

A photograph of a tree trunk with a large, jagged hole in the bark, surrounded by moss and branches. The scene is dark and moody, with green moss and brown wood. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**ALWAYS FALLING**  
*Six-word Poems by Liam Wilkinson*



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## INTRODUCTION

it's  
simple:

six  
words

six  
lines



nearness  
of

the  
soundless

unseen  
sea

flickering  
bulb

of  
an

autumn  
Sunday

September

dusk

like

dust

on

windows

through  
thin  
curtains

wild  
cherry

undressing

shards  
of  
a  
memory

crudely  
glued

I  
keep

cluttering  
myself

with  
myself

future  
and  
past:

versions  
of  
now

listing  
my  
worries

to  
delete  
them

how  
true

these  
lies

have  
become

locker  
grey  
skies

and  
padlocked  
hopes

happiness  
downs  
time

sadness  
sips  
it

you  
are

rehearsing  
your

laughter  
lines

your  
short  
skirt

my  
tall  
story

embarrassed

I  
gather

around  
my  
eyes

my  
echoing  
voice

your  
sudden  
depth

from  
her  
mouth

spiderlings  
of  
truth

Halloween

you  
carve

a  
crooked

grin

without  
mouths

our  
heads

are  
bombs

conducting

the  
silent  
symphony

of  
now

melody:

line  
drawing

of  
the  
soul

this  
autumn  
rain

colours  
me

in

feeling  
of  
falling

under  
autumn  
rain

I'm  
always

falling  
for

fallen  
trees

sitting  
stone

still  
beside

standing  
stone

autumn  
crackling

the  
year's

on  
fire

I'm  
made

of  
inspiration

and  
indolence

I  
rehearse

my  
mistakes

to  
perfection

excuse  
my  
mistakes:

self  
under  
construction

tomorrow's  
the  
day

we  
discover  
today

time  
has

no  
sense

of  
timing

turning  
thirty...

a  
simple  
sun

rises

once

we  
danced

across  
my  
flaws

my  
adulthood

is  
just

fancy  
dress

youth's  
a

spent  
page

of  
doodles

finally  
alone

I  
unbutton

my  
mind

our

seven  
billion  
meanings

of  
life

regrets

follow  
me

like  
a  
back

holding  
your  
hand

I'm  
on  
charge

happiness:

the  
peak

of  
mount  
sadness

my  
intermittent  
night-light

my  
flickering  
dreams

midnight

the  
moon's  
in  
my  
coffee

frantically

the  
insomniac

unplugs  
the  
moon

to  
be

suddenly  
and  
comfortably

gone



Liam Wilkinson's micropoetry has been published widely in print and on the Internet. His first collection of tanka, *The Darkening Tide*, was published in e-book format in 2007. Liam is the editor of *Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu & Kyoka*. He lives in North Yorkshire, England with his wife, Diane.

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