

**A collection of poetry contributed by people who believe in our idea to end poverty forever. This idea can be found on [www.endpoverty.co.uk](http://www.endpoverty.co.uk)**

Please note that the views expressed by these poets do not necessarily represent the views of the 'Four Walls for Freedom Campaign'. We support free speech and have thus not edited any of them.

**You may redistribute this poetry ebook as long as you do not change or edit it (including the introduction). Feel free to tell people about our idea to end poverty or come up with your own idea that works even better.**

**Here's our idea to end poverty in short:**

**0.5% tax on foreign exchange transactions worldwide, raising over £1 trillion per year. Employ most of the poor people in developing countries with this money to build houses and related infrastructure for themselves. These houses would be given free to the poor. The stimulus of the £1 trillion per year to developing countries kick starts their economies and makes the price of houses start to rise. As the house price goes up, the poor become rich.**

**There are numerous processes that would go into effect and quite a bit of theoretical reasoning why this would work. Find out more and join us on our website, [www.endpoverty.co.uk](http://www.endpoverty.co.uk)**

### **Poetry Collection**

#### **Untitled**

In summer you force yourselves  
Upon us. All about a wild  
Haze of leaning lust and  
Afrodisiae. Pollen smudged bark  
And pungent air, soft little  
Tendrils and ravishing hair;  
An old master's palette upon  
Which I idly do stare. The gnarled roots  
They thrive, their branches  
Cleave cleansed air whilst  
I just sit here watching  
From someones old chair.

A wanton cornucopia of  
Sublime delights  
I know I feel yer  
And I'll miss these long nights

Your sound is your scent  
Your touch won't relent  
Your vision for one person  
Only is meant.

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## **Divorce**

i walked into an empty house  
a void of a room, a place of marriage doom  
for immortal love here had been doused  
the thread of conversation from a broken loom

on the table was a picture brass frame housed  
of a happy bride, a poignant groom  
their faces did not foretell the breakdown roused  
of divorce found ever too soon

on the bedroom dresser lay a broken wedding dress  
and dead flowers wilted in a vase of oily cess  
the place was a jilted mess  
and all there was less

her name was Tess  
that's all

## **Untitled**

Does a butterfly  
Recall imago  
And pupae  
Just like yesterday?

A frog fantasise  
flippantly about  
Old spawn and it's  
First murky dawn?

A dog pine  
The dull bark  
Of a log it pissed  
Upon yesterday?

A swan it's shell  
Long dissolved  
And disseminated  
Down the river?

I doubt it but  
I wonder because  
The blackbird sings  
The same song  
Dusk after dusk  
From fermenting husk  
To dissolving rust.

## **World Views**

World Views and language games  
They made a society go up in flames  
The tragedy of warring nations  
A worrying and troubling destination

Like a pop song they had no weight  
Like an astronaut atop the moon  
They came with bombs and hate  
And bring our lives to an end soon

But what is the reason for a culture going to war  
Is it the hurt, the anger that makes them sore  
Is the idea of them and us a truth to be told  
Or is it that our lives have for oil been sold

The vagaries and superfluous lies of the politician  
Are matched by fundamentalism and superstition  
Yet there is no hope without a lasting solution  
There is no silver bullet or salving lotion

## **Football**

The football craze begins to stir  
The players dodge and turn to be a lure  
We must win in this world war 2006  
All our troubles it will fix

Football, football, football, football  
They come short and tall  
To the field of play that represents a world's events  
To the leaders this submission is heaven sent

There is no scene of greater love  
No romantic film that can bind men as one  
Than a primate fight that takes one's sight  
And elevates those who are not bright

## **Lines written upon Brixton Hill**

Are empty,  
Without sound  
Effects.

So as  
I write.  
I listen

To the swirl  
Of sirens  
And blue flashes  
That ignite  
The streets below  
Where hooded

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Shadows lope  
And shape shift  
Along littered pavements  
Heckled by whores  
Who loiter provocatively  
In patent leather  
Their bruised flesh  
Exposed at the height  
Of winter.

