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Butterfly

Identical wings, one pair blue,
They say look at me babe.
The other's brown
But she gets more offers.

And amid theories of evolution,
Males compete in splendour.
While dull females
Configure their eggs to survive.

With his bright hues
And the desired patterned scales
The female may allow
The pheromone trade of love.

Then jaded and worn
He fails to move
She still works
Laying eggs, their heritage.

Buddha

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,
With a wise and happy smile
But I am not enlightened,
I just believe the Earth and sky
Are one and in perfect balance.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,
As if my eyes perceived all
But my eyes deceive because
The only place I see is in my head
Through a halo of desire.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,
As if among absolute perfection.
But in reality it's an induced dream,
With no place for things like cares
Just me in my world of illusion.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,
Calm, serene, made of stone
But in my dream I am not placid
Using imagined words like foundations
Building palaces and gardens.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,
Silent, as if a single syllable might sway the world.
But in my dream I yell out loud
Hurling words from my mountaintop
To please a single happy face.

Sometimes I sit Like Buddha.
Only stoned.

Monkey King

Monkey king was now
aware he was not
the be all and end
of everything,

always king of jungles
and indeed the earth,
he had that morning
disturbed a dragon,

it gave him a tool,
fire potent enough
under a monkey king
to keep all warm.

Monkey king ruled
until jungles burned
and children starved.
this made the dragon cry

tears to flood that beach
and wake the dragon hatchling
who may make earth its toy,
Venus over again.

The Ballad of the Half Moon Cafe

Tonight the Half Moon cafe was so much fun
as listening to rock and rolls beat thrum
we fled the drops that wet the tufted grass
avoiding soaking socks and dampened bum.

Off tents ran rain to flood the ditches
swelling fast as the meadows were drenched
until the hill started slithering south
leaving a void in the Earth as it wrenched

it's then the gaping mouth burped loudly
and slurped as hippies leapt away yelling
while greedily the mud got two trucks down
a marquee and twelve chairs before gelling

and silver machine played in the background
as tracks of people still moving around
left pools of mud reflecting the night time
and dancers still game if mostly half drowned.

Songs

The heart stopping notes of the nightingale's song
are perfectly formed and never too long,
not so the harsh yell of the peacock male
whose call's the inverse of his beautiful tail.
While a woodpecker's noise is all rattling speak
his talent to bore by banging his beak.
More kind to the ear's the hoot of an owl
or the gentle soft coo of the guinea fowl.
Yes blackbirds, robins and song thrushes croon
each with his calling and own favoured tune,
but for me I think it's a sparrow's life
while I once more ask my intended wife.
What shall we be, take an avian guess?
Even as dodos, I won't love you less.

Astronomy

Most times as the image flattens
I weave the starry studded night
dream to life from observed patterns

I thank mirror glass and satellite
that gives my frail human vision
the force of scientific might

As I witness the collision
between two galaxies that sail
too close and crash with precision

While moon and glowing comet tail
that light the night sky to please us
seem less distant aloof and pale

Up where distant planets tease us
hidden in the galactic plane
the astronomy will teach us

Giving us the talent and brain
to find among other Saturns
far off Earths which will bring our main
dream to life from observed patterns.

Hummingbird (sonnet 11)

If our words were hummingbird wings they'd beat
in brilliant harmony the excited winds
as each whispered phrase of broken breath
carried perfectly the poets lucid dream.
In this among a forest of wild flowers
we're free to sip sugar from petal cups,
the lapping of our tongues bringing sweets
and inspiration to endure failing light.
While we recall the wild Summers scents
subtle as Jasmine and its unmasked theme
that moves unrepentant like the hero into
evening saying don't be shy, speak up.
Luring you and me and perhaps the world
to fill the perfumed dusk with hummingbirds.

Skinky thing

It's that cat Skinky
his foot prints my car
every time I park he appears
or she, I never presume.
"Hello" says the flirtatious cat
we walk up the path
to where I say good bye.
I know what happens next
her foot prints my car
or is it he, only Skinks knows,
if that's her name.
It's that cat Skinky,
footprints all over my car.

Peanut butter and jam

Peanut butter's good
jam and his friend, together
the sweetest of things

(written spontaneously for peanut butter and jelly day!)

London

You know it's London by the
number of fucks painted on
the walls of warehouses.
GO FOR IT the urgent message
daubed in three foot letters.
But it's still beautiful,
at least to me it is.
Stratford's the change to the
underground, no more graffiti
just the squeals of wheels.

Mile End, Tottenham Court Road
then change for the Northern Line
and watch everyone jamming on,
bending to follow the curves of
the doors of the cramped carriages.
Luckily heat's all I can smell
as the air gets treacle thick.
Then a coolness manages to squeeze
from the tunnel past the door
and I feel fresher air on my face.

Later, waiting for the
last train East I listen to the
howls in the tunnels,
an empty can rolls to the
platform edge and off
as if half kicked by a ghost.
I know it's not that but
winds that run ahead of the trains
taking people on their journeys.
This little sign tells me
I am already half way home.

Night Sky

For the first time in my life
I see constellations beyond
the persistent light pollution.
The plough, the kite, the tripod
I named that one, and I think
I see why the sky's been
filled with creatures as
fathers have painted
it for their children.
There's the triangle,
and there, a knapped flint.
I missed this view, born blinded
by our success as the city
flees the night forever.
The knapped flint's amazing
angled edges glisten as I see
through my ancestors' eyes.
Feeling his fear as he sees
though my newly opened ones,
I try to tell him the sky's
there whether seen or not.
"No" he says. A unicorn appears
then an entire zoo looks back.
"We are their keepers",
"Without us to watch they die
and without them, we are
alone forever."