



# Was It Something I said?

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## I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER

Something that you said  
writing Haikus in the sun  
Your monotone response  
Syllables broken down into one

We went outside  
to step within  
We wasted time  
saying nothing  
Pass the Salt for my wounds  
I think I'll just-pass on Something

Tear n share bread  
Champagne from one glass  
It takes more to repair  
to give Our Relationship Class  
To look to Our Future  
to bury the Past  
You made Frittata in Tupperware  
and Other Things which don't last.

## KEEPING MUM

Backwards motion  
dissolving to crowds, for one moment's escape  
When I super-concentrated,  
became diluted to-taste  
Became passive, to passing of time  
Owned by what I borrow, steady my hand to draw a line  
Beneath ill-fitting dialogue,  
awkward, clashing rhyme  
And, there's no room at the Inn-Crowd  
a Muse: or plain Amusing?  
Like letters to God, burnt with incense, destroyed, and rising  
Rise, too-early, with children  
who's Souls incubate in My warmth  
Might I melt to a puddle,  
splashed by the feet, I taught to walk?

## MY MONSTER

I created a monster, when you left me  
built it from your lies  
Your spare parts of ownership  
the scars you left-behind

A sharp-edged tongue  
white-knuckled hands, for ears  
A look in your eyes  
to make me disappear

Fake skin for armour  
coated with venom and dismay  
Reams longer than your arms  
of all the things you used to say

You wait beneath my bed  
although I switch-on the light  
Cast a shadow 'round each corner  
devouring me of Spite

And if Monsters don't exist  
indeed, neither do I  
Nor my never ending love for you,  
your destruction and your lies  
Which make sleep fail me tonight.

## **OUTER SPACE**

Once Our eyes adjust to the light  
perhaps, we'll see a more-defined shape?  
Past the threads of whispers, almost-unsaid  
behind that smile, you hold in-place  
Where I cannot tell Reason from Desire  
nor look-away from your few words  
Those gallons of tears, or love, or both  
about to brim and burst  
Tread-lightly, I never saw you behind me  
I stare into the haze of calculated space  
Where, each Theory holds relevance  
yet has no water-tight case  
And your eyes tell me, to stay  
I close mine, and see your face  
As we drift  
suspended somewhere, which doesn't have a name?



## **PAPER MEN**

Paper men: what will you do  
When prostitutes wet you  
The weepings of mothers for dead soldiers  
The spit from protesters, morphed-into boulders

Will you hold in-line  
joined at the hip  
To other Paper men  
steeped knee-deep in shit?

## **PORCELAIN NIGHTS**

I'd cut my hands on His porcelain features  
claw the heart from my chest  
Too far drawn to be real  
too plain to be of interest  
As it kicks within my ribcage  
He echoes in my mind  
The loss of someone like me  
I never could quite find

I'm falling through obvious gaps  
stumbling through life  
Tripping-over obstacles  
in the broken night  
As sleep, is for the pure  
and serenity, for the wise  
I'd cut my hands on His porcelain features  
Beautiful Creature, won't you call on me again, tonight?

## **SIGNS OF LIFE**

Being haunted, allows relief  
Cools heated whispers of the Soul  
Where the Future is the only path  
And the Present, the only truth to know

I sing over the bones  
No longer look for ligaments  
no longer look for signs of Life  
Where you buried them in my home,  
Sacrificed your Spine  
So-deep, it cannot protrude  
Each time I close my eyes

My own bones shan't erode  
in the tides of an otherwise stagnant pool  
My bones will last me a lifetime  
resurfaced in oceanic swells of truth  
And crash into the Lighthouse  
The strength of someone's bones,  
they wait for me  
On an isle I may call Home  
in the freedom of Release

## **STORM**

His eyes a veil of midnight blue, call to the wildest storm  
I am braced in His presence stretched-beyond these four walls  
With light sliding-through my fingers, beneath impending Rains  
The Sun gallops from the South, most days, sends them to their Graves  
Only this time, the Sky's a neutral grey  
Those dark clouds suffocate  
My Clarity, His Latent Victory, as Serendipity takes My Place  
And there's nothing more-lucid  
than a tranquil sky, after a timeless storm fades away

## **THE COMEBACK KID**

Call this a suicide note if you will  
More a transformation, as I lay still  
Like a mass-cull for Vegans, when Ewe'ved turned to-Mutton  
Too-desperate to be selective, too-soon forgotten

I envisage my Poetry, as an Ode to Toilet Doors  
Cubicles rowed, like there's an-order, sticking to the floors  
The Piano no-longer stops playing, now I merely glance-through windows  
Ashes to ashes, nowt to be rekindled

What a show-up at Dawn, what a headache at high noon  
What a Romantic Compulsion, to entertain the whole Saloon  
In a One-Horse Town, where the Wind whispers 'Stupid'  
Where front doors hide dirty laundry, all that is Lurid  
Where Folk circle like Vultures, for un-suspecting Tourists  
Light-relief from In-Breds, and all Those, trying to get-through This.

