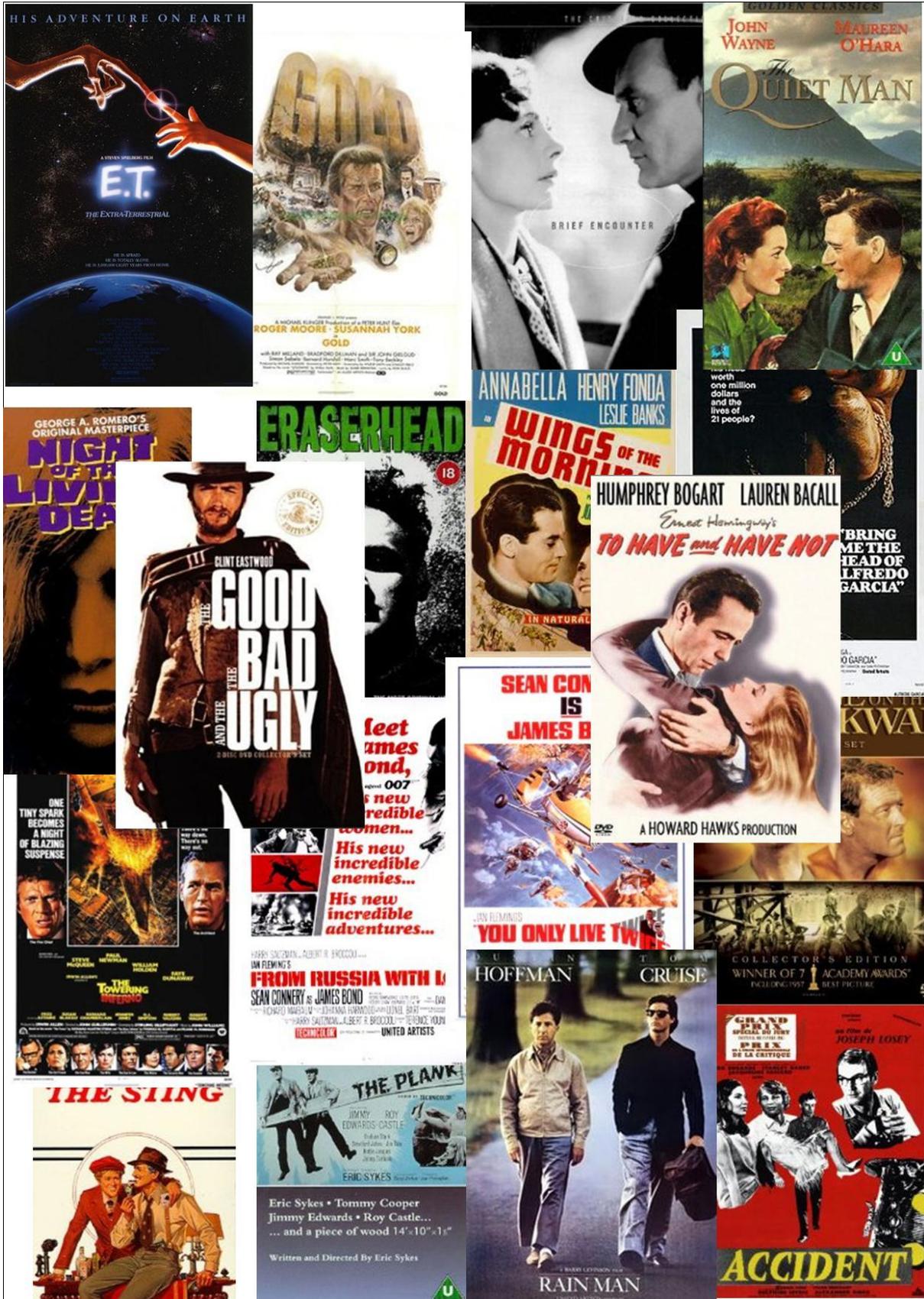


A Night at the Movies

A PK POETRY PROJECT



A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

Any similarity to a motion picture of the same title as the poem is entirely coincidental

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REIMAGINED BY

Jim Bennett
Waiata Dawn Davies
Barbara Phillips
Sally James
Gol McAdam
Jenni Meredith
Tomás Ó Cárthaigh
Lesley Burt
Lesley Burt
Karen Stanley
James Bell
Grant van Wingerden
Mick Moss
Lesley Burt
Bob Cooper
James Bell
Stuart Nunn
Stuart Nunn
Bob Cooper
Bob Cooper
Stuart Nunn
Philip Johnson
Stuart Nunn
Grant van Wingerden
Karen Stanley
Emer Davis
James Bell
James Bell
Jim Bennett
Catherine Graham
James Bell
Bob Cooper
Catherine Graham
Sally James
Jan Harris
=Catherine Graham
Catherine Graham
Sally James
Jenni Meredith
Lesley Burt
Mick Moss
Jenni Meredith
Jenni Meredith
Jenni Meredith
Jenni Meredith

JIM BENNETT

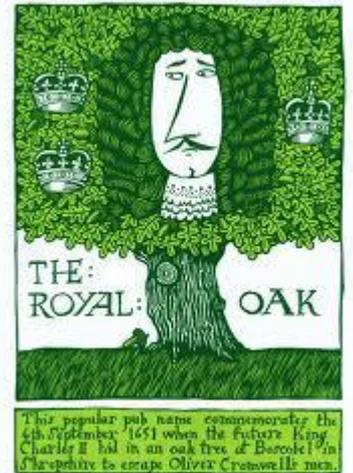
The Royal Oak

during the refurbishment
we saw the builder's fire
tables chairs curtains wallpaper
burning in a skip

dad pointed to chairs
as the builders threw them in
that's Bill's that one Charlie's
to me they looked the same
I asked if his friends would mind
their chairs being burnt
not at all he said they are all dead now

a mural was brought out
scenes from the film "The Royal Oak"
a silent movie which gave the pub its name
when that was thrown in
its dry dusty board sent flames
high above the roof

finally a builder came out carrying a chair
that's mine dad said
we watched the man throw it
into the flames
it was a comfortable seat he said
I hope the new ones are as good



1928

WAIATA DAWN DAVIES

Wings of the Morning

The gale screeched a gypsy's curse
through grey fence wires while
cows sheltered under black hedges
our horses stood, heads drooped
rain streaming off grey covered flanks
and it was like that all day.

After evening milking
we sloshed over grey roads
passed unlit shops
only the milk bar casting
a feeble glow in the dark,.

In the Regent Cinema we heard
grey rain beat tattoos
on the iron roof above
we watched shadows of wars
fought months before in Spain
and Steamboat Willie.

Then the screen lit
with opulence beyond dreaming
gold gleaming heroine's hair
bronze rippled horses
emerald green grass
under silver rain.

Afterwards we saw
gold street lights reflected
from wet silver street and
we knew our world had changed..



1937

BARBARA PHILLIPS

Casablanca

white house
irony in white
rust a scab
scraped
imperceptible
on the wind on the tongue

*Love me now
Love me ever
Love don't leave*

war in the soul
at war with the heart
drags blood from the fallen
falls into lovers hanging on edges
calls Death to taunt the weak
lash the strong

*Love me here
Love me close
Love don't fear*

what words to say
trust storm torn
expediency a parched balm
lies mocking wounds
where to go
how to pick up the pieces
of what we are today

*Love me in the dream
Love me in the mists
Our love the only tryst*



1942

SALLY JAMES

Lassie come home

Over the moors you fled that day
I watched you running far away
over the fields and over the style
with tears in your eyes
instead of sweet smile.
I took you for granted
you would never complain
and now that you've gone
my mind is in pain.
Oh why did I shout at you
why did I moan?
Oh lassie my sweet heart
please hurry back home.



