

Poetry Series

Lea Simpson
- poems -

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Lea Simpson(16 October 1979)

A Muse

I remember you saying
I was your muse
And I remember being rather
Amused
You see, I think
The opposite's true
It should be a compliment
From me to you

Lea Simpson

A Second To Pray

"Give me a second" I said as he left
And he stopped
I stood there praying for death
Cos only death could stop this thing
This vice grip around the heart in my chest

"Just wait one more second" I pushed him away
And he looked at me wounded
Before walking away
Just one more second I've got something to say
But first I need a second to pray
That something will take this vice grip away

"I need some more time" I begged and pleaded
But time was really the last thing I needed
Really I should have asked like he did
I pushed him so why was I shocked I'd succeeded?

Lea Simpson

Behind A Dirty Peephole

I see dirty people
Behind a dirty peephole
Doing dirty things
For the money that it brings
Behind a dirty peephole
Dirty businesspeople

Lea Simpson

Blanket Bombs Descend

Ghost flights piloted by evil men
Flying overhead
More young soldiers sent to war
En route to join the dead

A sick and cold child shivers
But only blanket bombs descend
Global warming dries up rivers
And our army's all we'll send

Middle America with giant asses
Force fed like the meat they devoured
Patriotic working classes
Exploited but feeling empowered

What shall we call this new democracy?
We'll put you in power then you do as you please
Sounds more like hypocrisy
Like a war with an imaginary enemy

This fear mongered kind of democracy
I think we'll call it reality

Lea Simpson

Fact

Hearts don't always do the same
When limbs intertwine

But for now I think you're lovely
and we'll have a lovely time

I doubt I'll ever be yours though
And you won't ever be mine.

Lea Simpson

First Kiss

He made my hair do a twist
Over his fist

Pulled my face down to his
So that we could kiss

Lea Simpson

I Can't Wait To Drop My Trousers

Three hours into our date
And many cocktails later
I'm in an utterly desperate state
With sensations growing greater

It feels like a massive legion
Of soldiers doing an mind-blowing job
At stirring desire in my nether region
Rousing it, making it throb

I've never felt such yearning bestowed
To me between moist thighs
If you touched me I bet I'd explode
But I'm chatting calmly, in disguise

I do enjoy your conversation
But it's like I've waited hours and hours
And with increasing desperation
I can't wait to drop my trousers

If only a bit of silence resumed
Then I'd say: 'please excuse me'
I'd make a dash to the ladies room
'cos I desperately need to pee

Lea Simpson

I Heart Ny

New York, New York
How can I thank you?
Shall I don some leather, a titillating torque
Bend you over my knee and spank you?

Or would you prefer the brush of my lips
A teasing glance
And the sway of my hips
As I ask you to dance?

I could send you flowers
Really romance you
Lie sky clad in your blustery showers
Run off and take a chance on you

It's about time I showed some appreciation
For what you skilfully achieve
If you're not a figment of imagination
Then next time I visit I don't think I'll leave

Lea Simpson

I Know Why God Gave Me A Smile

In moments like these when I'm so damn chuffed
And the biggest damn smile still isn't big enough

Like a huge damn tide coming in across my face
It's a giant damn smile that's all over the place

It's like a special kind of yoga only for lips
Stretching until my dimples unzip

It's a massive damned smile and I know without it
I would have damned surely completely ignited

Lea Simpson

I Need A Bigger Boat

I'm going to need a bigger boat
For all my dreams to stay afloat

I couldn't throw any overboard
I'm unsure which one bears rewards

But I know that if I could only keep one
It would be my dreams of zips undone

And clammy hands on sweaty flesh
Lips together, chest to chest

Lea Simpson

If I Had The Thing

If I had the thing
I wouldn't be at work
I'd be at work on its lips

I'd give it wings
Hold it above my head and fly with it
Paint it red, put out fires with it
I'd draw a long bubble bath just to watch it climb in

If I had the thing
I'd give it a spine to send shivers down

Lea Simpson

Lebanon

A wise man made a fatal error
He used God's name to define terror

Now's his gun's called God and they're loading it
A village below, exploding it

Lea Simpson

Like A Caveat For Maternal Love

Like a caveat for maternal love
And falling bricks in skies above

A group of people talking
Until the moment that you walk in

A sent message that isn't returned
A loved one's heart that's never earned

And all things painful in between
That's how it feels to live unseen

Lea Simpson

Mister Blair

I can't hear a single word that you're saying
Or read the signs they say you're displaying
And even if you throw me rocks
I'll remain safe atop my soap box

In fact, from up here you're really tiny
Though I've heard you've been getting whiney
I can't hear your protests or remorse
I'm far away, on my high horse

And I'm way too busy, pressed for time
To talk about some silly war crime

Lea Simpson

Music Man

He holds his instrument
Breathes deeply
Pursing his mouth
Resting it on his lips
His sliding fingers seek the right spot
And he plays

I respond in song

Lea Simpson

My Trenches

I invited him to go to war
And come into my trenches
To be pressed against a cold, brick wall
To endure my strokes and clenches

My dress fell to the floor
Like a gauntlet
Even my flaws
Love to be flaunted

Lea Simpson

Night Can'T Wait For Summer

Huge clumps of homogenous night
Don't you need a holiday?

