

Poetry Series

Adrian Cox
- poems -

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Adrian Cox(28/4/65)

I write poems to amuse myself. I have a collection of 23 poems. The collection is called LOOK.

I was born in Lincoln England on 28/4/65. I was educated at Robert Pattinson School and left in 1981. Later I studied at the Open University where I studied mathematics and got a Bachelor of Science Open degree.

I currently live with my girlfriend in Nottinghamshire, where I work as a Support Worker for learning disabilities, complex needs and challenging behaviour.

I enjoy playing the guitar and have some videos on youtube under 'emo adi' and I have a web site at

A Black In The Eye

Hands swing around
a circle of numbers
till they reach out
both of them,
grab you by the lapels
then smack you in the eye.

You're late for work again.

Adrian Cox

A New Kind Of Dance

A New Kind Of Dance

With limited abilities
in a limited circumstance,
we look for a freedom,
a new kind of dance.

Restricted in my body.
Restricted in my mind.
Little by little I break through the boundaries
to see what I can find.

Adrian Cox

As Weak As Water

As Weak As Water

Wash away
in the cool river
from the heat of the day.

River flow
to where we don't know
but with it we go.

Just wash away,
so we are fresh and cool
from the heat of the day.

Adrian Cox

Broken

'Mirror, mirror off the wall
how did you come to dropp and fall?

With silver slithers of pointed glass
how did this moment come to pass.

The telling crash of noise abound
a multitude of division found

strewn across a slippery floor,
you fell and now you are no more

than a memory of what used to be.
A reflection now you cannot see'.

She went out of her window.
Smashed her mind
like a pain of glass.
When she spoke
it was like sharp glass
all around me,
her clear cut logic
cut deep with transparency.

Disasters say so much,
so clearly and precisely
but with such profound impact
as to never to come out nicely.

Adrian Cox

Class War

The rising
The rising
I want to,
I am the underclass.
This is class war!

This is for the thought, class war.
We've got no time
We've got no representation
We've got nothing
but a class war.
We've got nothing
but we've got to fight for it all
We've got to fight for nothing at all,
fight for it all.

We work all our lives,
We work all our lives to get no more.
We are the underclass,
We are the underclass we work for nothing,
We get nothing.
This is class war!

Why is it all the good's against us?
It's not a good existence.
This is class war!
Oh yeah!
This is class war for sure.
This is class war for sure.
Guerre de Classe
Je suis l'underclass.
C'est la guerre de classe!

Adrian Cox

Dark Oils Of Untruth

Dark Oils Of Untruth

A great machine of truth
tells the time of day,
but only lies can oil these cogs of truth.

The machinery drips with lies
into a puddle of gunk
that splashes out a senseless darkness

and rumours are spread.

Adrian Cox

Endgame

Take on board the game is over.
Your mind frequents
a deep and thoughtful checkmate.
A poignant move from the queen
fornicates in alliance with the knight.
To leave you down and out,
divorced from reason.

Adrian Cox

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.

Adrian Cox

Fiendish Little Circles

Following footsteps
faintly in the snow,
I've got the scent
I know which way to go.

Fiendish little monster
smells like food.
Over fields, into woods
I look behind every tree.

The scent is strong
I expect it will jump out,
I hear myself breathing
whilst quietly looking about.

Suddenly in my face
a smiling circle with a frown,
I smack him over the head
terminally beat him down.

Left in excited shock
I'm ready to eat,
starting at the bottom
with its candy flavoured feet.

I feel other monsters
watching from afar,
eyes blinking in the darkness
little bar stewards!

Adrian 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.

Adrian Cox

Gothic Scene

Beneath gas lamps
black night skies
to eary sounds
of distant cries.

We walk streets
cobbed stones
through darkened alleys'
squalid zones.

In candle light
misery strains
through smudged glass
of dirty pains

from lonely rooms
in dancing light
that calls out
into the night.

A lack of hope
in darkened shame
black of night
in cold and rain

drips from eaves
to an icicle morning.

Clear and cold
and pointing down
austere spikes
hang down

as rods or bars
in front of pain class windows.

Adrian Cox

Holiday

Holiday

Tired and sick of work
life turns dark,
a dirty brown.

I've done too much,
still I work each day.
It feels dark and dreary grey.

Two weeks in sunny yellow
is where I'll be.
Two more weeks to go.

Adrian Cox

Last Orders

From the optics
of her transcendent mind
he pours himself
a sociable measure, and
savours the spirit
as it quenches the thirst
of his acquired taste
for pleasure.

Adrian Cox

Melancholy Turns Up

I'm fast asleep, the rain pours down on this winters day.
My room is dark, the sky outside is grey.
I'm like climbing up a cliff face while gravity pulls me down.
One jump that's all it takes, just one slip to get me down.
The icy ledge is my life, I'm feeling pretty cold.
Dreaming I can feel my feet slipping from my hold.

