



John D Robinson
Poems

An
Outlaw
In The
Making

Scarsuonqnd
2017 chapbook

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I would like to thank the hard working editors of the various publications where some of these poems first appeared; Outlaw Poetry; Picaroon Poetry; Zombie Logic Review; Yellow Mama; Your One Phone Call; BoySlut; 24th Irregular Press; Down In The Dirt Magazine; Poems For All; Degenerate Literature:

I dedicate this book to my wife Carmelina; to my daughter, Bonita Rose and to my 3 grandchildren; Grace & Ava & Stanley

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An Introduction

The first drug dealer I ever met
was an overweight white
woman with strong
nymphomaniac tendencies;
she'd wear low v neck tee
shirts and a severe denim
mini-skirt and when
ever she bent over or sat
down she'd expose a
pair of white panties;
numerous times I left
with a shitty deal and
a hard -on and a
smile as I recalled her
flirtatious raunchiness;
she moved town and I
found another dealer,
she died of cancer in her
mid 40's a few years later;
every now and then I
hear her name mentioned
and I think of the times I
sat opposite her, sharing a
joint, the bright sun
tripping through the lounge
window as I glanced between
her legs and sipped at the
green tea and feeling okay
about it all for a while.

Losing It

I hadn't expected so
much blood
and she hadn't expected
so much blood
and I think it shocked
us for a moment or 2
and there came a
strange quietness
between us as we
looked at the
blood splattered
sheets and then we
held one another
to make it feel right;
her mother asleep in
the next room and
outside we could
hear the yelping
of young
urban foxes.

Drugs

I've consumed a large
quantity of prescribed
and non-prescribed
drugs
and wine
these past couple of
days;
having the opportunity and
the capacity to do so;
the drugs
and wine
enabled me to
cruise quietly
through those
darkened hours of
self-doubt and self-
loathing
and I know you'd feel
disappointed with me
for taking the drugs
and
drinking wine
and that's why I
haven't told you;

I don't want to
disappoint you again,
yet another time;
and if you ever read
this poem,
I'm sure
you'll give it some
understanding before
the disappointment
envelopes the demons
I've given into
time
and
time
again.

No Hang-ups Here

Mostly
I feel uncomfortable and
irritated when walking
amongst the living
but
sitting amongst the
dead I feel instantly
and strangely at
ease and comfortable;
there are no hang-ups
here,
what went wrong or
bad in life remains
and what was good
and beautiful in
life also remains,
there are no hang-ups
here,
no competition,
rich or poor
lucky or unlucky
in life;
all are equal again;
before me are 2 headstones,

2 guys who barely
made it into
their 50's
but both were sons,
husbands and fathers
and grandfathers;
and of course I think of my
encroaching finality
and I
feel indifferent;
the 2 graves are
adorned with clay
and porcelain figures
of fairy's and cherubs
and buddha's and angels
and plaques of
sentimental words and
plastic flowers and
cheap solar lighting and
necklaces and a
quietness, there are
no hang-ups here,
it has all be done.

A Family Exchange

By the time the police arrived
it was all over;
we were sat down talking
and drinking and smoking,
our faces baring the brutality
of our violence
just several minutes before;
two police officers walked
into the launderette and
looked at the 2 of us,
“What’s going on here?
we had a call about 2 men
fighting” one of the
uniform’s said
“A family skirmish officer”
I said
“Don’t waste our
fucking time’ the other
uniform said and then
they walked out of
the place.
“You threw a lucky punch”
my father said
“Bullshit” I said
and then we were quiet,
looking at one another
having forgotten what
the fight was all about
in the first place.

Thinking About Fucking

Naturally, for decades,
I've thought more about
fucking than actually
fucking;
and over the decades
the gap between
thinking
and
fucking
has grown but the
thought of fucking
hasn't slowed any but
the acting on the
thought and making it
real has slowed,
although the thoughts
burn fiercely as ever
and the spirit surges
violently and the touch,
the sensation,
the visual
the audio pleasures are
all very much alive
and the obsessive
mysterious desires continues
but the
energy
and physical lust
has slowed
like a ticking clock-hand
getting ready
for a forever
midnight.

No Return

Crackling from the Sunday
radio came
“Now let us pray for the
broken hearted and the lost
souls of our world,
the alcoholics and drug
addicts, the ghosts of our
towns and cities that have
wandered far from the
path of righteousness and
now walk the roads of
sin; let us pray that the
gates of heaven open up
for our brothers and
sisters, for these wretched
spirits let us pray”
after I had finished
rolling a joint of powerful
weed I felt thankful
and good that somebody
was sparing a little time
and a prayer for me
without expecting a return.

