

Thanet Poetry Journal  
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I would firstly like to thank everyone who submitted their work for this volume as it could not have happened without you! I was overwhelmed with the response to our pleads and also very impressed with the quality of the work submitted. You should all be proud!

In this particular volume I aimed to focus on the creative flow of the poetry and have tried to create a story with it. In the sense that this is one person's experience of the world, that can be shared amongst everyone who reads this volume. Ultimately revealing that we all experience similar things in life, illustrated by the variety of writers, in which to express that really none of us are as alone as we usually like to believe.

So please enjoy & share!

Many Thanks,

Kirsty Louise Farley

***Faded Scribblings***

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*On Not Being Frida Kahlo*

In this tale the children have hammered  
their way out of her ribcage  
like woodpeckers; they are ruthless and  
persistent  
shredding through tissue and bone until  
they scatter the residue  
into filaments of neon.

Husbands pace back and forth smoking  
cigars  
under narrowed eyes in the glare of the  
sun, their sure feet  
and solid bodies planted like corn.  
When the fledglings land they scream the  
moistness of their feathers  
dry in one long bloody scream that  
forces each broken rib to fuse  
with the terror of survival, and as if  
to soften her resistance  
they become so beautiful, so vulnerable,  
she gathers them up  
and settles them in the crevices of her  
armpits  
and the cracks of her limbs, like  
bromeliads  
in the shade of their fathers' light.

- Maggie Harris

## **Robert**

Four hammers to the face, let the red  
run race.

A crime scene quite hard to clean.  
The sound of my mother's scream.  
Pay your debts or be seen.

There's a stranger in my house.  
There's a stranger in my house.

A sleeping misery.  
The missing milk my brothers need.  
Fiend and bleed.  
All but some succumb to greed.

There's a stranger in my house.  
There's a stranger in my house.

To spend time with him disgusts me more.  
Lying there on the floor.  
Bent in slumber.  
To awake would sure be thunder.

There's a stranger in my house.  
There's a stranger in my house.

Our mother's say don't talk to  
strangers.  
She makes me every day.

## **Oh Ginsberg**

Oh Ginsberg!

Your wormy mouth still speaks to me  
Invites me to protest the unjust ravings  
of

Lunatic TRUMP and his coup ready  
henchmen

Millions march against their tyranny  
As the moneyed sit in their manufactured  
security

Counting fat profit over lives spent in  
their struggled days

Oh Ginsberg!

Say a mantra for us now  
US, the living and for this  
Rattled day of uncertain dreams  
Where our aspirations  
Wither on the vines of stormy  
discontent.

And the few coins in our holy pocket  
pouch

Are stretched between  
Medicine and food and rent

While the world crashes angrily around  
us

In a vortex that only spins us to where  
Skeletons grin mockingly

And see no future in their hollow eyes.

- *Chris Vannoy*

## **A Boreen in County Waterford**

Cut me deep, slice my blue-black veins  
and the flow of blood  
will taste of the rivers  
that brought me from Africa.

Now I am a stick-man on a cave wall,  
a drawer of shimmering images  
which, as the ice melts, I leave  
to delight the gaping future.  
Find me in a bog in Denmark.  
Note the leather torc, my sacrificed  
life,  
the gold work around my neck.  
Note too my stocky build,  
the hair that lines my grinning skull;  
its ginger hue  
still adorns the pates of those  
my brothers and sisters in the Western  
Isles.

And though that reign is done,  
the world knows my horned head,  
savage axe and Viking tongue,  
just as these Sussex Downs

know my lesser sins, the bracken  
on Pen Pulumon Fawr,  
my need of solitude.  
But only the Celt in me

knows the march of Alba,  
the ache of conquest,  
the loss of tongue,  
the green taste of hunger.

Knows too Edmund's false charms,  
the coffin ships,  
the death of heroes,

the double yoke of religion.

And though my tent is set now  
upon an English coast,  
it's still a boreen in County Waterford  
that knows me best;

hip and haw, old man's beard,  
the woodbine smell of honeysuckle,  
the buttery glow of gorse  
remembering the routes

already travelled,  
the memories accumulated  
the sacrifices given,  
the changes made.

