

A Sondering Soul



James William Dillon

Sonder;

n. the realization that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own—populated with their own ambitions, friends, routines, worries and inherited craziness—an epic story that continues invisibly around you like an anthill sprawling deep underground, with elaborate passageways to thousands of other lives that you'll never know existed, in which you might appear only once, as an extra sipping coffee in the background, as a blur of traffic passing on the highway, as a lighted window at dusk.

Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows – John Koenig

Acknowledgements

To my sister Deirdre – I'm sorry that I said you get narky sometimes when I was eleven!...and thanks for finding my old copy book, young Jimbo sure did love rhyming.

John Koenig – The man who coined the word Sonder, hopefully if this books gets big he won't try and sue. Let's hope John is cool everyone.

To Jimmy, my father – his roundabout way of thinking has me looking at the world differently.

My mother of course – a definite muse that I celebrate in the poem PatriC.I.A undercover lover...poems sums a lot of stuff up.

Pauline (other sister) – Trying to be as creative as you so young was great practice for this.

Everyone – who is cool with a lad from Coolock
write a book of poetry, really It's impressive.

About the Author

James William Dillon or “Jimbo” as most people know him, is a young man with an old persona. As a young boy he often would wander into his own world and get lost in thought. It’s from these thoughts and life experiences he has crafted this book of poetry. Often trying to find the spirituality of mundane everyday happenings and crafting these into rhythmic stories.

This is his first book and it reads from the oldest poems written at his youngest age leading onto the more recent and mature. Hopefully if you are able to decipher the angry hormonal teenage works you will be able to appreciate and even relate to some of the content.

(Thanks)

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For Darcy and Bumphrey

Too young to appreciate this now but hopefully in a couple of years when you guys have mastered the art of reading this will be relatively cool.

Swinging from a chandelier

A jolting “G” sharp orchestrates a standstill, Followed by the fat ladies screech from the foyer. Broken then by the breaking glass on the marble flooring, Black Ties and dinner jackets glazed faced. As subjected to this scene pondering existence while being removed from the protective screens of there once relative dreams. Expression lifeless since the day he sold his soul for the lifestyle. His trophy wife emerges, content then confusion. The once scowling eyes, now showing remorse as she identifies the corpse. Screams, Signs of distress. How much money will it take to clean up this mess?

Appendix

This is how useful I feel, on the greater scheme of things a downpour of depression as a newsfeed quotes “Arr!”...“You ok hun?” followed by a flurry of ex’s. What am I doing here? That’s time from my life wasted while I had potential to be wasting it on not curing cancer or not making people happier. If someone tells me “I AM” “AM I?” Secretly no one wants to change a mood unless it’s someone else’s. Is what I really want cased aside because it’s not stereotypical? Or do I even know what I want? All men are made equally useless. Inspiration is found in many forms, I’m yet to be one. My irrelevance, plain to see be it may. But even an appendix can do something notable one day.

Humming Birds Heart

Elevated by a flock of hummingbirds, but a vision to escape from issues of friend-zones, cold nights and bins filled with tissues. Emotion in motion – I'm a door to door heart salesman. You bought it when you broke mine...that never happened. Isn't a long walk home for me I have my own company. List of hobbies? More like a list of passions! Ranging from foot rubs to freelance photography from my drunken phone. Trying to be different with all the others trying to be different. Bravo. A Book of poems, you impressed yet? It would be a crime if the last line didn't rhyme. Lock me up

Mirror Emotions

What was I thinking? – Minds just been blown with thoughts of Kurt Cobain jokes. Inception like dreams as if I'm trying to confuse myself – well done me. Baffled at 8 o'clock by my own ponderings, what do I want? Quick I need to know/tell a soul, tell/know a soul. How long has that water been there? It now stands stagnant, confused face pulled at whose expense. The title, I came up with that first. Relief as I wake up from a tattoo faced dream what does that mean? - Queue another confused face. What would you think reading this 2 dots and a crooked line? All art is shit. The starved pleased to paint a dirty protest; my owner just gave me a sambo. I need an ending, two backs walking away as I narrate, it's me and who else?

