

She Is A Suffragette

By Strider Marcus Jones

her hair tumbles
blowing like unfurled cotton
through unforgotten
fumbles
in vegetation
of our own
interpretation
of each other
in the dark.

my desk grown
out of a tree sown
from my lover
where i carved these words in the bark
sitting in her branches
knowing what life is
all about
as i look out
of wooded windows

and absorb it's shows
as it goes
through each obscenity
of extreme supremacy-
a woman must not let
a man forget
she is a suffragette
in her soul and under his blanket
so never kept

or chatted forever
to the custom weather
of his debt.

A Woman Does Not Have To Wait

By Strider Marcus Jones

under the old canal bridge you said
so i can hear the echoes
in your head
repeating mine
this time
when it throws
our voices from roof into water
where i caught her
reflection half in half out of sunshine.
thats when i hear Gerschwin
playing his piano in you
working out the notes
to rhapsody in blue
that makes me float
light and thin
deep within
through the air
when you put your comforts there.
Waits was drinking whisky from his bottle
while i sat through old days with Aristotle
knowing i must come up to date
because a woman does not have to wait.

The Two Saltimbanques

By Strider Marcus Jones

when words don't come easy
they make do with silence
and find something in nothing
to say to each other
when the absinthe runs out.

his glass and ego
are bigger than hers,
his elbows sharper,
stabbing into the table
and the chambers of her heart
cobalt clown
without a smile.

she looks away
with his misery behind her eyes
and sadness on her lips,
back into her curves
and the orange grove
summer of her dress
worn and blown by sepia time

where she painted
her cockus giganticus
lying down
naked
for her brush and skin,
mingling intimate scents
undoing and doing each other.

for some of us,
living back then
is more going forward
than living in now
and sitting here-

at this table,

Writing Raw

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with these glasses
standing empty of absinthe,
faces wanting hands
to be a bridge of words
and equal peace
as Guernica approaches.

In Your Rose Of Revolution

By Strider Marcus Jones

i drink you,
like a thirsty buffalo
at his water hole,
on my knees
head bent down,
focus on your crescent moon-
breathing, blowing
through nose
until my lungs ache,
surviving
the drafts of chaos
released like Prometheus
by stowing away
in your rose of revolution.

Aragorn To Arwen

By Strider Marcus Jones

i hate magnolia and beige-
you are in my time,
but mine, is the crime
in your change.

nature regenerates
without us herself,
but my self
without you, waits.

i know you meet me
all the way
in how you say-
completely,

and take to mind
my awkward
seeing forward
is wisdom kind.

being real, is conceding
we are open
and not token
when revealing-

how quiet beauty and healed scars,
survived each battle, to enjoy desires
here, now, around these fires
watching stars,

whose incandescent powers,
so flourescent
and omnipresent
mirror ours.

Fallen Lintels

By Strider Marcus Jones

it was summertime
with flowers colouring the pantomime
in feudal fields
as i walked on flat wheels
with your humming bird in my head
from the tropical warm of your bed-
where we bent the grass again
and made the rain
that doesn't come from clouds
dampen skin rumpled shrouds.

i watched your beauty glisten sweetly
while i held you like Bernini
before you went to work
flaked in bark of silver birch
naked chalice south
and siren priestess mouth
of pagan church.

you were converting fussy ghosts
and their sullen hosts
from bribed tribes
walking past without guides-
some, so inverted and duped
like shades with every ethic stooped
labouring like quislings
under Darwinist siblings-
slowly drifting back to druid stones
that serve us more than glorious domes,
more equal in each equinox
of chaos turning natures clock.

i know, i ramble for reasons
to make sense of changing seasons-
and find none
where i am one-
only fallen lintels on the floor

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like broken words that speak no more
at sunrise and sunset
remembering what we forget.

Strider Marcus Jones bio: Strider Marcus Jones is a poet, law graduate and ex civil servant from Salford/Hinckley, England with proud Celtic roots in Ireland and Wales. A member of The Poetry Society, his five published books of poetry are modern, traditional, mythical, sometimes erotic, surreal and metaphysical <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/stridermarcusjones1>. He is a maverick, moving between forests, mountains and cities, playing his saxophone and clarinet in warm solitude. His poetry has been accepted for publication in 2015 by mgv2 Publishing Anthology; Earl Of Plaid Literary Journal 3rd Edition; Subterranean Blue Poetry Magazine; Deep Water Literary Journal, 2015-Issue 1; Kool Kids Press Poetry Journal; Page-A-Day Poetry Anthology 2015; Eccolinguistics Issue 3.2 January 2015; The Collapsed Lexicon Poetry Anthology 2015 and Catweazle Magazine Issue 8; Life and Legends Magazine; The Stray Branch Literary Magazine; Amomancies Poetry Magazine; The Art Of Being Human Poetry Magazine; Cahaba River Literary Journal; East Coast Literary Review; Nightchaser Ink Publishing Anthology - Autumn Reign; Crack The Spine Literary Magazine; A New Ulster/Anu Issue 29; Poems For A Liminal Age Anthology; In The Trenches Poetry Anthology; Outburst Poetry Magazine; The Galway Review; The Honest Ulsterman Magazine and The Lonely Crowd Magazine.