

BOSCOMBE REVOLUTION

Issue 2



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**Issue 2 is a collection of poems and
flash fiction responding to the
provocations of 'sound' and 'revolution'
co-edited by
Mark Burnhope and Paul Hawkins**

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Eight items or less

Soundtrack – ‘Running the World’ – Jarvis Cocker

The self-scan queue shuffles, I kick my basket in protest
at the replacement of eight miserable, mute, checkout operators
with eight touchscreens and their awkward questions.
The revolution will be televised, did you bring your own bag?

A spectre is haunting the yogurt aisle.
Derek Hatton dolls are buy one get one free
and there's tomatoes from Tolpuddle in the reduced bay scrum.
Syndicatos - bang pans - bang pans.

Black fringed smoke twirls
from a truck tyre pyre.
Hold a Che Guevara crop-top over your nose,
smell the freedom - machined on a Bangladeshi bench.

Loyalty card accepted by the finest
Somali pirates
and North Korean hit squads
but why are Red Ken tea-towels out of stock?

Rise up,
reduce the head count further with online shopping.
More leisure time? Use it to sell the Socialist Worker
on rainy town centre Saturdays.

They're talking 'bout a revolution, it's coming after Strictly
and a re-design of the Value range logo.
Ring Fidel in red flags flying there sheltered housing,
Gary thinks you sound like a pub singer.

Revolver

“How fair is hunting deer
with a rifle and a scope
from a perch stand in a tree?”
I asked my friend Jim

“Why not use a homemade
bow and arrows or a sling
shot, like I do?” he just
shrugged and grinned

The recoil from his rifle
made him fall from the tree
and break his back, Jim’s
legs became a wheelchair

He asked me to buy him
a pistol for protection, so
I did, that night he put on
his favorite Beatles’ record
and smoked himself.

Lost

Glass smushed funny under toe tapping watched by trapped eye half lidded and closing with breathing brittle and bare broken hoping with arm not stuck to hold on and pull free.

Lights whipped blue where sound had fallen lost forever in puddles of water and oil and blood slipping away not noticed by figures darting this way and that in calm ordered panic faces too close to see with tobacco breath and coffee hanging loose in chin whiskers and taste buds and crushed metal across dented chest.

Then one face closer than others held familiar tears cold rainbows across mountain roads sharp twisting calling out then gone snap to sparks flying fast quick against shattered windows and bones jagged and useless and limp sick in hollow cask.

One moment life churned down now up no sides to take one left and left one with eyes closed and ready fire hopping mad fury across contorted face unable to keep mind alive.

Too late lid lifted off crushed can by practised hands now holding body still warm but not warm enough passed from one to the next shaking heads at life left and cold remained mind drained with image last one of a time before high with hands on thighs clap palms lips dry and eyes wide words hurrying across sky.

Too young too young we are too young to die.

She/Items

She's not unaware of the commercial impasses and spectacular miasmas of all the imaginary productions in which our rebellious intimacy dwells. She has to choose between two inherently restrictive alternatives. She's been forced to make a stand. She once told me that something maims our existence as individual subjects. I didn't ask her what that was supposed to mean but rather how could we possibly know what items we should stop buying.

Bruno Neiva

Odessa Steps

Ludmilla remembers. She has seen, she has made it a point to know.

Crashing statues. Crashing down stairs.

Kropotkin handing the keys back to the landlady in Bromley, Kent and returning to Russia. He will not let the Bolsheviks publish his collected works since he trusts no state. But he takes up Lenin's offer of land to the anarchists. There they make a city like the countryside, the countryside a city.

In Eisenstein's Battleship Potemkin the perambulator rolls clattering down the Odessa steps. A silent film we hear only music played in packed cinemas. The clattering must be in our heads. The baby inside is Ludmilla. Does she realise her role in world historic events? Yes, she does.

European Royalty go into exile. The Hapsburg's open a hotel in Torquay dreaming of counter-revolution. They bicker and carp at each other and never mention the war. Yet if only they'd taken up that Kafka chap's offer to give them an army of giant bugs.

