

Poetry Series

Josephine Dunn
- poems -

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1974-5 Loughborough College of Art & Design - Foundation Arts

1975-9 St Martin's School of Art - B.A. Fashion Design & Communications

1993-6 Derby University M.A. Film & Television Studies

1979-83 Southern TV / TVS - Assistant Director

1983-5 Limehouse Studios - Assistant Director

1985 - Freelance - Writer, journalist, poet, film maker (production manager, director, producer) , designer, artist.

2009 - Fairie Godmother - (physical & spiritual transformations)

2017 - Beat Love Priestess

A Bitter Cup

You drank deep from my cup,
So deep you drained even the dregs.
Bitter dregs of past hurts,
Sour on the tongue.

So with my love
Comes all my pain.
But still you drink
Deeper and deeper,
Used to the bitterness of your own past,
Feeding the delicate creeping tendrils
Of your heart
As they struggle to take root
And climb out of the mire
Into the sun.

Why do you shout at my anguish?

Perhaps to scare it away.

Does it open again the wounds
I have strived so hard
To heal with love?

May 2006

Josephine Dunn

A Child Of Chaos

He was a child of chaos
Blown into her world
By the winds of discord,
Riding the eye of the hurricane.

He heard her cry and answered.

From the threads of chaos
He wove a chariot
And bore her upwards
Into the clouds.

But still she called out.

The winds were strong
And she found no comfort
In his words
Nor safety in his arms.

And so her cry was doubled.

His gaze fell on far horizons
And his vow to spread chaos
To the far corners of the Earth
Took his attention from her need.

And her cries were misunderstood.

August 2004

Josephine Dunn

A Lover's Farewell

The time has come
To bid old friends goodbye,
Without a backward glance,
Or question why,
So take a great step forwards
And make brave plans
For future times,
And lives,
And loves.

The time has come
When we must part,
Without a lonely tear,

2001
Or broken heart,
And treasure what we
Have to keep,
Not search our souls
And start to weep.
For what we have
Is more than this,
So goes far deeper
Than a stolen kiss
From lips that promise
More than they give.

And if we never
Meet again,
Remember what I say
To you, and when,
And hope that we
May find once more
What we have shared,
In future times,
And lives,
And loves.

2001

Josephine Dunn

A Stranger Came Knocking

A stranger came knocking at my door
I opened my heart and let him in
Knowing what I fool I am
To play a game I can not win.
I loved him dear, albeit briefly,
I loved him true, and very sweetly,
I gave my heart, I gave my love
And prayed each night to God above
To keep me safe from pain and sorrow
To keep my stranger till tomorrow.

My prayers could not have reached the skies
And God heard nothing of my cries
The stranger took my love and left
He stole my heart with hand so deft
With practised ease and soft caress
I never felt it leave my breast.
I feel his kiss upon my cheek
I think of him, it makes me weak,
I dream of him each night and day
So God return him, so I pray.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

Appology

I did not mean to hurt you
My Love
With my words of criticism,
Only help you
See Yourself.

I did not mean to harm you
My Love
With my advice,
Only help you
To grow.

I did not mean to scare you
My Love
With my tales of life,
Only teach you how
To learn.

I did not mean to own you
My Love
With my words of love,
Only guide you
To find yourself.

I did not mean to lose you
My Love
With my words of love,
Only show you how to
Know Yourself.

8th July 2009

Josephine Dunn

Betrayal

With the hands of a lover
You caress my flesh
Soft hands
Soft flesh
Soft caresses.

With the silence of a priest
You hear my confession
Ritual prayers
Ritual penance
Ritual absolution.

With the kiss of a traitor
You betray me to death
False kiss
False testimony
False friend.

With the words of a judge
You condemn my beliefs
Harsh words
Harsh beliefs
Harsh judgement.

With the love of a Mother
You bestow me with life
True love
True gift
True worth.

Josephine Dunn - 5th September 2009

Josephine Dunn

Braunstone Boy

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

When Saturday comes
He follows his dream
He wears a blue shirt
And shouts for his team.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

He's watching the footie
And he's never tardy
With words of support for
His hero who's Vardy

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

A free kick awarded,
A goal gets a cheer,
Nearly half time and
Then its time for a beer.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

He's right disappointed
If a penalty's missed,
He calls out a curse and
Its time to get pissed.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

The dinner is burnt
His Missis is lost
But he'll stay till the end
Whatever the cost.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

It's a weekly event,
He's a regular drunk
She's used to it now,
He stinks like a skunk.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

She'll come with a barrow
To wheel him home
From pub to table
In case he roams.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

He's out for the count and
Can't hear her nagging,
Dreaming sweet dreams
Of drinking and shagging.

He's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

Yes, he's one of the lads
With his beer and his fags,
He's an old fashioned
Braunstone Boy.

Josephine Dunn

Can I, Yes I Can

Can I, Yes I Can

Can I look at a man
And see the boy within,
Can I look at a boy and
Love the man
He will become,
Yes I can,
Yes I can.

Can I look past
The lines of worry,
See all the times
That made him sorry
To walk away,
Yes I can,
Yes I can.

Can I find the truth
In this mis-spent youth
Un-weave the threads,
Release the dread
That lies beneath,
Yes I can,
Yes I can.

Can I see a future
For this boy-man-child
Rekindle his hope
Without taming what's wild,
And give him life,
Yes I can,
Yes I can.

Josephine Dunn

Castles Of Glass

I am building castles of glass
So fragile that all it takes
Is one whisper of dissention
To bring them crashing to the ground.
I am constructing castles of crystal
So light that all it needs
Is one breath of air
To shatter them without a sound.

June 2002

Josephine Dunn

City Lullabye

You are the sounds of the city,
The sirens sing a morning symphony
As we lie down, not to sleep
But to entwine ourselves in languid lovemaking,
Continuing the dance of the night before
Barely ended as dawn broke over the rooftops.
Magpies and pigeons compete in cacophony,
The baby next-door wakes, cries and is shushed
By diligent parents, their hushed tones
More intrusive than the infant's demands
For nourishment which echo our own passionate
Demands for fulfilment.

You stir behind me aroused
Only by my being there, near, still,
The dance ritual observed last night,
Our courtship, not named or owned but
Stamped out with relentless beats,
Your feet pounding, mine stepping
Into each footprint as you leave it,
Whirling like dervishes,
A choreographed fight sequence without
Bearing arms, without bearing intentions,
My gaze, catching yours, your energy,
Matching mine, keeping time, timeless.

Knowing, not knowing we will lie
Together in the grey half-light and observe
Our particular, peculiar Sunday worship,
Your body, my body, the body of Christ,
Sacramental host, closer than close.
Later, you turn me to you and we
Consent to consummate while sirens sing
Their early morning victims to safety,
Conjoined so there is no you and no me
Only a unity of body and soul.
I talk to God while you sanctify silence and,
The city's lullabye sends us to sleep.

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Josephine Dunn

Come To The Wild Woods

Will you come to the wild woods with me?
The wild woods where once we lay together.

Come to the wild woods,
Where the sun is hot on your back
And the damp grass tickles mine.

Come to the wild woods
Where there is laughter in the distance
And the waters of a clear stream
Flow unseen.

Come to the wild woods
Where green leaves hide us with their coolness,
And the heat of our bodies brings flies
To the smell of our lovemaking.

Come to the wild woods,
Oh, come in the wild woods with me.

1984

Josephine Dunn

Communion

In mutual surrender
Their souls merged,
Sliding like shadows
Without resistance.

Two into one,
Familiar as self,
Move together
In lasting communion.

Mirrored pools of darkness
In co-joined oblivion,
Face to face, black to black,
Fuse – flash like lightning.

Afterward, in still quietitude,
Tendrils of dreams curl
Like smoke around them.
Separate, but no longer alone.

December 2004

Josephine Dunn

Considering A Proposition

A good f***'s OK
But what I'm dying to say
Is,
Can you make cheesecake?

