

## **Show Me the World and Other Poems**

## Show me the world Helen

Show me the world Helen.  
I know it's there,  
in your chest.

Give me the world.  
I saw it once, in your right breast  
as you climbed out of bed

and again, in the palm of your foot.  
I even saw the river Teifi  
flowing down a crease in your hand once,

so I jumped straight in,  
at Llechryd, just like playhood,  
those deep pools,

where the river forks a while  
for the island  
where everything is sacred.

And as I lay there, in the running water  
it all drifted by. The oak banks,  
old slate quarries, the memory of the railway track,

a dappled leafy sky, the muddy tidal lets,  
the haunted yellow house on the other side,  
Poppit sands, the mussel beds at Gwbert

and on into Cardigan bay,  
the rough Irish sea  
and up into the rough Welsh sky...

I'm asking you for the world.  
I can hear it now, bending around the corners of time,  
your words, in all their shades of harmony.

But show me again, please, Helen,  
I do like the world  
when you show it to me.

## **It took me a long time to realise**

It took me a long time to realise  
what I saw in his eyes,  
it was just that  
eyes.

No windows on  
to a haunted wood.

No broken stories.

Just eyes,  
and how I gazed and gazed  
into the child's eyes.

## **I used to think I'd get**

I used to think I'd get  
some kind of spiritual tan  
from spending time  
under the moonlight.

So I'd go out there  
in my underwear  
shivering the stunningly beautiful  
nights away.

Maybe you can tell  
from poetry  
if it worked  
or not.

## **Do you understand**

Do you understand  
any of these poems?

I hope not.

I could never do such a thing,  
each one its own life.

Standing on it like that  
would be awful  
see, it's got to climb  
up the walls and  
through the cracks.

## Goodbye

I've cherished all the love  
within these cracked walls  
I've left a string of spells  
that'll work amongst the fools  
so you can read some crooked miles  
upon these crooked mules  
and you might just smell the sweat  
of the joker's left armpet  
but don't take it for a rule  
the poet sometimes drools  
and these dreams that drift on by  
cloud a sombre sky and those dreams that cry  
we cannot buy, don't ask me why  
just let them by and let them bye.