

# NEVER A

	<b>c</b>		
	<b>r</b>		
<b>w</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>
	<b>s</b>		
	<b>s</b>		

POEMS BY

JIM BENNETT

Sampler

**never a crossword**

The poems in this chapbook are taken from the forthcoming collection of poetry from Jim Bennett called "NEVER A CROSSWORD"  
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**Poems from  
Never a crossword - the story of a relationship**

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## Never a crossword

writing poetry is a waste of time  
and will get you nowhere she said  
her father had been a poet  
and a waste of time  
so she knew

to avoid argument I took up

	c			
	r			
w	o	r	d	s
	s			
	s			

she never complained  
that I did crosswords  
so I did them  
whenever I wanted

but they were never really

	c		
	r		
w	o	r	d
	s		s
	s		

I would sit and quietly  
write poems into the grids

letting the letters  
lie like hore frost  
pretending to be snow  
on the white squares  
forming

<b>c</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>w</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>s</b>
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it was a puzzle to her  
she never had a clue  
and there was never a

	<b>c</b>		
	<b>r</b>		
<b>w</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>
	<b>s</b>		
	<b>s</b>		

between us

**strategy**

**when we talk  
to avoid**

**a r g u m e n t**

**we talk about**

**t h i n g s**

**that don't really matter  
but it is only a**

**d i s t r a c t i o n**

**and is a lousy**

**s t r a t e g y**

**Because**

**e v e r y t h i n g**

**we say**

**a l w a y s e n d s**

**up as**

	c			
	r			
w	o	r	d	s
	s			
	s			

## **the pencil**

somewhere in this pencil  
in the atoms of the graphite  
lies the story I want to tell

it needs only to be squeezed  
out onto the paper  
like toothpaste onto the brush

well not like that really  
not squeezed out more like  
pressed gently into service

more like coaxed and stroked  
against the paper  
streaking shapes and glyphs

into skid marks of meaning  
more like making love  
forming each stroke with passion

the pencil is warm  
the wood absorbs my life  
but perhaps not

perhaps it remembers  
being part of a tree  
growing to the sun

roots deep in the ground  
while a canopy of leaves  
rustle in the breathing air

perhaps the world  
remembers the tree  
and mourns for it

perhaps that is the story  
I want to write  
but don't know how

trying to make it fit  
 words scribbled in a crossword puzzle (3)

			I												
t	r	y		t	o					w	o	r	k		
		o													
	o	u	t		b	u	t		I						
n	e	v	e	r								c	a	n	
					y	o	u								
								r	e	m	a	i	n		
e	n	i	g	m	a	t	i	c							
a		p	u	z	z	l	e		t						
m	e							l	o	s	t				
		o	b	s	c	u	r	e							
u	n	f	a	t	h	o	m	a	b	l	e				



## **explaining the lack of punctuation**

words sit like captives  
shackled by stops and comas  
the paraphernalia of punctuation  
that lends meaning to the ink

but words were not born  
to sit on musty pages  
or to be locked in libraries  
to be picked over and dissected

they are wild    born to ride the air  
to be spoken and heard  
to touch  
to move  
to be  
just for a moment

to leave their mark  
in a tear  
a laugh  
as a smile upon your lips  
and like me  
to be made complete by you

for you  
words scribbled in a crossword puzzle (7)

i	f				y	o	u		a	r	e	
n	o	t		a								
		p	o	e	t		w	h	y			
						i	s				i	t
				w	h	e	n					
	y	o	u									
					a	r	e					
		w	i	t	h		m	e				
	a	l	l							i		
				h	e	a	r					
							i	s				
			p	o	e	t	r	y				