I like it  
Up here  
In my box;  
My window's Eye;  
A pinhole camera  
That catches all  
That goes by

Like an insomniac's  
Nightmare.

### **Certain Songs Ring Bells**

Certain songs ring bells  
"We are together"  
Disperse lingering hells  
"All people unite"  
Bring water up from dry wells  
"Let love grow"  
This song a story tells  
"Stay together....."

For we are forever  
Ignorant of time  
A moment never  
Wasted for  
What is yours  
Is mine  
And together we shine, shine, shine.

"We are together"  
Hopefully forever  
"All people unite"  
Today and tonight  
"Let love grow"  
So that we'll  
"Stay together".

For we are forever, forever  
Aware of what  
Is yours and  
What is mine  
Whilst constantly ignoring  
The give way sign  
Yet somehow together

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We shine, shine, shine.

### **Lust**

Lust, it is loves neighbour,  
but it does not covet its neighbor's goods.  
Lust, it is an unrelenting tide  
in and out, a man's labour.

As birds do come and go  
Flying then roosting  
As the sun begins its journey and ends, so  
Lust is never sated with a feasting.

The moon yawns high above, as below,  
In the boat of the lovers it does row,  
Yet comes lust like ivy, enveloping slow-  
And intertwined they fail to each other know.

Carrion clawing vulture, is lust to the Christian  
Yet others in the East, see lust as a hopeful bastion  
War is created by lust -  
In this surely we can trust.

### **Whilst drowning I become a fish**

Eyes open-  
External,  
Physical,  
Reality shapes....  
Emotion.

Eyes closed-  
Inverted;  
A disguise  
As emotion  
Shapes a reality....

Somewhere else,  
But not  
Elsewhere.

Alone but  
Not tearing  
Out my hair....

As subtle shades  
Replace  
Slick shadows....

Shed the straight jacket  
And leap free.

Whilst drowning  
I become fish...

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Water swills  
Around my new  
Found gills.  
Weighed down  
By the liquid  
That fills  
My aqualungs  
I free fall  
Front crawl  
And merge with  
The cyclone squall...

Fathoming new  
Depths of  
Free forming dna  
That belongs  
To a time  
That knows  
No day.

### **Gut wrenching hell**

Gut wrenching hell  
Stomach churning  
Like a church bell

Crazily messed brain  
Ideas jangling  
Like a possessed bunch of keys

Sick sick senses  
Depraved and concave  
Prone and prostrate  
All tenses rave and frustrate

Ego marooned and becalmed  
On the fringe of a mendacious storm  
Your rules have shattered any norm  
Raw sensation sensuously balmed  
In your bliss.

You slowly take over with a hiss hiss hiss.

### **You said**

You said, "Have I done something wrong?"  
"No"  
We are just ordinary people  
In a crazy circumstance  
With a need to circumspect  
No need, as of yet,  
For any mutual respect  
Who knows.....perchance...

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One day our lives may meet properly  
And then we may dissect  
These petty, negative feelings  
And superimpose positive healings;  
God willing,  
No tears;  
Just lovely, natural, feelings  
Oh how I suppose and hope so;

Just like the flower longs  
To grow and grow  
Before the hoe  
Sheers its subterranean seed in two.

### **Shelley's mirror**

Isis wed mercurious  
and all was well  
the world became clear  
as Shelley's mirror would tell

the love that holds together  
the atoms of the body  
is a knotted plot  
to get the world ready

beyond the ken of mortal man  
but within the eyes of mortal woman  
is the spirit that talks  
the anima of Jung  
it sings a musely song.

### **Lust again**

Lust, Lust Lust,  
It's such a bitch,  
Damp tortuous nights nights dreaming,  
About some girl who's actually a witch.

Lust Lust Lust,  
It's all a bit Sh!t  
Endless mental energy spent,  
Result? You look a complete tit.