And if it's no good at all,
And your cock's far too small,
Will you make me laugh –
After?

If we roll on the floor,
With our limbs intertwined,
Will I think of you only,
Or Zabaglione?

Your tongue or cat's tongues,
Which give more pleasure?
Will you allow me
To try both at leisure?

When we lie in the grass
With my feet on your arse,
Will I dream of the stars
Or Milky Way and Mars?

You offer the promise
Of hours of delight,
And a good f***'s alright
But –
How's your lemon meringue?

April 2003

Josephine Dunn

Crag_Du

And as the season of Beltane
Drew to a close,
There came unto the Priestess
A noble beardless youth
Scarred in battle
And seeking succor.

The mark of the badger
Is high upon his chest
And below it her cub
Suckles at his right breast.

He is ringed like a bull
Asking to be led.
The temples are shaved
At the sides of his head

A vow makes it so,
Lest you question this lack,
Yet his hair hangs thick
With plaits at the back.

A sword with no point
Runs the length of his spine
Rising up from his name
Which is older than mine.

By the torc of Cernunnos
His seed is constrained
She will teach him to use it
Without being drained.

She will soothe him with wisdom
And guide him with love
And mend all his hurts
With help from above.

She will polish his chalice
And nurture his fire

Restore his lost spirit
And kindle desire.

She will ride the wild stallion
And draw forth his power
Through the eye of his member
At the prophesied hour.

July 2004

Josephine Dunn

Crown You Oberon

She will make you king
In the tiny kingdom of her heart
She will crown you Oberon
And pray you never part
She will be daughter-mother
To your everlasting child
Be Wendy to your Peter
Give adoration meek and mild.
She will wait on you and worship you
At the altar of your dreams
Praise every little thing you do
Never criticise your schemes
She will follow like a spaniel
Closely at your heels
And when you go to kick her
She will cross herself and kneel
She will take each heavy blow
That flies from angry hands
And seek to fulfil each of
Your unreasonable demands
She will crown you Oberon
To be Queen of Fairyland.

April 2003 - published in Rhyme & Reason (poetry collection) 2003

Josephine Dunn

Dead Man's Shoes

How is it to stand in a dead man's shoes
To lead his life, have you ever thought
As you survey all but can change naught,
That your own identity you'll begin to lose.
How is it to sit at a dead man's table
To eat his food and drink his wine
Hear his clock ticking away the time
And lie on his sofa whenever you're able.
How is it to sleep in a dead man's bed
To father his sons, take his dogs for a walk
To love his wife and listen to her talk
And hear repeated every word he once said.
Does it remind you of the families you've lost
Do you ever stop to consider the cost?

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

Did My Mother Know

Did my mother know,
When she taught me
How to sew,
That one day I would meet
A poor man
Who would
Ask me sweet to
Fabricate
For him, shirts as
White as snow.

Did my mother think,
When she taught me
How to sow
That the only flowers
I would see
Would be
Yellow Marigolds
Elbow deep
In a foam-filled
Kitchen sink.

April 2003 - revised September 2006

Josephine Dunn

Does She Do?

Does she do or does she don't?
Will she stay or will she won't?
Break her heart and wonder why
When she goes she always cries.

April 2002

Josephine Dunn

Doucement

On a summer's day
A voice on the radio sang,
"Doucement, doucement, doucement.

I drove through the mist
On empty French roads,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

As the miles sped past
I remembered you,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You waved from your car,
Smiled a nervous 'Hello',
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

We sat in a café
Speaking softly in French,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You opened your soul,
Showed me your child,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You asked me, "what next? ",
I could only say,
"Doucement, doucement, doucement".

We walked side by side
In hot dusty streets,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

And after a while
We decided to eat,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

We ate & we drank
And we started to learn,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

While you dealt with your work
I walked all alone,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

In a church with two towers
Glass coloured the sun,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

Two candles I lit
And said silent prayers,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

In cold marble halls
I viewed paintings on walls,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You found me at last
Where I lay in the grass,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

We misunderstood
But all was not lost,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

And so we embraced
With our lips coming close,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

We made love together
In late afternoon,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You were kind, you were gentle,
It was over too soon,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

We parted as friends,
As the sun slowly set,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

Now I wonder if we

Will meet e're again,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

I remember your kiss
And the touch of your skin,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

You will stay in my heart,
For as long as I live,
Doucement, doucement, doucement.

2003 - revised 22nd February 2009

Josephine Dunn

Epitaph

Remember me as loving you,
It's better left that way.
Now everything is over,
It's all I have to say.

Josephine Dunn 18th August 2010

Josephine Dunn

For Daddy - A Gentle Man

I cried for an hour today,
The tears flow easily now,
Yet when they should have come
My eyes were dry.
Too late I knew what I had lost
And could not replace what is gone.

Now I cry for what I can not have.

We will never talk together
As woman and man
For you I am always a child.
We can never walk together
Hand in hand
Or exchange a knowing smile.
You will never hear the laughter of my children
Or look forward to their kiss
You can never reach out to touch them
Or know how much you are missed.

2001 revised March 2003

Josephine Dunn

For Geoffrey

You have been my Knight in tarnished armour
With brow careworn and pennants torn.
Who has held me and loved me
From night to dawn.
Who I love more than I dare to tell,
Who I only wish could love me so well.
Who I can not give up however I try
For it breaks my heart and makes me cry.
You will always have a home in my heart
Even though we are destined to part
Let it be still as lovers and friends
Lest harsh words are said that will never mend.
With all the love I have to give
You are still mine as long as we both shall live
And beyond.....

June 2004

Josephine Dunn

From The Sea To Sizewell B

In your house no one is near
There is only stillness here.
Just birds in the trees
And the gentle breeze
Blowing west from the Sea
And Sizewell B.
Hold my hand and watch the sun set,
Remember the winter day we met.
Give thanks for all we have done,
And have hope eternal for what is to come.

April 2002

Josephine Dunn

Golden Boy

You are my Golden Boy
Crowned
With a halo of sunshine.
Dreamer,
Head high in the clouds,
Tall enough
To touch the sky.

2003

Josephine Dunn

Goodbye

When passion has died
And the only remains
Are the dying embers of love,
We sometimes find that friendship
Holds together
What desire has forged.
If that is lacking
The only thing left is
Goodbye.

Josephine Dunn

Guardian Of Innocence

My friend, mein freund
For one and thirty years
You remembered my innocence,
Guarded it carefully
Nurtured it tenderly
Keeping it ever safe.

My friend, mein freund
When you look in my eyes
Who do you see?
Woman or child,
Mistress or waif?

When you hold my hand
Are we in that land
So long ago, so far away
When we were too young
And too naïve to kiss?

What if we had
What did we miss?

My friend, mein freund
Was it worth the wait,
Maturing all that time
Like a fine wine
Sweet on our lips.

My friend, mein freund
Are we still naïve
To believe
In innocent love?

Romance, my friend,
The strongest magic,
Sweeps away cares
Wipes away tears,
Turns back the years.

What if we do?
Are we just fools
To wait and dream
Of what might have been.

My friend, mein freund,
Keep my innocence safe,
For while we remember
How it was to be
Too young and too naïve,
It is never too late to relive.

August 2001

Josephine Dunn

Haiku For A Northern Boy

Northern boy, we met
By chance, now fate is laying
Down her deck of cards.

Oh, Northern boy, you
Sang softly to me and
My heart answered back.

Northern boy, our hands
Touched when we held the mike
So brief together.

Northern boy, our eyes
Looked deep inside each other and
Spoke a thousand words.

Strange Northern Boy, why
Did you not call me, even though
You had my number?

Ah, Northern Boy, why
Leave the party early when
You just said hello?

But, Northern Boy, now
You choose to ask me to share
A bottle with you.

Shy Northern Boy, you
Are just as nervous as me,
Kids on our first date.