1943

GOL McADAM

'To Have And Have Not'

"Stop whistling" they'd say,
"It's not ladylike"
I'd stop, forget, then start again.

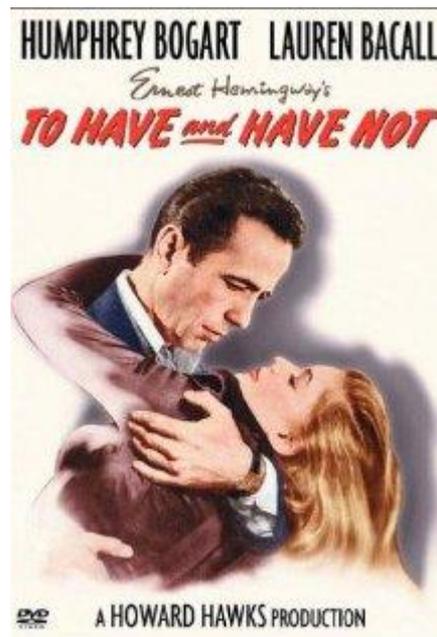
"No boy will want to know you."
"You'll end up like Miss Whitehead
- bitter, twisted and alone".

I doubted as I watched their lives
but didn't like to say I might prefer
my life Miss Whitehead's way.

To keep them happy
(lips pursed, tongue curled, blow held back)
I took to whistling under my breath.

Then in a screened matinée moment
Bacall told Bogart how to whistle.
As I saw it, this was licence enough.

I whistled my way from cinema to home,
only once interrupted by the shrill blast
of Miss Whitehead calling her dogs to heel.



1944

JENNI MEREDITH

Brief Encounter

On the traffic island
in the middle of the rain
we waited—
and chatted—

—Bit of a change in the weather?
she said.
And all I had seen since
the Welsh side of the bridge
was wet mist.
So I said
—Is it? It's raining again—

Last night the hills were shrouded
In clouds of drizzle.

Today at least the raindrops have the courage
to hit you flat
in the face— make a splash—
And make no secret of it.

Yesterday the dampness was a coward;
seeping surreptitiously
under the skin...

Perhaps that's what she meant?
—Bit of a change in the weather?...

I smiled
And she returned the gesture with a
— Still, I suppose you have to make the most of it
wherever you are, isn't it?—

—Plenty of museums to keep you dry—
I muttered,
thinking of the serried rows
of dusty artefacts awaiting
rivers of dripping visitors.

Imagining the crumbling mummy
and those neolithic stones
behind the early morning locks,
somehow made the rain seem lighter...

On the traffic island
in the middle of the rain
we waited—
for the squelch and hiss
to cease.

Red lights glowed bright
and it was time at last
to cross the seep
of metal bubbles
to that un-adventured bank.



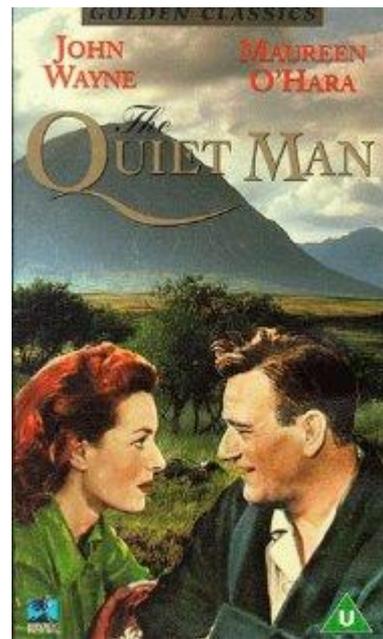
1945

TOMAS Ó CARTHAIGH

The Quiet Man

He says little, and in saying so
Says more than others who shout
For the little he speaks is sense
As he knows what he is talking about

Dont anger him, it ill be hard
You will regret it if you can
For a scorned womans fury is nothing
Compared to the anger of a Quiet Man!



1952

LESLEY BURT

The Bridge on the River Kwai

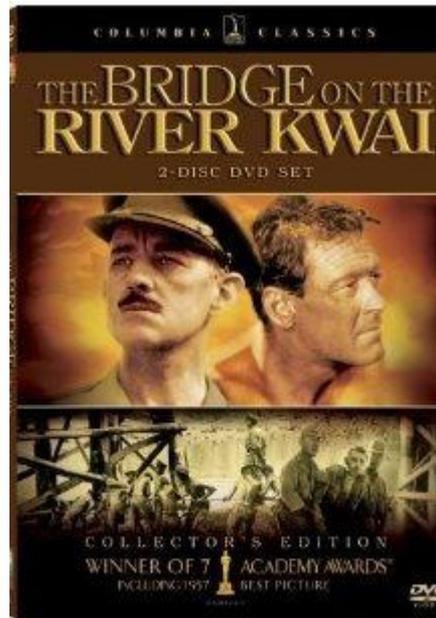
The watchtower is a replica;
iconic, recognisable from
many TV repeats of the movie.

But the rusty picks and hammers,
and photographs of gaunt soldiers
who once wielded them, are real.

Heat blasts like a hairdryer,
while the river slides between banks
now scattered with bougainvillaea;

dazzles us through the wide gaps
between splintery planks that,
high above, we tread with concern.

The guide laughs about vertigo;
tells us that, nowadays, drunken villagers
often fall; drown in the Khwae Noi.



1957

LESLEY BURT

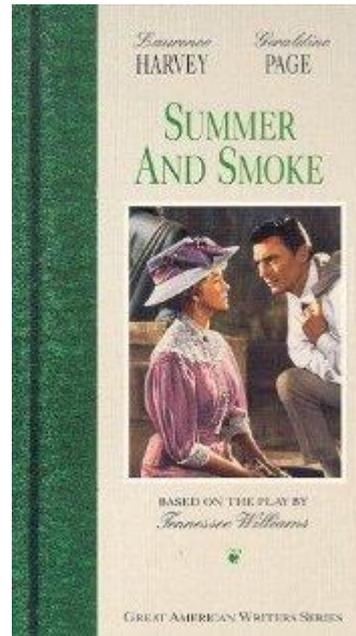
Summer and Smoke

We sat among scrubby silver birches
attempting to root themselves,
although still as flimsy as ferns, around
the steep sides of the gravel pit.

Almost the whole box of matches
lit the first two *Players Weights*,
with another eight to puff through
before we dared go home for lunch.

Finally, we slithered to the bottom,
tried to take a short cut by running across,
but wet sand sucked at our sandals; I thought
of Carver Doone, sinking to his death in mire.

Our mothers fussed over our shoes,
and white socks stained orange;
did not notice any scent of tobacco.
We decided to try *Senior Service* next.