## **THE MAGICIAN**

Now you see him, now you don't  
a slight of hand, a trick of the eye  
The Magician, with his Cure-Alls  
whom cannot break the Curse of Mind  
Whom cannot unbreak a Heart  
nor stop Karma from the start  
An Omen to, vague tokens of Soul  
A Hole where there was once a Whole  
Protector from wretched Flies  
on the Corpses locked-inside  
More The Charlatan  
now I believe  
You deceive yourself  
so therefore Me  
It is with quite some Majick  
you set me free  
And in-love I thank you  
for this relief.

## THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

It's all been said before  
just like that, in-everything, is-nothing  
As Truth rises  
as a Guiding Star  
The Stuff of Depression, where Duty transforms the Soul  
All those thoughts, with Nowhere left to go  
I hope you're listening  
to the sour nothings I say  
There's a Suicide  
to the personality, of Change  
So, don't cry, there's no warrant to Sympathy  
Bursting-through, Our Confessional Doors  
Veiled-against each Priest  
the Fathers of Redemption, won't pay-homage to Our Souls  
Whilst Automatic Writing  
is the only place to go  
And, Spirituality, breeds Contempt  
And, I'd expect, nothing-less  
Now there's The Quick and The Dead.

## **TILING**

Did It whisper in the early hours  
from a seminal thought?  
Loving the bones of you  
which are Dust?  
Alikened-to Honesty  
some Mosaic of Trust  
Never fully unfolded, unravelled, unrivalled  
You were a Mystery  
least-known by yourself:  
as you ultimately became  
Repeat, to fade.



## UNTITLED

In the night  
where Poets come-out and orchestras stir noises  
Where voices shout  
and no one truly sleeps  
Where flowery language over-complicates  
Agitates  
already-soaked brains  
Like sponges, sodden, slowly wrung-out  
by a thousand pointing fingers, which squeeze  
Where there's no-room  
for Cynics to Dream  
This feeling of grit beneath Our feet  
also, over our head  
Over-compensated by a restless thunder in the chest  
Makes it Real to be Alive  
The welling-starkness  
the starvation to the eyes  
Creatures of the Night  
all-alone, all-awake, standing-by  
Innocently in Love, until it's recognized  
It cannot be allowed to slip-by  
in this relentless night.

## **ACADEMIC BREEZE (for Brahms at the Proms)**

Galloping eyes envisage the cascading of feathers  
rotating in tiny sounds, to trickle down the spine  
As the grace of Ballerinas suspended by mid-air itself  
reaching for shots, dragged-inwards till the end  
Huddled close together, warmed in the background  
by a furnace of heated, chimed conversation  
A revelation, to accustomed ears  
An epicycle of imagination  
Wading in this pool of tumbled rain  
it's Base awash in flawless shades  
Blend pleasantly away  
To invoke the desire of leaning in doorways  
and feel that Breeze again.

## **BACK TO THE FLOOR**

Caution, on waiting too-long  
seeping to the background, providing a base  
There'll be no rapturous applause  
just an empty chair in it's place  
Only a memory  
which earns no-name  
One grey, jagged line  
between Love and Hate  
We share Our Secrets  
the Truth is: You're a Liar  
Is it a Fine Line, or is it a Trip Wire?  
Or is it something  
that I should forget  
Like Our conversations  
which repeat in My Head?  
The Truth below  
is from Our deepest place  
You dig holes in My World  
then shovel dirt in My Face  
Obviously I am easy to replace  
Until You set Me  
and the Line straight

## **BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**

Each person, a rain drop  
to fall-against my window  
Outside  
harshness blows them away  
Pools them as-one  
on the ground  
I observe  
from Where I am safe  
Behind closed doors  
behind this clear, solid screen  
If I go out There  
I'll get rained-on  
I suppose  
that's what I'm afraid of?

## FALLING INTO

Once you get past life  
you get past death  
A word to the wise  
this is all you have left  
It's well beyond cliché  
or ethical rule  
Far beyond pieces of you  
versus you  
Cos you know you are nothing  
something left behind  
Not even found  
in the mists of your life

Cut it short, cut it out  
you won't shut it off  
There's no mass salvation  
in all that you've got  
Only self destruction  
in all that you want

And family are mere glimpses  
through blurred vision and grand delusion  
Life is some trickery, slight of hand  
an illusion  
In fragments consisting  
of dead, isolation  
A Society of Lies  
marching strong for a Nation  
Of pathological whispers  
of imaginary toils  
With no right to protest  
over blood spilt on our soil  
As death is a cannon  
shooting at stars  
Which died eons ago  
as we live apart  
And apart from the obvious  
basically, maybe  
I think I just fell  
and none can save me

## GLASS HOUSE STONES

Glass hammering upon glass  
watch the Tension, lest you shatter  
Relentless epiphanies scoring the Mind  
listless of shallow endeavour  
As ripened-fruit will fall, and decay  
Eats from the Inside, no concept of Space  
Driftings of fear  
slipping in and out of this permanent Dark  
As the internal bruising leaves no obvious marks  
And only you can see  
And only you can see  
Yet I saw it too  
So what about me?  
What about me?

