

## Blues poems

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Blues poems



# BLUES POEMS

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BY

HENK DE KRUYFF

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## Foreword

These poems were written in the early 90's. However on re-reading them I thought them still valid and many were formative for life in my later years. As such these poems may be valid for many people and translate inner thoughts many of us had in the times when exuberant youth began to be forced away by responsible adulthood. My youth never really gave up that fight.

The thoughts and emotions contained in the poems have in the intervening years mellowed out or lost some of their rawness. However: I do not betray the underlying force that compelled me to create these poems. The fears, the loves, the angst are all still with me almost daily. I just learned how to live with them, survive despite them. That learning is partly reflected in these poems.

HK, Bennekom, NL 3-2007.



## A death

The door had closed and locked for good  
It turned into a wall  
There I dejectedly stood  
Suddenly I heard a woodpecker's call  
I turned and saw a forest lush and green  
With path's leading to the unknown  
I wondered why I hadn't seen:  
Roots can grow through stone!

## Away

Glad I can get away  
For a while at least  
Somehow my mood's astray  
Depression lurking like a beast  
Ready to jump me  
from behind, unseen, unheard  
Hopefully going away will make me free  
Maybe the lonely road will distance the hurt  
I know I'm gonna miss you no end  
But away I must  
Think of me sometimes my friend  
While I satisfy my wanderers lust

Be

Flow

Move with the crowd

Blend

Do not stick out

Or:

Show

Dare to disagree

Stand

For what you want to be

## Billie

Come and listen to  
the Blues to end all blue.  
Only The Lady sang it:  
Tears, Pain, Laughter, Wit  
Only she knew  
Knew how to  
put it all in one voice  
given her by life, not her choice.

As a child by death embraced,  
from the beginning by sorrow chased.  
Fighting against the common views:  
Black, Woman: Bad news.  
High on coke, low on Booze,  
a battle she had to lose.  
Only her voice, like a frozen tear, remains.  
Like lady MacBeth, We can't wash away the stains...

## Circle of summers

Upbeat moods  
Pulsing rhythm of happy  
Jumping away from crappy  
Dumping shitty goods

Heartbeat of being in love  
Springtime hinting at exuberance  
Anticipating blissful ignorance  
Of looming grey skies far off

Winter again will come around  
But not just yet!  
Spring and summer just met  
We're dazzling illumination bound

When light again will fail  
At least trust on past  
And future summers to last  
Until death lowers it's inevitable veil

## Strawberries and cream

When one day your dreams come true,  
I hope I'm there to congratulate you.  
Must be an astonishing feeling that day,  
when all your dreams are there to stay.

No more rude awakenings to reality.  
Everyday becomes a delicacy.  
Who's sweetness you can taste without fear,  
surrounded by people and things you hold dear.

Still it must be empty without a dream.  
Rather like strawberries without the cream:  
sweet and rather nice,  
but boring, lacking any vice.

## The dark angel

Dream me a dream:  
a meadow, a stream,  
birds and bees,  
green grass and trees.

A dream, a dream.  
Like ice cream.  
When finished no more,  
no encore.

Another dream?  
Blood reddens the stream.  
In the sky thunders a jet.  
Red-green grass filled with the dead.

We don't need hell  
if we have reality as well.  
We kill and maim,  
bum and stain.

The devil couldn't do it better:  
we follow him to the letter.  
Peace just a pause between wars,  
but always, alas, the dark angel again soars.

## The dark room

The room is dark, pitch dark.  
In the distance a scream;  
I try to get out, try the door: it is locked!  
Outside, through the walls, the gurgling of a stream.  
A fleeting memory: happy days and fun.  
Now, life is a prison: No goals, no soul;  
No green leaves of spring; No bright skies and sun.  
Took a wrong turn somewhere, now I pay the toll.

