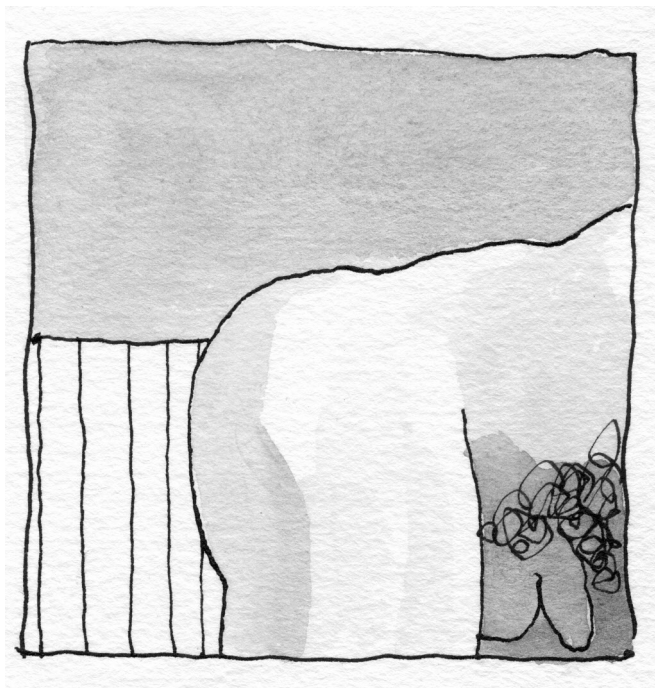


Songs of Lust (plus variations)



Hayley Fox

Songs of Lust

Hailey Fox: Songs of Lust (plus variations)
Merseyside Poetry Minibooks Series No.2

First published 1982 by Windows,
23a Brent Way, Liverpool L26 9XH, Merseyside.
Copyright © Hayley Fox 1982.
All rights reserved.

Frontispiece by Doug Roberts.

Also by Hayley Fox:
The Gibbering Idiot

ISBN 0 907950 02 7

Windows receives financial assistance from Merseyside Arts

*'half empty this bed
an open sea'*

S. 1

your eyes are silk and gothic tapestries
wherein the summer's hidden joy has stayed
and clear as summer's fading flowers, seas
of quickfaint smiles upon your eyelid laid.
with certain grace your fingers take the wine
and holding it, like sterns or bones reveal
their age, their youth, their strength and power, fine
as wire but higher than mine to heal.
and these but part of you become the whole
wherein my mind would feel it had found truth
and like a child i search throughout my soul
trying to find you offerings from my youth
and you the first of those that i have met
that has not served me one false image yet.

daytime breathes and turns to night
it's easier to read than it is to write
lose myself in someone else's dream tonight
if i'm walking in the darkness i can do without a light

wait for whatever wait until you break
if it happens tomorrow then it isn't too late
you don't lose a gift in a night's black wheel
it's harder to remember than it is to feel

watch here it comes yes it's coming for you
and if it doesn't happen then it needn't be true
and everything i'm writing i am writing for you
i feel as if i'm dying when there's nothing to do

patience is a virtue virtue is a grace
a momentary rest never broke the pace
take the virgin paper take the pen and ink
if you want to keep floating then swim don't sink

here it comes here it comes yes it's coming to me
contrivance is a sore of which i'd like to be free
if you don't plan tomorrow it'll be a surprise
watching red sunsets only darkens your eyes

patience is a virtue here it comes here it comes
and it's easier to write than watch burning suns
contrivance is a sore - so am i writing for you?
i feel as if i'm dying, i feel as if i'm dying,
i feel as if i'm dying when there's nothing to do.

and in the morning, a pearl
for the waves that spin at the bottom of cliffs
are spinning because we are spinning ourselves
in the wind where the salt has been torn from my lips
i will pray for your gold; and the red poppies shaking.

the wind that tears the salt from my lips
tells me spin with the waves at the bottom of cliffs,
your heart in my mouth
and my heart in your hands

for the morning, a pearl

S. 8

i cannot come crying to your open door
where you would take me in and heal my wounds
for if i did, you'd see me, more and more,
as a child too weak to dare cry for the moon.
and if i dared, you never could believe
that if i won i'd keep my prize alive
i know you think that with my love i'd cleave
it open, leaving it to die.

my promises are frail, do not believe
me lightly, in the past i know
i have spoke lies, not only to deceive
but out of fear, and learning has been slow.

but let me prove me, once i have no fear,
your eyes will meet a new born chanticleer.

