and stubs

you can swap anecdotes

whilst I find a new best friend

Gareth Writer-Davies

NOAH

Teenagers are on the beach, soaking up

The rays; I worry about my onions

And the heaviness of a cricket ball.

I was not always so preoccupied.

I too lay in the sun and drank a beer

And did not worry about tomorrow.

Those were the salad days, when I was green

And a set of mixed doubles was a game

Of innocence on Sunday afternoon.

But now I sit in the shade with a heart

Of cold reflection, musing on rain clouds

And the good cleansing work that a flood can do.

I am the backward step of creation

The disturbed atom in a grain of sand.

Gareth Writer-Davies