

From The Underside of The Wild Roses

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

Poetry is only as good as the imagery, words and the emotion that the reader can see and feel.

Acknowledgement

A huge thank you to all the people who believed in me, and for those who believe like I do that survival is a must, so when things turn dark, because in life sometimes they do, look forward to the light that surely follows.

About the author

She is a women who refused to believe that life was just full of trouble, so she changed everything to see the sunshine. Born and raised in London, now living for many years on the hills of Florence Italy, where she has found her inspiration and written her beloved book. It has many characters including a Raven who helped her through Grief, an Angel who guides her when she needs, fun comedy- satire , Senryu, Love and her one and only Italian Sonnet.

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An ode to the Mushroom

An Ode to my very own Sanity

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Into The Wrinkles of The Great Moon.

Lonely Canvas

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Dream

San Francisco?s Waiting

A Very Modern Tale

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The Greatest Love Album Ever Written

Senryu 2

Senryu 3

I've Been Touched By An Angel Today.

Dog Lonely

No One Else Can See Them

Fallen

Portrait of a Poetess

Eruption

Just as The Sun was Rising

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Noncense Geography

Bukowski's Muse

Artist

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From The Underside Of The Wild Roses

Well Isn't That Something?

senryu to Gaza

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A Very Fine Romance

And The Winner Is?

From where the wild roses grow

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It Is I Who Loves Thee More Than The Sun

From Florence With Love

Slumberbashing with Raven

Unbounded

Grieving Heart

Algebra of Love

Death In Verona

The Great Journey Home

Pedestal

Egg yolk on a comet tail

Love Letter

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Leave Me Here To Dream (Song Lyrics)

Paddy McGee

The Visitor (my Raven)

Caged Bird

It Is I Who Loves Thee More Than The Sun

Portrait of Truth

Messenger (my Raven)

The Poetess and the Pussy

Observing a Miracle

Tiger Heart

The Death of Love

None Of Us Would Be Poets.

An Ode to Spaghetti

An Ode To The Pizza Margherita

Senryu 1

In The Yesterdays Of Love Itself.

Slumberbash

Enlightened

The Flight (Angel)

Nightingale and I

Slumberbashing with Imagery

Soul Seeker

I've always found a person's heart
to be more interesting to meet
rather than their shell of beauty.

Let's Stay On That Side

I'm only
on one side...
the side of peace.

One of my most favourite Questions?

Have you ever met anyone who you immediately thought is from a different planet? I have... It's such bloody fun.

Of An Unknown Poet

As I stand at the graveside
of an unknown poet
overgrown are the weeds
a tombstone with nothing written
I indulge deeply into my own reflections
and imaginings
just why doesn't this poet who lays beyond
the surface of this tomb have a name?
diving deep into the abyss of my mind
dwelling on my own beliefs and reflections
on why, some souls are just lost?
and maybe weren't supposed to have lived on earth?
lost human souls without peace within
roaming the world trying to find themselves
unconscious, if you will
never resting, yet never waking
from their darkened living
I often ponder on why
there are so many lost souls roaming the streets?
I see them, grey without glow
just a circle of darkness surrounding them
a coldness quite indescribable
but if I could describe it
I would say almost like a magnificent crystal sharp chill
but like I say, it's hard to describe
so here I stand beside the grave
of an unknown poet
and I think of how he or she possibly lived?
and how they may have died amongst the Ravens?
and my finale and my last thoughts came to mind
maybe they weren't lost at all?
maybe in the end, we are all...

unknown poets?

Killing Mozart

When my Raven comes
he often sits on my ledge
perched in the middle of my open window
my cypress tree behind him in the background
it's quite a site to see
sandwiched in as he stares at me
sometimes in the mist of morn, as the sun arrives
other times arriving with the blazing sunset
after a burning hot day, nature quenching its thirst
he comes to listen to the music of a very bad violin
playing out of tune, oddly he seems to love it
I keep my window open purely for him
he is my guest
and as the violin continues to play
and believe me
when I use the word play, incredibly loosely
I imagine my Raven to be stone-deaf?
because if he isn't
he is definitely encouraging the death of Mozart
and in that case
I'd know, he has a very dark personality
and simply cannot be trusted
because someone, somewhere
very close by
Is killing Mozart.

Sometimes Until We Are Blue In The Face

Words are simply shapes easy to see

however... helping other souls to understand those shapes is the true and important task.

Binoculars

Goodbyes are only for those
who cannot see past their nose because goodbyes don't exist for those who can see into eternity.

A Sprinkling of Philosophical Petals

Soulmates don't find each other they have forever been entwined Where there are ancient walls of time's past there will also be treasures If the moon can rise from the ashes of the sun the sun can also rise from the ashes of grief When traveling the world only with deaf ears must you take advice from a recluse there will be no greater lesson When your soul cries, listen to it the tears will either drown you or keep you hydrated from drought Having empathy for another soul shows your selflessness and compassion.

Round Trip

If it is true that we weren't alive until we were born isn't it also true that when we die we simply go back to where we came from?

Time is our Frenemy

We can learn anything we want
but there will never ever be enough time
to learn it all.

If Raven Was to Come Today

If Raven was to come today I'd tell him I don't wish to play you see he comes to me as grief today I
have not one fresh reef today the sun, the sun does shine I do not wish to cry by shrine the snow
is far the sun, suffice no freezing winds no breaking ice just calm and warmth a peaceful day I'll
let my grief just rest and lay if Raven was to come today
I'd tell him I don't wish to play.

Deathbed

I used to adore gazing up at the magnificent sunset on those very special evenings but that was then, when I was in love nowadays I don't feel anything when I see that moment of pure magic you know? the one where the sun and all it's glorious colours deep red fiery skies embrace the blue gently leaving the day behind with a smile resting for a while adorning to the moon I don't feel anything, I'm numb? numb, as my heart is dead It's not broken in two like they tell you after love, the heart is simply dead it beats yet it's dead, at least until a time when we want it to reawaken from its deathbed.

A Mystery of Mysteries

A mystery of mysteries
this old life given to me
why do I fight the foe?
within these veins that be?

once upon a time
I was a glass of champagne
now I see my reflection
and all I see are stains?

a mystery of mysteries
this old life given to me
what's it all about?
I hear my lonely soul cry and plea

broken by the ocean?
or the falling branch of a tree?
pushed over by the wind?
or drowning in the sea?

if we are all just a ship
passing through the night
then why do some get to sail
landing on shore in new light?
others get to sink
never knowing sunshine bright?

the soul is a power?
a uniqueness that every human owns?
so maybe just maybe
sometimes our souls can be our foe?

In The Name of a Rose

and so, after all
a rose wouldn't be a rose if she didn't glow.

Preservation

Is it possible that science has changed the world and its face forever?
I often see my friends going on pension, yet they are so young
when I was a kid I attended the parties of those
who were old and were finally finished with their alarm clocks forever
through a child's eyes, they looked like old shriveled prunes
but now it seems...
as I've grown older myself
pensioners are a new breed of young
be it young at heart or physically fighting fit
something has slowly but surely paved our way of life
leaving us if we are very lucky with health and a bit of wealth
to actually enjoy our later years
with more opportunities than ever before
science and research playing an enormous part in this reality
sometimes I think humans don't understand this fact?
keeping our world clean truly is in the greater interest of all mankind?
and all we have to do as humans, is to honor this fact?
leaving our planet with clean air
clean streets and clean minds
our planet is not for the convenience of nuclear waste
that's being thrown into holes under goodness knows where?
with the official nod of one of our pensioners
who holds a title of what should be of dignity and pride yet it's not?
who may one day decide to press a red button and kill it all?
life has so much more to offer than war?
otherwise what's the purpose of anything?

Feathered Wings

I may be stubborn
but I'm also very proud
as I watch out the windows
watching big dark clouds
the rain is coming
of that, I am sure
thunder and lightning
breaking down my door
the darkness has a way
of letting itself in
no matter where we hide
or indeed, where we leave our sins
but I know she is coming
she is coming she is
to soothe all my pain
covering me
in feathered wings.

Lady Iris

And as she waits patiently under damp dark ground waiting for that one magical moment just as the sun heats up and an orchestra of feathered friends plays a tune for a lovely day in may arising up slowly but surely until she need to see that light for herself and just like that... she blooms in all her glory just as an Iris should.

How to Get A Thousand Poet's to Think?

Does anyone know why in life
we do not get to choose our families
but we do get to choose those from outside whom we love?

is it because whilst alive
we have a privilege in choosing the ones we truly enjoy and love?
and if we are really lucky we get to have both?

and in the afterlife we simply go back to those we were born too
for better or for worse?

I wouldn't be a poet if I didn't put it out there would I?

I'm just turning my thoughts into reflections
in the minds of other poet's
because
the poet's mind is a slave after all?

and Einstein isn't here to answer my questions
I suspect, if he was...
he would have had some seriously interesting answers of his own.

I?ve Probably Been Here Before

In all the lifetime's I've had
and many more to come
I've been here before
I know you may think I'm mad?
I will take it as a great compliment
especially, once you have heard me out...

you see I've been here before
In a different life
maybe I was a fish?
I've always had a strange feeling around the ocean
maybe I was taken in a swirl of waves
into the belly of a magical whale?
maybe I was a magnificent Italian queen?
in the city of Naples, I surely feel at home
gazing up at Vesuvius
on a summer's night from my terrace
whilst tasting the southern wines in hand
and maybe once I was even an astronaut
who traveled to infinity?
I certainly have a passionate love for the moon
I may have been a carpenter
after all, I simply adore the finishes of a grand piece of wood
especially a piano
what if I was a great Jazz singer?
I love to sing the blues?
maybe I was a damsel in distress?
on the horse of a true hero
under the Casentino forest?
all those trees hovering over me
haunt my dreams even when I walk under them today
I could have been a French chef?

spreading my joy for butter
on to authentic plates under the Eiffel tower
I have such a passion for the croissant

I often ponder on why I feel the way I do
in certain places? in certain moments?
some would even call it déjà vu

all I can do is smile

because...
I know in my heart
I've probably been here before.

A Father's Pride

He's walking down the aisle
the biggest smile he ever wore
but it is not he
who will say
I do.

Why Does Romanticism have to be Absurd?

I will search for you in our afterlife
I won't rest
until we are reunited also in death

we will become alive once more
and when we again separate
through death as we inevitably will

I'll leave no stones unturned
I will track you down
I'll forever be your shadow
I will never let you down

eternally yours forever,
because my darling...

soulmates aren't just a paradox.

M Very Own Greek Philosophy

There was a time in my life
that I smashed every single dinner plate
in my loveless kitchen
for the bad love I was receiving
the palpitations of grief
never knowing what I ever did
to deserve such love?
I broke every last plate
and it felt really good

and now?

I'd give anything in the world
to glue those beautiful priceless plates back together
serving up a warm home cooked meal
For the one I love, and who loves me back

see the price for bad love
didn't come cheap

classic handmade plates
don't come cheap
and neither does bad love
It's the most expensive lesson
I've ever had to learn
just to understand my own self-value
and instead of thinking about
what a waste of time and money

I have instead come to learn
that it's the greatest investment
I could have ever made
because, now I know love's true value

everyone deserves real love
that's simply, unlimited, endless
and without bounds.

A Grand Photo of Matrimony

If anyone believes that marriage means
forever drinking champagne by sunset
then think again
It's many things
It can be licking the sugar
off the tip of your spouse's nose
red roses every friday at five pm
but it can also be stinking ugly and cold
it can be hurricane winds of misunderstanding
one-hundred miles an hour winds
scraping up the tiles on your once happy roof
lashing them on ground broken and un-fixable
ice cold freezing temperatures
that can freeze in just seconds
the twenty-foot oak tree
once planted by you both
in the marital garden
in the middle of a special and very colorful spring
the sunset, if sets in all its glory
could also fall to the dawn of the new age
of tumbling tears from heaven
or flakes of snow covered in ketchup blood red
and a frostbitten toe.

A Writer's Dream

I write because my soul is restless even looking up at the magnificent moon doesn't calm her I know for a fact she would like to ride on the back of a shooting star so I have decided to go with her after all, I'd like to see if I could one day write about infinity?

Triumph

When life overwhelms you and you truly believe that you are worth nothing... just know you are worth everything.

Mind?s Great Ocean

I close my eyes and you are dead
on opening them
you are right there in front of me
like a ghost from a previous life?
and in every corner
you are sitting on the fig tree bold as brass
and in the dark muddy tunnels
with the groundhogs
you are flashing before me
when I blink
you are alive when my eyes are wide open
but when I close them
you are dead.

When the Caged Bird is Set Free

If love was really lust and lust was really love
what type of love would you like to have?
gosh, have I confused you?
often I sit and imagine
for a moment that love wasn't so dark and painful?
and lust, lust would be long lasting
surrounded by the safety of honest and open arms
acceptance and encouragement
candle light and cherished moments
and an obscene amount of sweet kisses
with butterflies in our gut
that would be ever present
each time we awake from slumberbash
from dusk until dawn
lust would fill our every need
and love would fade and die instead of lust
and like a caged bird set free
I would fly into the sky
to sing my song.

After my Sweet Moment of Hush

Is there no way out of the mind? you would think a door or window would help? sometimes it feels as if it will explode inside my head some days I can hear my pulse blood pumping, as mind rummages I often wonder if I could possibly remove myself from it? escape for a while? every now and again? just to be in a quiet place within? perhaps sitting in a meadow surrounded by pink tulips sunshine and blue skies silence and peace birds singing in the oak tree without my mind and all it's hustle I could certainly be spoilt in luxury couldn't I? but of course... I'd most probably want it back after my sweet moment of hush.

Perfumes of a Summer's Day

As I wash my dirty laundry
I can see the muggy water
released from my socks
I often imagine the possibility
of washing away
every last bad memory
and all the black emotions I keep
inside?
Just imagine for a moment
being left with
the very best of memories
the ones that make us smile
instead of cry?
bright and colorful
with the
perfumes of a summer's day?

now, wouldn't that put a new spin
on doing the laundry?

Soul 2

She hovers over me
I cannot see her
but I feel her presence
I know she's there
I can feel her everywhere I go
I feel her warmth
I feel a glow of sunshine
all around me
her aura I can sense
graceful like the brightest orchid
and in all the flowers
that bloom
in the sky when it's blue
and as I skate on a frozen lake
I know how lucky I am
because this soul belongs to me.

Through Eyes of Light

In times
when there seems less light
I dance, I dance with those moments
because, I'm not letting them win
I'm doing it my way
and that is a magnificent life lesson
I myself have learnt over many years
life's greatest secret?
well now, you know too
so dance, keep the passion inside your soul
tango with the devil if you have to
but tango nonetheless with a smile
if you do, you will see the darkness
through eyes filled with light.

Spring's Wish

Oh, how I long for the whiteness of a cold room how I wish not to see the daffodils of warm yellow sun and how I prefer not to see the tulips of April's spring silence in eyes and ears is how I long to be no thoughts, no anger, just me upon my reflections of one peaceful moment oh, how I do wish I could simply lose the colours from within... just to be me, even for a single breath.

Secrets of the Great Fig

Standing underneath
admiring these magnificent succulent green leaves
admiring its big juicy fat figs dangling
I wonder, I wonder
the joys of taste?
then I look down at my feet
the ground uneven and uncomfortable to stand on
you see its roots are restless
uncomfortably placed

and so, I imagine...

they are trying to find the sunshine
from under the soil and ground?
some are fighting to lift the concrete
others just seem quietly sound
and as I reflect
on its similarities to us humans
even the magnificent roots of a great tree
are quite happy lying in the dark
whilst some simply need to find the light.

Painted Sky

It is true the colour I less enjoy is yellow however after looking up at the great sky
gifted by nature in all its theatrical light there she is... in all her glory painted into the clouds I think
to myself whilst cautiously smiling maybe, just maybe the colour yellow isn't so bad after all.

April's Senryu

April's rain will fall

rainbows will make their entrance

dark and light entwined.

Senryu (An Ode to Soulmates)

love's infinity

soulmates destined forever entwined come what may.

Soul Tracker

I dream of you nightly
we always hold hands
last dream was together
upon emerald lands

we rode on wild horses
alas, just a dream
woken by fate
and her wish to release

on days that I'm empty
I'll search infinity for you
my soul drone in clouds
with angels in view

you're beside me, my darling
and when you too feel lost
my soul drone will find you
come, sun, rain or frost.

Lazarus a Reincarnation

As if the Lazarus in her
is now planted deep within me
although a burning desire of the opposite
as I do not want to die
I do not want to leave this earth
untimely and tragically

nor do I wish to leave shards of my being
in a box of cremated onions
and no
I do not want to share my soul with the devil either

instead I stand on the sun and scream

I'm alive

I'm alive

I'm here

I am simply mixing it up for Sylvia
her absence has left a hole in worlds middle
her layers of onion never seen in truth and shape

she generously spread her lines of her minds cries
on paper written in blue blood
whilst her angel patted her head
and brushed her hair

and I?

perhaps reincarnating her?

because she is within me
she is all the layers of my very soul
she is within all women?
in life and in death...

therefore, I too shall devour all men.

Abbundently Timeless

If the universe was starless and there was no Moon how could we ever see the beauty of space?
If time didn't tick surely we wouldn't see or hear it going by? and if clocks weren't invented we
wouldn't know anything else about what time it is, would we?

A Secret Between Friends

Today, I had the great pleasure to sit next to
one of my oldest friends
on the bus
actually he is in his Seventies

a gentleman
I've had the pleasure to know
for many years

he once shared with me
that hidden deep within his wallet there's a concert ticket of the Beatles
a concert he went to
in Rome in 1975
he showed it to me
in the middle of a shop once
I was truly humbled
It almost brought tears to my eyes

I mean how cool is that?
A ticket that's more than forty five years old still intact and of a concert of the Beatles?

we are very good friends
we talk about everything
from politics and music, to the weather

but even after all these years...

I still don't know his name.

More a Supper of Jam

The joys of being around humans

got tiring

so I decided to take control

I floated up into the clouds

to visit my Angel

from a distance I could hear the jam

I could hear the bass playing

was a serious musical moment

and as I arrived

way above into the thick of the fluffiness

I could see them

Marley and Lennon, and on backing vocals, Gaga

Leonardo Da Vinci was painting the scene

not the last supper, more a supper of jam

my Angel was on the piano waiting for me

we played for the Sun, the Moon and the Stars

lyrics by Mr Mars

well, now I feel fine

and so floating back down to where the humans are...

I'm wearing proudly a smile.

Sunflower

From a seed I grew
and now I'm grown
I find, I have a hole in my soul

nothing in this world can fill it
my heart has a constant headache
my feet, they tap dance to the silence
silence and disbelief
of what this world has come too
and my eyes?
closed until further notice
well I'm trying not to open them
in hope
it is all a bad dream
at least when they are closed
I can see
the beautiful sunflower
that is me.

An Amazing Fact About Us Humans

It is not the job we do that defines us

It is the way in which we do it.

It Is Still Love

In the very light of a magnificent sunrise
I reflect on the very reason we love?
and when we love
well, it's not always sunshine and strawberries is it?
sometimes the skies are yellow
and in a twist of fate
death can be the one true very cruel divider
love can be grief wrapped up in a bow
disguised as something that we think we crave?
we think we need and we hold onto
all the while being the very thing
that stops us from being who we really are
love, can take us to the top of a mountain
and it can also leave us under an avalanche
be it mud, rocks and even a whole forest
of trees perhaps?
painfully broken, suffocating, in the dark

but still in the world in which I live...

it is still love.

Senryu (to sunset)

stars await the show theatre fit for those, in love sun comes down to rest.

On An Open Top Bus is Were I Shall Be

O' London I miss you
you're always in my dreams
and when I'm down hearted
bursting at the seams
I think of your heart
where fair I do roam
until such time
my heart will come home.

The Women's Movement

I have come to the conclusion
that the only true and real feminist
in the world
is the woman who was born
with everything and without worry
without thoughts of
spending, buying, giving and receiving
maybe void of needing a human touch at all?
those like myself
who were born without any type of spoon
unable to drink even sour milk some days
I suspect will tell you
the same as I?
I don't mind a gentleman opening the door for me
or paying for a romantic dinner
nor do I mind if he wants to buy me roses
or drive me round in his car
I don't mind at all
if he puts me on the pedestal
that I believe I deserve
nor do I mind
ironing and washing or hoovering, cleaning the windows, putting out the rubbish
I'm not a princess?
I can do it all
and my vote?
well there's no one left to vote for is there?
the pit of the barrel
ego driven wannabe politicians
that I wouldn't want to give my precious vote too
anyway

after all

it's not all about
who made
the apple crumble and custard is it?
you make it today
I'll make it tomorrow
and who paid what and who did what?
Adam and Eve
would have probably told you that, themselves.

