

Manchester City of Literature

Frankenpoem #1

All death will he annul, all tears assuage?

The bleating lamb, so frail & cold

It began, and so, consequently, it seems
it will not end –

The lamp looks up at the sky for the last time
in this life

The stars have never seen so bright.

Frankenpoem #2

Afraid to remember what the fish ignored

Why must they have been so arrogant?

Maybe because it never got to see its own reflection –

With no memory or thereabouts – it swam in
circles like a roundabout –

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*Frankenpoem: a group poem written in response to the first line of a previously published poem



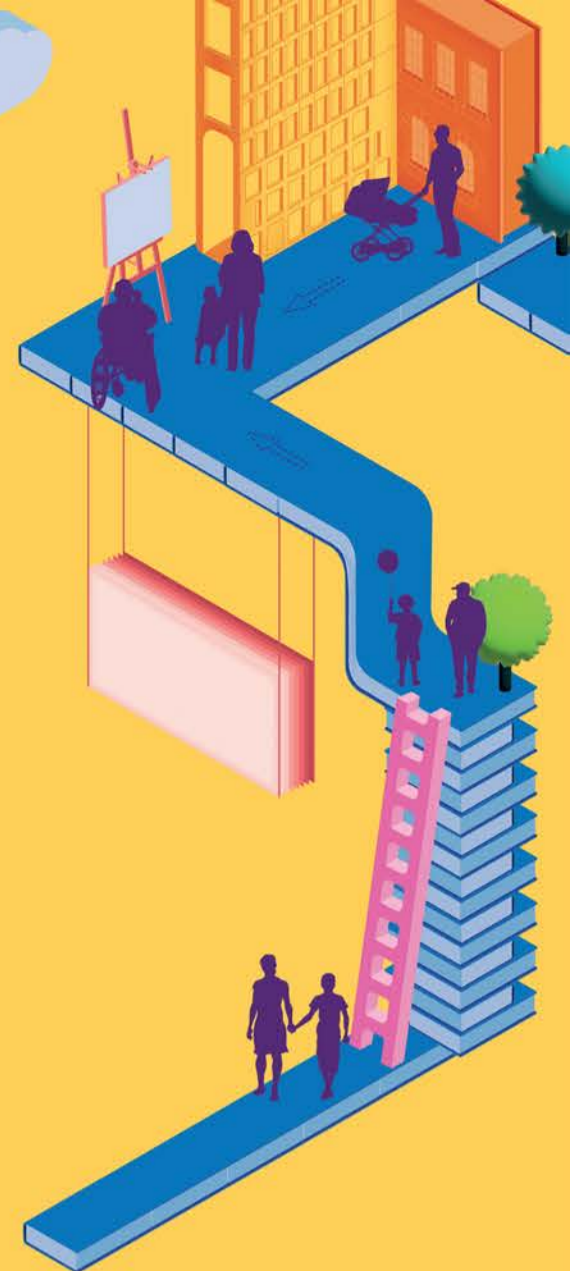
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Frankenpoem #3

Cool cobblestone streets resound cool steps of Bebop
musicians with whiskey-laced voices

Bo Ba do pop bo ba do pop the dancers swing

The chandeliers light up the place, I can see
their cheery faces

My shoes hurt the soles of my feet, too much dancing

Frankenpoem #4

The thorns in my finger make stars

Blood ran like spilt ink with its invisible pipe cleaner spider legs

It smelled so fresh the fear was forgotten

And only, days later, when I saw the light threads of scars
did I look upon the memory with regret.

