

# THE RIDDLE OF PAIN

Poetry From The North East Of England

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## Unmoved

From once again  
to never,  
once more;  
never again  
to and fro:

Still.

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## Fiat Lux

In change  
comes animosity  
for surrender -  
the riddle of pain

With possession  
comes desperation  
lives become,  
and end in, rape

Certainty delivers  
uncertainty:  
birthing stool,  
and child

And battles rage  
within the silence  
of contentment  
as the last remaining weapon

is wrenched from within.

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## Circumspect

Being  
a stone's throw  
away from forever,  
moving nearer  
to an exile  
into nowhere.  
Circumspective of  
these hateful surroundings  
I breathe hard,  
feeling the hot, pained  
air rush into my  
tired lungs.

In always I stand  
unknown  
besieged by angry  
eyes.

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## Disinterred

Built on  
grave mistakes,  
reconstituted,  
recycled, waste  
from whatever:  
The worthless flesh  
of friend  
and stranger.

With the atrocity  
of apathy  
we reclaim the  
body of earth

## Uncertain

## Strappado

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As the stunned moments  
of apparent loneliness  
descend:  
to realise an existence  
beyond existence  
along this meandering  
course, into the  
unknown territory of  
doubt, again,  
we tread

Silent.

Ending

unsolved

as a rope  
tightens  
around my neck

until only  
eyes have  
the answer:

Nothing.