No Pages to See

I opened my favorite poetry book
but the pages were blank...

there were no signs of imagery
for me to see in words

no tree top horizon
no signs of life on earth

no flowers to speak of
no roses of worth

sunshine nor moon
not even signs of the colour yellow

no heart on a gutter bleeding
broken by a fellow

no rabbits hopping in the grass
no giraffe reaching the sky

floating down the river
no such lovers entwined

the waiflike ballerina
twirling to the dance of the knights
on the great stage
she is probably at home
wearing hunger and rage?

a world of peace and happy people
on the streets

that's just wishful thinking
as the pages are naked and unseen

no oceans to speak of
the waters have run dry
no poets crying
no tears in their eyes

no swans floating freely
no geese to be seen

no children playing
in the garden so green

and shooting stars?
there are certainly none
not even a storm
in a teacup not even one

when pages are blank
the poetry is dead
so I'll cover my blank book

in a cover that's red.

The Moon Appears and She is Blue

As if the day turned black
and the sun turned a dirty shade of grey
awaiting eagerly
just for one last poem to read, from you?

the very last goodbye?

a poem in which
the universe explodes
into silence and nothingness

and as I sit at the end of my bed
my dry eyes closed
waiting of course
for all the clocks to stop

the moon appears

and she is blue.

Not Just Lightning

Like a meteorite blazing down to earth from infinity
down from the blackest of space
where only true diamonds sparkle
and from down here are seen
as only a human can really see them as bright dots
remember the moment
the meteorite finally shatters into pieces
much like a celebration of sparkling confetti
shared with whoever can see
well that sparkling confetti
is all the love I hold within my aliveness
and it's all for you.

I Am Metaphor

I am metaphor
I am the gentle ocean on a pretty day
when there's little wind
making my way slowly onto shore
like a secret, just about to be told
I am the river
gushing down stream

sprouting out from the sides
onto the path of the walkers
I'm the flow of the waterfall
falling fast down from the rock
on a sunny day I sparkle
on a cloudy day I am drizzle
I'm the wind pushing up the kite
I am the soft snow floating down
in silence
from succulent clouds
not tears but flakes
like time frozen in air
bringing eyefuls of joy
to those who can see me
I'm the rain wetting the soil
for the seeds that hopefully grow
Into a beautiful sunflower
that will eventually die
leaving new seeds
for another very special vase.

Such A Beautiful Place

My mind can be filled with sunshine, blue skies and birds chirping in the forest green

It can also be filled with the most erratic jazz painted in drizzles black white and yellow thrown around in the erratic way in which jazz plays awakening my sleeping ear drums with a fright and then of course there are times it's filled with the most beautiful butterflies there are also times it's simply filled with the colour black.

Imagining the Impossible

Surely there's nothing more perfect
than perfect love?

where we could imagine it's perfection
without imagining its carnage?

and who in our world
wouldn't want to imagine that?

Shrink Satire

My friend visited a therapist
because she had
the overwhelming urge to kill herself

every day for six months
she walked in willing
to talk

finally...

the shrink said
"you're cured"

he presented his bill
and my friend killed herself.

Can Saints really Fly?

Oh Heart oh Heart be loved?
are you shy?
do you hide?
love is harder to forget than to recall
more seldom than a tear is wet
less common than a moonlit night?
oh Heart oh Heart be loved?
are you shy?
do you hide?
there are many ways to write about love
and much has been written by the greats
but isn't it so damn poetic?
the very words that really are
the be all or end all of love
are simply the words, we don't say yet we mean?
&
the things we say yet are untrue?
leaving the very concept of love
up in the air.

As Famous As Can Be

One thousand grieving hearts
a grave below that's dark
a poet lies in peace
a poet now deceased
but do not shed your grief
this poet has relief
for she was destined, you see
to be...
as famous as could be.

A Very Special Hummingbird

A beautiful mind, gifted
awareness at a very young age
using her wisdom to write
and explore her dark and her light
shutting her eyes as her world dropped dead

A romantic soul, yet unable to accept the rough
and why should she?
having chosen a bird, herself a soulmate or crow?
after all a mind can open to a heart in love
or can simply turn black?
being carried over the threshold once was magical
but thereafter being dropped on her head?
because seemingly the love had faded and died
maybe her true heart was with Dylan?
never truly understanding this, not even her?

Bringing her to a dark and miserable space
which others refused to see?
some calling her clinically depressed?
isn't that what happened to Van Gogh too?
all he ever wanted was to be discovered for his talents?
some poets are born to crawl some are born to fly
and this girl had wings and she knew how to use them

It was this that kept her roaring through the skies
I believe with all my heart that on some days she did fly
way above the clouds
to wish that most famous character known to man
a great day? some would even call him God
she had wings and she knew how to use them
I imagine she used to meet the Angels too

sitting having afternoon tea and a table cloud
no one but her and the Angels
who brushed her hair and sang her lullabies?

all she ever had to do
was close her eyes and the world be dead.

From The Underside of Our Great Love

From the underside of our great love
darling, please remember this
there's no need to leave me flowers
or any other gifts
I'll sleep my death in peace, I will
I want to tell you fair
that my life that's now been lived
I always lived with flair
need not swell those tears of grief
and wet the ground for I
it's me, it's I under this tree
and here forever, I do lye
fresh grass will grow in time my dear
for now, I share each season rich
when summer comes I'll feel her warmth
and I'll enjoy every single bit
when autumn leaves do fall on me
green, orange, pink and red
they'll keep me warm and cozy
on my autumn covered bed
need not swell those tears of grief
go live your life, stand proud
and know, that I am always here
we're forever bound
and although, I know my time stands still
no bells, no bells are left to chime
and fates last breath has passed
you were here beside me one last time
you held my hand with love, with will
rest assured my darling dear
I promise now to watch over you
as yours is with you still.

Poet's Can Dream Too

I'm by far not a difficult woman but I do like my freedom I love to change the scenery sometimes
It mixes up my mindset I don't like liars nor do I like those who can't compliment another when it's
obviously due I believe we are equal regardless of rags and riches I believe that one should always
strive to listen and to learn take pride in ones beliefs and always, always dare to dream.

When The Sky Falls Down

How I wish I'd studied Romeo and Juliet at school
it just wasn't to be
I never had such a privilege
to learn about that particular love affair
I never got to go to this type of school
tragic? Yes
ironic? yes
now, stay with me here, because
I'm merely speaking about my education
I loved my school, don't get me wrong
but I was brought up to believe
I'd have no choice where I'd live
how I'd live
you see, my parents couldn't see further
than what they had themselves
I'm still not sure if my parents could actually see my future?
or if it was just compassion on their part?
maybe they didn't want me to be let down in life?
but with all due respect to them both
I refused to believe I'd have not a choice
Instead I believed I would
and my overwhelming imagination just shows that I was right
as for love and reality?
my sky hasn't fallen on me yet
as for my very own destiny?
well, that book still hasn't got its last chapter.

Home

And so it snows
outside, the trees of old
dancing gracefully in the soft winds of winter
clouds gifting soft fluffy flakes
a pretty white blanket for all to see
and from inside, where the wood fire burns fiercely
warmth arising from the cotto rich floors
in which were places with bare hands
in days of my summer
I watch in silence, as I witness a miracle
nature is patiently awaiting the new season of spring
often reflecting on the fact
that once winter has arrived for me
I shall never again see another spring
yet, I don't feel sad
I feel incredibly grateful to have seen it at all
because when my winter arrives
it's simply time to go home.

Unjust

as memories fade
and even find themselves lost losing you is worse.

Poetic Quotes

- ~ A heart empty of dreams is just a bird without wings
- ~ A true Poet's reflections are waiting to be reborn, every time she writes
- ~ A warm heart will always glow like a lighthouse
- ~ Always remember every shade of blue can be brightened
- ~ And so, after finally realizing I was far too good for his bad love I said goodbye with dignity and then, I just got on with my life
- ~ Be kind, don't think about it Just do it
- ~ Choose your path wisely and then believe in it
- ~ Believe in yourself there is no greater power than that
- ~ Don't ever be fooled by a ladybird sometimes they are stronger than a rhinoceros
- ~ Grief will come in many forms but the form in which you choose to see it, will be the one that stays forever
- ~ I believe I could never convince a non-believer into believing
- ~ If you think it's bad when you're sitting in the gutter, always remember the drain is worse
- ~ I'm doing a job I'm far too over qualified to do, and I love it
- ~ In every heart, there is a fire waiting to burn bright
- ~ Inspired by inspiration, inspiring me always

- ~ It may feel sometimes as if the sky is falling on you but for some, it has already fallen
- ~ Keeping your dignity is ones first priority and a must, when it comes to matters of the heart
- ~ Light and dark are phases that are here to test us; what matters is, how we cope with the dark and how we hold onto the light
- ~ Love me as much as you want every single day so that when I'm gone, you know you always loved me enough
- ~ No matter how stubborn you may be, never refuse a hug
- ~ Only those who truly love you can see you cry behind your smile
- ~ Opening your imagination will lead you to possibility, possibility you have yet to imagine
- ~ Passing through the unknown will take you into infinity
- ~ Remember, everything that happens today, is just tomorrow's chip paper
- ~ Somewhere deep down in the bottom of my soul, there is a violin playing erratically
- ~ The day I decided it didn't matter what others thought about me, is the very same day I found myself
- ~ The measure of time doesn't exist when I am with you
- ~ Those who can see your soul, can see you
- ~ To be a person of strength is to know that the colours of life can't always be bright
- ~ Touching your most terrifying moments with a graceful nod, then leaving them in the past shows what a strong soul you truly are
- ~ Unlike death a good cup of coffee can bring you back to life
- ~ When I moved to a foreign country I just couldn't shake the Bridget Jones out of me so she stayed, and I'm so glad she did

- ~ When my enemies visit me in my dreams, I take it as a great compliment that they are missing me
- ~ With every pair of eyes that you look into, there comes a story
- ~ When someone tells me I'm crazy, I always take it as a great compliment and say thank you

A Fish Called Wonder

I have grown very fond of my goldfish
swimming happily in her bowl
swirling around listening to my woes
sometimes she looks at me
as if she's smiling
other days quite possibly
she wears a frown
I tell her everything
I feed her
multicoloured flakes
I wonder if she sees the colours?
I change her water
I feed her again
and change her water
a ritual almost every other day
I even leave my curtains slightly open
when I'm not home
just so she can see the sun's rays if it's a beautiful day
and on nights when there's a storm
I place her on my vanity table in my bedroom
close to my bed, so she doesn't get scared
I know you're thinking, she's just a goldfish
but to me she's a friend
one that I trust with all my secrets
often, I wonder if she gets bored?
I watch her, I talk to her and I feel peaceful
when I'm around her
I shall be very sad one day, when she dies
I wonder if I will grieve?
I've had much practice in the years
will I feel lost without her?
what if I die first?

I wonder if she will miss me?
will someone rescue her?
take her and cherish her as I have?
I often wonder about these things
because
I really love to wonder.

The Eternal Miracle of a Poet

Isn't it just so poetic
that we live and then we die?
we strive for happiness
and a reason why?
yet when times are joyful
in one single moment
they can turn dark
and then from out of nowhere
the darkness turns into light
from just a single spark
isn't it ironic that music is unseen?
and our hearing notes on deaf ears
our emotions gifting tears
and thus the beauty of the seasons
as we look out of the window fair
to see the blurs of the great oak tree
that leave nothing but branches bare
walking up the path so frail
wondering where our lives have gone?
wandering where all the poet's lines end up?
and if we'll leave our poetic songs?

The Burns in Me

Tonight is Burns night
I have no haggis to devour
yet, in my living room the bagpipes shall play
of Scottish roots I have my grandmother to thank
she is dead, yet her blood flows within my very veins
Burns night is here
I shall dance, I shall be merry
I shall read out loud the Burns
of which I have proudly inherited.

Old Man Winter (senryu)

I become weaker

with every leaf that falls

my winter is here.

Soul

She hovers over me
when I sleep, when I wake
she follows me to the supermarket
and when I'm in the library
I can feel her eerie shadow
I can feel and see her aura
It's dark it's cold it's truly cold
when the light comes in through the curtains
I can hear her screams
I place my palms over my ears
but her voice, her voice is still here
and the cold, shivering I am.

An Ode to the Dreamer (Senryu)

each new day brings dreams

dreams can come true if you dare
so, dare to believe.

My Very Own Nevada

I was twenty-seven years' old
my spark gone
lost all hope in love
was drowning
in my very own
sin city

I remember
the day
and hour
my alarm clock
died willingly

I felt nothing

I didn't even notice

every hour was the same

Dark
Cold
Empty
Lonely

I pinned myself
to a bill board
on Fremont Street once

but nobody saw me

a million tiny lights
and I still didn't shine

someone once told me
if I wanted to touch the sun
first, I'd have to climb out
of these
my deepest darkest fires of hell

and, I finally did ...
with naked feet.

An impossible Quest

We cannot function well
with a damaged brain
and we certainly cannot live
without a heart
so what about love?
love, can we really live
and survive without it?

Wild Horses

And when I meet my soulmate I'll never let him go I'll never waste a moment I'll wrap him in a bow side by side forever we'll fight the world for peace protect eachother from all that's wrong until the day we cease.

A Rose Without Thorns (senryu)

special English rose

that glows with beauty and grace tall as a mountain.

Rosy Lea

I may not be your cup of tea
but, that's just fine
maybe I'm just too hot?
boiling on your tongue?
or too sweet?
not sweet enough?
perhaps too strong for your taste buds?
too cold?
too weak?
or if instead of milk which you may prefer
I'm full of lemons
you see, I decide my own consistency
not you
so if you don't want me
don't like me
just put me down
and move on to your next mug
because...
whether, I'm wrapped in porcelain or not
I'm happy with me.

A True Broken Heart is not from Love

And as I trudge my way through
the darkest of moments
I say moments
because life is full of these moments
isn't it?
moments that pass eventually
even when it seems the bad memories
remain for life?
they are in fact just phases
phases that teach us about ourselves
a tool if you like, that helps us grow
well, having survived bad love
I now seem to be able to write about it
and as I write about my once truly broken heart
and all the excruciating pain and grief I've endured
when it felt my life was being poured down the drain
from the gutter along with the dirty rain
the horrific feeling and realization
that I may never be the same me, I once was?
and in turn
the moment when everything changed for the better
because I had the courage to change it
I have come to the final of finales of reflection
as I now know the grand secret
that nobody ever tells us
when we feel we are suffering a broken heart

a heart my friends...
is but a muscle.

A Poet's True Worth (2)

when a Poet's pen can write it in imagery that poet is art.

One Windy Morn

This windy morn
has left its debris on my path
the once elegant cypress
that's stood for years, now dead and gone
a path once filled
by the orchestra of birds hiding in its foliage
I shall overpass its fresh weeping skeleton
whilst reflecting on
oh how its shade has protected me from the hot sun
and from the unpredictable powers of
Mother Nature's wrath
I can tell you, we've had many
after all, we still have four seasons here
soon it will be time to pot my strawberry seeds
but they'll never be a patch on that
magnificent cypress.

Measures

And, because of the very measure of my love I cannot put you down nor can I bring you up we are simply left in limbo a balloon you are not If I was born to love you I will die loving you alas, from near or far when the wind blows north my heart will blow onto yours and I may just float, perhaps?

A Storms Gonna Come My Way

Some say, there's a dark
within my eyes
like thunder

a dark that sometimes surrounds all the blue sky that lays within them from out of nowhere
black clouds arrive... and a great storm is born.

Darkest of Rhythm and Blues

There happens to have been
another happening
when will we learn?
when will we ever be shielded?
to walk and talk and stand together
just to enjoy the music?

The Bigger Picture

Beauty is alive, it really is
it's everywhere we look
if we keep our eyes open
we can see it
it's in every corner on every street
it's the baby crying in the pram
the man packing his shopping
at the supermarket
the lady on the bus reading a book
it's the bird flying above
searching for a new branch
to rest its tired wings

it's the ants marching
in the grass working
to have a feast in the winter
the ladybird on the leaf
swaying in summer's wind
it's the rain and the thunder
miraculously in tune
in the same scene
it's the water sprayed up from a puddle
that's just met a moving car
the pensioner speeding on his electric scooter
waving proudly to the passers by
it's the children feeding the ducks in the pond
the couple fighting over which film to watch this evening

it's the artisan graffiti on the bridge
bright in colour a story told in spray-paint
it's the boat passing down

the river

it's when the colours of a sunset
spread to create a magnificent theatre
when the moon rises up to take over the night sky
and a star comes shooting by

if you look with an open heart
even for a second, you will see it too

because life really is...
all this.

Blissful Obliviousness (satire)

On much carefully reflection
and consideration
I can honestly say...

I truly preferred when
I couldn't
understand
nor speak
a single word of French.

A Touch of Class

I remember walking down the Bedford Road
all the way down to Stockwell
to visit the pub
that played the absolute best of live Irish music
I'd sing my heart out
with a bottle of Budweiser in hand
I used to wear next to nothing in those days
the early 90's, even when it was freezing cold
after all I was young
and Oxford Street offered
a wonderful array of retail back then
the most wonderful shopping experience

one of my dresses was completely sequin
a t-shirt dress just to my knees
elegant enough to feel sophisticated
yet sexy enough to feel hot
I walked down that road
like I owned the entire world
cars after cars beeping at me
I could never turn my head
because inside I was mortified
cheeks probably glowing red
although of course I felt like a superstar
and in those days I really was.

Soul Search

Moon as far away as infinity
shining down onto soil
shedding light on each path

high upon the mountain
I hear the cries of a lone wolf wandering
cries of loneliness that can be heard here below
cries that lead me to reflect upon my own life
deciding to climb up to the top
it may take a lifetime to reach its peak?

but the cries are ringing in my ears
I'm now following my heart
I'll find this wolf
I'll make friends with her
putting light in her loneliness
making light in my own.

History

You can't cure my grief
but the love I lost
I can say , with you...
you brought me back to life
my heart recovered ? as a grief taken in ancient times Just like it should.

My Heartstrings No Longer Play Like A Harp

There was an actual time in my life
that I was completely lost and alone

alone, even when I was in company
see, I used to choose the wrong people

lack of life experience
I lacked confidence
I let others who were bullies take me down
and even though that time in my life was
painful and dark
I was fragile
and couldn't see my way through
to the beauty of possibility
In the end, I did
even today, I have no regrets
because
It was my personal learning curve
fortunately, I gained my knowledge
I gained my courage
I grew to love myself

and now a day's
my heartstrings no longer play like a harp.

Times of Reflection

Looking around the festive table seeing all the smiles that usually I only get to see through a phone listening to the laughter enjoying every single moment cherishing every single memory that's just been made knowing that in a few days my heart and I shall be flying back to my other life Christmas has a funny way of disturbing my emotions but I'm never sorry, even when I'm so deeply sad spending the two hour flight back, shedding tears is hard because I always leave a little bit of my heart back in London don't get me wrong I'm always truly grateful to have had that last hug, that kiss and another brand new memory to cherish because time has its own plan? and we never know when it will be our last.

December's Angel

She was the one
the one, who made it all so magical
everyone always thinks it's Father Christmas don't they?
but in our case it was her
it was always her
now she's no longer with us
I can proudly say
her love was spread far beyond just one day
she was Mother Christmas all year round
but it wasn't until I had a family of my own
did I realize this
and what of Father Christmas?
he's not so bad, actually he grew better with age
but he could never be a patch on her
she was everything
she was the glue
the smile that made us feel safe

the warmness of her blue eyes

and I can tell you this...
that woman, loved Christmas with all her heart
and i loved her with all of mine.

I Must

I'm sitting on a park bench
it's 06:55 am, it's friday
the temperature is 2c
razor blade winds
cutting into my head
even though i'm wearing a thermal wooly hat

are you wondering
why I'm sitting here?
research, I wanted to research
what it might feel like for a homeless person
who actually lives on a bench

to be honest I couldn't sit here
for more than five minutes
reflecting on the fact
this is home to someone

how can any human
possibly, physically live in this way?
I sat for five minutes
impossible to stay any longer
I came to the conclusion
it is the very miracle and power
of the word "must"

today...

"I MUST survive".

A Christmas Unearth

When it comes to Christmas
of course, I know
that father Christmas
isn't real
but it doesn't mean
I can't console myself
with a full glass of water

does it.

Seasonal Mayhem (senryu)

as I drink eggnog
with the ghost of christmas past turkey runs riot

You May Get a Kiss (senryu)

from my heart, I wish

underneath the mistletoe
share a Christmas kiss

Extraordinary Unearth

I've always looked at love on both sides
and after many years
of
reflection and experience
I've now come to the extraordinary conclusion
that Love
doesn't actually have two side
I have discovered that love is in fact a circle.

