

# The Mirrors of Thespis

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Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

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Second Chance  
You may need it next

## **Introductory preface**

My second collection of poems develops further the themes of identity and correlations to the past, present and the future. Hopefully the poems should speak for themselves without need of explanation or justification for their existence and open to individual interpretation. The title “The mirrors of Thespis” gives a clue to the underlying themes running like a thin thread throughout the poems. Similar to a theme and variation form in music, the opening idea is reshaped, altered and changed by a process of variable repetition; a distorting mirror where the original reflected image has been mutated into other aspects of itself. Ideas and experiences interweave without conscious intention or pre-arranged order in a free flow of continuity. Comparable to an actor’s changing moods and emotions, receptive and affected by the world within and without. A myriad world made up of a complex gamut of human emotions, sexuality, sensuality, individuality, social cohesion, connections, harmony, isolation, discord. I haven’t included within this introduction a long endless ‘curriculum vitae’ of my past creative work simply because it’s important to be in the ‘here and now’ and not to dwell on ‘what was then’ rather than ‘what is now’.

I would also like to thank and acknowledge Tara Fleur and Ingrid Andrew for originally putting my name forward for publication, and for all their encouragement and support.

## Extract only

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# The Mirrors of Thespis

I am an inhabiter  
Of souls  
With no name to call my own.

Unbiased neutral observer  
Noting every detail  
Of human expression,  
Absorbing idiosyncratic  
Quirks of personality  
Human foibles, fears.

A mirror  
Reflecting back  
The hidden face  
Of another's inner world,  
Taking time  
To absorb all the nuances  
Of corporeal behaviour.

Perceiving in others eyes  
The truth behind the masks  
They wear to conceal  
The vulnerable  
Fragility hidden within.  
Unstripping  
The tangled webs  
Lying deep below  
The outer surface of reality.

I am Dionysus  
Goat horned even-toed  
Cloven hooved  
Thespis transformed  
Into incarnate skin,  
Communicator of emotions  
Interpreter  
Of signs and symbols  
Touching on the recognisable  
Within us all.

## Serpent woes

Serpent recoils  
Outer skin palpitating,  
Slides slithering  
Back to the wilderness.

Perpetrator of base desire  
Fallen from grace  
Severed from the source  
Of innocence irrevocably.

Wiggles and writhes  
Over moist earth  
Across the protecting rock  
To a world curtailed by limits.

Banished from the kingdom,  
Exiled from the gardens boundaries  
Driven, purged and ousted  
From the shores of paradise.

Sheds and casts off  
Its tired scaly  
Arid eroding hide  
Bursting out reborn alive.

Shape shifting inner shape  
Mutated into human form,  
Stands up straight-erect  
Fully mortal formed self aware.



## Moonlight Flitters

Moonlight flitters  
On the run  
Caught on the hop  
Down on their luck,  
Bags full of sorrows  
Vans packed to the hilt.  
Hit the night  
With all they've got,  
Fast foot on the accelerator  
With tanks full of gas  
Vanishing in clouds of confusion  
Like a conjurors trick  
All gone in a flash.

Moonlight flutterers  
Slipping away  
Right on cue,  
Cunning foxes  
Slinking out of view.  
Take a look at them  
Taking that gamble  
Taking it all the way,  
Ducking and diving  
Hell for leather  
Freedom bound  
Heading for the nearest motorway.

A touch and go story  
We've heard so many times before  
On day time television repeat,

One step ahead of the game  
One step ahead of the law,  
Never certain  
For certain never sure.

Moonlight bandits  
Sea crazed romantic corsairs  
Thinking they've got it made  
All sewn up, tacked and nailed.  
Dressed in wolfs fur and ermine  
Clawing at the palace walls  
Then digging their own graves.  
Saints and sinners  
Going head to head in the ring,  
Go hedge your bets  
Whatever the odds  
The loss or the cost.

Moonlight critters  
Escaping town  
Searching for a new deal,  
Something resembling  
A heaven or a home.  
Drive into the sunlight  
Out of the gloom  
Breaking free  
Of the moulds that shape them  
In die hard social constraints.  
Proceed afresh with clean slates  
A new set of brushes and paints  
Filling in the blank tabula rasa  
Starting to come alive once again.

## Go burn brightly

Somewhere anywhere  
Where the land meets the sea,  
Where the sea  
Meets the sky  
Is somewhere we should be.

Somewhere anyplace  
Where the rock meets the tree,  
Where the tree  
Meets the river  
Is somewhere we need to be.

Somewhere somehow  
Growing wild  
Flowing free,  
Souls burning brightly  
Knowing how it should be  
Could be.

Somewhere out there  
We can call our own,  
Built in stone  
Outside  
The confines  
Of the dividing horizon line.

Somewhere someplace  
Whatever place  
It doesn't matter where,  
Just to feel

The moment  
While the moments there,

Somewhere to thrive  
Breathing in the air,  
Satellites set alight  
Moving together  
Flaming on fire  
Truly alive.

## Product Details

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