



POETRY FOR DRUNKS
Charlie Trotman

The following ten poems are about modern objects, love and drunken ramblings, half baked lazy concepts etc

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Dressed in Red...

*Your legs crumbled
Wafer thin
As I unwrapped you*

*Cautiously checking for
Which sent shockwave
You are not my Galaxy
My Milky Way
You Are my...*



crows staining the parchment sky



Like me they rise early to meet the day
I'd like to feel so free



Fly away
And again see the sea.

Crawling against the cardboard wall

Paramount's mountain avalanched now

The Producer milking his last cow

The Director cuts to Camera 1

Paramount

Which only shows a rerun

MGM lion swallowed the cast

Need Subtitles

Lost the plot

A V I A C O M C O M P A N Y

Now the most sought

Product in the bargain bin

Drowned under the actors with the grin

E 10 mg

She sits between a coloured future

And a greying past

Essence of cocaine

Etched within her geisha face

Different worlds colliding

As she corrupts you with her soft hand

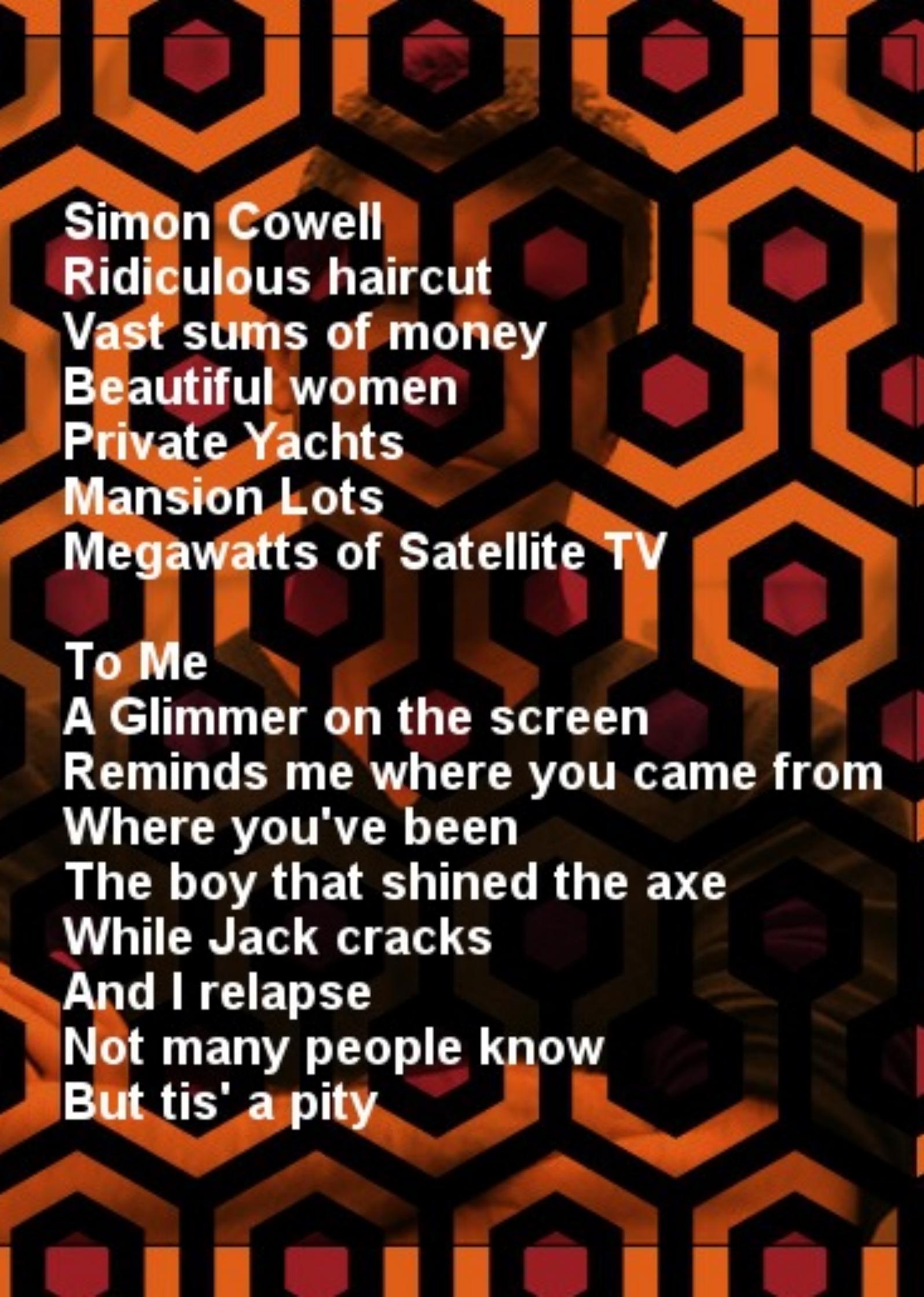
Passing out from sofa to sofa

Dates of dread, love and substance

My mind forever altered

In the season of the bright lights

We shall be complete again



**Simon Cowell
Ridiculous haircut
Vast sums of money
Beautiful women
Private Yachts
Mansion Lots
Megawatts of Satellite TV**