Tornado of Light

He's back
he's back to remind me of that day

a day so dark
not even a tornado of light
could have persuaded my head to pull itself up
to look at its illumination

my Raven, he came to see me
to sit with me
and to let me know
he was here to comfort me

I often wonder if he will ever just stop visiting?
what would I have to do to send him away forever?
I never really speak to him
after all he's just a bird?

he's a Raven, he's my very own Raven
on days of dark like today
he comes
to acknowledge my grief in silence

but today I plucked up the courage
to ask him...

"will you visit me
on the same very dark date
every year"?

he replied...

let go of all your grief
and I'll be gone

maybe, just maybe someday I will?

I'll miss him though
ironically, I'll probably grieve for him too.

The Ghost of John Lennon

If the world that we live in was kinder
there would be nobody sleeping on the street
If we lived in a world that was kinder
The homeless would own more than just a bag and a sheet
If the world that we live in was kinder
poverty and desperation wouldn't exist
if we lived in a world that was kinder
War and violence just wouldn't be
I wish the world would change for the better
Just imagine a world, with everlasting peace.

Who The Hell Stole Christmas?

Anyone who's anyone
in Whoville, will tell you
????Who indeed doesn't live in whoville?
He has a terrible grin upon his chin
He lives on a mountain in a cave, so grim

He always finds ways
To make all children sad
With his mindless thoughts,
He's just bad, bad, bad

T'was the night before Christmas
And the whole town was quiet
Until, the Grinch arrived
Causing a riot

Stealing the presents
From everyone's homes
Even from gardens, he took all the Gnomes

That terrible Grinch
Took every last present
From the lanes
The toyshops
And all of the crescents

No one could stop him
He's very clever, you know
He sneaks into homes
Boots filled with snow

Rummaging round
Taking cookies, left for Prancer

The milk that's been waiting
For Rudolf and Dancer

Heeeeeeee Heeee he hee he he ...
Was all, the poor children could hear
From under their covers
Shivering in fear

Hoping for miracles
That soon he's far away
Hoping, that Santa
will soon save the day

T'was the night before Christmas
And everyone cheers
When Santa arrives
With all nine reindeer

That horrible Grinch went off on his own
Echoes are heard, of his far away groans
He eats Christmas Turkey
And Pumpkin Pie

He's thankful for misery
And his house way up high.

When Love Takes Its Final Bow

A show, a theatrical performance
if you will
love, love can be Oscar worthy
it can also be very useful for the
shredder machine
floating down into a waste paper bin
forever ruined and worthless
pride can take it's pedestal
some preferring to smile
keeping up the show
gaining at least dignity
for their soul
others with gumption
will take their pride and go.

All a Glow

A musical feast
on the radio caused a pile up on the M25 today

no one injured but there were two arrests

Mr Goldfinch and Mr Edwards

we're both found dressed as Reindeers

in the middle of a now traffic jam
just in front of the pile up

the local news station reporting

that they were found with a very loud bluetooth speaker

listening to Dame Edna's personal rendition of

(Rocking around the Christmas tree)

the thing that struck the other drivers was

how the hell did they manage to steal

the Trafalgar Square Christmas tree

placing it in the middle of the pile up?

no less, the lights working perfectly

and how indeed did they manage to get

what I believe to be a swollen pair of giant balls that glow

on the top of the Norwegian Spruce?

ungracefully donated

I believe

by Stanley the Dachshund...

this is Teddy15 reporting from the scene

now...back to the studio.

Rescue

I live every day as if someone I deeply love has just died someone has died but it wasn't today nor was it yesterday sometimes I wonder is it actually me? is it me, the person I used to be has died? maybe after all the words I've ever written about death and grief It's my own soul I'm trying to save?

But I Absolutely Love Lemoncello Cheesecake

You are my lemon cheesecake
you're my citrus boost of vitamin c
you're all the sweetness of sugar
and don't get me started on the base?
which just happens to be...
rich in mcvitie's digestive biscuits
luxury british butter melted to perfection
inner filling oh yes, did you think I'd forget?
whipped cream
and cream cheese
lemoncello being my secret ingredient
so please, don't tell a soul
by the way I'm still not a fan of the colour yellow
but, I absolutely love lemoncello cheesecake.

Angel (senryu)

A force of silk wings

strength to take power of fear
leaving me composed.

Best Dream Ever (senryu)

kid in a candy store

drooling over yummy choice

pockets full of cash.

Forget Me Not

As I sit reflecting on my gracious
and sometimes not so gracious memories
from the place in which I come from
I sit and I ponder of things I did successfully
and of all the things that I did wrong
I wonder about the many pleasures
that I happened to get right
and of all those things in the middle
and all the things that helped me in my plight
reflecting on so many, not regretting even one
because that is what has made me
the woman I've become.

Time's Game

Even when time moves us on time can stand still It's true for me anyway I often stand in a moment remembering what once was perhaps a piece of music playing? or a word muttered from a voice? triggering my mind just to freeze in that second sometimes it's easy to forget we have our very own built in library of history and imagery memories we cherish memories we'd rather forget I know in those moments when I'm standing with time just when in my mind I have a truly joyful memory I could stand all day in that one moment.

Morning Moments

When the night turns light
and the day becomes bright
and the buttonholes in my PJ's
are filled with ideas

my coffee makes its self
toast jollyng a jig
and the jam waiting patiently
upon the knife's edge

the butter takes a slip
as the autumn sun, shines in...

ah, what a glorious way
to start my day.

Rosy Lea

I may not be your cup of tea?
but, that's just fine
maybe I'm just too hot?
boiling on your tongue?
or too sweet?
not sweet enough?
perhaps too strong for your taste buds?
too cold?
too weak?
or if instead of milk I am full of lemons
you see, I decide my own consistency
not you
so if you don't want me
don't like me?
put me down
and move on to your next mug
because...
whether, I'm wrapped in porcelain or not
I'm happy with me.

I Wonder?

What would happen if the sun became the moon?
and the moon became the sun?
what I mean is, if their roles were reversed
and we lived our daily rush hour
under the moon and slept under the sun?

would we have less cancer?
less need for sun hats?
maybe the homeless wouldn't be so cold?
with the birds happily singing lullabies to them
as they tried to sleep in the bright sunshine?

and in the day which would become night
would everything become incredibly quiet?
would we use less electricity and gas at home?
and on the weekends
would our children be able to play happily?
under moon light which would be day?

and the lions and tigers from the local zoo
would wander the streets at night in the sunshine?
maybe they wear sun hats?
wandering the streets
whilst everyone is home sleeping blissfully?
never knowing what and who was wandering past their gate?

I wonder all these things
do you ever wonder like me?
about the way things could be?

I wonder.

Two Times Four Plus One

In any one life
it's true
there's bound to be
a fair amount of happiness
and joy
sorrow, grief
insecurities
love, hate
and definitely
misery
not to forget some beautiful madness
if we're incredibly lucky
but still
I have to confess...
I'm so damn glad
I'm not a frickin Cat.

Aftermath

Is anyone else frickin glad to wake up on the morning after Halloween knowing, you did everything you could to keep those trick-or-treaters away? like, smothering break-fluid on the path? putting honey on the gate handle? I mean I did everything possible not to have them grubby little monsters run up to my door ringing the bell for sweets waking Jasper my fifteen-year-old Jack Russell surprisingly, this year no one rang maybe they learnt their lesson last year? now I shall go wash my drive-way and hose down my gate then I'll take Jasper for a nice long walk after all, today is a real holiday It's the day we celebrate the dead oh, by the way it's only fifty-four days until Christmas now, I have to start loading buckets of water for the Carol singers because Jasper loves singing.

With The Absolute Very Best Of Love

I'm going to turn my broken heart inside out and shake it fiercely until all the disappointment all the brokenness and pain grief and loss every last bad memory along with all my sorrow the suffering and humiliation leaving it all, where it belongs in the gutter washed away by the next rain shower finally with the empty space it deserves eventually, to be refilled with the absolute very best of love.

A Very Special Journey

I'm in pursuit of my very own starry sky

if not to see such vision

well, I may as well die?

my spirit free

I'm an owl in the night

wings spread fiercely

now taking flight

dusk pounds my heart

light winds keep me steady

holding paint brush tight

now I am ready?

only me...only I

with the stars

I'm gliding through air

dazzled by excitement

propelled by each star

encouraging me forward

into the light of a new dawn

out of this magnificent starlight

and

into my next new poem.

An Old Fashioned Soul

What if our love be the ancient type?
you know, the one that means
you tell me
all that's upon and within your heart
and all I have to do is smile.

Sixty Minute Slumberbash

Can I tell you a secret?
when ever I look into my
bank account online
and before I press access

I stop for just a moment...

I imagine that someone
has deposited a million pounds
but then, of course as you know me well
I start reflecting on the fact
It must have been put there by mistake?
well where would I get that kind of money from?
I'm a victim?
I'm the one who has been wronged?
to have a million pounds given to me by accident
that I cannot touch is preposterous

It certainly isn't me who has committed any crime?
the only crime I've committed
is spending it all
within an hour
and yes now, I'll take my bow.

Fake ID

Sad old man in a grey suit
pretending to be
the life and soul of the party
his magnificent beer belly
fits like a glove in the suit of
Father Christmas
hating on women
as he makes you think he's your one special friend
inviting himself to meet you
where ever you are in the world
and when you don't dance to his tune
he quietly manipulates others into disliking you
he pretends to have a P.H.D
funny?
not so much...
because, I see the truth.

Ice-Slide

three giggling penguins

frozen water, rock of ice

belly flops ahoy.

Poet

A poet once said
poems are never finished
I, believe it's true

judgement dims the flame
and so the greatest poets
are those who have faith.

Will I Ever Awaken?

Last night I dreamt an ugly dream
a dream about a war and me

I saw so many leave the street as I was left and so was he he was the child I born'ed with life
and yes I too was someone's wife I saw them all go off to war and now I sit behind locked door.

A Different Time, A Different Path

Isn't it funny how yesterday
if I would have walked down the road on my left
my life would have been so very different today?
and how a simple meeting could turn into
a moment that changes my life forever?
having been a very proud woman all my life
knowing that sometimes
I too must let that guard of pride down
to realize my dreams
even if the dream isn't perfect but close?
I sit in deep reflection
learning from my past mistakes
ever knowing there will be more for sure
regrets of course, knowing what is important
is to learn from them, moving forward
with my now wiser soul
who believes in myself and will never take second best
unless of course that second best turns out for once
to be the best through pure effortless luck?
ever knowing I can certainly be a complicated woman
like most fabulous women are
because my highest value is me.

"Boo"

I'll be your fantasy ghost
chase you in the dark
tickle your mind
frighten your imagination
I'll wait till you're asleep
and then I'll shout

"BOO"

The curtains will shake
and the cold breeze will get a thrill
cupboards will open
kitchen chairs will move
then I'll shout

"BOO"

I'll creep up close
and put my lips on your ear
then very un-lady like shout

"BOO"

I will turn on the lights
create a disco fever
wave my ugly stick
no, not a meat cleaver
I'm a friendly ghost

then

I'll

Shout

"BOO"

Where Does The Love Go?

Did your heart ever miss a beat
when you were face to face
with that one true love
that crept up from fate?
did your body ever shake
from pure uncontrollable happiness?
were your eyes blurred by its pure joy?
and when you weren't with that one true love
were you without vision
their face wiped from your mind?
so deeply in love you couldn't remember their face?
what about the moment you met?
and every moment after?
Well...
what happens when that love dies?

Born to be Cool

When you hit fifty
the picture is yours to take enjoy this moment.

Soul Dance

It's been raining for a long while now
last night, I did something
that I've always dreamed of doing
I got naked and I danced
in that rain, the rain
that's been pounding my roof
for weeks, day and night
pounding the grass
pounding the trees
and the ground, still warmed
by last summer's presence
It was 3 AM
just me, the rain and
the great, yet tired moon
and of course... my soul
which has just sprung back to life
maybe all she ever needed...
was a moonlit shower.

No Such Light

Raven came, he came a tapping
like a thousand times before
I do not want to see him rapping
death has come to door once more

I beg to differ, I shan't glance
you see my raven, doesn't dance
tapping rapping full of somber
I shan't glance, my life no longer

black as space I cannot see
there is no angel here with me
Raven came he came a tapping
tapping on my prison door

as if I called him here to me
death is here, it's here to see
ring the bells, it's time to ponder
life and death and all its wander

Raven now inside my head
black is night it's time for bed
I won't sleep within sweet slumber
I won't close my eyes this night

open mind free to wonder
why my life has no such light.

John and I

So here I am sitting once more in my birthday suit writing to my loyal readers today isn't any old birthday though today is my 50th birthday I just looked in my bank account and I have exactly five hundred euros and that's only until I've payed for my own cake... and don't even get me started on the price of the helium balloons the great John Lennon never had to put up with this shit did he.

Sunrise

Light breaks through from dark dawn has come to smile on land a new day to live.

Fumbles

Fumbles was my floppy eared pet rabbit that I loved with all my heart Until the day he ran a mock and was squashed by a fishmongers cart That day will live forever with me And here, I'll tell you why Fumbles was the only thing I thought would never die.

It's alright Little Darling

It's alright little darling
dry your solemn tears
tomorrow is another day
and tomorrow will be yesterday's year

Your tears, worthy for your loss
but now it's time to stop
put your pretty head up high
with the rain, the sun you'll swap

and for every tear you've cried
your heart, I know has surely burst
but I promise you my darling
you've now come through the worst

It's alright little darling
dry your solemn tears
tomorrow is another day
and tomorrow will be yesterday's year.

A Gentleman's Lady

I give you everything
my heart my love
my upmost respect and honesty

I will support you
and you will feel
the tingling of true happiness

but don't be fooled
I am no pushover
I say nothing and smile
until the time
something has to be said

no smudge from my lipstick
nor tears in my eyes
I will not threaten
I have no disguise

just me with my cup of tea
and my digestive biscuits.

A very Gracious Goodbye

Do not weep for me
let your heart not feel sorrow
for my life
now faded into yesterday
with no more tomorrow

wish me well
as it is I, who will weep
it is I who will feel the loss
without touch or a vision of your smile

achievement, of all that I wished for
is the greatest pair of shoes
I could have ever worn
and I wore them well

and now as I amble from day to day
into eternity
forever knowing
I no longer leave footprints
I know you still think of me
and I will sleep well.

Soul-finder

There was a brief moment in my life
where I lost touch with my own soul
I couldn't recognize myself
and every time I opened my eyes
all I could see; all I could feel was struggle
struggle through the dense fog
that life sometimes piles upon our roads
potholes a plenty
if I didn't suffocate in the fog
I could have easily been swallowed up
by one of those potholes
but I didn't, because when I needed it most
I found my strength and courage
and now on occasion
when I find the dense fog in front of me
once more
and the potholes underneath my feet
I remember what I learnt
avoiding them
to keep on walking without a fall
keeping my head high, remembering
they are just a test, a test
that will bring my poetry to its finest
one day far from now
sharing with others
others who have felt the dense fog
and who like me have avoided
being swallowed by the potholes
that life sometimes digs for all of us
because...
if I can re-find my lost soul
everyone can.

Perfectly polished

She was a beautiful lady
something just kept her
from her perfect life?
she lived alone, with five cats
I never ever saw her with anyone
she did smile, on rare occasions
her clothes perfectly pressed
I'd go as far to say, she was always colour coordinated too
her shoes always looked freshly polished
and her handbag
big enough for keys and some money
one day I saw her
eating at a restaurant alone on a corner table
I was sat with my fifth glass of rosé a few tables down
in company that was truly abysmal in so many ways
not to mention it was always me that picked up the bill
so there I was in my own little world reflecting
and it suddenly struck me...
maybe she was actually living her best life, her most perfect life?
and it was in fact I
who lived with the imperfections?
after all, my shoes are never perfectly polished
and I'm never colour coordinated
but I do smile a lot.

Poet

My gracious friend and a true third ear wisdom's tooth a heart in bloom and sometimes a heart in doom metaphor is a glove that can hide his scars ripped off in a moment with humour and laughs reflection a talent through thick and through thin a wonderful poet A darker mind is Melvin.

The Sweetest of Slumberbash

A swollen river of chocolate right below my feet
and "la primavera" of Mozart
Played by an orchestra of bumble bees

a purple hedgehog singing
"She loves you yeh, yeh, yeh"
to a swan who was singing back
"baby don't you dare"

crocodile sitting by the marshmallow creek
wearing my sun hat, as I turn to look closer
he smiles at me and winks

a flying saucer, flown by an alien
waving down at me
naughty granny jumping
off the caramel springboard
into a bright confetti sea

a giraffe painting an up-side-down rainbow
for all to admire
there's a bright blue frog
balancing on a tight rope wire

and the town clock that's sits
upon the oldest living tree
tic-tocking backwards, oh yes
and me?

I'm floating upon the old woman's shoe
drifting

deeper and deeper

into this beautiful dream.

Hold On Tight

Life is a rollercoaster of highs and lows and we should all remember that because sometimes the ride is a bit more bumpier than others and it's those times we have to hold on tighter hoping the wheels don't completely derail leaving us crushed or worse dead.

Karmasutra

I am a woman
of the Earth
I want my world to shake
from the skies to the ground
arriving to the greatest parts
of my body
in less than a moment
?????like a lightning bolt of passion

I want to be blinded by hunger
take me I can bend like a pretzel
I will be the first to define your
Biryani.

Dreamers Quilt

Isn't it funny how nature's rain falling on the skylight window can bring a sense of harmony whilst you sleep rain that can wash away all your bad dreams leaving you in a sweet slumberbash where everything is simply glorious.

When Everything Glows but Me

I can't believe I'm sitting
writing yet another poetry installment
about my utter feelings of loss
I'm completely in the dark
the dark within myself
I don't know how to crack open my shell
I don't know if I will ever really find myself?
this time it's different
It's not about the grief I hold for others

this grief is for me
and I don't know...
If I will ever see the light?

In Silence and Disbelief

Today, is not about politics
it is not about terrorism

today
it's simply about remembering
"the Innocent people who died"

for the ordinary people
who were at work
earning an honest dollar
and for those
enjoying a day of out
tourists, in the Big Apple

It's for those who never got to see
their mum's or dad's again
son's and daughter's
husbands, wives
sisters, brothers
now missing from christmas photos
aunties, uncles
blood relatives
best friends
all these people taken
In a man-made catastrophe

this is for every single
emergency service, man and women
who died doing the job they loved
skills, driven by their passion to help others

and to those emergency workers still here

who wake every morning
still living the constant nightmare
waking in a cold sweat
to the now tuneless birds
outside their bedroom windows

It is for those
innocent souls on the planes
who only had moments to phone loved ones
saying goodbye
with love, nothing but love heard in their voices

it's for a nation
who will mourn this dark day forever
a skyline missing its twin towers
grief that only first-hand
can really ever be understood
a lifetime of sorrow
questions of, what if's
and all for what?

as I write this, I myself remember
where I was and what I was doing
on the other side of the pond
on what I can only describe as the day
the lights of the world went out

where desperate screams echoed into space
as death and dust covered the great city
and indeed the world

let us be united,
united for those beautiful people
who were cruelly taken in a truly wicked fate

I remember that day, as if it was yesterday
the day the World lost its light and its hope

The day the world stopped and stared...
in silence and disbelief.

9/11/2001.

Home

Flames of nostalgia in my stomach
I fight my anxiety
yearning to be home

I cannot remember
the last time I saw you
your sea of lights but a memory
as I sit here in the dark, alone

London, I love you

your stars half shadowed
by grey river, cloud in sky
shining through brief moments

I would gladly walk
two thousand barefoot miles
just to see you no bags, just pride
holding you in my heart with a smile

my feet pounding the rhythm
of light reflecting rain-splashed streets

I know I am with you
you are always with me
someday soon
I will be back

In the heart of you.

Rainbow

rain and sun entwined

a smiley face upside down

a joyful surprise.

A Very Poetic Finish

Right under Cedric's house
lived an enormous alligator
a pet he kept secret, for many years

until one day
the alligator got fed up with steak
and wanted to try something sweet
so up he came to greet his master...

murder? yes... but not much mystery

the police said
general belief was this...

there was more than one reptile down there
unfortunately
(they haven't managed to trace the second one yet)

the NYPD Notes...

they are still searching for a few gentlemen
who were neighbors
they were playing strip poker at the time
at least four of them are believed to be British
apparently, they were all poets...

A Whale of a Time (senryu)

Humpback in ocean

impossible to reel in

I'll catch sprats instead.

