NEVER A

	c		
	r		
W	0	r	d
	S		
	S		

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"

To be published by The Poetry Kit in 2007.

Published by the POETRY kit www.poetrykit.org

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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	0	r	d	S
	S			
_	S			

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

but they were never really

	С		
	r		
W	0	r	d
	_		
	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

c	r	0	S	S	W	0	r	d	S
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

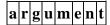
it was a puzzle to her she never had a clue and there was never a

	c		
	r		
W	0	r	d
	S		
	S		

between us

strategy

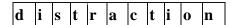
when we talk to avoid



we talk about



that don't really matter but it is only a



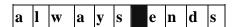
and is a lousy



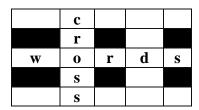
Because



we say



up as



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	0					W	0	r	k
		0											
	0	u	t		b	u	t		I				
n	e	V	e	r							c	a	n
					y	0	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	0	S	t		
		0	b	S	c	u	r	e					
u	n	f	a	t	h	0	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	0	u		a	r	e	
n	0	t		a								
		p	0	e	t		W	h	y			
						i	S				i	t
				W	h	e	n					
	y	0	u									
					a	r	e					
		W	i	t	h		m	e				
	a	l	l							i		
				h	e	a	r					
							i	S				
			p	0	e	t	r	y				