Only here is my future known  
here my needs understood,  
here amongst the fuchsias,  
dancing in a boreen in County Waterford.

- *Tony Frisby*

**THANETOS (AGAINST THE CUTS)**

It rained blades on  
The Isle Of The Dead  
Where dog eat dog  
For a pat on the head  
It rained blades on  
The bones on the beach  
Left out on the sand  
So that they might bleach  
It rained blades  
On Thanetos but they could  
Never quite get  
Rid of all the boiling blood  
It rained blades on  
Fat gull fish litter streets  
Hitting my heart  
But still missing the beats  
It rained blades on  
My thin wet liberal skin  
And the charity  
I stood shivering in  
It rained blades on this  
Voyeur seeking clues  
In the eyes of strangers  
Yes my friend, I see you

- *Barry Fentiman-Hall*

## **MADNESS INTERRUPTUS**

I am wrought with pressing impressions  
of the people around me with depressing  
expressions, ideas of life through a  
nihilistic eye, philosophies of terror  
in inevitable lies.

I have seen soldiers break down, their  
souls became atoms and scattered the  
landscape, searing echoes with screaming  
and anguished cries,

I've seen the lines that lead to  
paradise,

followed a topographical map etched on  
the missing clock face of lost nights  
and stolen days,

embroiled in a swollen haze, drunk on  
determination, drowning in perspiration,  
swigging air in desperate Devastating  
impatience... Only to wake up in my own  
bed alone,

captivated by comfort, and enraptured in  
perfect resonance with the universe.

I am underequipped and under qualified  
to contemplate the inner machinations of  
the morning person.

I run with wolves and howl at the moon,  
Screaming into streets in carnal  
veracity and ensuing hilarity.

Bark

Bark

barking at cars and parking my arse on a  
bench in a district council park,

Taking in the sights,  
Counting my days by the sands in the  
hourglass,  
Each grain slipping away in  
synchronicity with my shallow smoky  
breath.

I am awoken from my trance with a  
whisper.

The kind of whisper that gets harder to  
hear the more you try to remember it.  
Try as I might, it's an impossible task,  
and the more I try, the whisper wisps  
it's way to the past.  
And so, mid frenzy,

MADNESS INTERRUPTUS,

placed on pause by the voice of treason,  
I assemble myself with rudimentary  
replacements  
as the impatient and disdained faces  
etch marks in my spine,  
Crippling, divine,  
Each glance is a spear in my side as I  
crucify my former self in the hopes of  
ascension and resurrection.

I court the madness that has an infinite  
etching of notches upon her bedpost and  
she is willing.

Her legs lie open, moist and inviting, a  
With a sirens snatch she wails her  
sultry song,  
Beholding beauty to intrepid explorers  
that crack their crafts upon her rocks.

MADNESS WILL DEVOUR YOU ALL!

Glory is found in these cobbles.  
But pain is an inevitability should you  
seek it.

Every reward requires a sacrifice.  
These fluorescent streets hold  
iridescent secrets,  
blinding, beautiful,  
GLORIOUS REVELATION and HYPOCRISY  
Gilded guides lead you by hand to soul  
sucking sycophants and false prophets,  
Gleaning polished turds like first born  
Demi Gods, bronzed and powerful,  
Clandestine cowards and cutthroat cunt  
aficionados, paired with the stench of  
seaside town pick up lines and fuck boy  
erotica, disrupting gender politics and  
bar queues,  
Pointing at planes and undergraduate  
cleavage, in the pursuit of immediate  
satisfaction as opposed to the subtle  
slow release suppository version you  
come to appreciate in later life.  
We have no pause for thought in the  
information age.  
We pause to Google, in the midst of the  
millionth pissed debate.  
We pause Netflix, piss breaks, beer run,  
or to stop ourselves skipping ahead for  
that "sacred vow" we make not to binge  
watch with another person. (which we all  
do anyway)  
We pause games, movies, TV, adverts when  
we want to fast forward through the same

cyclical corporate shit that none of us  
have money for anyway,  
But when do we ever just stop and smell  
the flowers? Fuck off on a bus somewhere  
and just be?

