

Graeme Richardson

FI BLUES

MRPINKSTER

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FI Blues

This collection of poetry is about my experiences in the Falkland Islands. Written whilst serving there, some are reflective and perhaps sombre, others try to be upbeat. They might trigger memories of your own of this fascinating place.

Lest we forget!

Part 1 - FNG

FNG is the term affectionately given to those just arriving on the island. With 4-6 months ahead of them, whether it is your first tour or not, you are a Falklands New Guy.





Who Am I ?

How to explain who I am
Is not easy, where do I start
The beginning is good, if I can
When will I play my part.

Truth I feel is essential
I don't want to miss a thing
Waiting, children, travel
Overseen by the golden ring.

Walking on sunshine desirable
Consume without being consumed
My soul mate awaiting, my chair at the table
We seek then dance, in the light of the moon.

Then is what I seek who I am
My mind is leading that way
Looking for answers, unsure of the questions

The future tomorrow, no conclusion today.

Everything occurring, evolving
No chance encounters this life
From way back there to ad astra glare
Departure requires employment to keep the mind aware.

Between then and now we're in limbo
Giving me time to think, not drink
Take a negative situation
Find the positive...

Four months is some peoples lifetime
After which I've a life to live
Maybe discover who I am
What I have to give.



Fiku

Some guy wrote a rhyme
With seventeen syllables
From Japan
Called Haiku.

This rhyme from Scotland
Two syllables less
It's name
Is fick you!



Cotton wool sheep in the sky
 At 40,000ft float by
 A musky aroma, & clammy
 Discouraging thoughts of dram
 Sweating profusely...internal
 Retaining feelings...paternal.

Smashing ceramic that contains a fix
 Caffeine to my brain
 Stop it
 Stop it
 Slow down you freak
 Rushing compulsory, not unique.

Distinctive stale smell of beer
 Reekin o'er those who you leer
 Stagnant ale oozin, oot o' every pore
 Git yer drunken erse, awa fae ma door.

Grabbing ropes above the ocean
 How fast can you swim
 Eject, in the door & go,go,go
 Decision unwittingly made on a whim!

INDIANS DANCING ROUND AN UNLIT FIRE
 AS USUAL, TOO MANY CHIEFS
 WHO'S TURN TO LIGHT THE FLAMES TONIGHT
 SO OTHERS CAN WATCH IT BURNING BRIGHT.

The smell of pear drops
 In the air
 The waterfall &
 Dark brown hair.

The piano is playing
Many melodious tunes
My heart is all a flutter
And dances round the room.

Waken, loosen the tears
And dreams
Will fade, float
& Clear.

All the feelings, residing inside
Not enough to write a book.
Too much for a verse
Perhaps make a film, my head, my mind.
MAD... up and down, mainly around
So many wacky fairground rides!!

Cotton wool sheep in the sky



So many wacky fairground rides!!





15 Hour Nights

Scattered blueys littered

Excessive coffee cups

Buzzing quite unnaturally

Sleep required to wake up.

Chairs doubled up all around

Peculiar noises, piercing ears

No flapping, no not a sound

Eyes burning, close to tears.

Video's constantly playing

Clock ticking painfully slow

Into space blank faces gazing

I'm not coming I'd like to go.

Insomniac's dream come true

Sleep monster's nightmare shift

Completion, greeting the day a new

For departure, spirits lift.



Love Not Addiction

What I seek is attention

I know it is wrong

It must cease before I move on

Who am I to pass judgement on others

Our shallow hearts all equally belong!

In truth I seek love that's eternal

Unity, happiness, peace

And something as yet unidentified

Realised potential

If not yet released.

Who decides that my love

Is not addiction

Let the universe feed my soul

Democracy decides whilst society subsidises

But my internal energy is opening the door!



Footballer's World

This world is a little like football.

The pitch

Lush green or

Barren dustbowl

Not important

It is merely a stage.

The game, today, that we all can play

Your role can be as big or as small as you want.

Get out of it only, the effort you put in

A casual, effortless wander through...

or avidly seek the glory, which is you?

Some shy away and hide their talents

Others attempt to embellish them for vanity

Victory can never come to everyone, can it?

For in victory also comes loss, does it not?

Pause for thought!

When did everyone achieve that goal?

What of those who watch from the sidelines?

And then, of those who didn't quite make it.

Everyone plays their role in this 'game'

Players, substitutes, officials, spectators.

Football is just this analogy

And it's not your ball, but part of it, we're all

A game today, that we all must play.