S.9

some would go without a word: goodbye.
they know there never was a need to say
that voices last forever, that a sigh
could bring a figure back to sight one day.
the floor is waiting - is the dancer leaving?
a space of sand where once two dancers flew
the daylight passed so quickly into evening
now daylight's gone, what is there left to do
but sing a song of word games over wires
phrased like a catechism to the spring?
waitresses are chanting in the spires;
memories join, are worn now like a ring.
 in every place where once he could have been
- sir, there is a ghost on your machine

*'now there's too little action
too much talk
when the bottle's open
throw away the cork'
adrian mitchell.*

there's times and places
beds and faces
count your chickens
take your pick

other houses
other couches
count your chickens
best be quick

choose the faces
choose the places
choose the time
and choose the place

in advance
can't be romance
it's only pleasure
only laughs

but laughs are great
so choose the place
so choose the time
i like your face

MY BEST FRIENDS WERE ALWAYS SHOTPUTTERS

i want muscle, muscle all over
biceps like iron and thighs like rock
i want muscle. under cover
you can taste my muscle like electric shock

exercise is what's required
it's just about time for a seven mile run
rm looking for a jogger that never gets tired
i'm looking for a jogger that's second to none

i want muscle that slides like silver
i want muscle that eats like fire
i've got muscle. and under cover
you can taste my muscle like an unearthed wire

built me a gym in a single room
chance a workout if you're feeling strong
health and fitness can't come too soon
and a long distance runner was never too long

built my muscle with years of practise
till it swallow like a whirlpool and bite like a song
taste this muscle and under cover
you'll wonder why the tasting took so long.

ON LOVING A GREENGROCER

i gaze adoring at his pears and plums
for six hours every day
his onions speak in whispers
through the doorway i gaze adoring at his
ruby cherries sweet grapes coiled crisp cos

strangers do not see
the ripe peaches that pass
between our eyes

i stare in supplication at his
melons firm as footballs
he tosses tomatoes hand to hand
and bites green apples
just for me.

for six hours each day
i watch my love
we watch each other
through jungle bananas

and at night
our doorways in darkness
his eyes breed mushrooms
for my delight.

newspaper boy riding round on your bicycle
newspaper boy won't you knock on my door
newspaper boy when you leave me my paper
why don't you come in and leave a little it more? -

riding down the road on your shining bicycle
smooth white legs push pedals round
cold white hands on hard steel handlebars
come in for a while and i'll show you around

the streets are cold at this time of year
so why bother freezing if the house is warm
so why bother stopping at a half-shut letterbox
there's time to deliver after the snow storm

delivery boy riding round on your bicycle
delivery boy well you carry the news
delivery boy just step in for a moment
and we'll show the papers a little more news
yes we'll show the papers what's really news

**BEST TIMES TO DO IT~ THE DOS AND DON'TS
OF THE WIDE OPEN BEAVER CLUB.
(KILGORE TROUT LIVES ON)**

it's a cocaine monster it's a
speed freak
it's fun to do it when you're
half asleep
it's good to keep going when you
think you've stopped
it's better if you do it when your
balls have dropped

it's a drunk encounter on a
half pissed night
it's good to do it when you
thought you might
as a party trick as an
accident .
as a small time snooze or a
big event

when you thought you couldn't
and you find you do
when you think it's over and it's
only half through
when alarm clock's ringing and it's
time to stop
but you keep on going till you
nearly drop

it's a cocaine monster it's a
speed freak
though the blankets are scratching and you've
got cold feet
because you thought it wouldn't happen
but it frequently can
and the best time to do it

is whenever you can.

MERSEYSIDE POETRY MINIBOOKS SERIES

HAYLEY FOX : born screaming pure lyric, the self-adopted daughter of Saint Sarah Bernhardt (who had red hair really).

Prey to large fears (bears on tricycles) and small (toy battery-stuffed rabbits); acting as a danger to small boys and large men everywhere, we present Hayley Kingdom Fox, driving the Buick built of her own words through the traffic-jammed Cortinas of a motorway world.

Sax 30 is the besyt poem I@ve ever printed but it's not in this book

- Emmanuel Z (*Bizarre Angel*)

We think the rhymes are a little contrived

- Spare Rib

WINDOWS

ISBN 0 907950 02 7