

Chris Villars: 11 Poems

from 1995 – 1996

Spring

*A little bird has come
to sing again
in the barren hedge.*

Ego

*A boat adrift on a lake.
A row boat without oars,
empty, hollow.
Sometimes driven wildly
by wind and rain.
Sometimes motionless
under a clear blue sky.
But always,
empty and hollow.
There is no one in it.*

Concrete

*How can these trees grow out of the concrete?
Each year there's new growth,
new shiny stems, buds, leaves and blossom.
Somewhere beneath the hardened stone
earth survives,
and still nourishes those
whose roots can reach it.*

Casualty

*On the pavement,
under the feet of the hurrying crowd,
a man lies unconscious,
ignored.
He is the feeling heart
we step discreetly over
so as not to miss our train.*

Aerials

*Wandsworth.
Twilight.
The houses crouch down.
High above,
a cloud shines
in evening sunlight.*

*On every house
in every street
a tall pole
holds a TV aerial.
Hundreds.
Thousands.
And each one points
in the same direction.*

*I pass by on the rush-hour train.
Faintly reflected in the window,
I see twenty people
each reading
the same page
of the evening paper.*

from 2015 - 2016

Little Bird

*Little bird,
hop into my branches.
My leaves will protect you.
Your song will remind me I have a soul.
Let's shelter together
all winter long!*

Now

*Now's a funny thing!
It seems like all there is.
Yet it's always harking back
or reaching forward.
To what?
There are no other Nows!*

Daisies

*All the daisies in the lawn outside the museum
came out arranged in astral constellations!
I'm no expert, but I could see Orion
with his famous belt and sword,
and Cygnus the Swan with its long neck,
and Cassiopeia, the double-u.
It was wonderful!
But when I told my friends
they didn't believe me.
And when I took them to see, guess what?
More daisies had come out in between,
and there were no constellations any more.*

My Pompeii

*Pompeii of the heart!
Pompeii of the soul!*

*He ran away from the emotion,
curled up and hid.
And there we find him still,
a charred remain,
buried in the ruins of his dream.*

The Dabbler

*He was not a poet,
though he wrote a few poems.
He was not an artist,
though he painted some pictures.
He was not a physicist
or a philosopher.
Not an art critic
or a musicologist.
He was a dabbler,
toying with now this,
now that.
You see,
that jumble of what he was not
was what he was!*

Old Age

*Tree clothed in autumn colours,
one by one your leaves drop away.
Soon you're alone in a winter landscape,
yearning for spring.*