The Romanov's sell their jewelled eggs and drink themselves to death in Brighton.

Then the revolution crosses the channel. Chaplin is commissar of the British Soviet Republic. Shaw does propaganda.

H.G. Wells' machines carry socialism across the globe and into space.

World capitalism is undone with a sense of style and humour.

Ludmilla looks back on a century of peace and smiles as she dies in Odessa.

Ska People

Our ring road is a forced marriage
of IKEA sky once held together by medieval beams.

Many times my city has walked through me
and turned to stone in my eyes when I took a piss on
Spon Street.

A pub served mead the old way here,
landlords made way for baristas boasting fair-trade on
tax free plots.

Our city was made by flames,
the phoenix was a welder's torch, men like my Da before
the rain came.

Our city was a blank canvas
two tones barely mixing, bleeding separately away from
each other.

Many times my brothers walked past me
down Foleshill Road in the rain, those colours should
have ran.

Then Coventry would be grey,
two tone, beautiful

Sounding Him Out

The trouble with Torrence was, well, that he wasn't quite . . . sound.

Oh, it was nothing overt. Nothing to frighten the horses. He'd been to all the right schools and was a Captain in the OTC by the time he went up in '59. A contemporary of several well-regarded chaps in the Department, not to mention a couple of Cabinet Ministers and an Archbishop. Got a First in PPE and a rowing blue.

Yes, he wears his hair a little longer than might be desirable, but his tailoring's always impeccable. Married. It seems happily, so nothing untoward in that department. You never can tell, of course, but certain discreet enquiries drew a blank, as our American cousins would say. Popular, but not too popular. Happy to take a drink and to buy his round, but not a slave to the stuff. Excellent in his current post, that goes without saying. He wouldn't have been under consideration otherwise.

Yet always, always there was something.

Well, there was nothing else for it but to have him in for a chat. Punctual. Arrived in the outer office with five minutes to spare. I gather from Margaret that he'd finished the crossword before she buzzed him in. Firm handshake. Good, frank eye contact. Windsor knot and shoes shined to perfection. I offered him a seat. He sat down and crossed one leg over the other, tugging the crease at his knee. And that's when it struck me.

The bounder was wearing red socks.

Rock Steady

no more Cool Ruler
no more I Roy either

who died in dire poverty
no more Dennis Brown

'money in my pocket'
no more Michael Smith

who was stoned to death
no more Joseph Hill

no more Bob not anymore
a target for the C.I.A

no more Peter Tosh
who was shot in the head

no more Duke Reid
no more sound systems

no more skankin' or Alton
but Rock Steady forever

from **Strasbourg 1518**

A coat so worn in patches it's just air –
 (Thus reasons the historian:) Hunger,
just threads, blowing, where woven fibres were.
 fear, exhaustion, loss of independence;
A voice is talking to you, its words are
 deaths of those you loved; epidemics;
one sentence, strung out over a day or more.
 no hope, and no-one you know having hope
You're not expecting much sense to come of it,
 of any hope to point in your direction.

but you attend anyway. In between its elements
 Things you were accustomed to enjoy
are dramas, street scenes, irrelevancies,
 not in some sentimental way, but in the legal sense,
in which coins and food are thrown and then are
 that you had right of access to them, have been
taken from you, even as you dance.
 taken from you, without recompense.
And as the dance dances you the lookers-on
 All the while others (and you are aware of this)

jeer and mock, justified in their scorn.
 store up a surfeit, stockpile fattened grain
Once, someone shouted, in a fit of temper,
 in high-security barns, safe in the town
'May you be cursed by St Vitus!' What wrong
 from which starving incomers, seeking help
did you do them then? Now this crazy tune
 now their crops have failed again, are driven:
won't let you stop, keeps ringing in your ears.
 Move on! Move on! (Thus says the historian.)

