

Five Poems by Jo Salmon

I am Married to Melancholy

I am married to Melancholy.

We sing sad songs in silence,

Mourning the passing of Bliss

In solitude and serenity.

Joy has moved away.

And so together we sit alone.

Estranged in our room we lie

Looking at opposite walls.

Another child, Harmony, has left us,

And we are left bereft.

But a new baby is due to us –

We shall call her Hope.

Killed Off

Stone cold like coffee in last-night's mug.

A sludgy reminder of.....what?

I remember you. I remember you.

I remember the coffee.

Like the one that I now gulp, while I wear last night's dancing dress,

No knickers and viscous fluid in the crotch of my tights.

I want to go home.

I want to go home and forget you.

Where is the taxi? It's almost dawn!

The coffee is cold and I want to go home.

Thirst rages red in my guilty mouth. What did I do last night?

I forget. Please forget like me.

Forget me.

Smudged eyeliner and the taste of a distillery,

Nausea and soreness.

I don't want to be here with clammy hands,

In last night's sticky sheets

With last night's heavy breathing,

Gasping,

For air.

I want to go home.

I remember the coffee.

You made it for me whilst I vomited.

ENOUGH! I WANT TO GO HOME!

I want to be somewhere else.

Somewhere clean and crisp and clear.

With cool water and cotton on my skin,

The scent of lavender, the delicateness of lace.

Let me out into the freshness of a blue, sky blue morning,

With billowing clouds on this April day.

So that new day can begin with me

Showering between my legs with citrus soap.

So I can wash you away, out of my hair,

Then rub myself briskly with a white laundered towel

ENOUGH! I WANT TO GO HOME!

Love Will Find You Out

Love will find you out,

For you are not at home.

Love will find you out,

For you have secrets.

Love will find you out,

After searching for you for eternity.

Ryde, November

The rain squalls around the diesel choked bus station.

A nice cup of tea would go down a treat.

I walk past

the run-down Victorian hotel

that defies the windy sea-front

With its rusting wrought iron décor

And flaking pale green paint.

It is next door to a pharmacy

That has a poster in the window

Advertising their needle-exchange.

I walk past

the kiosk outside the railway station

With its display of buckets

And baskets of spades,

Sticks of rock, souvenirs

And 'fancy goods'.

I walk past.

It is dusk.

There is a snack bar on Union Street.

I go in.

It is warm and brightly lit. Cheerful.

The windows behind the café net

are steamy.

Tesco Value bottles of brown sauce and ketchup

stand proud on peeling formica top tables.

There is a smell of old chip-fat.

A group of three scaffolders are each eating

An all-day breakfast

With chips.

I look around

Brown panelled walls

That need a coat of varnish.

Black and white prints

Of Hollywood greats

Hang crooked in clip-frames.

I sip my boiling builder's tea

From a chipped mug

On which is written

'Keep Calm and Carry On'

The Happy Couple

For Jean-Marie

The tender moon beamed gentle blindness to the birds of the night that flew across
seamless dreams.

Rapt in a benevolent sky they slipped from side to side and rocked each other to restfulness.

Sleeping, but not gone forever, the lover twins lost in painless bliss shone, precious in their
comfortable repose,

Safe like blankets, hiding in the dark, their rare and beautiful light grew into tall flowers that
reached into the indigo stream

of consciousness. Lying dormant in their peaceful space, their tranquil souls travelled to
lands never seen by the busy people.

Silently through untold depths they went unseen through the ocean of kind nature and out
of the time-world

into the labyrinth of harmony where the grass breathed and grew in a meadow of calm
alongside the love of the goddesses.

Forever in the midnight darkness of paradise they floated high and near those ones that
were molten, flowing, spirit songs.

Drinking honeyed nectar with ease and innocence, they sealed their fates with their muses
with smiles from heaven.

Inspired by the treasure of openness, our couple enjoyed the company of one-ness in the
centre of the field of un-impeded married minds.