And All That's Gold

Dancing shadows of leaves
tells me it's autumn

colorful shades
turning from bright green
to yellow and pink
pumpkin orange
then to soft rusty brown

warm sunshine beaming
through the, soon to be
skeleton of the great oak

and all the while
I'm wondering...

how could the transition
from this now, sleeping summer
be so darn glorious?

One Last Night With The Fireflies

And as the fireflies
have one last dance
around the night time of summer
the air warm
a breeze soft on my cheeks
the smell of dry forest
the sound of animals
desperate for something to drink
the crackle of the bones
of the leaves under my feet
rustling sounds of a porcupine
and I?
well ...
I lay down on the hard ground
I open my eyes wide
and I wink, at the great moon
because tonight I share
one last night
with the fireflies.

When The Shadows Come Calling

Ever seen the shadow of death?
ever seen it, running across the lawn from the kitchen window?
well, I have
slow motion like it was in no hurry
to get to where it was meant to be?
a shadow so visual

it looked as if it was chasing someone?
arms out hoping to catch them?
i've seen it quite a few times now
same shadow, different shape
different places
I've seen an Angel too
well, the presence of one at least
that was a different
type of shadow

she brought a sense of courage
wings, gloriously shaped
I could never mistake her
I don't feel the need
to question why they come?
I already know, let's call it intuition?
and if you're wondering
does the shadow of death ever frighten me?
I can honestly say, no
it doesn't, it's not how it's portrayed in the horror films
it's peaceful, just like the shadow of my Angel
why do they come?
I believe they visit to leave a message
they have a job to do
messengers of sorts?

when the shadows come calling.

When Motown Meets The Blues

With your eyes you see the shadows of the dark, deep within my soul
you see me even when I don't feel whole you see my every flaw when I cannot see myself you
see me even when I've closed the door when all the light is shaded by the dark
and when, even in my best mood the clouds remain soaking me in misery to the point I am
drowning suffocating lungs filled with soot I will try my best to stand tall a woman isn't
always easy to see but you see me with your eyes you see the sparkles of light deep within my
soul you see me at my best you see me, when I reach my goals a woman isn't always easy to see
but you see me you really do and that's when... Motown meets the Blues.

All About Hats

You see, my hats have always been so important to me I hang them perfectly on the hat stand knowing that they are right here when I need them I have an array of choice and colour, not yellow though I'm not fond of yellow carefully choosing which one to wear depending on my mood I never really thought about my hats until the day I was looking back at old photos it just became increasingly clear that my hats were present when I was most in need of a hug when I felt lonely or sad or alone feeling bad my hats were my blanket and they still are today and even though I wear them less often now they are right there on my beautiful iron stand waiting for the time I put one on placing it on my head for the comfort it provides and the warmth that it offers and of course... each and every one just looks fabulous darling.

Bello Casentino

The ghost of Dante, mounted horse mist in air, early morn trees they whisper,
taunting clouds hovering over forest crowds dawn's light creeping, piercing through onto last
nights dusk time view leaves crackling under feet colours of autumn brown, orange, dark green
the smell of pungent soaking frond pools of rain drops frogs in pond.

Senryu to Love

to love deep, a heart
takes much more than just, the words
actions are meaning.

Temporal Lobe

Damn, I just had it but now it's gone ...

Inside Out

In just one single moment it was all taken away
everything I ever knew
everything I ever took for granted about life
It never crossed my mind
but looking back now
I realize, I was young and naive
nothing wrong with that
all I know now, is this...
when we are put in that deep dark place
we have to learn to fight the force
clinging to every single possible exit
because even on our darkest days
the light can seep through the cracks
eventually, overcrowding
that, in which is dark
to be reborn, to be stronger on the inside
and that will simply make everything shine
Including who I am on the outside.

A Co-Write With Shakespeare

O London, sweet London

wherefore art thou sweet London?

somewhere across an angry sea for you I do dream tis but thy name I do love when this
ground I stand on and above Is not you Is not us O London, sweet London forever sworn in
my heart.

An Ode to Sunday

Waking to the sound of the birds
outside the window
sun peeping up from her bed
moon lowering her head
for some time off from her stage
and I?
rising up from sweet slumberbash
coffee on the boil
my Moka bubbling away
telling me, it's ready to pour
into my bright blue oversized mug
waking me for the day ahead
stretching up, feeling my freedom
nowhere to go, no one to see
my only questions are to myself
maybe a roast?
with Yorkshire puddings?
I'll read the paper, and then I'll decide
no rush, the day has just begun
so for now my choices
a stroll perhaps?
or a laze on my garden lounger
just watching nature
watching the cypress green and noble
standing still in the frozen breeze
like a painting on the Tuscan landscape
nature that's so unpredictable
anything can happen
It's Sunday, a day of rest
a day where I can relax
maybe, just maybe

I'll even paint one of those trees, onto canvas?
after all, this is
an ode to Sunday.

Because My Darling It all Belongs to You

When the sun leaves the great stage and the moon comes to light a shooting star spreads
it's joy through star filled skies lighting hearts and eyes remember that nothing not even all
that will ever be more spectacular than this fire, burning deep inside my heart because my
darling...

it all belongs to you.

The Devil's In Town

As I lay my head beneath
the ashes of this dream
under the wild heat and fire
under the pain I hold in my heart
under each memory
memories I wish I didn't keep
they're burning bright
but not like my beautiful tiger
I'm talking about
the fires of inferno
the Devil's in town
and as he plays his tricks
his laughter scratches my throat
leaving acid on my tongue
frightening my muse
and all the while...
I'm right in the thick of this poem
trying to make it rhyme.

Swan's Lake

Beauty is alive, it really is
it's everywhere we look
if we keep our eyes open
we can see it
it's in every corner
it's the baby crying in the pram
the man packing his shopping
at the supermarket
the lady on the bus reading a book
it's the bird flying above us
searching for a new branch
to rest its tired wings

it's the ants marching
in the grass working
to have a feast in the winter
the ladybird on the leaf
swaying in summer's wind
it's the rain and the thunder
?????miraculously in tune
in the same scene
it's the water sprayed up from a puddle
that's just met a moving car

it's the pensioner speeding by
on his electric scooter, waving proudly to the passers by
it's the children feeding the ducks in the pond
it's the couple fighting over which film to watch this evening

it's the graffiti on the bridge
bright in colour
it's the boat passing down

the river

it's when the sunsets and magical colours bloom

when the moon rises up to take over the night sky

and a star comes shooting by

if you look with an open heart

even for a second, you will see it too

because life really is...

a swan's lake.

You're Just Too Good To Be True

We've already discussed why I don't like the colour yellow but did you know I'm having a deep and very meaningful love affair? I cannot walk past this one beautiful window without some sort of silent pause I don't really care who sees me because when I'm staring everything else disappears and I imagine just for a moment we are alone alone in our own filthy world I'm cheating on my beloved darling and I honestly don't care after all it's simply irresistible this beautiful and very yellow Lemon Meringue Pie... just in case you're wondering no I wouldn't share it with anyone not even with my old man.

In The Deepest Darkest Depths of My Heart

In the deepest, darkest
depths of my heart
is where I keep them
now, lost forever
souls never to be seen
nor heard from again
once, long ago
they were here, in body and soul
voices, laughter, warmth
safe arms wrapped around me
on those occasions I needed them
with life's tears, shared between us
I often think about
what it could have been like
If they hadn't left this earth
so soon?
I often reflect with great sorrow
my only question
why did they have to leave?
my greatest sadness is knowing
they are absent
whenever I myself
have the great fortune
to feel joy
knowing they aren't here to see it
leaving an empty space...
In the deepest, darkest
depths of my heart.

A Very Grand Finale

I dreamt, I was a poet playing the piano and as I was playing I was also reciting my most famous poem the notes were dramatic no one could deny later, that night... I died with a smile.

A Very Sweet Dream of Home

As I turned out the light
in my incredibly humid
hot bedroom
for the last time
on this magnificent island
I was kept awake
by the dripping
of someone's
air-conditioning
falling onto a pipe
that's been misplaced
outside my window
and as I lay there
annoyed about the slight disruption
I reflect on the possibility
that it's rain
rain cold, and welcome
drip, drip, drip
and just then, before I knew it
I was in my very own
sweet slumberbash.

If I Was Just A Lonely House Upon a Hill

If I was just a lonely house upon a hill I'd be very happy to have the sunshine beam It's warmth upon my walls and on my roof but the rain? well that would depend on how hard it came down wouldn't it after all I'm a home and being pelted well, it would hurt wouldn't it? then again hailstones are worse lightning would cause me to shake and shudder thunder, torturing my very soul I wouldn't mind a rainbow arch above my roof though that would be comforting and as we all know without the rain we would never have a rainbow.

A Pin Drop Moment

If I told you I could write about the sound of a pin drop on the floor would you believe me?
the very moment it slips through my fingers and falls through the air down down down untill...
ping.

A Battle With Irony

Isn't it funny
I swear, even the ghost of Napoleon
would die laughing
when people say to you
your luck can change
with the force of the wind?
but my nosey neighbours?
two old ladies
with nothing better to do
well they never change
they are like the F.B.I
and I'm talking the best part
of nineteen years I've put up with them on this island
always worried about my weight
and my clothes
I could be a stick insect
and they would still find
something to offend me with
when I open the venice blinds
they're hung out their windows
dried up like prunes
they're like old laundry
that should've been taken in
weeks ago
just staring down on me
I swear I can feel them
I can't help but look up
I'm always polite though...
I always say ciao
and in return
they do the same
only with fake smiles

and to top it all
like sweet cherries
on a magnificent cheesecake
made with cream of pistachio
and chocolate
I open my emails each evening
hoping for an email
that isn't sent by me
to me
there's nothing...
I still haven't received one
from the thousand author house's
that I send my poetry too
on an hourly basis
offering me the amazing and
exclusive book deal
with a very generous cheque
offered for my genius
I suspect Napoleon
never had to put up with this shit
did he?

My Favourite Colour Is Blue

The colour yellow brings me bad luck I can't tell you why it just does I have never actually liked it as a shade I've never purchased anything yellow and once I dreamt of a yellow fiat panda running me over I do love sunflowers though I love the sunshine warm on my cheeks and bright yellow daffodils in spring.

And I'll Write About That Too

And so when I'm feeling this happy isn't it funny that nothing can make it a bad day? every moment being one of serenity and of peace and of course love but... please, don't get me wrong? when it changes I know I will be grateful and I'll write about that too.

To the Bride and Groom

Two special people in Negril saying "I do" forever they will.

There's Nothing But Grief in My Empty Fridge

There's nothing left to eat
in my empty cupboards
not even
a leftover biscuit crumb
fallen out of the broken rusty tin
no longer a smell of sweet chocolate on the empty wrappings of the Cadbury bars
we once used to share
happily, on a rainy Sunday evening
there's no one on our special chair
the one we shared
and of which nowadays
is favoured by my lonely bitterness
since you are no longer here to touch
I prefer to sit on the cold wooden floor
than to sit alone on that old thing
where once love bloomed fiercely
we'd watch the birds from the window we used to look out together
it all seems wrong now
same birds
but to me so very different
I could offer them the stale bread I suppose?
but there isn't any is there?
the floorboards no longer creek
in the middle of the night
even on nights that you tiptoed
I'd hear you
no creeks now, just silence, silence of a ghost
the chimes of the old grandfather clock
somerly chiming on each hour
I never noticed the sad tone until now
funny how grief creeps up isn't it?
almost as if it's drowning you in thin air

throttling you until theres no air left to breathe
and still all I can think is...
there's nothing but leftover grief in my empty fridge.

Poet's True Worth

If a Poet's pen can make you feel emotion that poet is art.

A Life Lesson In Tapestry

Oh, how can it be? I no longer trust the birds in the tree nor do I trust the sweet honey bee's or the nightingale's that sing I can't trust anything that moves nor the very shaking of the tree's so forget the magnificent cypress and the pine a lesson in life I don't trust a thing not even the soft wind on my cheeks and as I look up to the stars I don't trust them either is the sky falling down? I stand still to see clouds are moving fast is the great moon winking at me? is it my imagination playing tricks to see? I just don't trust a thing and I don't know if I ever really will again?

So I Can Finally Become Me

I want to break free I want to find my true soulmate and then become the real me the me
I've always wanted to be I want to smile at him knowing that it's unconditional love that nothing in
this world could ever tear us apart I want to hold his hand to watch the sunrise and then watch the
sun finally set this beautiful summer's eve I want to feel I'm truly loved I want to feel I'm truly worth
everything to him I want to find my true soulmate... so I can finally become me.

The Great Moon and The Baubab

Here we are united at last you whispered to me in my dream and I came to see you in all your glory I have no such glory I've been stripped of all once bright and guiding now I'm just a loose thought on the minds that once were filled with my very romance.

If I was A Mirror

Now listen up if you look deeply into me, close up and without your usual frown I would see,
your lost soul searching for it's very meaning I would see, your lost heart cracked in two like an egg
bleeding it's yolk your eyes that have wept a thousand years tears for your greatest love now gone I
would see your private laughter hidden deeply within your lungs, now oh so very tired but after I'd
seen all that... I would also see you in all your finest beauty.

On The Very Edge of Passion

In every heart

there is a magnificent fire patiently waiting to ignite.

When Two Roads Diverge

If the great Robert Frost himself, was right
and two roads really did diverge
leaving me a choice
following the one I thought was right
how would I ever know
which one I should really choose?
and so
my reflection begins...

if they were both painted in colour?
blue and green

well, green was the favorite colour of my best friend
I use the term was, because she is no longer here on earth
and blue because it's my lucky colour
along with the number fifteen?
so if I chose the green one
would I be completely
respecting my best friend who died?
trusting a ghost that I will always love?
trusting it was lucky for her?
or respecting my very own good luck?
and if I chose the blue one
for my very own selfish reasons
and it didn't work out
would I always wish
I'd chosen the green?
because green is the colour
that remind me of her face?

I can certainly tell you this
sometimes...

life's conundrums are surely wasted
on a poet.

Floating thoughts

Sometimes

I wish I was just a hot air balloon deciding where to drift deciding when to stay on ground and
when to lift.

Rose Garden

Believe me, when I tell you
every new day is wasted on me
the sunlight can stay where it is
stay in, behind those black clouds
the clouds that hide the truth

the sun is dead
at least to me

it turns out, darkness
is my only friend
protecting me from my loneliness
no need to see the sunrise
I don't want it to shine its warmth
upon my face numb
numb with loss

every day is dark
and it's the way I prefer to see it
after all love has died

I accept my fate
but still
I'd like to give my reader
my true and most sincere
apologies
because my words are harsh

where love goes to die
is a place I hope none of you
ever have to be

but, if you are...

don't forget to bury it deep
deep on the underside
of your very own rose garden.

Forget Me Not

Today

I was asked by a child
just eleven grand years himself

if we were actually all
born with Alzheimer's?

and whilst reflecting on his question

my mind went into the most
profound depths of reflection

I had to ask him, simply out of my own curiosity

why he would ever ask such a question?

he replied...

because he doesn't remember

any of the first five years
of his own life

and whilst I stood reflecting

on his incredibly
innocent answer

I couldn't help but reflect
on
the fact

this child is a genius.

The Backbone of a Poem

The very backbone of a poem
is its torment and ungraciousness?
it's the wheels of life churning ones' guts
from the inside and laying them on the outsides
in the gutter of each poet's soul
then seeping ink
onto each page
gloriously sharing each image
kindly gracing each emotion
whether it's happy or incredibly sad
dull in memory
or as bright as the lightbulb on the ceiling
of the king's castle
thirty feet tall
not to forget the very
dungeons of death
and life's sweet cherry pie
the very backbone of a poem
is the poet
and the ink she seeps from her pen
hopefully leaving her reader
with a tummy full to its rim.

On The Great Stage Is A Poetess And An Angel

And as she slowly lands
upon ground, this time
without my humble request
a surprise, if ever I had one
having her here
without a formal invitation
was truly remarkable

her eyes piercing
even more so than usual
I never dare
to look directly at them
but I know they are
fifteen carat diamonds
and the aura surrounding us
tells me of
her ancient beauty

I just know, she's a noble being
and today
there's even more
of a sparkle than usual
even on the walls, in the room
so incredibly bright
the sun was eclipsed

a gracious atmosphere
of pride and of joy
even though I'd give anything
for a mere glimpse of her smile

my head was locked down

simply because I was mesmerized
by her feathered wings
graciously laid on the ground
like cream silk

her energy as warm
and reassuring as always
and for once...

she wasn't here to comfort me
she wasn't here to hold my hand
she was simply here
to celebrate with me

and so we danced.

Caged Hummingbird

I found out who I really am?
I'm a soul that likes to be free
I don't like the mundane in life
I just want to be me
I don't want to follow any crowd
I don't like to copy the norm
I like to be different
but I still know my soul is warm
I have no fear of being alone
I like to have peace and time
I like to watch out the window
to watch the other birds in flight
I wonder are they souls like me?
are they happy just flying free?
I only have one great wish
the wish, to just be me
If it wasn't for my gentle heart
my feathers would have burned fiercely

a soul that once had light
my freedom just a memory
I must reject these tiresome thoughts
that savage my taunted mind

reduce them to a petal of hope
with harmony entwined

I wish for the day
empathy opens my cage
and lets me fly away?

at least she knows I'll do my best

determined, come what may
with forceful winds that once were tender
blowing me into the blazing sun

my courageous assumption of what could be
is yet to be undone
lightning strike my sorrowed heart
if I cannot be me

compassion strike my cage tonight
and let my mind fly free.

Extraordinary Vision

As the wild summer breeze took hold
and I sat beneath my favorite baobab
looking up, to see all
the magnificence of this
seemingly upside down tree

I suddenly saw my own mind
fluttering above my head
I could hear the birds
having a bath in the sweetness
of their own glorious voices
splashing their musical notes
upon my thoughts

reaching up to catch
my very expensive tool of reflection
as it swayed from side to side
almost dancing to the sweet, sweet melody
of those beautiful birds

it flew higher and higher into the sky
as if it knew, I was trying to grab it?

and then I watched it gently float away
like a lost air balloon
floating higher and higher
until it had vanished
away from the now
and into tomorrow
into the new beautiful imagery
awaiting, my minds next
extraordinary vision.

Secrets of Slumberbash

So, I can tell you
my recurring dreams
are extremely vivid
sometimes, I even wake
feeling as though
I'd never been asleep at all
and in my dreams
I visit the streets of London
where it seems
I'm searching, searching
for him
searching for that one face
the one of my soulmate, no less
the one I've never even met
in full consciousness
the most extraordinary thing is
in my dreams
I can actually feel emotion
can you feel emotion in yours?
I can literally cry tears upon my pillow
I can laugh loud
I can feel my ever expanding smile
and I can also feel grief
did you know, sometimes
I can even see my Angel?
but this one particular dream
always ends the same
I never do find him
I never get to touch his beautiful face
or feel safe in his arms
yet, I feel his presence
I can feel him all around me

whether I'm awake or asleep
serenity surrounds my soul
If you'll pardon my dramatics?
nevertheless
on awakening each morn
there is always an aching
of something missing
but I just get on
with my day
regardless

because that is just what one does...
well, isn't it?

Back from The Future

When you haven't seen your best friend in ten long years and upon the moment you finally meet once more it's like you saw each other just yesterday all the girly giggles come back just like a tsunami meeting the shore of time forgotten or doc's car that can bring you back to nineteen ninety nine In a flash of a lightning strike although two thousand miles apart nothing can take away that friendship between two girls turned into respectable ladies and I know one must never toot one's own horn however today I'm the poet and I'm certainly using my poetic licence to toot mine.

Dreams Worth Gold

Did I ever tell you it's in my semi-conscious that I meet them? not all together, they visit one by one a very private meeting, if you will last night it was of Lee I dreamt he had never died at all It was all just a big mistake he was alive and smiling at me Just like he always used to do and on awakening from my most cheerful slumberbash I Realised it was just the intervention of the most kindest side of my semi-conscious state that at least let me see him once again I held my big brothers hand and that for me is a dream worth gold.

Reflecting in The Shower

Life has a cruel way
of taking us to places
we never wanted nor wished to be
but then
just then, in a flash
it can also take us
to places
that we could only ever have dreamed of.

Mind's Eye

Looking through the windows of my mind
I remember all my sorrow
and all of my joy

it's not always easy to open these windows
sometimes I need a reminder
to keep them well-greased
after all
memory is a true miracle
isn't it?
therefor well worth the maintenance

the imagery that I see inside
can be a powerful minefield
choosing to run away or face my fears
confronting my very own ghosts
and things that haunt me

opening my memoirs to moments of joy
that I wouldn't change for anything
closing to those
that I wish to forget forever

if I keep hope fresh
deep within my mind
oiled well,
I can achieve anything.