Be grateful and get up

For you can, when you fall.

Part 2 - FOG

The Falklands Old Guy is he or she whom has the least amount of time left to serve on the island. Be it on their watch, shift, squadron or section, it's wherever they've had the honour to serve during their detachment.

As the FOG, your time draws to a close, on your stint in the Falkland Islands.

Seldom at the time will consider it an honour, but on reflection this is why we serve.

So many died, during the war.

An honour to serve, and remember those

Lest we forget, who gave their lives

In this war. And before. And since!



Who Would I?

Who would play a dangerous game
Using spears and arrows
Would I star or maybe stare
Throughout fears and more shows.

Who would throw it all away
The wheels that turn
& money to burn
Would I want it that way?

Who knows about the red road
Turned right, gave way &...
Then it flowed,
Would I arrive, would I stay.





One

Today I was asked a question

Standing on a beach

With the sun in my face

And a cemetery: 50 yards to my rear.

One album, one book, one person one film

To accompany me, deserted and stranded

Why I chose the way I did, is me

And a cemetery: 50 yards to my rear.

The answers will remain with me

Although two hours later, reason has gone

Funny how situations reveal character

After all that's passed, I'm here again.

Choked, older, wiser, perhaps

Amongst faces alien to me

Watching my smile fade to grey

Then back, still my thoughts, I can't and won't share.

Amidst summer rain, I lie, dry

In limbo, caught waiting, thinking

Respite is brief on the citrus express

Floods arrive as expected, are equally repressed.

So I seek comfort in food

T-bone steak and vanilla cheesecake

I finish, I'm full, yet so empty and drained

Until the angels begin to swim in my brain.

My words seem so utterly silent

As I allow my heart to be caressed

Feeling completely dejected...lost

A giggle, then a laugh, once again I'm myself.

Pain, so much pain is banished

Silence, drifting, peace at last

Incredibly, miles cannot vanquish...my love

Is carried on the wind as I'm alone with private thoughts.

So now as I write to reach you, all

Peace, happiness, unity and remembrance is all I ask

My sleepy heart reluctantly exhales it's last breath tonight

Rest and recuperation, then tomorrow, fight the good fight.

And a cemetery: 50 yards to my rear.





Footsteps To An Angels Kiss

Stop signs planted on static row
Dirty footsteps in the snow
Bitter twisted handgun bliss
A leaden, sweet metallic, kiss.
Red meets black while black meets white
Sleeping dogs won't lie tonight
Reflected sun shines on the sea
As stars above look down on me.
A patient screams, a nightmare sleep
The cunning fox begins to creep
Adjacent porter's, knowing wink
Pickled brains begin to shrink.
Men using steroids imagine they think
Condemned to die, last nervous blink
New world approaches, waits in light
Farewell to darkness, demons at night.
Emerging bloodied, windswept
Destruction imminent, yes I leapt
Head up, feet first, into the abyss
Blue skies, cool breeze & an angel's kiss.

The cunning fox begins to creep





From A Window (Part 1)

Rusty razor blade lies on rugged rocks
Pot holes in the road
In the distance, barren land
As the dust rises, across the grass.
A toothpaste smile spectator
Is that a real red breast?
The golfer's wander aimlessly
A practise green...a joke.
I admire the sky; the birds fly by, why?
It's a green...balls, clubs, a windsock
In the sky, the wind whistles through
Soon, I'll say goodbye.
A whiteness & grey
Window's open
Do I want to hear what
People have to say?
No, well some
Is listening good
Indeed I can give...I hope
Silenced in a way, undetermined death
I witnessed, on a hill yesterday.