Jesus the gingerbread man

Beginning of another calendar week, weak with hunger but the weekends only a week away. A magical time where mass plays host to the masses, masses of law abiding god fearing dairy lovers. Move through the smokers at the door, dodging those you hate to meet, find a seat, getting ready for a delicious treat. Aisle seats prime location to get the freshest batch. Lips moisten as he holds the crumbling dough skyward and beads of water fall off the side of the milk filled ice cold glass. A scurry “hurry hurry” the Zimmer frames of lames lay laden now act as hurdles. The front of the queue, I am in knee high socks my Sunday best shorts and blazer armed with a full grin and an empty stomach. Only a meal a week, there is a god.

Random

A soliloquy, a footnote. I craved infatuation while spotty faced preforming magic tricks with a wet towel and testosterone. Until the nappy eater doused the fire bellowing from my bridges. On to the third, the most meaningful for the wrong reasons waiting with no ammunition other than witty comebacks and mutual backslaps. Finding a rubber chicken and itchy cock cream in the same location is puzzling. I've put my face where no sane man has gone before, no longer can I look at the speech impediment scouse musician again. Then a jaeger later I bagged and tagged another wild animal. A longing to throw away the keys to the safari jeep and tranquilise the left of my brain. But the not knowing and the thoughts of better men, keep me from perusing the girl only a

screen and self-doubt are providing barriers, which only fingertips have their brawn to bulldoze into a new experience. Then the orange to my blue is you. History beckons raising its cuteness from beyond the brow of grey matter. Does yours still work? Us kids kissing from neck to lower back and beyond, or the look on your face as a deranged aunty held a knife to the roots of your family tree. Innocence protected us, there's no faith I trust resting my weathered head on the bust of you. Love or lust? No matter which, what I believe in is us

The red time traveller

Coming from a simpler time, he is not from this frame of mind. A kind shy guy protected by a strong liver, armed with a timepiece of silver and a charm that makes less worthy minded ladies self-loathing quiver. His force cosmic and spiritual, an arrogant show boater he is not, weakness may be his timid naivety, penetrated by forceful woman who crave moral high ground. Bound for success, gifted my blessings wishing him all the best. Radiating rhythm, contrasting his complexion. But another soul ravaged by my pessimistic overactive dark imagination. Only to be dissipated by another anecdote about friend zone occurrence, tax evasion, insurance while I gauge a reaction from slurs conjured in a backstreet of my mind's eye my words could never attack, or get one up on the Mack.

Unbeknownst Beauty

What bore most meaning recent. Was my vantage as a pause from my life exceeding decent. Manual breathing as I seen her. Like she stepped out of a renaissance nude scene into modern dress and into my tunnel vision. Balancing her slip on shoe on the cusp of her toes revealing a creased crescent. Arch, leading to a peering ankle joint, gradually increasing in circumference to a pivoting knee. Exhaled condensation quickly wiped off, leaving the image of true beauty. Not a model but a confident female with a stare as intense as a husky, draining me of pride, as an abrupt bus departure brings the curtain down on my private show. Never to see or to know this temptress with a whole other life I'll never get the chance to explore.

A Mindless Shiver

Unrivalled jealously as I seen them, a stranger and a thief of my own heart. Holding her flats as her soles send sensations of summer grass with every bare foot step she takes without me. I crave spiritually, a type I feel will not be accepted and so I ignore it. If she would just stand still, then try digging her toes into the soil then to raise her feet fingers forcing her arch downward tickling her. Then friction caused rubbing one foot along the other, while simultaneously bending the knees and stretching with a satisfying laugh as my entity grabs her mid riff then you placing your hands on mine. We continue, me breathing on your neck following your every step as I listen to your ramblings of mishaps and the time you have spent without me.

