

Poetry Series

Adi Cox
- poems -

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Adi Cox(28th April 1965)

Something has been bugging me. Just lately the government, governments have been talking about austerity, talking about tightening the belt. Obviously that is not good, not happy about it at all. There is always plenty of money for wars. There is always plenty of money for politicians who get a big, big wage. They get alot of money and that is without expenses. With the expenses on top they have a ridiculous amount of money. Just their wages alone is about five times more than mine, but with the perks they get on top, it's obscene, it's wrong. 'We are all in it together' rubbish! We are not all in it together. Some of us are in it and some of us are not. Most of us: The general hard working people are going to have some problems if these austerity measures take a hold, because it is the poorest people who get hit the hardest and I am sick of the government, politicians, talking about the unemployed taking tax payers money. It is not a happy life to be unemployed, when politicians take tax payers money and their lives are vastly improved because they get such alot of money. And they keep calling themselves honourable, the right honourable this, the right honourable that. Well just how honourable are politicians? In my book they are parasites. And as for the government what does it do for the people, anymore? Governments look after themselves. They argue amongst themselves, they fight each other (one government against another government) but what about the real people in this world? They get dragged along pushed into battles, power struggles. There is alot of trouble and alot of it is caused by governments, not the people in the street, by governments, And there is alot of organised trouble caused by governments, who like to divide and conquer. I know how this works, they cause the trouble, then they sort it out and then they say you need us to sort this trouble out and the governments start the trouble in the first place.

What has happened to civil rights? I have noticed what little rights people have now as to what they used to have. The way people are treated, people are gradually

accepting less. Little things turn into big things. let's make an instance. Let's take the hourly rate: So you do your job and you get your hourly rate, but what about unsociable hours? What about working nights, weekends? We used to get more money. We used to get time and a half, we used to get double time. Now we don't get anything more it is flat rate all the way through. That is all we get, but it is acceptable now people accept it. I have this idea that, if you cannot make a full time job pay, then there is something wrong, desperately somewhere. We all need time off, a break from the responsibilities of work. If you put an extra days work in into the week then you have also lost a days free time and you are not going to get it back. If you think about it, that is good grounds for getting double pay, because not only to you gain extra working time, you lose your free time. So if you think about it all overtime should be double time. These employers should pay for that. They go on about competition. Who are we competing against? Governments can print money. Why are they being so mien? Quantative easing It is something you say as a kid: Why don't they print more money? And I know I've been told 'Well there will be inflation, don't be silly, that's daft! ' Well it seems to be a good idea, now. For some reason, suddenly it seems a good idea, quantative easing, print more money. So why is it a good idea now? I don't think these econemists know what's what. I don't think they know what they are doing. Just a load of rubbish. They expect us to believe what they tell us and they don't know. They are guessing. That is all they do just guess and these politicians making out that they know what they are doing, but they don't. They are guessing and they are no better than anybody else. So don't believe the hype. What a load of rubbish this government is. What a load of rubbish the people in charge are, telling us and they don't know what they are doing. What a load of idiots!

Fag Time

Fag Time

To see the time
in red digital numbers
I pressed the button
on my new digital watch.

I drew on my cigarette
and remembered the joke:
What do you say to a one armed man
if you want to know the time?
'Got the time on ya cock? '
Then I got caught.

Teacher said,
'if you were supposed to smoke
you'd have a chimney on your head! '
as he knuckled each syllable on my head.
Up in his office I held out my palm
and he swished it with a cane.

Adi Cox

Glass Beach

Glass Beach

Waves gently crash
in distant froths salty brine
on drawback sand.

Beach pebbles rattle
smooth curved and worn
upon shoreline wash.

People gossip.
saunter back to vans
full of sandy hope

and scratched legs
with brush off hands
on sunburn red.

Fish swim batter fat
to be served with chips
and curry pot sauce.

An alcoholic sea
laps upon a beach
of glass broken bottles.

Adi Cox

Melting Clock

Melting Clock

Morning wakes
to a cold sun.
Birds freeze
and dropp from trees.

Opaqueness thaws
to the clarity
of transparent drops
that drip
tick
tock.

Adi Cox

Play Safe

Play Safe

To self confidently be or
to self confidently not be
that is the split infinitive.

To swim diffidents'
cold depths
'deep and meaningful'

or bathe
warm shallow waters'
'self confidence':

Happy shallow waters
the sun can easily warm,
where cold currents cannot pass beneath
you play there safe and warm.

Why would you venture?

Adi Cox

Police Aware

Police Aware

On a roundabout
in the middle
where a flower bed should be
an old battered car
appears in the early hours of Sunday,
via two black skid marks
pointing the way
up curb stone
before ploughing through dirt.
It came to stop.
It stopped for weeks
labelled.

Adi Cox

The Abstruse And Calculations Of Perfect Patricia Plenitude

Reciprocal Roger had nothing going on.
He hurled abstruse at Patricia
until she was to the power of minus one.
Roger became the man Patricia loved to hate,
but over time she recovered
back to her positive twenty eight.

Along came Chris to two decimal places
he was a radical sign.
He squarely rooted Patricia
until she was five point two nine.
She lost her integrity, an integer no more.
She decided to try a cubic root
which gives a really radical score.

Dick was only of a medium size,
but accurate to five sig figs,
it opened Patricia's eyes.
So now that Patricia has become
an irrational surd
Do you know what number occurred?

To nought point nought nought nought one,
to Patricia's horror
she found he was positively a relative error,
but that's another riddle.

Adi Cox

This Mid Life Crisis

This Mid Life Crisis

This

screwed up
blotched paperwork
lies in the
waste basket.

This

'ready to be disposed of'
remembers being part of the fold,
in a pad with others.

This

once milky white
'yet to be defined'
turned out to be a doodle.

This

paperwork became
just another 'throw away'
of no real importance.

Adi Cox

To Play At Home

To Play At Home

In 1969 at 20 Arthur Street
near the football ground
a four year old boy
stands in front of the terraced house.

While the sun is shining
bitter winds blow in gusts
through his clothes;

shadows of clouds
shoot across the road,
across paving slabs,
up red brick walls.

Cars of the sixties
park tightly on a match day
to backdropp roars
and distant cries from their owners
at significant moments,
while the Imps play at home,
just as he did.

Adi Cox

Trouble

Trouble

Dosey doors snore and swing.
ascending steps taps footsteps' echo.

Evidently trying to do our jobs
fingers stain white leaved sheets.

Movements are traced, inquisitions
follow us home into dreams' restless sleep.

Imagination bangs its head
on smooth hard walled corridors

and through an endless hapless maze of dreams
lifes dignity screams, in silence.

Adi Cox