

teaching English at night

One student came in lathered, late
drunk on wine and G&T. She hugged
me as she handed out sponge cake.
Siento bondadosa. I tucked in,
wiped the board, and counted heads.
We spoke of phrasal verbs, divorce.
Those spongers soaked it up, immersed.
We dived into a page of text:
some swam, some floated, others drowned.
I prized some, dried some, woke the shocked.
They shivered as I weighed their words.
Would their test marks scrape ashore?
Tomorrow, we will swim that sea.

domestic animals

Pop cranes atop the huge toy box,
bares his canines, red-eyed, bearded,
scratches, yawns, and sniffs his hand.
Mommy, can we send him back?

gone to the dogs

Post-bookies, out comes Superman,
a suit that packed a punch three summers back,
now packs a paunch, a multitude of stains,
tights laddered, cape all torn and frayed,
wild-eyed, red-faced, he barrels past
the offie like a whippet on a hare.

tomorrow

You'll awake and wonder why
your duvet lies half off, the pillow scrunched,
the mattress all off-kilter, and you'll turn
and bump into another would-be future.

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.

The Poetry Kit is a free online resource for poets listing competitions, events, open floor events, online and print magazines. <https://www.poetrykit.org/>

For information about the PK List a free critique list <https://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/index.htm>

ABOUT RAOUL IZZARD

Raoul Izzard lives near Barcelona in the region of Catalonia, Spain. He is an English teacher, and translator. His work has appeared in collections including;

- 'The Wolf/El Llop' - a translation of Catalan poet, Jordi Valls' poetry in the April 2019 edition of the Kenyon Review Online

- HardPressed Dual Poets Reader: Three (2019) A translation of Jordi Valls poetry selected from the books 'Mal' and 'Guillem Tell'

- 'The Virgin and the Donkey' from PK Poetry publication, The Quixotic Travellers (2018)

- 'Stopping off at a street vendor on a snowy evening' in A Poet's Siddur, Ain't Got No Press (2017)

- 'Reader,' from Voices from the Cave: An anthology of poems about addiction and recovery, Revival Press, (2017)

“Why not spice it up with a Hologram?” in SFPA publication, Star*Line, Volume 39, Issue 3, Summer 2016

He studied animaton with EAP, a school of animation based in Guinardo where he learnt to model and animate with plasticine. He also appeared as the scientist who operates on the mutant sunflower baby in the school's short film, Invadidos (2011).

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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 SECOND SERIES

#1 Raoul Izzard



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the master reflects

He shines his bald pate to a sheen,
a golden dome of ancient wisdom.

intruders

A cat bolts past before they can react.
Both gasp. She lets him keep his hand
between bra wire and flesh. The clouds
race by. The sun stoops down to catch
each second of their clumsy one-act love.

the morning after

Those tooth-stuck, hard-bit globs,
the cavities that love can't fill,
the acid bite of nightclub lime
and last night's mummified kebab
that rose like Karloff from your gut.
Some chew out past in coffee shops;
some laugh and swig it off with fags.

off course

A faded shadow folded up,
I found it on the hot asphalt,
a nestling that I took for dead,
downy plumes become its shroud.
A tomb – Oh yes! - that Rocher box.
When I came down, the bird had gone.
The binman had it in his hands,
alive but lacking propulsion, stiff.
Cradled in his palm he stroked
with one fat thumb its feathered chest
till there was breath, and one wing flexed
the other, then its small head turned.
Don't put the lid on or you'll kill it.
He took it; I took down this poem.

tweeting with my son

My son veers off the slide at speed
- whee into a feather storm of pigeons.
Defiant parents coo and strut;
others cluck while I scroll down
the comment feed to find a seed
that tweeters peck at till there's dust.
My son circles the park. New spaces fill.
I hope for saplings and a season
when shoots will be allowed to grow.

between the sheets

This book I give you is a cutting made
that you might plant it, that it might root.
Feel its tendrils deep inside your brain,
grown thick with leaves till there's no space.

The book I give you is a mirror to see
how I see you, how I think you see me.
Feel its leaves thicken till the image cracks
till there's no space, just a version of us.

The book I give you will break its spine
in our brute hands, each leaf will expire,
in a bed of glass where none take root,
in the space between us: bad blood and gifts.

nursery story

sleepy head eat your greens
slurping bubble burping
hand grasps out for booby milk
cart wheels in a sodden nappy

oopsie daisie in a pram
in the rush hour down he rolls
nurse and lawyer hand in hand
mummy's in the can for good.

poet takes the witness stand

As I was ambling down the lane,
I saw a man with a wooden cane,
stout chest puffed out, a real gent,
and happy to be out that morn.

When all at once, this thug jumped out.
as I told the officer, medium height,
with a nose ring and a tattoo on his face.
No I can't remember what you see

for I turned and saw the daffs that hung
through the iron railings of the parish church
and I closed my eyes to find the essence,
what Eliot called the "objective correlative"

Those yellows cups on yellow saucers?
O drat, now screams. God what's the emotion
evoked by those external facts,
those iron gates, their paint flecked sheen?

I was thinking - ars poetica - when
I felt a tap upon my shoulder.
Sir, did you see where the little git went?
The daffs in the railings nodded: 'we didn't.'

amazon fulfilment centre

Through a maze of corridors,
acolytes with polished stones,
load their carts with offerings
to their never sated gods.