PatriC.I.A. Undercover Lover

20 2 8 from the start, the beginning, the beginning of my being. From the behind the scene, like a talented cameraman, protected from the lime light with rose-tinted glasses. Using her training to profile strangers, decipher a dream and to find objects that to others cannot be seen. Were shared strolls, at different times mind. Taking our spirits to spiritual places, We've sat alongside philosophers by running water. House full of laughter radiating from and around this special woman, holding a strong bond to the ice skating maple leaf holder. Attitude slightly bolder, friendship stronger than the retro stitching on an old denim jacket. Love to her family that could not be manufactured or packaged. The go-to-girl for most, Family knowing she's there to listen, using her as a

capsule as they vent feelings, they leave her with the burden. Wishing her a better life but not knowing what a better life may offer. A super natural entity, empathy a trait, to reunite in the next life, faith. Instilling belief while her bearer lay dormant. As welcoming as a doormat but not to be stepped on. A mother, loving that makes her kids shine time after time. I love her is what I'm trying to say, it's not only one saint who's thought of on this day.

Sober Sex

Feelings emulsified, climatic happenings from the near empty dwelling. Started off with a flirty text and then genital swelling. Compelling ideas during the walk up. Armed with dirty thoughts from my over active imagination. A text from around the corner I stood static, a passive stance paranoid neighbours glaring with every passing glance. She emerges, nerves shared so we stood a chance. Wonder on how this will pan out. In the door first left her friend resides “crashed out.” Awkward idle talk with the knowledge prior with self-provided inspiration, to stimulate sensations, neglecting creation there’s nothing good on these stations so she leaves. First move is a lean towards target. Not one for shit chit chat so a stare caused a spark and, now the ball is in her park. Last

notable memory is of a held hand as she led me skyward. Ugly race so lights off as per usual. Enough peering moonlight for me to maintain, stand and deliver. An exhale, a grab and a shiver. Friends bed saturated in shame. Mutual fake nothingness leads to a lack of the blame game. Searching still, for that confident girl, who makes me feel my valour, does not lack credence or skill. Going to make procrastination my hobby someday, excuses rendered my hobbies shoddy. Communication link continued to the final destination. Plan to not make plans, man's fight against man. Battles fought amongst shams, for future ma's with prams and no direction stuck in a trap, when one wants to branch out. Dreams shredded, to make way for a view out the playroom window, silently driven deranged as nappies get changed.

Coming back mine?

Confidence exuded me, barking orders in the taxi as if the chained dog had partaken in elocution lessons. Then brought “home” inverted commas, very vertical knickers although gravity could have took the night if I played my cards right, but no. Close to my chest, helping me to rest, I need sleep. Drifting off while Noel Edmunds shirt made another studio audience queasy. Yep fell asleep beside her. This girl I did more stuff with when I was a kid. Wanting to play with walki-talkies after I had a massive poo, even as a child I had sense I didn't want her near there. A next morning cringe, as that drunkin' binge had me on the fringe of getting some minge. I Slipped up. Pretended to not give a fuck but the face said it all, or maybe it was a close call, that was too close to call?

Occasionally my conscience questions my thoughts, I beckon it to stop, and she never gave back my top.

Being famous for this

I'd say Bono feels great when foreign birds don't know who he is while he rambles round town. Turns to laugh not frown at his entourage full of plastic guards a smorgasbord of yes men, equestrian best friends that dabble in the fine arts and hold a straight face when Paul farts. It's like I don't work hard enough to be known, stood idly by, garden gnome. Fishing rod firm grasp, clasp a journey. I dream vast. Shivers at the crossroads of Georgian houses as on lookers look out. Face orifices may orchestrate a heinous onslaught of abuse. Famous figures I crave range from acute to obtuse. Throw at me what you may, I am a drunk and don't give a dam at what you might say.