It's just another day, as I wake up I feel sad.
Waiting for work at two O'clock, something I wish I never had.
Turn up the stereo, play some jazz man.
Lay back in bed I'm an avid jazz fan.
A watch on my wrist ticking away the second hand.
I'm conscious of the time because I'll soon be in demand.
deep down inside I've got the blues.
Waiting for work it's just bad news.
It's Monday afternoon, I'm starting work soon.
Turn up the tape it's a sad jazz tune.

The rain has stopped, but the wind howls by.
Clouds move fast across the winter's cold and sunny sky.
I'm drinking cups of coffee tasting pretty sour.
Sitting on my bed I've been contemplating here for almost an hour.
I'm listening to some more jazz music on my stereo
whilst waiting for work on late shift, but I don't want to go.

Adrian 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.

Adrian Cox

Migrants

On a black and white pedestrian crossing
holding up the traffic
with a skateboard under one arm,
he frantically picks dropped coins
lit up by car lights
that impatiently shine
from an increasing queue.

Making a nuisance of themselves
herds of teenagers migrate in time
through neighbourhood streets of adolescence
heading for streets of adulthood,
where they will be addressed
with rent or mortgage.

Some may go to prison.

Adrian Cox

On A Hot Summers Day

On A Hot Summers Day
Suddenly I heard A Bang!

I ran to my room.
A bottle of homebrew
had exploded,
glass embedded into plaster walls.

Nine bottles stood
like unexploded bombs.
I carried them down,
placed them on the garden.

Stones were thrown
chink!
Every so often
Bang!
and a dismembered bottle neck
was launched into the air.

Adrian Cox

Operators Of Control

Sunny multiplication *
Shines through additional air +
And glistens on the waters of division /
That stand on a muddy bed of subtraction. -

So like an operand
I interact affectedly.

Adrian Cox

Pick Up

Pick Up

In the car park
the man sits in his car,
engine running, heater on.
He listens to radio,
engrossed in chat
while keeping warm.

It's late,
clouds dark night sky
reveals twinkling stars,
hundreds of them
and the odd flashing plane light.

Wind blows trees
in great rushes.
Leaves rain down,
spin in the air to gusts.

A spotlight suspended
on the wall
switches on to windy movements
then switches off
to time delay
in quick succession.

But now
outpourings of staff
enter the carpark
to a level of chatter.

Sounds of car doors,
engines revving
and the glare of head lights
ensue an exodus of staff.

The man in his car
is revealed to an interior light

that comes on
as the girlfriend
places herself
and her baggage
inside the car
ready for home.
He switches off the radio,
they take to the road.

Adrian 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?

Adrian Cox

Poker

I became the joker,
you wouldn't deal me in.
I never had the chance to play
and so I couldn't win.

if you had been my queen of hearts
I would have found my place,
by being the king in the pack
I could have laid an ace.

Adrian 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
labeled.

Adrian Cox

Raggy Rhythm

Raggy Rhythm

Hem
frays a
scraggle of cotton
edge, that is non
too desireable.

Sly stitches stitch
no more, on a tie
dye scruf of
bleachy weft
damaged wear.

Breeze at the
knees
of a
ripped
knobbly pair,

make a
point
of poking out.

Adrian Cox

Seduced

Seduced

Beyond fashion
nakedness reveals itself,
not fashionably
not unfashionably
just nakedly.

Beyond nakedness
a shadow
projects itself across
the curvature of form
and interacts.

It comes across
as a silhouette
that does not touch,
but would like to.

Adrian Cox

Sentenced To Death

Hanged from the gallows
of creative writing.
Swinging from the gibbet
of sentence construction.

With grammar that stands
on the essence of her voice,
the alphabet hung as a necklace
around the vocality of her wordy neck.

She'd wanted to
swallow all the letters
in quick succession
punctuation as well,

but that would have been suicide.

Adrian Cox

Smashed

I walk towards a gang
of teenage girls□
on the street corner.
One of them throws
an empty vodka bottle
to the pavement□
with a brittle clank.

Awkwardly
she looks to me.
I say nothing,
I look into her vacant stare
as I walk past,
Knowing I've shared her state
many times
□
and so she's smashed,
but the bottle remains intact.

Adrian Cox

Something That She Said

She had so much potential it sometimes got her down,
she didn't like her work but it got her into town.

It really was a problem but she chose to ignore it,
like clothes that don't fit stubbornly she wore it.

In a mad rush she did a foolish thing,
in a split second a split thought would bring

an indecision she made a silly choice.
She opened up her mouth to articulate her voice.

Across the smoke filled bar room sounds were drunken
as the drinkers sat and chatted slumped and sunken.

Adrian Cox

Spectral

Spectral

Colourful hues,
transparent.
I feel warmth
radiate across.

Ice turns to water
I'm all in a muddle.
She turns me to liquid
wet like a puddle.

She and I will never mix
although...

I see her true colours
iridescent
like a rainbow.

Water and oil plainly show,
the mixing of some things
are just not meant to go.

Adrian Cox

Sunday Night, Monday Morning

I get in bed from rain I hide
under covers deep inside
where I like to be
where my bed and I seem to agree.
I'm tired, a physical state.□

A humming in my ears
tells me I'm up too late.
Legs of jelly, feet like lead
I feel I am the living dead.