The person I love will never be at my side.  
The life that looked good: I lost grip.  
I can't help feeling that my future died.  
I've had my chances but I just let slip.  
Now it's a nightmare: Day in and day out.  
Listen! There's that scream again, much closer now.  
But... No! It came from my own mouth!  
I can't stop it any more: I scream, I shout...

No one can hear me:  
It's for my ears alone.  
No one can see me:  
All light has gone.

## My dearest friend

My dearest friend, some time ago  
I wanted to show  
you, to make you see  
everything that is important to me

I was in a hurry, afraid of losing you,  
now I am certain we will pull through.  
We have a lifetime ahead of us.  
Together as friends, with mutual trust.

My dearest friend, some time ago  
I wanted to know  
What was important to me?  
Well, look into the mirror: do you see?

## Donna Lee

Low ceiling, smoke thickens the air.

Soft voices, clatter of glasses.

A small bar, the regulars are there.

A place where time slowly passes.

The band in the corner, familiar tunes:

My funny valentine on green dolphin street.

Old sweat and cheap perfumes.

This is where Bird and old age finally meet.

Jazz lives but for how long?

Bird, Dizzy, Miles: all dead.

The new generation echoes their song.

Somehow Donna Lee looks sad.

The blues is absent in the new sound,

no more pain, despair and hope.

Just technique, no feeling can be found.

Trained professionals: music under a microscope.

In the small, hazy room,

the atmosphere lingers on.

The last bastion, like a tomb.

A faint smile on her face, then she's gone.

## Dream boy

Make me want you.  
Make my want yours.  
Make me own you.  
Make me heal your sores.

You kiss wanting.  
Through want I kiss.  
Your lips haunting  
my lonely dreams of bliss.

Strongly your body wraps, covers.  
I feel the muscles in your legs.  
We are more yet less then lovers.  
My body cries and begs.

Where are you?  
You're my dream boy.  
My dreams so true.  
Yet a treacherous toy.

When I speak:  
silence a reply.  
When I seek  
in the dark I find the lie.

## Falling

I feel I am falling  
into a pit of madness.  
I hear the Devil's calling.  
Tired of fighting wickedness,  
I let myself go over the edge...  
A last moment of regret, I hold on with my fingertips.

Look down! There is no one to catch!  
A scream rushes passed my lips.  
So scared, but nobody hears the shout.  
No air is left to utter another sound.  
Slowly my stores run out.  
I'm losing the fight: I'm madness bound.

## Forest

Only the forests and the trees  
live longer, much longer than we.  
Compared to them our life is short,  
so let's enjoy what's still in store.

We think, we work and we try.  
We live our lives and then we die.  
All the thinking, all the worry:  
all for nothing, just another story.

So think of now, not of tomorrow,  
think of happiness, not of sorrow.  
Think of your friends, not of your foes.  
Think of your highs, not of your lows.

It's easily said, but hard to do.  
That goes for you and me too.  
Yet it can be done:  
one day we'll be out in the sun.

Think of those times still to be.  
The days will be happy and free.  
Like the tree's green spring smile.  
The leaves that fall in autumn but gone a wee while.

## Fuck

Fuck a duck

I'm stuck.

Wanna break away.

Itchy feet end my stay.

The road as my home,

Dylan's rolling stone.

The only way to fight loneliness,

I'm a wanderer I guess.

A prisoner of life.

I take the dive

into the unknown,

don't wanna remain alone!

## Ghost

Stay with me ghost:  
Hamlet's last post.  
Madness near at hand:  
Hamlet's last stand.

Halt! Where is it you go?  
Stay! beloved foe.  
Stay and haunt me some more.  
I'll be your frightened whore.

Alive through fear.  
Cried my last tear.  
Doomed for the rest of my life?  
Tired of the constant strife.

Stay with me ghost.  
It's you I love the most.  
Cruel and mean you are.  
Yet the most sincere by far.