Northern boy, drink up
Your drink and tell me sweetly
What you think of me.

My Northern Boy, reach
Out and kiss me, hold me
Very close to you.

Strong Northern Boy, slip
Deep inside me, stroke my breast,
Keep kissing the rest.

Swift Northern Boy, move
Hard and fast so we join in
Joyful ecstasy.

Dear Northern Boy, sleep
Soft beside me, do not leave
Until the dawn breaks.

Dream on, Northern Boy
Of future pleasures to share
When we meet again.

Breathe deep, Northern Boy
And smell me on your fingers,
Pillows, sheets, whole bed.

Recall, Northern Boy,
This precious moment lying
Quiet and alone.

September 2001

Josephine Dunn

Haiku Tide

Like the ocean I
Visit your shore, but like the
Tide, you are still out.

September 2001

Josephine Dunn

Hardly Incest

Hardly Incest (Rap)

I ain't your Mudda
You not my Fadda,
I ain't your Sista,
You not my Bruda.

So what your problem?
It hardly incest.
Why you be bitchin?
You thinking arrest!

We ain't no chil'ren
We both be adult
So stop complainin
And do de biznis.

Josephine Dunn - October 2009

Josephine Dunn

Have You Ever.....

Have you ever danced naked
Except for you socks
In your sitting room
With the doors unlocked?
Have you ever lain
In front of a blazing fire
And made passionate love
To your heart's desire?
Have you ever rolled
On a goatskin rug
Till the strings of your heart
Give an almighty tug?
Have you ever made love
All the hours of the night
Till the stuff of your dreams
Grows wings and takes flight?
Have you ever sat held
In the tightest embrace
That quickens your pulse
And makes your blood race
In veins that are pounding
Inside your head
Where a tune keeps on playing
As he takes you to bed
And the words she is starting to sing
Describe just what you feel –
Oh, your love is king.

November 2001

Josephine Dunn

Hold Me Tight

Hold me in the dark
As night is falling
Hold me in the dark
As day is dawning
Hold me tight
And tell me true
That you love me
As I love you.

Hold my hand
As we go walking
Hold me close
As we are talking
Hold my love
Within your breast
Love me more
Than all the rest.

Hold my hand
And hold my heart
Tell me love
We'll never part
Hold me tight
And tell me true
That you love me
As I love you.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

Hope

So much longing,
No belonging.
So much giving,
Too little living.
So much sending,
No receiving.
Hope the most dangerous emotion,
Raising, rising, opening,
Falling, plummeting, closing.
Tread softly as you tread on my dreams.
Breathe gently lest you
E extinguish the flame.
Hope that fills you,
Fuels you, fools you,
Then lets you fall.
Why hope at all.

Josephine Dunn

I Could No Longer Be

I COULD NO LONGER BE

I could no longer be her.

She who dreamt of you.
Who imagined such fantastic futures.
She who conceived the idea of you,
Who conceived the reality of you.
She who conceived you,
Who carried you compact, safe,
Within her womb.
She who screamed bearing you,
Who held your slippery head in warm hands,
Who lifted you to her breast and
Quenched your first thirst.
She who stroked your face and
Stilled your first cry.
She who held you and
Calmed your first fears.
She who watched over you
In your first hours,
Sleepless as you slept,
Smiling as you dreamed.

I could no longer be her.

She who dried your little tears,
She who wiped clean muddy knees,
She who washed away bloody noses,
She who ran with you in summer games,
She who swam with you upon her back,
She who let you swing from braids,
She who carried your wriggling forms,
She who taught you your first words,
She who always held your hands,
She who taught you how to draw,
She who watched your every move,
Sleepless as you slept,
Smiling as you dreamed.

I could no longer be her.

She who heard your angry shouts,
She who saw you stand and stare,
She who felt your spiteful taunts,
She who knew your fears and woes,
She who bore your fists and knees
She who cried but could not leave,
She who loved but was not loved,
She whose dreams were rent and torn,
She who's patience so careworn.

I could no longer NOT BE ME.

Josephine Dunn

I Couldn'T Eat

I couldn't eat my Mother
When she died
Her face was disbelieving
When I lied.
It got so bad I had to say
Bye-bye.

But she nags me no longer
Because she's six feet under,
She made one last blunder
And I said
Bye-bye!

1973

Josephine Dunn

I Love To Kiss You

I love to kiss you softly
When you are sleeping
And with each kiss wash away
The worries you are keeping.
On crisp white linen
Rests your face so fair
Across the pillows snake
The red tendrils of your hair
Stirring embers of longing
With tentacles of fire,
I run my fingers through them
Awaking my desire.

I love to kiss you gently
While silently you dream
When the stillness of your body
Isn't quite what it may seem
When flickering eyelids and
The turning of your head
Betray inner thoughts and
Hide the secrets of the dead.
Your ruby lips begin to part
With every breath you take
Whispering sweet promises
You hardly dare to make.

I love to kiss you sweetly
As you lie quiet at rest
Your long arms folded crosswise
Upon your rising chest.
On wind burnt cheeks
My kisses carefully placed
On stubble chin and careworn
Fingers tightly interlaced
From sinewed silken neck
To ploughed and furrowed brow
My love to you is given
As you awaken now.

February 2002

Josephine Dunn

I Need More Time To Mend

You are kind my friend, and gentle
But please don't drive me mental
By saying I love you
Even if you think you do.
You can touch me and squeeze me,
Stroke me and please me,
Kiss me and hug me,
Hold me and f*** me,
But please don't make me mad
By saying something bad
Like I love you,
When you think you need to.

You don't have to say you're sorry
There's no cause for you to worry,
It's not you that broke my heart
I only hurt when we're apart
For the men who made me cry
And you know the reason why.
There have been bastards in my life
A husband who thought he owned his wife
A man who used me as a tool,
Stole my love, made me a fool
And there have been many more
Who drank me dry and left me sore.

But you are there my gentle friend
And I think I'm on the mend
Take it easy if you can
Don't try to be the only man
Just accept what I am giving
For now let's just enjoy living
Please do not expect too much
And if our souls can never touch
Always know I hold you dear
And I'd like to keep you near
But my kind and gentle friend
I need more time to mend.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

If I Die Today

IF I DIE TODAY

If I die today
I die tasting the sweetness of your lips,
The scent of you, breathing in,
I die feeling the warmth of your skin,
The smoothness of you under my fingertips.

If I die today
I die remembering the closeness of our embrace,
Eclipsed by the curtain of your hair
I die sharing the depths of your despair,
The beauty of your face above my face.

If I die today
I die knowing you length & breadth
Along the S-curve of your spine
I die like a Buddhist counting time
Accepting your gifts as unique wealth.

If I die today
I die setting new trends in fashion,
Rejoicing as our limbs entwine
I die with your eyes looking into mine,
Peaking the mountain of your passion.

If I die today
I die knowing our souls are twin
Vibrating as a matching pair
I die without another care
Understanding that in yielding, I win.

August 17th 2009

Josephine Dunn

In 1973

In 1973

I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm a woman now, look at me.

No more tails and top hat,
You must remember all of that,
Raven hair and ruby lips,
Knee high boots and swagger stick.

But I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm a woman now, can't you see.

A drunken walk up Stoneygate,
The stars were out, the hour was late.
We'd been to see the Fairies
The musical kind that sing,
A colourful trippy evening,
You know the kind of thing.

But I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm a woman now, look at me.

I bet you told the story
A thousand times or more,
Of how you met a crazy chick
The sort that men adore.

But I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm an older wiser woman now, you see.

Perhaps you thought you dreamed it,
Imagined what you did,
As years went by and
Far from sight she hid.
Did you seek her shadow,
Perhaps you asked around,
Your lives ran closely parallel
But never was she found.

But I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm a woman now, come to me.