The Rings End Towers

To be perched at the tip top of the tower. A vantage point any sniper would kill for, literally. Figuratively I'm a bird. Making my home here on the winch that resembles an iron hammock to escape the hectic inner city lifestyle merely by a turn of the head. To a view of the sea. The bay to the right and the beach to the left of me. Often lost covered in a salty liquid mask dictated by the pull of a distant land. Red and white paint peeling, the texture quite like the feeling of a teenage acne neck. But this is it. This is where I feel at home, this is where I made my home. Exposed to Irish climate. Some days blasted by sea breeze, some days' time flies. Following the clouds, shadows race across ground and sky lines. Knowing all the while someone in Dublin staring at my perch I feel

like I'm helping cause a smile, at any giving time.

Sil- ill- oh- qeef

Tried to be very deep in this cause I feel like I go through phases quick, I grow or get older quicker. Very nice day I'm in the sun the sight of bees make me happy, wasps not so much. All the bees laugh when they go back to the hive and say "honey I'm home" Hope that wasn't in that bee movie. James Joyce didn't publicly like Jews. Believe me I've tried to read Ulysses, Poetry's very grim but that and feet are nice for Jim. Going to get free money tomorrow everything beyond this point will be better. Perhaps not having a Dolly Parton job a 9 to 5 isn't high on the priorities of my life but, why should it be? Picture this, skydiving in reverse. In contrast the smaller everything gets the clearer the image of a perfect life becomes. You could be living to work, working to live, working hard or hardly

working. But feel some achievement in yourself; don't feel the need to be justified by your wealth. Love life until your very last breath.

Unspoken Words

The End

Decalogue

Writers block is what Moses used; he was the one on tablets. His neighbour had a wonky car and wife to match. Presenting the culprits under garments he stole off the washing line. Then accusing his wife of lying, the exodus or as I call it, just a Jewish conga line. You can't blame the guy for trying. Trying to split up that affair like the red sea. Wants to kill her but now thanks to him, in Gods eyes that's not allowed. Jesus Christ her would love to kill her. Oh mustn't use that name in vain. Odds against him now stacked, beside the cave door her bags already packed. Oh the drama, and this was all on a Sunday!

Bank Balance

How personal can it be? Not one to wanna just brag about nothing or keep something quiet and secretively. Cause that's what it seems like to me. Don't worry but people will take your side, and ye you're right, we are in the wrong. Wrong in the same way a 5 year old hasn't got a permit to sell lemonade on her street. She's still wrong but Police can stop her. When a sense of drunken togetherness is what binds us togetherness, you're gonna put this friendship against-us-ness? Grand. I was really annoyed. Brazilians in subway, and if Brazilians are not hair-less I couldn't care less as to what they say? It will come full circle it will revolve all is now resolved, How friendly people become when alcohol is involved.

Alcohol is involved

From being asked to sniff in me TN's to being forced to have some social ones. That's the drink I've become. From in the fields kissing bellies to fat bird fiascos, hugging their bellies. Drink has been there. Its seen straights turn queer and made the meek, man enough to hunt deer. Females may try barter some, youths outside an off-licence debating leaving the fishing process to simply rob. Seamus Heaney professor of poetry, there's a vacant job. It's the interaction I wish I was always as talkative or fun going out wise but it's an anxiety that changing me as the drink affects my kg. But weight...consumption of alcohol really is great. So join me. Drink and good company so let's live free.

Fk off other poems**

Oh you rhyme don't ye? Ah that's for the youngings I suppose. I've been in that boat since I was 8 years old and from those rhythmic waves I rose. Now picture a flower, what you want to do. A folded female part at all the wrong times. That's all the time I'm bitter but it suits me. Don't tell me you believe in soul mates when you're in the same post code. Or do you believe in coincidence? Cause a wince can be in a positive or negative vibe. This is the bravest poem, who is the strongest of the weak? Hell is when the person you could have become and the person you have become meet, In life a comparison should not be needed.

Eye of the storm

Light breaking through layers of our cloudy dome. Our home, and the homes of people we know, and have known. A Crispness and a glance in adjacent ways out. It fills a gap with strays, the side-lines that hold consolation at bay. While the frontline embraces the brunt. Together we can hide behind the scenes but up front. It's a massacre, the far side of the river hides hypocrisy, and if were all in the same boat then were all in the Liffy. No jiffy, just a dam coincidence to those born in the wrong time but in the same state of mind as mine.