Revolving Lives

The periods of silence were more deafening than the rat-a-tat-tat, bangs and thuds that broke through sporadically in short quick bursts.

It had always been so, the poorly equipped rabble struggling against the oppressive forces.

“What are we fighting for again?” Stanley asked for the fifth time in as many minutes.

“We are here to bring down the rulers, you pleb,” Henry, a stocky man clearly in charge spat out. He was infuriated by Stanley’s attitude whose heart was obviously not for the struggle.

“How can you bear to be pushed around by those monsters?” he demanded.

“But it’s always the same. We fight. We die. We’re reborn. This whole circle of life is so predictably boring,” Stanley’s disgruntled voice, a disharmonious chord amidst the rhythm of rat-a-tat-tat.

“We are lucky there is a cycle of life for us, unlike that for the rulers who only have one life!” Henry, a strong advocate of the advantages of rebirth tried explaining for the fifth time.

“Yeah but it’s not much fun when you get reborn as a dung beetle!” Stanley whined back.

“Precisely what these rulers are. They are giant dung beetles that have exchanged everlasting rebirth for power. They must be overthrown before there are any more defections to their side!” Henry stressed, his patience hitting rock bottom as the rat-a-tat-tat, bangs and thuds continued.

It seemed only a few moments before Stanley broke through the repetitive sounds with “What are we fighting for again?”

Body Politic

The current was too strong,
our submersible beached
on the poor laws of the 1800s,
corn dolls and rickets
in the new body politic,
the land falling open like a bestiary
of watchmen with spy glasses
gazing from the tower
fathoming the future,
look-outs notating tree ring
data and haunted rookeries,
new migrations pointing to a sea
change, ice core sediments rich
and strange, gangster argot
blowing from the east
with a bend in the blue note
circling the planet
from first call to last boat,
silk screens packed with
storm-damaged gods, rough
sleepers on the soul's ecliptic.
We climbed on to the flood defenses
and surveyed our position,
laving lost our way in the ballad tradition,
cries of London in a spirit medium's
diaphragm. All around us,
the stalls and gods rock with laughter.
To find out more, [click this picture](#).
The body politic shudders
in a cloud of squid tincture.

Internal Riot

There was a time we thought we'd grow up and out of this. But the internal riot kept going, coming on strong again and again. Punk rock saved our life we say smiling. There are lessons taught that we never forget, questions we keep asking even if answers never come. Despite the squats and speed and cider, the wasted days and violent flares, it's all been worth it. Treasured, fleeting glimpses of another life, peopled by refugees on the run from the world. We the self-medicated idealists, the nihilists, the fuckups, the outdated believers. Our salad days at punx picnics, piss-wet floors in Camberwell, crumbling Hackney theatres, a Soviet ship floating on the Thames. Endless nights and hazy days. We grow older, adapting to fit the cracks of this concrete world. But the stereo's on again and the internal riot kicks in, the unofficial history of our country played on vinyl, plastic, on digital files. Utopian visions, anger, belief that we could all be better. Something to never forget. Remember that people believed this once, believe it now, and they'll believe it again. We remember ourselves, what we did, we remember the ones before us in their converted buses, fighting roads and living in trees, we look at the ones coming up, wide-eyed in black jackets and with the zeal of the recent convert. May the internal riot never end.

Gary Budden

Radiogramme

I became familiar with Oslo
though had no idea where it was,
as I twisted the ivory plastic knob
to try tame the radios frequencies.

I lay on my bed, my ear pressed
against the speakers fabric -
a kind of late 50's artificial hessian
while listening to Radio Luxembourg.

Those days we went to bed
with a head full of The National Anthem -
the tv's last call at midnight
or the image of a test card: girl,

styled (I think) with centre parted hair,
poised ready to plant a nought
with chalk on a blackboard
surrounded by lovable cuddly toys.

Like Helen Reddy's Angie Baby
I believed there were people
shrunk to fit inside the radiogramme
and tried to peer through the oval cutout

in its underside, where as an adolescent
I hid a page of cocks from a porn mag
folded tight and placed in a rosary tin -
cast in the shape of a small bible.