Lust Lust, Lust.  
Here we go again  
One smile, one look, one pair of shapely legs,  
And you locked in the Bastille of Pain.

Lust Lust Lust  
Lust after the small,  
Who bloody needs rumpy pumpy,  
When you've got Bastard SCRUMPY!!!!

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## **Lust again and again**

The problem with Lust,  
Is that it is Boobs or Bust!  
Nothing will satisfy the quest  
Like coping a grope of a breast.

Open or wrapped sir?  
As long as you squeeze her,  
The 'undercover' lover is just as sweet,  
As the totally un-packaged treat!

Dodge that bra, with your wrist  
Here comes the surprising twist!  
It's not getting you and in that's Hard,  
It's getting it out again before she has a mard!!!

## **to Lebanon**

will anyone remember you  
child strewn across the road  
have you got anything to do  
play, jump, laugh, go to the loo

violence is justified against civilians  
says bin laden  
but then so does Ehud olmurt  
on civilians is the burden laden  
it is they who get hurt

the buildings which once were networks of people  
now like a desert, deserted, a curt reminder of power  
the mosque gone, no more the church steeple  
can a world in troubles go any lower.

## **Whisper**

Whisper-  
A breath of love in despair  
Whisper-  
In, out, the soft tide of warm air

I feel the strength of hope and lies  
Inside my mouth as the word dies  
The heart, the soul, it needs a scriptwriter  
In agony I wonder if I can be a fighter

Two people sit together and tell nothing to each other  
Yet these nothings are short aspirations, of what they could be together  
The hills, the trees, the lines of clouds, the heather  
The world is perfect, the sun, the holy weather

Can I muse or amuse and not lose

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Is this poem a great big ruse  
Whose poem is this, whose  
Can you really choose

The meanings that come from sentences  
Are like a jail with walls as tenses  
Envelope yourself, cover your senses  
In a war on tremours of the soul, you sitting in the trenches.

### **Politics**

politics is theatre  
as all the worlds a play  
but war is politics by other means  
as Clausewitz would say  
so what is the theatre of war?

### **WAR and peace**

the world was born of peace  
it's creator rested after the effort of making it  
but now all that has ceased  
and the earth has gone to shit

bombs rail overhead and underneath  
the suicide killer, the USA daisycutter comes down from the plane  
is this the answer?

verse becomes tease  
and i would prefer curry with peas  
for the terse verse is in reverse  
and bin laden's messages ring overhead like cluster bombs

killing has become normal  
and the creator would be crying  
on his cross, on his crescent, in the Buddha pose  
and sit alone and be all a sighing

for with war we only lose  
but there is a glimmer of hope  
for war must always end  
it just depends when.

### **Plathos**

The kitchen blade  
will snicker snack  
My puny wrist  
A moments sharp pain  
Will end  
In eternal bliss.

These are the thoughts  
These are the feelings  
That hiss hiss hiss.

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The little jellies  
Will slide and slip  
Down down down  
My rabid throat  
And a few gargled swills  
Will end all ills.

These are the cravings  
These are the ravings  
That kill kill kill.

The bridge is near  
The bridge is far  
What is in between  
Lefty still unseen?

The cliff is high  
The trough is low  
Where am I?  
I do not know  
Now where I'll be  
When I choose to go.

### **Just drawing you**

Just drawing you  
Brought you soaring  
Back so strikingly  
To my starving memory  
Reciting and recycling  
In lines linked times  
Refined and defined  
A little of you here and there  
Lips open..lips closed  
An eyebrow...a nose  
Lashes and lashes  
Dots and dashes  
Hair parting  
Falling, and meeting  
Those eyes flashing  
Flinging feelings  
An expression  
An obsession  
Craving those eyes  
So crazy really  
In all seriousness  
So ridiculous  
No need for all that.

## **What we had.**

What we had was difficult.  
Trying to explore each other,  
Trying to guess, and second guess,  
One another's needs.

To short a time to get under the skin,  
Still trying to impress each other,  
Even now, on the phone,  
Seven thousand miles away.