Your Soul Mate is a door away

A globe, a globe a sphere, a sphere an idea, and idea spinning on its axis. For this is our minds, whether we are to speak to them or not is out our own doing. A more important individual can word more strong opinions but my words can be absorbed on a personal level. Revel in the idea that, that without a stare leading to a nod you would not know each other. A look, then look away, as if your trying to keep your future at bay. Jump, leap, dive in to a world where you and her, your soul mate are together.

A Students Sonnet

Like I don't know whether to take this serious.
Students surround me ensuing alteration,
abbreviations, we're inner city kids so fuck
your pronunciation, and id know a different
constant drone if I left the city but I'm a minor
and don't empathise cause you can't, if you
were dragged up in the gutter you would
have feelings, feelings of exclusion from your
fortress. Sub-par rookies in a constant battle
against dominance. But then gratitude when
we find out the life we have wanted to live
was living for us forever wanting to be in our
lives once again.

2 bums and a crescent

Swear we didn't meet through the medium of coincidence that would change our faith our paths, would not fit because of your big booty's, and don't act coy, but collectively your bums would act as a muse of Siscos joy. Beautiful women from your selfies to your poo pics as if the world wants to see you excrete. So let's keep that shit discrete.

Positive Energy

People project their negativity, to those who are the target of envy. You choose either absorb it or dissolve it. But as a higher being it's hard not to look down on those who use jokes, or try show brass tacks facts to Joe soaps. Nobody wins when feelings that are brought up are then bottled in. Focus on the irrelephant in the room or deny it. But Diana Ross was onto something, a Ponzi scheme dealing primarily in shit that fall in the same bins that the limbs of diabetes victims are kept in. Choose to reflect or refract but the truth can only bend so much before it breaks. So stay positive.

Aeo's Poem

Aeo the story is, were about to get down to business. I don't want this to break into a tiff, to leave each other with bruises on our necks, bums and other bits. Or do I? You think the postman read this? You think he felt a growing sensation in his bits. Well that's what happens me. Wanna hear something cheesy, me and you yeah that's we, ye please don't cringe. Sleeping in cold rooms. You said my future is watching cartoons, please doc McStuffins prescribe me some relaxers! So keep this as a keep sake, you see that signature? Means it not fake. Price for the stamp to bring this from me to you was priceless.

Melodic

We are traveling on a composers wrist, we are what says is coming next. Be it harsh thud from the trombone. To a chirpy dance from the violin, it was crafted years ago for this moment. So we shall not hinder their future. The music speaks a language formed from embellishments between lines and a constant beat. Reoccurring and melodic in a way, unable to gauge a reaction from the crowd his back towards them. We will take their silence as a sign respect. Synchronised page turning. How strings on wood and glorified whistles can make those sit on a seats edge, as body hair stand on end. Vibrations penetrate, dancing on the senses. The audience stands as silence often follows the last note. Applause now the only sound that fills the theatre as the maestro turns and bows.

Smell of rain

Nothing quite like the smell of rain to ease your pain, it's strange, the very thing that creates this wondrous scent soon douses it with its own presence. Causing a grim atmosphere as grey skies cloud your senses. We never think about a scent fillings our lungs, picture how gas or freshly cut grass fill our lungs. My favourite is that real rett rain. Yano that real wet rain that you don't even know you're getting wet until you're already drenched. Sun is penetrating, now there's rainbows in your periphery. My clothes are now stuck to me. I don't care I'm purified. Wide eyed, dilated pupils cause contrasts in my vision. I feel an ample ambition to absorb my surroundings in such a way, that from the now darkened ground, falling beads on railings, sloshing gutter pipes holes in cloud,

breaks of light I can immerse myself in it. It's linked to memory the sense of smell. Mine is one of being timed as I ran down to my front gate and back to be greeted by a closed door. Never did get the exact time I was exposed to the elements for. Strange that? Eventually these clouds part and pedestrians holster their umbrellas as a liquid conflict no longer exists. A damnation of damp and saturated souls shudder as the last droplets drip from the tips of their hair. Cascade down their back causing a grimace meanwhile pushing their chest out showing their eagerness to fight another storm one day.