Soldier's Dinner

Boiled boot shine,
hand touched by boy tears,
cookies,
M & M's dripping alpha time.

Dream tick-tock Tootsies,
pound cakes fighting for warmth.

The clunk of peanut butter jelly,
radio impaled by mashed metal;
surface of bare arms in heat,
cheese-spread cold.

I moulded my sweat to your national eye,
Gatorade-like mixes,
a fifty-calibre song
spitting your dark trench radar.

Heartbeat
syncopated to your shaking,
bullets (ricochet
coffee wall) blatting;

tea trigger sparking hunger,
phantom pain of a child soldier
speaking tongues of discipline dipped in chemical toilet paper.
Money-cranked pit, melted spoon, dead matches,
gassed name tags etc ...

salt sugar
cocoa shakes' hot sauce
incontinence -

Toast over our bodies.

(US soldier, Afghanistan 2013 – half a days ration)

The 50 States of America

1

Parents go A la bama in bedroom, features Alaska fire because it's not on. Window out: an airy zone, an ark and SAS team hide out in their loft. 130 cal, if/or NIA (National Indoor Arena) may sell a healthier option, extract E.Color ado, much ado about what? Nothing. Connect. I cut off (do not want to connect). De la, under-table, ware of hard: drive: under under-pants. Floor it I a "da" in Irish latter, go by name of Georgia too, only by your mother. How dai I? dare me? I da ho-hi lo-fi, ear ace, but all of sudden: vert I go ill, I noise blur in ear. India is na for acupuncture. I owe a lot for pharmaceuticall you up some time, get kans, get drunk, as you vegetate my Kentucky. If not for the company (of Louis [sigh] Ana) we'd be doing it.

2

The maine mary of god, mother of cheese is the land where a mass of chew-sets (aka cows) mitch-pitch, play ball and jar o'gan shiddier than Minne mouse-hair, a soda drinking Missus sipping it on a mountana edge. A lantern ebb Fred's bra is ska: "Nev' taking it ada". New to me, put it in a hamper, bury it in the Shire. New to me, put it in the charity shop, sell it as a Jersey. New to me, put me in a sitcom, sex I Y, an ork, a new body please? The Y (downstairs chromosome) of Carol drew on its eye-liner green, for grass.

3

In north, da coat, a bit of an itchy thing... "oh I don' know', ok laugh til you come home, a goner or..." Pennys for syvilian? An "is" land rode bicycle south to Carol's eyeliner. Taking this coat down south – a good plan. Lend me a tenner, see, and I'll see to that virgin NIA show for ya. "Tah, u". As we play texas hold-em-up ver in the mount. Yes upstairs... then so da Washington ma in bath-tube, it was wise (she smelt as if host of the flies), but it con, a sin. Mary sweet mother of Vir-gin-I... yeah, make it a double, on the rocks. Walk west of rocks. Wy? Fi, yes get me – I'm at my 'ome coming. Dance

Leanne Bridgewater

Closure

Enraged with new-won freedom and revenge
They sought the fabled prison. It looked unchanged
Except the buildings were all empty, the gates
Demolished by protesters who
Had poured their anger in and found it ran
Through open rooms where pain had taken place.
But now there is no sound - only the rain
Upon the roof and their own breathing. They reach
For spades, implements of torture, anything
Then rush outside to dig and find the graves
Needing to see what they have imagined.
They gut the gardens, tear up every mound
But still there are no bodies to be found.
In every brain a broken grief goes round and round
and round.

Finishing Work

'Looking back from the conclusion to the episodes leading up to it, we have to be able to say that this ending required these sort of events and this chain of actions.'

Paul Ricoeur, Narrative Time

Pent. Stillness borrowed from movie scripts
where dignity remains on the cards
dumb foolscap pages wringing the trauma
dry, just voiding hope before a rush,
a sugar fuelled exit strategy.

