

Two Sample Poems read at the CWF: Desmond Graham and Gordon Meade

Desmond Graham, "Class"

Class

in fact
is like an old-fashioned
phone bell
ringing through
an empty house
just testing
what sort of person
answers
and the English
mostly
have that ringing
in their ears
no matter how
they do not listen

class
is like a draft
of air
which cannot fail
to lift you
ever so gently
sometimes
and with full force
hold others down

*

class is a game
with letters
slid along
to re-arrange
and make a phrase
to teach you
just where you are

and you struggle
nightly
fitting in the letters
wondering
if the set you're given
cannot
make one word

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and class of course
is another word
for the school
armoury
the farmer's
gun-rack
the poor policeman's
dog

(from *The Scale of Change*, Flambard Press, 2011)

Gordon Meade, "The Boredom of Crows"

I like the idea that crows are bored;
that they have reached the top of their own
evolutionary chain and then dropped out.

Apparently, they like to "ant" themselves,
smearing their feathers with the squashed bodies
of dead and dying ants. They do it to feel

the soothing formic acid on their skin.
The bird world's underachievers, they have gone
the way of many that never realise

their full potential. They play too much,
hang out with others down the beach, annoy
lesser creatures and end up taking drugs.

(from *The Familiar*, Arrowhead Poetry, 2011)