

# Volume 1 The Reality

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## Crumbs



Poetry by Harry Jivenmukta

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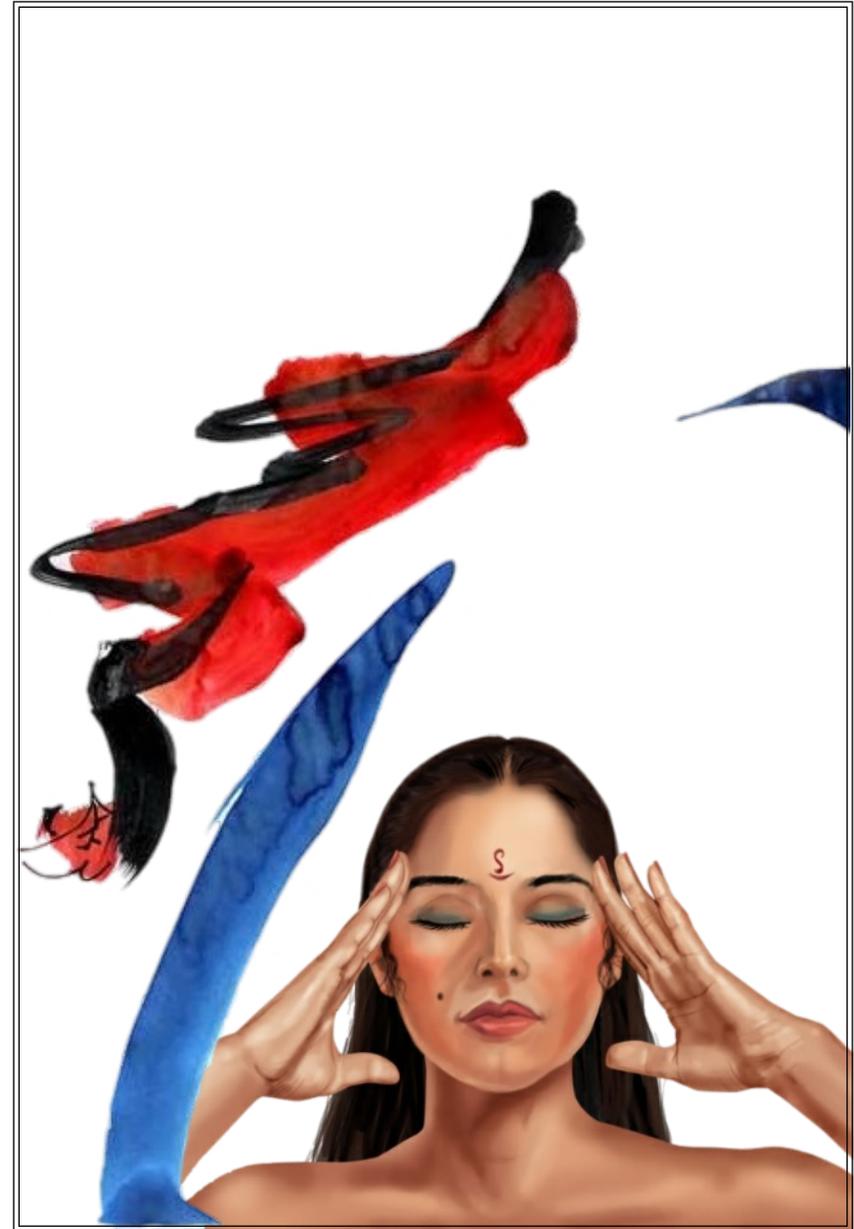
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## **Dedication**