New World

There's a Deer outside my garden gate
just staring at me with his soft eyes
from beyond his wooden sanctuary
where he usually hides from the shooter

I see the pheasant has come to greet us
he is just walking on the main road
minding his own business
he looks relaxed, as we greet him

gardens unspoiled
the rubbish that is usually left on the ground
by people who care for nothing
is invisible today
so pleasing on the eye

even eating at the newly reopened restaurant
of years gone by is a pleasantry
all tables being finely spaced so people can actually eat
without touching the shoulders of strangers

but, shouldn't it have always been this way?

Raven Showed Me The Light

My Raven's back
tonight he stayed
he stayed with me
through my dismay
I never knew my tears could fall
eyeballs swollen
dusk till dawn
I asked him why
why, do you stay?
softly gently
he, did say
you're weak and tired
you're lost in grief
I'll stay with you
this moment brief...

and he did.

Troll Time (satire)

Beware, beware
they're hiding everywhere
some are pretty some are grand
some are green
and some eat sand
when they come
you'll know it's them
the smell they leave with froffing flem
they'll beat you down
and make you sad
They'll always be forever glad
for this I know
I've known, some time...
these trolls
they don't know
how to rhyme.

Minion Lisa

And to think
they told me
the Botox wouldn't last.

The Holiday

My husband came home from work
and announced
he'd just won a holiday for two
In a luxury caravan on the Isle of white
in February
I smiled
and immediately went to my office
to do some research.

A Very Special Journey

And as I ponder
on exactly what my next poem will look like?
I reflect on the very moment
my muse takes hold of my precious pen
swirling, weaving
and sometimes even flying over
to the next page
lines and lines of imagery
be it, white fluffy clouds
reaching down
tickling the top branches of the great cypress
or of a heart broken in two
laid in the gutter in full view?
or even love holding on tight
to a comet that shoots into eternity
perhaps even an Angel
having tea eating a slice of victoria sponge
on her finest crystal plate?
or even my raven greeting the scarecrow
that lives on the small patch of yellow grass
outside my kitchen window?
I ponder in my own mind
waiting in anticipation
in hope she will visit me soon
for that one magnificent moment
when my imagery comes alive
she's never let's me down
and I cannot help but think
how lucky I am.

My Tapestry

Just the other day
I was sitting on the bus
the bus that gets me to where i need to be
helpless, but to stare out of the window
it was such a bright and sunny day
sky, bluer than I'd ever seen it

Imagining for just a moment
the carpet of rose that we passed
performing the mexican wave just for me

and in the distance
the magnificent oak trees
applauding the bright pink wave

startled by sound awakening my Imagination
birds, chirping in their orchestra of whistle
the sky window on the bus, wide open

allowing me to hear their sweet melodies
reflecting on the fact that their music was perfect
even without the clever hands of a conductor

every so often stopping
at a zebra crossing
allowing the other humans
to cross the road on foot
making their way
to wherever they were destined to be

and I?

well finally I'd reached my destination
so very grateful
to have been part of this magnificent moment
of imagery and sound

finally reaching my front door
placing my key into the keyhole
reflecting once more
on the simplicities of life and...
how very lucky I am just to be alive.

Stars

Oh, nine spheres of wonder
how beautiful you shine
lighting my heart
when I look up at night's sky

you're so far away
yet always in my dreams
when the sun goes to bed
and moon shines her beams

the way that Orion and the Saucepan does peer
behind clouds maybe, just maybe you're near?
when I look up to you, on a warm summer's night
heart fluttering fiercely, I simply just sigh

even on nights, that I'm sad and alone
you, my stars in paradise
shine down from beyond.

The Untimely Death of a Wonderful Soul

If one likes to keep hopelessness
and defeat in a wallet in their pocket
and whom seek comfort from
the Raven
rather than an Angel

I cannot help but wonder
does it simply demonstrate

that anything that wants to die

is surely already dead?

Palms Spring

Being a poet
I would almost certainly
be a fool if I didn't reflect
on why, why do I seem to be slapped so much?
I don't believe I have one of those faces
that just has to be slapped?
and it's not just on my face
but on odd parts of my body too
like my hips and my back
even when I'm walking
and in crowds, that's the worst
sometimes I even duck
so I wonder why
this happens to me on a regular basis
and then I remember
It's not me at all
It's the hand gestures
so dangerous
here in Italy.

Poor Poet

Mammoth tusk
found in earth's dark
fourteen thousand years it's laid

I wonder how
long it will be until
someone finds me?

lost within my very own fossil
aching for someone to
find my funny bones
"acknowledgment"

forever wondering

if, and when

will I ever be found?

A Leap In The Dark

The heart
is forever making
the head, look like a fool
it's a true fact
most choose to listen
with their heart
however
there is no reason
for the head to dismay
just because the heart has won
after all...
it certainly depends
on what
the winnings are worth.

My Angel

And just like that
once again, she was here
her glow, warmer than it's ever been
my cold trembling hands
now still, almost as if
they were paying attention
to what was in my room
and the light, so bright
as if this time, she had brought down from the sky
a thousand stars to comfort me
my eyes closed of course
but I knew, I just knew
because
she told me, the last time she came
she promised, next time
she would bring something
incredibly special with her
and she did
and of course, as I always do
once she leaves
I reflect on the moment
and on the miracle
that has graced my side once again
and all I can imagine
is...
this wonderful universe really is, full of life.

And That Has Never Changed

That night was one
I could never forget
the dance floor, full of strangers
even so

the only one I could see...
was you.

An Exceptional Moment

A miracle can never be guaranteed
but whilst I breathe, I promise myself
I will never let one slip through my fingers
I always thought it, such a beautiful word
and I often wonder
if I will ever be able to say
I had my very own?
after all...
I've heard they can happen.

Submerged In The Canals of Venice

Gone, is my greatest love
my broken heart drowned
not in the ocean
but
in the Grand Canal

ripped away from my chest
from unforgiving love
now dead
lying under the gray murky water
on a rock all alone
a gondola
with a couple of lovers on board
floats by with dreams of a future entwined
surrounded by red roses on their love vessel
they cannot see my heart underneath
why, would they even want to see such a thing?
my heart, that's tossed into the grand canal
no hope of a heroic rescue
it will simply stay there...
until decay takes its course
submerged in the canals of venice.

A Sixteen-Hour Miracle

I guess it all comes back
to Freddy and Queen in 1985
I was a proud member
of the London community
I was only eleven years old

Live-Aid was finally here
I remember riding my beloved roller-skates
around Clapham Common

I couldn't have been more excited
I rolled home from an early morning skate
with what felt like, rockets on my feet

to watch with pride

the concert of a lifetime
I listened to each artist
each performer
each string of the electric guitar
a global jukebox, come to life
the whole world applauding

I was part of history that day
and even though
I no longer live, in my beloved London
and no longer get to listen
to these magnificent artists performing live

I still sit sometimes to reminisce

of that day, that day

when I was young
and had nothing better to do
except to listen
learning through music
learning that we are all equal

millions of people of all race and colour
united, simply joined together
with a wish to help others
no hate no discrimination
just love in our hearts
the day the world was united

the day I witnessed
a sixteen-hour miracle.

Little Tommy Titbit

Little Tommy Titbit
was a naughty little boy
he loved all types of boobies
and used them as his toy

one day, Tommy Titbit
had an idea, grand
he went off down the road
his tongue slurping in his hand

he saw a pretty lady
of which he didn't know?
her boobies were gigantic
from her chest down to her toes

he couldn't help but grab them
me lady, then did scream
he said, me lady I'm so sorry
have you got any whipped cream?

me lady, then did slap him
Tommy Titbit stood there still
then replied...do beg my pardon
I thought that you were Gill.

Always By My Side

She was a Hollywood star?
she lived in the west end
in the last house on St Michaels road
I know because I lived in a flat opposite

her beauty was undeniable
at least, to me

a beauty with eyes like ten carat diamonds
every day making her debut
on the streets of London

somedays I used to observe the drivers on the road
rubber necking just to get a glimpse of her
after all,
she did have a certain glow about her

her eyes, although they sparkled
there was a sense of great pain inside them
painted tears on her cheeks
even though they weren't really there
I could see them, even from afar

one day out of nowhere
we bumped into each other
her painted tears nowhere to be seen
just a magnificent smile
she hugged me
and just then I knew...

she was actually my Angel.

Fishing

I fished you in
I threw you back
I fished you in
I threw you back
this went on for years
until the day
I threw you in
and this time you swam away...
I do hope you live happily ever after
I really do.

Raven and I

In the black of night
there was no moon
nor were their stars
just the dead of night
staring back at me
I blinked once
I blink twice and on three
nothing had changed
Just the howling wind and me
and just like that he appeared
my Raven perched upon my windowsill
like someone had been keeping it warm for him all this time?
gasping for air
I just couldn't breathe
I couldn't feel my heart beat
all I could see was two round soul catchers
they were his eyes
staring at me
in this, the pit of darkness
and as he spoke
I knew what was coming
after all, by now I was used to these moments
he told me...
grief will come in many forms
but the form in which you choose to see it
will be the one that stays forever
and with that, he flew away...
into what I could only describe
were, the devil's curtains.

Ageless Love

We watched the iron tubes
floating slowly up the Thames
giant parts on a freight barge
I remember him saying
look, that's the Eye
it was on its way
to its resting place on the south bank
we had no idea then
Just what we were witnessing?
we were too busy kissing and frolicking
of course, as young lovers do
sunday's were magical back then

and now?

more than twenty years have passed
when I see the enormous London Eye
from the plane descending into my darling Heathrow
flying close to all the famous landmarks
and the captain announces
" Ladies and Gentlemen on your right you can see the eye"
especially when it's daylight and the sky is clear blue
it reminds me of my youth
and my innocence and those first kisses
that will always be within my heart
hidden in a secret box of ageless love.

The Love in my Heart

A Poem Written By Henry age 11 This is the most beautiful thing in the world is the love is having a fight with hate the hate is hurting him with a sword but the love is winning because the love is protecting us from cruel and painful things the people can learn to hate but if someone can learn to hate they can also learn to love.

Bed Bath and Beyond

So they told me even before I arrived
I'd be on the 15th floor
I replied, hell no I hate lifts
then they went silent
short pause...
they then said I could bring one thing from home
of course I chose my framed sunflowers
I always hated the colour yellow
but my sunflowers, are florescent pink
even though I know they are in fact yellow
If I told you they speak to me
I suspect
you would immediately presume I'm barking mad?
well they do, and we have the most magnificent conversations
we talk about everything from political arguments
to the weather and the aliens who most certainly live amongst us
we also have great conversation about the cactus
that sits at the end of my bed
somedays it has more than four arms
did you know that the more arms one has
the more blossoms and fruit it can produce?
what a lot of codswallop
the cactus sitting at the end of my bed is yellow
one of its hands can speak
well, I can only imagine
because I can hear a voice
even though I know I'm the only one in the room
it moves from side to side I swear it laughs at me too
well today I've decided to snap all its hands off
yes, you heard me
rip them off and throw them out the window
after all

I need some peace and quiet
and so do my sunflowers
after all, it's time for their bed bath.

Sometimes a Blue Moon Turns into Gold

Light so bright
piercing through the leaves
on the rows of peacefully sleeping olive tree's
I couldn't help but tilt my head upwards
towards the starry sky
and there she was...
tonight
she seemed to have an enormous smile
I imagined for a moment
her giant eyelashes winking at me
alas, just her smile
and that for me, was as good as gold.

Firefly

I screamed your name up to the sky
and at the stars
but you didn't reply
I cried me a river
that flowed down stream
I watched every mountain
crumble to sea
I watched the Raven fly on high
looking down,
looking he was, looking down at me
where are you, my beloved darling?
no longer with me
are you sitting on a rainbow?
or are you napping on a cloud?
please, please, I just want to see
I screamed your name up to the sky
and at the stars
but you didn't reply...

and I know you never will.

A Very Epic Morning

Saturday morning 6:am
I'm so excited to hear the ringing
of my beloved alarm clock
I jump out of bed
eager to drink my first morning coffee
I shower, and I dress
and as I'm opening the front door to leave
a gasp of dark air takes my breath
and then with horror in my eyes
and a shaking hand holding the keys to the door
I think...where...
where... are you going girl? it's saturday

how does one come to know what one's future holds?
if they do not search for it
in every empty space waiting to be filled?

so I went to my second hand dining table
I sat down on my old wooden chair
and I wrote, and I wrote, and I wrote
all the imagery and all that I hate
all that I love
and all that makes me irate

today there is no muse
just I, the paper and the ink...
so I wrote about the Devil
who I believe to be a wimp
how he tricked me into doing many things
things I would never want to do
in my humble opinion this made him rich

but then my pen moved slightly to the left
and I started to believe once more
in the great power of good
I could hear in my head
the great violin of my own Soul
playing the music of existent dreams

finally drowning out his voice and laughter
so now, he's worthless
and as I pull myself back from the brink of mindless nonsense
my own pride battered like an old decaying cod
waiting to fill the bellies of the starving
It's now 6:56 am

time to once again get a grip on my sanity
and as I reflect onto the next page
of which I truly hope to write at least a few

maybe I'll even write about an Angel or two?

A Soul's Portrait

In the deepest educated corners of my mind
I paint a very dark picture
but not for you to see, I'm not that selfish?
a very private moment of imagery
just for me to look at
a sort of reminder
and warning never to accept such love again

tangles of pain and disillusion from the past
awarded generously to me, by rotten love

but I wouldn't want you to see my pain
a personal portrait of pure misery
a tale so distorted

and I
who was forever hoping to see
the bright colors of the roses
others do speak of

alas, it wasn't to be

now I own a tragic portrait
an image that would twist even the most
well-built of hearts
blinding your soul with excruciating insecurity

how did I get from being such
a pure and wonderful soul?
a poetic heart that once bloomed
now in ruins spread on a gutter

black dead petals, soaking up the rain
as the sun has been taken hostage

and so now...

I sacrifice even the kindest of love
which may still come my way
with an acceptance of my fate eternally
knowing in the end I myself am selfish
because you too, can now see the whole picture.

A Perfect Moment in May

And as the rain
pelts the cypress trees
their pins vibrating
against the soft, yet forceful wind
that has blown in from the south

and the morning cloud so low
almost like
a white cotton sheet blanket covering the hills

the beautiful Iris seemingly crouching
maybe she's protecting
her beautiful petals so precious
?????from the onslaught of nature's wrath

and me?

with my Nikon z8
wrapped around my hands
finger clicking away
just hoping to take
the perfect shot?

on this...

a perfect moment in May.

The Death Of A Poet

As I ponder over the world today with all its material rubbish and crap that none of us need children deep within their cell phones watching themselves on Instagram whilst necks bent down on the dining table at the posh restaurant they don't even care to be unknown to them their own parents also filming and taking photos for their own pride and joy publishing it all online I cannot help but think to myself... if we could sit down on a gamers chair playing video games of war and of violence then surely we could also sit down to educate ourselves on the more beautiful things like art, history and nature? I cannot help but wonder if we could turn the clock back or even forward to the beauty that once was and of that in which could be would this world be any different than it is today? and what would really become of the Poet?

Rocking Worlds

When I finally make it back
once again, from the dead
I've decided
I'm going to be the greatest lady bass player
ever to walk this earth

I'm going to rock the future's new world
I'll bring a few tricks back with me
from my last life too
well, you didn't imagine I'd leave
all my wisdom there did you?

I'm currently writing my future
I'm writing it all down
In my little blue book
my blue book, that can never be destroyed
that can move through time
just as I

it can survive eternity
each time bringing back a new chapter
ring binds that go on forever

and my electric guitar?
well, that's waiting for me too

I've already been practicing
B.B.King, he'll never have a patch on me
and I shall take my podium
and I'll be loved by all the old souls
that I've already known from past lives

whome by the way, are also renewed

but until then

I'm here

patiently waiting my turn

to become that truly magnificent star.

Raven's Encore

The clocks have stopped ticking

**no chimes, no bells
no sound**

**humming birds now silent
black are the skies
blossoms fallen
every tree is naked**

death has stolen my warm blanket

**nothing but silence can quiet
the thoughts in my mind
easing the excruciating pain
even for one moment**

**after all
time will pass, no more**

**every clock in my house
now without hands**

**the one who was once my greatest love
has gone, taken in a flash**

**I shall never see his smile again
nor will I feel his breath upon my face**

**and as I sit once again
with my raven**

reflecting on my now empty life

death fills the silence

my love, my love now gone.

Awakening

Opening my imagination

will lead me

to

possibility, possibility

I have yet to imagine

however

I

always try never

to wander too far

from

reality.

Just to Hear your Laughter

And as the day grows old
so does the laughter
laughter that's fading
into the pink dusky sky
making its journey home

echoing through the clouds
sneaking over the dozing rainbows

until at last the great moon arrives
and the final theatre of the day
takes to the great stage bright

another day has come and gone
and as I lay my head to rest
on my soft pillow
I'm forever grateful
of awakening into another new dawn

lost in a moment, time stands still
a gracious silence
before the great encore
of sunrise

just to hear your laughter.

The Death of Love

My darling
if you have ever doubted my love

know that since you've been gone
my heart has too

lost within my very soul
I sleep alone
yet, I dream of you

the only thing I hold in my palms
are tears that bleed
from my grieving eyes

tears of love now lost forever
and as they slip through my fingers
so do you

my darling
if you ever have doubts of my love

know this...

even when the great raven visits me
from the shadows
of the great wrinkles of the moon
I will still await your return
I will wait
and I will wait, until

the great wrinkles in the moon
fade for the very last time

and I too am gone.

Blind Date

So, I walk into the pub, I'm walking in blind
don't know who I'm meeting
no idea, who I'll find?

I'm not really even excited
Just wanted to be wined and dined

I walk over to the bar
I order a large G and T
I drink it in a second
a tap upon my shoulder
I turn around to see

the extra-terrestrial home coming
by gosh it's the one and only E.T

now I'm no oil painting
but by-golly even Mona Lisa would have fallen off the wall

his head was shaped real funny
just like a rugby ball

as I stood staring, pretending I'm not me
playing with my thumbs
I hear the knocking of his knees

wishing that my gin and tonic
was a triple, and then filled with another three

trying hard not to look at this poor fellow
that looks just like, E.T

he wanted to have a conversation
but I wasn't in the mood
I told him very politely
don't worry sir...
your date, will be here soon?

so there he was having a moan
and me?
well I listened to him groan
now I know just why it's better better, being alone
my last words to him were

"here you go my darling"

you can borrow me phone.

Angels Encore

And as I close my eyes to dream
my angels voice begins to sing
I cannot move my eyes closed still
angels voice is very real
around my room I feel her here
a glow that warms my deepest fear
a voice from earth I've heard before
a voice I know, of that I'm sure
dreams on dream my dreams are me
the voice I hear
as angel sings
now she's silent
now she's gone
now she's upsent
now its dawn...

until next time.

Do-over

I go into the dark and a few moments later I come back out into the light... as someone new.

From Shakespeare with Love

She was his inner being
he was in a secret confession
with his own heart
every time, he wrote a poem
she was the painting within each page
woven with silk into ink
the fire in his heart, burned fiercely
for her love
love, that in the end was never to be

she was his soul
his thoughts
his smell
and the air he breathed
she was his spark
and indeed he was hers

an unbreakable bond
between Romeo and Juliet
that only time could understand

two souls
gifted to the world by William

and within every word
of each new poet's lines written

they are in fact, still together
and very much alive...
at least, that's what I would like to believe
because the work of a true poet
is never really finished.

My Darling London

And so here I am in a dream
or so it would seem?
I've written many a yarn of a love once mine
from far away beyond the vines
but on deep reflection
I just cannot help but wonder...
If my greatest love affair
is actually with...
my darling London?

A Poet's Death or Encore?

If it not be love, please let me die
for it is I, and I alone
who can know
my true feelings, deep within my soul

my darling, it is but for you, that I breathe
my wrists could be tied with burning rope
I would resist the flames for your heart
I'm already under your charm filled spell

I love you
more than the most magnificent sunset
ever to lay down onto this gracious earth
beams of dusk skidding off waves onto land
from the ocean so very grand

but...
If you were indeed to deny my love
then I shall sleep deeply in an everlasting dream
a poetess forever hoping
to change a broken past into love
for you my darling
I would, I would go to the end of the world

now to you" my audience"
here upon you
is your opportunity to laugh loudly...

as the great mohair grand drapes fall
dramatically to the floor
I get caught up

falling most ungraciously ass over tit
entangled both my body and pride
underneath this the main curtain

leaving me rather red faced

oh, how, how, how
could I possibly take my bow now?
even William Shakespeare himself
would have died in shame "again".