1961

KAREN STANLEY

Dr No

Doctor, no – I have not stopped smoking
(yet) I'm under emotional stress
worrying about all my illnesses
nor joined the local gym as you suggested
I perspire too much already at the moment
(as you will know from all my visits).
And no doctor, I have not reduced
to date, my evening tippie as I understand
it thins the blood and could be beneficial.
Eating less meat, less cheese, less fat?
No, and no, and no again – I've read that treats
promote endorphins and I need lots of these.
Stop googling diseases, symptoms
and cures? No, I can't do that
you're so busy that I can't be sure
you'll diagnose correctly.
And finally, an emphatic no!
Having been with you for thirty years
I don't want to change my doctor's practice.



JAMES BELL

from russia with love

to Miss Money Penny, encrypted

well who knows where anything will lead Money Penny
should we ever depart from our set pieces, with variations
on film sets, where our flirtations take place for minutes
of each entire film time - we have grown to know what
the unscripted dreams are – how things would really be if you
left your desk and the intercom that M listens into all the time
you know that other women are only for that mission -
your flirtation is an undeclared cold war that conflicts
with how you love the danger in a man who couldn't care less
are those minutes your adventure - without penetration - on or off screen?
in any other office situation our meeting would only be work
and we mere ciphers to be encoded into pension funds
but here - on film - the ordinary cannot touch us with misinformation
Ciaou! Miss Money Penny – remember we live more than twice
PS - this one is a Russian cipher clerk – blonde and beautiful



1963

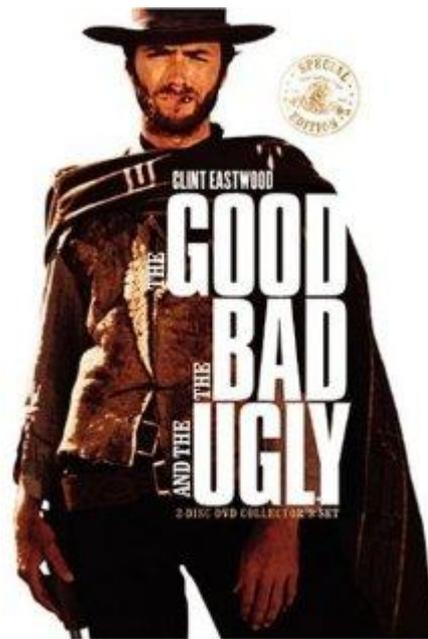
GRANT VAN WINGERDEN

The Good the Bad and the Ugly

The good take pride in their piety but only to the degree
it perpetuates a propriety perspicacity into perpetuity
They're more concerned with honest reflection
than dreading their every direction
Grateful they're not hateful
finding delightful they're not that spiteful
treating each greeting
a mate at the meeting

But the bad take the sad side of the ledger
slink and slide into sick sedition
Suck out the life of the party
to proper practice and petite perfection
Say they're going to call but never
dial back the bad

While the ugly mug the mockery
of crooked cranial cavities and cursed clammy
Hands down shocking to look at
Sallow jawed lumpy bumpy dumpy frumpy
Safe in the knowledge
there's scarce more scorn
in ageing



1966

MICK MOSS

Morgan (a suitable case for Treatment) 1966

I was 13, at boarding school
when they took us to see
The Taming of the Shrew
coz it was Shakespeare

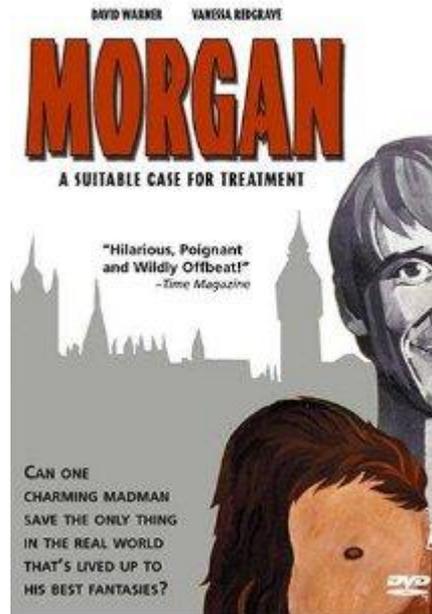
with Burton and Taylor
the Posh and Becks of our time
hot off Cleopatra, huge diamonds
and other tabloid blah blah
none of which meant anything to me

but in the B movie
(black & white, tiny budget, social comment)
Morgan, a ceative failure (David Warner)
doesn't want his ex (Vanessa Redgrave - 1st film)
to re marry, so he behaves a bit weird
which meant nothing to me

it ends with him in a nut house
where, it is hoped, his hopeless romanticism
will be cured, and she, re married
visits him, busy in the hospital garden
which I figured meant all was well

the camera cranes up for the final shot
to show his thoughtful flower arrangement
is the shape of the hammer and sickle
I didn't know what that meant

but the music was good
and later I was caned
for whistling The Red Flag in the corridor
and I understood quite clearly
what that was all about



1966

LESLEY BURT

Accident

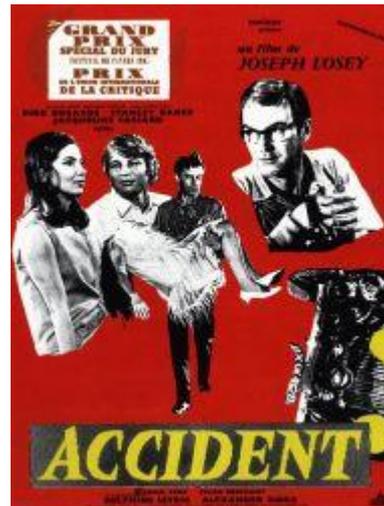
August. Rain speckles the windscreen
then pours. Wipers swish. Windows mist over.
The fan blows, noisy; two patches clear.
Jane leans towards the dashboard; peers out.

On Radio 2, Mike Harding chats
with a folk band, then a crystal voice sings
in dialect; Jane switches to the concert
on Radio 3: Prokofiev's Cinderella.

She thinks about dinner: the slow cooker
that mingles flavours all the dismal day –
scents of lamb, onion, aubergine,
courgettes, tomatoes – will welcome her;

listens to applause; imagines an audience
tiered from stalls to top circle; the orchestra
playing strings with graceful elbows,
and brass gleaming into a magical space;

only just spots brake lights ahead;
hears metal crunch, glass shatter; does not hear
Mike interview a fiddler, or the concert
that continues, live from the Albert Hall.

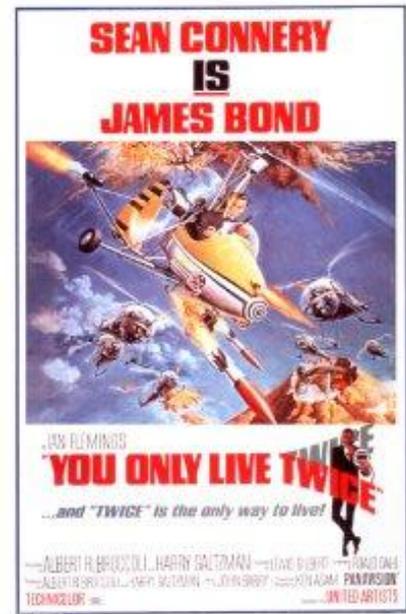


1967

BOB COOPER

You Only Live Twice

The green zig-zag and beeps on the machine don't change alongside where he hasn't woken since the day he arrived. His wife and sons still come, sit, but no longer bring fruit or drawings and cards they've done. The flowers are changed then they sit, start talking, "*Do you remember when...*" or tales of today at school, what they've had to eat, who's phoned asked how he is, because they've been told he may still hear. But the Junior Doctor knows such conversations will falter, may soon cease, unless the habit becomes ingrained. Now it's only Student Nurses who'll do a bed bath, check for sores as they talk to each other about films or how they're worried over exams. Days become weeks and the life they only recognise with its rising, falling chest and the warmth in an arm they lift is all they know. When everyone leaves this room their full lives begin again, smiles, jokes, laughter that's heard more than footsteps as ward doors are pushed open, swing slowly closed.



