

A red, textured tunnel graphic that recedes into the distance, creating a sense of depth and perspective. The texture is intricate, resembling a woven fabric or a complex geometric pattern. The tunnel is set against a white background that tapers to the right.

# What They Have Not Taken

Helen Dring

free poetry pamphlets from [poetryshop.co.uk](http://poetryshop.co.uk)

## **Introduction**

‘What They Have Not Taken’ is a collection of largely experiential poetry. There is no part of this collection that doesn’t come from some small part of me, although I stress that at the same time it is not autobiographical.

These poems are taken from experience and subconscious, via a slight obsession with the semi colon. They blend together in the same way that various fragments of interest coexist in every human’s brain, and hopefully they represent the tapestry of existence.

This is merely an introduction to who I am, and, hopefully, to where I want to go.

Helen Dring

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## Poetry Pamphlets

Poetry pamphlets are short collections of five to seven poems usually written by an individual poet, or by a group of poets with a desire for a common presence.

Poetry pamphlets are used to give an indication of the poets style and sensibilities; the poems might be a vehicle for poetry that the poet wishes to promote, or the poems could be poetry in development, poetry that the poet would like to be read for analysis and feedback.

Poetry pamphlets aim to include poems written by poets of all standings and from all backgrounds, the only criteria for publication by poetryshop is that the editors of this website consider the poems suitable for publication to a wide audience of all ages and cultures.

Poetry pamphlets are published online without cost to the poet; the poet simply agrees that the poems are their own work and that they can be made freely available to download and distribute for personal, educational and poetry development uses.

Readers of the poetry pamphlets, as well as the pleasure of reading the poetry are able to make use of the poems for poetry development; for instance in education or in poetry groups and societies, readers are also able to leave thank you messages, comments and constructive criticism for the poet, & thereby contribute to the journey of the poet and their poetry.

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## The Scenic Route

You will take my hand and lead me to where the darkness stretches out,  
To where moonlight holds itself in shattered lines  
As if there are a thousand stars to illuminate,  
And nothing can take precedence.  
I will wrap you up in my parenthesis (and)  
Keep you frozen in the apathy of the cross roads.  
We will find a signpost to our life together,  
But stubbornly take the long way round,  
Via crickets and toadstools,  
And hastened kisses in the shadows.  
We will arrive slower,  
But fused together –  
Testimony to the virtues of the scenic route.

## On Catching A Torch

For those of us who caught the torch, we  
Caught a glimpse, but failed to see  
The true position we were in –  
Only faintly listening to the whispered din  
Of History, and Men who marched away.  
Theirs are poems that we say  
At school desks, from withered pages;  
Tales, whilst tendered lovingly through ages,  
Now forgotten, devoid  
Of meaning. We avoid  
The temptation of remembering war,  
Of giving weight to what they saw.  
When they threw the torch they missed.  
When they said goodbye, and kissed  
Their children, to win a fight  
They had no part in, they hoped we might  
Find time to remember, now and then  
The war-torn cries of normal men.  
There is a legacy out there,  
A warning that they tried to share  
Through battles; victories murderously won.  
We fail to listen. War rages on.

## Kraftwerk

“Let me dissolve in you,” you asked me.

We were perched on the precipice

Of something great, then,

And you still held my resolve

In your wispy fist.

“Let me melt you.”

You wanted to rebuild me,

To re-craft me from a withered, broken statue

To an Idol.

I muffled my acceptance on your tongue.

## **Barricades**

We will build a home from this,  
From silk and twig,  
And what they have not taken,  
We will use to line the door.  
We will resist this, too  
With a tenacity that is silent, but not quiet.  
We will break their doors down  
With our fingertips.

## Broken

“This,” she told me

“Is where it shattered into a thousand pieces;

Where I flung my coffee cup against the wall just

To feel its shards.”

She runs her fingers across a wall

Made of China, a memorial,

And smiles.

Her finger bleeds.

“This is where I started to rebuild

## **Come Back To Me**

I will play you Beethoven –  
Remember how you loved it?  
And your eyes, at least, will strike a symphony.  
Each day I will listen to you hum a new refrain  
And try another sitting.  
One time you squeeze my hand,  
Another smile at me,  
But with presence,  
As if you would know, without prompting,  
Who I am.  
Through your muted hums  
You say it is a cruel disease:  
A cataclysmic loss of faculties;  
A descent into the abyss.  
I will play you Beethoven,  
And your eyes, at least,  
Will come back to me.

## Dictionary

“Read anything,” you said.  
And so I let myself crawl  
Next to you and lose myself in words  
Like serendipitous,  
Accusatory  
And Rumpelstiltskin.  
This is how we grew together,  
Through definitions,  
Through stories  
And new words I etched on to  
The tip of my tongue.  
One day I lost you.  
Now, I have no words.