The banality of relations is astonishing,  
Manoeuvres in the dark,  
Breaking cover, hiding again.  
Trying to conjure the other.

Why does it always have to be this way?  
Is fear of rejection so intense?  
What is it about the fear of loss,  
That drives people to such extremes.

There has to be another way.  
To revel in another's affection,  
Building a story together,  
Rather than playing an opponents alone.

If she 'wins' this game then fair enough,  
She is more beautiful and intelligent than me,  
To not conform to anyone else's bequest,  
And just enjoy creation, that's my goal.

Given up on these power games.  
I was being murdered anyway.  
To live a life where to give,  
Is appreciated, by both parties.

These are the qualities I want to explore.

In myself and another.

## **She Said**

She said  
'You have so much angst, it's really unattractive.'  
She's right,

Angst is really crap.

It makes a person look weak,  
Scared.

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Maybe,

A couple of photo's of her,  
Our on my computer at work,  
Looking at them brings on this strong fuzzy glow,

Where's the angst come in?

The love for this woman,  
Which wells up in my stomach,  
Burning through my body,  
Leaving me ravished,  
Blushing at the nakedness,  
Of the desire.

Why then angst?  
Conquer the fear,  
What then?  
New fear?  
What is the fear saying?  
Is it just a highly developed sense?  
Absorbing shock

Before

During

After

She finds it unattractive.  
Am I offended?  
No.

Angst is Crap  
There was a time,  
When presentation of perfection,  
Or at least an interpretation  
There of.

Mattered

She talks about her ex boyfriends.  
Should have said something before,  
But didn't know how,  
Wanted to be strong,  
Wanted to ask her,  
If it's always like this at the start.  
Laying the groundwork for the end.

Paul  
Martyn

Feels like her attention,  
Likes to wander off of me,  
Like we are never alone.

Great sex  
Bad sex  
Dirty sex

What about our sex?  
What would you like to do?  
With you?  
To you?

Can we talk about that?  
If not, why not?  
I'd just like her to show me,  
To waltz in the realms of ecstasy  
Not lead this elaborate dance

Of

20  
30  
40

Questions,

Feels like your best times were in the past.  
With men you loved for years  
I can't compete with their attention,  
After but a few months.

If angst is crap, then I have,  
Unfortunately,  
A crap side of me.  
It's there,  
Human,  
Work with it,  
May not ever go away,  
But it will never consume  
The beauty you see.

Which is the point

Yet with her, more is the word,  
More than a fantasy,  
More than an intellectual game.

If she so completely hates this,  
She should walk away,

Under tiredness  
Stress  
Duress

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I crack

Mood nose-dives

Light sucked out of my soul.

Will go through many evenings

If she walks,

Being

Tired,

Emotional,

Hurt.

Yet while I would walk over hot coals for her,

Take the force of the knocks she gets,

Sympathise

Empathise

Be strong, calm, wise, positive.

Talk 'till dawn if that's what she needs,

(For my soul aches when I see her distressed,)

That's some commitment,

If she can't live with a little weakness,

Perhaps leaving is best.

### **One Night Stand**

I woke that morning with her,

The hazy fascination with her soul,

Seemed to belong in another realm.

The carnal actuality of the situation,

Like a sirocco scorched my mind,

The hot sand it carried covered our bodies,

Giving a warmth that painfully, yet fundamentally,

Belonged with the dirt on the ground.

Like a desert flower wilting in the sun,

Longing for the sensuous rain,

Wilts and dies on it's own,

Leaving little but a sad corpse,

As evidence of its desire and hope.

And I, as I luxuriate in delicious rain,

Know that the drought.

Is but an hour away.

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I have no need of her, indeed,  
Such a thought terrifies my very being,  
Yet in these precious minutes of luxury,  
Touching her eyes with mine,  
Running my hands across her chest,  
Dancing in its purest form,  
Reaching out across the void existence.  
And having the void kiss me back.