The really real never resembles
films, that ending, that child plucked out
a gifted moment smiles on the house.

Helena burned urgent violence
criss-crossing the staff canteen, displaced
co-workers scattering, skidaddle

like ants caught unawares from the spits
of an out of control bonfire. No
hip, hip, hip hooray route to happy
last minutes of grace. No fool-goodery.

Helena's moment; a blast fury
hit. Endings make their linear sense out
of nonsense. Cuts, explosions, the fist
as credits roll, as pent-up lets go.

Mouth

I said that dry evening, “My mouth has this sieve in place of a tongue”

Maybe I just wanted to say that it was a plateau waiting for an ice-age

To crop it down in patterns where mammoths

Trapped dead in Siberia would come alive to all that ice

And someone will say that mouth was just a hemisphere

Awaiting a season of driftwood to float away the settlement

Or that the sound was what follows rain

A cup of tea? A doze of sleep?

Or plainly that it was not friendly but repulsive

Or that it was the germs swimming in pools of dead water

Or that it was the air having an orgy

Or that someone had been smoking weed under my skin

But those were terrible things

And I just thought a sun setting under my skin

With the smell of the day and a bit of freshness still

Lodged to play with the food and water

It was all the poems I had spoken and the novel I was

Still coloring like a face in a blurred window

It was the same tongue that I brought out in the evenings

To sabotage a sly strange swearing swine

With a sore Medusa head and an all smelling snout

Sometimes in full view of the world that

Bent away like a wilted flower at even a mention

Of a lived day spent in the fire of a mountain

Where I was let lose to find the bones of a woman

And now I came out of the cover to shout

Into the caves, hear the echoes and shout again

Jib Þrongs Jinns Sir

An abnominal for Jón “Jónsi” Þór Birgisson

Þis brig
ninon jib;

Þis born ibis rib
no brió bring rós iris

Þis joss-gnósis
bong-grin

nó Þin jingo
sorþ orris nigrosin

I join in Þis song o’
gibbon-origin gó

*nó sin Þorn nog
rosin iron sign*

I join bóÞ
griss—n—bison

bóÞ
job—n—boss

bóÞ
son—n—biro in Þis song

()—n—() noÞing
rising norÞ

Safe and Sound

Raymond was bored.

All his friends were on holiday, and he had absolutely nothing to do.

In the end, he decided to go and play in the park. He promised his mum that he would be home in time for his supper.

The hours flew by quickly, and it was suppertime, but Raymond hadn't come home.

His mum was worried and made her way to the park to find him, but he was nowhere to be seen. She started to get frantic, and when she returned home, she decided to call the police to report him missing. She prayed that he would be home safe and sound.

As she picked up the phone, she heard a noise coming from the garden and ran outside to find Raymond playing with his cousin.

Raymond's mum was relieved. She learnt how he had met his cousin in the park and decided to visit the shopping centre nearby.

Raymond and his mum went indoors to have their supper, while Raymond's cousin headed home.

'I'm sorry about today, mum,' said Raymond sadly.

'It's alright, my dear,' said his mum, 'As long as you're home safe and sound.'

'By the way,' said Raymond, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a peculiar-looking object, 'Look what I've got.' Raymond's mum gasped loudly when she saw that he was holding a hand grenade.

The Officers Mess

The broken frame of a piano sulks off-key:
I stop pacing this circle,
notice clots of blood on splayed ivory veneer.

Splintered wood, exposed wires –
broken piano lungs
twitch in the key of c sharp.

Brains on blown plaster,
missing floorboards,
spent bullets,

a bent spirit-level nailed on a punctured wall –
I finger
a loose-boned blues.

