

MARTIN POETRY ANTHOLOGY 1

Content Warnings:

- Mentions of: food, spiders

[CLICK]

MARTIN

[CLEARs THROAT]

Streets, by Martin K. Blackwood.

The streets are hard in London.

Paved in old secrets, the hot smell after the rains.

The threads of people walking,

Living.

Loving.

Walking the paths of lives unseen,

Living in a world of unknown roads,

Loving amidst the shadows of choices,

Stretching like silk into the future.

Paths of good intention.

Leading somewhere.

Anywhere.

To shake off the dirt underfoot

And stand.

In the streets.

Looking up.

Taking notice.

Being seen.

[whispers] yeah...

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

A Country Walk by M.K.Blackwood

I think I'd like to wander lonely as a cloud,

Get out of London and into the country,

Loose the streetlamps and the high rises.

Leave the tangled loves and lives behind,

And learn to weave a new way.

A quieter way in hill and dale.

A greener life to all the senses,

Daffodils and buttercup and willow boughs,

Scenting shelter away from the hurly burley of strifes

Looking out of lurking windows.

There's a lot to be hoped for beyond the limits

If I could float out into the wilds.

Because the city cannot confine a cloud.

[SIGHS WISTFULLY]

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

Biscuits, by M.K.B.

There's a game we play every week,

Break time rounds of hide and seek.

Playground games move to the workplace,

Now with smiles and far less pace.

Breaking the rules with ones of our own,
Friendly misdirection; that we hone.
Under tea towels or back of a drawer;
Once in the depths of the stationary store!

Admin and researcher, battle of wits
Seeking the edge of calling it quits
Never quite there, at least not as yet
More than just biscuits; our battle field set.

The others might think we're wasting our time
But lightening the mood's not that heinous a crime.

[CHUCKLES]

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

Rains, by Mr. Blackwood.

Up high, above it all, clouds hold the promise of rain with potential.
Carry the promise of waters to wash away the marks that everything bears.
The rains seek release in downpours and outbursts an...

[SQUEAKY DOOR OPENS]

ARCHIVIST

[IMPATIENT] Martin.

[HURRIED CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

[CLEARS THROAT]

...the rains seek release in downpours and outbursts,

Expressed when the weather turns to action.

Pouring out, tumbling down, spilling forth.

The sharpness and the purity fall

Acquires new character on the descent,

Comes into contact with ideas of the environment.

Picks up pollutants as it slides down surfaces.

Clarity clouded as it condenses.

Potential now tarnished in gutter overflow.

And poor incy wincy is washed out.

[CLICK]

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