**To Me
A Glimmer on the screen
Reminds me where you came from
Where you've been
The boy that shined the axe
While Jack cracks
And I relapse
Not many people know
But tis' a pity**

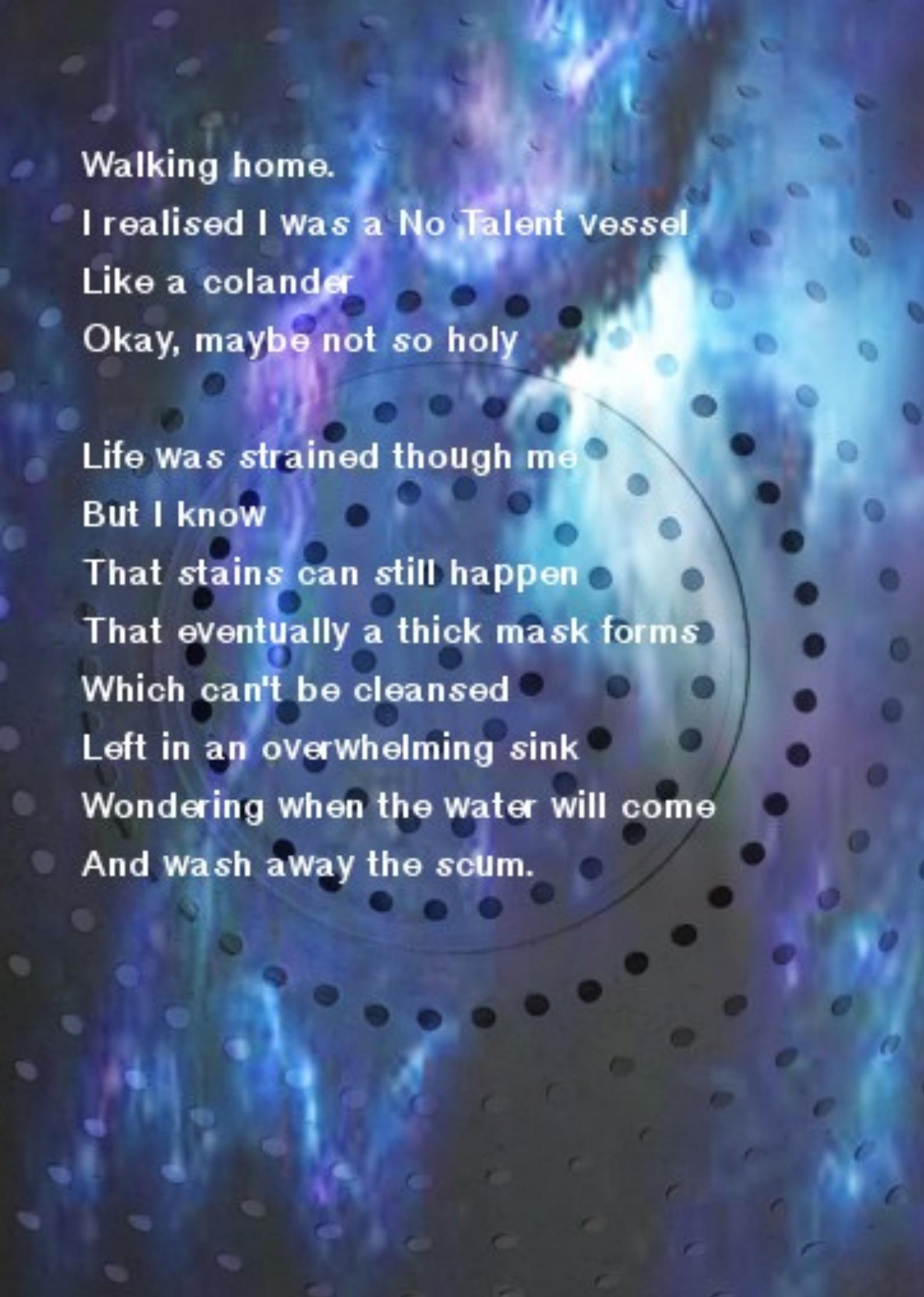
Wank

I _____ lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a DICK,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
DRUGS and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a TESCO:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in SHIT dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of BENEFITS;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



Walking home.

I realised I was a No Talent vessel

Like a colander

Okay, maybe not so holy

Life was strained through me

But I know

That stains can still happen

That eventually a thick mask forms

Which can't be cleansed

Left in an overwhelming sink

Wondering when the water will come

And wash away the scum.

Cleaning his throat

He spoke

Amongst

Those that found life a joke

A carousel of fast food and laugh

He was as still

As a photograph

Breaks my balls to be in this room

Take it too late

Or far too soon

Sleeping thickly in a fog

The mind was only in the mind

The heart I hold no real need for

Highway oranges always glow

And there is nothing in the car

There is nothing in the skin

There is nothing in the bone

Nothing at all

*Bumped lips like gorgeous sores
Needed someone who would look after me
Sitting staring needing feeling
Woolworths in our hearts
Waiting to be demolished
Aching again
You were just part of the season
I was just a shadow
a phase
they knew better
sometimes
I'd trade it all in
just to live on that day
where we went to the park
smoked
drank lots
went back
sex*



I wanted a pint in
halves...

But it was Bitter.

END SCENE
GOODBYE