Blackbird Chain

It's getting tense
 at the centre
I dunno if it's religion or politics or
money
 or that man with the blackbird
chain
 who's strangling all the
 dogwalkers
that's causing the spine
 of the city
to petrify
maybe its all of them?
stay indoors
 they're telling us
-it's not safe
 to write a cheque
say a prayer
or take your mongrel
 out
 for a breath of
 air

The Broken Dancer

It was your mother,
who locked the stone gates,
locked you away. She
did not like what you
were; a warped image

of her beautiful,
pain-disguising face.
You tried mimicking
her routines, needing
to be her. You failed.

You couldn't get the
moves right. She passed you
to social workers
without struggle or
awareness of sin.

In Praise of Chimene Suleyman

Behind me on the top deck
of the 67 bus
two Turkish girls,
dressed for a night out,
talk about life
since leaving school
the other side of summer.
One works in Westfield,
the shopping centre that's
our Olympic legacy.
The other's started college
but isn't enjoying it much.
'I have to go,' she explains,
'my dad's a Marxist.
He says I have to be educated
'cos the bourgeoisie
treat the proletariat like mice.'
Her friend nods and says,
'He's worked in shops, your dad.'

Tim Wells is made of reggae, pie 'n' mash, lager top, Leyton Orient FC, slugs, snails, and puppy dog's tails.

Antony Owen is from Coventry. His two collections of poetry generally focus on forgotten people. *My Father's Eyes Were Blue* (Heaventrete) *The Dreaded Boy* (Pighog). A third is out 2014.

David Webb restores and maintains gardens for a living. He also writes short stories and poems. Some have been published. He is happily married and has two talented daughters.

Leanne Bridgewater's recent work: *Three Tales of Dysgeographia* (self-published), *SentIence* (Stoma), *The Homophone Translator* (Beard of Bees), *Duck-Rabbit* alternative greeting cards (zimZalla avant objects). www.leannebridgewater.co.uk.

Gary Budden is the co-founder of independent publisher Influx Press. He also works as a fiction editor for *Ambit* magazine. His writing has appeared in *The Quietus*, *Rising*, *The Journal of Wild Culture*, *Smoke* and more. He lives in London.

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Brendan Cleary is originally from Co. Antrim and has had many collections published. The latest is *FACE* from Pighog Press, 2013.

Gary Budgen's fiction has been published in various places including *Interzone*, *Where Are We Going?* and *Urban Green Man* anthologies. He is a member of London Clockhouse Writers.

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Mark Burnhope's pamphlets are *The Snowboy* (Salt Publishing, 2011) and *Lever Arch* (Knives, Forks & Spoons Press, 2013). His first collection, *Species* (Nine Arches Press) is due in June.

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James Manlow is a poet and novelist. His poetry has appeared in magazines such as: *Poetry Review*, *The Rialto*, and *The Shop*. He has recently been appointed as the first Poet Laureate for Bournemouth, where he has lived for the past ten years.

Tim Cumming has published seven poetry collections, including 2011's *The Rapture*. He made the acclaimed BBC documentary *Hawkwind Do Not Panic* in 2007, and his film poems have been shown worldwide.

Bethany W Pope's first poetry collection, *A Radiance* was published by Cultured Llama Press in 2012. Her second collection, *Crown of Thorns*, was published by Oneiros Books in 2013. Her first chapbook *The Gospel of Flies* was released by Writing Knights Press in February 2014.

Catfish McDaris is an aging New Mexican living near Milwaukee. He has four walls, a ceiling, heat, food, a woman, two cats, a typing machine, and a mailbox. That's enough for him. Author of many chapbooks.

Martin Myers lives and writes on the South coast. His most recent collection *Some Circular Walks In Sussex* was published by Pighog Press.

Fergus Crotty's writing explores a range of intense emotional states, and is often liberally permeated by his dark, cynical sense of humour. He has published poetry collections and a novel.

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Nick Power's first collection of poems is *Small Town Chase* (Erbacce Press). He resides in Wirral on Merseyside and is trying to escape.

Paul Hawkins has a poetry collection due to be published in 2014. *Claremont Road* (Erbacce Press) is his latest pamphlet. www.paulhpoet.wordpress.com