**For those that cannot sing**

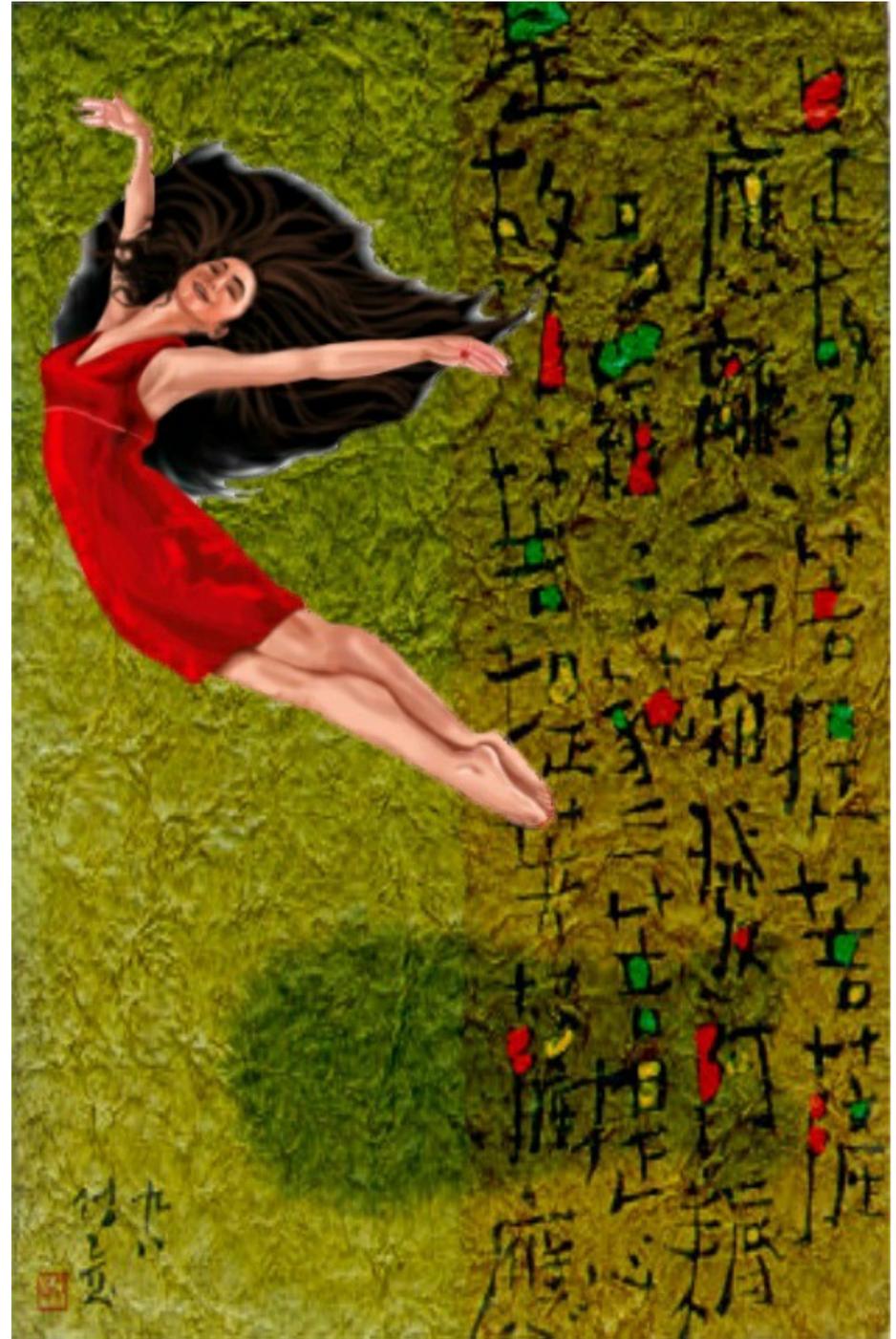


A leap of faith  
In front of hundreds of people  
Amidst a thousand words.  
The right thing to do.

To prove what?  
To whom?  
There is no need  
To be right.

Forgotten  
The experience  
In moments  
All gone.

They will not remember,  
The masses,  
Or the wordsmiths,  
Or me.



Will we ever forget  
The temptation of Adam?  
Apples aren't bananas  
Easy to consume.

It was fiction of course  
But handily placed,  
Just right  
For the moment.

Hungry for a snack  
We forget that we  
Sit on the answer  
But wonder aloud.

We seek the same solutions  
Unwrap the same logic  
That never was in the first place  
Correct.





Sitting on a hillside  
For a better view  
We are almost blind  
Being so far away.

Come down to the valley  
And see at least  
The blades of grass  
Sharp.

Neither hilltop  
Nor valley  
Let's step in the lake  
And disturb the fish.

A tuneless tune  
Most people hum  
Starting nowhere in particular  
Or ending at the end.



Umbrellas were made for the sun  
That we use for the rain  
Another upside down  
That works just fine.

A little fish dreaming  
Until the big fish  
Lazily opens up  
And swallows another morsel.

An evening at home  
Good food and TV  
Let's go to bed  
I mean it, to sleep.

Sleep until morning  
And miss all the fun  
Birds singing at dawn  
The fox slips off home.

Eggs for breakfast  
Fresh out of a chicken  
And wholemeal bread  
Toasty, dripping butter.

Plans for the day  
A vacant experience  
Ordered by others  
To things misunderstood.

Morning news  
Gory and burning  
Seared flesh  
We enjoy the regularity.

A few pennies to rattle  
In our pockets  
Gives meaning  
To a pointless activity.



Hiding from whom?  
The taxman, politicians,  
Neighbours and post.  
More demands.

Stand still  
Like a mannequin  
In a shop window.  
People pass by.

Lost in mundane thoughts  
They stagger and trip  
Another loose flagstone  
Wallpaper peeling.

Words in a dictionary  
Meaningless  
Except the few words  
We know how to use.