## HEARTH HEART

We All say we think we're losing-faith  
We All fear the Feeling's gone  
And it's not that I can question that  
Or that everyone is wrong  
It takes its Toll, removes the breath of Man  
Leaves me crying in the dark  
The same emotions of a thousand eyes  
The same bereavement of each heart  
We guard every secret day  
like some Lepers of the Cause  
Each time  
you leave me high and dry  
Only makes me want you more  
So Let's Do with making-do this time?  
No, I couldn't do with that  
They spite Their face  
with placid, vicious Pride  
Drag-out the things  
which cannot last

This Range of burning lies, lights-up the night  
Fuels the fires of Our heart's hearths  
Time runs-short itself, by wasting time  
As We lick Our Wounds, until they scar  
We guard every secret day  
Like some Lepers of the Cause  
Each time  
You leave me high and dry  
Only makes me want you more

## **AWAY WITH WORDS**

What's in a word,  
what's in the way?  
Your Word is Your Wand,  
oxygen and stains  
Cut me down with the sharpness of your foreign tongue?  
Where I am precise in every word spun  
And every race run, and each battle won  
For I, got away, with Words  
My hearing shant be muffled  
my eyes clear, as Olives in Oil  
My Senses ringing to White Noise  
Sticks n stones  
sick n stoned  
I will use my Voice  
You will hear, crystal clear  
These chimes of forgotten years  
Now the Dove with a Memory, flies beneath your Radar  
and it's oh so near.



## **BUSKING FOR GOLD**

In a Wasteland, you're breathing  
In the cascades of your Mind  
And it's not that I lack freedom  
not that you don't pass me by  
The foolish Sage keeps-on believing  
We can stand the test of Time  
As the Busker sings his songs of Peace  
We drop Pennies for his eyes  
We can start again tonight  
Holding thoughts  
not holding hands  
Hey, this time  
we might survive  
In the Wasteland of your Life  
Tonight  
In the small hours  
we're flying  
When there's no one else profound  
In the morning light, we're reeling  
then crashing to the ground  
And it's not that you lack freedom  
In the ways you're not around  
As the Busker sings another Piece  
We die again without a sound

## **NUCLEAR TIMES.**

Are you consumed by boredom  
Does the politics do your head in?  
Watching porn at 4am  
Re-running the video of your wedding?  
As your house sleeps underground  
Why can you not rest?  
When you take that second look  
Did you settle for second-best?

This feeling that you get  
Like being drained and hollow  
Waiting for the sun to rise and swallow the dark  
Will you feel better tomorrow?  
Can you seek answers in your palm  
With flesh melting from bare bones?  
What is this fall-out shelter  
Except a temporary home?

It moves rapidly, so silently  
It's coming to take your life!  
Nothing recalled but the blast of light  
From the resentment flashing in Her eyes  
And that cloud gathers, mushrooms upwards  
Looming directly over your head  
Casting an un-holy shadow  
Upon the ground which you attempt to tread

So go to ground and crawl to Her  
On your hands and knees?  
What's that burning sensation in your eyes  
But tears of disbelief?

Masking this cold war  
With the art of diploma  
tic conversation  
Make your treaty through gritted teeth  
To protect the Kids from the radiation?  
Conspiracy and secrecy  
Denial and instigation  
Nothing grows on barren land  
After the devastation

4am, and once again  
You're wide-eyed as She slumbers  
How much longer can you hold your breath  
Whilst She still holds you under?