A Sob Story

It's the 2nd night without
seeing you, talking and
hearing you and touching
and kissing you
and I've thought of you
often throughout the day
but I've had the
distractions of being on
the streets and now
alone,
darkness is almost here,
the house is quiet,
so quiet that even the
clocks are hesitant to
'tick' and I know that
some nights our
conversations are slow
and intermittent as I'm
consumed by wine and
words in my head
but I can gaze across at
you and I can see your
lips part into a smile
and that makes me feel
okay and I know that the
night will be good

but you're not here now
and the night is
beginning and doesn't
understand
just how different it is
without you
to make it good
to make it okay
the night is
beginning
and doesn't
understand,
I'm missing you.

Without A Thread

The next time I saw Eddie
he said to me
'Fuck man!
I've never woken up
amongst so many
fucked up naked bodies
in one apartment
and when some drunken
clown rang your
door bell at 4am
and you got up and
answered the door
not knowing or
caring who it was
without a thread on
I knew why some
call you 'Long John'

'Trick of the light'
I said smiling,
'make it a Jim Beam'

'Okay' Eddie said.

The Ending Of Night Radio

In my mid teens I'd lay
in bed late into the night,
a big radio lying across
my chest; it's cable
stretching and twisting
across and down to a wall
socket and 2 thin leads
dangling down my face
from my head-phones
and I'd listen to the
latest underground music
from the present fucked-up
generation;
usually I'd fall asleep
and wake a few hours
later and deal with
putting the radio safely
away;
this night I was awoken by
a world shaking explosion
and a vicious flash of light;
my bedroom door burst open
and I could see my mum
standing in the doorway; I
could see that she was angry
and she was pointing and
shouting but I
couldn't hear a damn thing
except a high pitched shrill;

my nostrils filled with an
acrid burning smell and the
room clouded in a thin veil
of grey smoke, the sheets
were scorched and my eyes
open- wide with shock;
my mother's mouth was
still moving but she no
longer looked angry but
smiled as she unplugged
the radio and opened a
window and then she
ordered me to get
out of the bed so
she could
change the linen
and trash the radio.

The Balls Of James Dean

Somewhere, sometime ago
I can remember reading
an account of when director
Elia Kazan introduced
the bright young comet
to the cast and crew of
East Of Eden
and how he'd walked up
to each and every one of
them in turn; fellow actors/
actresses, lighting, sound,
scenery, camera operatives,
producers, script writers,
catering crew, costume; etc;
and pushing his beautiful
face close to theirs, with
a fixed stare, spat out
'Fuck You!'
and then moved on to
the next asshole
'Fuck You!'
then onto the next asshole
'Fuck You!'
now there are times,
when I wish I had the
balls of James Dean
particularly on a Monday
morning, fresh back at
work and vent such an
expression to the many
soulless unimaginative
assholes I
encounter
but I'm no rebel
but rather, these days,
not even a Giant
of invisible inconsequence.

A Key Moment

At the time I was occupied
with kissing the insides of
a woman's thighs
when a key entered my door,
turn, click and open;
I quickly moved out between
the legs of my woman and
looked up into the face of a
previous lover;
'I came to return your keys'
she said looking at the
smiling woman sprawled
across my bed
'Yeah, thanks' I said taking
the keys and the woman on
the bed started giggling and
the door slammed closed
and we were alone again,
I moved across the bed and
before returning to the
insides of my beautiful
woman's thighs, I dropped the
keys into her hand-bag sitting
on the floor beside the bed.

The Invite

An underground poet
kindly invites me to
a reading;
it's a generous offer,
but I've already
explained that I'm
working on being a
recluse and avoiding
any social,
pretentious,
ego pimping
bullshit
gatherings;
I'll get back to him
and say I'll be
unavailable
stoned
and
intoxicated
until
further notice.

Supervision

'I want you to write a list
for our meeting tomorrow'
my supervisor requested,
'Something, that is going to
be helpful to both of us'
'Okay' I said and made the
list; here it is;
'Don't be aggressive
don't use obscene language
don't bang fist on table
or raise and extend middle-finger
don't be sarcastic
don't get angry
don't make threats
don't throw stuff around
don't spit or curse
don't get belligerent
don't be subversive
don't be antagonistic
don't be provocative
don't be hostile
don't be impatient
and most of all
don't be an asshole'

I gave him the list and
he wrote at the bottom

'Don't forget this list'

The Onlookers

Roy had boasted that he was
meeting the very popular
Jessica and that she was
going to give him a blow-job;
'Bollocks' we said 'That's
bullshit'
'Okay' he said 'Come and
see it for yourselves'
and 6 or 7 of us 15 and 16
year old non-believing
friends of his accepted
his invite;
'Just don't fuck about,
keep quiet and out of
sight, okay?' he said
seriously; we all nodded
our heads;
Jessica was an unfortunate
skinny looking soul with a
big nose and clumsily
over applied make-up;
her best feature
was her lovely brown
hair which fell beyond
her ass;

and the gang of us were
looking down from atop a
grassy bank and we looked
as she went to work
and Roy looked up
grinning and giving us the
thumbs up
and we began laughing and
and applauding
and she moved away,
coughing and spluttering
and looked up at us and
she began to cry and
ran away sobbing loudly;
Roy zipped up and
shouted that we were a
'Bunch of lousy fucks'
our laughter and
applause increased,
smothering any pity
we may have had for
the poor girl.

