



(the big fiver...)

one two three four five

1 2 3 4



POEMS

By

Strider *M*arcus Jones

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Reading Strider Marcus Jones' writings is like riding a whirling carousel of words. 'THE PORTAL IN THE WOODS,' "Spices of the flesh / Soaking rooms in Marrakesh...Back home- / Tribes of bloods / And druids roam / Seeking out the overgrown..." 'CUBIST GHETTOS' "I think / To shrink / The distance / Of resistance / Inside self/ To all else-" 'THE FOREST OF FORGETS' "i don't do remembers, or regrets, / not knowing, i belong in what comes next- / without the edge and angle of pretext..." You can't imagine what a liability it is critiquing writers when your words are no match for theirs. Last but one, 'THE HEAD IN HIS FEDORA HAT' "a storyteller, / that hobo fella. 'HOPPER'S LADIES' "sat, thinking in and out of ifs and maybes" Perhaps more a house of mirrors than a carousel. (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

Five Stars

THE PORTAL IN THE WOODS

Seeing somnambulist sunrise

Through open window

Touch your face

After love rides

On moon tides

In ebb and flow

At tantric pace-

Love resides

Tasted

No asides

Wasted

Spices of the flesh

Soaking rooms in Marrakesh

How I ate your truffle in Zanzibar

While you smoked my long cigar.

Back home-

Tribes of bloods

And druids roam

Seeking out the overgrown

Portal in the woods

Where we hondfast

In this present of the past

Dance chanting

In stone bone circles

Like ooparts

Practicing

Magical arts

Settling

What chaos hurtles-

Reconnecting rhythms

In living and dead

To those algorithms

In nature's head.

We are rustic-

Romantic

In land and sky

The air fire water

To warriors who slaughter

If Us or Them must die.

We wake

For clambake

Pleasure

In a cauldron lake

Of limbs together

Then cut sods of peat

From the bog under our feet

Exposing the pasts

That never last.

CUBIST GHETTOS

I think

To shrink

The distance

Of resistance

Inside self

To all else-

Knowing

Showing

Vulnerability

In the mystery

Leaves what is closed

Openly exposed-

To explanation

Under examination

When there isn't one

That hasn't gone

Until roof floor and sky door

Are no more-

Only roulette rubbles

Of drone troubles

Imprisoning

Reasoning

In cubist ghettos

Wearing jazz stilettos-

Flashing flamingo legs

To pink paradise Harlem heads

While new trees grow up mute

And ripen with strange fruit

Some whites too this time

A drowned boy me and mine.

THE FOREST OF FORGETS

i don't do remembers, or regrets,
not knowing, i belong in what comes next-
without the edge and angle of pretext,
find me in the forest of forgets-

watching your perfections dance and breathe
in my fires flames then read out gypsy leaves;
imagining your whispers in the wind and trees-
before they fade, and fall, and leave.

back inside the house, picture rails
of love hang empty
from bent hooks, that promised plenty,
leaving frameless tales in musty trails-

to dusty cabinets of more
trinkets and traces-
whose duality displaces
sky and floor.

THE HEAD IN HIS FEDORA HAT

a lonely man,
cigarette,
rain
and music
is a poem
moving,
not knowing-
a caravan,
whose journey does not expect
to go back
and explain
how everyone's ruts
have the same
blood and vein.

the head in his fedora hat
bows to no one's grip,
brim tilted into the borderless
plain
so his outlaw wit
can confess
and remain
a storyteller,
that hobo fella
listening like a barfly
for a while
and slow-winged butterfly
whose smile
they can't close the shutters on
or stop talking about
when he walks out
and is gone.

whisky and tequila
and a woman, who loves to feel ya
inside
and outside
her
when ya move
and live as one,
brings you closer
in simplistic

unmaterialistic
grooved
muse Babylon.

this is so,
when he stands with hopes head,
arms and legs
all aflow
in her Galadriel glow
with mithril breath kisses
condensing sensed wishes
of reality and dream
felt and seen
under that
fedora hat
inhaling smoke
as he sang and spoke
stranger fella
storyteller.

HOPPER'S LADIES

you stay and grow
more misterioso
but familiar
in my interior-
with voices peeled
full of field
of fruiting orange trees
fertile to orchard breeze
soaked in summer rains
so each refrain all remains.

not afraid of contrast,
closed and opened in the past
and present, this isolation of Hopper's ladies,
sat, thinking in and out of ifs and maybes
in a diner, reading on a chair or bed
knowing what wants to be said
to someone
who is coming or gone-

such subsidence
into silence
is a unilateral curve
of moments
and movements

that swerve
a straight lifetime
to independence
in dependence
touching sublime
rich roots
then ripe fruits.

we share their flesh and flutes
in ribosomes and delicious shoots
that release love-
no, not just the fingered glove
to wear
and curl up with in a chair,
but lovingkindness
cloaked in timeless
density and tone
in settled loam-
beyond lonely apartments in skyscrapers
and empty newspapers,
or small town life
gutting you with gossips knife.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I never feel comfortable talking about my work or myself. The Mad Hatter's in their white coats would probably have a field day delving into the maze of my subconscious mind and decide to join me.*

I am a gentle eccentric humanist soul. I prefer to live on the fringe of the real world, tapping into its beauty and madness before retiring to the comfort of my Hermit Cave to think and write whilst sipping a single malt whiskey and listening to Rock or Jazz.

My writing thought processes depend on my mood and what tangents I want to drift into – a tad like Kurt Vonnegut and Joseph Heller sharing a few beers and whiskies in an old west saloon with Mark Twain and JRR Tolkien. Love and fantasy, the Tuatha Da Dannan, mythology and escape from the present always creep into the conversation (The Portal in the Woods and The Forest of Forgets) but I can't ignore the cruelty of the real world - war, corporate and oligarch greed, wilful blindness by religions, racism, refugees and creeping fascism for too long – (Cubist Ghettos). The whiskey brings us back to mellow in Americana for a while and everyday things we all experience from inside and out and glory in (The Head in His Fedora Hat). In the spaces in between, the silences between sentences, we try to come to terms with the suppression of individuality, the moulding into robotic units of production, living in isolation in lonely rooms avoiding those who stand in judgement, trapped in manufactured time, longing for survival and escape (Hopper's Ladies).

Time to sign off. I shoot Milo Minderbender. Wish Kurt was my Dad. Ask Tolkien for an impossible quest and drift lazily down the Mississippi River on my home-made raft.

AUTHOR BIO: Strider Marcus Jones – is a poet, law graduate and former civil servant from Salford, England with proud Celtic roots in Ireland and Wales. He is the editor and publisher of Lothlorien Poetry Journal <https://lothlorienpoetryjournal.blogspot.com/>. A member of The Poetry Society, his five published books of poetry <https://stridermarcusjonespoetry.wordpress.com/> reveal a maverick, moving between cities, playing his saxophone in smoky rooms.

His poetry has been published in numerous publications including: Dreich Magazine; The Racket Journal; Trouvaille Review; dyst Literary Journal; Impspired Magazine; Fleas on the Dog; Melbourne Culture Corner; Literary Yard Journal; The Honest Ulsterman; Poppy Road Review; The Galway Review; Cajun Mutt Press; Rusty Truck Magazine; Rye Whiskey Review; Deep Water Literary Journal; The Huffington Post USA; The Stray Branch Literary Magazine; Crack The Spine Literary Magazine; A New Ulster; The Lampeter Review; Panoplyzine Poetry Magazine and Dissident Voice.