## My Greek god

Like a Greek god you stand  
Your strong yet tender hand  
caressing my brow, my lips  
Your face closer now, I kiss your fingertips  
Slowly you cover my body, my soul  
I know no more, your all, your all

Safe in your arms, you in mine  
One yet two, a different number the same sign  
Every making of love a discovery  
Each corner I turn: something new to see  
I've kissed every part but still  
not enough for my eyes to fill

The dream; beautiful yet hurtful  
Because only a fantasy, I fool,  
love him like he is real  
I can not help the way I feel  
I open my eyes and I know he will not!  
He stays in my dreams, dreaming, my Greek god

## Heaven

Heaven what does it feel like?  
Does it exist or is it just a hype?  
A brain-wave of a 32-year old ancient Che  
who needed a home for his dismay?  
The things he thought wrong needed a promise  
to make people listen; to tell what his fear is.

A story 2000 years old, still going strong.  
Who dares to say it is all wrong?  
Who dares to say it might all be a fraud?  
After all: he never got caught.  
There is always the possibility of truth.  
That thought doesn't really sooth.

It scares not to know, not to care.  
Hell is here, now, so heaven would be fair.  
It would compensate for the mess we're now in.  
Still, my soul says we can't win.  
A lost fight from the start.  
It's all so bloody hard...

## Hell

Tears of loneliness

Tears of sadness

Tears of not knowing why

Tears of goodbye

Tears of no returning

Tears of never learning

Cries of pain

Sobs of the insane

Smile on a dead face

Hell a nearby place

It's here day in day out

Nothing you can do but shout...

## Hug

The hug you gave me the other night:  
I'll always remember, it felt so right.  
The closeness in us physically expressed.  
How much I care for you, you know best.  
But sometimes I need your touch, my dear.  
To remind me when I'm lonely, tears near.  
That out there, somewhere, you care.  
It makes life's loneliness easier to bear.

## The land of Time

Looking back, a silly vision.  
Childhood follies, invented religion.  
Time is a lenient ruler, a noble king:  
past hardships, the pain, now a trivial thing.  
Love won and lost, tears at night.  
Time taught us to cry, taught us to fight.

Time goes by, covering the pain.  
Ever onward without any gain.  
Healing wounds make you forget the cold.  
Rendering needless the things never told.

Quick! see the Present, a troubled sight.  
The Better or the Worse, wick tum is right.  
It only exists because the future's there,  
If that is gone the Now is bare.  
The Now a short fleeting moment,  
It's meaning: to the past it went.

Time never stands still, it takes no rest.  
It hates slow movers, it carries only the best.  
Those that keep up can find happiness,  
but without the strength you find much less.

Then the Future, never sure, always far away.  
Who will find, who will lose, no one can say.  
Only the Present knows, but then it's to late.  
The Future is ruled by emperor Fate.  
Best not to plan ahead, let Fate rule it's land!  
Don't try to overthrow him, that will be your end.

Time, many stories untold, things not yet done.  
The Future will never be gone.  
Look ahead, because with Future comes Hope,  
A small light in the distance, the way to cope.

## The last time you laughed

Why are you so sad?

Why sometimes so mad?

Why so often near to tears?

Why so full of fears?

Why are you so desperate?

Why not at home where you lay your head?

When was the last time you laughed?

When did you become so sad?

When did you go mad?

When did start the tears?

When did come the fears?

When did you feel so desperate?

When was home where you lay your head?

Why was it the last time you laughed?

## Miles

Ahead,  
Now he's dead,  
playing in hell.  
Just as well

Now featuring in hell every night  
in a musical fight:  
Miles, Trane, Jaco, Monk and Jimi,  
Bird, Duke, Mingus, Chet and Dizzy.  
The hottest band that can be found,  
52<sup>nd</sup> Street, six feet underground.

## Moon child

Full moon, a lonely shining disk.  
Trying to catch the sun with little success.  
Sometimes, a few seconds, they join in bliss.  
An eclipse after a long period of loneliness.

Still they keep on trying, chasing each other.  
Until the end of time as we know it.  
They are linked, Time's father and mother.  
Yet, they are doomed by the passing of their kid.

