

Poetry Series

**Jon Lloyd**  
**- poems -**

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## Jon Lloyd()

I thought it was about time that I rewrote this. It's not that I have anything more to say. It's also not that I have anything less to say. It's just that I wanted to replace one example of nothingness with another. It can be so satisfying sampling different slices of meaninglessness, don't you think?

# A Puppet's Cry

Picked up once more, like marionette,  
And then flung down again.  
How can anyone forget  
That puppets too feel pain?

Someone should tell this senseless thing  
What thoughtless acts have done.  
That one can senseless suffering bring  
All in harmless fun.

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# Adrenalin

When the wind slaps your face  
and the rain blinds your eyes,  
when you're lost on a mountain  
in the fog with aching thighs,

And you're standing by a precipice  
trying not to trip and dive -  
this is when you know that  
it feels great to be alive!

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# Arm: Needle

Arm: needle;  
Needle: arm.  
Can't wait for you  
To become better acquainted.

Existence: rapture;  
Rapture: existence.  
I don't think you've  
Met before, have you?

Violence: robbery;  
Robbery: violence.  
It looks like you  
Were made for each other.

Depression: elation;  
Elation: depression.  
You could almost be  
Two sides of the same coin.

Body: grave;  
Grave: body.  
I sense the start  
Of a long-term acquaintance.

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# Autumn Sonnet

Each second leaves fall one by one to ground,  
And languidly caress their neighbours one  
By one, as if in fond farewell. The sun  
Still smiles, but weakly now, as though it's bound  
By Autumn's spell. Its rays make plumes of steam  
Rise gently off the grass, and now and then  
A bird's sweet song bewitches me again.  
All else is silent like as in a dream.  
I love this time, when all drifts off to sleep.  
And nature's palette fades to softer hue.  
The ground now crunches brittle 'neath my feet  
In just the place where once the flowers grew.  
But flowers, I admit, I love you too,  
I long for Spring to bring you life anew!

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# Axe

I know you've heard some evidence -  
You think you've got the facts -  
But look into my eyes my love,  
Before you raise that axe.

I'll never treat you wrong again,  
'Twas just belligerent youth.  
Dive into my eyes again -  
You know I speak the truth.

Now don't be over hasty,  
I've had a rotten day.  
I see with my own eyes, alas,  
The axe falls anyway.

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## Bedsit, 10pm.

I push the plunger home again and wait  
For multi-coloured patterns to gyrate...  
Off we go! I'm flying once again -  
'Psychedelic Airtours - you won't return the same'.

Lying on my floating bed I feel  
That visions swirling in my head are real.  
'When at last the doors are clean' said Blake,  
'Things will be revealed just as they are - in endless state'.

A little bit too much this time I fear  
(Banshees wails and violins I hear)  
Encased in isolation now I cast  
away the very life I vowed would last.

My arm hangs limp, inert, and stained with blood.  
This may have fixed me well, but I sense that it's for good.

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# Desensitisation

Can't let myself be crushed again,  
By the merciless indiscriminate beast called love.

Won't let myself be pushed again,  
Or pulled or ripped apart again, or shoved.

I'm finished off where love's concerned -  
It only serves to cause me pain and strife.

I'm just a moth, too often burned,  
Who stops his flame-quest lest it claims his life.

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# Disaster Contingency Plan

If my world should ever fall apart,  
I'll go and find some glue,  
To put it back like at the start -  
That's always assuming I can find a hardware store that's open.

If your world caves in upon yourself,  
Just pop it in a box,  
And put the box upon a shelf -  
That's always assuming you can find a box, or a shelf, or any walls suitable for  
housing such a storage arrangement.

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# Distant, But Not Forgotten

When I think of you so far away  
Across that stretch of sea,  
I cannot help but wonder if  
Sometimes you think of me.

Some years have passed by since we met  
And we have both moved on,  
But the moments that we shared alone  
To both of us belong.

Perhaps the circumstances or  
The timing weren't quite right;  
I often wish I'd made more of  
Our time alone that night.

Your smile and – oh! - those sparkling eyes  
Are ever here with me  
When I think of you so far away  
Across that stretch of sea.

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# Dust

Staring at the earth  
From the top of a tree -  
It is countless vile bodies  
Ripped at the seams.  
It is umpteen million lifetimes  
Ignited then burned  
For it's dust that we all come from  
And to dust we shall return.

What does it matter  
If I feel down today?  
If I believe the Bible,  
Then I might just blow away.  
If I believe my mother,  
Then she loves me very much -  
But how can you love something  
That crumbles at the touch?

Staring at the sand  
By the side of the sea -  
These countless tiny particles  
Might soon be me.  
We are umpteen million granules  
Tossed and then turned,  
For it's dust that we have come from  
So to dust we must return.

Consciousness shattered -  
Or is it? I ask.  
Time alone reveals  
Both my future and my past.  
But now these limbs are nothing  
And consciousness prevails.  
So this is what it's like  
When your body finally fails.

Staring at the place  
My sympathies held sway -  
Like countless rotten apples,

Mankind will decay  
In umpteen rotten cultures  
Where hate and greed prevails.  
Material thinking lowlife live  
each one in private jails.

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# How Much Do I Love You?

'How much do I love you? '  
I ask myself again.  
All the way to Jupiter,  
And half-way back again,  
And then around the Milky Way,  
Then round just like before.  
From Birmingham to Blackpool  
And multiply by four.

THAT much (plus a bit!)

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# Paradise

Some say that self-destruction  
Lies just around the corner  
I say 'Fair play - that argument  
May just prove to be true,

But it's not ALL bad news,  
'Cos Paradise is HERE and NOW.

And it's Blue skies, Music,  
Singing, Dancing,  
Peace and Love.

But most of all -  
MOST of all -  
Paradise is Me and You.'

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# Raincloud.

you are my raincloud,  
my dark grey raincloud.  
you just depress me,  
when skies are blue.

you'll never know just  
how much I loathe you.  
unless, of course,  
you hate my guts too.

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# Shallow Beauty

It's unlikely but true -  
Your physical attraction  
Entertains me  
On so many levels.

Your voice as smooth as slate  
But subtle - soft and subtle -  
And untarnished by locality  
Draws my soul.

You utter practical nothings  
Statistical representations  
Cardboard cut-out numbers  
Meaningless drivel;

I want to hear you speak  
Of more important things -  
Of life and loves and instincts  
But am denied.

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# Sport

Running frenzied through the forest  
Screams and bugle calls and howls  
Panic grips my fragile body  
Causing twisting in my bowels.

Bracken tearing at my flesh -  
Blood clings sticky to my side -  
Hounds and horses: blood-red coats  
Rushing at me like the tide.

Vulgar calling getting louder -  
They've well and truly got my scent.  
Thundering hooves are all around me -  
Hooves with murderous intent.

Sheer exhaustion overwhelms me  
Now I know I must be caught.  
Disaster - my poor limbs now buckle!  
I must die for human sport.

Succumb to pain as jaws devour me -  
I cannot blame the starving hounds,  
For they're dumb creatures just as I,  
Incensed by madman's bugle sound.

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(This poem was penned prior to the recent changes in UK legislation)

Jon Lloyd

# Untitled

I'd love to wake up next to you,  
To breathe the morning air  
And smell the scent upon your neck;  
Caress your long dark hair.

I'd love to kiss your shoulders  
And your perky little breasts  
And gently stroke your belly and  
Your fingers and then next

I'd love to run my hands  
Between your silky milky thighs  
And find your sex all eager and  
Mine own increase in size.

I'd love to pin you down onto  
The bed on which you be,  
And place myself between your legs  
And drown in ecstasy.

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