Poi-ni-oint protests

Its misleading, we do not like a poignant protest. Something that may be deemed as “sharply painful to the feelings” its obscene how political can a passive aggressive picket line be? I have no political standpoint I am uneducated. Plagiarism on picket signs would be a new one for me. Quoting phrases such as “my arms are sore”, “down with gravity” and “dyslexia rules k.o.” it’s not ok, ok the way the government runs the country is not ideal, but don’t declare the problems and tell me how you feel. Delegate the work and come up with solutions which are feasible and real. Confidence in the hard working people is with a closeness you feel. These people who feel that they work to live and not live to work. Those generous souls who I feel like you owe.

Wearing the bed sheets

Light shining through the cotton sheets showing me every shape of you, Giving me those crazy eyes like you always do. Doors are thin here, up late and too early in the morning, moaning giving you my full attention. Sorry babe? Leaving our room to eat and look at a lake, I know where the prettier sight was.

Sonderings

A glimpse can open a gateway, from women wearing matching office skirts, to the slightly faster paced duo – he, with the brim of his cap peaked to reveal single strands of hair forming a fringe. To her, falling always half a footfall behind him. Forcing a skip every fourth step, eyes dull. Lives as intricate as your own. Own family, own set of friends, own wars against others crafted by short comings. Major battles which we find mediocre. We can explore those if only for a short moment. Live audio-books of life on the streets from the upstairs of a bus, to following a group of tourists being led around Trinity, availing of a tour from a student with excellent elocution. People pointing as they scan between stretch of road and creased map in a constant battle with the wind.

Buskers thanking a minority who create a faint applause in public. The upper echelon, sending sub-ordinates struggling with baggage up a concrete staircase. Taxi men chancing their luck at junctions, to the dismay of other drivers. But if this is so, that every soul has a soul purpose? Or tomorrow if you were to leave the house and find you and only you functioning, by no fault of your own. But your mind for all this time was projecting strangers into your life. Would you be sad to see these strangers go? The office workers, the drug takers, the posh the broke the movers and shakers, the lost the talented, the taxi men. It will be then, when the sondering public will end, my friend.

Confirmation (age 12)

I'm making my confo can't you see?

My clothes really suit me!

I'm getting older can't you see?

I am going to be free.

It's coming soon can't you see?

I'm getting much more money than yee

I'm getting nervous can't you see?

It's not you that's making it, its me!

Dublin Bus (age 12)

Dublin bus isn't going down,
Its great crack going into town.

The 27 is the best
The best bus in the wild west.

Its right outside the corner shop
Just put out your hand and it will stop.

Vandalising is a crime
Dublin bus is still in its prime.

The 27 (age 12)

The 27 is like heaven

I am one year ahead of eleven.

Going on the bus is a daily job

Its 55 cent so do not sob.

It's good for the animals can't you see

It's too bad on the bus they don't serve tea.

From Coolock to town it gets you around

And the drivers are as sound as a pound

End Credits

Just got a bit nostalgic at the end there, but that has been my Book and I have been James William Dillon. Feel free to tell your friends, pass the book on and tweet your thoughts to

@jimbosmyname

or any media of the social kind.

Be blunt I love the attention.

Thanks again, Instead of a blurb, I will leave you with quotes I have said over the years.

You can put an only in front of any number

If a zebra runs fast enough does it look grey?

*How come people with blurry faces
always commit crimes?*

I have never even touched a barge poll

Mid-Wife crisis: Dropping a new born baby

“Everything looks better with quotation marks”

The Simalayas are a lot like the Himalayas

If you can knit a Blanket you can knit a poncho

@Jimbosmyname