## Morals

A mist around me forms:

Rising damp after fierce moral storms

In the half-light murky shapes seem randomly strewn

Like a quarry with marble statues imperfectly hewn

A moment of clear perception:

The glass of conscience breaks

the light that illuminates the stakes

which we put on life's holy grail

Showing the spectrum which must never fail

## Movement earth

Poetry in motion  
Not a notion  
Of rules of nature  
Grazing uncharted pasture

Painting in stillness  
Something is amiss  
Quiet before a storm  
Looking for meaningful form

Sound that rhythmically shook  
Babble of a brook  
Into torrential call  
Of thundering fall

Sculpting a rock  
Gods mock  
The shape of life  
The strains of strife

Prose on desert sands  
Ancient living lands  
That move like having a notion  
Of poetry that is motion

## Roots

Tree root

Uproot

Up shoot

Offshoot

Offshore

Onshore

On land

Homeland

Homemaker

Money maker

Money bag

Seed bag

Seedbed

Birth bed

Birthday

Long day

Long life

Old life

Old root

Tree root.

## Rope

Time keeps passing me by.  
I try to keep up but always stumble and fall down.  
I try to get up but I see Father Time frown.  
When I run for a while I get caught in the lie.

Trying to be what I am not.  
To keep up with what others expect of me.  
To act the way they want me to be.  
I soon find myself in the ultimate rot.

The rope tightens around my neck.  
It pulls me down and strangles me.  
Slowly life's forces escape me.  
Soon it's strength I lack.

It takes a long time to get up again.  
The noose never completely closes.  
It just punishes me for the false poses.  
And punish it will, though I'm never sure when.

## Ancient city

A city in ruins, tumbled down walls.  
In de street lies a body, stone dead,  
mangled and headless, bathing in gore.  
High above the square a raven calls.  
The cry of the corpses without even a grave for their bed.  
The sun sets, afraid of lighting such a picture of war.

A scene of a thousand years ago.  
Dug up by archaeologists and pieced together by science.  
Brutal civilisation long since gone.  
We are civilised and don't massacre our foe.  
We are a superior species with superior minds.  
In a Sarajevo street a raven cries, all alone.

## Sixties

The sixties, too young to remember,  
yet I have inside me the glowing ember.

A revolution based on dreams,  
now all is lost it seems.

But no! They will return.

Again the joints and incense will burn.

Today's society demands a lot.

One day our energy will be shot.

People will want their freedom back,  
the dreams and innocence they now lack.

New Joan's, Joni's, Bobby's and Jimi's,  
new Woodstock's, Gatherings and illusions of peace?

## Volcano

Earth rending stuff  
wounds fabric of life  
nature so rough  
yet so rife  
with the new  
born of molten stew

## Lying in wait

Like the captured lion in it's cage,  
it's war I want to wage.

Fight my sworn enemies,  
break the suffocating peace.

I'll just have to wait a bit.

The time is not ripe to rid  
the world of my fiends and foes.

But woe to them who stand between me and my goals

York railway station, June 1993

## The wanderer

The wanderer ever on a search.  
When settling down, feeling the urge  
to get up and go.  
Where to? You never know.  
Eyes on the horizon,  
Soul on the run.

A romantic's view  
but seldom true.  
Often lonely, always alone.  
Can't remember knowing a home.  
No one can help, no one can find  
the way to hearts, blocked by minds.

## Words

A multitude of words crowd my mind.  
They make a tremendous chaos of my brain.  
When I use one, the other feels left behind;  
To understand their meaning? I try in vain.  
I scribble them down on a piece of paper,  
but somehow that doesn't seem right.  
Their souls drift away like a vapour.  
It goes on inside of me: the endless fight.  
The words are like flakes of snow:  
beautiful while they drift in the air,  
nothing but slush and mud when on the paper floor.  
Somehow it just isn't fair.