You can run, you cannot hide  
But wait, you may see it when it's coming  
Discover outer-space, yeah, walk away  
And finally stop running

Familiarity breeds contempt  
The radar shows this glitch is getting-nearer  
Zeroed in on the spot where it hurts the most  
She shouts so loud that  
You can no longer hear her  
Prematurely ageing  
Poison leeks into your blood  
All apologies and love She gives you now  
Shall never, be enough

They say there's a 4-minute warning  
But you'd go mad if you knew your fate  
She has Her finger on the button like some terrorist  
You can't negotiate  
She'll keep on driving that final nail in  
Even though you've not quite yet died  
Watch out, here comes another fall-out  
We live, in nuclear times

## TART WITH A HEART

Meet Me on the corner, and We'll go for a walk  
I'll do anything you want, even listen as You talk  
I can hold Your hand and tell you what you want to hear  
I'll let you do anything, close My eyes and disappear

Meet Me down the alley  
push My back harder against the wall  
Don't ask Me if it feels so good,  
You've no idea at all

Gimmie some money, and mind to check Your change  
Errors made at this cash slot, can't be rectified again  
Would You like Me to talk dirty, or listen like a friend?  
Don't ask for any credit, a smack in the teeth, often offends

See, I know Your dirty little secret, I can read You like a Book, alright  
I keep Your Ego under hotel duvets, and watch it come-up at night

Go home to Your Wife Love, and never mind the Rain  
She's on all fours in the back seat of Your car, washing out the stains  
Oh, whisper Me sweet nothings, cos that's all they really are  
That's the thing with going all the way, You only get so far

Meet Me down the alley  
push My back harder against the wall  
Don't ask me if it feels so good  
You've no idea at all  
You've no idea at all  
My Love, You've no idea at all

## **ALL CLEAR**

Foxes call in the dark, mistaken for babies  
This Land wrinkles with-age, innocent, wild and ignored  
I blame the Parents and the Daily Mail  
I put my hand in my pocket, to reach for Change  
Shrapnel, Coppers and Splinters  
As the Siphons of Hope seep with rust, come to a stand still  
I empathise, and stand still.

## INDIAN SUMMER

Once more past the Indian summer  
I shall count each day  
As the wind breathes-in, to give me warmth  
and rains on my parade  
The speckled dust in shafts of light  
cast like spells on altar slabs  
The mayfly dances around the pole  
yet nothing ever lasts

Mornings slept-though beneath eiderdowns  
of listless, blurred intent  
As seasons turn upon a wheel  
that has never finished yet  
Where I reap a harvest of grain  
brittle spikes, in arid land  
Turned upside-down onto a base  
which is filling-up with sand

Each droplet to trickle down my spine  
amidst a thundering of hooves  
Each bet of speculation I place  
knowing I might lose  
Each mild anticipation  
of a summer, bright and new

## **JUST A FEELING**

It's just a feeling  
about standing alone in crowds  
Just a feeling  
when there's no-one else around  
Like tripping-over laces  
stumbling in the night  
And the boy with deep sea blue eyes  
could easily pass me by

For it's just a feeling  
that I have  
As strong as it is today  
nothing but a feeling  
that radiates to fade

The sensation of falling  
into widened gaps  
The feeling something's calling  
for each day to be your last  
And the boy with ocean eyes  
would be getting the last laugh  
Although it's just a feeling  
he doesn't know I have  
It remains the greatest feeling  
I think I'll ever have

## KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU

An emaciated mind, lifeless eyes  
for each false-start  
Stubbed-out, in the ashtray of my heart  
Infection gnawing upon my skin  
the motions of Life shaking the dried-out brain in my skull  
Today, hasn't been Great  
Tomorrow, might claim my Soul  
That irritating sound of my very-own thoughts  
The chase for-oxygen, panicked and fraught  
With Bravery, being for Martyrs  
with Hope being Delusion  
Each extended hand, a shallow intrusion  
Of the morbidly curious, out of touch hell  
Inside the dark depths, of Those whom flatter Themselves  
by hiding within me, although They mis-hear  
The fact I am only Human, embodies all that We fear.



## **SAME OLD SONG**

You got a fresh face  
but your eyes are dirty  
A knowing smile  
that knows you can hurt me  
A discipline of symmetry  
from left ear to right  
You'd offer no sympathy  
that doesn't matter tonight  
All I see  
is the Grit in your Mind  
Something outside  
usually inside  
We can talk of the Future  
like some sort of in-joke  
Or the fires of desire  
that'll go-down in smoke  
Or the ricochet  
as we'd laugh till we cried  
Oh, there's something inside  
I can see-past the outside  
Oh, I never meant it

And yeah, given space  
You may get it someday  
you may feel in-place  
We're both Social Mis-fits  
skipping the Line  
Of what's classed as rational, appropriate,  
fine  
But the back-burner's calling  
I'll simmer this time  
I may be mis-guided  
but I'll still  
make you mine  
It's the same old song  
you're forgetting my lines.

## TONIGHT

Come to my door  
I will welcome you  
as an ancient friend  
In silence  
sky-blue eyes  
with leaf-green strands  
Tonight

The storm must have rinsed you  
into clarity  
Perhaps a signal  
only I can see?  
Matted threads of untold questions  
Like the latent truths  
which cling to me

Something's afoot  
beneath a pile of thick breeze  
Something beyond  
my own Wants or Needs  
Radiates from the splaying trees