I often thought of you,
That skinny drummer boy,
Though brief it was, our passion
Brought overwhelming joy.
But the years have passed,
And nothing lasts
So while we meet as friends
Let's try to make amends

But I'm not that crazy chick you fucked in '73
I'm a woman now, look at me.
And this wild and wiser woman
Asks, 'Is there hope for you and me? '

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Josephine Dunn

In My Head And In My Heart

You are ever in my head and heart
Even though we are miles apart
My arms do not embrace thee,
You don't wake smiling to face me,
Yet I think of you sleeping soft and still
I love you and always will.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

Inside I Am Three

On the outside I am big,
I can tie my shoes with bows,
Put on my own raincoat
And even blow my nose.
But when I've built my towers
Of ivory and glass,
Won nearly all the races
By running really fast,
Rescued fairy princesses
From dragons fierce & fiery,
Climbed up and down the beanstalk
Now I'm feeling rather weary.
I seek the safety of your lap
Your warm arms close around me,
The comfort of your love, because
On the inside – I am three.

Josephine Dunn - 8th September 2009

Josephine Dunn

It Must Be True (I Saw It On Television)

Lawrence John breaks the things
Which frighten him.
My love frightens him.
I know -
Because he told me.
So - it must be true.

He does not hit.
Or so he says.
He shouts & shouts.
Until the thing vibrates
So violently it flies -
Into a million tiny pieces.

The pieces are hard to find.
The pieces are difficult to collect.
They are even harder to put back
Together again.
The thing is -
Never the same again.

On national television yesterday,
Austin Powers held up a sign.
Because I asked him to.
It was small
And it was faint.
The writing was a little -
Wobbly.

It said,
"LOL BARTON
JOSEPHINE
LOVES
YOU"

It was on television.
Just for a few seconds.
Held up by a celebrity.
Or at least -

A look-alike.

So it must be true.

Mustn't it?

Josephine Dunn

Johnny No-Mates

Sad old Johnny No-Mates
Drinking at the bar
Lonely Johnny No-Mates
Wonder who you are.

Used to be a someone
Had your hour of fame
Became a one-hit wonder
Then really lost your game.

Poor old Johnny No-Mates
Walking down the lane,
Lonely Johnny No-Mates
On your own again.

Find yourself a lover,
Find yourself a friend,
Find yourself a listener
Try not to offend.

Sad old Johnny No-Mates
Pulls his hat down low
Drunken Johnny No-Mates
Nowhere else to go.

Josephine Dunn

Joy

Joy

In the bedroom
You were mine
In my arms
Divine
Each caress
Brought such success
Every breath
A cry of joy.

September 2009

Josephine Dunn

Lol

You make love like a priest
Pausing with reverence
At the gates of my temple
Holding yourself ready
Letting me feel
Your presence.
On the threshold
You wait silently
No external movement
Yet every atom poised
Blood coursing
Breath measured
Heart pounding
The beat
Before entering
And finding union.

21st July 2009

Josephine Dunn

Lying Lips

Lips can lie, my love
When they speak of yesterday and forever,
So love me with your lying lips,
And mention not tomorrow.

Then I will press my lips
To those that lie between your thighs,
And part them gently with a kiss,
While you put your lips
Round that which belongs inside
And soothe it with a sweet caress.

For lips can lie, my love
When they whisper of forever,
But love me with your lying lips
And I'll dream not of tomorrow.

Let us rest here, side by side,
Making no move after
We have shared that glorious ride,
Nor make a sound
Lest we should lie,
And in lying, never again lie like this.

Your lips lie, my love
When they promise me forever,
Only love me with your lying lips,
And we will try again – tomorrow.

□

21st April 2003 - revised 27th June 2009

Josephine Dunn

Mighty Oak

Mighty Oak

Your little acorn didn't grow
To be a mighty oak,
But that's pretty average
For an average sort of bloke.

It didn't reach my G-spot,
And it couldn't make me squeal,
Though it's nicely rounded head
Has quite a cute appeal.

I held it and I stroked it,
I licked it and I coaxed it,
I squeezed it and I teased it,
But still no mighty oak.

I really did my best with
Fingers deft and agile tongue,
We have to make allowances
As you're no longer young.

I was really hopeful
When you took your magic pill,
But your little wizard's wand
Didn't give me a thrill.

Remembering youthful vigor
You gave it your best shot,
But you're past your sell by date
And your loving's not so hot.

You're full of boastful claims
That you used to be a winner,
All the pussy you have licked,
Now you'd rather eat your dinner.

You have to take a breather
Cause you're running out of puff

You promised me a mighty oak
A twiglet's not enough.

Your little acorn's wilting
Now the blood is hardly flowing,
Will it stand to attention? - well
There's no way of knowing.

I'm reaching for the secret drawer -
The girls will get my joke,
Ann Summers is a girl's best friend
When there's no mighty oak.

Josephine Dunn

Missing You

You fill my mind with unquiet thoughts,
Thoughts of where you are
And who you are with.
I am not alone,
Yet I am lonely,
And my thoughts are not of my making.

Though you are far away,
I am with you,
And you are in me.
All around is noise and discord,
But in my head
A soft voice speaks without words
And in my heart
Strong arms hold me.

1988

Josephine Dunn

Motherlove

I couldn't love my Mother
Till she died
Her face was disbelieving
When I lied.
But now she's
Six feet under
I very often wonder
Why we could never see
Eye to eye.

I to I?

1994

Josephine Dunn

Motorway

Silver sequins
On a black satin road
Twisting
Into infinity.
Bright lights
On a dark night
Outshine
The stars.

The magic
Of the motorway
Enthrals
Us all,
It's majesty
And mystery
Increasing awe.

1973

Josephine Dunn

My Hawk

My hawk,
You watch, pale eyes hooded,
In the shadows
Waiting for the chance
To catch your prey – unaware.
You hover,
Following my movements
Your gaze never shifting
Holding me with your mesmerising stare.
All at once
You are upon me,
A firm grasp
Staking your claim
Making me yours.
You are all around me
Surround me
I am yours.

My general,
Survey your ground,
Gather your strength
Draw your sword,
Stand proud before me.
I, a foreign land,
Lie, virgin, beneath you
Inviting conquest.
Explore me
Seek every hidden valley
Every strange delight.
Plunder my treasures
Until I release my secrets
Lest your sword render me in twain.
You have won me
Take me again,
I am yours.

2000

My Love

My Love is a one-way street
But I am on collision course
With Disaster.

My Love is out of control
Beyond my understanding
Faster than light
It streams away from me
A universe of joy
Seeking a recipient.

My love is like thin ice
Each step tentative
Lest I should crack and break
Then drown in the icy waters
Of Despair.

My love is a soft blanket
Surrounding me with comfort
In my darkest hour.
It keeps away the night wolves
That howl
And gives me hope.

19th August 2009

Josephine Dunn

My New Best Friend

My new best friend
Is six foot two
His eyes are green but
Sometimes look blue
His hair is dark tho'
His beard grows red
Like a Celtic warrior
Raised from the dead.

July 2002

Josephine Dunn

My Rock

You are my rock
I yield to you
You are my rock
Cleave to me
You are my rock
I part for you
You are my rock
My waters flow around you
You are my rock
I engulf you
You are my rock

July 2004

Josephine Dunn

No Love

These hard grey walls
Are solid around me
Resisting my touch.
Their cold stones
Block out the light
So no warmth can enter here.

These four bare walls
Echo around me
Reflecting silence.
Their bleak depths
Shut out the world
And no birds sing here.

These damp dark walls
Will engulf me
Resounding with pain.
Their cruel strength
Has crushed my life
For there is no love here.

1973

Josephine Dunn

Not Finite

My love is not finite,
It is not measured by rule.
There is no rhyme or reason,
But do not take me for a fool.

My love is constant,
It does not falter.
It will lead to joyous union,
But not to aisle and altar.

My love is boundless,
It does not spring from greed.
But never make assumptions
That I may have no needs.