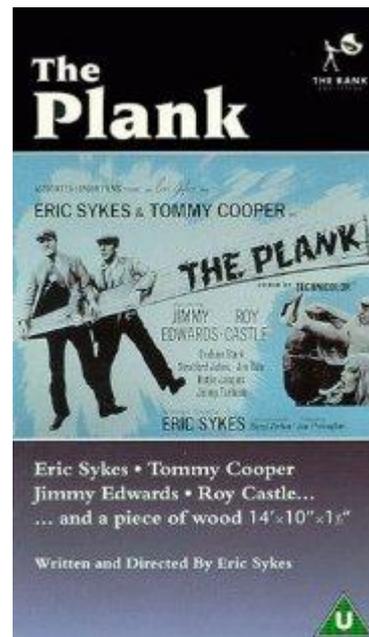
1967

JAMES BELL

the plank

(for Eric Sykes)

five centimetres thick
thirty centimetres broad
and three metres long is
thick as a plank can be
expected has always been
like this some standard set
way back in the mists when
wood began to be used for
building just as there has
since that time way back
always been sites for planks
to exist inside and be the
first crossing across a trench
with a wheel-barrow then
carried to a scaffold to lay
about again brick by brick
not just cut wood but planed
plank to prevent splinters
flexible though unflexible
yet could be an object for
a game of charades just one
of those things taken as a
given that never look new
just go back a long way to
pyramids and cathedrals
five centimetres thick
thirty centimetres broad
and three metres long is
a known quantity unlike
the length of string



1967

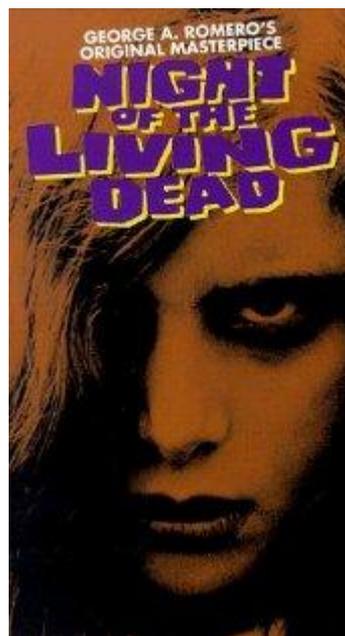
STUART NUNN

Night of the Living Dead

We, having age and wakefulness achieved,
recount, after weathercheck and coffeemug,
our nights' adventures. Sometimes pits
have opened under me, or poems
chased me down long corridors.
For you, legs twitching, strange TV channels
lie in wait with tales of murder, fraud
or empowerment on Californian ranches.

We share our sleep-perfected separation.
These are journeys we must undertake alone
and only later share. A kind of death
that we can talk and laugh about. Sometimes.

But then some nights, when your pain
can only be assuaged with long struggle,
when your rigid muscles cry out to me
and half asleep I wrestle your shouts
into a kind of submission, sweat-browed,
limb-shivering and ready to surrender
consciousness to darkness and wet sheets –
then, we wake together. Say nothing. Start the day.



1968

STUART NUNN

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
for Tony Nicklinson

Life's a street that goes one way
and sometimes the traffic is too much.
They shoot horses, don't they?

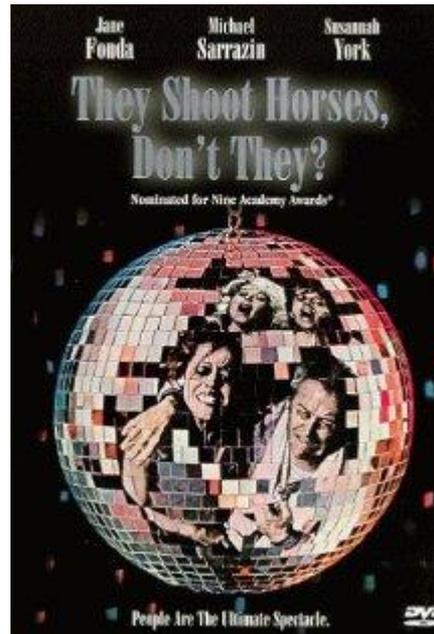
Accidents fall like stones in life's melee,
change body and mind. And such
a life's a street that goes one way.

Helplessness that follows brain's betrayal
leaves silence's murmur, darkness' touch –
they shoot horses, don't they?

The mind still knows Friday from Thursday,
stops longing for Saturday overmuch,
but life's a street that goes one way.

Kindness of family can't outweigh
pain's caress, humiliation's clutch.
They shoot horses, don't they?

“Let it stop,” his lips and throat can't say
and the judge applies the law's reproach.
“Life's a street that goes one way.”
But they shoot horses. Don't they?



1969

BOB COOPER

MASH

Yesterday's was squelchy, the day before's solid, but today's is lumpy as, with an ice cream scoop, she scrapes out each dollop, drops one on some plates and two on the rest alongside carrots and broccoli beside the lamb chop then pours thin gravy, mint sauce before the aluminium lid's placed over it all. Then a tall pile is carried to the trolley, carefully slid onto a ledge before, when full, the doors are closed. Soon the porter will wheel it to the lift, the ward. She's done this for ten years, not knowing if faces as expressionless as hers will look down, take off the lid, then smile or scowl.



1970

BOB COOPER

The Sting

This is after the end of a film
when I'd paid to sit and stay dry
and slept despite the noise

but now the sun shines
and who is that beside me
not talking just walking,

not even a glance at me
and I daren't turn and glare?
I see only our shadows. Slowly

I realise it's me, writing
phrases in a notebook,
quick lines that buzz

about what's happening
after the end of a film
as he walks home alone.



1973

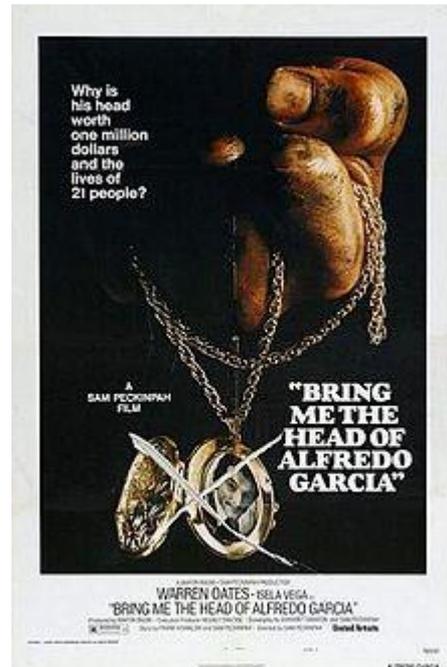
STUART NUNN

Bring me the head of Alfredo Garcia

Checking out El Mundo's website from time to time isn't quite enough and I'm too idle to have the dictionary open all the time.