Be?

Be part of something,  
a feature in the landscape,  
a shadow from the sun,  
a perch for a bird,  
a pause for breath,  
a crinkled nose,  
a cause for a laugh,  
a hand to hold  
A pause for breath  
A crumpled note  
A poem on a window  
Carved in condensation.

- *Marcus Holmes*

## **Does this Belong to you?**

My life is great  
I'm feeling fine  
Wages in the bank  
Bang on time  
I had a bit of bad news today  
I've got to wait three weeks  
Before I get my pay  
That bit of bad news  
Is now my biggest nightmare  
I've been made redundant  
And my boss don't care  
Now my landlord  
Is asking for rent  
I can't pay him  
Cos it's already spent  
Now I'm homeless  
What can I do  
Spare a thought  
This could be you  
An old building, an out-house or a shed  
I don't care where I lay my head  
Now I beg upon the street  
Please put your spare change  
At my feet.  
If you have no change - food will do  
Please spare a thought

This could be you  
The night time is worse  
When it gets so cold  
I'm not so young  
I'm actually old  
I have to drink myself to sleep  
So many times I've cried  
So many times I've wept  
That three weeks that  
I had to wait for my pay  
My life ended

From that day  
I can't take the pain  
Anymore  
So now I will let the curtain fall  
When I'm gone  
I know life goes on  
But please spare a thought  
It may only take  
A small delay  
In your pay  
For your world to crumble  
    And you end up my way

- *Michael Jackson*

## **Bukowski**

I stole a book of Bukowski poems.  
Hid it under my shirt and  
walked  
right out the bookstore  
With his ink pressing against my skin

I think he would've liked that.  
He never cared much for the rules  
He was a rebel  
He was gunning down whisky bottles  
And changing his blood for beer.

Three weeks later,  
The ink wrote  
A price  
On the window ledge of Sense  
To pay the toll of guilt.

- *Connor Sansby*

## **Wonder**

Sometimes I wonder  
when will I finally admit  
you were the one who broke my heart

other times I wonder  
when will I stop hating myself  
accepting all the blame  
when will I understand  
I was fighting alone  
in a battle made for two

sometimes I wonder  
when will I stop remembering  
the lies of how happy we were  
the lies I created  
the lies I forced myself to believe

and then I wonder  
if you recognized them too  
and used them  
to take away all love I am capable of

and so I wonder  
if there will come a time  
when I will teach myself to admit  
I was the one  
who broke my heart

- *Apollinarya Orlova*

## **As From Tomorrow**

I drink because It's a habit  
I drink because I'm a poet  
A teacher, a mother- one drink leads to  
another  
I drink too much and I know it!

I bend the truth for my doctor  
I deny the amount to myself  
Not quite the red nosed alcoholic  
But I know it's not good for my health

I drink when I'm cold, hot, sad, happy,  
bored, stressed  
Or that old cliché; drowning my sorrows  
Many an evening I've drunk my last drink  
I've lost count though of my failed  
tomorrows

- Stephanie Stanton

## **A Quiet Place**

Areas to find  
And zones to seek  
For a quiet place and peace of mind  
Should I endeavour  
Forever in search  
Of a silent lonely perch  
To read, to think  
Away from everything and everyone  
To sit and ponder amid the setting sun  
Away from this, the to and fro of daily  
life  
A quiet place, yet perhaps  
A vibrant place?  
A bit of space  
All my own  
My little comfort kingdom  
My solitary throne  
This I hold among the things  
I dearly wish  
A quiet place  
To brood in bliss

- *Ricky Gilles*

## Cloud

Her perfectly manicured fingers stretch  
and fondle his surface in search of an  
edge  
Her smouldering eyes hold the nation's  
stare  
as she lifts him up with a flick of her  
hair  
She glances an instant, scanning the map  
then puts him in place; gives his  
surface a tap  
He loves her, the cloud, and wishes to  
be  
more than her prop, to be used in 2D  
But alas there is nothing that can be  
done  
for this cloud, manufactured in 71  
*The South will remain fairly cloudy but  
dry*  
(He can't let her down, does his best  
not to cry)  
*In the North, expect rain, but this  
later should clear*  
(When the camera is turned, out trickles  
a tear)

- Stephanie Stanton

## **Stardust**

You go to sleep to end up naked,  
    'cause that's the only way you know  
how.

