

explaining the lack of punctuation

words sit like captives
shackled by stops and comas
the paraphernalia of punctuation
that lends meaning to the ink

but words were not born
to sit on musty pages
or to be locked in libraries
to be picked over and dissected

they are wild born to ride the air
to be spoken and heard
to touch
to move
to be
just for a moment

to leave their mark
in a tear
a laugh
as a smile upon your lips
and like me
to be made complete by you

the face of God

I saw the face of God
smiling at me
from the middle of a melon

a kind kinda face
covered in beard
smiling in the seeds

it was the face of God
or it could have been
Allen Ginsberg

THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at www.poetrykit.org. We are grateful to acknowledge that this series is inspired by "The Bards" leaflet series from Atlantean Publishing.

ABOUT JIM BENNETT

Jim Bennett lives near Liverpool in the UK and is the managing editor of www.poetrykit.org. His most recent publication is a poetry collection called "The Man Who Tried To Hug Clouds" Bluechrome Publishing 2004 (2nd edition 2005). Jim teaches Creative Writing at the University of Liverpool and tours throughout the year giving readings and performances of his work.

<http://www.poetrykit.org/jim/index.htm>
www.poetrykit.org

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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email;
info@poetrykit.org

THE PK POETS

#1: Jim Bennett



(LIVERPOOL ROYAL LIVER BUILDING)

the secrets of dendrochronology

as she walked into the room
she saw the table
then genuflecting
touched its surface
drew her hand across its rings
to explore the riffs and rills
valleys and canyons
of the rough cut top

from her pocket she pulled
out some laminated veneers
and moving them about
matched one to the grain

this one she said
(following it with her fingertip)
this thick dark ring
was laid in the summer
of the Great Exhibition
and this one
was growing
in the first world war
and this
(a thin bright ring between
two thicker rings)
was the year of
Hiroshima

look here she said
that was the summer that we met

I felt guilty then
as I put the coasters out
covering up all this history
but she was already gazing
out of the window
at the silent trees
each growing a new layer
to record this year forever

impasto for Vincent

mad they said
insane the way he
plastered paint impasto

sculptured slithers
and smears
into twisted petal shapes

yellow and more yellows
oranges and blue
thumbed into life

4 paintings made
from flowers fresh cut
to decorate a room

but he couldn't paint
the dying blooms
their death escaped him

instead he caught the sunlight
living on their surface
and in this way

claimed them as his own
and brought them back to life
impasto

the magpie and the cat

black and white
black and white

wings beating
in the hedge

in the spring garden
the struggle
to survive

a trip up the tower

(at the top of The Anglican Cathedral
in Liverpool 3rd May 2007)

when you are on the street
everything in Liverpool
is busy with people
cars and busses
but today my children

brought me up here
above the noise and rush
climbing stairs
to the highest point
in the city

from here
when I look down
I see trees

trees in gardens
and streets
trees growing in areas
and on old chimneys
trees small and large
their green canopies
marking their presence
almost unnoticed by
passers by

you see
on the ground
Liverpool is tarmac

and brick
but from here
it is a forest
breathing with the wind

I should have written earlier

but I couldn't
every time I sat down to write
my pen had other ideas