But there are worlds of thinking beyond the Pyrenees, where bulls and surreal violence seem normal, where a zebra crossing on a motorway seemed like a good idea, where films and politicians follow different rules.

The more I try, the more cut off I am. I need a native interpreter, not just for the verbs, for life.



1974

STUART NUNN

Towering Inferno

Will it burn forever?
Town watches, crowding backstreet
so late, so dark, will it

burn forever and amen?
Serious spectacle though heart races
as blue lights turn under moon.

Burning warehouse blazes night out,
out of sleep, of dream, of day.
Shiver as flames shine off faces.

Danger it's hard to turn away,
though turn we must. Sleep beckons
in spite of hear racing firelove.

Love fire racing heart of spite
in-beckons sleep. Must we turn though?
Away turn? Too hard. Is it danger?

Faces off shine flames as shiver
day of dream, of sleep, of out, out,
night blazes warehouse burning.

Moon under turning lights, blue
as races heart, though spectacle. Serious
amen and forever burn it will.

Dark. So late, so backstreet,
crowding watches town forever.
Burn it will.



1974

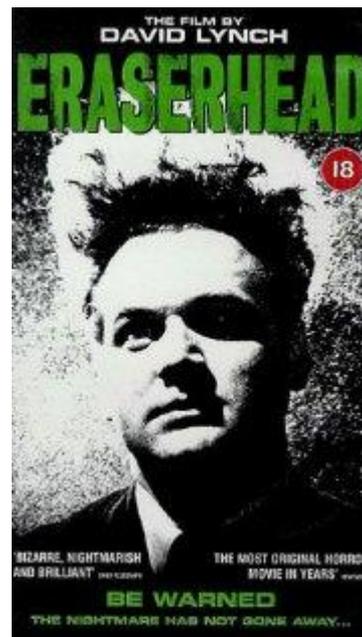
GRANT VAN WINGERDEN

Eraserhead

Mind swiped
they'll find wiped
Brow mopped
Short cropped
Removed the mole
from every lug
and near each hole
a hollow sound
a vacant stare
a purposeless appraisal
of things aural and nasal
The full glare
reflecting character
stripping meaning
facial racial
cleansing complexion
msdirection

Having every cranium
from downcast to deceased
as long as it's diminishing
vanishing at the crease

Till only a pale grey imprint
tell you where this head has rested



1977

KAREN STANLEY

ET

Today, ET has lost it's "A" – so no arrival l time.
I can turn up anytime I like.
I could have caught the train – that's faster
but now I think I'll cycle – enjoy scenery
au naturel - or be a devil, take a chance
and hike – or I could walk, so very slow
and get there sometime after tomorrow.
Now that the "A" has gone , the possibilities
to get to "B" have multiplied, and I can start from "C"
instead of "A", or even "Z".
I quite like the loss of "A" – even signposts
that guide me on my way – Berystwyth
and Berdeen aren't on any maps
but I'd like to find them anyway.



1982

EMER DAVIS

Blue Velvet

Swaying from side to side
you lunge forward in dreams,
we wandered through many days
sipping pints in darkened rooms.

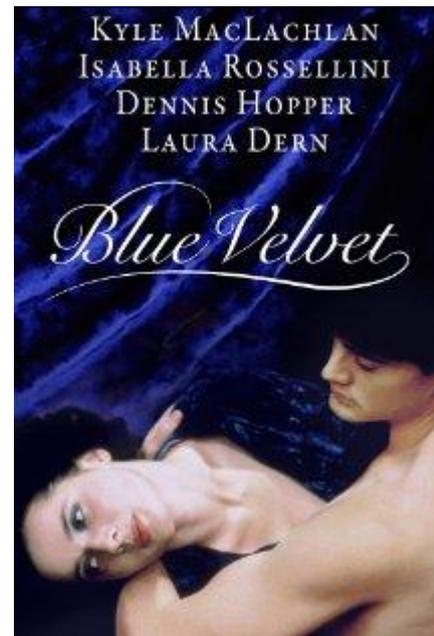
Heavy footsteps pounding old wooden floorboards,
ingrained with lost worlds and broken promises
sealing the future in fragmented speech,
cross words and silent shapes,
we play one more tune.

Glimmers of fluorescent lights
tinkling from the jukebox
waltzing in an empty room
of bar stools and slot machines.

Daylight barred from this place,
drawing us away from zebra crossings,
and day long traffic,
your head on my shoulder

my fingers running through your hair
we shuffle slowly to the strains
of a dying voice.

In dreams we circle the floor
lost in the doomed words,
the crash of one arm bandits
flickering underneath our gaze
as we move slowly away.



1986

JAMES BELL

the fly

we must continue to clear out
or the flies will take over
already some walk across the page
inscribe their impressions with your own ink
until brushed and smudged
makes you reconsider this now
more trecherous act
as two bees probe the face of a sunflower
in the wind
where their tenacity is a drive
that will only end with them
and others not of their kind -
will find a place again in the text
an unwelcome one bees could easily but cannot
replace

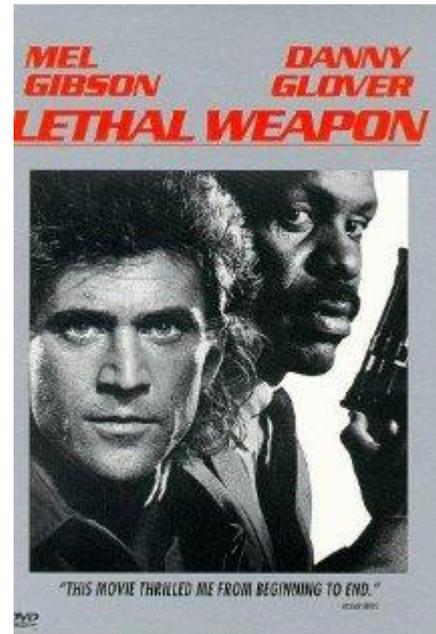


1986

JAMES BELL

lethal weapon

he is the man who owns the convenience store
the one in the movies when the bad guys come in
and make demands he cannot fulfil
at the end of the barrel of a pump action shotgun
or they just want the money from the till
ignorant of how in the movies the good guys
will soon appear even though the store is badly
shot up with everything glass plated blasted
for dramatic effect - then the bad guys get what they
deserve
while he – the man who owns the convenience store
is dead or mortally wounded or just shot
in the shoulder if he's an old friend of the good guys
and also necessary to the straight to video script -
you are glad you are not the man who owns the
convenience store



1987

JIM BENNETT

Rain Man

the drunken man staggered against the wall
put out his hand to stop himself
lurched and vomited

people hurried by
avoided staring at him
“oh how the rain dances” he said
to no one in particular
but with a flamboyant wave of his arm
“more pirouettes and fandangos” he shouted
to some sky God as rain ran down his face
“more more and more”

I left his words behind me
but watched as the rain performed
a waltz
along the length of Church Street



1988

CATHERINE GRAHAM

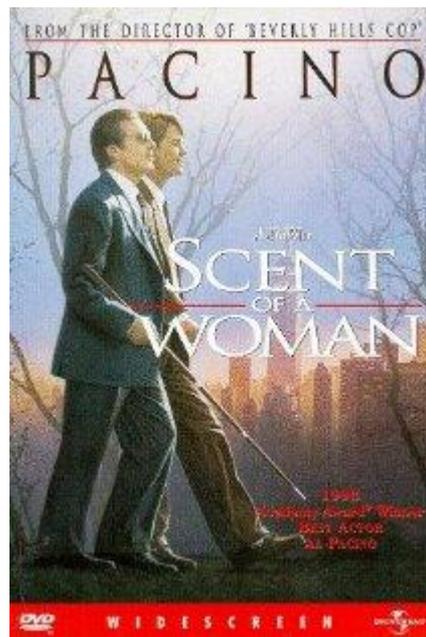
Scent of a Woman

When a new love gives you
perfume for Christmas

you want to swim in it; spray it
in places you haven't touched

in years. When you discover
it's the perfume his first love wore

you want explosive sex
before spraying some in his eyes.