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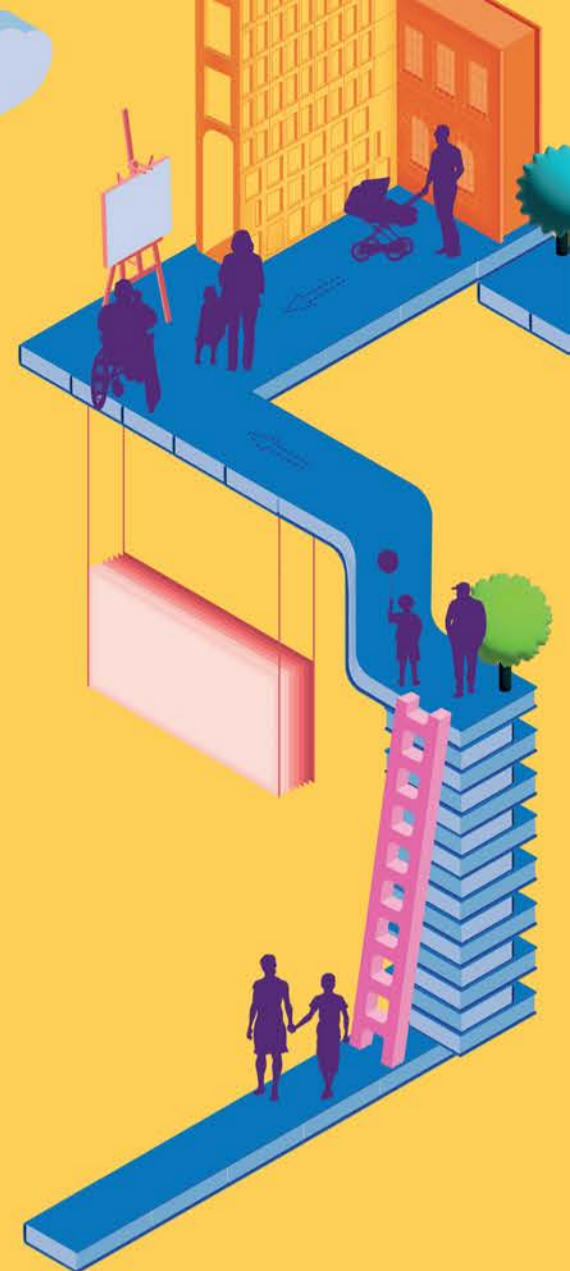
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Frankenpoem #5

And imagine that somehow now is all that there is

And all that ever will be, now and forever

From dust we came and to dust we shall return,

For time is a phoenix that will only ever be reborn.

Frankenpoem #6

Describing clouds is a talent I wasn't given...

I'm walking on a mountain and looking from a height.

And the poets build homes with clouds.

And although light is something that I can't see, I smile because I know that it is there

its warm presence embraces me, and its yellow grin treats me with care.



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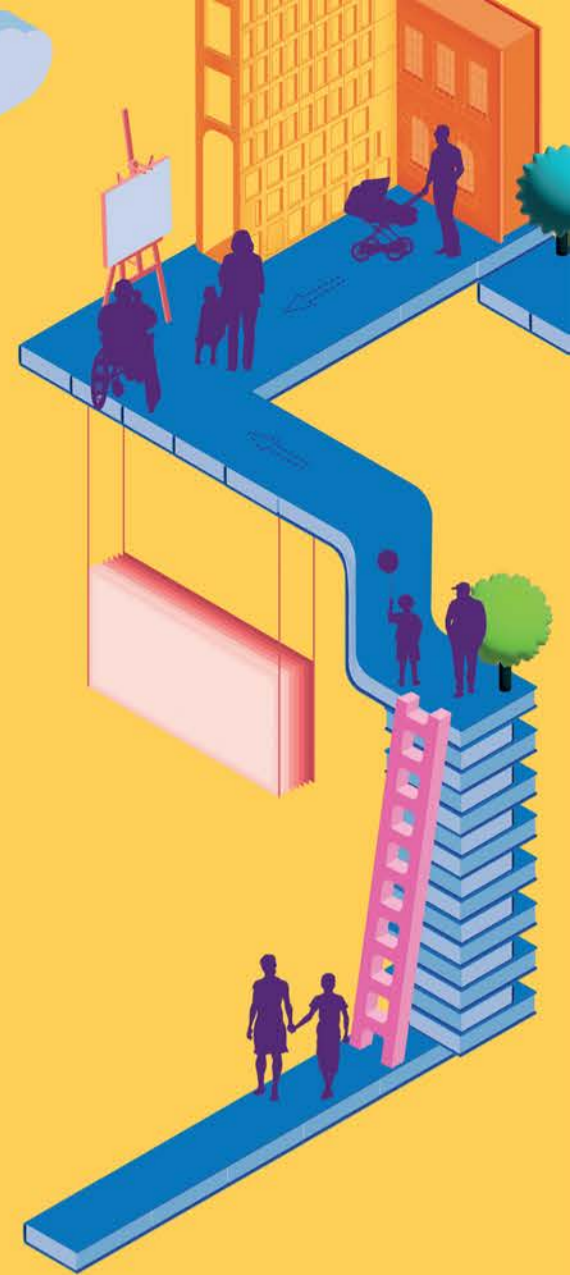
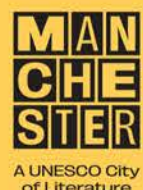
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Frankenpoem #7