If that's all she is,  
A reflection of the void, right here right now,  
The flower will die, its soul galvanised  
To rise again in divine precipitation.  
But the thought that's dying right now,  
Is that I long to Dance with her soul,  
And have her soul kiss me back.

### **You asked if Philosophers should be politicians**

You asked if Philosophers should be politicians,  
I said no,  
Gandhi was a lawyer,  
Used the law  
Kicked a corrosive superpower,  
Out of his homeland,  
Then declined to be its leader.  
Blair is a Lawyer,  
Had an Illegal war.  
Didn't give a F\*\*k about the law.  
He just loves being in charge.

If leaders are philosophers,  
They'd only wreak the truth,  
Twist it,  
Change it,  
For good and bad.

Politics is the art of the possible,  
Therein lies the beauty.  
And the horror.

### **Hannah**

Hannah ran through the field  
of poesy and pretty shield  
of light and dome covered land  
the world was blues, greens and sand  
the creeping desert became a terror  
it gave fear and deep horror  
for there was only one  
for her to see  
that would take her from this

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territory  
and nothing spoke  
and nothing broke  
but the heart was heavy  
and a little revvy  
like a car  
that pollutes the atmosphere  
the only soul that would find dear  
was in IKEA  
buying gear  
for the house or flat  
who knows if there was a cat  
or maybe just a hat  
but nevertheless  
there was too much in the cold light of day to say that there was something  
a thing of beauty  
she's Hannah  
who likes to make banners  
and art and darting comments  
and banners  
oh i said that already  
i think my name is Freddy  
but if it doesn't rhyme  
is it poetry  
and if it does,  
is it nonsense  
but then we saw  
it all together  
and there we were  
a little treasure  
a little pleasure  
and some leisure

### **Mannah**

Hannah is manna from heaven,  
she's a bright spark in the dark,  
a world away, a sheltered haven,  
a joyful release, a humble ark,  
where all of the world can be saved,  
a grinding mill, a stone lathe,  
that takes life's problems and turns them into powder,  
a woman with real power.

### **Love poem**

i cannot believe it,  
i cannot, cannot believe  
the world is a Plath-like melody  
of misery and shame  
yet the light still shines  
and the path is open  
like a circle's lines  
infinite beyond mortal ken

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as though I were sleeping  
i breath lightly  
and dreams follow  
this love is true, rightly  
and not a hollow  
empty fading rainbow  
something unsightly

### **To a girl**

your beauty is a lie,  
because it's too good to be true,  
from my feelings I could die,  
because I haven't been given my due.

I'd love to know you better,  
because without it I am dulled,  
Your emails, voice or letter,  
my mind would be mulled.

You are a fine wine,  
A bouquet of innocence and wonder,  
perhaps we could dine, sometime,  
Without you I am like a storm without thunder.

### **Can I believe you**

"Can I believe you,"  
"It's the last time I screw,"  
"But how could you reoffend,"  
"She was your best friend,"

"But that makes it even worse,"  
(I always knew she was such a mate in reverse.)  
"She never liked me, you never loved me.."  
That's not what I said, oh his plea,

"Then why did you do it?"  
"I don't know, I just feel like shit,"  
"Now don't try and make me feel guilty,"  
(It's not fair, it's not fair)

There's no place like home  
Except when you're married to a philanderer  
Who loves to hurt you so deeply  
Trust is like a window of glass  
Once shattered it only hurts you  
Especially when you pry into the remains

### **Memory**

I salve my cut hands with lotion  
And bandage them with friends and motion  
But all that's left is emotion  
And fond, painful notions

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### **Goddess**

She was so divine  
With beauty without time  
A clock face with no hands  
The lover of all the lands

Her kindness, her mystery  
She was the good apocothary  
Her healing touch was just too much  
For my ever beating heart to touch

### **To the CIA**

To the CIA  
You are so nice  
I think you are a bright young light  
You play the dice  
You have a panoptical sight

You've seen my website  
I hope you don't think it's trite  
Because it is the key  
To ending the problems that you see.

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