



Deep Green Suffolk
 'They're all lying b*****s'
 Endurance Test
 Somewhere, not here
 June's Greens
 Desert Wanderer
 The father, his daughter, her
 husband and the kingfisher



13 Poems Scrawled Along 'The Campaign Trail'

Swim at the White Bridge,
 Santon Downham
 Sedge Fen
 Over-looked Houses of God
 Culture Warring
 Blind Eyes
 Another losing





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UK General Election.
West Suffolk
June - July 2024
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Published by:



Deep Green Suffolk

Suffolk villages
blackbirds skipping
through pockets of paradise
sing-songing with playmates

friendly villagers beam welcomes
wave hands of warm wishes
before moving on
the briefest of connecting:
the busyness of calm politeness

others aloof
eyes downwards
hoarse caws
the darkness of crows

here and there
gardens for bees to live in
nature allowed a morsel, a look in
stocked bird-feeders proffered as compensation
kindnesses lurk behind hedgerows

here in places
our Green and Pleasant Land
for keeping safe
to cherish.

“ They’re all lying b*****s”

Lying is drowning hope
fuels division, sinks love of democracy

Let's bring back a future
stop shameful lies, the sitting down to mope

Stand up for friendship,
a kinder politics, more mature

Our shared planet needs you and me
together with a forged unity.

Moving forward
only then can all communities cope.

Endurance Test

Swifts cast their eyes down as I speed walk through bleak streets, shriek their passing. Trip-hazard bins poke out, menacing letter boxes crumple and eat my deliveries. I pass through light-heartedly in a hail of Good Luck cheers.

People open up, life stories tumble out. People stand their ground and live their truths. Many speak of their uncared for unlovedness, alone in a pitchness of isolation far removed from any longed for poetry solitude.

Emerging from cave gloom, older men run rage full into the road, a cock in their own mud heaps, eyes ablaze, spitting and swearing, tearing up the unread election flyer, before slamming themselves back in, with a flurry of shoulder agitation shakes. The warm comfort of being held like a baby so long in the chilling.

I plod on, step counting. Legs jellifying. Entranced by the strange magic of the campaign, the pain and richness of encounters.

Endurance test nearing its end, home and food refilled, set out in typed crisp clarity, another offers sun solar solutions, a way to a place where light punches through darkness.

I'll keep this letter to look back at,
as years march on,
to measure any of the small gains,
we might make.

Somewhere, not here

Dis-informers swim in the shallowest of waters
spin frozen-hearted untruths, whilst around us togetherness falters.

The Island's idle manipulators poison spew,
hunkered down in traitorous hulks, these rich few
puff up their outrage, snort and sniffle about leaky boats
conjure colonial mindsets of having moats.

Cold and poor, ever cowering in a media frenzied-ness
fall into a hazy, wrong-headed unthinking laziness
imagine far-flung, sun-drenched holiday destinations
much like Rwanda, or other, possible places of less elite machinations.

Somewhere, anywhere but not here!
grizzled shoppers, likely Lads in Bars, all stoked in false cheer -
ignore rising seas, the rest of the world's poorest in wretched boats,
warm to themes of otherising fresh unfortunates as the next scapegoats.

Humanity's former warm pool of empathy drained:
sense of self, collective compassion, one-planet futures, all maimed.

June's Greens

In deepest Suffolk
head over heels in love

Lanes like veins
run through June's greens

Streams into brooks,
from rains from above

My quick visits unseen
in all the tiniest nooks.

Desert Wanderer

Vast, pine lined, unforgiving -
the not so new decaying
Housing Estate circles into itself:
Ways, Closes, Walks
gobble themselves

Bramble Way:
had all the hedgerow fruit been already picked?

Hawthorn Close:
had the gaiety of blossoms long since passed?

Buttercup Walk:
perhaps stray dirty dandelions had usurped them?

Eagle Close:
birds of prey weren't at home when I dropped by

Kingfisher Way:
the smudge of a river long since dried up

scrapping starlings fight for space on rooflines
any wind that there is, sits there, disinterested

pins dropping hear themselves
ghosts shut up in phantom lives

tidy boxes in a desert:
Home Sweet Home.

The father, his daughter, her husband and the Kingfisher

Lives full of Full English cooked breakfasts
faces late spring licked.

Ruddy, hearty and hopeful,
an older father tastes the fishing day ahead.

Mayflies short living and clumsy, mooch
we stretch walk along with stumbling infant river insects
muddied, chewing the cud of election times.

Rare cuckoos siren the quiet worlds to come
less full woods, chastened and eerie.