Freedom is an easily spoken word but in fact is hard to come by

I yearn for the wind to glide, to fly. To run up your sleeves,
bursting through the seams.

But here in this cage I'll stay, never to leave.

Two olive trees in the northeast.
In the first I hid to trick the narrator.

Right here are two ancient olive trees in the northeast,
in the first I found my song's seeds.



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Frankenpoem #8

I need to clean this dress, find more lipstick, fix my hair. People say there'll be a revolution.

And at this exclamation, I come to a conclusion! I'll start the riot, for nothing keeps me quiet.

Less then the night beneath the rain,
but more than what a hand says to a hand.

As I fall 6 foot under to enter a dream full of cotton candy I suddenly realise
that I wish I was no longer here, in London.



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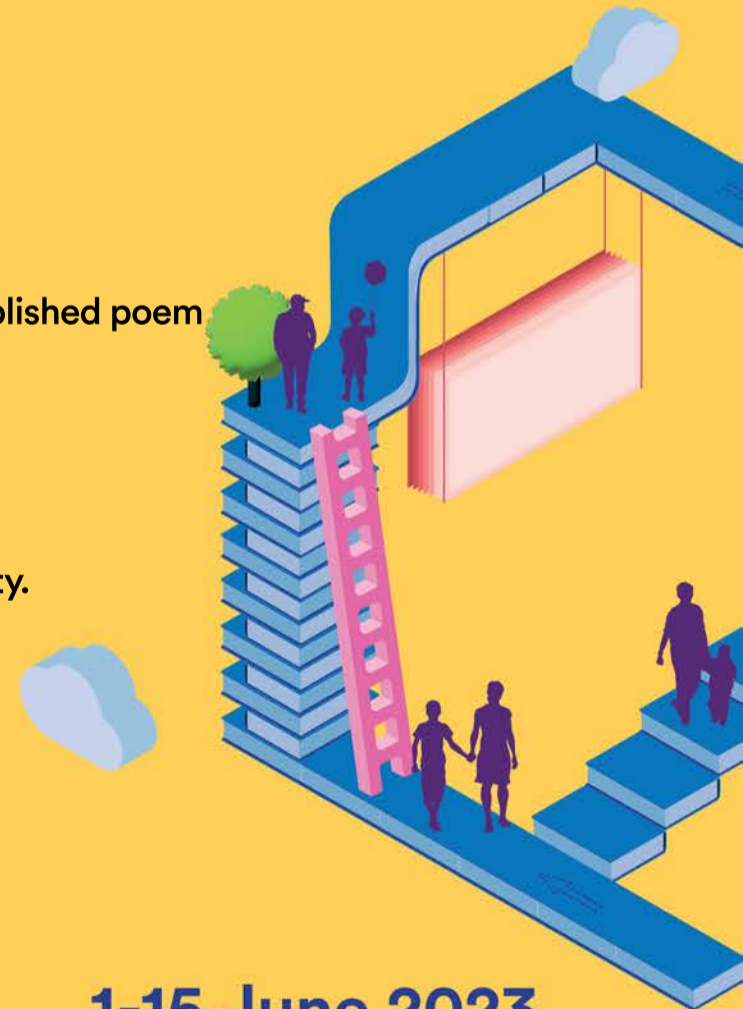
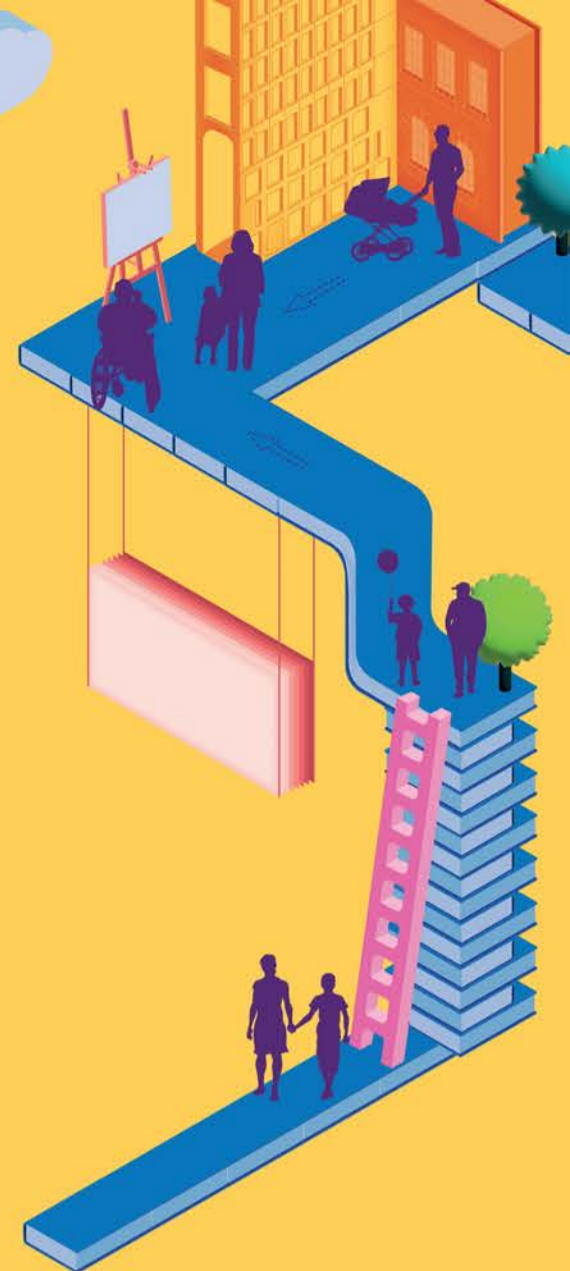
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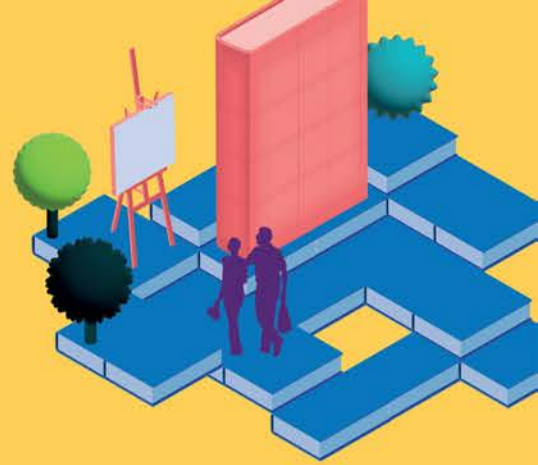
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Frankenpoem #9

And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do.

As I peel the orange skin, my fingers become
sticky, sticky but tastier than glue –

My fingers, covered in graces, stung. Citrus antiseptic, OUCH.

I regretted my stepmother's blessings, I'm
not supposed to pick at them – now this golden
acid nibbles at the nicks on my fingers



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