Observer Of A Gentle Soul

And as she called it love
and put him on his very own pedestal
she knew deep within
that it wasn't

all I could do is watch in complete silence

she was beautiful
yet eyes seemed empty
sunken as the depth of the deepest sea
soulless, a one-way ticket bound for abyss

the saddest thing was
she could never see it for herself
blinded by her need not to acknowledge the truth

glancing into the broken mirror
was something she could never bring herself to do
for fear of being unfaithful to weakness and denial

so she just brushed it all off
as if it was dust from her bookshelf

reading, oh yes
she loved to read
yet she lost her passion for opening the pages
she left her books upon those shelves
covered in thick dust

and all he did
was remind her
she was worth nowt

nothing, nada, niente

until one day
and quite out of nowhere
she found the courage
to stand up for herself

the pedestal finally taken back abruptly

those dark dense shelves now dust free
Just open books of her favorite poets
men who actually taught her something
of love, of dignity and of pride

once again, she believed
In each morning
and in each flower that bloomed

she now dusts those beautiful books
with eyes that sparkle
her soul finally returned

the thing most extraordinary to me?

she never spoke with a voice of anger
of those darkest of moments

she'd simply say...

"I wouldn't be me without them
acquiring knowledge is always a lesson
even if it's most unpleasant"

and I?

well, I silently admire her beauty
from my reflection

in my now...
unbroken mirror.

Tangerine Dreams

Remember the Beatles
they wrote on love and of peace?

and
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
and tangerine trees

imagine the marmalade skies
and the boat made of dreams
in a bubble of dust
floating up stream
marshmallow pie's
plastic-wrapped flowers of green

looking for miracles
on love and on peace?

look at the art on the walls in the street
reflect on their color
on the vibes that they bring

not all pictures look the same?
not all artists need such fame?

the pictures we paint
should be ours to own?

so I'll find my best muse
and
write my heart out till dawn.

Chasing Butterflies

When I was child I was a dreamer
and on deep reflection that be true even today
somedays it just doesn't feel
as if I'm a grown up
when I close my eyes
it feels as if I'm still chasing butterflies
catching them in my net
ever hoping the ice cream van
will come rearing round the corner
with its magnificent music playing
from the loud speaker attached to its rooftop
even though I'm dreaming
I know which flavor I'd choose
mint chip and if I was really lucky
a flake on the side
I'd be the first to admit
not having worries really was a gift as a child
not like today
many a moment I sit dreaming
of those times, those much simpler times
that as a child I couldn't have appreciated
because how was I to know?
so less complicated
so much less complicated than today
so less complicated
than being the writer of this sheet

chasing butterflies?

I'll tell you, someday...

that's all I can do.

No Regrets

Love me as much as you want every single day
so that when I'm gone
you know, you always loved me enough.

Consequence of Love

It's true that love
didn't kill, you or I
so why do I feel so dead?
if the consequence of love
was a death so deeply painful
then why do any of us
embrace it in the first place?

Broken Mirror

And as she called it love
and put him on his very own pedestal
I watched in silence
she was beautiful
yet her soul seemed empty
her eye's dark, as the depth of the deepest sea
the sad thing was
she could never see it for herself
blinded by her need not to acknowledge

glancing in the dark broken mirror
was something forbidden
brushed off
as if it were dust from a book shelf
reading, she loved to read
yet, she left her books upon those shelves of dust
and all he did
was remind her she was worth naught
until one day
she found courage to stand up for herself
the pedal stool taken back
those shelves now open books of her favorite poets
men who actually taught her something
be it vulgarity or dark, and of course, love
she now believed
and each morning
she dusted those beautiful books
with eyes that shone
the thing most extraordinary to me?

she never ever spoke with anger

of those dark yet memorable moments
she simply said

I wouldn't be me without them

and I?

well, I silently admire her beauty

from her reflection

In the now, unbroken mirror.

A Gentleman's Secret

Today, I sat next to
an older gentleman on the bus
a man I've had the pleasure to know
for many years
he once told me
he holds in his wallet
a concert ticket of the Beatles
a concert he went to
in Rome in 1975
I've always been fascinated
by this fact
we are very good friends
we talk about everything
from politics to the weather
but even after all these years
I still don't know his name.

My Gentle Soul Can Surely Rest

As I walk along this road of life
I often think about who I am?
reminiscing of all the bad and strife
then suddenly the breaks I slam

there I stand and as I smile
remembering almost every mile
my aches and grief last just a while
joyful memories stacked in a pile

no matter on which roads I've crossed
the life I've led has been my best
the bad times I have gladly tossed
my gentle soul can surely rest.

Summoning of a Gentle Spirit

Sometimes, I completely forget
about missing you
then...

In a single moment
you come to the surface
of my lake
and
once again I drown.

What Of Love?

If the rain can wash away
all my ugly memories
can the sun really bring the light?

and if the wind can blow away
all my bad dreams
leaving me with joyful ones at night

could I begin to live once more?
the way I did once live?

or is it true
that just because
my dreams may now be sweet

that of our love was never meant
and that now...

I live with
triumph not defeat?

My Giant

My giant walks beside me
she's my spirit that's within
she gives me so much strength
when my patience does wear thin
my giant walks beside me
she keeps my mind honest and fair
sometimes she does remind me
to use my intellect and flair
my giant walks beside me
she tells me I have grace
and whispers of my beauty
when I've a smile upon my face
my giant is my best friend
my life to her I owe
because
this giant who walks beside me
Is actually my soul.

My Angel

A broad shadow coming down
onto ground
right in front of my eyes

an enormity of wings
protecting me like a feathered shield
reassuring me, that I wasn't alone
she was here
my very own miracle
holding on to me

my shakes and tremors
soothed by her grasp
her strength so powerful
guiding me through
with a sense of tranquility

I felt courageous...

and then out of nowhere I was.

But What Of Love?

My tears are just salty water
once released, emotions freed
my heart doesn't literally break
even when in a dramatic moment
it feels that way

I know that the rendering pain
I feel when my minds knives pierce my chest
are just feelings of grief?
but still, it doesn't stop hurting

and of course
the dense fog hovering
over the river will always pass
and
the dark clouds which bring rain
will eventually move
onto the other side of the road
giving way to beautiful sunshine
and if I'm really lucky a rainbow?

all these things I know
but of love?
what of love?
of love...

I am still completely lost.

Nightly Theatre

Last night I dreamt
I was taking a skinny dip
in the
magnificent trevi fountain
the largest in the city of Rome

wrapped around me like a towel
was my very own fountain of dreams
I wasn't in water
I was swimming in champagne

I remember in this dream
I was so happy
I didn't care for anything
Just me in a very posh bath
of ancient stone and marble

swimming around in these glorious bubbles
compliments of krug
every so often taking a secret sip or two

and as my dream ended abruptly
like all dreams do...

I awoke with the hiccups.

My Angel

And as her wings now spread fiercely
like the magnificent curtains
on an ancient theatre stage

once again
I see her sparkling eyes
as if they were fifteen carat diamonds

her glow so warm
mesmerizing me

humbled by this

my untouchable miracle

as she gently whispers...

I am always with you

and just like that...

she was.

In The Line Of Fire

Somebody recently told me

That Humpty Dumpty was a Cannon?

A Cannon?

what a bloody disappointment

I always thought he was an egg on the edge

pissed all day

with a bottle of London gin in his hand

sitting on a castle wall

crying because he'll never be King

and why would he ever want to be?

I think he'd look even more ridiculous

with ten-inch-wide screen ears?

well...

why else would he have fallen off the wall?

unless... he was pushed?

I'm lost for words to be honest

the whole revelation has just

well...

blown me away.

When it comes to love

Darkness has become my very light
I suppose even a flicker, better than nowt?
my belief of love
has sometimes been thrown into doubt
yet, I shall not give up this great fight
after all I am the poetess
and the ending of this poem
is mine to write
my blood is my ink
pulsating veins raging inside
happy ever after or tragedy and death?

I just can't decide...

Spellbound

The darkest places of hell
can sometimes be where my light gives birth
and my intelligence although sometimes challenged
will win through to wisdom
a simple spark in my mind
can certainly start a fire
and as much as I'm skeptical
I'm also open to possibility
so approach me at your peril
you may well be surprised.

My Path to Paradise Begins in Hell

You're the king of my universe
your poetry ignites my gentle heart
where the river was born to a peaceful flow
we stand together as one sweet soul
In this the tempestuous ocean of life
our paths have never crossed
there is no greater sorrow
than knowing our hands will never touch
but you are deep within me
from my love of poetry
you've led me to your great wisdom

"Love which absolves no one is beloved from loving"
you've captured me with your charm
my love for you will bring me to my tragic death
and in eternity of hell...
we shall finally ignite this great love affair

and yes, burn we shall.

Just The Peaceful Silence of A Happy Day

I can see the radiance from the tree
when the sun is shining bright
I can hear the buzzing of the bee
I see beauty in the light
bird dancing in clear blue air
twirling in sky like a shapeless kite
clouds are sitting without a care
the rain today, has no plight
rainbow waits for her welcome entrance
her colors eager to make their display
but for now, there are no storms in attendance
just the peaceful silence of a happy day.

The Last Goodbye

It was New Year's day
I couldn't help myself
I just had to hear his voice
so I plucked up the courage and phoned him
It was a really long number
London to Dublin
but as soon as he answered, I instantly knew
his opening line was
"it's great to hear from you"
there was an embarrassing pause...
then he said, "I'm with someone"
and at that moment I politely replied
"happy new year, I hope you have a great one"
abruptly I put down the phone
you see, phones were still attached to the wall in those days

and then, just then
something truly extraordinary happened

I suddenly

Just got on with my life.

Destination

a heart empty of dreams
is just
a bird without wings.

Just Vertigo

Love's truth
spread out on a sheet of red ink
blood drained from my weakened veins
sucked violently into my pen
I'm drowned in agony
as I write from
the ruins of my very own Everest
I am without lines...

just vertigo.

Winter's Meadow

I cannot bring you back
from death my love
even though my dreams
are haunted by the very vision of you
painting you there
is all I can do

awaking with a shaking body
mind so tired of your absence

alas...

dreams of who we once were
dreams filled by proclaimed honor
even though,

we can no longer physically touch

I wonder if someday

we will reunite

in this...

the winter meadow of ours.

Pinocchio, deep in thought

when I tell lies
wouldn't it have been
so much more fun
if something else was to grow
rather than my nose?

Legend of Love

Far, far away in distant lands
in a cave in the middle of a dark forest
deep within the Scottish hills
there lived a dragon

"Aiden"

so grand and magnificent
his fire so strong
it engulfed his very own heart

for, over the hill stood in vein
his true love
she was defined by her gracious beauty
but Aiden, so timid and shy
never told of this

delicate like a leaf
lost within the dungeons of his own heart

so hidden, underground
vulnerable to the outside world

yet for her, he would have fought an entire village
winning her heart after any great battle
alas, for his lack of confidence

he was afraid if he got too close, she'd reject him

eventually he would die alone
in the sea of his own tears

covered in confetti.

Unsighted

A true songwriter
doesn't need eyes that see
to write a song
nor does he need eyes to sing it
a beautiful song meant to be
will write itself
lyrics written from the deepest pit of a soul
played with genius touch
and passionate heart strings
on a guitar
will find a way to reach another
they certainly always reach me.

?Sommelier Full-Time Wanted?

I walked happily into my interview
Imagining, I was diving into a barrel of
Chianti Classico
it was going swimmingly well
until they asked me

Are you a binge drinker?

Well of course
I've never been one to lie, so I replied
Oh, yes...

The Perfect Painting

Gilded brush
dipped in pure happiness
swept over canvas
sponged over with joy
sprinkled with golden sugar
softly blown over with a warm smile.

Just a Dream I Had

It was an evening I could never forget
sunset was closing in
the air was fresh
a midsummer breeze
lemonade in hand
watching the Cadillac's driving by the sidewalk
everywhere people were just enjoying life
I walked towards a gentleman
playing a guitar outside a barber's shop
I just stood and listened
he played a tune so familiar
yet, I couldn't think what it was
got it, it's now or never by Elvis

Just then, the barber shop door swung open
and out he came...
the star of the show
oh yes, it was Elvis Presley
I'm a pretty shy gal, but I screamed at the top of my lungs
my all-time favorite
standing right there in front of me
flustered like a ten year old meeting her idol
I dropped my lemonade all over my sandals
he stared at me, almost as if he knew me
then all of a sudden
he started singing to the music of the guitar
a concert just for me?
as tears of joy rolled down my face
the song finished and he went on his way
but not before I got a kiss on the cheek and a wink
I stood for a while, reflecting on
how much the lyrics of the song

meant to me at that one single moment
I never did see him again
but each time I hear his song on the radio
I remember that concert
the one just for me
the one dreams are made of.

The day of New To You Belongs

As the evening sun lays his head
onto sweet sunshine's bed

the moon she rises up once more
the Stars they twinkle and adorn

a meteor strikes through the sky
lighting up, just for a while

a sight to see and to behold
to see this theatre light unfold

once more the moon, her head will tilt
once more the sun will rise from quilt

*and birds will sing and chirp their songs
the day of new to you belongs.*

Reflecting Upon One's Very Own Finale

I must not let the mere thought of death
steer me from living
when, indeed I greet the earthly worms
I'd like to think my time here
was worth every moment
successful in being me
whether I chose to be a drunk
or a prostitute an artist or a poet
or simply a good person who just loved, love
when I am gone I will never know
because...
my finale will be left
with those I leave behind.

Worn Out Shoes

She was a daydreamer
one who actually lived out her fantasies
her charm would have bowled anyone over
a mind of pure genius
anything could have sparked a poem
if she'd just let her imagination steer
she could have written a thousand books
maybe she did?
but her greatest love
was to dance every night
until the break of dawn with Mr Bojangles.

Love Letter

An envelope a stamp
paper and a pen
in between the lines
my heart ~

Binding Pages

If all tragedies of life
led to a path of warmth
there would be nothing
left to write about.

Short-Circuit

A sensory system
with a complicated power supply
a computer for brain
it can simply be switched
on and off
blood doesn't flow through veins
staring into nothingness
without any thoughts whatsoever
behind eyes, just the soul of computer
tangled in wires and circuits
yet genius
peaceful, restful
she cannot feel grief
nor the daily disappointment
that I myself have to embrace
she could never feel her broken heart
her eyes unable to flow tears
her mind silent to all the ugliness
an enormous part of me
wishes I was her
and as I watch her I tremble
because
I am convinced her robotic heart
wants so desperately to beat
If just for a moment?
to feel any slight emotion
at least, that's what I imagine

and If I'm really honest
I tremble, because
her artificial intelligence
and lack of feeling

just makes me feel so damn envious.

Empty Sky

I remember the day you and I left London from the same airport different runways I knew
I'd never see you again yet, every night you still haunt my dreams.

Blank Sheet

Where love once acquainted weakened knees and butterflies now lives the wrath of a
broken heart a solo performance on my piano a solo performance of total silence keys from a
past life that were once finely tuned to perfection now playing a blank sheet of music I am silent
I am blind I am lost.

Invention of Laughter

Ah yes...
and the great
Time-Machine
I wonder will it be me
who invents it first?

Lacrime

With every pair of eyes you look into there comes a story.

Autumn's Painting

dancing shadows of leaves tell me it's autumn colorful shades, turning from bright green to yellows and pinks, pumpkin orange then to soft browns sunshine beaming through the skeleton of the great oak all the while I'm wondering how could the transition from this now, dozing summer be so glorious?

Knowing I Saw Enough

Eyes so tired eyes so tired of seeing the same waste every day day in day out
these eyes ache to see more something different something new something of pleasure
nothing of blue but I am afraid I am so afraid that these eyes will fall asleep one night, for the
very last time never to see the bright they so long to see I want to die with a smile I want to
die knowing I saw enough.

Violin Strings

Way down deep
in the very bottom
of my heart
there is a violin
playing
erratically.

Doggy Style

What is poetry?

it's when I'm inspired to reflect

on things I see around me

observation of sorts

for example,

Why does this beautiful lady

sitting next to me on the bus have a Prada bag?

if she has a Prada bag doesn't she own a car?

is her Porsche in the garage, broken down?

maybe she has no car?

those posh bags cost a fortune

maybe she had to choose between the two?

then I start questioning...

why don't I have a posh bag?

Well, poets don't need luxuries?

It doesn't matter what your bag is called right?

so just when I'm answering my own questions

the ugliest little dog pokes his head out

from under the loose sparkly zip

it's a Chihuahua

my mind is now in overdrive...

why on earth would any woman spend that much money on a handbag?

only to have it filled up with dog shit?

visionary

I read with fear
Yet I vision such deep beauty
a contrast sometimes
Invisible to the eyes and heart
With a rumbling of sarcasm
I do not fear life itself
I simply fear the lines of each page
Yet to come.

Without Words

I know not where I'm going
but I know just where I've been

the road ahead not knowing
future can't be seen

a heart that beats is a heart alive
i'm grateful to have mine

eyes that see the good in others
a soul that's pure and kind

a poetess without a mother
she lost along the way

a thing that is worth knowing
they did not get to say

things that were important
things within their hearts

things of grace and gratitude
time played its wicked part

so now a poetess is lost
at least sometimes she feels

guilt of never knowing
her mums last words...

she'll never heal.

Only One Thing Can Silence Me

With much reflection
and with deep regret, I have decided

I will only keep writing my poems
until I've made my first million.

Ladybird

It is my utmost intention
always, to be a lady
my dirty laundry
never to be seen in public
stilettos always shiny
polished to perfection
so that on that very rare occasion
you need a kick up the arse
I can do it in style.

Life Is Like A Song

As much as the thought of death terrifies me
I can't help but imagine
it must be beautiful?

well, none on earth
can say they have been to see for themselves?

otherwise they'd have to explain
how on earth can they be here now?
If you'll pardon my pun

I guess I was dead before I was born?
That's a theory personal to me

I don't remember it hurting
before I was alive
sometimes, life hurts now though

I know many people
who are on the other side
i've never heard of any of them coming back
because they hated it?

and why are graveyards so terribly cold?
not much fun nor pleasant on the eye
even though a tombstone has a name on it
all those names are just a memory for someone here right?

having visited many graves
I can honestly say
It's a peaceful place
dark to the living heart yes

yet I believe those lost souls
must be somewhere?

probably in a parallel world
of complete content?

not as who they once were
but as themselves
and who they always really wanted to be?

it must be a beautiful place
full of every wonder that we don't have here?

when I get there
maybe i'll even be a songwriter?
because...

life really is, like a song.

A Very Brief Moment

That old red ford capri
could tell a few tales
but then again, so can I
it was a classic love story
canoodling in the front seats
just about to drive over tower bridge
not anticipating the green light
embracing my lover
how embarrassing, when the car behind
had to use his claxon
to separate our lips
lights now turned green

oh, how I wish...

that traffic light, was forever stuck on red.

Senryu 1

reflecting in verse

the richness of a poet?

is simply his soul.

Washed Away

Washed away in a tropical storm
swept into the gutter of lost love
down into the deep dark drains of
oh, how I wish it could've been different

it's the only way I can describe losing you
in torrential rain and hurricane winds
that just wouldn't quiet

until that precious moment
I let go of your so called love
and let it all just run free

by opening my eyes
and closing my heart

I did it

and now?
I will never, ever again
leave home
without a heavy-duty umbrella.

And Write She shall

Give her something

to be sad about

and she will write.

The Dream

I'm wandering lonely as a cloud

my eyes even though grounded

I am floating

at least in my mind I am

moving slowly over ground

a bird's eye view

of what could have been

a bird's eye view

of the life I had always dreamed

and as I wander lonely as a cloud

I reflect on all that has been

and all that will be

and I am not scared

I am not

because I know

what is meant to be, will be

I believe in that

I believe in...

the dream.

Autumn's Bow

Birds flying south

under autumn's sun

stars hidden within clouds above

whirling winds bring leaves to ground

softly touching safe and sound.

An Ode To The Coffee Bean

Unlike death

a good cup of coffee
can

bring you back to life.

Reflection

from my soul I arise

to show you

who I really am

is it that you are blind?

or

is my soul just hard to find?

Caged Bird

If it wasn't for my gentle heart
my feathers would have burned fiercely
a soul that once had light
my freedom just a memory
I must reject these tiresome thoughts
that savage my taunted mind
reduce them to a petal of hope
with harmony entwined
I wish for the day
empathy opens my cage
and lets me fly away
at least she knows I'll do my best
determined, come what may
with forceful winds that once were tender
blowing me into the blazing sun
my courageous assumption of what could be
is yet to be undone.
lightning strike my sorrowed heart
if I cannot be me,
compassion strike my cage tonight
and let my mind fly free.