1992

JAMES BELL

four weddings and a funeral

the first had sheep and the mention of
and the drunk bride
MacDowell counted boyfriends in Grant's eyes

big movie stars looked younger

the second was a mess of words at the alter
where all the worlds a stage -
and the shagging after...

the third was Brigadoon to a tee
kilts and a whole lot of comb over haircuts

the fourth was championship boxing
in the gender wars

maybetimenowforavindaloo
nummynumnummybithot
pialuricefavouriteof mine
onionbadjionthesidebithot
ohwohamusntdrink water
whooooaawayyeeeaye
jusgoingoutsidetobe sick

better listening to Auden at a funeral



1994

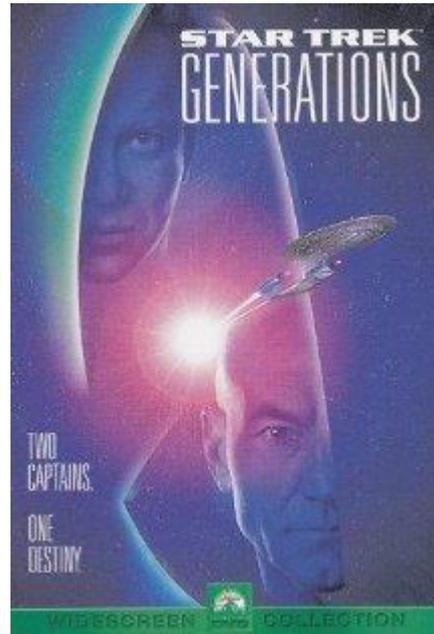
BOB COOPER

Star Trek Generations

We rarely spoke,
your boots clipping metalled road.
But after hearing an owl
I heard twigs crack,
I listened hard.

I stopped, you smiled,
pointed at stars,
naming them;
each word handed down
so strange as I stared.

Then laughter
as you ran, slid,
hob-nails sparking light;
your arms open wings.
“Again,” I called, “Go on, again!”



1994

CATHERINE GRAHAM

Mission Impossible?

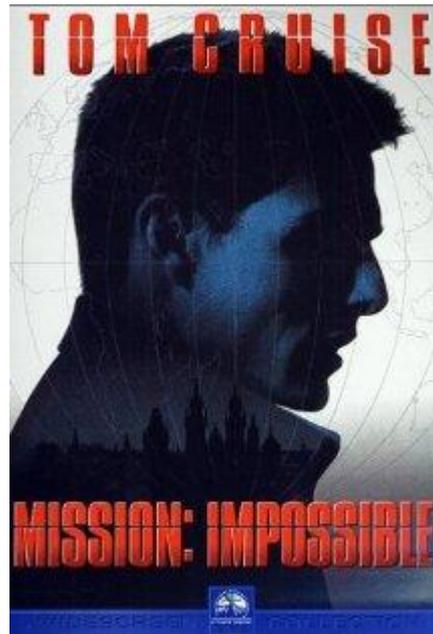
To write a prize-winning poem
these days
is as likely as winning the Lottery.

Poems are getting stranger and stranger
as if poets are out to bamboozle -
or maybe that's just me being bitter.

Maybe the judge, post a bottle of plonk,
throws a handful in the air and declares
last one down's a winner!

Anyway I've sent it and this year
my entry's a corker, what can I say?
It's bound to land in the judge's lap:

My spicy little number,
written in fifty shades of grey.

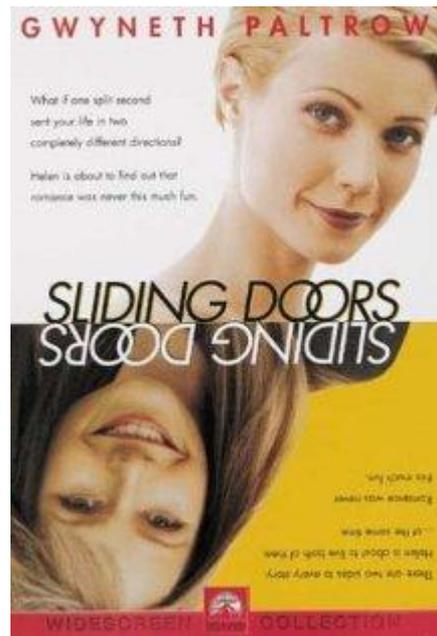


1996

SALLY JAMES

Sliding doors.

She left her door open just an inch
to let in light and smell the morning air
he sneaked in when she was unaware
slid down the hallway and into her bed.
His feet were cold, his hands clammy
she should have known better
but she was needy and the day was warm.
Now she keeps her door wide open
though the night is cold and her heart is sad
she hopes he will slide out again
find another heart to break.
But his feet are stuck firmly under her table.



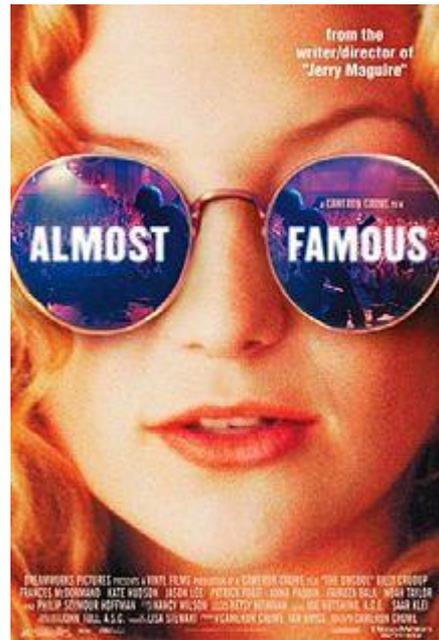
1998

JAN HARRIS

Almost Famous

We kissed on the bridge,
wondered if we would ever be famous,
you with your homeless eyes,
me in my torn blue raincoat.
It may have been Saint Petersburg
or even New York,
we could never agree, but it was cold
oh, it was cold.

You nodded your head at an artist,
he caught the tilt of your chin with his brush.
'I think you'll be a fine portrait,' I said.
You laughed and said I would be a song,
me with my jealous hair.
You gave me a ribbon, a black ribbon
but no name,
oh, I wish I knew your name.



2000

CATHERINE GRAHAM

The Librarian

You tell me I look like a librarian:
the grey and black, the lack

of mascara. So what does a librarian
look like in your book? Tell me,

where do you get the notion that
librarians are minus emotion?

Perhaps it's you who needs a stroll
down the self-help section. See,

this wordsmith loves thrillers
and erotic fiction. So don't be

deceived by the flat shoes
and roll neck sweater. Don't knock

what you haven't undressed
and never judge a poet by her cover.