Trying to untangle  
The tangled web  
Of life.  
Nice.

Sitting inside a  
Ball of wool.  
Unwinding this way  
And that. Easy.

Untangling from each other  
Mine, mine, yours.  
Remember when we  
Bought this together?

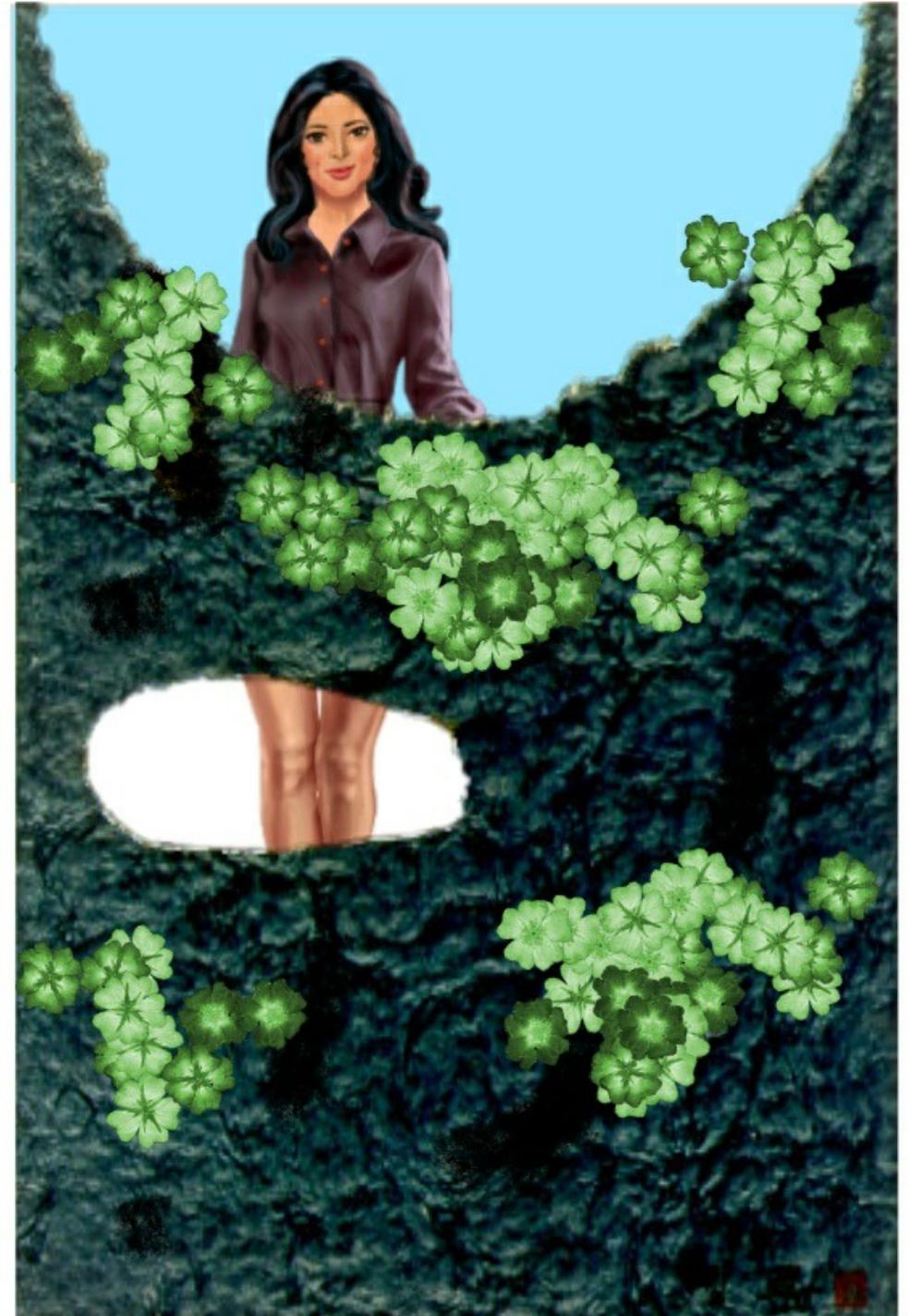
It is not yours or mine  
Not his or hers.  
Just a pretence  
To give meaning.

This wall on my side  
That side, the neighbour's.  
This room is mine.  
That room is empty.

Calling out familiar names  
Not even an echo returns.  
Pretend someone replied  
It is more comfortable now.

Straight lines  
Are pacifying  
Unlike the curl  
Of a ponytail.

Vegetarian,  
Omnivorous,  
Carnivorous,  
Dead!