Haven't you run out of twisted delight for keeping my sleep at bay?

It's it time you had some peace?
It's a tough job that you do
Praying writing, counting sheep
The things I do to you

When does the darkness get a break
From keeping little old me awake?

Watching me scribble toss and turn
I'm convinced some decent rest's been earned

I'm sure the night can't wait for summer
Summer's a shorter shift

More light means less time for slumber
And less time to keep me from going adrift

Lea Simpson

Nothing More Shitty

I think there's nothing more shitty
Than catching the train to work in the city
Day in, day out
Same stinking route that gets you about
In the same old stinking pattern
I'd rather lie under the train and be flattened

Lea Simpson

Obviously, I Blame My Father

When I was choosing a path in life
My father gave me a piece of advice

“Here’s what I want you to do for me
Think of something you’ll do for free
Whatever it is, make sure you love it
Then try to earn some money from it”

And I thought it would be terribly exciting
To continue with my beloved writing

Novels, plays I’d give it all a bash
But that didn't seem to earn me cash
It was then that its lair became enticing
And I began my career in advertising

Today my daily rate is splendid
And it’s been many years since my writing ended

Turning your passion into bread and butter?
My father’s a complete and utter nutter

Lea Simpson

Ode To Johnny

Johnny is a hero
Johnny saves lives
Johnny's worn by husband
And inserted into wives

Johnny prolongs life
And prevents it too
Johnny's job is strange
Johnny does it all for you

Lea Simpson

Shattered

It shattered into pieces

Shimmering like tears

All that came to pass

Was everything I'd feared

Everything sliced open

The day my heart was broken.

Lea Simpson

Sleep's Uncharted Ocean

Like a wide and frothy sea
I dream it'll wash over me
Longed for tides of tranquillity

I dream that it'll come tonight
And end my awful nightly plight

Because I only dream with eyes wide open
Dreams of sleep's uncharted ocean

Lea Simpson

Spinster-Phobic

The more she aged
The more she soiled it

So she got engaged
Just like a toilet

Lea Simpson

Sticky Fingers

Tongue licking
Bottom to top
Fingers sticking
From every drop

Going down

To get me some
Ice cream in the summer sun

Lea Simpson

Sylvia

Her heart has capacity like no other
And I've never seen arms that wide
They're the arms of my father's bride
The bottomless heart of my mother

Lea Simpson

The Giant

My father the giant as giant as can be
Big, strong looking down at me

Giant feet I stand on top of,
so that I move when my giant dad does

My father the giant as giant as can be
I look straight ahead now and it's you that I see

And all my steps are my own these days
but you're still my giant in innumerable ways

Lea Simpson

The Rainbow's Feet

You are the bottom of my rainbow
A rainbow that comes before the rain
I hope my pot of gold remains
Throughout this bout of psychic pain

Lea Simpson

Thinking Hard

Think I'll have to
think long and hard
about what I want

I've been hard of
thinking
and wanting
far too long

Lea Simpson

This Probaby Too Ambitious New Start

I'll spend the day engrossed in painting
Incredible things that are to come
It's a future I'm creating
What do the swirls of paint become?

The flick of a paintbrush makes your smile
And the angle of colour makes views for a mile

And the streets below may be filled with strangers
But there's none more stranger than the one I know
A stranger who's aware of all the dangers
Who all too soon met her plateau

The swish of colour forgets one part
A journey's required if I am to embark
On this probaby too ambitious new start

Lea Simpson

Weatherman Decides When It Snows

Like believing the weatherman decides when it snows
And that planting a tenner makes a money tree grow
Like closing your eyes means you're no longer seen
And a world before you could never have been

It's the same small child who notices colour
But not when it's on the skin of another
And has no idea who's rich or poor
Or that there are diseases without any cure

We knew so much more before we were taught
Look at us now. Who would have thought?

Lea Simpson

You Must Be A Magician

If you were a scientist I'd let you discover
Which little tricks washed my body with colour

If you were a cowboy I'd let you lasso me
Let you throw me to the ground and do me

If you were in theatre and put on great shows
I'd rival your acts just by touching my toes

But really I think you must be a magician
It's the only explanation for my heart's condition

Lea Simpson