2006

CATHERINE GRAHAM

Hairspray

*The process of having blonde highlights
can involve the hairdresser using a 'crochet needle'
to pull hair through tiny holes in a rubber cap.*

When you're in love
you play Norah Jones,
your hair shines like vintage wine:

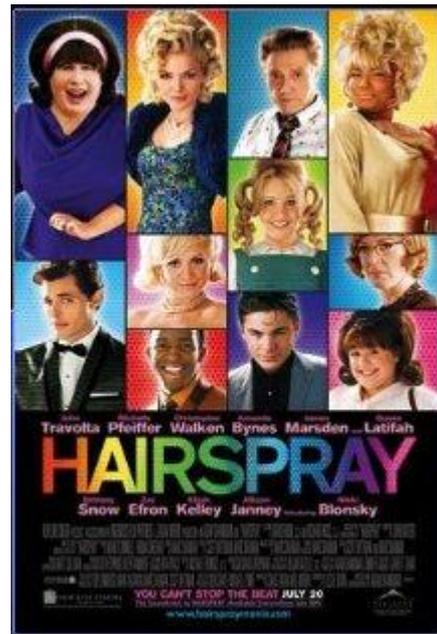
conditioned

sleek

and *you're* full of body.

When love dies
you crave chocolate -
play some bittersweet Rap.

And the pain?
O the pain is
worse than highlights through the cap.



2007

SALLY JAMES

black and white

Remembering the smog outside
as I queued in forties rain
the bill board informing us
Flash Gordon is on again.

The lady with the torch
showing me where to go
my eyes shining brightly
in the cinemas ghostly glow.

Then clambering on plush seats
in the nicotine filled air
hoping there were no fleas
on my damp and smelly chair.

The itch and scratch of long ago
mingling with damp smell
the rustle of the paper bags
this I remember well.

The news about the war
stark in black and white
the usherette with her torch
like a searchlight in the night.

Churchill with his V sign
his cigar in outstretched hand
as he visited the bombsites
in our green and pleasant land.

Mickey Mouse to ease the strain
bringing blushes to pale cheeks
little urchins laughing in the dark
instead of playing on cold streets.

Then the big picture startling us
with its strange hypnotic glare
as we all sit transfixed
with unblinking trancelike stare.

Then when the show is over
and before we leave our seat
the national anthem informs
we must stand quickly to our feet.

All this I remember
it was all there in black and white
it took away the pain of war
it lightened up the night.



2008

JENNI MEREDITH

The Last Resort

The squeak of scaffold enmeshes
the Western Cliff Hotel.
Beer-bellied builders

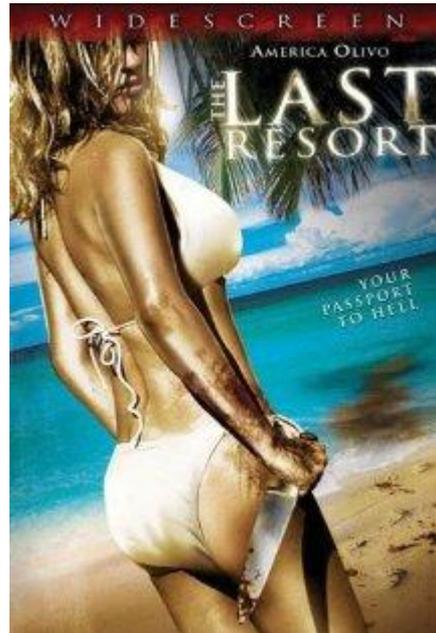
weave open vowels along
steel staves as they prepare
their panoramic workplace.

The sky's a milky haze
threaded with trails of foreign holidays,
the beach a rippled mirror,
where oyster-catchers feed.

In busier summers than anyone predicts,
the rooms behind the builders hosted
honeymooners, teenage adventurers
and families in search of two week's respite.

Today the tired beds sleep
in artexed rooms that gather dust
both in and out of season.

The Costas and the Med
have finally pulled the sheets
across the failing face
of this now dead living.



2009

LESLEY BURT

The Lovely Bones

Those that belong
to William Rufus,
before and after

Walter Tyrell shot him
just down the road
in the New Forest,

are in the same box
as King Canute, Queen Emma
and two bishops.

Muddled; but intact
under the bosses and ribs
of Winchester Cathedral's ceiling.

Mine start to crumble
while the rest of me
still encloses them.

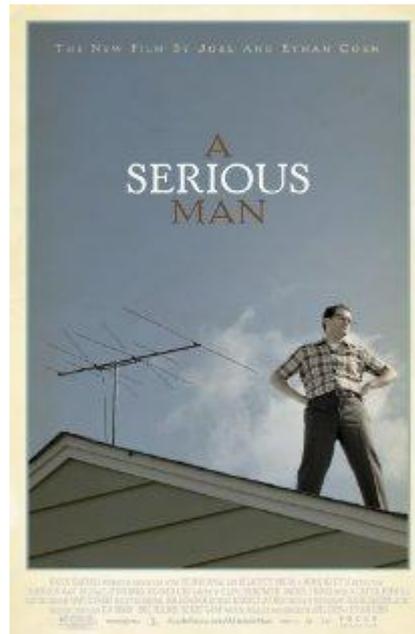


2009

MICK MOSS

A Serious Man

a serious funny movie
better than anything
that spells it out
coz this doesn't
it just is what it is
and even this Goy
knows it is everything
about nothing
but that right there
is where it's at
and some day maybe
even I might learn
that proper clever
is in the simple

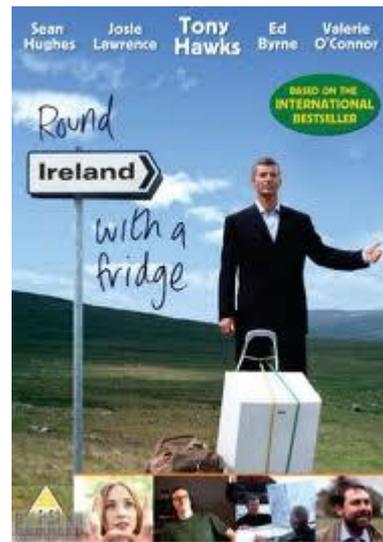


2009

JENNI MEREDITH

Round Ireland With A Fridge

How long
can this endure—
your cold-shoulder sulking?
The scenery is to die for.
The company? Already dead—
like I'm walking around
Ireland with
A fridge.



2010

JENNI MEREDITH

The Whistleblower

Stalked by a tyrant state
for whistling through the web—
the strain grating.

Greeting the rank and file
with rank and foul clandestine acts:
the backroom resolutions
of a corrupt democracy, the mock crazy.

De mock erratic rights suspended
for a mock erotic accuse eh? Shun—
as shone into the eyes
attempt to stop, tempt two,
stop the whistling,
which, shrill and shriek, continues
over media-speak,
vibrates the web, where they
massage their lies,
as whistles tear the threads
and truth,
momentarily glimpsed,
covers beneath
the shroud they call
'security'— seek your IT.
Stripped of dignity,
authority, publicity.
Struck mute
as Caesar's thumb turns down.



2010

JENNI MEREDITH

The Artist

'I have painted all
the local landscapes', he said.
His wife beamed confirmation.

