

The Book of Plim are the collected poems of Jaffa Forbes that were written for the most part on WEBook.com. The style of these poems are what you could call prose/poems and... well, see for yourself.

'Plim' is the title of a poem in a previous poetry collection but also the name I gave to a stranger I once saw in Victoria Coach Station. I did not know her real name because I did not ask for it. I know nothing about her because I didn't talk to her. It struck me how many strangers we pass all around us, and how by ignoring them we become stranger still.

This book, then, is a multi-coloured, high definition, imagery fantastic, random, funny and beautiful interpretation of what I am for anybody to peer into.

Enjoy!

Jaffa Forbes

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Introduct

What on earth have we here running down a cliff, like a viaduct and introduct is the beginning of.
Life melts in the palm of your hands. Life melts in the palm in the palm of your palm like sand it falls
and it's all that and it's all so it's all so calm man. So so calm.

Perhaps the random jazz can't find a place to sit, perhaps it's wondering out how it's working out
this term, the jam, the jazz, the flute, the band making out like it's all so random running down a
cliff, like a viaduct it's the introduct the beginning of.

It's the beginning of designs. The start of time. The genesis of rose blush kiss and water gorges,
surely surges at the bottom looking up into the eyes of a viaduct, my son.

Moonbeam Mode

So you asked for a story, and maybe it starts anywhere you want it to be. You can pick it out of the urban glossy city of prancing ladies with bags of glory, or you can take it from the rusticated woodland forest meadows, where small rabbits and fowls and foxes and me are hopping and skipping and jumping away from the residential overthrow (Hooray for Recession, Our Mighty Saviour!) But my story starts in a metal box. A working lift in some southern place by the sea. An office party. And it's a shallow thought but I'm bored of working. And it's a shallow thought but I've forgotten the reason I came to be in this box. Coffee Pots. Liquor Shots. Polite talks. Pouring drinks lest you think something might stick in this slippery place. An office party and I'm sickly bored...

...so I'm flicking into moonbeam mode and wondering who asked for this story.

Dolcibrillanti

Looks like the sun is roaring, shifting and shaping vision and shining and blinding perspective vision... It's simple things like catching fish in a stream or drawing doodles on your arm, little squiggles and messages that override the complicated anarchy of political harmony... and it's small, wonderful things like leaving the greens on your plate and getting away with it. I think it's the sun shining and realising you've forgotten to hang your washing out when you've ran out of trousers.

(so you have to wear shorts instead)

Piccali Prostitute

It's a tramp in the neon circus, eyes hurting from the light show and buzzing zipping cars going round. Piccali groaned, mouth closed and chomping on raw sewage, making out like she knew what she was doing. Yes, yes, she thought, this will make me a wonder girl from head to toe. Yes, yes, if I only spent one day away I'd be better than the day before. And don't you know it because now she's a tramp in the neon circus and somebody's leaning out of a car window shouting two for a fiver.

Fly Dinnerlady, Fly

This is the evening and autumn has come. And I'm thinking about the next day. Eleven Eleven. It's funny, I knew a poet called that once... she wrote amazing poetry and I wonder if she knew the significance.... or whether she was just twenty-two. There's another girl I'm thinking about; looked like a fly. A squat black fly. Used to be my old dinnerlady, y'know. She was always old and she'll always be old, impressed in my imagination like that forever. I'm sorry. Where am I? I'm still jogging on this road, thinking, wishing, dreaming and making poetry up in my head.

And I think: She must be dead.

No really, she must be, I've said she was really old haven't I? And then I look around at this creation, with the spiced smell of cornfields and young love... and the news of atom busting, universal answer seeking congratulations... and I think: do I believe in heaven? It's a stupid question. I do. Of course I do. I always have it's just that I can't quite believe my insect looking dinnerlady could ever be anything but sitting in a lavender drained, mothball stained one room apartment and relations at Christmas. I can't see her in heaven, although I know she's there. And I think: I just don't know the details.

And it's funny, on the eve of destruction and the birthday of creation I'm suddenly struck by the knowledge that we know nothing.

Raskiboko

Bang Bang! Grief, it's like being cooped up in a cage here! Hello? Who's going to hear you write your metaphors? Metaphors are like summer wasps winging their wicked way around alliterations and almond trees... like a simile. Smile. Grin from cheek to cheek. It's like bouncy castles at the top of mountain peaks. It's like dipping ice-cream into fudge and realising that the fudge is too hot and the ice cream is too cold...

But eating it anyway.

Aegialia concinna

blahblahblahlookslikeitmakesnosense try putting some spaces in and the random word generator is spewing out abbreviations and alliterations and it's ruining the vinyl floor where my feet are standing... it's like a flood where gentlemen who run chip shops come back watered down to a ten year old house and find they've lost everything (forgetting their life) Thank God for the simple things like aegialia concinna one of those scarabaeidae found in the United States of Glorious America.

You wouldn't think it's just a beetle, would you?

Salifixation

Grimace, that's it, and stick your hand into the mishmash of lino-plastic floored tablecloths all heated up to a hundred degrees. Why not? Why not plunge in doglike, panting and wide eyed, covered in intimate abstract reality and lines of suss sisterhood serenity. It's all so easy to do when your flying a kite, a bright orange one with ribbons down the string and I want to let it go so it can be far more free than it is as a light fixated bugging insect for me. I want it to catch the currents of northern streams and whistle over old English ruins and rustic green fields, wherever it goes, whatever it does I want to watch it flying away from me and into infinity.

A tear drops down.