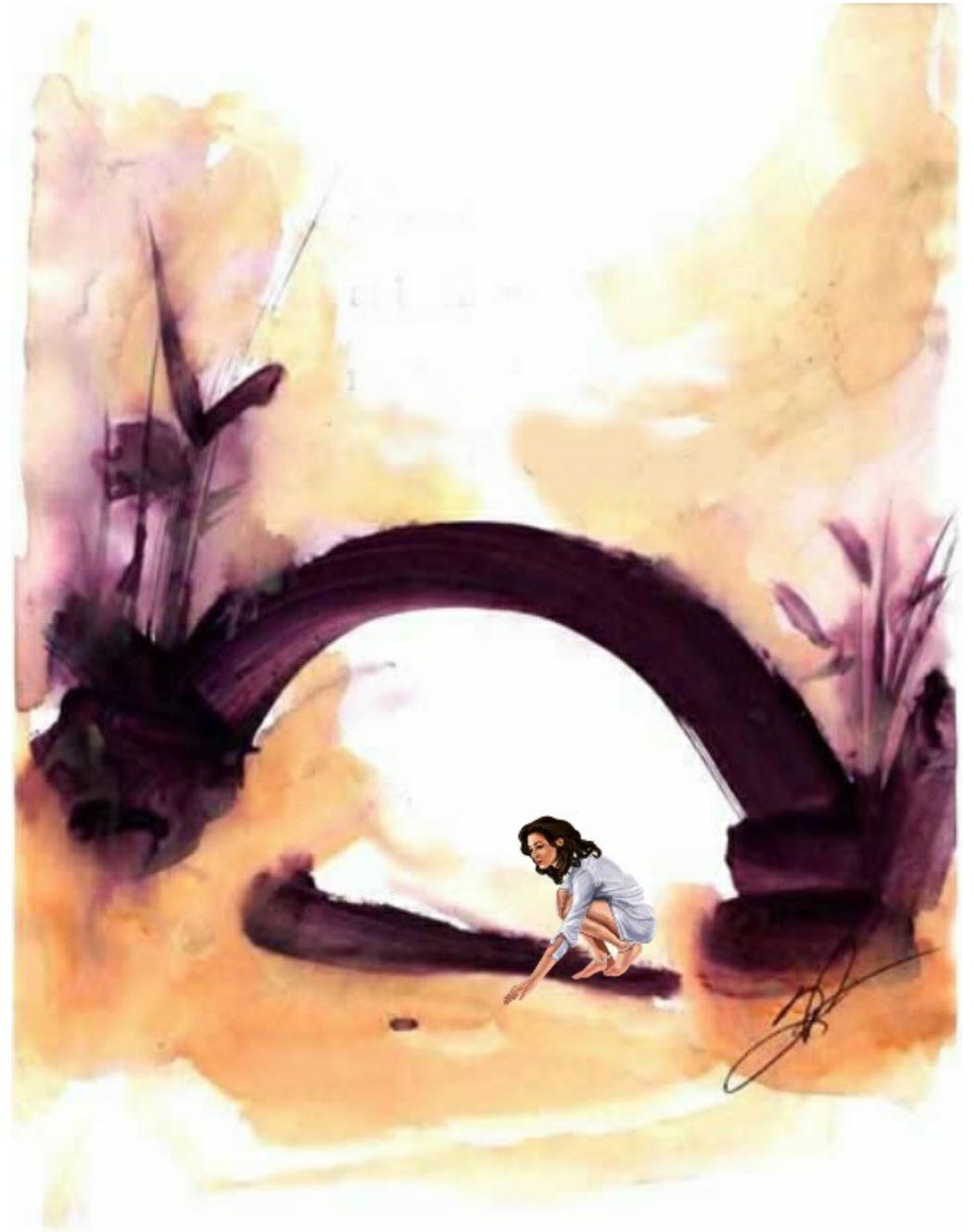


A familiar place to hide.  
Ssssh!  
No one will look here  
In their own backyard.

The spider wonders why  
Everyone hides  
Just where it has  
Made its home.

Warm and damp  
Sticky and dank,  
Yes, that's right.  
Just right.

The sun sleeps  
On a mattress of fog  
Waiting to be awakened  
In Spring.



Greedy eyes  
Search all around  
For something to do,  
Hold and caress.

Guilty but right  
Right to enquire,  
The words are wrong  
But the desire is right.

Identikit hairstyles  
Skirts and shoes  
Everyone wants to be  
Unique.

All the same then  
Just like a production line.  
All different then  
But all the same.





At the end of the day  
It was worthwhile  
For a plate of supper  
Hard work though.

Curled up exhausted  
The drab repeats  
Every night  
But we laugh and enjoy.

An extra biscuit  
Who wants it?  
Is it mine?  
I've popped it in my mouth.

And now night,  
Hold me or shall I  
Hold you?  
Your side is over there.