

Random Memories 2409

A memory came rushing to the fore.
I was in France, just walking
on a country road, on a summer's day.
passing field after field,
there it was, In the corner,
close to the road. A Cross.
I moved a little closer. And there he was.
A crucified Christ,
I had witnessed a number of them.
Some had the crucified Christ on them.
and some hadn't. Memories are like that,
incomplete. Empty to some degree.
That's all I remember
filling the countryside of France.
Why, was the holy one, in the corner of a field?
Why not there in the centre of it?
Perhaps, it would get in the way of a plough!
It could be, something as mundane as that!
All these years, these memories stand out.
When will they go?
And be replaced by something else.

Where, did I get a fascination for looking at art?
Ah, Yes! My art teacher, an interesting man.
He said he was an atheist.
I was interested.
He told me what that meant.
I went to see a painting of his

in the local gallery.
in the summer holidays, he died.
I missed him. What is more,
there was no replacement.
No more lessons in art.

I called in, at the local library
and brought a book home
A picture book!
It was on Lautrec,
The VD inspection
was a subject.
I was in my early teens.
My mother was concerned,
I could just about sense that!
She must have had a word or two
with my father.
He must have said, "Leave him be.
Don't worry about that."
I felt a little scrutinized
over the works portrayed.
His fascination with one
prostitute after another
puzzled me, until
I learned about his riding accident.
Thrown, from his horse, he was.
Stunted, there after.
An aristocrat, he was, too.

He rarely patronized, .
other places, by sounds.
What a life!
Killed him in the end, though.
Memories are like that, until
replaced by another.
What's the trigger?
No one knows.

A sugar lump, or two, perhaps
Oh! Oh! the plopping sounds,
as they're dropped into a cup of tea.
Sugar tongs will also impress the guests.
Best china, too.

Two parallel lines never meet.
Try telling that to someone unenlightened,
standing in the middle of a sleeper.
He has to keep his ears open, though,
the wind may b against him.
The locomotives roll on quickly.
Keeping your eyes on the paradox,
can mean the death of you. Death!
For years, the only body
I'd witnessed was on New Year's Day.
It was a drizzling morning, or was it sleet?
Just around the corner from my home. ,
Lying in the gutter soaked he was.
I passed him. In shock, I was.

He must have been there all night.
I walked on further. I turned around,
an Asian couple were there.
I spoke to them.
They said they would
report the dead man.
Drinking hard, too much
to walk home safely.
Not able to see the New Year in.
Did he trip?
It must have been something like that!
I carried on walking
I was on my way to visit
my partner.
He would be number three,
after Klaus, a friend,
who died of AIDS.
I went to see him in hospital.
A plate of Fish and chips
was sitting on a tray.
So out of reach.
No one would feed him.
He couldn't swallow properly, anyway.
I went home and made
a fruit salad for him.
I returned and spoon fed, Klaus.
Death, when it came,
Must have been a relief
As for My partner, he too,

had a terminal illness.
so long in duration.
I had to keep on going, though,
As if I didn't feel a thing.
I was there, in the back room,
I had gone forty hours without sleep.
He had a carer with him.
Who fell asleep during his shift.
He missed Ian's process of dying.
I should have been there,
to comfort him.
That day I started to arrange
his funeral. Other things, too.
Afterwards, it hurt so much!

Just before I left the secondary school,
the careers officer, gave me my options.
"Shop or Factory ."
In a shop I chose to work. The pay was low.
I had dreams of the pavement, curving up
at both corners before me. Ready to swallow me.
Or climbing up a ladder to no where.
My dreams were trying hard
to tell me something, but what?
To move on? But to where?

And the time I'd seen a small, performing monkey,
on a organ grinder, it was, doing this and that,
on a street in Amsterdam.

I had my camera with me. I tried to take a shot.
The monkey's master was there.
He stepped before me, so close.
He was so damned ugly. He couldn't be Dutch.
The Dutch are handsome. So damned handsome.
He rattled his can, right under my nose.
His damned face so close to mine.
The monkey, no longer visible.
Ugly, or not, I decided to take a shot of him.
So close to me he was. Click.
I'd turned my back on him,
having wasted too much time already.
Perhaps he needed something to do in life!
Just to make a living.
Poor man, really.
Later, when I had processed the film
I noticed he was a blur, all out of focus.
Good thing. I didn't want to be reminded of him.
I was With a French girl, more a woman really.
She liked eating food with garlic in it.
She didn't eat at breakfast time and it showed.
She didn't have a camera. Dropped it in the sea,
she had. Don't ask me how!

Oh! The time I went around the corner
to the local store. The street was cordoned off.
A house. had collapsed, in on itself.
Builders had removed a supporting wall.
All that was left, a line of bricks under the gutter

and the bathroom, on the second floor.
An extension with Different foundations, I guess!
Only, someone was taking a bath at the time,
for all to see. The firemen couldn't go under
the line of bricks overhead. Too bloody dangerous.
I was told to leave, or I'd, be arrested.
There were a lot of people there. Why me?
I left. I couldn't see much, anyway!
The woman must have been rescued
because there weren't any press reports,
the following day, to the contrary.

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