Together we scour the chalk-river for rising Brown trout
guffawing at a son-in-law's big fish tale:
that one's longer than an outstretched arm.

The diligence of a daughter tidying
along the river bank, scooping up discarded Swan feathers.
The companions quiz the husband on his campaign plans
watchfully eager for an omen, a kingfisher glimpse.

Swim at the White Bridge, Santon Downham

My whole life feels like a lost person's urgent search
for a rare flash of kingfishers

rivers fresh with dancing dragonflies -
lunging into cool waters to satiate grit dry thirst

shoals of blue damselflies dazzle
in mid-summer sunlight splashes

azure strikes of magnificence motorway along the water's surface
the kingfisher trio ambush from right and left

paths cut through nettles, off in the distance the creak of a bridge
an envelope of birds chatting cheerily through trees.

Sedge Fen

It felt like a safe ending
 deep-earthed in childhood memories
 feral hideouts dotted around
 sinking flatlands fenced in by strapping poplars
 straitlaced, reliable gatekeepers of wheat fields
 rich and bronzing

senescent grey skies tugged to peak stretch point
 tearful, always the inevitable downpour

the few people there, modernity refugees
 in hiding, reluctant interlopers
 play at hide and seek
 not wanting ever to be found

lumpy fen tracks
 propped up by weed towers
 red hot lips of poppies parade the catwalk

everything tangled, enmeshed
 jumping out, ready to slip off the map
 sail away on the tide of a deer bark chorus
 follow narrowing tracks
 as they run into soft Breckland sands.

Over-looked Houses of God

Many report feeling forgotten, left behind
 dwelling in their last stand of abandonment

another flinted one pokes through dense underwood
 calls for solemn acknowledgement
 that bit of noticing, a wanting to be understood

companions rarefy in every settlement
 although in your village homes rallying to that enticement
 of an open church door find

losing count, I spin around on life's loop
 as each church reaches out to catch me as they should
 I scratch around the dank dirt, on the edge of my sound mind
 looking for those golden egg glints in a hen's coop

in my quest and determination to visit more
 drawn this time by a choral performance
 assembling with curious villagers with musical magic in store

and us the tramping campaigners taking our chance
 for a rush of calmness and the opportunity to snoop.

Culture Warring

A dedication to all those
that seek to divide us

Depleted of ideas, stuffed with nonsense
spoil rotten toddlers brick lay grievances -
in proud stupidity they scaffold racist lies.
Unable to say anything nice of anyone,
anything said poisons and taints -
leaves sickly chewed blanket smells.
Their unloveliness needs constant airing:
Morning, Noon and Night.

Post-afternoon naps lead to vapid soundbite bleating -
then to early evening brain-fogs,
inevitably downwards to late night far-right tantrums.
Everyone else simply begs for some peace and quiet -
the calmness of tea cups, pauses for thoughtfulness.
Culture-warriors can't stop themselves
spitting out all the childish spiteful words they know.
Childhood hurting is flung around the nursery
noxious fat finger painted smearing -
reheated dark-fantastical tales,
whilst the grown up minder's cheeks redden.

Pass bedtime, now for the trickiness
of rounding them all up,
getting beyond false nostalgia,
into the warming safety of infant play pens.

Best lob them a sweetened dummy to muffle their befuddled rantings.

Blind Eyes

Mounting body parts, human losses and family tragedies sky high
All around us yes, but most of the world still turning a blind eye

The latest fashion for pitter-patter chatter, is just more comfortable ignoring
Death the newest all the rage, for many these wars are nothing but boring

Blowing up hospitals, schools, a children's playground
Quiet as a mouse, the normally indignant media hardly make a sound

Lolling around, feels pretty much like we're all suspects now
Embroided in weapon deliveries, hard to fathom, to know how

This way, that. Wars on all sides, coming thick and fast -
Keeping heads down, blindsided, how much longer can that truly last.

Another losing

Splintered and rusty
lifeboats unmanned
modern day ark building unfashionable
requiring too much hard work -
even the thinking is deemed tiresome

the merry few heave life-jackets
haul in the depleted
others scuttle busily to rescue drowning oars
on their way to forlorn migrations

escapees from climate terrors plea for fresh narratives
gentle hands to pull them from the waves.

The top end of the boat, still sinking
plug their ears to the world's weeping
redundant town criers gagged
now gagging on decayed toxic hulks

days counted down like extinctions
sedentary old men, nicotine-stained, screen-interned
cackle with whine-some self-regard
unable to salvage anything, not even their hearts.

Whilst something might be regained
one bright day, from the loss
the ship continues its descent to the bottom.





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