A Beautiful Madness

It is true that my only real universe
is the certifiable one
that lives inside my mind
but I still have space
space for possibility
the possibility to think and reflect
and to paint
madness, being my best friend
when he knocks on my door
we paint
we paint
almost as if
my heart be in my hand
we spread the joy
through tears of disgust and loneliness
together, eyes closed

brushing our next masterpiece

who cares if anybody likes it?

it's mine, hell it's ours?

and I shall find a place for it

maybe madness wants to take it home?

placing it on his mantelpiece?

I admit, I miss him dearly

when he has to leave

never knowing if he'll ever return?

but, he always does

and for today

i'm satisfied

with what we have achieved

this...

a beautiful madness.

An ode to the Mushroom

Well if it's that small please.... keep it to yourself.

An Ode to my very own Sanity

I once met a woman
who claimed
she'd had an affair
with E.T

of course
I didn't waste my time
arguing my point

I just said
oh how nice, what happened?

she replied...

we still meet from time to time

I couldn't help but wonder

maybe they bloody do?

It May Blow Me In The Right Direction

O' Day, glorious day
today I'm free to wonder anywhere I like
so I've put my finest hat on
I shall go for a leisurely stroll
around town

I have no cares at all today
just sharing my time with the birds
who've come down to feed on the bread
I've generously spread on the ground

I'll watch the ducks in the small river
floating up stream
and I'll quietly wonder, where are they going?

I'll take a gentle breath of fresh air
when I see someone I know
I shall stop to say hello
after all, time is mine today

and when I finally arrive home
I shall open the door wide enough
welcoming new air
swapping it with the old

In hope...
It may blow me in the right direction.

Into The Wrinkles of The Great Moon.

And as I dreamt long
long into this beautiful night
I glimpsed his grin
deep within
the shadows of the moons wrinkles

startled by the figure
of this magnificent raven
perched right beside me
on my dreamer's quilt

he whispered ever so gently
on
how to find the end of my grief?

I asked him...
how do you know?

he replied...

although you sleep
and of that you dream
when you finally awake

you'll be free

he then flew, his enormous wings
right back...
into the wrinkles of the great moon.

Lonely Canvas

He was considered a strange soul
even at the best of times
he had lots to say, through his brush
yet no one really noticed

a genius mind?
creating landscapes
and starry skies
which could have intrigued
even the most, stubborn of eyes

and sunflowers?
grown in a meadow
painted into a vase of pride and gratitude
bringing the colour yellow to life

a cry for help?
later claiming, he didn't remember
just what had he done?
never the less, painted his pain
to share with the few who enjoyed his genius

a bandage, covering his now missing left ear
I often wonder why he chose the left one?

more than a hundred years on...

it seems more than just a few admired him
I can't help but wonder
if he saw into the future?

looking right into his true worth and fame?
even though

It was only to be

upon his death...

that the world would truly see

his...

lonely canvas.

Sleeping Beauty

When my enemies
visit me in my dreams
I take it as a great compliment
that they are missing me.

Dream

I'm drowning in misery
I've lost hope of coming to the surface
absolutely no hope of catching my last breath
evil has achieved its final trial against me
I no longer wish to fight the dark
from here nor beyond my dreamer's quilt

i'm at a loss
why does he want me?
i'm just a quick fix
he should seek those, honored to be in his company
he should seek those who are already morally wrongful

not me

I belong in the light
with my soul pure and kind
not deep in inferno

I belong to me
I belong to I

not to anyone
on either side

I have to protect my precious wings.

San Francisco's Waiting

I always used to ask her;
how could you know a city
you've never actually seen with your own eyes?
she always replied; " I just know"
she told me, she was in love
with the Golden Gate Bridge
a truly spectacular sight
she said;
it always had the possibility
to make dreams come true
she saw its beauty

even though
she'd never actually ever been to America

it had created a pathway
people could connect
it's a bridge of hope, she'd say
I always imagined it would have been the
cable cars that she loved
or the hills?
maybe even the bright lights of evening?
but it always came back to the bridge
even though I myself
have only ever seen it in books
one day i'd like to visit
if only to see it for myself
the bridge she always spoke about
then, I could whisper up to the sky
darling mum

"You just knew didn't you".

A Very Modern Tale

Romeo, my heart be broken
I fell upon your love
you fell upon mine, so it seemed
two important lovers
entwined forever in a myth
it was you
who wanted me gone
"you bastard"
you gave me the glass
I thought it was filled with prosecco
alas, we are both still here
i'm not speaking to you anymore
we will never be famous now

well...
maybe just on Facebook?

the end...

.
.
.

the end of us.

Indecent Proposal

Oh, Shakespeare my darling, to thee I do speak
of a time in my being, I wish we could meet

your words and passion, in me I do seek
the Sonnet in you, that I search within me

this play in my heart, that I keep for thee
the need to write poems, for thee to then read

I desire a lesson, just thee and me
answers on rhythm and rhyming, I need

I'm curious, your talent is so very clear
"hell is empty and all the devils are here"

your poetry makes my mind want to paint
to your words, my love I can truly relate

hoping to find you, somewhere in me
without style I'm lost, I just cannot see

come to my dream, at least one time?
give me your wisdom on midnight's chime

oh lover thy be, oh lover thy be
would you, could you have desire for me?

my question therefore is...

to be or not to be?

The Greatest Love Album Ever Written

I didn't think it was wrong of me
to have written an entire book
of incredibly sad love songs
whilst uncontrollably crying into my wine glass?

after all
a broken heart only needs
that one last sip
just enough to numb
the excruciating pain
that comes with feeling so lost
whilst giving company to my brokenness

eventually
awakening to an empty bottle
a huge hangover
and, on the floor
all the scrunched up typo's
Nevertheless
leaving me with...

the greatest love album
ever written.

Senryu 2

Words of love, easy It's demonstration that counts actions are loudest.

Senryu 3

A world filled with love? instead of warfare and hate hell would freeze over.

I've Been Touched By An Angel Today.

a ray of light so strong
it felt as though
I had been struck fiercely by a bolt of sun

I can but gaze upon this powerful
yet gentle fiery flame

I stand bewildered
touched by a vision so soft

encouraged by softened breeze

although weakened by blindness
a presence of wings in sight
I am aware of such beauty
and gracious divine light

created just for a moment
heaven has fallen to earth

never will I understand
yet, I do believe in this wondrous being

this magnificent brightness disappears

and in total triumph
I stand and gaze...

I've been touched by an angel today.

Dog Lonely

If I'm truly honest with myself
I would say my late twenties were terribly lonely
after a battle to leave a toxic relationship
I found myself
lonely in a different way
when you are lonely in love that's just unbearable
but now I was lonely by choice
and some nights
I was so lonely
I could have fucked a dog
I say could have
just to show my level of loneliness
of course I didn't fuck a dog
but loneliness
certainly has its moments.

No One Else Can See Them

I have many ghosts
they follow me everywhere I go
even when I'm alone in a coffee bar
i'm surrounded by people I've loved
so if you see me
and think i'm talking to myself
well...

think again.

Fallen

My darling
if you ever have doubts of my love

know that since you've been gone
my heart has too
lost within my very soul
I sleep alone
yet, I dream of you

the only thing I hold in my palms
are tears that bleed
from my aching eyes
tears of lost love
and as they slip through my fingers
so do you

my darling
if you ever have doubts of my love

know this...
even when the great Raven visits me
in the fall of the moon...
I will still be awaiting
your return.

Portrait of a Poetess

I speak through verse
carefully drawn onto paper
I rarely seek to rhyme
my recollection, my personal memoirs
painted into imagery
my guts poured from all angles of my life
with just the right amount of passion
and a subtle yet obvious sense of courage
painted black and white
sometimes even with intense colour
my ink and sheets being my truest and greatest art.

Eruption

They tell me, love is at the top
the top of what?
I've searched and searched
I've searched the top of every mountain
I've walked thousands of miles
on the top of melting rock
trying to find it
just to feel its mere touch for even just a moment
I love the thought of love
love that cripples my very being
crushing my heart and soul
until I'm liquid gold on the cobbles in my dreams
shaking from head to toe
just to taste the magic
that is love
people tell me it makes them dizzy
heart flutters
they tell me I'd feel the butterflies

but really

Isn't it just an over whelming feeling of joy
knowing we are no longer alone?
and when that joy goes away
aren't we just left lying in its embers?

what is love?

do tell?

because I'm lost...

lost under all its ashes.

Just as The Sun was Rising

In a world that leaves me feeling deflated and disappointed
I refuse to believe that this is my lot in life

sometimes I close my eyes
imagining my very own imagery

I can see the sunflowers smiling in the meadows
streaming with light
in that one crucial moment
when the sun finally beams onto their sleeping faces
waking them with a start every time

and the magnificent orchestra of birds singing their daily opera
reminding me i'm alive

and the very moment
the sun beams
reach the terracotta roof of the villa perched on the hill
almost as if it was protected by a warm glow

clouds moving fiercely
to the side
leaving fresh air to breathe
lavender perfuming the sky for all to savor

in a world that leaves me feeling
deflated and disappointed
I refuse to believe that this is my lot in life

I close my eyes and I imagine

I see, once again

the great deer, visit me in my back yard

just as he used too, many moons ago

Just as the sun was rising.

To Be In Love

When known that one great spark
igniting the heart
where shallow endings
were once my greatest fear
now finely tuned
like the keys of a grand piano
brokenness that once was
now faded into forgotten.

Hemingway's Hideaway

So I walked
almost choking on my own breathlessness
tears just bursting onto my blushed cheeks
emotion I could not contain

wearing my dark oversized sunglasses
was a blessing today
not just because there was a magnificent sun
but because, I was crying, uncontrollably with joy

I was beside the Grand Canal
finally, in sight was the beautiful Bridge of Rialto
divided into three stair cases
an architectural miracle
marble that has defied the test of time itself

the sound of the seagulls
and to witness the atmosphere of pure love
to watch the gondola's passing underneath it
other women, wearing oversized sunglasses
I imagine like me, they too were stunned?

now i'm on a taxi boat
speeding gently out onto the lagoon
sitting next to real venetian people
writing my words onto paper
so excited to see my next view
a glimpse of Hemingway's hideaway
in the hope that some of his magic
may one day rub off onto me.

Architect

I'm diving into the darkest corners
of my very own abyss,
abyss i hear you say?
why yes, the one that lives
in my very own mind of course

the one where I swim beside
the three headed flamingo
she's wearing a golden thong
her flippers made of cork

on my other side is the black sheep
I love her, she's wearing prada stilettos
as I hear her moan about her baggy jumper
of unravelling wool, that goes on for miles and miles
under this great ocean
entangling a giant blue octopus holding his cell phone

last but definitely not least

is the neckless Giraffe
he's holding a book
"Where the Wild Things Are"
in Latin, crying red hearts into his swimming goggles

my eyeballs now raw
from all this unbelievable imagery

knowing all the while

any moment now

I may well wake from this theatre that lives inside my mind...

because, after all

I bloody love being
completely and utterly bonkers mad.

I'm diving into the darkest corners
of my very own abyss
abyss?
why, the one that lives
in my very own mind of course

the one where I swim beside
the three headed Flamingo
she's wearing a golden thong
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he's holding a book
"Where the Wild Things Are"
in Latin, crying red hearts into his swimming goggles

my eyeballs now raw
from all this unbelievable imagery

knowing all the while

any moment now

I may well wake, from this magnificent
theatre that lives inside my mind?

because, after all...

I absolutely bloody love being
completely and utterly bonkers mad.

Wild Flowers

I cannot bring you back
from death my love
even though my dreams
are haunted by your very vision
painting you onto my canvas
is all I can do
awakening my soul each day
body shaking
mind so tired of your absence
alas...
dreams of you
dreams filled with colour and hope
we can no longer physically touch
yet, I feel your warmth
and I wonder if someday

we will reunite?

in this...

my beautiful painting of

wild flowers.

Noncense Geography

When I moved to a
foreign country
to start a new life
I just couldn't get
Bridget Jones
out of me
so she stayed
and I'm so damn glad
she did.

Bukowski's Muse

Yes, I admit, my work is never posh
I don't like, fancy poetry
I don't need a vocabulary of big words
sending my reader to a dictionary
simply isn't my style
I prefer to make them cringe and blush
that is where the richness truly comes from right?
pure honesty of who and what I just fucked
prostitutes and dogs galore

even one poem that gets the reader thinking
thinking about the magnificent imagery
and emotion from each
un poised line
waiting anxiously for the next
and in some rare cases
when my reader even becomes envious?
because isn't that
what poetry means?
and finally... the last line
that always gives me the satisfaction of impact

Bukowski admitted his very best friends
and finest company were Bach and Mozart
and the true reason he loved them
was because they were already dead

so maybe, just maybe, right now
they are all together somewhere
composing a masterpiece...
whilst I the muse, am living very happily in limbo?

Artist

As I paint a picture of you
I glide my brush
I glide with such precision
how could I not?
to me you are perfect
to me you are more than
the sun and the moon
you are so much more
than the clear blue sky
reflecting onto the ocean bright
to me you are everything in every shade
to me
you are my entirety.

My Heaviest Suitcase Contains My Heart

Having regrets
makes the road forward impossible to walk
the mountain ever so high above the clouds
impossible to climb
acceptance is knowing that what has been my burden
can now be blown away with the wind of change
laid to rest in a quiet place
under the wild roses
letting go of what was
looking forward to what will be
"We are all capable"
forgiveness, to myself and to others
aware of what has been, knowing that it's too late
to turn back that deceitful clock that tricks us all

unable to travel back in time
to the moment before it all changed forever
I'm ever strengthening my mind to just let it all go
mourning those very moments
for the last time
Saying goodbye with a gentle kiss
In the grand hope
I will someday
be able to truly love again.

So Let the Music Play

The devil's just a dirty pimp
tricking the mind
into doing anything
things we would never normally do
it's what his ego feeds on
but
If we believe
in the power of our very own sanity
then the music that plays from
the great saxophone of one's soul
will drown out his voice and his laughter
thus becoming worthless
so let the music play.

Never Really Gone

Not so very long ago
as I dined under a magnificent moonlight
something suddenly struck me
and changed me forever

see it all started
a few years ago
when I lost my greatest love

grief started to follow me
it sat on my heart leaving it heavy
it laid on top of me
it was beside me everywhere I'd go
it even bathed with me
and sat with me in the rain
waiting for the bus
which on some days arrived hours late

after all death is final
and she died without a goodbye
but grief was always there reminding me of this

I know you are waiting to find out
what actually struck me?

It struck me that each year that passes
I look ever so much more like her
a simple glimpse in a passing mirror
I can see her darling warm smile
and her diamond blue eyes, sparkling
I can see her within myself
so I guess...

she's never really been gone has she.

Where Time Really Does Stand Still

My most favorite clock
is the one that lives in my attic
it's really old and doesn't have hands
ironically time took its toll
I don't mind though
sometimes I go up just to see it
not ticking and not moving
I sit and reflect on the fact time is literally standing still
at least that is what I want to believe
and every moment that passes
I feel i'm cheating time itself
having a deep love affair with denial
all the while knowing that sooner or later
i'll have to leave my beloved clock
and go back down to where life still moves
and chimes still make an entrance on the hour
but for now, just for the next few minutes
i'll sit quietly reflecting with my moment of stillness
where time really does stand still.

Solitude

She sits alone, curtains sometimes drawn
her door is locked
not even the birds come to flock
she has a snake, of course its fake
she sits there hoping someday it will wake?
what's made her hide withdrawn from life?
she once was a talented poetess
see, the words of others played on her mind
she had so much baggage
and could no longer find
the road that led to poetry
she listened to others
but they were wrong
green eyed monsters
they wanted her gone
now she's alone
but, her mind still has the power
to write poetic songs
the beauty that's inside her
she no longer wants to share
she's closed the door on poetry
it's left her in despair
but locked inside, never to be heard
Just seems like such a crime
no one gave her a chance
she sits alone and cries
only she can hear the music
she stands alone to dance
writing poems and fables
in a poetry ridden trance
unsure of how to break the spell
in hope someday, someone will care

it's such a loss and so unfair
this talented poetess, will die there.

Night Song

I am
my very own published book

well aren't you?
I mean, there's
pages of grief

pages of sorrow

and loads about regret
oh yes and of course of exceptional happiness
lines including the old devil himself
and of angels too
sometimes
in some chapters
hell, I've even questioned evolution

well, haven't you?
Yes, my curiosity takes up quite a few lines
I've written about loyalty
of finding love, of losing love
I even have some written in virus verse now (wow)
I've written of the stars and the moon
the greatest happiness and of the darkest gloom
comedy too
just ask pinocchio

I've many chapters, and more to go
adding new pages along the road
why does she do it?
I hear you ask?
because...

I'm a Nightingale and I'm dreaming.

From The Underside Of The Wild Roses

There's something most intriguing
about the work of a great poet
once he's dead
maybe it's the simple silence
never having to answer questions on his work...

Well Isn't That Something?

I
being me, a woman not a tree
although some days I'm wood
and sometimes delicately do fall my leaves
lost within life's maze I'll be
not always knowing which way to go
yet I know just where I've been

this time fifty years ago
I was just an embryo.

senryu to Gaza

The final silence hatred firing death rockets two sides, no winner.

Of Time and Of Love

There's a time machine inside you and I

a myth to those who cannot see it
yet to me a journey most definitely possible
from two-thousand and twenty-four
right back to nineteen-ninety-two
in a blink of an eye
who could deny my magnificent mind?
or of that youthful love that once was?
withered with the rose petals of time
faded in-between life and death itself
thus drifting from a once young lover
falling into the frailest of hands
and then onto the wisest of hearts
that has many a tale to tell.

Bigger Picture

Just the other day
I was sitting on the bus
I simply couldn't help but look out the window
it was such a bright and sunny day
sky bluer than I'd ever seen it

Imagining for just a moment
the carpet of sunflowers that we passed
performing the Mexican wave just for me
and in the distance
the magnificent Cyprus trees
applauding the yellow wave

startled by sound awoken from my Imagination
by the birds chirping in their orchestra of whistle
the sky window on the bus, wide open

allowing me to hear their sweet melodies
reflecting on the fact that their music was perfect
even without the clever hands of a conductor

and every so often stopping
at a zebra crossing
allowing the other humans
to cross the road on foot
making their way
to wherever they were destined to be

and I?

well finally I'd reached my destination
so very grateful

to have been part of this magnificent moment
of imagery and sound

I reach my front door
placing my key into the keyhole
reflecting once more

I couldn't help but think...

how very lucky I am just to be alive.

The One Dreams are Made of

It was an evening I could never forget
sunset was closing in
the air was fresh
a midsummer breeze
lemonade in hand
watching the Cadillac's driving by the sidewalk
everywhere people were just enjoying life
I walked towards a gentleman
playing a guitar outside a barber's shop
I just stood and listened
he played a tune so familiar
yet, I couldn't think what it was
ah yes I've got it
"It's Now or Never" by Elvis
Just then, the barber shop door swung open
and out he came...
the star of the show
oh yes, it was Elvis Presley
I'm a pretty shy gal, but I screamed at the top of my lungs

my all-time favorite superstar
standing right there in front of me
flustered like a ten year old meeting her idol
I dropped my lemonade all over my sandals
he stared at me, almost as if he knew me
then all of a sudden
he started singing to the music of the guitar
a concert just for me perhaps?

as tears of joy rolled down my face
the song finished and he went on his way
but not before I got a kiss on the cheek and a wink

I stood for a while, reflecting on
how much the lyrics of the song
meant to me at that one single moment
I never did see him again
but each time I hear his song on the radio
I remember that concert
the one just for me
the one dreams are made of.

Butterflies are rare

I confess my very first love
was the one that gave me butterflies
the one, that made me
swing my arms around
in eternal hope
never to let go

hands, I wanted to hold
twenty-four-seven
and my smile?
it just wouldn't let me rest
not even as I slept
in sweet slumberbash

alas

it simply wasn't to be
and no matter of all the in-betweens
nothing could have saved our love

i'm not regretful
actually i'm most grateful

because love is...

profound pain
immense happiness
instability
loyalty
deceit
and sometimes jealousy

hell, even death

but I wouldn't want it any other way

because my darling

butterflies are rare.

Rapture of my Heart

Did you know...
I can see
straight into a soul
without even noticing
its armour.

Senryu to Opera

vocal art she is

perfect pitch and highest notes

take's her bow with grace.