Around the midnight hour
a tapping on my window
from a midnight shower.
There's no one in the streets below
cold is now beginning to show
its winter time but I'm feeling warm
although I'm not on top form.
Manic Monday lies ahead
in the meantime
I savour this moment in bed.

I wake to hear traffic below
see outside falling snow.
I smell fried breakfast waiting to be
washed down with a mug of tea.
Its Monday morning lazy and still
I'll ring work tell them I'm ill!

Adrian Cox

Surface

A face ripples
in waves of light
to stare back from
the waters edge,
reflecting thoughtfully,
as surface swells
laps with delight
the waters edge.

Adrian Cox

Tea Time

Can you imagine
my tease so nice,
sweet with sugar
full of spice.
Making me sigh
I was hungry and blue,
her sponge was a beauty
fluffy its true.
Full cream milk
warm by keeping abreast,
I quench my thirst
inwardly digest.
I drink her thoughts
they always delight
she feeds my mind,
I take such big bites.

Fish on a dish
salty and hot,
I eat her protein
all that she's got.
Her buffets are always
a jolly good spread,
she always makes sure
I get well fed.
We make a loaf
she lets it grow,
rising in the oven
baking the dough.
I was never starved,
no girl could beat her,
she was so tasteful
I just had to eat her.

Adrian Cox

The Abstruse And Calculations Of Perfect Patricia Plenitude

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.

Adrian Cox

The Demise Of Spiderman And The Flygirl

From between moving clouds
out of blue sky way beyond
the sun shines through temperamentally
down into our pensive atmosphere.

Onto a capitalistic spider
as he spins his business web
from the branches of the systems tree.

On a poor fly trapped
in the bondage of regulations
and eaten up in her own sexuality.

But subversive winds of change
blows through the branches
destroying the spiders web of gain.

Then crying rain comes roaring down
and the spider is washed up;
down into a muddy drain.

Adrian Cox

The Hang Of Life

The Hang Of Life

We're looking around
trying to find a way to be.
Just what it is like
we don't know what to say.

All the people
go through their lives
just looking for something,
Anything,
To get a hold of.

I never got the hang of life.
I never really got to know what it's all about.
Just learning to create
and watch the people as they go by their business.

Don't know what to say.
Don't know what to do.
I tried my best
to make my way.
I tried my best
to make my way.

Adrian Cox

The Way I'M Being Led

Middle of the road

I try to decide a way to be,
traffic light stuck on red

all roads signed 'no entry'

□

The roads are dangerous.

The flowers by the roadside
did not grow there,

Someone placed them.

□

I get in the right lane

its a one way system

there's no turning back.

Street lights are yellow

under a sky that's turned so black.

I can't believe it, □

a magnificent traffic system

beyond my wildest dreams.

□

A multi-storey roundabout

is way on up ahead

and with the flow of traffic

its the way I'm being led.

Adrian 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.

Adrian Cox

Thoughts And Dreams

Inside my empty room
there's only pictures in the dark,
I'm thinking in my solitude
because thoughts are what we are.

Outside in the darkness
faintly I hear a distant car,
now I'm dreaming in my solitude
because dreams are what we are.

Adrian 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.

Adrian Cox

To Utopia

Strolling up along a rocky mountain pass
to a world so green, so very full of grass.
Travelling up along to pastures new
in a world so very clear under a sky so blue.

□

We arrive at the country of 'No time at all'
not in this realm of space, □
in the shire of 'Nowhere' □
in a town called 'Someplace'.

□

Now Someplace boasts proudly a colourful array
a dream town in nowhere with a brighter breezier way,
as the towering medieval buildings transparent or colourfully opaque
reflect thoughtfully onto the tranquil lake:

Within illuminated illusions under a pleasurable poisoned yellow sky
cleaning myself of reality delightfully I cry, □
a manna in the wilderness the smells of intrigue and allure
don't want to find an antidote let's forget about a cure.

Adrian 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.

Adrian Cox

University Menu

First Course:

A large bowl of calculus
to dip a mixed bag of polynomials in.

Hot cups of trigonometry and algebra
can be served all day.

Second Course:

Tantalizing flavours of metaphors and similes
with non-sequator fillings,
served by our hard working non deplume staff.

Your tips are generously received

Thank you for not joking

*Recreational comedy and other illicit pastimes
will NOT be tolerated by the management!

Adrian Cox

Washed Up

It feels like there's no escaping
the blindingness of the darkness of fear.
So deep and dark are these waters
that the sun cannot shine down here.

My face is straight,
I feel deep emotions as I speak
and imagine the tears of sadness
are rolling down my cheek.

Sadness cleans my mind
it clears my clouded head
as I swim in emotions
through the watershed.

Through turbulent murky waters
full of stress and distortion,
onto a never ending shoreline
with all its complications.

Persistent waves keep rolling into shore
but there's undercurrents of doubt,
because although the waves keep crashing in
the tide is moving out.

So here I am like a voyager
like a crustacean in another land.
A lost stranger stranded,
washed up on the sand.

Adrian Cox