

A softened finger would probe what was left of this freedom. Those runs we carried out through cornfields, that we often burnt without a silver of remorse. The drinks we somehow managed to purchase without I.D, and which we regurgitated without disgust.

The heat of August amongst the screaming children and barking dogs, that relentless still air that never promises stable weather. No longer does this time seem endless, as with the decades previous; it just seems elongated, without the chance of an end.

Those times we would weave in and out of each other's heads and pockets. Bathing upon sun heated concrete, the broken bottles framing our feet. Each back street and field were marked by our presence; territories now owned by our touch.

Cool winds offer comfort now, my stomach and back escaping my torso like weakened armour. No longer are they in any fit state for these kinds of actions any more. We crawl slowly forward, and it's within these times I once held precious, I feel like a stranger.

Summer

Envelope

Those soiled rubber bands lay in wait around my thinning wrist. They now sag, strained by the third hour of toil. I await the ever expanding pile of envelopes like a convict awaiting the feel of grass under hardened feet.

The machine jams up once more, as the machinist wipes the sweat from his grit covered brow. I avoid any form of eye contact whilst he mumbles his hangover drenched soliloquies. My feet slip in the puddles of oil that gather at the machine's rusted feet.

The rest of the faces on the shop-floor remain pensive, the skeletal shadows of the iron balcony loom above. It always threatens to collapse, to finally merge with each body here within this building's ever enclosing walls; I stopped counting any cash I made hours ago.

And again the cogs begin to turn, my dizziness now stable, as the streams of unmatched junk mail once again start their smirking march across the conveyor belt. I match numbers to addresses, addresses to numbers, and the clock hands still haven't moved an inch.

### No More

In that flat you rented, that gave us shelter after clubs, the morning sun's nagging beams never offering any form of comfort.

Through the blue glass of the bottle I see your face, pretending to sleep, but with your usual sly grin, again sending me shivers.

The others that lay around the tiled floor in sleeping bags, like fragile snakes awaiting to shed their now useless skin.

I take my last sip, and approach the balcony and exhale the last of the smoke and allow it to cloud over this view, that at this time loses its beckoning edge.

The sparrows that cast tiny shadows upon the passing stolen cars offer us a little melody and once again we promise, never again, never anymore.

## Scattered Afternoons



Jonathan Butcher

Please recycle... to a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover: Sheffield Victoria Station 1980

Origami Poetry Project™

Scattered Afternoons  
Jonathan Butcher © 2015

Acknowledgments:

'No More' - PPigpenn poetry Journal  
'Summer' - Dead Snakes poetry journal  
'Envelope' - Belleville Park Pages



Donations Greatly Appreciated