



The Marc Bolan inspired poet

by Laurencia Grant, Nov' 2007

I know it's him long before he comes into focus, Waiting for the lights to change I watch his slow and steady head hung walk

Some days I've seen him sitting and snoozing with his head slumped forward and a ready rolled cigarette between his fingers, He says he was not well then

His hair is usually beatnik style, like the Liverpool lads, But lately it's been shaven

He tells me that Marc Bolan was the inspiration that led him to poetry. Not Wordsworth or Walt Whitman, but Marc Bolan, The death by car accident lead singer of T-Rex, Britain's biggest popstar in his day

The frozen in time fashion tragic of the 1970's whose 1968 first album was called "My people were fair and had sky in their hair, but now they're content to wear stars on their brows"

He wrote "*Children of the Revolution*" the hit kept from it's more deserving No.1 position on the charts by Slade and David Cassidy in 1972

The slow and steady walker is a fan of David Cassidy too, I noticed a poem he'd dedicated to this once mobbed and adored 1970's singer and that made me smile

The poet from Helsinki visits regularly and likes to talk about Audie Murphy films he remembers from the now closed cinema in Tennant Creek

Audie Murphy, youthful actor with a respect for women, This well decorated WW 2 returned serviceman and author of "To Hell and Back" was a role model and instilled a much needed sense of confidence

The Tennant Creek outcast was picked on from five years of age because he spoke Finnish and was pidgeon toed, He thinks he had schizophrenia from this time on

At 15 years of age life looked different and took him on a long journey into a place of experts, medication and one ward

He's a lover of the guitar and appreciates it's maker and design and the sounds it can make, He buys them and sells them and holds on to a few

He has a good doctor that he trusts and shares a laugh with, He tries not to think of the bad doctor who he says tipped him over the edge, He feels angry about that time when he hated the system he was lost in

Life was like hell and he lived in fear of it, Work was out of reach

He's lived in a world not connected to the one most people travel in, He can't meet anyone half way, He says it's a place of delusions and make believe mostly

He likes a joke and notices and compliments how you dress and wear your hair, He says he doesn't care what people think of him anymore, But he's polite and careful not to offend

He loves getting to know people and likes it when he makes a connection and feels accepted, It's like 1972, the first year he worked when he felt part of a team

He likes it when he feels like he is someone, and he's thankful that Marc Bolan came along and showed him how to write poems, That's his great escape. ✕

Changing All The Time

Sitting here
Thoughts flow endlessly
As I look back
upon life
and all come and go
Anyway the wind
has blown
As the pieces
of these 50 banners
Wondering
Hey man
To say
To the lord
Thanks
for keeping me
in one piece
and giving one
what it's taken
of every battle
I've lost and won
And racing
the wild wind
Without losing
totally my mind
After so long
'Cos it's been long
Slowly changing
all the time
As I reach out
Just like
looking within
And find
It's still here
The one quest
to find
Who I really am
of so long away

Leo Welin 2007