Stars & Breasts

I was crouched down in
the back-yard inhaling
hash and looking up into
the beautiful clear dark
skies of early September,
gazing mesmerised by
the stars and thoughts
of the speed-of-light and
other wondrous
phenomenon
when my wife bent
over to kiss me goodnight
exposing her breasts
beneath her thin
night-attire;
looking at the marvel
of stars one moment
and then the sensuous
image of breasts the next;
surely
it doesn't get better than
this
I thought,
feeling like a lucky
bastard once again.

A Wedding Ring Tale

On the 3rd meeting I asked
'How'd you lose your
ring- finger?'
'It was winter, icy, I was on
my way home from work
and I slipped and grabbed
hold of an iron railing to
save myself, the spike of
the fence slipped in between
my wedding ring and finger
and I hit the deck hard
and my finger was literally
ripped off, there was a
lot of blood and the pain
excruciating; I looked
and saw my finger and
the gold band on the ground;
a passerby telephoned an
ambulance; I picked up the
ring and finger; but it couldn't
be saved and 3 weeks
later my bitch wife left me
for some asshole mechanic
at Kwikfit'

Lunch Time

Surrounding the library
and council offices are
small stretches of
flower-beds and benches
and concrete slabs;
I settled in with a
freshly made sandwich,
opposite sat a wino
sucking on a wet
cigarette and the near
empty cheap bottle of
wine slipped from his
grasp and smashed
upon the concrete and
bled life into the
dust and dirt and I
saw the loss, the sadness
deep in his eyes as he
looked down
and as I bit into my
sandwich
he rose unsteadily to
his feet and cursed
beneath his thick matted
beard
he farted loudly before
lurching into a
angry chorus of car
horns and shouts from
pissed-off drivers,
who know or care
nothing of
his recent loss.

An Outlaw In The Making

My dear mom is just something
short of being clinically obsessed
with her house cleanliness
and one of the blinding golden
rules is under no circumstances
are OUTSIDE shoes worn
INSIDE the house;
If the Fire-Fighters were needed
mom would force them to
remove their boots before
entering the house to deal with
the flames;
the rules are drilled into you
at a very early age,
my nephew is 5 and he is
very bright and forward thinking;
a little while ago he was playing
out in the back yard when he
needed to get something from
INSIDE the house,
without hesitation he strolled
INSIDE the house still wearing
his OUTSIDE shoes;
his mother reminded him
'Samuel, you know you're not
meant to be wearing your shoes
INSIDE the house'

without pause in his stride and
without turning around he said
'Well, I am'
and he carried on walking
INSIDE the house wearing his
OUTSIDE shoes;
there was a stunned silence,
open mouth's, wide-open eyes
and non belief from the witness's
and when told of this I laughed
and laughed and giggled and
nodded my head;
5 years old, an outlaw in the
making; doing things his way
despite the rules of others,
I raise a glass.

Pick-Up

I had dropped by to pick-up
some blow;
'It's not been a good day'
he told me;
'Rikki came round
earlier and she wanted
sex and I didn't feel like
it, I'm tired and I told her
and she got wild and
told me she had
another boyfriend and
she started screaming
and then before I knew
it, she was gone'
Shit I thought
I'd like to have
problems like that,
just the one time
would be good.

Taking The Fiss

'I hear you're a tough guy'
Eddie said as we stood at
the urinals;
'That's bullshit'
I said grinning
'I'm the toughest'
Eddie finished and zipped-
up and waited for me,
I finished,
zipped-up
walked over to the basin
washed my hands
looking at Eddie in the
mirror,
he stood still
watching me,
I turned around to face
Eddie
'You going to wash your
hands Eddie?'
I asked
'Fuck no'
Eddie said
'Then don't ask me for a
dance later'
I said grinning

Eddie laughed
nervously and then
said
'I don't dance'
'Well, fuck-you'
I said
and waited for his move;
he stepped over to the
wash basins and
washed his hands and
said looking at me
'Maybe later'
'Maybe'
I said.

