

From The Underside of The Wild Roses

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For my beautiful Son Henry.

Acknowledgement

As in everyones life there are ups and downs but surviving each dark moment makes the world a much brighter place.

About the author

I am a women who has searched for the answers to loss and love i am a women who\'s heart is definitely on my sleeves. exploring humour, grief, satire and indeed all aspects of love. Hopefully relating to those who may read my scribbles. hoping that my reader will come away with a smile and maybe a little less baggage of their own.

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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.

Our Skies Are Red With Blood

Never had I witnessed with my own eyes
real live war until now
a forty-inch flat screen television
makes it hard to ignore
I've been taught all about it in the classroom
my own parents were born after the bunkers
kept their dear mum's alive

and underground tube stations?
once long ago filled with people like you and I
hiding from the bombs
protected by the bricks that keep up each tunnel
deep under the London streets
to be honest it's always given me a sense of awe
a sense of pride riding the tube, even today
an everlasting awe of courage
in the eerie winds that blow so far underground

I confess that war history
has always left me feeling disheartened
the darkness of a warmonger
hard to believe it's happening in our world today
even harder to believe all of the innocent people
dying for nothing
if it gets any closer
I'll not get to hide on a platform of the underground
I'll just have to hope it doesn't get that far
best I can do is hide under an olive tree
ever hoping maybe I'll be protected by its branches?
so...
I'll keep looking up at the sky
hoping with all my heart it remains bright blue

because sometimes very sadly
our skies are red with blood.

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, somedays...

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 feelings of grief
but still, it doesn't stop me hurting

and of course
the 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 sun
and if I'm really lucky a rainbow

all these things I know
but of love?
what 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.

My Nevada

I was twenty-seven year's old
my spark gone
I couldn't see anything
lost all hope in love
was drowning
in my very own
sin city

I remember the day
and the hour
my alarm clock died willingly

I felt nothing
I didn't notice
every day was the same

dark
cold
empty
lonely

I pinned myself
to a billboard
on Fremont street
but nobody noticed

a million tiny lights
and I still didn't shine

someone, once told me
If I wanted to touch the Sun
I'd have to dance naked

on the desert sand
so I did
but still...

I never did touch it.

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
to write a song
nor does he need eyes to sing it
a beautiful song meant to be
will write itself
lyrics written from deep within a soul
sung from heart strings on a guitar
will always find a way to reach another.

?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.

shortcut

A sensory system with a power supply
a computer for brain
it can simply be switched
on and off

blood doesn't flow through veins
Just staring into nothingness
without any thoughts whatsoever
behind eyes, 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

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.

In Silence and Disbelief

Today, it is not about politics, it is not about terrorism today it is 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 out as 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 woman

who died doing their job skills driven by their passion to help others and to those emergency workers still here, who wake every morning 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 to say goodbye if they were able to 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 and questions of what ifs and all for what?

as I write this I myself remember exactly 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 the desperate screams echoed into space and death and dust covered a 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.

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?

My Very Own Love Album

I didn't think it was wrong of me
to have written an entire book
of incredibly sad songs
whilst 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 loss
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

leaving me with...

my very own love album.

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 of 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

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the three headed Flamingo
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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 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.

Noncence 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 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 unpoised line
waiting anxiously for the next
and in some rare cases
when my reader even becomes envious?
because isn't that's 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 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.

Solitaire

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
slippers 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
storge 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.

Leopard Can't Change its Spots

Last night I dreamt of a leopard a leopard that was sleeping in a bed I dreamt of a leopard I wanted to know just what it meant so I did... treachery and danger that's what I read.

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
i've 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...