

Six poems by Jim Hanafan

Dinner for one?

Sly the fox sat 'side the road
feeling the warning vibration
of approaching traffic,
Trembling in anticipation
of freshly killed prey,
Which had sat transfixed
by the twin staring eyes of their dispatcher,
Huge bringers of death
rumbling thro' the night
indifferent to the carnage
they leave in their wake.
Quivering nostrils detecting
the scent of
warm spilt blood
Reynard emerges from his lair.
Skulking across familiar grass,
he pauses
at the edge of an alien
environment,
Black and insular to
its growing surrounds,
Interspersed with familiar lines,
Yet warm to his tentative touch.
Nostrils flaring against any hint of danger,
He approaches the fallen food.
Eagerly he nudges the warm corpse
with a warmer snout,
Then slowly he drags the carcass back
to the haven he calls home.
Engrossed by his labour he fails to comprehend,
That what had given him plenty,
Was his life about to end.
The crow asleep on the street light,
Awakened by the splat
of 38 tons of metal
colliding with our friend.
Thought of food, then decided
to pick at it much later
for 'twas better if left to rot.

Future

Like a flame on an exposed point,
it quivers and burns,
first blue then yellow.
Moves with the wind; threatens to become extinguished.
It waits for shelter,
it cannot burn alone, there is too much exposure.
Perhaps I expected too much, too soon
so much disappointment.
You have done nothing; you have been everything
I craved for shelter, not for warmth.
you could have said
instead of blowing out the candle
So it dies.
And with its death goes my future

God is Great

'Allah is Ahkba'
God is great
Eyes like a demon
But couldn't shoot straight

It was hot and dusty
But God was willing
Smiled on me as
I earned Queen's shilling

His chest exploded
Red rose bloomed
As to his God
He was doomed

Dervish whirled
Twisted, spun
Dying fingers
Released the gun

Ground rose up
Hard, unyielding
I felt it though
I had no feeling

Kill or die
For what don't know
When the good Lord calls me
I'll have to go

Alas for him
On this hot day
It was his God calling
No more he'll pray

Dash, Down & Fire
My Aim be true
Please my God
I implore you

Cos as he fell
Like peasant brace
Another one
Took his place

The Eyes Have It

*Deep dark pools of mystery
Bright orbs of intrigue
What thoughts lie sheltered
Beneath that mirrored calm?
Will they narrow with desire?
Or open wide with expectancy
Do they curl up at the corners
With laughter?*

*Does gravity relentlessly pull when
The arms of Morpheus beckon?
Will they stay that clear & bright
Morning, noon & night?
As night is falling
& light starts failing*

*Will they still twinkle, sparkle & glow
In pale moonlight?*

*Will I be the last thing they see before slumber
And the first when they awake?
Are they focused, sharp, & honest?
Do they sometimes tell a fib?
Is your soul really
Mirrored by them clearly?
I know the answers I seek
Are your secrets & yours to keep
But when I gaze into them
Do I know?*

The Eyes Have it Too

Here's a man whose eyes aren't lying
They've witnessed pain and young men dying
He just wants warmth, laughter, hugs and kisses
All the things he currently misses
If you see him glance away, fixing something in his stare
For a brief second, forgetting that you are there
He'd felt first hand, the crazy turmoil
Of wars and lies, and despots spoil
This man knows the truth of sin
What deceit and corruption lie within
Yet he savours the joys of a summer's day
Strolls with dog across fields of hay
Peaceful evenings by the barbecue fire
With a beer in hand and no emotions that tire
But he struggles inside with both love and hate
Making sense of life, its fortune and fate
This man is sincere, loving, true & kind
But he carries the weight of conflicts in mind
You'll feel it briefly, but that seems patronising
To the man you'll meet whose eyes aren't lying

The Eyes Have it Again

Meet the man whose eyes ain't lying
Seen enough, all done crying
Meet the man whose eyes are clear
Perceived a lot, shown no fear
Meet the man whose eyes hold pain
Not for himself in selfish gain
Meet the man whose eyes are bright
Viewed it all , no second sight
Meet the man whose eyes are dear
Horizons passed, future near
Meet the man whose eyes are bright
No escaping, like searchlight
Meet the man whose eyes see you
You'll hold his gaze if yours are true
Meet the man whose eyes aren't wasted
Near death experience he has tasted
Meet the man whose eyes hold yours
Reflecting back on far off shores
Meet the man whose eyes ain't blue
He'll look at life when he sees you
Meet the man whose eyes see all
Been through a lot, had close call
Meet the man whose eyes now weep
Is thinking thoughts, silent & deep