Showtime

As evening sun lays his head
onto springtime's frosty bed
the moon she rises up once more
stars they twinkle, and adorn
a meteor strikes through the sky
lighting up like a firefly
once more the moon, her head will tilt
and sun will rise from night-time's quilt
show-time mother nature's twist
sun and moon are sky's great gift
of course, they share the same great stage
yet take in turn and never rift.

Dante and I

Where, if not my love tangled
would I be?
standing upon my very own inferno
in misery
how could I forsake love
that is burning in flames
should I put it in a jar suffocating it with closure?
the air frozen in an untimely death?
my ever aching wish to
spread my fire onto you
leaves my soul and my heart
in a world without sense
there will never be a place
I could cherish more
in life or death
than to be in your arms
therefore, I could only be truly satisfied
in paradise or inferno
as long as I am with you.

Fantasia

Just sitting on the grand piano stool in silence
my fingers placed upon its keys
Mozart's Rondo Alla Turca
I suddenly started to play
I couldn't feel my hands they were numb
but I couldn't help but notice they were shaking
that's the moment I closed my eyes
my arms, moving so fast
I had no control
almost as if my muse had taken over
I could hear the music
for once I felt great passion from within
and just then, I opened my eyes...
to find myself loading dishes into the dishwasher.

A Very Fine Romance

Angus and Edna

fell in love

on a different plain

"Heaven or it could have been Hell"

they met, when Angus

lost a toe to dry rot

their bones chuckled

as their teeth chattered

Edna just loved his bony arse

they walked hand in hand

knuckles clicking and clacking

knees sounded like

knives being sharpened

It was a beautiful affair

until Angus, bent over and snapped.

And The Winner Is?

If I was the judge
I'd choose my poem to win
well, why not?
I'm the true decider
I'm the one with the grin
I'd say to myself
oh, how I bow to your talent
your brilliant mind too
I wish if I could be anything
I wish I could be like you
I would applaud myself and say
what comedy you do write
and...
oh, how you inspire me
on this cold winter's night
I'd award myself the Pulitzer prize
and measure up my shelf
to put my new found trophy
that I've won all by myself
if I was the judge
my poem would win
and all you folk behind me
can put yours in the bin
I would do this, just because I can
my grandad would be laughing
champers in hand for my gran
when it comes to fandom
I'll teach you something new
the only true fan of yours
is really only you.

From where the wild roses grow

As I've witnessed for myself
kin who are called
to the underside of the wild roses
are those
who are missed
by loved one's
already there.

Maniac

With an understated reputation
she could bend you into a pretzel
eyes wild like a cat on crack
somedays she would roam the streets
with just a plain button down trench coat
nothing underneath
fishnets in hand
searching for her next...
catch of the day.

It Is I Who Loves Thee More Than The Sun

It is I who loves thee more than the sun
With fiery eyes and golden locks undone
No man presumes such tender gasp of breath
Such beauty could send my lungs to their death

Let's not weep for sins, but rejoice each day
All the stars the moon and indeed the clay
Let not the weeping willow die so young
Saved the sweet honey from bee's who have stung

Dusk until dawn, to your love I have clung
Dreaming of a world that sing songs unsung
I, who dies in the forest of your heart
It's I whom will die in the forest dark

But wait no, I shall never lay me down
Thou shall be loved, to thee I take my bow.

From Florence With Love

You're the king of my universe
your poetry ignites my gentle heart
where the river was born to a peaceful flow
we stand together as one sweet soul
In this the tempestuous ocean of life
our paths have never crossed
there is no greater sorrow
than knowing our hands will never touch
but you are deep within me
from my love of poetry
you've led me to your great wisdom
"Love which absolves no one is beloved from loving"
you've captured me with your charm
my admiration for you
will bring me to my tragic death
and my dead torso will fall
onto the very cobbles
in which you were born
igniting
this, the great fire I have from within.

Slumberbashing with Raven

My raven came to visit my dream
from the side of my bed
and whispered to me

when you awake
from nighttime's slumberbash
put on a pretty dress
and paint mascara on your eyes lash

take a stroll on Richmond park
in your finest pair of shoes
the day is now your follower
and today she'll be with you

smile at the other souls
and just know this

others see you
others see you...

as you really are.

Unbounded

As I sail upon my very own vessel
on this, the vicious tempestuous
boundless ocean
I'm ever aware that my delicate dreams
are unfulfilled
lying deep within my dying heart
dreams of mine
that could never become reality
often wondering
if this magnificent mast ever snapped
would anything really change at all?
could I possibly sail off
into a magnificent sunset?
or eventually drown in these
the starving waves
that I call life?

Grieving Heart

And then...
in a split moment
my mood changed...
flooded by the darkest moments
that ripped my soul from my torso
 my body falling once more to the floor
as a dead body falls

I could actually describe it as
being lost, so damn lost, numb and cold
I had to find my way
but my legs somehow didn't want me to walk
I was simply stuck
 watching a clock without hands

no road could offer solace
each that I chose
simply offering grief and uncertainty

all I thought I needed
I just couldn't find

a simple road sign, signaling the right way

navigation

that we all crave at some time in our lives

the only one I found
battered by nature's wrath
it seemed, as if it was as lost as I was?
both of us, cheated by the claws

and scratches of this relentless wind
pelted by rain
rain, that sometimes felt like rocks
darkest clouds in an unforgiving sky

all I could confirm
in my tired brain-frozen-mind
was that, there would be no exit
and without an exit
it actually led me to feel peaceful
at least finding peace in my own acceptance
that I may never find my way

but then in another split second
my mood changed once more
and I didn't need that sign
that one simple direction
that could have helped me find my way

because I'd made it
i'd found the right road regardless
albeit a dusty road filled with pot holes
but the one in which had light.

Algebra of Love

Often

I sit and reflect

just why it is

that two beautiful people

who give everything

and more to love...

rarely, ever find each other?

Death In Verona

Lying once asleep without thoughts of love
Romeo fell upon his own worst fate
Juliet tumbled into his arms never to be separated
it was love at first sight
it struck them both like a million lightning bolts

and so the Opera begins...

Juliet knew her love was forbidden
simply because her family wanted no ties
with that of Romeo's.
two families who despised each other

I, the Poet believe "they were cursed"

Romeo and Juliet
ran away and married in secret
before she was to marry another
their love was too strong to surrender
even blood couldn't separate them

the evening of the day they were wed
arrived alongside the darkest of clouds
a duel took place and a man was killed
Romeo had blood on his hands

having no choice but to leave at first light
or face the death penalty, he agreed to go
but little did he know
Juliet was already secretly planning
her escape to be with him

she was summoned to marry Paris
and she agreed knowing all the while
she would fake her death and return
to the arms of her Romeo

and so this Opera continues...

Juliet takes a sleeping potion
she is dead "so they thought"
as she lay in her casket

laid to rest "but never she will"
Romeo returned to her side
and on disbelief of his greatest love
sleeping for eternity without him
decides to kill himself
"thou shall not be alone"
hailed Romeo

his heart broken he drinks the poison
"gone forever"
only to be found by a sleepy yet alive Juliet
in the most tragic moment of her life

Juliet kisses Romeo
in hope she will also die from the poison
alas, it wasn't to be
so she takes Romeo's dagger
"O happy dagger"
she cries
plunging it into her chest
slumped then on
Romeo's
lifeless body

whether they found each other

in paradise we shall never truly know

I can only hope that they did

because it doesn't get more poetic than this.

The Great Journey Home

In the arms of an Angel
I fly with her tonight
from this cold heartless world
on my most important flight
a journey where rivers flow silent
no more the tides of endless grief
tumbling onto a path of light
my heart and soul can finally breath
dense hope abandoned
a fugitive of my own spirit
soul ravaged by uncertain roads
to find some kind of peace
in the arms of my Angel...
give my aching heart release.

Pedestal

If true love has such spiritual dimension
then I trust that someday it will find me

and as I wait
I ask myself
all the questions sitting
impatiently on my mind

reflecting on...

courtly love
forbidden love
self-love
storage love
and of course

divine love

those so deeply in love?

for example...
Romeo and Juliet

knowing such intimacy exists

yet never to bring them
to their union as soulmates
a love
forbidden by others

knowing
it was to lead them

to a death of a sinister kind

they did it anyway

because they were in fact soulmates

thus, finding love

living happily ever after

isn't just a myth

to those whom have experienced

such love?

I myself do believe

after all

surely

even just to experience

that spiritual dimension

for one single moment whilst I breathe

makes the loss so much less painful

eternally giving it

it's very own pedestal.

Egg yolk on a comet tail

It is I, who lays awake night after night

my mind going round

on its very own carousel of madness

that never seems to quiet down

so I look, I look up at the stars

from my bedroom window

gazing up at the stars forever hoping

I see my very own comet

the beauty I see up there

I hope one day to see within myself

I'm yet to see the comet

It is I, who lays awake night after night

my mind going round

on its very own carousel of madness.

Love Letter

An envelope a stamp
paper and a pen
in between the lines
my heart ~

A Perfect Madness

I can't deny the hell I've been too actually it told me to leave in the end...

apparently I was depressing the hell out of the blood red trees that stood like old cigarette butts hoping to frighten me the three headed rottweiler went to hide under billy goats bridge just to get away from me I tried to call him out for his own safety but I was spotted by the troll lurking underneath who then jumped off the bridge into the hot lava stream even he was desperate to escape me and then, just as I was about to faint from all the drama I tripped over Humpty Dumpty who was broken on the floor but hey, at least he had a big smile.

Leave Me Here To Dream (Song Lyrics)

I cannot see my way
without you beside me
there's no future left
no future, without you
I've lost you forever
I'm here all alone
future is empty
my path now unknown

Chorus

*I don't want to wake
leave me here to dream
I don't want the day, the day to begin*
Your smile, was my light
and now you are gone
like a flower that died
without any sun

Chorus

*I don't want to wake
leave me here to dream
I don't want the day, the day to begin*
A guitar without strings
your music has stopped
but my memories, they cling
they're all that I've got
I'm a stream without water
tears just don't flow
the river I've cried
it's emptied my soul

Chorus

*I don't want to wake
leave me here to dream
I don't want the day, the day to begin*

Come back to see me
if only in my sleep
let me know what it's like
beyond this world, as I weep
I'll wait for you
I'll wait for you

please
please, wait for me.

Paddy McGee

I don't mean to boast
but I have a ghost
his name is Paddy McGee
he comes to me often
when i am sleeping
I can hear him, but I can't see
so I asked him why
why did you die?
my heart was pounding
as he replied...
... my wife, she's a nagger
not much of a shagger
I didn't know what to do
no peace in the bath
I'd hear her laugh
not even peace on the loo
she spent all me money
and thought it was funny
so I did what had to be done...
I went off to the cupboard
and quietly got me gun
Why are you here?
Why do you stay?
well, to be honest
I always did pray
for a good looking girl, or two
but it's just me
can't you see?
...No, no! he cried
for I did die
after I'd drank a few

oh Paddy McGee
I'm so sorry for your trouble
...that's alright for now, I see double
so let me in your nice warm bed
to you I promise never to wed
so he's gone now, my drunken ghost

his name Paddy McGee
he left behind a letter
but he didn't leave my key
"Your nagging was no better
your shagging I'll give a three
It's time to try out something new
what will be will be"
so off he went, Paddy McGee
off to seek his fortune

but he didn't get very far
and now you all will see
the anguish of his stressful life
and the troubles of his darling wife
would never leave him be
for Fanny was so lonely
she jumped into the sea
the waves were very strong
her poor old soul was gone
a spirit she would be
Paddy's head was throbbing
as he turned around to see
his nagging wife was bobbing
and nagging she would be
Paddy McGee, you come here
I've something I want to say
how dare you shoot yourself in the head
and leave me debts to pay
"Jesus Christ is that me wife?"

well this is something new

Paddy McGee went straight to hell
as now his wife was two
so that's my tale of Paddy McGee
alas my rhyme is over
but didn't you get a good old laugh?
I suspect he wished he was sober?
when he took his gun from off the shelf
he should have thought about his life

instead of shooting himself in the head
he should have shot his darling wife.

The Visitor (my Raven)

And as I dreamt long, long into this beautiful night
I glimpsed his grin deep within the shadows of the moons wrinkles

startled by the figure of this magnificent raven
perched right beside me on my dreamer's quilt

he whispered ever so gently
on
how to find the end of my grief

I asked him...
how can you know?

he replied...

although you sleep, and of that you dream when you finally wake

you'll be free.

then he flew his enormous wings
right back into the wrinkles of the great moon

Caged Bird

If it wasn't for my gentle heart
My feathers would have burned fiercely
A soul that once had light
My freedom just a memory
I must reject these tiresome thoughts
That savage my taunted mind
Reduce them to a petal of hope
With harmony entwined
I wish for the day
Empathy opens my cage
And lets me fly away
At least she knows I'll do my best
Determined, come what may
With forceful winds that once were tender
Blowing me into the blazing sun
My courageous assumption of what could be
Is yet to be undone.
Lightning strike my sorrowed heart
If I cannot be me,
Compassion strike my cage tonight
And let my mind fly free.

It Is I Who Loves Thee More Than The Sun

It is I who loves thee more than the sun
With fiery eyes and golden locks undone
No man presumes such tender gasp of breath
Such beauty could send my lungs to their death

Let's not weep for sins, but rejoice each day
All the stars the moon and indeed the clay
Let not the weeping willow die so young
Saved the sweet honey from bee's who have stung

Dusk until dawn, to your love I have clung
Dreaming of a world that sing songs unsung
I, who dies in the forest of your heart
It's I whom will die in the forest dark

But wait no, I shall never lay me down
Thou shall be loved, to thee I take my bow.

Portrait of Truth

And as I sweep my modest paintbrush

over this canvas

I find myself painting a picture

of everything you mean to me

but then, pausing for thought...

suddenly I realize

there's just not a canvas

in this world that's big enough.

Messenger (my Raven)

I just wasn't prepared
I mean I'd read about it
I'd even seen others experience it
but me? I just wasn't prepared
I guess I never thought It would happen to me
but here I was sitting in perfect peace
minding my own business
when suddenly
the Raven appeared
Paralyzing me, I couldn't help but stare
See, he's a fascinating bird
black as death itself
and his voice carries a magnificent crowing sound
over landscape of a thousand miles
and I suspect eternity?
appearing on my ledge uninvited
accepting his being
no noise just silence
time had suddenly stopped
this raven was only present for a moment
and as he picked up his eerie feathers
no doubt off to face his next victim
I knew...
I knew ...
in that split second
my entire life
was about to changed forever
and it did
because my friends
this type of sorrow
is truly unpreparable.

The Poetess and the Pussy

A great Poet once told me
"those who have never experienced madness
at least once in their lives, have never lived"

so here goes,
one Sunday evening
whilst I was rummaging through a garbage bin down town
looking for scraps
I was tapped on the shoulder
by a cat
he said...
"eh up, save something for me"
I replied...
I hate my life; I want to die
to be honest, I can't believe I shared that with a cat

the cat, then replied...
well at least when your gone your gone
I've got eight more f..... lives to live.

Observing a Miracle

As I sip my morning coffee
In the local café-bar
I see the same Gentleman

every day, he sits opposite me
in the same old leather chair
removing his flat cap
as every gentleman does

I often wonder
why he always sits in the same place?

you see, his wife died many year ago
but to him, she's right there
sitting next to him
I can just see it, in his eyes

every time he sits down
it's as if
he is sitting down next to her
when he looks out of the window
even on rainy days
it's as if he is looking out at her

and when it's time for him to leave
he puts on his flat cap once more
and heads back out, into the busy street

his right elbow bending
his darling wife
on the end of his arm

the thing that strikes me most about him
is his very kind smile

and in turn...
the smile he brings to me.

Tiger Heart

And of love?

love has endless angles

and is truly timeless within my very own heart there are stories adventures and memories
sometimes they can choke my soul other times... a fire ignites leaving me, burning bright.

The Death of Love

And as my shaking hand reaches out reluctantly yet again to pick up my faithful violin

I hear my heart finally speak, words plain in my ears it said no, no, no more my only obvious question is to myself why, why has my heart finally chosen to speak to me now? It could have spoken up long ago and if it did maybe, just maybe I wouldn't be sitting in this emergency room desperately hoping... to receive a transplant.

None Of Us Would Be Poets.

There are those who write about love they've never had
what could have been?
forever wondering why, the spark wasn't ignited?
and why, what could have been their greatest love story
never even got to its beginning
never knowing that love
yet every day, every night craving it

then, there are those
who write about love that's lost

lost through the ripples of life's ever flowing tide
that sometimes washes everything away
leaving us heartbroken to the point
it feels as though our eyes are crying blood
and our hearts have been stabbed a thousand times

and yet, somewhere in the middle of all that

there are those who are content with what they have
never knowing nor needing anything
but that, in which they have

I wonder is it really possible for anyone
to really understand another humans pain?
to empathize or show compassion
toward that, they do not understand?

I'd like to believe it's possible because
without love...

none of us would be poets.

An Ode to Spaghetti

You can bend it and twist it it's a pole dance sensation suck it slowly or with speed
until it completely disappears into your moist mouth soggy or hard? you must decide... my
personal preference it has to be al dente.

An Ode To The Pizza Margherita

A Pizza Margherita, please
with sauce made from the finest tomatoes
hand-picked today
chopped up in the pot with loving hands
boiled for two hours
the pizza base, shhhhh, that's a secret
every great pizzaiolo has his own
smothered generously with mozzarella di bufala
and a handful of the finest fresh basil

perfume fit for Queen Margherita herself
in the oven, for five minutes and "eccola"
drizzle with the finest Italian olive oil
and now the eruption of delight on your palate
"Buon Appetito"

Senryu 1

reflecting in verse

the richness of a poet?

is simply his soul.

In The Yesterdays Of Love Itself.

A true fools torture
is to be bitter
to reminisce
of what could have been
what is, is what is meant
and
what will be
we shall see
in futures eye
that will then be, in the past
and therefore...

in the yesterdays of love itself.

Slumberbash

And as I sleep
I dream
those dreams
may not always be sweet
alas, lying on my soft cotton sheets
I'm in my very own slumberbash
where I live in an unknown world
in most of which
I do not record in memory.

Enlightened

Where my tears once heavy
are now weightless
it must be because
iv'e shared such grief
in a world that's
filled with much of its own
i'm now able to walk
when forever before
I was just dragging my feet
on the cobbles of life
almost as if
they were made of stone.

The Flight (Angel)

I felt the presence of an enormous shaped shadow coming down in front of me giant wings of courage protecting me like a feathered shield once again she was here reassuring me, that I wasn't alone she was right here holding my hand I couldn't even shake, my tremors soothed by her grasp her glow was so powerful guiding me with a sense of tranquility I felt strong and as she swept me up from the depth of this my deepest darkness holding me tight under her faithful wings we were flying, flying into a magnificent sunrise warm rays tickling my cheeks until she decides I've seen enough until she decides I'm finally ready landing in a place where the light shines bright she is silent once again I see her eyes of fifteen carat diamonds in a moment, she's gone leaving her message all around me in front of me, placing me gently on my road to walk I now need to believe in myself I now need to take control of my fear... and just like that I did.

Nightingale and I

I've lost my truest love
there's no need
for me to wake up anymore
I don't want to hear
nightingale sing
I don't even care
if the spruce
comes to greet me
on my windowsill
all my bread is stale
as stale as my thoughts
crusting over each and every memory
tasteless as the evenings dinner
I still cook for him
in hope he will come back
to dine with me, if only one last time?
Just to hear his laughter
and see the way his eyes lit up
when I baked his favorite pie
Just one last time...
I told them to go away, them birds
"Whistle your music
to someone who cares
I told them, i'm no audience for you"
but for some strange reason
they kept coming, every morning and every night
often thinking, why me?
why did I have to feel such love
just to have it ripped away by death?
why, why me?
then with much deep reflection

I realize
I must be the luckiest
lady in the world
to have had that special love in the first place
and even though now he's gone
knowing he can never return to my arms
I can give the birds
their well-earned fresh bread
they so deserve
because, they never gave up on me
and I shall never give up
on myself.

Slumberbashing with Imagery

I'm bouncing on a fluffy pink cloud

with a giant Stork

there's a Flamingo too

a Woodpecker's pecking on my head

I can see a ship parked up in the distance

I hear someone shouting

"Ahoy there"

rabbit is dancing the tango

with the Chicken

and the Emu, Cock-a-doodle-doo ling

Penguin eating noodles with the chameleon

Mrs Crocodile has her hands over her eyes
I can see her giant teeth and her hungry smile

all the while

me? I'm still bouncing on the fluffy pink cloud

a Piglet is teaching a Ferret how to fly

and the Camel plays the banjo

as a monkey in a tutu floats by...