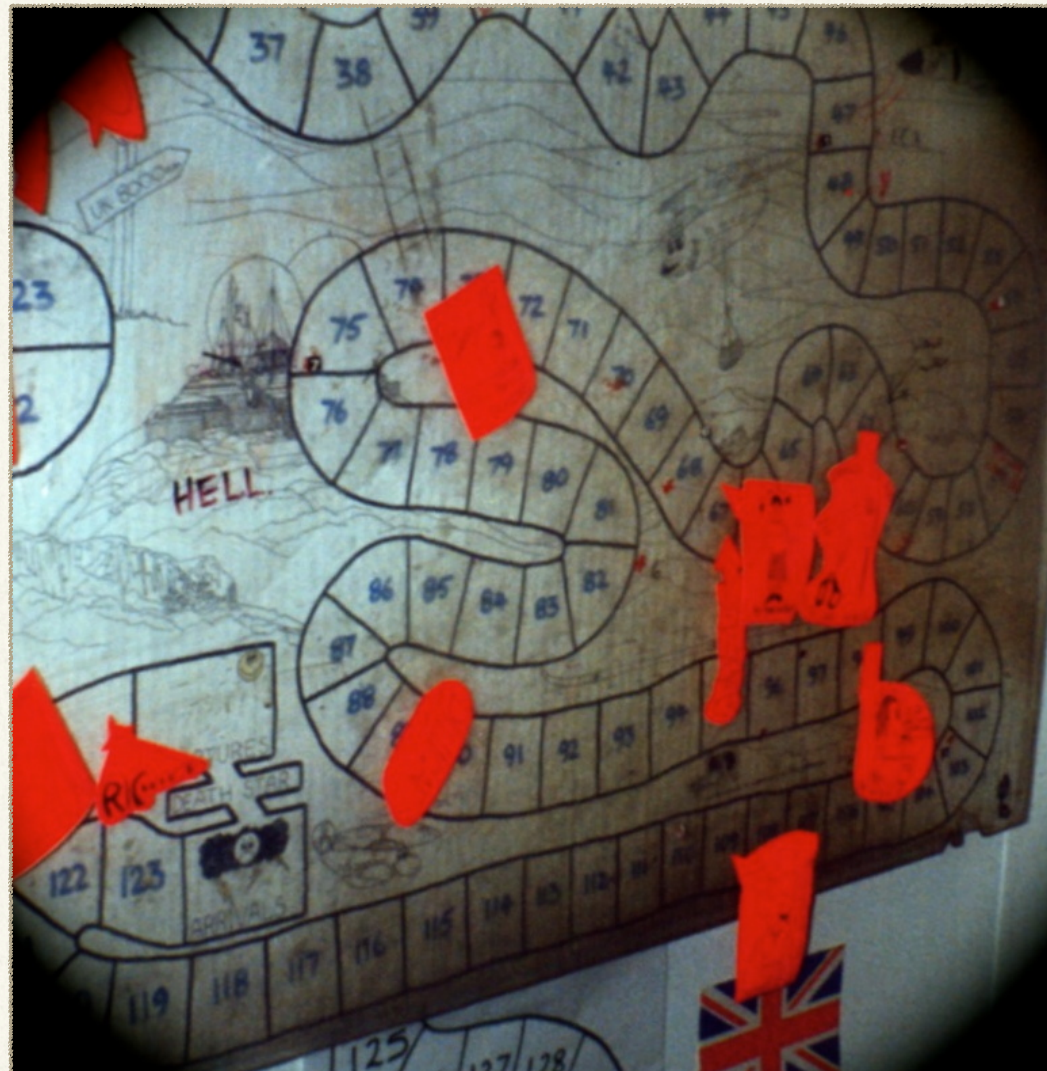


From A Window (Part 2)

Not from a window
 But moving, stirring, touching
 Blood on a Scot's Guards beret.
 Running, joggers, fitness freaks
 Pass by my window every day
 Why? Eight months of my life, why?
 No struggle now...perseverance, stubbornness
 DEATH...Worthwhile?
 An insight, I understand
 Or do I ...as clouds roll by!
 And in my mind, what's in there?
 Certainly things that don't seem fair
 But as I reach my last countdown
 My personal struggle seems easier to bear
 And I think I care!
 Gently, I feel a breeze
 On my hardened chest
 Brushing over my nipple...nice
 Blades of grass still, others gently rock
 The world for once, with itself at peace...
 And a smile as wild as the wind

Arrives ...I'm relaxed, not stoned, not drunk
 Clean, fresh, sober & very, very alive.
 An eye on MPA
 From a window
 I say goodbye.
 Soon but not today
 I shall fly in my own
 Big white bird in the sky.
 Homeward bound, never to return
 Years from now, at least
 I'll know why.

But as I reach my last countdown..



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It usually began with a conversation, one ending often in disappointment. Other times, not so but the outcome was the same. You were detached to the South Atlantic..And so it was. Oh the memories!

You might not have found all of the references to memories you had hoped in here. You will have your own.

Whether they were of Father Abrahams, spoons, Timmy's, dining in and out nights, measles or the hundreds of other possibilities, it was most certainly a time you will never forget.

I hope this brought some back of the happy memories.

Lots of Love

Graeme



Dedicated to all members of HM Forces, past and present.

