

THE QUARRY

Charlie Bridger

Fault Lines & Other Poetry

Fault Lines

Among the clouds lie
A collection of Titans
Waiting watching... us

-

Shifting and Changing
Dictating the creation
Separating all

-

Imperfection mars

Such is a beautiful face
Mother Nature's work

-

Cracks on a rock face
Revealing the ages past
Take note for present

-

Innocence stands still
Disaster lies from beneath
We pray for mercy

Dissent

Clacton street is where she lives,
Green trees, white two-storey houses,
Clean footpaths meet freshly cut grass,
The yellow bus stop that glows under the street lamp at night,
She slams the door, she will be home soon,
The keys reach the ignition, the fourth attempt,
Don't be startled, she's well experienced,
Speeding away from the dull voices by lively friends,
The colours that rule the road bare no meaning,
The signs that rule the road no longer exist,
The dashboard all but glows, Limitless is her speed,
Blurry is her vision, but it is not raining,
She escapes the urban jungle,
Frees herself on the highway,
Bisecting the white lines as she sways,
Rushing into the silence of her neighbourhood,
Clacton street is where she lives,
Green trees, white two-storey houses,
Clean footpaths meet freshly cut grass,
The yellow bus stop that glows under the street lamp at night,
There, she is eternally waiting.

Maul

To stop, to stare, ones gaze defines everything,
They stand glittering, flesh exposed, do you see,
Flowing hair, their heels tall, their dresses tight,
To watch the onlookers is quite entertaining,
But upon reflection a thought crosses my mind,
One that is neither positive or fair but sad,
Perhaps jealousy takes reign, or is it lust?

Behaviour defines a character, does it not?
The frown of displeasure speaks a thousand words,
Shocking to them as they are shocking to me,
You need not say much, behaviour can be quiet,
For silence echoes the loudest words
A treatment by the irrational, the blind, the weak,
You will learn your lesson when you recognise,
That the eye burns the deepest hole.

Chinamons

Sheltered by the hills and the wealthy houses that dwell on them,
It begins with a field of grass,
Soft on your feet, you walk across it

A collection of trees, offering protection on a hot day,
A hut - housing bathrooms for the futuristic,
And a playground where the kids frenzy,
When the grass gives way to the sand, your feet must be bare,
A trail in which your sight is limited,
The weeds snaking their way through the dunes,
Emerging into the openness, A beach,
Quiet, enclosed within the harbour,

Its breeze passing you in a rush
The water, perfect for standing.

Milo

Young we both were, old we grew together,
You aged faster than I did, it's easy to forget,
As your face depicts timelessness,
I thought we would never end,
The banging of the food bowl,
Against the wall,
When you ate your meal,

In less than 30 seconds

The temper you had when we played FIFA,
Howling at us to be quiet as you sat in front of the TV,
The swift exit to the garden you would make,
When one of us pushed the button to start the console

To walk with you - there was no greater company:

A park sheltered at the bottom of the bay,

Where the land sloped down to greet the still water

Around we would go, side by side at evening's end,

I thought I heard you this morning when I returned home,

And for a moment I was expecting you to be waiting for me,

Your empty bed lying in the corner,

A joke in which I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.