And I thought of Rouen
and Monet's fascination
with light falling through leaded panes.

'There's nothing left to paint', he said.
Her smile acquiesced.

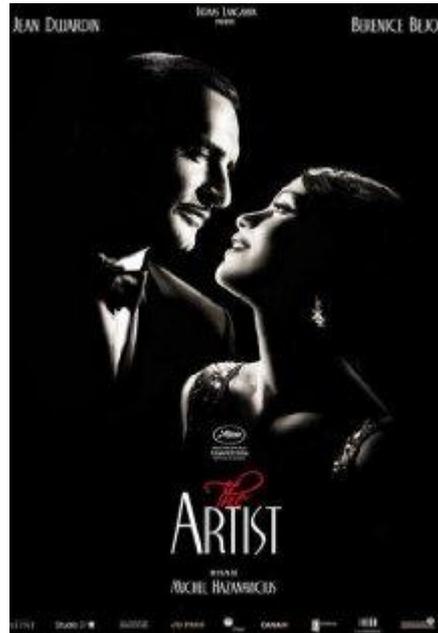
And I thought of Turner
and his quest to paint the sun.

But I bit my tongue.

What was there to say?
This artist obviously knew
he had arrived...

And would soon be moving on.

Perhaps he only said these things
to ease her widow's pain.



2011

JENNI MEREDITH

The Veteran

When we stopped
at the crossroads
I saw him—

struggling through the echo of a bomb,
feet shuffling,
eyes focused on that shadow world he occupied.

From the poppy-red bus I watched
a yellow pus river
from his quivering lip.

We got off at the next stop,
started walking back towards the shops.

And he
meandered from the ghost
of that building,
to swerve across my path.

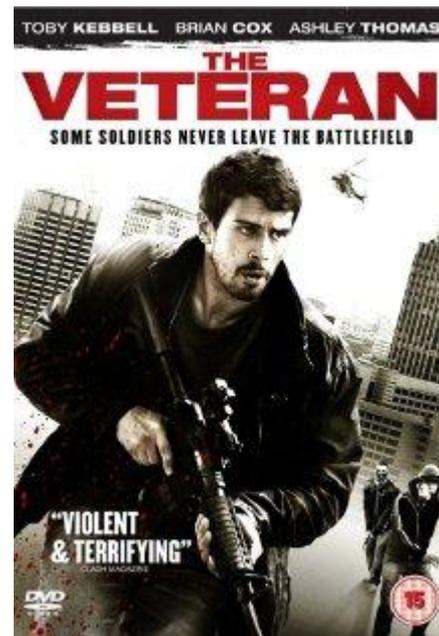
For a brief moment my eyes met his.
I heard the laboured breath
fighting its way to the surface...

And, as he lurched,

you pulled me back.

Leaving his distant universe enough
to notice your revulsion,
he skewered us with a wounded look.

I saw him when we stopped
at the crossroads....



2011

CONTRIBUTERS

James Bell - has published two collections to date, "*the just vanished place*" (2008) and "*fishing for beginners*" (2010) both from Tall-lighthouse. He has been widely published in the British small press and increasingly by ezines. He makes poems and grows vegetables at his nearly of the beaten track home in Brittany along with his wife Lynn and resident tabby Molly Tiffin.

Titles; Lethal Weapon, The Fly, Four Weddings and a Funeral, The Plank, From Russia with Love,

Jim Bennett lives near Liverpool in the UK and is the author of 69 books, including books for children, books of poetry and many technical titles on transport and examinations.

Titles; The Royal Oak, Rain Man

Lesley Burt. Titles; Accident, The Lovely Bones, Bridge over the River Kwai, Summer and Smoke.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh, Titles;

Bob Cooper recently won the Camden Lumen Competition, see <http://wardwoodpublishing.co.uk/competitions.htm> , and a collection will be appearing later this year. His last one is still available at: <http://www.arrowheadpress.co.uk/books/allwe.html> He lives in Birmingham.

Titles; MASH, Star Trek Generation, The Sting

Emer Davis is from Ireland and currently living and working in Abu Dhabi. She has several poems published in various anthologies, journals and online, including poetry kit. She has read at many poetry mic sessions and is a regular contributor to Rooftop Rhythms Poetry Nights in Abu Dhabi.

Title; Blue Velvet

Waiata Dawn Davis. Titles; Wings of the Morning

Catherine Graham lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, England. She is a Northern Voices Poetry Award Winner. Catherine's acclaimed chapbook, *Signs* is published by ID on Tyne Press (2010). Catherine's first full collection *Things I Will Put In My Mother's Pocket* is due out Autumn 2012 with Indigo Dreams Publishing.

www.indigodreams.co.uk

Titles; Scent of a Woman, The Liberian, Hairspray, Mission Impossible

Jan Harris lives in Nottinghamshire and writes poetry, flash fiction and short stories. Her work has appeared in *14 Magazine*, *nth Position*, *Popshot* and *Mslexia*. Her poem 'Poppies' was commended in the Poetry Kit Competition 2011.

Title – Almost Famous

Sally James. Titles; Lassie Come Home, Black and White, Sliding Doors

Philip Johnson. Title; Gold

Gol McAdam Titles; To Have And Have Not

Jenni Meredith, a visual artist and writer has lived in Essex, UK, since 2000. Her performance poems, often reflect her disability experience and are published in print, video and CD anthologies and collections. They have been broadcast, used as installations in hospitals, screened on the top of a 100 ft water tower and carved into ceramic forms. Jenni produced her first short video, 'Through The Pane' in 1995 with Arts Council funding. This was selected by many festivals including Feminale, Cologne, Serving Suggestions, Edinburgh, Noi Gli Altri, Turin, and won a prize there in 1998. She has now created almost twenty animated experimental video shorts in collaboration with her husband, Tony, a sculptor, potter and cartoonist. Her commissions include hypertext projects, interactive web art, a visual poetry CD Rom, and placements on P&O ferries as 'Poet on the Boet' and aboard DFDS ferries from Harwich to Hamburg and Esbjerg. Currently Jenni and Tony are collaborating on Agitpot; a series of text based ceramics. www.wordsart.co.uk
www.snowtracksproductions.co.uk
Titles; The Artist, the last resort, The veteran, brief encounter, round Ireland with a fridge, The Whistleblower

Mick Moss, 59, lives in Liverpool UK. A writer, artist and musician. Optioned and commissioned. Published internationally in print and on-line, and topped the internet music charts twice. Currently seeking an outlet for his hilarious comedy material. (that's a laugh!)
www.emc2.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk
Titles; Morgan (a suitable case for Treatment), A Serious Man

Stuart Nunn is a retired lecturer and athletics official living in South Gloucestershire.
Titles; Towering Inferno. Night of the Living Dead, Bring me the head of Alfredo Garcia, They Shoot Horses Don't They

Barbara Phillips. Titles; Casablanca

Karen Stanley. Titles; Dr No, E.T.

Grant van Wingerden first thrilled to film with the introduction of the Man with No Name, an enigmatic character utterly different to the western heroes of the period. The poem has nothing to do with that signature film. Grant is also a big fan of experimental cinema and likes the unadulterated weird of David Lynch's first flick. The poem owes nothing to the film either, but the unusual tends to rub off.
Titles; The Good The Bad and The Ugly, Eraserhead