July 2006

Josephine Dunn

Observation

Like the ocean
I am drawn
To your shore;
What a pity
You're never there
When the tide comes in!

1973

Josephine Dunn

Ocean Evening

Can we not run softly
Hand in hand
And as the sleeping waters
Gently break
Upon the sands
Embrace
And promise with a kiss
To stay forever
In this bliss
That we have wrought
With silent words.
Let us run swiftly
Into the sea
While endless waves
Beat time
Upon the shore
Then hold each other
As the sun sinks
Slowly down
And hope that we
May be together
Evermore.

1973

Josephine Dunn

Oh Was It You

Oh Was It You

Oh was it you
Who drank with me
And said "one more
Will be OK"
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh was it you
Who shared your stash
And said, "its cool
You'll get real trashed."
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh was it you
Who saw my smile
And said, "Its fine, "
And went your way,
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh was it you
Who turned me away
Saying you had new
Friends to stay
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh was it you
Who said you'd call,
Thought one more day
Won't matter at all
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh was it you
Who saw me fall

And then could barely
Speak at all
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

Oh did you know
I needed love
And fail to give
The smallest hug
Oh was it you,
Oh was it you?

And if I ask
"How could it be";
Will you say,
"It was not me,
It was not me! ";

Copyright Josephine Dunn 19 January (revised from earlier draft)

Josephine Dunn

Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time
We used to lie
Like a pair of spoons
Curled around each other
Like two sardines
Slippery in our sweat
After making love
Nestled together
My head against your chest
Your arm around my waist
Soft curves
Relaxing into sleep.

There is an empty hollow
In my bed
Where you once lay
A cold patch
Next to me
Where there was warmth
A chill draft
Down my neck
Where your breath
Breathed lightly in and out
In time with my heart beat.

August 2001

Josephine Dunn

Pain

Do you know
How much you
Hurt
Me?
Do you calculate
Each turn
The screw makes,
Design to crush,
But not to break
To elicit
Silent screams
So the pain returns
In every waking dream,
Choose which angle
And how deep
Does each knife thrust
Make you weep?

22nd February 2009

Josephine Dunn

Regression

On the crest of the hill,
I stood,
At the foot of the mountain,
On the edge of the sea,
Waiting.

Divested in a gown of white,
Encircling my brow
The crystal headdress
Crown of Atlantis,
Priestess.

Gazing at the far horizon,
Calling silently
With my thoughts
Throughout the Universe
Amplified.

2004 - revised February 2009

Josephine Dunn

Rip David Bowie - 1 Year Without You

RIP DAVID BOWIE - 1 year without you

As you lie dying
They will gather like hyenas
Waiting to tear limb from limb
Like vultures they will circle
On rising currents
To pick your bones.
Each tasty morsel of your life
Will be chewed over
And savoured,
Each of your works
Revisited and reworked
To their own interpretations,
Your private past invaded
By marauders scattering
The jewels of your heart
All your lost loves
And collaborators
Will speak of your intent
As if it were theirs
To own
And the public,
Your ardent admirers,
Will mourn your passing
As if you were the only lover
We had known.

Copyright Josephine Dunn 10 January 2017

Josephine Dunn

Rumpled Beds

Rumpled lives we live and leave
From the time that we're conceived,
Rumpled lives and rumpled beds
Start with a f*** and end in death.
From husbands old who we deceive
To lovers new who we believe,
Our rumpled beds do tell the tale
Of evenings drinking to much ale.
They show the marks where we have lain
And write our history very plain.
If we have spent the night apart
One side is rumpled, the other naught,
When we have spent a night in glory
Rumpled beds tell a different story.
A heap of bedding on the floor,
A trail of clothes lead from the door,
Our weary limbs are all a tangle,
Sheets so wet they need a mangle.
Other nights we kiss and cuddle,
Curled so tight there is no muddle,
No rumpled bed, just one round ball
A curve of duvet that snuggles all.
And when you're feeling cold and blue,
A rumpled bed will comfort you,
Shivering hot and cold and full of ills,
Drinking Lem-sip to wash down doctors pills.
You rest you head on pillows crisp and white,
Pray your God will see you through the night,
And hope to dream of lovers true
Who in the morning come to you
With cups of tea and plates of toast
To say it's you they love the most.

November 2001

Josephine Dunn

Rupert

Thunder on Mountain
Fortold of your birth,
Predicted your temper
For what it is worth.

Not ripped from the womb,
Nor untimely born,
Yet you brought with you anger
As night became dawn.

For precisely six hours
I watched you alone,
Till the time came so soon
To return with you home.

That time was so precious,
Those minutes we had,
For now we are parted
And too often I am sad.

No act was so welcome,
Nor treasure desired,
As the gift of the life
That your father sired.

So Golden Boy
Look up at the sun
Come home to your mother
And be her beloved son.

22nd February 2009

Josephine Dunn

Smile

As for humour
There's a rumour
When you're blue
What you should do
Is laugh and jiggle
Anything to bring a giggle –
For what could be
To you and me
More worthwhile
Than a big smile

May 2000

Josephine Dunn

The Angel Of Retribution

The Angel of Retribution
Spreads her leathery wings,
Flaps them and draws you
To her cold hard breast.
She is a siren who sings
Of desolation and doom
There is no respite nor rest
Only an embrace with no room
For mercy or escape
The Angel of Retribution
Has heard your lies
So it is too late
She will ignore your pitiful cries.
With evidence of betrayal
In violated beds
She has judged you
And pronounced you - dead
She sinks diamond claws
Into flesh raw with passion
Will feast on your bones
To repay indiscretion
So, dressed in full regalia
She unsheaths sharpened sword
For unleashing genitalia
And breaking your word
She has marked you
And knows your measure
Now comes punishment
In payment for pleasure.
The Angel of Retribution
Flies on untiring wings
And as she comes closer
It is your death she brings.

April 2003

Josephine Dunn

The Christmas Santa Forgot

The Christmas Santa Forgot

My stocking was hung
At the foot of my bed
I said all my prayers
And lay down my head.
I thought I heard Santa
In the dead of the night
But it was only the dog
Who gave me a fright.
I woke in the morning
The sun shining bright
Hoping for one thing
That would give me delight.
But I could see nothing
In bedroom or down stair
Not under the tree
I looked everywhere
It seemed that Santa had forgot
Which prompted the tears at eight o'clock.

The fire was out
The chimney unblocked
The curtains wide open
The doors all unlocked
I woke up expectant
But Santa forgot
And more tears fell
Before ten o'clock.

I waited an hour
For the phone to ring
Or see visitors coming
With gifts that they bring
I turn on the radio
And hear people sing
I try to feel happy
And want to join in
But I'm the child Santa forgot

And the tears keep on falling at twelve o'clock.

There's no happy family
And no one to hold
Only the dog
To walk in the cold.
No lover's kiss
Oh, I feel so old,
Christmas is lonely
When you're out of the fold.
I am the woman that Santa forgot
And more tears have fallen before two o'clock.

I know I am lucky
To have a home of my own
But what good is that
When I'm here on my own.
I bought lovely gifts
That I wanted to share
And handed them out
But my stocking was bare.
No one to eat the great Christmas cake
Or mountains of mince pies
I lovingly baked.
No one is coming
To knock at my door
There's no one to love me
No, not any more.
For I am the mother that Santa forgot
And its tears again at five o'clock.

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Josephine Dunn

The Dogs Of War

What do foolish men do
When all the wolves are dead?
Why - they find another kind of wolf
One in a man skin instead.

The Dogs of War they hunt in packs
And jackals fight over the bones,
Only the innocent suffer and die
And families lose their homes.

When the power and the fury are spent,
The last sword sheathed, the final challenge sent,
When all there is to say is said and done,
And yet what has to end has not begun,
Though all the warriors are laid to rest
And gifts are given at their bequest
There's still one deed that's left undone,
To find the victor and ask, "Who has won? "

But no one asks that question,
The words are left unsaid,
For there never is a winner
If all you have is dead.

