



Triplicated

GD Turner

Affair

The first brush with love
The blush that follows a kiss
A bubble gum sigh

A lovers' diary
Pages of hot betrayal
Bed sheets turn colder

An apology
A Chrysanthemum bouquet
Those difficult words

Secrets and lies

The boiling water
Spreads lies from a broken spout
The tea has been spilled

To keep a secret
First requires some honesty
Then a lack of it

The last letters home
A shortage of honest ink
Dipped into my soul

Paint

The smudge of moonlight
A pastel pasted shape shift
On inky canvas

In the soft water
There are the hardest splashes
And the cruellest drip

Abandoned oil
Frames an ugly self portrait
On an ocean scene

Premature

Ten weeks too early
The drive into the night
Hoping and praying

As still as statues
We are procrastinating
Awaiting morning

A shuddering chest
Machines bleep and fingers twitch
As I fell in love

Family and friends

To be family
Means tolerance of each other
And to stand up strong

The well chewed dog toy
Lies in the empty basket
The house is silent

Treasure all moments
They are fireflies in bottles
Whose light will decay

Under the stars

We time travellers
Stuck in first gear wandering
Forward, year on year

Moonlit syllables
Became long conversations
Drifting under stars

We were once atoms
Now we shine like beams of light
soon to be atoms

Rise up

Choose your way in life
We all follow different paths
Sometimes they may cross

Some days are empty
Dip in the memory pool
and fill up the void

Stress is a burden
Rest awhile on life's roadside
Resume your journey

Damage

Beware of dark rain
Especially when it falls
Inside your own head

The broken windows
Are intentional damage
When hearts are on fire

In our darkest times
We cannot be sure others
Will provide the light

Become

Always stay humble
You will see how proud men lie
They live beneath you

In the moments heat
All things can be forgotten
Except what matters

It's narrow minded
To jump on the bandwagon
You're at life's crossroads

Learn

Make your dreams come true
work hard, educate yourself
the rest is easy

Do not fear to fail
Fear will stop you from living
You should fail to fear

I meant to say
That life is so beautiful
I pointed at flaws

Write

Press my pretty words
Into your wallet or bag
Traveling poet

Writers' dilemma
Desire for validation
Desire for secrets

The pen is static
Blank pages remain silent
Refusing to touch

Mirror

Do not trust mirrors
They tell greying lies each day
Cruel lines get old

The empty glasses
Reflecting the things of joy
Your eyes used to see

In seven years
I feel life will get better
One piece at a time

War

A storm is brewing
Keep a grip on your teacup,
And keep yourself safe

This is a wind up
There is no good time for war
Dial back aggression

An occupation
Is how you make a living
Or make a killing

Animals

Wood pigeon listens
The forest echoes silence
The eggs become cold

The way a dog lies
As if the torn up bedding
Was not his business

Gang land thuggery
A seagull stealing pizza
Pavement bleeding red

Diet

Carry a spare tyre
In case you have a breakdown
or run out of food

Abandoned coffee
A rush to the finish line
Tender carpet burns

I painted the town
But the fact that it was blue
Helped the hangover

Witch, Vampire, Monster

And annoyingly
They were not even my shoes
Said poor Dorothy

Transylvania
Nothing is off the menu
Including yourself

Be honest Victor
Who's the real monster here?
A tricky question

Confessions

The board creaks louder
With every drunken footstep
A midnight scolding

We were on a break
The evening had no brakes
Now we're on a break

Not all things in life
Are totally black and white
Stop badgering me

Advice

To truly be loved
Do not waste time with people
Adopt a doggy

Love is like treacle
Once you open the old tin
You're stuck in its grip

Minimalism
Is the world's way of saying
Get rid of your shit

Professions

Cabinet makers
A veneer of happiness
Left upon the shelf

The magic circle
Holidayed in Bermuda
Lost their special wands

The Undertaker
Offers nothing but respect
Then takes you under

Science Fiction

Yoda fell in love
Ewok soon became pregnant
Baby gooseberry

Dalek eviction
There was a struggle to find
A bungalow

Neo had doubts
Morpheus reassured him
You are still the one

Reflections

When we are older
We will fulfil ambitions
Of our youngest years

The empty glasses
Reflecting the things of joy
Your eyes used to see

Your day may be wild
Reflect in the evening
let the dusk settle

Imagine

Minimal poems
Of nature life and struggle
They call it a hike

Imagination
The last remaining refuge
Of the troubled soul

What is it out there
That lies beyond my grasp
It's me, always me

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Gavin Turner is a writer and poet from Wigan, England. He has a number of short stories and poems published in Roi Faineant press, Punk Noir Magazine and Void space. His debut Chapbook, *The Round Journey* was released in May 2022. You can reach him on Twitter @gtpoems