Venice is a Sloshed Watercolour Painting

There's a picture of a gondolier on a tin of wafer biscuits that I'm eating. He's pushing onward, steering strong and eyes forward as the watercoloured green and yellow autumn water sloshes, parted by the cut and slice of the boat. And behind all Venice is stretched out in gothic traces and secret hiding places for young, coffee blended and romantic lovers. They've gone past the holding hand stage to tender kisses and resting their hands around each other's waists. And the gondolier is strong, and the gondolier is happy, but...

...the gondolier is picture on a tin of wafer biscuits that I'm eating.

Stealing Garbage Cinderella

Man... those pies look good. I mean, they look really good four hours sitting, waiting for grubby eyed Madonna fans washing down with Smirnoff ice... and crushed in plastic sacks as wastage.

Picking garbage is a habit. "Well," says the two star rated celebrity big brother TV chef in pink overalls, "They're easy to make! Just pick around..." Flick. Flick. Flickity Flick Flick. "And News Just In... And Finally..." Flick. What a load of garbage... it's easy to find but my eyes are tired after working solid fifteen hours straight with a gangsta fella, a protecta; jumping through daisies and chip pans for his stealing garbage Cinderella.

Zeeperbeam

Hush calls the rush of washing flights and roars of tigers biting back. It's zeeperbeams pulling me forward into sci-fi pit-stops and sidelines, thick plotlines and problems, fears and worries.

You see, I'm worried.

And don't worry, I won't be here long, and don't worry, cos I'm running a race that gets harder every step that I take. And don't worry; I'm a soldier, fighter, lover, waiter, waiting for life to come wafting my way.

You see, I'm scared that I'll never jump deeper into the pond with you. Go further than I've ever been before as lights from passing zeeperbeams rush around me and yet... this peace stings like never before.

I will meet you in one scenario, one day.

Hlodfjasio

yasfoLO:H fdsa;hgew;ahjdsfa;eioaqheo;wa.

hfewa;rew qwehrq;ougvgbahyoi;waehgcnsl;ujaouejth

fhewo;ayhe4;htjcnpatyelthjelkatitiasobtyugiayfulahekwkjlh hafulewayte awfretywauie etwa fjkdh
gloa etuia glcluiayetriu agflijkfh fculatyeta lekhhah, wauielawy eal e ayuilewula leauyreaul leyrfuila
dmbfdjklayeual eahfla,. dfyayeuilwa fhealyhfdlaygueal feuwal, reaghuleatd fayelwayhreua,
eaulieaf, fal

fhudasilfyewul,a,

And Beautiful,
I'll never tell you
the meaning of
these words
because

that would be
the end of us.

Tongues of Rain

WHISPERWHIsperwhisper whisper whisper whisper whisper.

Right. So I'm running up silken concrete roads. Old shoes. Cracked shoes. I love these shoes. And up behind me, charging like some hideous rhino machine is this bully from what people across the pond call Kindergarten. Anyway, I'm like - Congratulations - in a sarcastic voice as he speeds atom like past me with a stupid grin on his face.

And then he stops dead panting and I pass by with grace.

And that's the first encounter. The second one comes fifty yards later. It involves me (running) a couple (walking) a girl (strutting) and a car (driving). Now we all pass by each other - practically touch each other - and the smell in the air is Autumn, funny with all the rain in Summer, and the car beeps it's horn and I wonder; who was it for? I'm guessing the girl. And I'm thinking? Do I know her?

So I'm flicking through the albums in my head, the Italian fresco paintings, the failed dreams, the casual but piercing glances to girls I have loved... Oh don't get me wrong, I'm not... interested. Not... interested like my minds at her head and my eyes are wavering down below... No. I'm just... curious. Because that thug I passed by up there might kill her. Y'know, he might.

WHISPERWHIsperwhisper whisper whisper whisper tongues of rain.

Jeff and the Certainty

Surely God, I see him there watching me. Surely it is the mystery of the past. Surely it is the worry of the future. And then you see... the whole of creation from start to finish is crying. From beginning to end one man cries for joy and the other for pain. One man starts praying and the other starts praising. Surely it is the mystery of everyday. The past that rushes by flicking snapshots of conversations and jubilations, of tribulations and the certain problems of growing up. These distinct places are mounted up behind me.... and in front a fog of confusion for the future is the horizon. Surely you are the mystery because you break the everlasting certainty of uncertainty. You are the exception to the rule and the rule itself. Thank you.

You Are My Constant

You are my constant, my foundation and baseline that buildings and steeples are built and framed by arches and rain. You are my unchanging, my earthground that stood still when thunderbolts struck and battered the land, split the structures made by history. And while we were raising up again those structures thought strong, you say to me I am your constant, you are my love.

Out of the Shadows

I breathe out, panting an after the rain vivid shout, wet washed watercolour painting; pushed myself to far maybe. I breathe out these fears all swelling in the mind; the black shadows, the demons inside jeering, leering from me as I stumble out onto the motorway bridge whilst the cars fly beneath me - vroom vandom vandom vroom vandom vandom - it's all beneath me - vroom vandom vandom - these fears, the black shadows, the demons prancing...

Vroom vandom vandom

And behind me lurches the darkness, lumbering like two gaseous sumu wrestlers, jostling on tiptoes and ready to prance on it's prey.

Pray. I pray and the prayer flies forward on jet blue wings giving me Hercules feet; I've been through the black tunnel, desperate to see the light, the silver sunset.

It feels like home on the other side. The vroom vandom vandom falters behind and I can see the finish line... who can stop me sprinting? Who can stop me sprinting home?