June 1993 - revised March 2003

Josephine Dunn

The Gin Genie

The Gin Genie

There's a genie in the bottle
And his name is Gin
He'll whisper you a welcome
To tempt you in
You think he's a mate
Who makes you feel great
Who drowns all your sorrows
Helps you through today and
Not think about tomorrow.
But he's no friend
He won't help you mend,
The only thing he'll drown is you.

Its whisky on weetabix
And lager for your lunch,
Then its gin for your dinner
And alcohol's the winner,
And the only thing he'll drown is you.

He's the cause of all your trouble,
The double bubble trouble,
That boils into anger
With any passing stranger,
The line you walk is wavy
And your days a little hazy
You're losing all your friends
Your words do all offend
Your family think you're crazy
Cause you never make amends
You're losing all you've got
Now you've really lost the plot
You never say you're sorry
And we all begin to worry.□

Cause its whisky on your weetabix
And lager for your lunch,
Then its gin for your dinner

And alcohol's the winner,
And the only thing that's drowned is you.

There's a genie in the glass
That you hold
Get it down inside you
And you feel so bold
But once you believe
The lies he's told
There is no future
And the past is sold
That damn Gin genie
Washed it all away
When his wickedness
Came around to play
Now it's all too late
The watchman's at the gate
To ferry you across
And we're sorry for the loss
But the only one who's drowned is you.

Cause its whisky on your weetabix
And lager for your lunch,
Then its gin for your dinner
Alcohol's the winner,
And the only thing that drowned was you.
Things were going swimmingly
Till it came to the crunch,
And the only thing that drowned was you.

Cause it was whisky on your weetabix
And lager for your lunch,
Then gin for your dinner
Oh - Alcohol's the winner,
And the only thing that drowned was you,
Oh - the only thing that drowned was you.

(revised 20 September 2017)

Josephine Dunn

The Longest Day

The longest day is over.

You left - with tears
In your eyes, saying,
"I love you, "
Because you could not give me,
'What I need'.

I saw your heart breaking -
Why break mine?

Why destroy things
That frighten you?

Why deny your love -
And mine?

You claim your love is
"Desperate" -
Why not love with joy?
Why not live
In joy.

Carry love with you -
Like a butterfly
Fluttering in your breast,
Yet free as the wind,
Warm as the sun.

Why not whisper your love
Like the breeze in the trees,
Moving me softly
With gentle endearments
Of affection.

Instead you bury your love,
In dungeons dark and deep,
Fearful that in giving it,
You will lose

What you desire to keep.

Know thee nothing of love?
That it is given to you
To share -
With the world.

Know thee not that love
Is sung by the dawn birds,
Hummed by the bees,
Echoed in the calls
Of playing children.

Know thee not that my fragile heart
Aches from morn till night,
With such need to give
My love to THEE.

Oh! Why wait till your leaving
To cry, "I love you, "
And weep
Tears of sorrow and regret.

Will you not learn
To cry tears of joy -
And open your heart
To give and receive love?

26th June 2007 - revised 22nd February 2009

Josephine Dunn

The Patriarch

You have taken my name
Numbered me
Photographed from front and side
Processed me
One of many.
You have stripped me bare
Shaved my hair
Searched and probed inside.
Blind eyes need no light
They see what they expect,
Harsh questions give no respite
Closed minds give no respect
Hard hearts pass hopeless judgement
With no right of appeal.

Homeless
Landless,
Childless
Friendless.

You take ownership by force
Violate the privacy of my being,
The world cracks
Beneath my feet
As you tug and pull
This way and that
Arguing
Instilling fear
Thinking I do not understand
Do not even hear.

I am nothing to you
For that is what you have made
Me.

Stateless,
Speechless,
Worthless,
Less than the blood under your nails.

You expect me to be grateful,
Humble,
Subservient,
Servile,
Servant,
Slave
To your will.

I will not.

You have made me thus.
Your righteousness ignored my cries,
Your greed took the bread
From my children's mouths,
Your rage killed my friend,
Your anger kindled fires while
Your selfishness watched my land burn,
Your jealous hands kept comfort from me,
Your avaricious desire raped me,
Your sloth left me to die.

And did you do this
In the name of God?
For King and Country?
For the good of the State?
For purity of race?
In pursuit of divine grace?

I call you liar!
Coward!
Thief!
Deceiver!

Too conditioned to hear the truth,
Too scared to speak your mind,
Too weak to earn respect,
Deceiver even unto yourself.

Let me tell you something.

You have taken everything I was,
Everything I had.

Except my soul.

Now my very being will rebuke you
Each breath will whisper guilt
Every day of my life
All your waking moments
And beyond.

Now you believe I am your slave,
You must clothe my nakedness,
Clutch me to your bosom,
Suckle me as your own babe.
You must build a roof over my head
Your fire must keep me warm.
You must re-educate me
And my children
And my children's children.
You must watch each unsteady step
Hold my hand when I falter
Pick me up when I fall.
You must wash away my tears,
Calm my deepest, darkest fears.
There is no escape from my cries
If I am your slave.
Or so you believe.

Now you must do
As your Duty
What you could have done
For Love.
Your desire for power is its own punishment
The sin itself, your purgatory,
Your greed a whip to beat yourself with
Your selfishness the walls of your prison,
Your cowardice a warder watching through the bars,
Your lies a harpy chorus that echo in your mind
Your anger burns inside you
But can not melt the fear
The icy dagger wielded by the one
Who stalks behind.

And if you say,
"That is not me,
I did my job,
I tried to be fair,
It was not me,
I was not there!
I followed the rules,
I only did as I was told.

Does that make it right?
Should I give up without a fight?
Do you feel vindicated,
Free from taint,
Clear of blame?
Look again!

Judge thyself
For whatever you feel,
I am only the mirror
Of what YOU have become,
Only a reflection
Of all you have done.

November 2003

Josephine Dunn

The Thief

He was no gallant knight
On swift and snowy steed
But a dark dishonoured priest
Who served his personal need.

Yet with courtly words he spake
His language clear and bold
As he began to charm her
With stories weirdly told.

With intellect and cunning
He lured her to his lair
With devious skill and purpose
He laid the lady bare.

With surgeon's deft precision
He flayed her pearly skin
Cut deep into her bosom
And slid his fingers in.

With acquisitive intention
And a calculated look
His iceberg hands delved deeply
As tender heart he took.

This organ neatly severed
Clasped tight to chilly chest
Not one tear of remorse
Did fall upon her breast.

For now the priest did turn
To task more dark than death
To steal the lady's soul
As she expired her dying breath.

With subtle incantations
The spell he did begin
To commit no petty larceny
But full-blown mortal sin.

So damned for all eternity
Are priest and lady both
As souls are lost and stolen
And pledged in troubled troth.

If lust had failed to force
What love would freely have given
Then they would end their days
In everlasting heaven.

January 2005

Josephine Dunn

The White Hart

The white hart and his does
Running wild is all he knows,
Has the pleasure freedom gives,
But hunted down where e're he lives.
Can't escape by blending in,
Distinctive colour marking him.
Finds that he must run so fast
Lest today should be his last.
Does gather round his back to protect
Vulnerable flanks and outstretched neck.
Responsibility follows hard at heels,
The love that raise awesome wheals.
When hunter's arrow its mark doth find
Is the sacrifice white hart or youngest hind?
What choices hard we have to make
When death causes hearts to break.

June 2002

Josephine Dunn

The World In A Box

A man I know
Keeps his world in a box
It's full of precious things
So he keeps it locked.
It contains his world
And all that he owns,
It has many secrets
That he alone knows.

It is big and square
And made of wood,
If you ask to look inside
He will say that you could
Provided you promise
That you shall not steal
Or drive it away for
At each corner are wheels.

