Ingrid Turner

- poems -

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Ingrid Turner(20/11/66)

A Fool

I was made a fool of today
I was a fool
I fooled around
And they took me for a fool
A fool
A fool
A fool

Ingrid Turner

A Mother's Thoughts On A Break Up

If he had not lied
If he had only blamed himself
If he had not said
The things he said
If he had just blamed himself
His fickle nature
His youth
His being across the world
I've changed
It's someone else
I didn't know
Instead he said
You don't add value to my life
You are too serious for me
Translating
You are not worth loving
You are boring
I could easily have killed him
If I had been there
Arrogant, thoughtless Youth

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Boyman

He is gentle and kind
And thoughtful
And loving and quick
And clever
And daring
And sometimes
Not so nice
And he still mouths
His mother's words
And he weeps
When he is sad
And he watches
Too much television
And he understands
Way too much and
Way too little
And he doesn't know who he is
Or who he will become
And life around him in all ages
Is so interesting
And not
And he is working it all out
He has been taught how to behave
And he does
Except in secret
He is blessed with talents
And confidence and hope
Convention bores yet draws
And he wants to get away
And he wants to stay
And he thinks love lasts a lifetime…
Perhaps it does

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Broken Heart

Today my daughter's heart broke
And I wish I could say it was just some bloke
But the truth is
Our hearts were his.

She slept with me tonight
My beautiful daughter
And sobbed
Helpless, I held her and asked
What I could do
And she said
Make him love me again
And the knowledge that I could not
Was a thick, heavy, sick ache

He said he would love her forever
She took time convincing
And then he went away
And loved another
And it was done

And there was nothing
We could do

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Despair

I stand in the shower
And feel such utter despair
That I want to sink to the tiles
And never get up
My head hangs forward and the spray beats
On the dripping tendrils
Of my wretchedness
And my sagging dulled skin
And I snivel
And take great gasping breaths
Like a fish
A helpless dying desperate fish

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Everything Will Be Ok

I'm not dead
Because
There is
Poetry
In my head

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First Love

Young faces shining
Intent on each other
Laughing
Whispering
Touching
A closed world
Which some resent
and others
live love through
once more

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Forbidden Thoughts

What happens
When thoughts
So forbidden rise in your head
You pray
And they go away

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Losing Control

My anger works
Up through my chest and throat and head
And spreads through my chest and throat and head
And grasps my chest and my throat and head
And I have to say what I have to say
Right now

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Mediocrity

I will live my life in mediocrity
Or maybe not
Perhaps I will
Give those dreams
A place
And move to embrace
All I can be

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My Friend

She brought me soup
My friend who cared
She held and stroked my hand
She stayed with me
My friend who cared
She talked and listened
She wept with me
My friend who cared
My friend who cared
Hugged my resisting, bitter body to her
and didn't let go

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Never

I don't want to get up out of bed
I don't, I don't, I don't

I can't get up out of bed
I can't, I can't, I can't

I won't get up out of bed
I won't, I won't, I won't

I'll never get up out of bed
Never, never, never

And then I did

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Regret

Inside of me is a hard
Metal ball
Pitted and perfectly round
Fitted tightly
Wedged deep
A weight
Settled in

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Sunday Night

You questioned
You argued
You blamed
You insulted

I shrank
I retorted
I denied
I shrivelled

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Take Me

Take my run with the dogs
for instance
Take my walk in the garden
Take my lazy Saturday lie in
Take my hot pelting shower
Take my kindle
Take my conversations with my children
Take my husband's care
Take my lemon tree
Take the fat chickens
Take my artichokes
And you take me

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Want

I'm tired of wanting
and getting
and realising
it's nothing
after all
that
wanting

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