

MARTIN POETRY ANTHOLOGY 1

Content Warnings:

- Claustrophobia
- Mentions of: spiders & cobwebs

[CLICK]

[LOW REPETITIVE THUD THROUGHOUT]

MARTIN

Visitors, by Martin K.

Unfamiliar circumstances have come knocking at my door.
Surprising from all angles.
Surprising from the darkness.

There's a woman at my door.

There's a woman at my door and she's insistent wanting in,
But she is outside.

Outsider.

Lots of outsiders are on the other side of my door

Knocking.

Knocking.

Crawling, crawling

Seeking, seeking

I cannot welcome you in strange visitors,
I cannot make you a cup of tea,
If you're the woman I think you to be

You'll have to stay outside my door
And I will stay within.

Why do you stay there outside my door?
No words to speak of.
Yet silver syllables are trying to breach my door.

Are you waiting for something?
Are you waiting for someone?
Someone special to let you in?

Because that someone isn't me.
I am safe in my sanctum,
Patience is my friend.
For now I can resist you,
I am strong enough to handle this.

But I do wish I had another door.

[HEAVY SIGH]

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[HEAVY SIGH]

MARTIN

Yonder by K.Blackwood

I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with Y.

I'll give you a clue it moves with a fluid grace
Moving down then up, unravelling a thread behind it.

Bulbous in its form
Spun with method and the instinct of far less years than I,
And yet it spins in the wind.
Buffeted by forces it cannot see
And nature beyond its control

Though;

You probably cannot see it,
Even though you definitely have the vantage.

Do you have eyes out there while you stand guard on me?
On the kid whirling with their yoyo, casting wild and free.

Though perhaps I should have chosen yonder.
Staring out the window at the places I cannot go.
Forced to consider an overlooked view.
I must concentrate to see, and take stock of what might be

I can survey my domain, limited as it is and confidently say:

B is for a well read book

P is for some paper

K is for the knitted blanket, a childhood wrapped in patchwork, stitched with cares and love

W is for the wisdom of my peers

and T is for the thought that my colleagues wouldn't be here.

I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with H;

H is for the Hope that all my friends are safe.

[EXHALE]

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

Filed Away, by M.K.B.

Down amongst the boxes, hidden well, not hiding
Holding fast against the forces of darkness pressing in on –

Darkness.

Paper words security, certified and filed.
Words to explain the darkness,
Explain the need for resting amidst the weights of statements
A comforting, centuries heaviness.

Experiences in words, words in boxes, boxes on shelves.
Shelves in order, everything in its place.
Where it ought to be.

Filed.

For future consultation.
End of an era consideration.
Threads abound, surround, linked to might in volume to be found
Hidden strength in knowledge,
Kept hidden from the darkness.
Secret weapons in the darkness.
Everything is filed in places and all is right with the world.

Only it's not.

Is it.

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

MARTIN

[STERN INHALE]

Draw State, by Blackwood Esq.

I spy, with my little eye, something about to go *snap*.

There's a limit to patience between the cat and the mouse, trapped as they are in limbo.

A treasure hunt without a clue,
Monopoly on time and mind.
Masterminding our status quo,
Life between crosswords and crossed swords,
A supe'natural blind-mans bluff

I wonder if they've got home safely?
Rounded the bases and not got tagged by silver bullets seeking ingress.
Somehow this charade needs to end.
I'm tired of being alone in the dark.

[CLICK]

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