It smells of smoke
As you climb in the door,
And the sides can all open
To make a dance floor.
There is music playing
As he holds out his hand,
So prepare to journey
To a magical land.

The heat of the stove
Makes it cosy and warm,
You know you are welcome
From dusk until dawn.
The light from the Tilley
Is soft and quite dim,
Adds to the woodsmoke
The smell of paraffin.

In one corner a shower
Fed by pipes made of copper,
Logs for the fire which

He cuts with a chopper.
Sythe, shears and hammer,
The tools of his trade,
And hung on a rail
The shirts that he's made.

The mugs and the plates
Made from pewter and tin
Are all tied up neatly
With bright coloured string.
Clothes folded in drawers
With handles of glass,
Food in a cupboard
Carved in centuries past.

In the roof is a window
Where light from the moon
Shines down on the floor
And all round the room.
You climb up a step
To get to the bed
And on embroidered pillows
Lay down your head.

You lie on your back
With him by your side,
And count all the stars
With laughing eyes open wide.
Sleeping and waking
Still holding hands,
You know you have journeyed
To a magical land.

December 2001

Josephine Dunn

Three In A Bed

One night there were two
Just John and You
Oh! And me,
In the middle
Having a giggle.

There were three in the bed
And the little one said?
Roll over, roll over,
It's my turn now.
Oh! Mr Porteur
What shall we do?
And how
Shall we do it
First me
And then you?
Or you
And then me?
Let me see,
Said I,
And we started
To try.
Let him
Begin
At one end
And you
At the other
And we all did
Something
I could never
Tell my Mother!
Because there were two
Just John and You
Oh! And Me
In the middle
Having a giggle.

April 2003

Tide's Out

Like the ocean I am
Drawn to your shore
But like the tide
You are still out.

2001

Josephine Dunn

Time

TIME

Do not let the hands of the clock
Tick away
Every second
Every minute
Every hour
Before you think of me.

Do not let the pages of the calendar
Turn over
Every day
Every week
Every month
Before you speak to me.

Do not let the seasons of the year
Change colour
Every Spring
Every Summer
Every Autumn
Becoming Winter yet again
Before you see me.

Think of me as the second hand
Judders its way around the clock.
Remember me as the minute hand
Clicks from one to twelve.
Cherish me as the hour hand
Slowly drops and climbs
Throughout morning and afternoon.

Think of me daily
As you make your diary check
Remember me as you turn
The pages month by month.
Birthdays in January and again
As Beltane Springs,
A July anniversary,

Memories of holidays
On August's baking dunes,
Wet November Wellingtons
And December's roaring fires.

There is a home for you, always
I keep it in my heart,
Though with the years of passing,
We have grown so far apart.
It may seem to have no value
Now you turn away in youth,
But the strength of my devotion
Surely needs no proof.

I think of you
Each second
Every minute
Every hour.
Each day I remember
As I am doing right now.
Each week beginning
With hope of seeing you
Each month's ending
Marking time flowing through.

An endless rush of time
While I sit quiet and still,
Thinking of how I love you
And knowing I always will.

21st November 2009

Josephine Dunn

Travelling Man

Are you tired of travelling
My blue-eyed boy?
Do you long for comfort
Instead of passion and joy?
Take off your walking boots
Come warm yourself by my fire,
Lay down your hat and coat
Let love replace desire.

Come sit at my table
I will feed you meat and fish,
Find yourself a place and
I will give you pleasure on a dish.
So great is your hunger,
So deep is your need,
How much must I give you
To satisfy you're your greed?

Come tell me of your travels
How you've been to a thousand places.
Recount the number of women you've had,
Can you remember their names or faces?
How you loved them and left them,
What you said when you departed,
Do you ever think of tomorrow
When you leave them broken-hearted?

Are you tired of travelling
My blue-eyed child?
Are your bones now weary
Of following a life that's wild?
Do you long for a soft pillow
To lay down your aching head,
Do you want my arms around you,
Will you join me in my bed?

But when the loving's over
Is there something deep inside
That makes you keep on travelling

To seek horizons far and wide?
Remember on your journey
My blue eyed man
There's a home for you with me
So return here if you can.

August 2001

Josephine Dunn

True Love?

I often wondered
If it was really "true love",
Did the light in my eyes
Awaken your heart
So it beat with a flutter
Like the wings of a dove?
Did it blow over you softly
Like a warm wind in June
Promising gentle fulfilment
Not yet – but quite soon?

Or was it a fire I lit
With my eyes
Which burnt in your loins
And stirred your desires,
That filled you with passion
And made you arise?
That raced through your veins
Like a hurricane would
Stinging you skin
And heating you blood.

What was it that moved us
As deeply as this?
Can it be so simple
As unbridled lust?

2000

Josephine Dunn

Try Love On For Size

My advice is this

Try love on for size.

It's a bit like buying a new pair of shoes
They look great in the shop
You know you want them
You know you NEED them
Not just for that special occasion
But for everyday.

You try them on
A little bit tight
But feeling cool
A little bit stiff
But looking right.
And off you go
Down the street
Wearing them.

After a while
The backs start to rub
Your heels
The fronts pinch your toes
They cramp your style
But on you go
Feeling cool
Looking great.

A bit further on
You start to sweat
A blister starts
And an itch
You just can't scratch
Begins in a place
You can't pinpoint
And can't reach.

But if you carry on

And are patient
And wear you new shoes
Each and every day
In a while they soften
And support
And carry you through
Rough and smooth.

Love is like that.
Sometimes it feels like
A restriction
Sometimes it niggles
At the back of your brain
Sometimes it stops you being selfish
And going your own way
All alone.

It can make you break out
In a rash
It can make you fidget
And fret
For no reason
That you can fathom
It can make you bleed
From deep inside.

But in the end
Love keeps you
Moving forward
Keeps you warm and safe
Lets you know
Someone cares
Gives reason
To your life.

Go on – try it – try love on for size!

25th June 2009

Josephine Dunn

Two Treasures

There were two treasures
In my house,
You took them both,
Knowing their true worth.
Their gold and their bronze
Tarnished
In the darkness of your night.
You dulled the cutting edge
Of their development
Behind the secure bars
Of your jealousy.
You stopped their wisdom
Growing through freedom.
You told them they were safe
But held them prisoner
In the web of your deceit,
Raging at those who would
Free them from your servitude.
Covetous as an icy dragon
You warmed your cold heart
On the flames of their youth
And hid from the world
Their rightful glory.

Josephine Dunn - 5th September 2009

Josephine Dunn

Visions

Wonderous visions have I seen
Diamond covered waking dreams,
In my mind
Bright pictures
Revolve in whirls of light,
Images of pretty things
Illuminate the night
Amazing technicolour balls
Are all that I can see
But reaching out to touch them
They spin away from me.
Confusion comes
Then goes away
As laughter fills the air,
You must not fight
Nor reason why
Just let yourself
Be there.

1972

Josephine Dunn

Voice Your Sorrows

Give voice to your sorrow
Keep not your grief inside
Least it tear the very heart from thee.
Guard not your pain till the morrow
But vent it with cries of anguish,
Call out to the hills as far as ye can see.
List' not to those who bid you calm,
For smiles cannot your sadness hide
And kind words allay not your fears.
Let tears flow and soothe like balm
Until the burning fire is extinguished.
Time alone will heal tho' it takes many years.

June 2002

Josephine Dunn

Warpaint

Warpaint. Painted on,
Go to war. Does just
What it says on the tin.
Frightens the natives,
Keeps them away,
At bay. Baying,
Pack of hounds,
Gone to ground.

Foxy lady. Hiding
Behind painted mask.
See? No, don't see.
No one sees the real me,
Except you, in the
Early morn, dawn, worn
Out, dog tired, panting
With desire, longing
For a cup of tea, food
Of the Gods, nectar, at this
Unmentionable, ungodly hour, and
For other things, unnamed, unspoken.