'But You Were A Boy'

'I think you must've been
about 12 years old,
your dad had come
back after a 3 or 4 day
drinking binge and he
was in a bad way and
mean and loud and
angry with me for some
reason and you were
standing beside me and
I looked at you and you
had your fists clenched
like you were ready to
fight but you were a
boy and if you had
punched him and he
punched you back,
well, right at that
moment, I knew,
enough was enough
and I
decided that he was
going to leave and
never
come back and that's
what happened'

What Have Some Of Us Become?

She died aged 2 years old
weighing just 13lbs;
prior to death she hadn't
eaten or drank for days,
100+ physical injuries,
belt marks, bite marks,
cracked ribs, missing teeth
and trauma blows to
her head, deep cuts stitched
with needle and thread
at home;
she was locked in the
bathroom and slept in the
bath-tub covered in
blood and faeces;
she was just 2 years old
when she was tortured,
starved and sadistically
murdered, like her life meant
nothing at all, no more
valuable than a fucking
falling leaf;
she had never once been
outside of the house,
neighbours didn't know of
her existence;
her mother has
a history of drug abuse and
neglect of children and has
an IQ of 67 and may evade
the death sentence for
this reason, she is pregnant
with her 8th child;

her father has
a record of violent
assaults upon women and
minors;
today he was sentenced for
execution
and well-paid legal bodies
will plead for his life
like his daughter did for hers;
he is 32 years old guilty of
vicious cruelty and murder;
she was just 2 years old
and guilty of nothing;
her life was pitifully short
never knowing of love,
knowing nothing but pain
and suffering,
seeing no one but those 2
brutal bastards;
death must have been a
true relief,
although not a believer
I like to think that she's
now in a different place
and
getting to know of
gentle love.

Passing The Time At Work

'What do you think of Hailey?'
he asked;
'I don't know, she seems okay'
I said
'No' he said, 'I mean do you
think she has it? do you think
she's pretty?'
'Well' I said 'She has beautiful
eyes'
'At those fucking meetings'
he said 'I
look over at her and I imagine
what she looks like in stockings
and suspenders and then I try
and picture how her face looks
when she orgasms'
I looked over at him and grinned;
'I'd like to fuck Anthea' he said
'What!' I said playfully, laughing;
'No, not that short fat fuck' he
Said 'You know what Anthea I
mean. She was sat opposite me
other day, wearing this skin-
tight dress. I looked at her and
I thought about all the things I'd
like to do to her. Do you remember
Shannon? I saw her the other
Week, she still shakes it good'
I nodded my head knowing
that I was in the presence of
one with a wicked creative and
colourful imagination and
thought that he must walk
around all day with a fucking
hard-on
and he was getting paid for it.

Mirrors & White Lines

Initially
it was like an extra light
had been switched on,
the music became
louder
but I could hear the
slightest sound,
something surged
within and I wanted
to fight or fuck or
talk or dance
and I looked around
the room full of
strangers and wondered
where the hell I was
but I didn't feel
threatened;
I moved around the
place and found some
beer, opened a bottle
and drank; I was ready
for anything
except, that was
until, I stepped outside
and realized that I was
naked
beneath a freezing
November star-grinning
night
and wondered how
and why.

Bed-Sit Land

She straddled my chest
topless
wearing a scant pair of
panties,
she was very well built
and I handled her large
tits;
'Okay' she said
'my turn'
she moved to the side,
unbuttoned and
unzipped my jeans and
then pulled them
towards my knees,
she lifted my boxer-
shorts over my
excitement
and then
a sudden explosion of
loud cheerful greeting
voices of her gate-
crashing neighbours;
'OH SORRY!' 'OOOOH'
'SORRY'
'CATCH YOU LATER!'
and then silence and
awkwardness,
the passion of the
moment stolen,
feeling deflated
and in need of
a drink.

Pot Dealing Bird-Man

Occasionally he'd smile but the only word I ever heard him say was 'yeah' and he never ever made eye-contact with anyone; he lived in a 2 storey house with a pigeon who flew, walked and shit all over the house, I don't know what the fuck was going on between he and the pigeon and I would visit to buy some blow; I'd go in and ask how things were 'Yeah' he'd answer 'The usual' I'd say 'Yeah' he'd respond and open up a black leather pouch of pre-weighed and pre-packaged goods and meanwhile this fucking pigeon flew all around, shitting and landing on stuff and pecking at it; pigeon shit covered every surface, there was no where to sit, but he didn't seem to mind it at all;

he must've really loved
that bird and I believe
that he'd make eye-
contact with the fucking
thing;
sometimes we'd share a
joint in near silence and
this pigeon would perch on
his shoulder or in his lap
and he'd look down at the
thing and say 'yeah' and
then he'd suck on the smoke
and grin, like he really
knew something.



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Scars Publications

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