Only to wake up,  
    and layer it all away with  
everything  
they told you to wear.

    But sweetness I urge you  
to fight  
fight  
    fight, against the fierceness in  
their bite.  
You must shine like the star  
    that you are on that black blue  
velvet vale.

    The one I see burning.  
The one with your name on it.  
    Always, I see you.  
And I will see you,  
    until that unfortunate day  
that you fall from grand actuality  
into dust.

    Leaving me with just one wish,  
    and the lingering sensation of your  
most tender kiss.

- *Kirsty Louise Farley*

## **Desire**

With romantic notions I am led  
By my heart and not my head  
I am consistently confounded  
By this unknown emotion  
My thoughts race relentlessly  
It seems that I am hounded  
Uncertain. What is this?  
Dreaming, often  
Of caress and kiss  
Is it that serenity that is sought  
after: love  
The same feeling the angels sing about  
In heaven up above  
Uncertain. What is this?  
Dreaming, often  
Of caress and kiss  
Is it that primitive, carnal desire  
The wanton way of lust  
That sets within me such a fire  
That I cannot put out

- *Ricky Gillies*

## **A Love Poem**

A love poem should be gentle,  
quiet as dusk and supple as silk;  
should be light as the dew  
brushing the grass  
where the snowdrops pushed through  
last winter.

A love poem should be melting,  
full as streams carving granite;  
should be tender as leaves  
that blush the dawn  
as snowdrops wait to rise again,  
stronger than winter.

- *Sarah Tait*

## **You're Punderful**

I know it's cheesy but  
We make a great pear  
Olive you from my head tomatoes  
You're my butter half,  
We're mint to be  
I really love you a latte  
I just donut know what I'd do without  
you!  
I'm sorry for all of these puns, but,...  
I just had to taco bout how much I loaf  
you  
Words cannot espresso how much you bean  
to me  
You're simply teariffic  
You're my souperhero  
My obi-won cannelloni  
So... will you take a pizza my heart  
And Ofishally be my Koifriend?

- *Jenny Barlow*

## **Dancers**

They only use you for the practice.  
Kabuki shadow puppet love  
washed down with peroxidal blondes.

I knew them once,  
when this was honest,  
before the moves became a stage play.  
They waltzed,  
touching tango steps on the street  
by the bin where folks stub out their  
cigarettes  
and try to avoid breaking their fingers

I tell them they make my head spin  
but they tell me it's the whisky,  
and they dance down the street  
To the next ballet bar

- *Connor Sansby*

## **Just**

Just a minute, can be seen  
as only a minute, can be seen  
as a time further-on, can be seen  
as fairness in miniature moments.  
Nearly is just, those people! that  
Violence! didn't  
make their own news new, now that's  
solemn.  
You jest a moment in the minute's  
silence,  
Business as usual in a minute time.  
Only just.

- *Kim White*

## **Still**

In almost silence we sit together  
as a cricket's orchestra sounds  
the symphony gently rising  
over water's ripples against the ground.

Fingers entwined like vines around a  
stile  
that leads from one field to the next  
where the grass is greener  
in the shade of the trees  
and our arms draw nearer  
to where our hands connect.

The warmth of your skin  
as I touch your shoulder  
reminds me of my love for you.

The tilt of your head  
and the song in your whisper

brighter than the sun's hue.

Memories seem to flow and ebb  
glistening in the morning light  
dew drops on a spider's web  
summarising the sight of lines  
drawn and erased  
moments in time  
flickering and undefined  
changing the refrain.

As a stone sinks in the water  
dropping down beneath the blue  
until it settles deep and under  
so my heart falls into you.

And as we sit here in this quiet  
serenaded by the cricket's band  
there's nothing more that I could ask  
for

just to be here  
holding hands.

- *Seb Reilly*