Walk the dog, the dog walks me.
Domestic, you, boil the kettle,
Prime cups with bags of tea,
Neatly packaged, one for you,
One for me.

Your boots lie, orphaned,
When I return, mine
Join them in piled abandon
At foot of stairs
I climb, midnight mountaineer, to
Water hot, flannel wet,
Soap scented, towel soft,
Face, fanny, feet,
Sweetly clean.

The bride stripped bare, I

Descend, vulnerable,
No longer brave,
No need for warpaint.

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Josephine Dunn

We Are The Walking Wounded

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

Mods and rockers
Hippies and punks,
Skinheads and townies,
None of us monks,
Druggies and dropouts,
Sinners and saints,
All with our habits
That leave a taint,
Some of us addicts
Some of us drunks.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We danced at all-nighters
To Northern soul
Wore our black leather
To rock'n'roll
Tie dyed our T-shirts
Put pins in our ears
Tattooed our fists
Wore Ben Sherman gear.
The acid generation
Of the psychedelic years.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

All of us older
And ravaged by time,

With memorable moments
That bring back smiles.
Double vented suits
And paisley ties,
The invitation of
Come-to-bed eyes,
A beautiful voice
Untouched by years
That soothes away troubles
Brought on by fear.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We are fatter and thinner
And balder and grey
All of us broken
In different ways
The glitter and glam
Have gone from our lives
The lights may have dimmed
But we still survive.
We are old and forgetful
Wrinkled and weary
Slower and stiffer but
Let's not get dreary.
Our dancing shoes
May be packed away,
But we dream of wearing
Them again one day.

We are the walking wounded
The post war babes
We are the survivors
Not gone to our graves.

We're planning one more
Epic trip
With the help of a sugar cube

Not an IV drip
No ground floor duplex
Or retirement cruise
We are still groovy
We have nothing to lose
We will drink and we'll party
And still have our say
In how we are treated
Before we call it a day.

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Josephine Dunn

We Are Three

I, She, Me,
We are three.

She, Me, I,
Don't know why.

Me, I, She,
Let us be.

I is 1,
Just begun.

She is Me,
Me is She.

Joined in trust,
Us are Us.

Three into One
We are the sum.

All together,
We are we.

I, She, Me,
We are three.

2005 - revised 22nd February 2009

Josephine Dunn

We Had A Row

We made a vow
To never part
We had a row
You broke my heart.
You leave me now
With nothing left,
I am alone
I am bereft.
Not a wife,
Still a mother,
With two sons,
But no lover.
We were as one,
We fell apart,
We had a row,
It broke my heart.

July 2001

Josephine Dunn

Web Of Shadows

His sadness is a web of shadows
Cloaking him in darkness,
Gossamer thin, but strong as steel.
Its tattered edge and soiled mess
Number the years it has been
His true and only friend,
Baring all the stress.

His sorrow sits, a thorny crown,
Cutting deep into his brow,
Dark memories of lovers lost
Cloud the here and now.
Deep as the waters of the Styx
Flow regrets he can not stem,
No matter how.

His love is as desperate as a shipwrecked
Man, swimming to a raft,
The wreckage of life littering
The turbulent waters of his past,
As the bones of his Titanic swiftly sink,
He calls for help with a breath
That is his last.

His passion is as bright as the morning star,
Venus lights those eyes from within.
His voice the roar of a mountain-top lion
Calling out to kith and kin,
The words defiant in the wind
His message loud and clear,
"Love is not a sin."

September 2006

Josephine Dunn

What Do I Feel

What do I feel now you are gone from me
A pain in my heart, an empty ache
Crying your name as dawn begins to break
Hoping some joy will set me free
Wanting this lonely feeling to go
Yet keeping it close to me
Stirring the embers to retain the memory
Feeling my heart beat fast, then slow
Smelling the pillow where your head laid
Remembering your lips as they kissed my cheek
A friend's farewell that made me weep
A Judas Kiss that sorrow gave
A promise given you never meant to keep
A concoction of lies that leave me weak.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

Where Are Those Hands?

Where are those hands now
That once caressed with pleasure?
Around another woman's hips
As you move close to kiss her lips.
Where is that loving kindness
You used to show to me?
Bestowed elsewhere or buried forever
Like some time-forgotten treasure.

The bed is cold now
Where once you used to lay.
No embrace now
To get me through the day.
No sweet smile upon the pillow
No gentle word goodnight,
No slow curl around me,
No passionate kiss at midnight.

Only memories of love growing cold
Slipping away before we grew old.
How gentleness turned to violence of late
And love began to harden into hate.
How fingers that had tenderly stroked,
Gripped my throat and nearly choked
My breath away –
Did God stay your hand and save the day?

Now lips that once spoke words of love
Snarl cruelly in contempt.
Hands that had held now push away
Each angry jibe is surely meant
To wound and kill.
Where there was joy, is now ill will.
Where are those hands now?
For me – forever gone.

February 2001

Josephine Dunn

Whores Don'T Kiss

Whores don't kiss their Johns,
Or so they say.

It is too intimate an act,
Implying Love.
It signifies that Something
Has passed between them,
Other than the business
Of sex.

That does not explain why
You turn your head
Away on the pillow
And gasp,
"Can't breathe, " as
An excuse.

Sometimes you will lick me,
Finding my clitoris
With the confidence
Of an experienced explorer,
Flicking it deftly
With your tongue.

You don't seem insincere
In your performance,
Rather – I feel –
It gives you Pleasure
As I tremble
In response to
Your endeavours.

Is it so Impossible
To simply kiss my face?
Might Love
Raise its ugly head
And spoil the moment
By speaking out of turn.

Would it provoke –
Dare I say it – Feelings?
Which – of course –
Can not be Allowed.
So – who is the whore –
Me - or you?

14th June 2009

Josephine Dunn

Why Did You Have To Say I Love You?

Why did you have to say I love you?
I would have settled for being friends.
Now I love you and you hate me
And nothing I say will make amends.

To get her back,
I have been used,
You've done me wrong,
I feel abused.
Like a stray dog
That has been kicked
I'll go to ground
My wounds to lick.

You said I love you
And when I began to believe
Your word was true,
You make me leave.
What shall I do
Now I love you?

October 2001

Josephine Dunn

You Gave Me Violets

Once you gave me violets
Whose fragile beauty
Lasted but an hour,
Then wilted, but fragrant
I pressed them,
First to my lips
Then between the pages
Of my diary
To remember that day
To savour that moment
So transient
When your love
Was fresh
Like the violets
But, like them,
Did not last.
Only the memory remains
Bruised and crushed
Like me
Lost in the past
Where my hope,
And our love,
Lies buried.

April 2003

Josephine Dunn

You Stirred My Soul

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
Let me sing to you.

You bring the gift of angels
You wake the music in my soul
Tell me darling where we've met before
I know you from days of old.
The looks we exchange
Take me back 500 years,
I'm sure since we last met
I've shed a million tears.

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
So I'll sing for you.

We are two old souls
Who somehow lost our way
How did we part in ages past
And not meet again till today?
You can't take away the memories
They come back in my dreams
How do we know each other
Tell me darling what it means.

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
Now I sing for you.

I think we were once lovers
Who promised to be true
Then something came between us
Whatever did we do?
Allow misunderstandings
To grow like rabid weeds
And let harsh words and arguments
Be stronger than good deeds.

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
I still sing for you.

You left in haste and anger
A quest you had to follow
I hoped that you would change your mind
And return on the morrow.
But destiny overtook us
And led you far away
I wept for you and bore your child,
You never saw that day.

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
I will sing for you.

So now we see each other
And recognise our fears
That we will make the same mistakes
We made in yesteryear.
But if we take it slowly
And try to make amends
We will find our love again
And remain forever friends.

You stirred my soul
And woke something in my heart,
Let me sing to you.

I will sing to you,
I will sing for you,
Let me sing to you.

October 2001

Josephine Dunn